CHIMES

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IS THERE A HELL?

BY THE EDITOR.



PREACHER, like a builder, must have a foundation upon which to work. Every true preacher of the Gospel has for his foundation the Word of God. Its utterance is final and conclusive, and in it he has a sure foothold. To this Lamp of Truth I turn for an answer to the question before us.

In the New Testament there are three words which are translated "Hell." First, "Hades,"

which signifies the unseen or under world, and which is described by the Lord in the sixteenth of Luke. Second, "Tartarus," which is the abode of the wicked angels (R.V.M. 11. Peter ii. 4), where they are said to be "reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day" (Jude 6). Third, "Gehenna," which is the lake of fire (Rev. xx. 14, 15.) This word rendered "hell," occurs twelve times in the New Testament, and eleven times out of the twelve it is used by Christ Himself (Matt. v. 22, 29, 30; x. 28; xviii. 9; xxiii. 15, 33; Mark ix. 43, 45, 47; Luke xii. 5; Jas. iii. 6.)

The word "Gehenna" is the Greek for

the Hebrew "Ghi-Hinnom," or Valley of Hinnom. On one side of Jerusalem there was a deep gorge called the "Valley of Hinnom," which was the place where the Moloch worship used to be carried on; hence, the name Tophet, which means an abomination (Jer. vii. 31; xix. 6.) The place was desecrated by Josiah (11. Kings xxiii. 10), and became the receptacle of the filth and offal of the city, and fires were kept continually burning to consume the refuse. This was the Jewish type of the place of the lost, and used by Christ as a symbol of the fate that awaits the unrepentant sinner, although on the other hand, the fact of a judgment-devouring-fire was known prior to the possible employment of Gehenna in this sense (Lev. x. 2.)

From the above, it is a fair and legitimate inference and conclusion to say that hell is a

LOCALITY AND AN ACTUALITY.

In other words, the wicked will be punished

for their sins, and there is a place in which they will be punished.

But we are not dependent upon the mere use of the word "hell" in the New Testament, as to a place, and as to the fact of punishment for sin. There are quite a host of collateral terms. There are at least fourteen different expressions employed. Let us note these briefly.

1. OUTER DARKNESS.

Christ tells us that some who have had exceptional privileges by way of offer, shall be "cast out into outer darkness" (Matthew viii. 12.) Darkness is a symbol of ignorance, sin, and unbelief. Unbelievers have already inward darkness (Eph. iv. 18), in that they do not see their condition as separated from the life of God, and do not apprehend their need of Christ, but they are to experience the "outer darkness" of endless gloom, because they are separated from Him who is Light.

2. WEEPING AND GNASHING OF TEETH.

The figure which the Saviour uses is expressive of intense anguish, impassioned rage, unutterable sorrow, bitterest remorse, terrible disappointment, and self-abhorrence. The language which is used in Matt. viii. 12, is most emphatic. It is "the wailing and the gnashing." Bengel says, "Sorrow in this world is not the sorrow. Then even heroes shall weep who now would blush to shed a tear; shall weep in sorrow for the good they have lost, and the evil they have gained."

3. WORM DIETH NOT, MARK IX. 48.

The allusion to the undying worm is a figure of an ever-accusing conscience. As the worm feeds upon the object it is devouring, so an accusing conscience will be for ever gnawing the sinner's mind and filling him with pain. There is in the simile used an "awfully vivid idea of an undying worm, everlastingly consuming an unconsumable body." We cannot say all that Christ meant by the metaphor, but we are sure He did not employ it "to exaggerate His meaning, but only to express it," and that the one who experiences what it conveys, "shall endure at once internal and external misery, as of decomposition and of burning."

4. UNQUENCHABLE FIRE, MATT. III. 12.

There are two things which the Bible says cannot be quenched. One is love. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it" (S.S. viii. 7.) The love of God is an unquenchable flame, which is fed

CHIMES.

with the oil of God's own nature, for He is love. Standing out in vivid contrast to this, like a lurid storm-cloud as the sun is sinking in the peaceful west, is the unquenchable fire of God's judgment, which is ever fed with the sin of the sinner. If our sin is not quenched in the atoning blood of Christ, which has its rise in the unquenchable love of God, then it must form the fuel of God's righteous ire, upon which it must ever feed.

5. PERISH, JOHN III. 16.

As we often find the most dangerous places where the grandest sights are to be seen, so in the grandest verse in the Bible we discover there is one word which proclaims the terrible doom from which the believer in Christ has been rescued, and also tells out the fate which awaits those who die in their sins, and that word is "Perish." When the prodigal was in the far country among the swine troughs, he exclaimed, "I perish with hunger." Is not that a picture of the lost condition of those who pass into the unseen without having returned to the Father's house? A conscious and terrible hunger, which will never be satisfied. We are warranted in saying this, for the antithesis of the "never hunger" and "never thirst" of the believer's portion is "ever hunger" and "ever thirst."

6. LOSE, MATT. XVI. 26.

Christ says, it is possible for a man to gain all he could wish in this life, and yet lose everything that is worth having in the life to come—yea, himself too. The significance of the term "Lose" is most suggestive. It is rendered "damage" in 11. Cor. vii. 9; "be cast away" in Luke ix. 25; and "suffer loss" in 1. Cor. iii. 15. Does not this tell us what hell is in one sense? It means to lose that which wholly and alone can make us happy, and to lose ourselves in that, we shall not answer to the end of our existence, namely, to glorify God. Better to count all loss for Christ as Paul did (Phil. iii. 7, 8), than to be damaged to our eternal loss, and to be cast away like a broken and useless vessel.

7. WRATH ABIDETH, JOHN III. 36.

The telling force of the word "meno" rendered "abideth," is better seen if we note how Christ uses it in other places. He says, "Christ abideth ever" (John xii. 34). He speaks of that meat which "endureth (meno) unto eternal life" (John vi. 27). "The Father dwelleth (meno) with me." "He dwelleth (meno) with you for ever" (John xiv. 10, 17), says the Lord Jesus, in speaking of the continuous presence of the Father with Him, and the abiding presence

of the Holy Spirit with the believer. "Your sin remaineth" (meno, John ix. 41), declared the Lord Jesus to the blinded Jews: All these uses of the word by Christ tell out with unmistakeable emphasis the permanence of the wrath which abides upon those who will not believe on Christ.

8. SHALL NOT SEE LIFE, JOHN III. 36.

The life, which is the "life indeed," shall not only never be possessed by the unbeliever, but he "shall not see" it even. Christ's repeated promise to His disciples was, "Ye shall see me" (John xvi. 16, 17, 19, 22). As Christ appeared to His disciples, and shewed Himself to them, and they saw Him face to face (1. Cor. xv. 5, 8); so shall the believer see Him face to face, and be like Him (1. John iii. 2); but the unbeliever will never see Christ as the Life, nor experience all that term "life" signifies, for he has never known Him as such. To "see life" is to know Christ as such, as the word "see" in each of the above Scriptures signifies, for it means to see a person face to face. What a contrast is seen in the two following Scriptures: "They see His face; "" Every eye shall see Him" (Rev. xxii. 4; i. 7). In the former case it means to see Him as the Life and be blest; and in the latter case, to behold Him as the Judge, and be condemned.

9. ETERNAL PUNISHMENT, MATT. XXV. 46.

The word "kolasis," rendered "punishment," only occurs in one other place, and that is in 1. John iv. 18, where it is given "torment." "Fear hath torment." Some have tried to minimise the term by saying that it only means "pruning," but they forget that it is "eternal," whatever else it is. The emphasis must be put on the adjective, and the contrast suggested by the everlastingness of the bliss of the righteous, must also be pondered, for the "everlasting life" of the one runs parallel with the "everlasting punishment" of the other.

10. DESTRUCTION, PHIL. III. 19.

The "end" of the "enemies of the Cross of Christ is destruction." There are some who affirm that "destruction signifies annihilation," hence, the punishment means a cessation of being. The term means nothing of the sort, the word is rendered "waste" in Matthew xxvi. 8, in calling attention to the ointment that was put upon Christ, which was said to be "waste." Surely, it cannot be said the ointment was annihilated, although it might be said to be wasted. Do we not say of a man who lives a useless, aimless life,

that he is a waster? So those whose end is destruction, they are wasted as far as profit to themselves is concerned, and glory to God.

11. TORMENT, LUKE XVI. 28.

Dives speaks of the abode of the lost as a "place of torment," and says, "I am tormented in this flame." Abraham also reminds him that while Lazarus is comforted, he is "tormented" (Luke xvi. 24, 25). It may be said "that Luke xvi. describes ' Hades,' and not 'Gehenna.'" That is perfectly true, but the former is a type of the latter, for the same terms are applied to both; hence we find "torment" spoken of in relation to the punishment of the wicked six times in the Book of the Revelation (Rev. xiv. 11; xviii. 7, 10, 15; xx. 10.) The force and fulness of the words rendered "torment" may be gathered, when it is known that they mean to be tormented as with a disease, as the man, who was sick of the palsy, of whom it is said he was grievously tormented (Matt. viii. 6); to be hard pressed, through violent labour, as the disciples were when they laboured to bring the vessel to land, of whom it is said, they were "toiling in rowing" (Mark vi. 48); and the term also signifies to be vexed, as Lot was by the filthy conversation of the Sodomites, when it says, they "vexed his righteous soul " (11. Peter ii. 8.)

12. SECOND DEATH, REV. XX. 14.

Death, in whatever sense we use the word, means separation. Physical death is the separation of the individual from the body. Moral and spiritual death signify the separation of the soul from God; hence the prodigal is dead, as long as he is in the far country (Luke xv. 24); the woman who lives in pleasure is dead, as long as she continues in her life of sin (1. Tim. v. 6); and the church at Sardis is dead, as long as it only has a name to live, and no communion with Christ Hell is hell indeed to be (Rev. iii. 1). eternally separated from God, the Source of happiness, peace, and holiness, for this signifies the participation in all that is not found in Him.

13. STILL, REV. XXII. 11.

The eternal state of the righteous is to be progressive in its upward trend in the path of holiness. The condition of the "unjust and filthy" is to be continuous in its downward course of iniquity. The impressiveness of the little word "still" in the above Scripture is enhanced when it is known that it is rendered sixteen times by the word "more," once by the word "yet," and once by the word "longer," in the Book of the Revelation.

So that the sentence "filthy still," or "unjust still," might equally be translated "filthy more," "unjust yet," or "longer." The margin of the Revised Version brings this out; it says, "filthy yet more." The fact is, that if anyone chooses and continues in a given course, his or her destiny is fixed, as Thackeray says, "Sow an action, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, and reap a destiny." Thus the sinner fixes his eternal state, and there must be eternal punishment, because there is eternal sin; as Hodge says, "The instant a soul sins it is cut off from the communion and life of God. As long as it continues in that state, it will continue to sin. As long as it continues to sin, it will continue to deserve His wrath and curse. It is obvious that the sinful tempers and conduct indulged in hell, will deserve and receive punishment as strictly as those previously in this life."

14. WRATH TO COME, I. THESS. I. 10.

The Bible speaks of the "wrath of God," as well as the "love of God" (Matt. iii. 7.) The Lord Jesus used the expression (John iii. 36.) We cannot tell all that it means, but Christ assures us that all unbelievers shall experience it, and that it will be eternal. Let me urge my readers, if you are not delivered from the wrath to come, to flee from it at once, by faith in the Saviour's atonement. There is only one place of safety, and that is in Christ. As when the prairie is on fire, the traveller's safety is to fire the grass in front of him, and then stand where the fire has been, thus when the fire comes up it has nothing upon which to feed; hence the traveller is safe, because he stands where the fire has done its work; so the soul that rests on Christ's finished work, and hides in Him, stands where the fire of God's judgment against sin has fed, and he is saved, and knows that "There is now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus," and hence he can sing,

> "Death and judgment are behind me, Grace and glory are before; All the flames have fed on Jesus, There exhausted all their power."

When it is "each for his own hand," the hand of God is not seen.

Shaving strengthens the beard.—Sinning strengthens the sin.

If we thought less of our own opinion, we should think more of the opinion of others.



annual rate of 34 per 1,000,000 persons living. In 1893 the figures were 2,174 victims, or at the rate of 73 per 1,000,000 persons living.

PREJUDICE AGAINST MISSIONS.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S THE CURE FOR opinion on missionary work will be read with interest: "I had conceived a great prejudice against missions in the South Seas, but I had no

sooner come to Samoa than that prejudice was at first reduced, and at last annihilated. Those who diblatterate against missions have only one thing to do—come and see them on the spot."

If we could move our legs propor-800 MILES tionately fast as an ant, it has AN HOUR. been calculated we could travel nearly 800 miles an hour. On the other hand, if the ant was to walk in the Lord's ways as fast (slow) as some professing Christians, it would never get on at all. To have the power to run in the Lord's commands, and do His will with pleasure and alacrity, we must know what it is to wait on the Lord continually, for the waiting ones are soaring ones, the enduring ones, progressing ones, and the unwearied ones in obedience (Isaiah xl. 31).

Conversation from the heart, TRACTS, according to Dean Hole, goes VERSUS farther than any amount of tracts. BACON. In proof whereof he told his hearers at Rochester the following anecdote:-" An old woman told him that

one day she was stooping over a saucepan in which she was boiling a cabbage, when an austere lady suddenly entered the door and said, 'Elizabeth Williamson, I am thankful for once to see you in that devotional attitude; here's a tract as your reward,' and away she went, highly satisfied with her missionary exertions. Shortly afterwards, another lady came and said, 'Well, Betty, what are you doing now?'

""Why, I am boiling some cabbage,' she

"'Oh, are you,' said the lady; 'that's poor food by itself. I'll go and buy you a piece of

bacon to put with it!'

"Betty could understand the Christianity that thought of her need, but good advice without the help had not much power with her."

THE following story is told by HE Darwin in the life of his grand-COULDN'T father, Dr. Darwin, of Derby:— A patient one day presented him-CURE HIMSELF! self at the consulting-room of a great London physician. His case was a very intricate one, and the physician declared himself incapable of dealing with it. "There is only one man in England," he said, "who understands cases of this sort, and you should go and consult him. It is Dr. Darwin, of Derby." "Alas!" was the reply, "I am Dr. Darwin, of Derby." What was true of the doctor personally as to his bodily ailment, is universally true of man as to his inability to save himself from his position and condition as a sinner. It was because we were "without strength" (Rom. v. 8.), that Christ undertook to make it possible for God to save us.

Gottschalk, on a visit to Spain, THE heard of a poor dying girl who MUSIC OF asked but one privilege before she **HEAVEN.** breathed her last—"to hear him make his piano talk." His generous nature responded; and he had his favourite instrument carried to her apartment, and there for hours soothed her sufferings by his master melodies and harmonies. So deep was her enjoyment that while he was playing plaintively, she quietly passed away. What might we not accomplish if we had such a passion for souls as would lead us to bear to the huts of the poor, and the bedsides of the dying, without money or price, that blessed Gospel which is vocal with the music of Heaven !- Dr. A. T. Pierson.

"WE were much troubled at WHAT SENT the beginning of a recent HIM OFF. Convention," says Mr. Moody, "with a good man, who professed to have reached the highest pinnacle of perfection, and shouted 'Hallelujah' with disagreeable emphasis when the speakers touched on any of his favourite tenets, his silence being ominous and fearful." With considerable glee Mr. Moody told Mr. Meyer, one morning, that he had gone off by the early train. "How did you manage it?" "Well, he came to my house this morning, and had a lot to say about himself; but I told him I shouldn't believe a word of it unless I could ask his wife."

A story of a bullock of peculiar appetite comes from Biddenden, PECULIAR in Kent. A farmer in that parish APPETITE. had a beast which lost flesh in

unaccountable fashion. It was therefore killed, and among the contents of the stomach was found a quantity of shot and nails, and a skewer. Some Christians have equally "a peculiar appetite," for instead of feeding upon the unadulterated Word of God to their nourishment and edification, they cram themselves with the garbage of noveldom, and the unwholesome fodder of sensationalism, and then they wonder how it is they are not filled with the joy, peace, and power of the Holy Spirit. Joy is a flower that is born of the Holy Spirit (Gal. v. 22), cultivated by the whole-hearted obedience of faith (Rom. xv. 13), and fed by the Word of God (Jer. xv. 16.)

IT was said of Lord Eldon that PREVENTING "he prevented more good than any other man ever did. Lazy Christians prevent good. Cranky Christians prevent good. Critical Christians prevent good. Inconsistent Christians prevent good. The best way not to hinder good is to do good. Take hold and help. Do the next thing. Why stand ye here all the day idle? Dr. Pierson says that "the bulk of professing disciples practically do nothing whatever in discipling others." Canon Wilberforce says that a Christian's duty is to admit, submit, commit, and transmit. You admit the truth of Christ; you submit your will to Christ; you commit your soul to Christ; but what do you transmit to others? Begin now; do some personal work for Christ and souls. The Lord is watching to see you work. "Let every hearer become a herald."

THE empire of Cassar is gone; PERPETUITY the legions of Rome are OF THE mouldering in the dust; the BIBLE. avalanches that Napoleon hurled upon Europe have melted away; the pride of the Pharaohs is fallen; the pyramids they raised to be their tombs are sinking every day in the desert sands; Tyre is a rock for bleaching fishermen's nets; Sidon has scarcely left a rock behind; but the Word of God still survives. All things that threatened to extinguish it have only aided it; and it proves every day how transient is the noblest monument that man can build, how enduring is the least word that God has spoken. Tradition has dug for it a grave; intolerance has lighted for it many a fagot; many a Judas has betrayed it with a kiss; many a Peter has denied it with an oath; many a Demas has forsaken it; but the Word of God still endures.—Dr. John Cumming.

SEE that young girl, in the days of THE Diocletian, beautiful and richly MARTYR dressed, standing before the altar, **SPIRIT.** with the judge on the one side, her lover on the other, her companions grouped around. If she will but throw a few grains of incense on the brazier she shall be spared from cruel death, and given back to love, and friends, and life. But not a grain is cast upon the expectant flames, and she is ruthlessly led off to die for Him whom she loves better than all. Was she not consistent? Would you not have done the same? Then do the same now, and dare to be true to your lover, Christ.—F.B. Meyer.

I REMEMBER a vessel sinking in the LIFTING Clyde. Pontoons were brought POWER. down from Glasgow, and at low water fastened hard and close to the ship. It was over-girded and under-girded, and I don't know what, to make it one with the pontoons. When man had done everything he could, we all stood back and waited till God did his part. The tide began to rise. Would these pontoons lift that helpless wreck with them, or the wreck hold them down beneath the tide that must rise? There was a moment like that here. Peter and John made themselves one with the lame man, like the pontoons. They then cried to God, and waited for the tide, and it came, glorious, full, uplifting. We need this great heart that loves a drunken man and a worse woman; that will take off its fine gloves and lift them. If that has gone out of us, God help us.— John McNeill.

CHIMES. 7



subjects were happy and contented, and their greatest delight was to do His will.

There was one small country in this great King's empire in which He took special interest. His subjects there had everything to make them happy and contented, and sometimes their King would

even leave the splendid capital where He lived to come and visit them. He would talk confidentially with them, and His visits were to them a great joy.

Now this King had a very powerful enemy, who hated Him very much, and would use great cunning to

form plans for annoying the good King.

There had been a time when this enemy had been one of the King's honoured subjects but so great was his pride and ambition that he resolved to shake off his rightful Sovereign's rule, and be free. Nay, he even dared to think of dethroning the King and seizing the empire for himself.

He was, however, quite unable to gain his ends, and the attempt only resulted in his own ruin, and that of those who were wicked enough to help him. Tyrus-for that was the rebel's name-felt how helpless he was in the hands of the great Monarch, and hated Him with a deadly hatred.

One day he called all his followers together and said, "You see how our rebellion came to nought, and only resulted in our own downfall. We have no power to dethrone the King, but we can at least annoy Him. I have called you together that we may discuss how

this may best be done."

So one suggested one thing, and another something else, but their prince said, "You are all wrong. He is too powerful for us to aim at Him directly. We have already found that out. There is one way, however, in which we can hurt Him, and that is to hurt those whom He loves; you know those puny subjects of His in the land of Terra, that He sets such store by. If we can only get them to rebel against Him, will not this be a great revenge?"

The followers of Tyrus all agreed that it would, and were loud in their praises of their lord for his ingenuity. And it was decided that Tyrus should be entrusted

with the mission.

The traitor, therefore, disguised himself, and set off for Terra. Now the inhabitants were exceedingly guileless and innocent. They bad never known what it was to have an enemy, and could not imagine that anyone would seek to injure them. Still, Tyrus knew that he must go carefully to work, as their King in His wisdom had made such careful laws for their

observance, that so long as they kept these they were

perfectly safe.

With artful cunning, Tyrus began by praising their country, and pretending to admire its beauties. The people were only too glad to listen, and began to sing the praises of their King, to whom they owed everything. Tyrus listened and appeared to agree to all that was said. But presently he began to talk about the laws of the country, and to suggest that it was a great pity such wise and clever people should have been treated so much like children. Of course, their King was very good and wise, but, still He might have trusted them a little more. Had He given them a little more liberty there were so many things they might have done, and so much they might have learnt.

At first the people would not listen to him, but they soon got used to such talk, and ceased to resent it. Then they began to think that they were rather badly

treated, and their King was too strict.

Tyrus laughed in his sleeve, for now he saw that his object was gained; it would not take much to make them break laws which had become irksome, and then the game was in his own hands.

Tyrus had judged rightly. "Now," said the tempter, "your King will punish you very severely. Your only plan is to let me be your king, then I will take care of you.

The people were very much afraid of the consequences of their sin, and readily fell into the trap. They threw off their allegiance to their rightful Sovereign, and proclaimed Tyrus king.

Now began a sad time for the poor, silly inhabitants of Terra. Tyrus changed all their laws, and taught

them all kinds of wicked practices.

He taught them to lie, steal, and quarrel, and then showed them how to fight. Civil wars and all sorts of dreadful things followed, and the people were in great misery because the strong oppressed the weak, and the evil habits of all caused famine and disease. Tyrus was highly pleased with this state of things, and gloated over the misery he had caused.

He taught them how to make wine and spirits, which the people soon became very fond of, and when they were drunk, committed all kinds of shocking crimes.

Only some of them remembered the happy days when the good King reigned over them, and longed for Him again. But by far the greater part soon forgot all about Him, and while bewailing their misery, never thought that it was Tyrus and their own wicked actions that caused it.

So for a time we will leave Terra, hoping that some means may be found of rescuing the people from

their degradation.

(To be continued.)

What Sin Does.

WHEN Charles I. was about to be executed, the executioner kissed the hand of the king and begged his pardon for undertaking such an unpleasant task, but nevertheless beheaded him just the same. So sin fawns upon its victim, entertains its prey, and invites it, like the fabled spider did the fly into his parlour, to partake of its dainty repast, but the end sin has in view is death. Listening to the serpent's voice, means also the serpent's sting. Drinking of the wine of sinful pleasure, means the partaking of its poison. Lying down in the tent of licentiousness-like Sisera did in the tent of Jael-means the nail of retribution. Following the form of covetousness, as Gehazi did Naaman, means the leprosy of punishment. When sin conceives, it is sure to bring forth death.

Jesus!



"On My Own Back."

BY THE EDITOR.



OME years ago, when evangelising, I was preaching in a tent, which had been pitched in a picturesque village in Worcestershire. During the service several young men were

standing at the door mocking. I noticed one young fellow among them who seemed inclined to listen, and was apparently doing so, although he did not wish to let the others see him. In the course of my address I used the following words:—" Let them laugh that lose: they are sure to do so that win. Ah! young man, your companions may laugh you

into hell, but they will never laugh you out again."

After the service I went to a friend's house to supper. Later in the evening, as I was returning to my lodgings, accompanied by the missionary with whom I was labouring, we were stopped by a voice asking, "Is that you, Mr. So-and-So?" I answered "Yes." It was a very dark night, and as we were on a lonely country road, we had a small lantern to show us the way. When the lantern was lifted up to see who was calling, we found that the voice came from the young man to whom I have already referred.

Before we could say anything, he began,

"Oh! I'm not right."

"Thank God for that," I said, "for the very first step to being put right is to find

out we are wrong.'

He continued:—"You remember you said to-night, 'Young man, your companions may laugh you into hell, but they will never laugh you out again?' Those words were ringing in my ears all the way home. I undressed and got into bed, but I could not sleep, and I had to get up and come and seek you, for I want to know what I am to do."

I took out my Bible, and said to him, "Can you read?"

" No, sir."

"Well, you believe that this Bible is the Word of God?"

"Yes, I do."

"Now, listen to what God says to you, and believe it for yourself."

I turned to Isaiah liii. 6, and read, "All

we, like sheep, have gone astray.'

"Have you gone astray?" I asked. "God says you have; do you believe it?"

"Yes, I have been one of the worst chaps

in the village."

I continued:—"'We have turned every one to his own way.' You have gone your way, and I have gone mine; but man's way is away from God, and ends in eternal death. Some go down the drunkard's way, some down the proud man's way, some down the self-righteous man's way, and some down the sensualist's way; but it is always down, and ends in the outer darkness. Do you realise that you have gone away from God?"

"Yes, yes; God knows, and He only knows, how far I have wandered from Him."

"Now," I said, "listen to what God says to those who have thus gone astray from Him: 'And the Lord hath laid on Him (Christ) the iniquity of us all.' Where does God say your sins are?"

"My sins," he exclaimed,

"are on my own back."

I replied, "I did not ask you where you thought they were, but, 'Where does God say your sins are?"

Again he exclaimed, "My sins, I tell you, I feel they are on my own back, and unless I get rid of them they will sink me down to hell."

"Listen to what God says to you," I answered, "and

believe what God says, in spite of what you feel or think, or Satan may suggest:—
'The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.' Is it true that you are included in the 'all' that begins this verse, namely, 'All we like sheep have gone astray?'"

"Yes," he replied.

"Then is it not equally true that you are included in the 'all' with which the verse closes?"

"Yes."

"Then listen again: 'The Lord hath' (there is no mistake, the words are positive, and speak of something done) 'laid on him the iniquity of us all.' Where does God say your sins are?"

"He says they are on Christ, but I don't feel they are there; I feel they are on my cwn

back."



I replied, "You are looking at yourself; God says, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved.' Where does God say your sins are?"

The light began to dawn; and as the darkness flees before the light, so into this young man's heart the truth began to penetrate, and doubt to disperse. He replied:—

"God says they are on Christ, and I believe it, because He says it, although I

don't feel it."

"What do you do when a friend offers you a gift, and you take it?" I asked.

"Why, I thank the friend for it."

"Well, won't you thank God for laying your sins on Christ, and ask Him to keep you?"

"Yes, I will." And there in that country lane, on that dark night, in broken sentences, and with trembling tones, he thanked God for saving him, and prayed that he might be true to Christ.

I saw him the next evening at the service in the tent, and his bright, happy face plainly told me that he not only knew his sins were on Christ, because God said it, but because he also felt it. And why did he feel it? Simply because he believed the word of God. God says that those who believe in Christ are saved (John iii. 16; Acts xvi. 31). I believe and know that I am saved, because He says so, and I am happy in simply resting on His Word.

My reader, where are your sins? They are in one of two places. Either on you, or else on Christ. When Christ was crucified, you remember there were crucified with Him two thieves, "on either side one, and Jesus in the midst." Now, what was the difference between these thieves? None at first; but one of them afterwards believed in Christ, and Christ, in answer to his prayer, said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Let me ask a few questions, and give answers, in reference to the three persons on the crosses.

Let me take first the One who is in the centre. Was there any sin in Christ? No. There are three things distinctly said of Christ in reference to His freedom from sin. (1) He "knew no sin" (11. Cor. v. 21); (2) He "did no sin" (1. Peter ii. 22); and (3) "In Him is no sin" (1. John iii. 5). Was there sin on Christ? Yes; for "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

Let us look at the unbelieving thief. Was there sin *in* him? Yes, because he was born in sin. Was there sin *on* him? Yes, for he did not accept Christ as his Sin-bearer, and therefore had to bear his own sins.

Now, look at the believing thief. Was

there sin *in* him? Yes, for he also had a sinful nature. Was there sin *on* him? No. Why? Because he accepted Christ as his Sin-bearer, therefore his sin could not be on him.

If you do not know your sins are gone, my reader, look to Christ, rest in Christ; and, believing in Him, you will be able to say:—

"My sin,—oh the bliss of this glorious thought!—
My sin, not in part, but the whole,

Is nailed to His cross; I bear it no more.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!"

But neglect God's salvation, and then you will find that your sins will be a load to sink you down into the lowest hell, from whence there is no escape.

"Where was the Fourth?"

"WHERE was the Fourth?" asked a friend, in referring to the fact that, after the three Hebrew young men had been cast into the fiery furnace, a Fourth One, like unto the Son of Man, was seen with them, and yet when the three youths came out of the fire, their Companion was not with them.

"Don't you think He is still in the fiery furnace to succour His people when they are cast into it?" was a

further query.

"Undoubtedly," was the reply; "and what a comfort it is that the Lord is always in the place of trial before we are, and when we get there, He is ever ready to succour and cheer."

It was to the advantage of the young men to be cast into the fiery furnace, and a disadvantage to those who cast them in. For the former lost their bonds, and gained the company of the Fourth; while the latter met with an untimely death (Dan. iii. 22.) Further, the result of the preserving power and gracious deliverance effected by the Fourth, meant a testimony to the God of Deliverances, for the King of Babylon caused all to worship the God of Heaven. Thus the Lord ever brings good out of ill, and blessing out of evil.

"I want to get Dollie's Pills for Me."

"I WANT to get Dollie's pills for me," said a little girl, who was desirous to go out with her uncle in order to go to a certain friend's, so that she might obtain the sweets—the "pills" were sweets—for her doll presumably, but for herself actually. There are children of a larger growth, who are very fond of doing "kind" actions for other people, in order that they may do a kinder one for themselves. Here are a few cases by way of illustration. One gives sixpence in charity, that eighteen-pence of popularity may be obtained; another does some "Christian" work, that the good opinion of the one who asks him to do it may not be lost; another is willing to occupy an office in the church, because of the locus standi it gives; another is concerned about the impression he shall make upon his audience, lest his reputation should suffer, demonstrating that God's glory is a secondary matter; and yet another sticks the label of Christianity on his back in order to pass muster for what he is not.

The Perils of the Theatre.

By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

YOUNG people often ask me the question, "Would it be right for me to go to the theatre? If not, then why not?" Those who propound these questions are not of the dissipated and dissolute class, but clean young men and maidens—too clean to be smirched by a needless exposure to impure influences. That such questions are raised constantly is not surprising; for the playhouse is increasingly persistent in its demands on popular attention and patronage. It fills a constantly enlarging place in the daily journals. Theatres multiply more rapidly than churches in some of our great cities. Theatre-going increases more than church-going. The dead walls are covered with flaunting pictorial representations of scenes and actors in full-dress (or in no dress at all); and many of these are of such disgusting indecency that they deserve suppression by the public authorities. If the pictures be so shameless, what must the originals be? Before our youthful enquirers become patrons of the playhouse, it is but fair that they should know just what perils to their moral nature, and to their welfare as immortal beings they are likely to encounter.

The first peril is to purity of character. Your eyes and ears are windows and doors to the heart. What enters once, never goes out. Photographs taken on the memory are not easily effaced or burned up: they stick there, and often become tempters and tormentors for a lifetime. "I'd give my right hand," said a Christian to me once, "if I could rub out the abominable things that I put into my mind when I was a fast young man." He could not do it; neither will you be able to efface the lascivious images, or the impure words which the stage may photograph on your very soul. We do not affirm that every popular play is immoral, or that every performer is impure, or that every theatre-goer is on the scent for sensual excitements. But the stage is to be estimated as a totality, and the whole trend of the average stage is hostile to heart-purity. The exceptions do not alter the rule. Nor have honest attempts to bring the stage up to a high standard of moral purity been successful. An experiment once made of so managing a theatre as to exclude every indelicacy from the stage, and every notoriously improper person from the audience, ended in pecuniary failure. The

Puritanic playhouse soon went into bankruptcy. The chief object of the manager is to make money; and if he can spice his evening's entertainment with a plot that turns on a seduction, or a scene of sexual passion, or with a salacious exposure of physical beauty, the temptation is too strong to be very often resisted.

You must take the average stage as it is, and not as you would like to have it. It is an institution for which, if you patronise, you become morally responsible as much as if you patronize a public library or a public drinking saloon. As an institution it habitually unsexes woman by parading her before a mixed audience in man's attire. Too often it exposes her in such pitiable scantiness of any attire at all, that if you saw your own sister in such a plight you would turn away your eyes in horror. Yet you propose to pay your money to violate womanly delicacy for your entertainment. If the daughter of Herodias dances to please you, then you are responsible for the dance, both in its influence on the dancer and on your own moral sense. There is no evading before God your accountability for the theatre, if you habitually support it. What its influence upon the average performer is, appears from most abundant testimony. One of the most celebrated actresses of this time informed a friend of mine that she "only enters a theatre to enact her part, and has very little association with her own profession." A converted actor once said to me, while passing a playhouse in which he had often performed: "Behind those curtains lies Sodom." Although sorely pressed to return to his old business, he said that he would starve sooner than go on the stage again. As an institution, the theatre tolerates sensual impurity in its performers, and presents scenes of impurity to its patrons. If you become one of its patrons, you go into moral partnership with the theatre.

It would be a sufficient condemnation of the average playhouse if it stimulates one evil passion. But other temptations lurk about it. There are dangerous associations to be encountered there. It is a prevalent habit with young people who attend the theatre to remain until a late hour amid the excitement of the plays, and then finish off with a midnight supper, or a wine-drink at some neighbouring restaurant. To this perilous practice a young lady of my acquaintance owned her downfall. Long after sensible people have laid their heads on their pillows, the habitués of the theatre are apt to be adding a second scene of dissipation to the first one; and it

must be pretty hard work for a Christian to finish up such an evening's experience with an honest prayer for God's blessing. That is indeed a poor business and a poor pleasure, on which we cannot, with a clear conscience, ask our heavenly Father's approval. Certainly there are enough innocent, wholesome, and beneficial recreations, without venturing into the dangerous atmosphere of the playhouse. That is a dear-bought pleasure, which involves even a risk to the immortal soul.

Another peril of the theatre arises from the fascination which it too often engenders. Like wine drinking, it becomes an appetite, and a very greedy appetite. To gratify this growing passion for the playhouse, tens of thousands of young people squander their money and their time most profusely. Other and purer recreations become tame and insipid. Even the entertainments of the stage become dull, unless they are spiced with new excitements to the passions. Wholesome pleasures cease to please, just as a brandy-drinker ceases to be satisfied with cold water or a cup of coffee. It is not recreation, but stimulation, and a very dangerous sort of stimulation too, that you will be after when you become enslaved by the fascinations of the stage.

My young friends, be assured that no sagacious employer ever chooses a clerk, or accountant, or any other employé the sooner because he is a theatre-goer. No sensible man is apt to select the companion of his heart and home because she is a frequenter of a playhouse. No good woman wants her sons and daughters there. No pastor expects that his youthful Church members can go into that impure atmosphere without a terrible damage to their piety. I don't believe that the theatre has ever helped any souls towards heaven. I know that it has sent thousands to perdition.

Unfinished and Finished.

BY DR. G. C. LORRIMER.

In the charming villa of Count Fabbricotti, at Florence, there is a remarkable picture, representing Michael Angelo selecting material from which to shape his immortal conception of Moses. The scene is laid at Carrara; the mountains, whose white quarries show like snow in a garden of verdure, forming a striking background to an interesting group of admirably executed figures. Near the front of the painting a youth bends over an open portfolio, and among the sketches one is disclosed of the Hebrew lawgiver; to the right appears the form of the master workman, directing attention to an enormous block of spotless marble; while in the centre stands, and most conspicuous

of all, the famous artist himself. He seems to be intent on searching the flawless stone for the outlines, proportions, and features of the wondrous hero who had dared supplicate the Almighty for the vision of His glory, and who had been exalted to be the mouthpiece of the Ten Commandments, before whose moral grandeur four thousand years have trembled. But there is a touch of pathetic indecision in the noble features of the sculptor, otherwise strong and resolute, as though he feared his hand might lose its cunning before the lofty ideal, born of his genius, could be

imparted to the virgin marble.

One, greater than Michael Angelo, trod the obscure ways of Palestine two thousand years ago. A sublime purpose ruled in His mind and heart. The Christ had come to inaugurate a kingdom unlike any empire that had been in ages gone, and which was to be shaped out of discordant and anarchical humanity. It requires but a slight effort of the imagination to picture Him with thoughtful brow, contemplating the rude and poor material not yet hewn from the quarries of worldliness and heathenism, in which, and through which, He should achieve most marvellously. But, unlike the Italian artist, there is never, in His manner or expression, the least sign of doubt as to His ultimate success. And history has since proven that, while the sculptor left his statue of Moses in an unfinished state -an evidence that he had conceived beyond his skill to execute—Jesus has really neither failed nor been discouraged, and never shall He cease to persevere until "the isles wait for His law," and until the Stone "cut out of the mountains without hand," "the kingdom set up by the God of Heaven," "shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms," and it itself, and none other, stand for ever.

Strength.

The Lord gives a sevenfold strengthening to those who trust Him.

1. THE STRENGTH OF HIS GRACE TO EMPOWER IN Weakness—" My strength is made perfect in weakness' (11. Cor. xii. 9).

2. THE STRENGTH OF HIS ARM TO SUSTAIN WHEN FEARFUL—" Fear thou not . . . I will strengthen thee"

(Isaiah xli. 10).

3. THE STRENGTH OF HIS LOVE TO INSPIRE IN SERVICE—"Love is strong" (S.S. viii. 6). "The love of Christ constraineth me" (II. Cor. v. 14).

4. THE STRENGTH OF HIS ARM TO PROTECT IN CONFLICT—"Strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might," &c. (Eph. vi. 10).

5. THE STRENGTH OF HIS JOY TO GLADDEN IN LIFE-"The joy of the Lord is your strength" (Neh. viii. 10).

6. THE STRENGTH OF HIS WORD TO CHEER IN Weariness-" Sustain with words him that is weary"

(Isaiah 1.4, R. V.).
7. THE STRENGTH OF HIS POWER TO EQUIP IN WITNESSING—"Ye shall receive power" (Acts i. 8).

> "Whate'er thou lovest best, E'en that become thou must. Christ's, if thou lovest Christ, Dust, if thou lovest dust."

"The battle of our life is won, And heaven begun, When we can say, "Thy will be done!" CHIMES.

Moody and his Illustrations.

R. MOODY, the evangelist, has recently been preaching twice a day to huge gatherings in Cooper Union, New York, and the immense Carnegie Music Hall. He says he came to New York to talk to the saints and not to the sinners. The following is one of his addresses:—

Some one has said that a full minister has a full church. Well, that is a good thing to start out with. Then another thing he wants is elders. He wants to have his office-bearers filled. That, I believe, is God's order. Begin with a minister, and then go to Church officers. I believe the Church has got off from the track in this regard. It is a good thing to go back into the days of Acts, and read just what they did then:

"In those days, when the number of disciples was multiplied, there arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration.

"Then the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not reason that we should leave the work of God and serve tables.

"Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word."

Now, if that was carried out to-day I think there would be some elders that would have to get out, or else get filled. I think some of the churchwardens and stewards would either get down on their faces and cry to God to fill them, or else they would make room for somebody else to take their places. I think the Church has made a woeful mistake. Very often they will look out for a man that has his pocket full of money, and they are too apt to think that money is going to do the work. Ah! that is dishonouring the Holy Ghost. Money power is one thing, intellectual power is another, and Holy Ghost power is another thing. When we get to the commands that God has laid down in His Book, and follow them, then the Church of God is going to have power just as it did in Apostolic We want the ministers filled with the Spirit of God, and then we want our church officers filled with the Spirit of God. Isn't that the need to-day? I tell you, my friends, when we wake up to this fact, and seek with all our hearts the filling of the Spirit of God, we are going to see signs and wonders. May the day soon come!

Some one said this morning—and I have had it said to me very often: "Mr. Moody,

why don't you tell the people that they must get emptied before God can fill them? The reason that a good many people are not filled with the Spirit of God is because they are filled with the world; filled with unholy ambitions; filled with envy and jealousy, and malice, and self-seeking, and pride, and ten thousand other things. Why don't you tell them to get emptied, and then God will fill them?" Now, I want to say that you can empty yourselves just as easy as you can fill yourselves, and no easier. Why, you cannot empty yourselves. People are trying to get the world out of their hearts in the wrong way. I don't know how many letters I have had from people asking me to preach against the theatres, and to preach against progressive euchre parties, and a thousand different things, and I reply: " My dear friend, you want to ask God to lift up the flood gate and let the tide come in upon you, and then these things will go out of themselves." God hates a vacuum. My heart is going to be filled with something, and if not with spiritual things, then it is going to be filled with worldly things. You go to San Francisco, and in July and August you will find two of the coldest months right in midday. People will come out in the morning in their summer clothes, and along about eleven o'clock they will drop off the street and come back with their overcoats on, and ladies will have their sealskin cloaks on. Why is that? Away back on the alkali plains the sun strikes that sand, and the earth gets hot, and the air rises, and there is a vacuum formed; and then the air from off the ocean sweeps through the Golden Gate, and on toward the alkali plains as rapidly as it can so as to get there and fill that vacuum. My friends, the quickest way to get the world out is to get Christ enthroned in the heart, and then the Holy Spirit gets possession of it. I have had ministers say to me: "Mr. Moody, my church is so full of worldly thoughts. Won't you preach about that?" My dear friends, the quickest way to get rid of worldly things is to let the Spirit of God come in and put the worldly things out of you.

Now, I will give you another illustration. (Here Mr. Moody exhibited a glass and a pitcher of water.) I like illustrations. This tumbler is full of air. I say I will get the air out, and I will fill it with water. I try to get the air out (illustrating); but you see that the air gets back as fast as I get it out; of course the air keeps coming in. Now, that is what a lot of people have been trying to do for years—trying to get the world out without

putting anything else in. As someone has said, the motion may be beautiful, but there is no progress. (Laughter.) You laugh at it, but you have been doing it for years. Now I pour this water in the tumbler (illustrating). Is there any air in it now? (Pouring more water until it ran over the edge of the glass.) You see, when we get filled with the Spirit of God there isn't any room for the world. If you put some dirt or chaff in there, it stays. Why? Because it isn't full of water. Satan has the advantage of a great many Christians because they are half and half. Now, if I pour water in this glass again, and fill it, how long does that dirt and chaff remain? (Illustrating.) It cannot stay there; it just runs out.

(To be continued.)

George Fox.

A LECTURE BY THE LATE MR. A. A. REES.

HERE are few men of historical importance "who have left deep footprints on the sands of Time," of whose life-work and character so little is known as George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends. No doubt there are meagre and inaccurate notions, but a correct and comprehensive view of what he was and what he did is rarely held, even by professed historians, whilst of the great bulk of his fellow-countrymen, and of the common run of readers, we may truly say, "They knew him not;" and the reason is, that extremely few have taken the trouble to gather their information from the main source whence perfect truth could be obtained, namely, his own journal.

The hero of my story was born in the reign of one who was not a hero, in any sense of the word—James I.—the first Royal importation from Scotland, and by no means a credit to his country, for he was

A HODGE-PODGE

of theology, despotism, and hunting, who followed Divinity when he did not follow the bottle and the hounds, which was very seldom indeed, for he was a compound of Nimrod and Bacchus.

In 1624 George first saw the light, at Drayton-in-the-Clay, Leicestershire, and, strange to say, this man of peace, as if by way of protest, came into the world the very year war was declared against Spain. From his earliest years young George was as sober as an old Quaker. The child was the father of the man, and I venture to say that if I had a penny for every laugh he gave during his whole life, I should be the poorest man in England. If, however, he did not relax his own features, he certainly did those of others—as we shall see directly—by his dry humour and witty repartees.

His parents were decent, well-to-do folks, and were seriously inclined, but they did not understand George, for, of all the professions in the world, it was their desire to make him a parson, but they actually apprenticed him to a very

SPECKLED BIRD

indeed, the oddest compound imaginable, a shoemaker, who was also a dealer in cattle; but this did not last

long. George was destined to something higher than to handle cobbler's wax, or to tan the hides of poor beasts. It was, indeed, his ultimate vocation to tan hides, but it was the hides of the priests, which, however, often got him a good hiding in return. With this cattle-dealing shoemaker, George was like Joseph in the house of Potiphar. "While I was with him," says he, "he was blessed, but after I left him he came to nothing." The inference, of course, is that the young apprentice was the good genius of his master.

At 19—"at the command of God," so George tells us—he left country and kindred, like Abraham before him, in search of something better than he found at home; for he had discovered then that professors and non-professors were all alike, as far from God—in reality—as they were near Him in pretension; and of all men in the world, George was

A MAN OF TRUTH

and reality. The first town he visited after quitting his father's roof was Lutterworth, where, 300 years before, John Wycliffe thundered against the Friars. From thence he passed on to Northampton, and so on, from town to town, and from village to village—not yet as a preacher, but as a seeker of rest to his weary soul, for he was sore troubled at what he was and what he saw. And, as he travelled, he consulted minister after minister, and found them all alike—Job's comforters. After a while he returned home, as wretched as when he left it; and not finding relief from the parsons, he spent whole days and nights in solitude—wandering in the fields, and sleeping in barns, caves and hollow elms—in search of "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

His parents would have him drive dull care away by an early marriage, but said George, "I am but a lad, and lack wisdom"—which, by the way, was a proof he did not lack it. Others would have him enlist, whilst an ancient minister advised him to smoke tobacco and sing psalms. Another minister, of great repute, recommended bleeding and a purge. A third, while he was talking in the garden, got in such a rage with George, for treading on the border of a flower-bed, that he drove him away like

A MAD DOG.

We are not surprised, then, that this and similar experiences cured George of "the priest," as he always afterwards called the parsons of every description, whether they were Established or Dissenting, and he made no distiuction between the mere hireling and the true shepherd. Alas! that he should at this time have fallen into such unworthy hands. How different might have been his career had he encountered some of the Puritan worthies of that stirring age; at any rate, he would not have passed so sweeping a condemnation as he did, on stated ministers and preachers of every sect.

But we must make due allowance for his early training, education and circumstances. George was not learned, and knew very little of history, nor, indeed, of what was going on in his own time and in his own country. He knew next to nothing of the glorious Reformation and the century before he was born, and little did he dream that while he was cultivating the inward life in England, there were numbers in France, headed by Madame Guyon, and Archbishop Fénélon, who were pursuing the same cause, and little did he imagine that there were about 2,000 ministers in the Establishment, whom he would have called

"HIRELINGS."

who were nevertheless prepared to sacrifice their livings, and actually did sacrifice them in the succeeding reign, and every earthly comfort, rather than conform to the Book of Common Prayer.

While at the village of Elstow, near Bedford, God was hammering a tinker into such a sharp two-edged sword as the world seldom saw; I mean the immortal John Bunyan, the contemporary, but not the companion, of George Fox. Two men of humble birth and humble trade, little known to each other on earth, yet, in diverse ways, serving and suffering for the same Lord, and now, I doubt not, shining close together in heaven as stars of the first magnitude.

(To be continued).

Bells to be Rung.

BY F.E.M.

"TOLD HIM."

To tell the Lord in prayer our joys and sorrows, our cares and comforts, and our ills and wells, is the privilege of every child of God.

I. REPENTANCE.—"Told Him of the Galilæans except ye repent," &c. (Luke xiii. 1-3).

II. Solicitation.—"Andrew and Philip tell Jesus" (John xii. 22).

III. GRATITUDE. — "The woman . . . knowing what was done in her . . . told Him all the truth" (Mark v. 33).

IV. SERVICE.—" Apostles told Him all things what they had done and taught" (Mark vi. 30).

v. Sickness.-" Simon's wife's mother lay sick of

a fever, and anon they tell Him of her" (Mark i. 30).
vi. Response. - He answered him that told Him"

(Matthew xii. 48).

VII. SORROW.—"Took up the body and went and told Fesus" (Matthew xiv. 12).

SATAN'S DEVICES.

Satan's method and manner in working may be illustrated in the following seven instances:-

1. He puts evil into the hearts of men, as illustrated in the case of Ananias (Acts v. 3)

2. He endeavours to keep men from that which is of God, as seen in the instance of Joshua (Zech. iii. 1).

3. He catches away the seed of God's truth, lest man should be benefited (Matthew xiii. 19).

4. He blinds men to their true condition and the

beauty of Christ (11. Cor. iv. 4).
5. He hinders the servants of Christ in the work of the Gospel (1. Thess ii. 18).

6. He tries to lead men into sin, as is portrayed in the temptation of Christ (Matthew iv. 1-11).

7. His aim is to get men to discredit the Word of God, as may be gathered in the temptation of Eve (Genesis iii. 1-5).

IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.

When the Holy Spirit says a thing is impossible it must stand, whether it be for weal or woe.

I. IMPOSSIBLE IT IS FOR GOD TO LIE .- "Impossible for God to lie" (Hebrews vi. 18).

II. THE BLOOD OF ANIMALS IMPOSSIBLE TO TAKE AWAY HUMAN GUILT.—" Not possible that the blood of bulls and goats could take away sins" (Hebrews x. 4).

III. GETHSEMANE'S CUP HAD TO BE DRAINED.—"If

it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" (Matthew xxvi. 39).

IV. DEATH COULD NOT HOLD CHRIST IN ITS POWER. -" Not possible for him to be holden of it" (Acts ii. 24). v. Offences must come.—"It is impossible but that offences will come" (Luke xvii. 1).

VI. FAITH IS AN ESSENTIAL GRACE. - "Without

faith it is impossible to please God" (Hebrews xi. 6).

VII. FALLERS AWAY CANNOT BE RENEWED. —"It is impossible to renew them again unto repentance" (Hebrews vi. 6, R.V.).

"UPON A ROCK."

There are many suggestions given in connection with the people and things which are said to be upon a rock. Taking Christ as our Rock, and the context where the above thought is found, we discover many veins of precious truth.

1. THE PLACE OF SECURITY. -- "Wise man built his house upon a rock " (Matt. vii. 24). Christ is the solid and sure Foundation. All other ground is sinking sand.

11. THE PLACE OF ENDURANCE. - Upon this rock I will build My Church" (Matt. xvi. 18). The Christship of Jesus is a rock which can never be overthrown (Mark viii. 29).

III. THE PLACE OF SAFETY.—"He shall set me upon a rock" (Psalm xxvii. 5). Safe from all danger and at all times, while resting on the Lord in wholehearted faith.

IV. THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE.—" Offered it upon a rock" (Judges xiii. 19). Our sacrifices are well-pleasing to God, as offered up in the name of Christ (Hebrews xiii. 15-16).

v. The place of vision.—" From the top of the rocks I see him" (Num. xxiii. 9). Balaam saw the purpose and pleasure of God in relation to Israel from his point of vantage. We see our position in relation to the Lord, and to the world, in Christ. The "man in Christ" has visions (11. Cor. xii. 2).

vi. The place of Revelation. — "Thou shalt stand upon a rock . . . and thou shalt see" (Ex. xxxiii. 19-21). The spiritual man receives heaven's

secrets (1. Cor. iii. 10).

vII. THE PLACE OF WATCHING.—"Rizpah . . . upon a rock" (II. Sam. xxi. 10). As Rizpah kept away the birds from the bodies of her sons, so we should watch against all evil (11. Timothy iv. 5).

Rules for Daily Life.

BEGIN the day with God; Kneel down to Him in prayer; Lift up thy heart to His abode, And seek His love to share.

Open the Book of God, And read a portion there, That it may hallow all thy thoughts, And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God, What'er thy work may be; Where'er thou art, at home, abroad, He is still near to thee.

Converse in mind with God; Thy spirit heavenward raise; Acknowledge every good bestowed, And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God; Thy sins to Him confess; Trust in the Lord's atoning blood, And plead His righteousness.

Chips by Diakonas.

He who says most, often says least.

Fewer wee drops drunk then fewer tear drops shed.

He truly gives who gives up his own way.

The best sense is innocence.

God notes not what but why we give.

They are the grumblers, we the critics.

The sin of a moment can wreck the work of a life.

The healing leaf is belief.

Judas was numbered with the apostles, and Jesus with the transgressors. — Don't judge by appearances.

Man is more often the creator than the creature of circumstances.

The death duty can be met by our executors, but life's duty only by ourselves.

Hasty temper only his manner, nay, his lack of manners.

Self death is the door to "higher life."

To get into debt is easy; to get out hard.

You cannot have a photograph without a dark room, nor a slander without a dark heart.

Money hath its value, but it is never value for a soul, though often the price paid for one.

Done for duty's sake is task work. Done for His sake is love's work.

Self-respect is not self-interest.

If the sum total for which Jesus has been sold by professing Christians was invested in "potters' fields," agriculture would be at a discount.

Some not only take their own part, but own the part of many.

BETHESDA RECORD.

The Annual Church Tea and Meeting were held on Wednesday, January 27th. There was a good attendance, and a hearty spirit pervaded the gathering. Our esteemed Elder (Mr. H. W. Cothay) opened the meeting with prayer, and Elder A. Fox read a short Psalm, after which the Pastor reported that 72 had been admitted to Church fellowship in 1896, and that 15 had fallen asleep. He then gave a short address on Retrospection, Introspection, and Prospection. Retrospection, in reminding us of the past blessings; introspection, in calling attention to present short-comings; and prospection, in pointing out future privileges and responsibilities. The Hon. Treasurer (Mr. H. W. Cothay, jun.) gave the financial statement; Mr. T. Thompson gave an encouraging account of the work in the Sunday School; Mr. W. C. Lax read the report of the Evangelisation Society; Mr. J. G. Kitts told us of Mrs. Yeatman's Mothers' Meeting; Mr. J. Henderson reported upon The Christian Workers' Class; Mr. S. Marshall gave a resumé of The Foreign Missionary Society; Mr. J. Leybourne gave a pointed word upon Finance; the Pastor spoke of The Dorcas and Sewing Societies; and the choir heralded forth its report in song.

The subjects of Pastor F. E. Marsh's Addresses in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30, during March, will (p.v.) be as follows:—

March 7-"Going Down South."

- ,, 14—"In No Case."
- " 21—" A Great Necessity."
- .. 28—"Your Sins."

The Annual Thank-offering and Thanks-giving Meeting will (D.v.) be held on Tuesday, March 23rd, at 7.15 p.m. "They offered willingly" (I. Chron. xxix. 9). Every member who has cause to be grateful (and who has not?) to God for mercies bestowed, should give a practical expression of gratitude. Will friends please wrap their gifts in paper, and say to what object they are to be devoted.

Free distribution of *Chimes*: Mrs. W. P., 5s.; Miss B., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M., 1s. 6d.; Mr. J. W., 1s.; Mr. T., 6d.; Change, 5d. and 2d.

CHIMES

An Evangelical Magazine.

Vol. II.—No. 14.

APRIL, 1897.

Price One Penny.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. R. E. ALEXANDER.

HE distinguished officer whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers this month, was formerly commander of one of the most famous regiments in India, the 1st Bengal Cavalry, commonly known as the "Yellow Boys," and originally, "Skinner's Horse."

General Alexander enlisted in the military service at the age of 16 years, and after campaigning in Burmah, quelling insurrections in Southal, and other service, passed with his wife through the terrible Indian Mutiny.

Many years of his eventful

Many years of his eventful elife were spent amid the strain of peril and hair-breadth escapes, in most of which his beloved wife shared his dangers

For a long period Mrs. Alexander had been a sincere and praying Christian, and no doubt her supplications brought many a deliverance that the world would attribute to good fortune or coincidence.

It was not, however, until he left the army that General Alexander enlisted in the service of the King of kings, and his recruiting officer on this happy occasion was that mighty warrior, D. L. Moody; at any rate, it was during one of his great Evangelistic campaigns that the General decided for Christ at Brighton.

decided for Christ at Brighton.

With military promptitude
General Alexander became an
efficient member of God's
army, and went to the front against Satan, sin, and
unbelief

By the time of his removal to Burgess Hill, in Sussex, he had risen from the ranks, and assumed the command of a brigade of earnest Christian soldiers.

He pitched his camp and raised the Royal Standard at the North End Mission Hall, three miles out in the

country from Burgess Hill, and at once began gathering in spoil that will count for

His military training served him in good stead, for as an organiser of meetings, with his punctuality, and precision of arrangement, he has few equals. While his tenderness and absence of pride, supplemented by that of his wife, have given him a cherished place in the hearts of all with whom he has come in contact

He has recently published his memoirs, telling of some of the thrilling episodes of his adventurous life, and we advise any who wish to present a handsome volume to their friends, to obtain this book, which will more than pay for perusal

Recently, through Mrs. Alexander's ill-health, the General and his wife have been living in retirement at Halesworth, Suffolk. But his gifts and powers are too valuable to lie unused for the Master. Let us, therefore, pray that soon our Great Captain shall see fit to restore health and strength, and again

use in the conversion of many precious souls the subject of this brief sketch.

F. W. PITT.



"Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare:
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me."

"Look away to Jesus, Look away from all; Then we need not stumble, Then we shall not fall."

Influence.

BY THE EDITOR.



ORDS are like the impress of the dye upon the soft wax, they leave behind them their impression, hence the necessity to rightly apprehend their meaning, and note their derivation. The

word "influence" is a French word, and comes from the Latin influentia. It has two meanings, one, denoting to flow into, as a river flowing into another, thus influencing its flow by increasing its force; and the other signifies an acting upon, as one body moving another, as in the case of the earth being influenced by the sun, or the moon regulating the tides. There are two cognate words which throw additional light upon the double meaning of the word before us, namely, "influx" and "influenza." We speak of an

INFLUX OF LIGHT,

by which we mean increased illumination, whether it be mental or material. We say of one who has had a fortune left him that he has an influx of wealth, by which we indicate that he has an inflow to his income; or we speak of one who has been in ill-health as having an influx of health, when he again appears stronger after his illness. As the kindred word "influx" illustrates the meaning of the word "influence" as a flowing into; so the word "influenza" strikingly demonstrates the meaning of the term as an acting upon.

INFLUENZA!

Dreaded disease. Do I need to say that it influences its victim. The fevered brow burning like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; the aching head, as if tightly screwed in a vice; the throbbing temples, as if the nerves were stretched on the rack; the heavy eyes, which seem like two restless steeds, ready to start on a journey on their own account; the two silver streams that come gliding down the central member of the face; and the allover-ish-ness, don't-care-ed-ness, get-out-ofthe-way-ed-ness, collapsed-ness kind of feeling bear their testimony that influenza means to act upon, and that it is very influential, and exerts a great influence.

But, to be serious. Every one is exerting an influence either for good or evil, for weal or woe. Our every action tells. "Chemists inform us of substances whose passiveness is disturbed by the slightest motion, so that they rush into permanent combinations. The touch of a feather will cause the

IODINE OF NITROGEN

to explode, and the vibration of any kind of sound will decompose it. The scratch of a pin will so alter the arrangement of the molecules of iodine of mercury that their action on light is altered, and the colour of the whole mass is changed at once from yellow-to bright red. Many other substances could be named whose balance is so unstable, whose affinity is so weak, that the most insignificant and apparently inadequate causes will immediately change their properties, so that they become henceforth quite different from what they were before. It is because the poise of the substance on which he operates is so unsteady, that the photographer produces his permanent pictures by sunlight; and the greater the instability or sensitiveness of the collodion, the shorter the time required to make the impression, and the deeper and more lasting it will be. Among the high Alps, early in the year, the traveller is told in certain places to proceed as quietly as possible. On the steep slopes overhead, the snow hangs so evenly balanced, that the sound of the voice, the crack of the whip, the report of a gun, or the detachment of a snowball, may bring down

AN IMMENSE AVALANCHE

that will overwhelm everything within reach in ruin. Applying these illustrations of the physical world to the condition of society around us, are there not many whose moral characters are so unstable, whose principles are so unfixed, who are so evenly balanced between good and evil, that a word, a look, may incline them to the one side or the other, and produce effects that will alter the colour . and the nature of their whole future existence. Are there not souls around us hanging so nicely poised on the giddy slopes of temptation, watching, and ready, on the least encouragement to evil from us—of which we ourselves are not conscious—to come down in terrible avalanches of moral ruin, crushing themselves and others in their fall? Arethere not earnest ones whose holier purposes may have been quenched for ever by our levity and impropriety of conduct, at the critical time when the Spirit was striving with them, and leading them from darkness to light, and from Satan to God?"

If we would have our influence to be like

THE RUNNING STREAM,

along whose banks the trees are growing in luxuriant grandeur, the wild flowers nodding CHIMES.

their heads before the summer breeze, in their rich and variegated colour, refreshing the weary traveller as he stoops to drink, and turning the mill-wheel in its onward course, thus bringing life, gladness and benefit to all; and not like the stagnant pool, wherein the pestilence that walketh at noon-day is germinated—then there is one thing we must keep before us, namely, that the

BASIS OF INFLUENCE IS CHARACTER.

The basis of influence that is true and telling, is character. "Men are to be estimated," Johnson says, "by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver. The mass of Elijah's character was excellent, yet he had a portion of zeal, which was not directed by God to great uses." From this we may gather that the leading traits in a man's nature go to make up a man's character. Honesty of purpose, sincerity of heart, singleness of aim, uprightness of conduct, and transparency of life are essential, or are the materials to make the character good. "There is a species of

ANIMALCULE, CALLED 'ROTIFERA,'

living in tufts of mosses, which, when placed under the microscope, is found to be transparent as crystal. You see all its internal organs, and the processes of life going on in the inside of its body, as you see the works of a watch through its covering of glass." In like manner we want to show what we are, and we shall never appear to be what we are not. Then others shall acknowledge in principle what a native pastor in Calcutta, writing of Sir Donald McLeod, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, said: "It was the pious example of this gentleman, his integrity, his honesty, his disinterestedness, his active benevolence, that made me think that Christianity was something living—that there was a living power in Christ. Here is a man in the receipt of 2,000 or 3,000 rupees a month: he spends little on himself, and gives away the surplus of his money for education —the temporal and spiritual welfare of my countrymen. This was the turning point of my religious history, and led to my conversion."

I. As the foundation is the basis of the building, so character is the groundwork of influence. The greater than the greatest of all teachers in clear and concise language testifies to this, for He says, "Everyone which heareth my words and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, which built

his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." As

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

is founded upon, and built, into its rocky bed, like the roots of a tree in the soil, for that is the secret of its stability, and thus it is able to fulfil its beneficent mission as the beacon light to warn the mariner of the dangerous rocks around; so the man who is of noble character sheds abroad wherever he goes an influence which is *preventative* to the course of evil, and potent for good in the cause of truth, right, purity, and benevolence. Livingstone was just such a man, of whom Stanley said, in speaking of his influence amidst most adverse surroundings, "from being thwarted and hated in every possible way by the Arabs and half-castes upon his first arrival at Ujiji, Livingstone, through his uniform kindness and pleasant temper, won all hearts."

II. As the impress of the dye on the soft wax leaves behind its impression, so the life of a good man makes its mark upon all with whom he comes in contact. It is an axiom that is as patent as daylight that what a man is, impresses all he does. Whether it is for the weal or woe, it is a fact. Let a man loose his moral grip, and it will surely tell its own tale, even as a dyspeptic individual shows that his liver is out of order by his yellow face and lanquid manner. It is said of a

CERTAIN GREAT PAINTER,

"Degradation of taste, of colour, of composition, of design has followed, step by step, the degradation of his character. What must the artist have on his canvas? That which he has in his imagination? That which he has in his life." On the other hand, the man of true character will as surely fix the traits of his disposition upon others, as the inked type of the printer leaves its stamp upon the paper above it. It was a testimony worth hearing that the innkeeper in the town of Tersteegen gave of him. He said, "Every time I pass by that man's house, a feeling of reverence comes over me, and the mere recollection of him makes as deep an impression on me as any sermon."

III. As the imponderable sunlight enters into the solid substance of vegetation, so the character of one who is pure and Christlike exerts a beneficent influence. The Bible calls a good man's life a light, and it is the nature of light to flow out spontaneously in all directions, and fill the world unconsciously

with its beams. So the Christian shines, I would say not so much because he will, as because

HE IS A LUMINOUS OBJECT.

Not that the active influence of Christians is made of no account in the figure, but only the symbol of light has its propriety in the fact that their unconscious influence is the chief influence, and has the precedence in its power over the world. And yet there are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature. It rocks a whole continent. The noblest works of man—cities, monuments, and temples are in a moment levelled to the ground, or swallowed down the

OPENING GULFS OF FIRE.

Little do they think that the light of every morning, the soft, genial, and silent light, is an agent many times more powerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more, let the hour of morning come, and bring with it no dawn; the outcries of a horror-stricken world fill the air, and make, as it were, the darkness audible. The beasts go wild and frantic at the loss of the sun. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and

FROSTY WINDS

begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder, and yet colder, is the night. The vital blood, at length, of all creatures, stops congealed. Down goes the frost towards the earth's centre. The heart of the sea is frozen; nay, the earthquakes are themselves frozen in, under their fiery caverns. The very globe itself, too, and all the fellow planets that have lost their sun, would become mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness. Such is the light, which re-visits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in his cradle. And yet it perpetually new-creates the world, rescuing it each morning as a prey from night and chaos. So the Christian is a light, even "the light of the world;" and we must not think that because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere luminous object, he is, therefore, powerless. greatest powers are ever those which lie back off the stirs and commotions of nature; and I verily believe that the

INSENSIBLE INFLUENCES

of good men are as much more potent than

what I have called their voluntary or active, as the great silent powers of nature are of greater consequence than her little disturbances and tumults. The law of human influence is deeper than many suspect, and they lose sight of it altogether. The outward endeavours made by good men or bad, to sway others, they call their influence; whereas it is, in fact, but a fraction, and, in most cases, but a small fraction, of

THE GOOD OR EVIL

that flows out of their lives. Nay, I will even go further. How many persons do you meet, the insensible influence of whose manners and character is so decided as often to thwart their voluntary influence; so that, whatever they attempt to do in the way of controlling others, they are sure to carry the exact opposite of what they intend. And it will generally be found, that where men undertake by argument or persuasion to exert a power, in the face of qualities that make them odious or detestable, or only not entitled to respect, their insensible influence will be too strong for them. The total effect of the life is, then, of a kind directly opposite to the voluntary endeavour; which, of course, does not add as much as a fraction to it.

The above words of Bushnell remind us what a privilege Christians have in fulfilling their responsibilities. As believers in Christ we are lights to reveal the evil deeds of darkness, and to manifest the gracious works of grace (Matt. v. 14); we are

SALT TO PRESERVE

from corruption (Matt. v. 13); we are as a city whose beauty and order may be made known (Matt. v. 14); we are an epistle, that others may read in living characters the truth of God (11. Cor. iii. 3); we are branches to bear fruit, that others may be refreshed (John xv. 5); we are witnesses to testify of the grace of God (1. John i. 2); and we are as a refreshing river, to bring life and health wherever we go as the Holy Spirit flows out of us (John vii. 38).

"The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad, yet to be; and we should take
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar,
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our
wake."

With most it is easier to subscribe to doctrine than to the Poor Fund.

Peals from other Turrets.

TRAPP says, "It
GNATS. is reported of the
Egyptians, that
living in the Fens, and
being vexed with the
gnats, they used to sleep
in high towers, whereby
those creatures not being
able to soar so high, they
were delivered from the
biting of them." Gnats
not only frequent the

Fens of Egypt, but there are a number of species among the children of God. There is the gnat of unkind gossip, which is ready to sting, at the first opportunity, with its forceps of slander. There is the gnat of worldlyconformity, which will make us smart if it pierces us with its sting. There is the gnat of dull-care, which will buzz around us, and exasperate us, as it dodges all our efforts to drive it away. There is the gnat of unholycomplaining, which keeps up an incessant murmur, like the raking of the sea on the beach. There is the gnat of deformed-unbelief, which, like the continual yell of the fog-horn on the steamer, will not allow the passenger to rest. There is the gnat of selfish-fear, which like a false prophet, is always filling us with forebodings; and there is the great gnat of crippling-laziness, which will lame anyone, and cause its victim to be a permanent invalid. The way to escape all these gnats is, to escape to, and abide in the Lord as our High Tower (Ps. xviii. 2), for then we shall speak kindly, live unworldly, rest peacefully, praise heartily, believe fully, trust confidently, and do willingly what the Lord directs.

WHEN the late Denham Smith WAITING. was lying in his sick room, he remarked to a visitor, "You know that in a warehouse, the goods are packed up and often laid aside for some time before they are directed and sent off. I am just like that, a bale of goods ready packed, but I am waiting for the direction; the Lord has not yet shown me whether it is 'to be sent back to earth,' or 'to be taken home,' but it is a grand thing to be ready packed. I think I am getting weaker; but never mind. 'In the

sweet fields of Eden, on the other side of Jordan, there is rest for you, there is rest for me."

Doctors are said to live longer **NOT LIKE** than other people. This is not difficult to account for. They CHRIST. have such splendid opportunities for observing the best cures for all manner of illnesses. A physician was paying marked attention to one of his patients. "I am very much interested in your case," he said, "because I have the same complaint myself; and if this medicine really does you good, I mean to try it." Christ acts not like the above physician. The latter would seem to sacrifice his patient in order to get the benefit himself. Christ sacrificed Himself in order to benefit us. "He died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God."

BITTER
TURNED
TO SWEET.

AN Oriental poet once wrote:—
"My love once offered me a bitter draught,
From which in cowardice I flinched.
But still she tendered it to me,

And bowing to her wish, I then no longer shrank, But took the cup and put it to my lips.
Oh, marvel! looking still at her,

Oh, marvel! looking still at her,
The potion turned to sweetness as I drank."

[our often God's people have found

How often God's people have found what was bitter turned to sweetness as they looked to Him; yea, the sweet has been the sweeter because of the bitterness. The hard years of labour for Rachel made her the dearer to Jacob. Job's double portion was the better, because of the storm through which he had passed. Paul's thorn in the flesh made him to know the grace of Christ in a way he would have never known it. The grave of Lazarus is the prelude to the lifegiving power of Christ. Patmos, with its barrenness, blossoms into Paradise with its beauty. The fiery furnace is the place where Christ is found. The den of lions is the place of deliverance. Peace and persecution are wielded together by Christ. Philippi's jaol becomes the palace of salvation. The wounds of Christ are the way to bliss. The rent veil means an opened heaven.

* * *

TENNYSON and Maurice were talking about the Book of Ecclesiastes, OR ABOVE when the former remarked, "It THE SUN. was the one book the admission of which into the canon he could not understand, it was so utterly pessimistic—of the earth, earthy." Maurice fired up. "Yes, if you leave out the last two verses. But the conclusion of the whole matter is: 'Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.' So long as we look only down upon earth, all is 'vanity of vanities;' but if we look up, there is a God, the Judge of good and evil."

The Book of Ecclesiastes describes things as they are seen from an earthly standpoint alone, hence the expression, "Under the sun," occurs again and again. If we would understand the spiritual and eternal things of God's enduring truth, we must look at them from heaven's vantage ground, above the sun, for these things are spiritually discerned (I. Cor. ii. 12).

* * *

On one occasion, whilst Sir Isaac SILENCED Newton was examining a new and THE particularly fine globe, a visitor INFIDEL. entered his study. This caller, as Sir Isaac knew, had often expressed his disbelief in the existence of a God, and his conviction that the world was the result of chance. He was greatly pleased with the handsome globe, and asked:

"Who made it?"

"Nobody," answered Sir Isaac; "it just

happened here."

The man looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant. Who can say that this beautiful and wonderful world came by chance, when he knows, there is not a house, or ship, or picture, or anything in it but has had a maker. The logic of the great philosopher was conclusive, and the infidel was completely silenced.

. . .

COLERIDGE once dined in

DON'T JUDGE company with a person who
BY listened to his eloquence, but

APPEARANCE. said nothing. Coleridge
thought the man intelligent,
because he nodded approvingly at all the
poet said. At length, towards the end of
dinner, some apple dumplings were placed
on the table, and the "intelligent listener"
had no sooner seen them, than he burst out
with, "Them's the jockeys for me?" Coleridge adds, bitterly, "I wish Spurgheim could
have examined the fellow's head."

The above tells us we should never judge by appearance. What seems to be, is not evidence of what is. A fair face may be a painted one. A rosy apple may have a maggot at its core. The face is not always the indicator of the man. A seeming cheese in the shop window may be a dummy. Judas bore the name of apostle, but his true title was the "son of perdition." Balaam could talk grandly, but he walked grossly. Wholly and holey are somewhat alike in sound, but there is as much difference between them as there is between a whole garment and a holey one. "A name to live" is no warrant that we live to the name.

* * *

A STORY is told of a young "KISS IT." working woman who became blind, and so lost the ability to read the Bible. Some kind friends sent her a portion of Scripture in raised letters, but her joy was turned into deeper sorrow when she found that her hands had become so hardened by toil as to remove all feeling from the tips. In great distress, and weeping bitterly, she raised the book and KISSED IT, when, to her intense delight, she found that she could feel the letters with her lips, and the Word of God was restored to her.

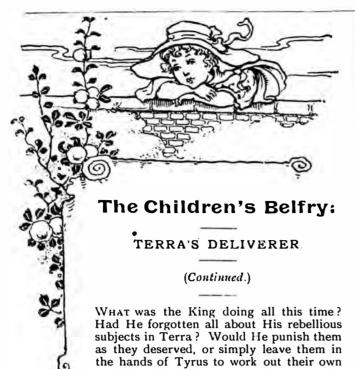
Many in the present day are handling the Word of God with hardened hands, and can make nothing of it. When they kiss it they will understand it. Not until then.

* * *

"LAMENTABLE Mr. D. L. Moody bewails the fact, that there are "more than three thousand churches in the Congregational and Prophetorian bedies

in the Congregational and Presbyterian bodies of this country that did not report a single member added by profession of faith last year." It is true that figures and statistics seldom give a complete impression of the real condition of church life; but, after allowing for all possible explanations, the statement reveals a sufficiently sad state of matters in American Christianity. It may be feared that on our own side of the sea, things are not very much better. No doubt, there are different causes for the lamentable dearth in conversions, and in genuine additions, to the flock of Christ. One of them, we are afraid, is, that ministers do not insist as they used to do, on the doctrine of human sin and death, and of God's one way of salvation through the atoning Saviour. Another is to be found in the worldly tone and temper of Church members. And perhaps, a third is the remissness of real Christians in availing themselves of every opportunity for seeking to lead men and women to Jesus Christ.

CHIMES.



From the way things were going on under the new king, to leave them to their own devices seemed to be almost as bad a punishment as could be inflicted upon them.

punishment?

As soon as ever the inhabitants had followed the counsel of Tyrus, the news was brought to the King; for He had His messengers all over the country, and nothing ever happened, even in the furthest parts of this vast empire, which was not known to Him at once.

When the news first reached the Court there was a deep silence. The servants of the King seemed struck dumb with amazement at the folly and ingratitude of the rebels, and all were deeply concerned at the grief they knew it would cause their Royal Master

They wondered what dreadful sentence He would inflict; as it was one of the fundamental laws of the King's realm that rebellion must be punished. All remembered the fate of Tyrus, and could not help but feel pity for these creatures, who were so much weaker, and who had incurred the King's displeasure by such gross rebellion.

At last the King broke the silence, and to the astonishment of all, His words were words of love and pity for the rebels.

He called together His chief servants to a great counsel. "How can I," said He, "rescue these poor creatures from the awful fate which they have chosen. Little do they know the consequences of their folly, unless I can righteously rescue them. I have called you together to see if you can suggest any plan by which I can do it."

All were silent; none could see how the law could be broken and the culprit pardoned, and yet the King maintain His character for justice; and all looked upon Terra as doomed, though they would have dearly liked to see her rescued from the clutches of Tyrus, and the tyrant defeated in his hellish plans.

and the tyrant defeated in his hellish plans.

Then the King spoke. "There is one way, and only one way. Punishment must follow guilt; but I can pardon these rebels if a substitute can be found. He must be one who has always done my will perfectly, and must be powerful enough to defeat the usurper. If such an one can be found who is willing to take the place of the guilty and suffer their just punishment, then I can righteously forgive them, and he would rescue them from the power of the tyrant."

All the King's most trusted and loyal servants were there, but not one dared to say that he could fulfil the conditions. Each, while striving to do his duty, was uncertain as to whether his service had always been perfect. Then there was the encounter with Tyrus and his legions, and he was no mean foe to meet single-handed, as they well knew. Again, they shrank from the wrath of their King, which they must face if they took the place of the guilty.

Now, the King had one only Son, who, of course, had been present the whole time. The intense love which the Father and Son had for each other was the admiration and wonder of all. The two were always united in all their plans.

When the King had finished speaking there was a slight pause. Then Prince Immanuel rose from His seat, while all awaited with reverence to hear what He had to say

He had to say.

He began: "O, My Father, I delight to do Thy will. I have never failed Thee in one particular, and as for that traitor Tyrus, he shall meet the just punishment which he so richly deserves; not only for his own rebellion against Thee, but also that he has dared to corrupt those on whom Thou hast set Thy love. With Thy permission I will undertake the redemption of Terra, and the overthrow of the tyrant."

The King looked at His Son with a mixture of love and sorrow. Sorrow, because He well knew all the sufferings His Beloved would have to undergo before the work could be accomplished. He replied, "My Son, You are indeed worthy of all the love and honour that I can bestow upon You. Have You fully counted the cost of the undertaking? Do You know that You must go and live amongst these poor rebels, degraded as they now are, and steeped in crime? That, incited by Tyrus, they will reject You, and heap upon You all the indignities which the ingenuity of their chosen master can devise? That, in taking their place I shall be compelled to take from You My approving smile, and You must feel My displeasure, even as these rebels should feel it? That so far from feeling gratitude that You should suffer for them, they will hate You and put You to death? Have you thoroughly counted the cost of all this, My Son?"

The Prince replied: "My Father, I know it all, and am fully determined to pay the price necessary to redeem Terra, and am content to do whatsoever Thou hast decreed."

Then the King said: "Go, My Son; You shall suffer, but Your sufferings shall rescue very many of these poor people; and all those who are thus delivered from the power of the tyrant I will give to You, and will Myself love them with a far deeper love than I gave to Terra before its fall. Tyrus shall be despoiled of his power, and You shall have the kingdom which he has stolen."

The servants of the King had listened to this conversation in amazement. They could scarcely believe that the King would allow His Beloved Son to suffer so, or that their Prince would be willing to stoop so low. They bowed before the King and His Son in silent adoration, and then the Court rang with praises of the mercy and justice of the King.

In the meantime a message was despatched to the inhabitants of Terra, telling them of the displeasure of their King, and that they must suffer much for their disobedience, but that in the course of time He would have mercy upon them, and send One who should rescue them from the oppressor.

Tyrus was also warned that his hour of triumph should be short, and that for interfering with the King's beloved subjects he was doomed to eternal destruction. (To be continued.)

Blessed Jesus, 3 would be.

* But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."--ROMANS vi. 22. Words by E. H. H. Music by BRADBURY. Plaintive. b 6 === le - sus, I would be 1. Bless - ed Per - fect - ly con-form'd to Thee: Wash'd in Thine own to God. pre - cious blood. Whol - ly sanc - ti - fied Thou a - lone hast pow'r, I know, be Full sal-va-tion to be-stow; I trust Thy gra-cious will ful - fil. And This pe - ti - tion to لے 3. Blessed Jesus, Thou dost hear! 2. Blessed Jesus! even now, While before Thy Cross 1 bow, "Perfect love casts out an fear"; Let the crimson, cleansing tide, Flowing from Thy opened side, Through my heart its passage take, Me a holy temple make, Where Thy will, and Thine alone, While Thy promise I believe, Full salvation I receive. Oh, the bliss, the joy, the peace! I from sin have sweet release: Blessed Jesus, unto Thee Shall for ever have its throne. Evermore the praise shall be. KEY A'. Plaintive. $s_1 := :s_1 \mid d := :t_1 \mid t_1 := :l_1 \mid l_1 := :s_1 \mid l_1 := :s_1 \mid l_1 := :d \mid s_1 := :d$ $m_1 := :f_1 \mid s_1 := :s_1 \mid s_1 := :f_1 \mid f_1 := :=$ r. Bless - ed Je - sus, I would be || d :- :t₁ | d :- :t₁ | d :- :s₁ | d :- :d :- :t, |d :- :d |d :- :- $(\mid d_1 :- :r_1 \mid m_1 :- :r_1 \mid f_1 :- :f_1 \mid f_1 :- :- \mid |s_1 :- :s_1 \mid |s_1 :- :s_1 \mid |d_1 :- :d_1 \mid |d_1 :$ $s_1 := :s_1 \mid d := :t_1 \mid t_1 := :l_1 \mid r := :m$ $| m_i : - : f_i | s_i : - : s_i | s_i : - : f_i | f_i : - : \|f_1 :- :f_1 | f_1 :- :m_1$ $\mathbf{f_i} := :\mathsf{m_i} \mid \mathsf{m_i} := :=$ Wash d in Thine own pre cious blood, Whol - ly sanc - tified $||\mathbf{t}_{i}|:-:\mathbf{l}_{i}||\mathbf{t}_{i}:::\mathbf{d}$ d :- :t, |d :- :d |d :- :d |r :- :- $\mathbf{t}_1 : - : \mathbf{d}$ |d :- $(|d_1:-:r_1||m_1:-:m_1||f_1:-:f_1||r_1:-:-||s_1:-:s_1||s_1:-:s_1||s_1:-:d_1||d_1:-$ |m| :- :1 |d' :- :1 | 1 :- :s |s :- :- || f :- :f | 1 :- :f |f :- :m df :- :f |f : |f :- :f |m :- :-:f || r :- :r | r :- :r |r :- :r a - lone hast pow'r, I Thou know, sal - va - tion to Full *d':- :d' 'l :- :d' | t :- :t | d' :- :-| 1 :- :1 | f :- :1 | se :- :se | 1 :- :-(4f :- :f | f :- :f | r :- :r | d :- :- | r :- :r | r :- :r | t₁ :- :t₁ | l₁ :- :f.Ab. $\mathbf{r} \hat{\mathbf{l}}_i := :\mathbf{l}_i \mid \mathbf{d} := :\mathbf{l}_i \mid \mathbf{l}_i := :\mathbf{s}_i \mid \mathbf{s}_i := := \mid \mid \mathbf{l}_i := :\mathbf{t}_i \mid \mathbf{d} := := \mid \mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} := := :\mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} := :\mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} := := :\mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} := :\mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} := :\mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} := :\mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} := :\mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} := :\mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} := :\mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} := :\mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} := :\mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d} \mid \mathbf{d}$ ${}^{r}1_{i}:f_{i}:f_{i}\mid f_{i}:-:f_{i}\mid f_{i}:-:f_{i}\mid m_{i}:-: \|\mathbf{f}_1 :- :\mathbf{s}_1 \|\mathbf{s}_1 :- :\mathbf{s}_1 \|\mathbf{f}_1 :- :\mathbf{m}_1 \|\mathbf{m}_1 :- :-$

"Oh, Save Me!"

BY THE EDITOR.



WELL remember one Saturday evening, while crossing Hammersmith Bridge, in the West of London, being suddenly startled by hearing a cry from the river Thames, which flows beneath

the bridge.

"HELP! HELP! HELP!"

was the cry. With several others I rushed down to the riverside, and there we saw a woman struggling in the water. "Oh, save me!" she cried. A gentleman went into the water, and by the aid of a stick succeeded in rescuing her from a watery grave.

The woman in danger, and saved by the man who went into the water and drew her

out, is an illustration of the sinner and his terribly dangerous position, and also of the Lord as the One (and the only one) who can save.

Let us note a few characteristics of God's salvation.

I. It is a "COMMON SALVATION" (Jude 3). It is a common salvation, because it meets a common need. "There is none righteous, no, not one;" "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 10, 23). Old and young, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, are guilty before God. All are not blasphemers or drunkards, but God declares that all are sinners. It is not simply

a question of what we have done, but of what we are, namely, sinners, with a sinful nature; and man cannot of himself change his nature.

I remember a black man named Sambo, who sometimes came to my house. On one of his calls, my eldest boy, then about three years of age, met him at the door. He was rather fond of Sambo, and Sambo was going to kiss him, when he ran back and, pointing to his face, said, "Face, wash face, go wash face." But that would never make it white. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" No. Neither can the sinner change his nature, nor purge away his iniquity.

There is no middle position which we can claim. All men are divided into two classes: those who are acquainted with God, and those who are not. Blessed in Christ, or else still under the curse. Comely in Christ, or else condemned, because out of Him. Delivered by Him, or else still in danger. Freed by Him, or else still bound with the fetters of sin. Saved, or lost. Rejoicing, or miserable. Child of God, or else child of the devil!

There are two masters, and we are serving one or the other. There are two ways—the broad and the narrow—and we are in one or the other. There are two sides—for Christ, and against Him—and we are on one or the other.

My reader, on which side are you? Are you a saint, or a sinner? Are your sins forgiven, or are they still on your conscience? Remember, it is one or the other.

II. This salvation is a COSTLY SALVA-

TION. It is called a "great salvation" (Heb.ii.3). It is a great salvation, because the Great and Eternal God is the Author of it, but it is especially great and costly, because of the price that has been paid for it.

It cost England twenty millions of pounds to emancipate the slave; but it cost the Lord Jesus His own precious life, that it might be possible for the sinner to be saved. "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1. Peter iii. 18). He was forsaken by God that we might be welcomed and forgiven.

He was bruised that we might be healed. He was chastised that we might have the peace. He was made a curse, that we might have the blessing. His voice was hushed in death, that we might sing the song of the redeemed. His feet were nailed to the cross, that ours might walk the streets of the New Jerusalem. His hands were nailed to the cross, that ours might wave the palm of victory. His brow was crowned with thorns, that ours might be crowned with glory. He cried, "I thirst," that we might never cry for a drop of water in hell to cool our parched tongue. His eyes closed in death, that we might see the King in His beauty. Oh!



what wondrous love and marvellous grace are seen in the cross of Christ! What a salvation is procured by the great price that

Jesus paid, namely, His own life!

III. It is a COMPLETE SALVATION. This salvation is said to be an "eternal salvation unto all them that obey the Son of God" (Heb. v. 9). Its completeness is seen in that it is "eternal." The moment a sinner accepts Christ, he is saved from the punishment due to his sin (Eph. ii. 4-9; Rom. v. 8, 9), and also from the slavery of sin. He changes masters, and hence he is saved from the power and authority of sin (Rom. vi. 14), and also from the love of sin; and the Lord pledges further to save him "to the uttermost" (Heb. vii. 25)—not merely from the uttermost hell, but to the uttermost holiness and righteousness of life. Finally, he is assured that he shall be saved from the presence of sin, and saved to the eternal inheritance in Christ; and for this he is "kept by the power of God" (1. Peter i. 4, 5).

Now, when the Gospel is thus preached,

many say

"I CANNOT BELIEVE."

I well remember a young woman making this plea. I put the question to her, "What are you believing in?" No answer. I put the question again.

"Oh!" she said, "I believe I am such a

sinner.'

"You are believing in yourself, then?" I said.

"Yes," she replied.

"Does God want you to do that? Let us look into His Word and see what He says."

I turned to John iii. 16. "Now," I said, "we shall leave out the words 'world' and 'whosoever' in this verse, and put 'you' in instead. We will make it personal." "For God so loved you" (the sinner) "that He gave His only begotten Son, that you, believing in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"In whom does God want you to believe?" I asked, after putting the text in this way.

"Iesus, sir."

"Do you rest in the Lord Jesus and His finished work alone for salvation?"

"Yes."

"What are you believing in, then?"

"Iesus."

"What does God say you have got in consequence?"

"Everlasting life."

"But," I said, "how do you know it?"

"Because God says so."

My reader, do likewise. Accept God's word, and then give yourself unreservedly to Christ as your Saviour and Master.

Moody and His Illustrations.

II.

OW, the very thing that the Lord wants to do this afternoon is to fill you with the Spirit, and then you want to keep right under the fountain all the time. Some Englishmen went to Africa a good many years ago to colonize. They came to a beautiful spot and thought it would be a good place to establish a town; and after they had decided to stay there they asked a native if there was plenty of rain there the year round. The native said, No; that there were a few months in the year when everything dried up; so they thought that wouldn't do, and they went on to another place that looked inviting, and they asked a native how it was there about rain; and the native told them that in certain months everything dried up. Well, that wouldn't do, and they went to a third place and made the same inquiry, and the reply was that the clouds were pierced the year round, and everything was beautiful and green; and the Englishmen decided to stay there, and they founded a town and flourished. So we want to keep right under the pierced clouds all the time. In fact, almost everything that we have in this world has a tendency to draw us from God; and everything we get from above has a tendency to lift us up and make us more Godlike. I remember the first time I went to California, I dropped down out of the Sierra Nevada mountains, where the snow was forty feet deep, into the Sacramento Valley, where it was like midsummer, and I saw ranches that were perfectly beautiful, everything green and luxurious, where everything seemed to be flourishing; but sometimes, right across a fence, I would see another ranch where there was nothing green, and everything seemed to have dried up. I said to a gentleman in the train, "I don't understand this; what does it mean? There is a ranch that is green and flourishing, and there is another that has nothing green about it, and looks all dried up." "Oh," said he, "you are a stranger here." I said yes, that was my first visit. "Well," he says, "that man there irrigates and brings the water down from the mountains, and in consequence, he raises

two or three crops a year, while the man that owns that other ranch doesn't raise hardly anything because he doesn't irrigate." In many churches you will find men and women as dry as Gideon's fleece. One man will come and go and occupy the same pew for forty years and not move an inch. Another man, right close to him, is active and bright, and everything he touches seems to grow; the breath of God seems to be upon him. You see the difference: One man is under the pierced clouds and gets the living water, and he draws constantly from it spiritual life and power, because he keeps his cup full and running over. And that is what God wants each of us to do. He doesn't want us to be filled, and then is not willing to fill us.

Now, I want to get the Scriptures. You remember when Christ had got through with His work on earth, and was turning over His commission to His disciples, He told them that they were to go back to Jerusalem and wait there until they were imbued with power from on high. I can imagine the Apostles getting together and saying, "Lord, you don't mean that we shall stop preaching? Sha'n't we go back and go to work; there is many a man in Jerusalem that is perishing; and, besides, we have got the Spirit." And I can imagine Peter saying: "I never would have left my fishing-smack and followed you if it hadn't been for the Spirit of God that called me. And then, do you remember that first evening, Master, how you raised those wounded hands in a blessing upon us, and said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost,' we felt the Spirit of God come upon us. We have got the power." And I can imagine the Master saying to them: "You have got some of the power, but not the power I am going to give you. It is expedient for you that I go away, because if I go not, the power will not begin to come, and when it comes you shall do greater work than I have done. Go back and wait until the power comes." These men that had been swept up into the third heaven, these men that had seen Christ for three years, and seen Him do the mighty work, went up into the holy land and caught sight of the coming glory. Yet these men were not qualified to do the work. They were to go back and to wait until they were imbued with power. They waited ten days, and at the end of that time that promise was fulfilled: "Ye shall receive power, and ye shall be witnesses in Judea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." The glorious Gospel was to go throughout the whole world after these men got their

commission or re-commission, as it were, to preach and to teach the Gospel. Now, notice, in the second chapter of Acts, that while they prayed, the power came and these men were filled. It says they were all filled—not the men alone, but the women too. The place was shaken. It came like a mighty rushing of the wind. Then they were ready for the service. Now, look and see the marvellous result! There is a class of people that tell us that this was a miracle that never will be repeated. Pshaw! I don't believe it. I believe that was a specimen day. I believe we can have the old Pentecostal fire here in New York if we have the same faith that they had.

We want to remember that our God is an unchangeable God. Why, we have the same human nature to contend with, that those men had. Men haven't changed one whit from what they were in the beginning. Human nature has been the same six thousand years, and we need just the same power that those men needed in Jerusalem; and I believe that if we would look to God and expect Him to give us the power He would not disappoint us. Now, to confute that idea that the Holy Ghost came once for all, and that it is not scriptural for us to pray that it shall come again, you turn over to the fourth chapter of Acts, and you remember how Peter and John had received instruction from the Sanhedrim that they were to preach no more in this Man's name, and after they got out they went to the disciples and called them together. They were brave men; they were filled men. Now, if the Holy Ghost fell twice in Jerusalem, don't you think that you and I need to be filled once in a while? What do you say? [Cries of "Yes, yes."] I tell you there are many that have lost the power and don't know it.

You hear a great deal about religion nowadays. Let me tell you that religion is one thing, and vital godliness and Holy Ghost power is another thing. I thought I would get another illustration. [Here Mr. Moody held up an old lantern.] Now, we will call this religion. What is this lantern good for, if I have got to stay in this hall all night? You can hardly find a man in New York that hasn't got religion; the moment you ask him about it and talk to him he will fetch out his old lantern. (Laughter.) But if there isn't any oil in it, what good is the lantern? (Laughter and applause.) What we want is to illuminate Christianity. May God do it here to-day. The moment you talk with men about religion they will get behind their

lanterns and say: "Oh, yes, we've got religion." Oh, yes, and that is all they have got. (Laughter.) When you get filled with the Spirit of God you will get lit up, illuminated. That is what is called, "Ye are the light of the world," Christ says. You know His light was so strong that the world blew it out; but He says, "I will leave you down here to shine." He didn't say, "Make it shine." There are a lot of people trying to do that. Get filled with the Spirit of God, and you cannot help but shine. The Scripture says that the light flashed from Him! That is what we want. Young men, young women, have you got your lanterns lit? It won't take long to light up New York if everybody

should give out a little light. When I was a young man and preached out in the West-I was a commercial traveller then-I would go into a little town and hold a meeting in a log schoolhouse, and some old gentleman would say: "This young brother from Chicago will speak here this evening at early candlelight," and the first person that came would bring an old dingy lantern and stick it up on a bench—and even an old lantern with a little oil and a wick, you know, gives out considerable light, after all, on a dark night; and the next person that came—an old woman perhaps—would bring along a sperm candle, and then would come an old farmer with another candle, and they would stick them up on the desks, and they would sputter away there, yet all the time giving a good deal of light. And, do you know, by the time the people got gathered there in that old schoolhouse, we had plenty of light. Now, it can be just so here in New York. There are Christians enough here to light up the whole city. Have you got your light lit? If you haven't, light it up right off. See to it that your lantern is lit. Get filled with the Spirit of God, and then you can't help but shine. And if you do shine, you needn't go around telling anybody of it; you needn't go around saying: "Look at my light." (Laughter.) It would be a nice thing, wouldn't it, if I should hang up this lantern and say, "This is a lantern?" A lighthouse doesn't need to have a placard on it, saying, "This is a lighthouse." It tells its own story. So when a man or woman is filled with the breath of heaven, heaven will shine forth from them.

Alas! how many prefer the fire-water of death, sold by the publican, to the Water of Life, freely offered to all.

George Fox.

A LECTURE BY THE LATE MR. A. A. REES.

(Continued from page 15.)

T length the day of George's deliverance a rrived—"Man's extremity is God's opportunity." Priests, preachers, and professors had tried their hand in vain, and now, when almost sunk in the Slough of Despond, he heard a sweet voice which said unto him, "There is one that can speak to thy condition, even Jesus Christ." Instantly his heart leaped for joy, and he saw, "in the twinkling of an eye," to use his own expression, that all was done, and to be done, in and by Christ. From that hour he became, not merely a servant, but a

DEVOTEE

to his new Master, and from day to day his eyes were increasingly opened to the great religious sham of baptized Christendom. He saw colleges and universities as the factories of man-made ministers, who trafficked in religious rites and religious talk, and made merchandise of souls. Brick and mortar churches, which he called "steeple-houses," were in his eyes what a red rag is to a bull, and he says, "they struck at his life," and of all sounds that fell on his startled ears, none were so jarring as the sound of church bells, nor would he by any means have acknowledged the modern title of adherents of the Establishment—namely "Churchmen," a name with which they had not then dignified themselves. He called them "common prayer men," and regarded as Churchmen only those who, in every sect, worshipped God in spirit and in truth. No wonder that from the outward sham he turned to the inward reality, and perhaps he was driven from one extremity to another; at any rate, this is human, and George Fox was human. Yet, no man studied his Bible more than he did, and in this Book he seemed to descry nothing but an inward Christ, which he variously called the

"SEED OF GOD."

"the seed of life," "the life within." This was his one all-absorbing idea, as justification by faith was that of Fuller, and it was the great theme of his future preaching. Moreover, he had vision upon vision, and no doubt many would call him visionary, as Joseph's brethren called him a dreamer, but though I cannot affirm that any of his opinions were inspired, yet I dare not dogmatize to the contrary, for I dare not limit the operations of God. I should say the same with reference to his symbolic actions, as when he ran barefooted over hedge and ditch into Lichfield, and passed through the street crying, "War to the bloody city of Lichfield." Certainly

THE OLD PROPHET

did the same sort of thing, and who am I, and who is any man to tie God's hands from giving similar signs in modern times? We must try his testimony by the written word and not by our own prejudice. But though George hated steeple-houses and steeple-bells, for this very reason the bells drew him to the houses, not to worship nor to hear, but to protest; and in those times, unlike the present, it was not deemed profane for any man after service to get up and ask questions, or, with the permission of the minister, to address the people. So, on one occasion, at Leicester, he went to church, and after the sermon, a woman arose and asked a question about the new birth. The minister replied, "I permit not a woman to speak in

the Church," whereat George, swelling with devout indignation, exclaimed, "Dost thou call this steeplehouse a Church, or is this

MIXED MULTITUDE

a Church? The Church is the pillar and ground of the truth, made up of living stones, of which Christ is the head, but He is not the head of a mixed multitude, or of an old house made up of lime, stones, and wood." Well said, George; but the greater the truth, the greater the libel, and this true libel, repeated from town to town and from church to church, for 40 years, was more than either the priests or the people could bear, and it cost thee dear, as the sequel will show, for thy faithful witness against ecclesiastical shams. Here let me give a sample of his extemporaneous preaching on these occasions. A

WELL FAVOURED MAN.

of noble stature, and comely countenance, clothed in a suit of leather, for honour peereth in the meanest habit, with a Bible in his hand, after the priest's sermon is concluded, mounts on one of the old pew seats or worm-eaten oak benches, for he would never speak from a pulpit, and thus address first the priest and then the people, "Friend in the pulpit, the word of the Lord unto thee. Who gave thee the authority to traffic in the words of Apostles and Prophets, whilst thou hast nothing of their spirit within thee, for they did not preach for hire as thou dost? They were not called 'Rabbi,' and thou art. Come down from thy high place, thou false prophet, thou well without water, thou cloud without rain. Why dost thou deceive the people by gathering them to a church which is no church, but an idol temple where the Lord doth not dwell? Repent of thy hypocrisy, thou child of Cain, if haply the Lord may forgive thee, and make thee a minister after His own heart." On another occasion he tells us, "I went to a steeple-house about three miles from Beverley, where preached a great high priest, called

A DOCTOR. The words which he took for his text were these, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' Then was I moved of the Lord God to say unto him, 'Come down, thou deceiver; dost thou bid people come freely, and take of the water of life freely, and yet thou takest three hundred pounds a year of them, for preaching the Scriptures to them. Mayest thou not blush for shame? Did the prophet Isaiah and Christ do so, who spoke the words, and gave them forth freely? Did not Christ say to his ministers, whom he sent to preach, 'Freely ye have received. freely give?""

Bells to be Rung.

BY F.E.M.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

Several times we find the above question asked in the Gospels. The following give a consecutive chain of thought:-

I. A DISMISSED STEWARD.—" What shall I do? for my lord taketh away my stewardship" (Luke xvi. 3). The unjust steward is commended for his thoughtfulness, and not for his sinfulness, by Christ (see Luke xvi. 9, R.V.).

II. A DIRECTED SON.—"What shall I do? I will

send my Son" (Luke xx. 13). It seems as if God were uncertain what to do in the face of man's sin. We know now what He did (John iii. 16-18).

III. A DETERMINED SUPPLIANT.—"There came one running, and kneeled down to him, and asked him, Good master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" (Mark x. 17). He was determined in his pleading, but not in practising Christ's direction.

IV. A DISTRESSED SOUL.—"What must I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30). Done is the work that saves. To believe in Him who has done the work, saves

v. A Puzzled Judge.—"What shall I do with Jesus?" (Matthew xxvii. 22). Pilate was in a quandary, and could not get out of it. He had not the moral courage to be true to his convictions.

VI. A SUBMISSIVE SINNER .- "Lord, what shall I do?" (Acts xxii. 10). Saul was turned to Christ by His manifestation. He is now as much for Him as he was against Him before.

VII. A FOOLISH MAN.—" What shall I do?" "This will I do" (Luke xii. 17, 18). A fool always answers his own question in a self-willed action. He never waits for God's direction.

HOME.

A true home is-

"The resort Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where Supporting and supported, polished friends And dear relations mingle into bliss."

The word of God speaks of the glory, as being "At home with the Lord" (R.V., 11. Cor. v. 8). This is God's "At home." If we would be at home with the Lord, we must be brought home by Him (Luke

xv. 6), and be at home in Him (Colossians iii. 3).

1. Home is the PLACE of REST. — "He hath brought me home (Ruth i. 21). Christ is our salvation and satisfaction.

II. Home is the Place of Refreshment.—"Come home and refresh thyself (1. Kings xiii. 7).

III. Home is the Place of Responsibility.—

"Tarried at home" (Psalm lxviii. 12).

IV. Home is the PLACE OF CARE.—"My servant sick at home" (Matthew viii. 6). "Took her to his home" (John xix. 27).

v. Home is the Place of Joy .- "When he cometh

home, he calleth his friends . . . rejoice" (Luke xv.6).
vi. Home is the Place of Testimony.—"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee" (Mark v. 19).

VII. Home is the Place of Godly Living.—"Shew piety at home" (1. Timothy v. 4).

ARISE.

A sevenfold command to the child of God is found in the golden bell of direction called "arise."

I. WALK OF FAITH .-- "Arise, walk through the land" (Gen. xiii., 17). As Abram walked through the land in obedience to the command of God, he would view his possessions; so, as the believer walks as God bids him, he discovers what he has in Christ (Eph. 1, 3).

II. WORSHIP OF GOD .- "Arise, go up to Bethel" (Gen. xxxv. 1). Bethel means the house of God, hence, His presence. The believer's Bethel is found in Phil. iii. 3.

111. WANT OF LABOUR.—" Arise and eat" (1. Kings xix. 5). Elijah was thoroughly exhausted through his incessant labours, hence the Lord graciously meets his need. The resuscitating power for the believer is the food of God's Word (1. Peter ii. 2).

IV. WORK OF LOVE.—" Arise and build" (I. Chron.

CHIMES.

xxii, 19). The manner in which Solomon carried out the charge given to him evidenced his love for the work. Labour without love is irksome, but when labour is joined to love it is delightsome (1. Thess.i. 3).
v. WITNESS OF LIGHT.—"Arise and shine"

(Is. lx. 1). When the light of the Gospel has shone into the heart (11. Cor. iv. 6), it must shine out in

holiness of life (i. Peter ii. 9).

VI. WORD OF DIRECTION. — "Arise and go to Nineveh" (Jonah iii. 2). Jonah was not a very willing worker. Alacrity should characterise our observance of the Lord's directions (Matt. xxviii. 18, 19).

VII. WARNING OF GRACE.—" Arise ye, and depart" (Micah ii. 10). Judah was not separated from evil, hence the warning word. There is a corresponding "arise" in Ephesians v. 14.

DOORS.

An old writer has said, "The Holy Spirit rides in the chariot of His Word." If, therefore, we would have the Spirit of the Word, we must ponder the Word of the Spirit. The following references to some of the doors of Scripture present a complete ring of truth, in which are found seven precious gems.

1. SIN. SIN AT THE DOOR.—"Sin lieth at the door" (Gen. iv. 7). To have sin call at the door like a beggar is bad enough, but to have it lying there like

a wild beast is worse.

II. SUBSTITUTION. BLOOD ON THE DOOR .-"Take the blood, and strike it on the two side posts, and the upper door post of the houses" (Ex. xii. 7). "Christ our Passover sacrificed for us," proclaims Him, who has suffered in our stead, and who shelters us in consequence.

III. SALVATION. PASSING OVER THE DOOR.-"The Lord will pass over the door" (Exodus xii. 23). Lowth's translation is very suggestive, "The Lord will spring forward before the door." Since He stands

between us and danger we are safe indeed.

IV. SECURITY. PRESERVED BEHIND THE DOOR. -"The door of the ark . . . the Lord shut him in" (Gen. vi. 16; vii. 16). When the Lord shuts the door none can open it. It is significant that the first time the Hebrew word for atonement is translated it is rendered "pitch" in connection with the ark

(Gen. vi. 14). Christ is our atonement to secure.
v. SANCTIFICATION. Nailed to the door.

-"Bring him to the door" (Ex. xxi. 6). The freed slave out of love to his master has his ear bored with an awl to the door (see margin of Ps. xl. 6; and Is. l. 5).

VI. SENTRY. SENTINEL BEFORE THE DOOR.—
"Keep the door of my lips" (Ps. cxli. 3). If the Lord preserves the lips, no enemy shall open them to His dishonour, nor our shame.

VII. STATION.—"Waiting at the posts of my doors" (Prov. viii. 34). The believer's attitude is that of prayerful expectancy, and faithful watching.

STRANGE THINGS.

"We have seen strange things to-day" (Luke v. 26); so said the people, after they had seen the working of Christ's power in the healing of the palsied man. shall find many strange things mentioned in the Bible.

I. IDOLATRY. STRANGE GODS.—"Put away the strange gods" (Genesis xxxv. 2). Before there can be communion with God at Bethel, there must be separation from idols. There is a Tree where we can bury idols, namely, Christ, the Tree of Life, for death with Him is separation from things that are strange to Him (II. Corinthians v., R.V.).

II. SACRILEGE. STRANGE FIRE. " Nadab and Abihu offered strange fire before the Lord" (Lev. x. 1). To offer fire was to take fire that had not fed upon a sacrifice, as the Lord had commanded (Exodus xxx.9; Leviticus xvi. 12)

III. DEGENÉRATION. STRANGE VINE.—"Thou art turned into a degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me" (Jer. ii. 21). Disobedience is the mother of

IV. DISTURBERS. STRANGE DOCTRINES.—"Be not carried about with strange doctrines" (Heb. xiii. 9). Strange doctrines are the teachings of men, which are contrary to the Word of Truth. These are as a strong wind which carry the vessel on to the rocks.

v. OPPOSITION. STRANGE THINKING.—"They think it strange that ye run not with them" (I. Peter iv. 4). Because the believer will not go with the world,

the world, therefore, opposes him.

VI. TRIAL. TRIALS SEEMINGLY STRANGE.—"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial' (1. Peter iv. 12). Trials are like nuts with hard shells. They may seem hard like the shells, but they have within them the kernels of blessing.

VII. JUDGMENT. STRANGE WORK.—"The Lord shall rise up, and do His strange work" (Is. xxviii. 21). The Lord would much rather exercise His mercy in

grace than exhibit His might in wrath.

"WHITE AS SNOW."

The words "white as snow" occur in three connections in the Word of God, namely, in association with sin, the Saviour, and salvation.

I SIN. Leprosy is a pronounced type of sin. There are three persons who were stricken with leprosy, "white as snow," and these were-Moses, for his hesitation (Exodus iv. 6); Miriam, for her opposition (Numbers xii. 10); and Gehazi, for his covetousness (II. Kings v. 27

II. SAVIOUR. When Christ was transfigured, His raiment was "exceeding white as snow" (Mark ix. 3); and when John saw Him, "His head and His hairs were white like wool, as white as snow" (Rev. i. 14). White is here emblematic of Christ's personal holiness

and His righteous action.

III. SALVATION. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow (Isaiah i. 18). The one effectual operator that brings about this transformation is the blood of Christ (Rev. vii. 14).

Covered by the Flag.

Among the many thrilling incidents related in connection with the Armenian atrocities, is the following: -An exciting incident occurred late one afternoon. An Armenian, who afterwards stated he was a jeweller, was seen racing along the quay towards a ship, followed by a crowd shrieking, shouting, and cursing. M. Turtes, the captain of the French vessel, gave orders for him to be assisted, but the Turks gained upon him. When he arrived at the gangway, their swords and bludgeons were uplifted ready to kill him, but the captain himself, with great presence of mind, seized the French flag. and dared the Turks to touch him. They turned away cowed and scowling. Seeing the effect of this movement, the captain hung up the flag like a screen, so that any refugee could easily obtain shelter behind it. "Blessed is the man," says the Psalmist, "whose sin is covered" (Psalm xxxii. 1). Happy, indeed, and sase, too, are those who are sheltered from coming wrath (1. Thess. i. 10), in the atonement of Christ (Rom. iv. 24). Are you sheltered? If not, why not? Flee to Him at once, and find in Him the shelter you need.

Praying Esther.

"Laboured fervently in prayer" (Col. iv. 12).

STHER MARTINE was a poor untutored colored woman, an exslave, crippled and disabled by rheumatism. Her home was in a little hovel without a sign of beauty but the rose that clambered to the roof, and opened its fragrant pink blossoms every June in bright contrast with the coarse, unpainted structure. It was perched on the edge of a high hill, where one side had been excavated to form the High Street of the small town, and was reached by a long flight of rickety steps.

But here, Esther, cared for by a widowed daughter, had her vantage ground. She was free from intrusion, and could overlook her neighbours. Placed in her arm-chair every morning, she could look down upon the street, and note the comers and goers all the day long. Every man, woman and child, accustomed to traverse the paved walk on either side of the street she knew "by name or by sight." It was her only diversion to watch them, and it did really seem to draw her mind from her aches and pains to notice their doings and their attire.

But her heart was not centred on the outside by any means, for she was a sincere "lover of the Lord," and she would wonder if those she saw were the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, and her constant prayer was that they might learn to love and trust the Saviour.

One day the good deacon who brought her the small monthly stipend allowed her by the church said, "You will have something new to pray for this week, Esther. We are going to have special meetings every afternoon and evening, and we know you will join your prayers with ours for God's blessing."

Esther's soul was on fire in a moment. She clasped her crooked hands, and her eyes were suffused with tears. "I will, Massa Brush, I will!" she exclaimed; and then instantly reverting to her street people, she asked, "Massa Brush, is John Switzer a Christian?"

"No, Esther; his wife has been praying for him these twenty years."

"Now's his time," she whispered, with a nod of her head. "Is Massa Drew?"

"No; he has a good praying mother, but he is a very ungodly man."

"The black head moved again. "Nothing is too hard for de good Lord," she said, as if

accepting another charge. "And how's dat Farnum, he dat keeps the shoe store?"

"He's not a Christian."

" Massa Cheever?"

"No."

"Dey all go by here, one, two, free, four times ebery day. I'll pray de Lord for dese, Massa Brush, dese dat's close by me."

No one knew how devoutly Esther prayed. The deacons went to the meetings, the good women of the church visited and laboured with sinners, the ministers prayed and preached, and held enquiry meetings, but no one thought, not even Deacon Brush, of the poor old saint shut-in, up in the tumbledown cabin in High Street, or dreamed of the grand part she was taking in the precious work of grace that was refreshing the church. But there she sat day by day as the meetings went on, and wept and supplicated for souls. She mentioned the names she knew before the throne, and those she did not know by name she designated in her own quaint fashion. "Dare's de woman wid de red shawl, Lord, de tall man wid de bald head, de man wid de brown coat, Lord, you knows 'em ebery one. Let de Holy Ghost come like de fire in de bush, an' burn in dem souls! Gib de minister de powerful message, and let de word fall like de stone in Golila's forrard, Lord, an' save dem souls to praise de Lord, an' de blessed Christ!" And the glory of the Lord came down and filled that little cabin, and that humble saint shouted "Hallelujah," for she knew that she had the blessing she asked.

Among the forty who were received a few months later into the communion of the church were twelve persons, men and women, young and old, who lived in High Street, or daily passed through it, whom Esther afterwards identified as "de chillen God gived me." They were those for whom she had personally prayed.

Poor Esther! "Poor, yet making rich!" She makes us ashamed when we think how we, with health, abundance, and every favouring circumstance, often say, "I have no opportunity to do good!"

If every other door is closed, can we not enter into the holy place, as she did, and win souls to Christ by the power of prayer?

The Word says "Grow in grace," not jump into grace.

"Seek and ye shall find." Alas! how many leave off seeking before they find.

Chips by Diakonas.

A short temper is too long.

Be what you wish to appear.

Common sense is uncommon.

Sin is never far off, nor is God.

A truth-seeker is a truth finder.

Some are big only in their own esteem.

To be well-to-do is often not to do well.

No high cause is helped by a low action.

Not the prophets, but the profits are the life's study.

For money many have given Christ the go-by.

Better be a turn-coat than a cloak for wrong-doing.

Christ still says, "According to your faith be it unto you."

He who has no time for home duties has no other duties.

Many prefer the mark-time movement to the forward movement.

The text of not a few is—go into all the world and make mischief.

Yes, there is a difference between narrowness and the narrow way.

To push the Gospel chariot is the best way to pray "Thy Kingdom come."

The Church is *broad*, but the gates of heaven are too *narrow* to admit a single sin.

To stop the tap at the public-house is the shortest way to close unsanitary dwelling-houses.

Why am I doing this? If always to this query a true answer were given, what a revelation there would be.

"We search the world for truth; we cull The good, the pure, the beautiful, From graven stone and written scroll, From all old flower-fields of the soul; And, weary seekers of the best, We come back laden from our quest, To find that all the sages said Is in the book our mothers read."

BETHESDA RECORD.

Our Friends with Christ.

JUDITH LEIGHTON

Fell asleep February 10, aged 73. Joined the Church, December, 1862.

ROBERT STRUTT

Fell asleep February 19th, aged 73. Joined the Church, January, 1888.

JOSEPH MARSHALL

Fell asleep February 24th, aged 78. Joined the Church, February, 1868.

The subjects of Pastor F. E. Marsh's Addresses in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30, during April, will (p.v.) be as follows:—

April 4-"What is Heaven?"

- " 11—"What is Conscience?"
- " 18—"Is Life worth Living?"
- , 25-"Is Lunacy Increasing?"

Miss ADA WATSON left England for Mission work in North Africa the end of February. Will our friends remember our sister in prayer.

The 21st Annual Gathering of the Bethesda Evangelisation Society was held in the Chapel on Thursday, Feb. 18th. Pastor MARSH, the President, was in the chair. The Secretary, Mr. J. B. Watson, gave a short resumé of the work of the Society from its earliest days to the present time. From a humble beginning, with an open-air meeting, the Society had grown to possess seven Mission Stations, in different parts of the town, with a weekly attendance of 1,150, and 90 workers on the plan. Four Sunday Schools were carried on by 40 teachers, and the average attendance was 330 scholars. Lodging-house work, open-air work, mothers' meetings, boys' missions and Christian bands, were also conducted. Mr. Mowbray Thompson, the Hon. Treasurer, gave the financial statement, and there was a small credit balance. Mr. J. HENDERSON spoke on the "Sights and Sounds of the Missions." The readers of Chimes are asked to pray for much blessing on God's work at the Mission Stations.

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PASTOR GEORGE WAINWRIGHT.

ASTOR GEORGE WAINWRIGHT, now minister of the West Cliff Tabernacle, Bournemouth, was born at Stubbin, a colliery village not far from Barnsley. Most of his early life was spent in Manchester, but at 16 years of

age he was apprenticed to the grocery trade in Douglas, Isle of Man, where he was converted. He preached his first sermon in London, February, 1873, and in April, 1874, commenced his course at the Pastor's

His first charge was at Aldershot, during which time he married the one who has since been his true help-meet in life and work. From Aldershot he went to Waterbeach, where Mr. Spurgeon once ministered, and from thence to Stockton, where he remained for six years, after which Mr. Wainwright accepted a call to Manchester, in which city he laboured with great energy and success, until in 1888 a break-down in health necessitated a removal to the South Coast, and the Baptist Church at West Bourne-

its pastor.
Since his coming, now nearly nine years ago, a commodious tabernacle has been erected in the main road, with vestries and schoolrooms, at a cost of £7,000; the

mouth welcomed him as

largest Baptist Chapel in the town. There being considerable need for funds towards this building, and Mr. Wainwright strongly objecting to bazaars, or any worldly ways of raising money, two thanksgiving days, at an interval of two years, were arranged for, and his people proved their gratitude to God, and their love to the pastor, by bringing on the first occasion

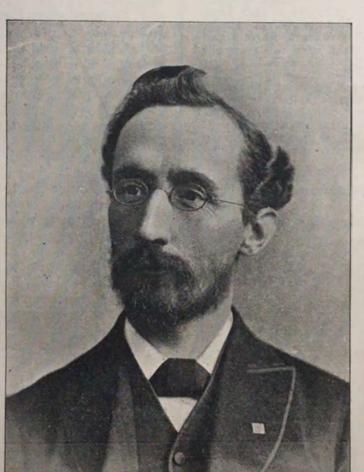
over £700, and on the second over £200. This has, however, by no means met the whole need.

About eight years ago the necessity of providing for the spiritual needs of a large working population, nearly two miles farther west, was deeply felt, and an iron

mission room was placed among them, and after about six months Pastor R. B. Morrison, also of the Pastors' College, undertook the charge of this work. Since that time the mission has developed into a flourishing Church, worshipping now in a brick tabernacle, in place of the old room, which West Cliff is proud to call her daughter.

Among the activities started by Mr. Wainwright, the last place must not be given to the Missionary Prayer Union. This scheme, which was commenced before any of the existing Prayer Unions in connection with the missionary societies came into being, and to which they owe their origin, consists briefly of the following:—Since the need for the Gospel in foreign lands is so great, it is right that every Christian should remember, in prayer and gift every day, those who labour abroad. Therefore, all those who join the Union promise to pray every day, and

to give every day not less than one half-penny for foreign missionary work. This has been so successful, that the Union, though by no means composed of rich people, supports a missionary—Rev. F. W. Hale—in Palwal, North India, and is talking of supporting his wife, this being in addition to the regular contributions of the Church to the Baptist Missionary Society.



A little more than two years ago the Christian Endeavour movement found a home at West Cliff Tabernacle, when a Christian Endeavour Society was formed with twenty-five active members. Mr. Wainwright is one of those pastors who believe in being one with their young people, and under his hearty presidentship and co-operation, the Christian Endeavour has blossomed into one of the most prosperous and fruitful of all the agencies of the Church, and now numbers over seventy active members. The society, following the example of the Church, supports a Bible woman in Calcutta, and also conducts a short evangelistic meeting after the regular service on the last Sunday evening in each month, besides helping the Church in various other ways. It possesses a free, circulating library, of some sixty volumes of devotional and missionary literature, which have proved a great blessing to its members.

Other agencies are the Sunday School, numbering some two hundred children and fourteen teachers; the Tract Distribution, whereby a thousand copies of this magazine, localized, are circulated monthly by the two churches; the ladies' working meeting, which supplies the East London Tabernacle with its second largest box of clothes annually; and many others.

Mr. Wainwright is also interested in the village churches round, and, as president of the Local Preachers' Union, is often found visiting the smaller causes of the district, and his influence has told upon them, as it has amongst the ministers of the town, by whom he is generally loved and honoured.

We regret that a breakdown in Mr. Wainwright's health has necessitated a prolonged rest, and that he has not been able to be at his post since the beginning of the year. But there is every hope now that another three month's holiday will enable him to resume work with renewed strength, and we pray God that this time of enforced retirement may-prove to him a time of spiritual refreshment. FAITH GOODWYN.

Was the Atonement of Christ a Necessity?

BY THE EDITOR.

"IT MUST BE" (Matthew xxvi. 54).



HE world is full of necessities! All sorts and conditions of men have their needs. Political troubles need righting with the strong hand of righteousness. Social evils cry for the emanci-

pating power of the loving Christ. Business wrongs need adjusting by the power of right principles. Sin needs the mask to be torn from its face, that its distorted visage may be seen in all its ugliness. Man universally requires the awakening power of the Holy Spirit that he may discover the evil of sin within him, that he may feel the burden of sin upon him, that he may apprehend the judgment of God before him, and that he may be made conscious that he is in need of a Saviour who alone can meet his necessity.

In listening to a recent lecture on insect life, the lecturer reminded us that we often see on plants a small maggot-like insect, lifting itself up, as it crawls over the leaves, and that many gardeners and others, in their ignorance, call it a "nasty thing," whereas, if they only knew it, it is a friend to the gardener, for it feeds upon the mischievous green fly, which is so great a pest to the horticulturist, and a blight to the beauty of the plant. Do not men treat Christ in His atonement in a similar manner?

THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST

is that which kills sin, satisfies justice, calms the conscience, stimulates the heart's affection, imparts a true motive to life, eases the sufferer in distress, and opens up a vista of glory. And yet men often think of the Saviour as One who wants to rob them of joy, whereas He desires to bestow unspeakable blessings, and eternal bliss.

I. Scripture affirms that the atonement of Christ is a necessity. Christ rebukes Peter, when he in his unauthorised zeal uses the sword, and reminds him that He could have called "twelve legions of angels" to defend Himself, and then gives His reason for not doing so in the following words, "How then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it *must* be?" The truth of Christ's atonement, and the necessity for it, run through the strata of Scripture like veins of silver. The sacrifices under the Levitical economy, and the repeated utterances of the Old Testament, have one urgent voice, namely, that Christ must die. We cannot have a better witness, or truer testimony, than that which Christ Himself gives. There is one thing that has not been emphasised sufficiently, and it is that the atonement of Christ is "no afterthought of bewildered apostles; it is the focus of the revelation made to the world in Christ."

One has said, in speaking of the atonement of Christ, "The doctrine of Christ's work in relation to sin is the thing which gives one his bearings in the Bible. The work of Christ in relation to sin is the culminating point in revelation; not an insoluble problem, but the solution of all problems. It is

THE DIAMOND POINT

on which the whole system of truth revolves, and to displace it or tamper with it is to reduce the New Testament to an intellectual chaos."

It is often said that the apostle Paul has a conception of the atonement of Christ, which is contrary to Christ, in that he makes Christ's sacrifice a necessity for human guilt. Such a statement is as unwarrantable as it

CHIMES.

is misleading. By way of illustration, let us take the impersonal verb, "di," rendered "must." The word signifies something which is binding on one to accomplish, as the one who comes to God "must believe" (Heb. xi.6). The term means, to perform that which one ought, as when Peter said to the Council, "we ought (di) to obey God rather than men" Further, the word denotes (Acts v. 29). something wanting, which is absolutely necessary, as the glorified body to the believer, before his salvation is complete, "for this corruptible *must* put on incorruption' (1. Corinthians xv. 53). It will be gathered from the use of the term, that its signification is, the supplying of that which is essential, in order to make it complete, whether it is an act to fulfil a task, an obedience to render which is right, or the supplying of that which is necessary in order to make up a requirement.

Does the apostle Paul use this term? Not once in his epistles in relation to Christ's atoning work. He uses it once in preaching. When he was at Thessalonica, it is said of him, that he preached in the synagogue, "Opening and alleging, that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead" (Acts xvii. 3).

Now the question comes, "Did Christ use this term in relation to His death?" Directly and indirectly the word occurs in the Gospels in connection with His atoning death, no less than sixteen times, and is used by Christ Himself on eleven occasions. Let us briefly note these occasions.

The first recorded utterance of the Lord Jesus, which is

THE KEY NOTE

of His life and labour, was in answer to Mary, when she inquired why He had tarried behind in Jerusalem. He said, "How is it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" (Luke The necessity of fulfilling a mission was resting upon the lad Jesus, and He was conscious of the fact. He was not waiting for what might turn up; He had a business to occupy Him, and a necessity laid upon Him.

In the early part of Christ's ministry, there came one of the Rabbis to Him, Nicodemus by name, and among other things Christ said to him, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up" (John iii. 14). As it was essential that some remedy should be provided for the serpent-stung Israelites in the wilderness, so there is a needs-be for a Ransomer for sinbitten humanity. Bengel says upon the term

"must," "For this purpose He came down from heaven."

The one absorbing occupation of Jesus was to faithfully perform the trust committed to Him; hence, in reply to the question of His disciples in relation to the cause of the blindness of the man to whom He was about to give sight, "He answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work" (John ix. 3, 4). While these words refer to the needs-be of Christ's working while He had the opportunity, still they state again there was

A GREAT NECESSITY

resting upon Him, for as He tells us in another place the great purpose God had in sending Him was to save men (John iii. 17).

After Peter's confession that Jesus was the Christ, He began to unfold to His disciples the great burden which was resting upon Him, as we may gather from the following words:-"He began to teach them that the Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again" (Mark viii. 31). Matthew says, "He began to show." The word "show" is significant. It is used of God when He unfolded His plan to Moses in relation to the tabernacle (Hebrews viii. 5). Of Satan, when he "showed Christ the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time" (Luke iv. 5), and of Christ, when "He showed" unto His disciples "His hands and His side" (John xx. 20). The meaning of the word is, to indicate the way, as when one points to a road as the path that leads to a given destination. Thus Christ indicates by His words the road He had to travel, the plan He had to follow, and the work He had to accomplish.

On one occasion the Pharisees came and warned Christ that Herod would kill Him. Christ sent the following message to Herod: "Go ye and tell that fox, Behold I cast out devils, and I do cures to day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected," and then said to the Pharisees, "Nevertheless, I must walk to-day, and to morrow, and the day following: for it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem" (Luke xiii. 32, 33). The term "walk" which Christ uses is suggestive. Its meaning is, "To cause to pass over by land or water, to transport; to pass, to go, having regard, not to the point of departure, but

THE END TO BE REACHED."

The word is rendered "journey," as used by Paul when he speaks of going to Spain (Romans xv. 24). The same word is translated "went up" in calling attention to Christ's ascension to the right hand of the Father (Acts i. 10); and is rendered "go" in Christ's direction to the Pharisees, for them to go and deliver His message to Herod. The manner of going, is not so much in view, in the use of this word, as the end to be reached. Thus Paul desired to reach Spain, Christ was ascending to heaven, the Pharisees were to go to Herod, and Christ was to journey to Jerusalem. Why? That He might be perfected. That is, that the end He had in view might be accomplished, namely, His death for human guilt.

There are two pillars to the edifice of Divine revelation, and these are Christ's sufferings and His glory. We find these coupled together, like the beautiful curtains of the tabernacle, again and again. In speaking of His coming glory, Christ says, "For as the lightning, that lighteneth out of the one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven; so shall also the Son of Man be in His day. But first must He suffer many things, and be rejected of this generation" (Luke xvii. 25). There is one thing of essential importance, and that is,

to prayerfully consider

THE ORDER OF TRUTH.

First things must be put first, and not second, if we would have the mind of the Spirit. If we would have the promise of God's care fulfilled to us, we must " seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness" (Matthew vi. 33). In the realm of nature there comes "first the blade, then the ear" (Mark iv. 28). We do not expect the ear and then the blade. The order in consecration is, believers "first" give themselves to the Lord, and then what they possess (11. Corinthians viii. 5). "Before Christ could ascend from the dead, He must first have descended into the lower parts of the earth" (Ephesians iv. 9). To show piety first at home is the qualification for manifesting it abroad (1. Timothy v. 4). The above Scriptures illustrate the importance of noting what the Holy Spirit enjoins upon us. And when Christ says that He must first suffer before He can come in the splendour of His manifest glory, we fully understand that He can only reach the goal of glory by way of the dark valley of Calvary's sufferings. Passover precedes Pentecost. The Feast of Tabernacles follows the Feast of the Passover.

"The Passover must be killed" (Luke xxii. 7). Why must? Because it was the command of Jehovah to commemorate the deliverance which He had given to Israel from Egyptian bondage (Deut. xvi. 12). Is this all? No. The slain pascal lamb was a type of Him who is "our Passover, sacrificed for us" (I. Cor. v. 7). Christ knew this, for He says, "With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer" (Luke xxii. 15). Further, the correspondence between

THE TYPE AND THE ANTI-TYPE

emphasizes the necessity of Christ's death, for on the night of the Passover there was only one thing that gave safety to Israel, and that was the blood of the slain lamb sprinkled on the lintel and door-posts of the houses. There is another thought of interest in relation to the Passover, and that is the name of the offering or the rite is the same as the action of Jehovah, so that we might paraphrase Exodus xii. 13, "When I see the Passover, I will pass over you." The blood of the victim through which the sacrificial knife has passed, is the cause of the passing over of Jehovah, yea, He, who, would have passed through us in judgment (Exodus xii. 12), is the One who becomes our protection, as Lowth renders Exodus xii. 23, "The Lord will spring forward before the door."

Christ, in foretelling that Peter would deny Him, referred to the certainty of His death by reminding Peter of what had been predicted of Him in the Old Testament—"I say unto you, that this which is written must yet be accomplished in Me," &c. (Luke xxii. 37). There was something which was inevitable, namely, "that Christ should be numbered with the transgressors." Christ uses a very expressive appellation, when He declares there is something to be fulfilled. The meaning of the word "accomplished" is not simply to end, as when an old shed is burnt down, and thus ends its existence, but its significance is to bring a thing to perfection, as when the

sculptor finishes a

BEAUTIFUL STATUE

which he has chiselled out of the stone.

Christ, in journeying with the two sorrowful disciples to Emmaus, asks them the question, "Ought (di) not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into His glory" (Luke xxiv. 26). Why was He the Anointed One (Christ), if He was not anointed for some definite purpose? Men of old were anointed, as signifying that they were set apart for some definite office. Kings to rule, captains to war, and priests to serve. Thus

Christ was the Anointed One to suffer for sin, and to reign in glory, as a reward for the anguish He should endure. The palace of glory could only be entered by the

PORTAL OF SUFFERING.

"Must be fulfilled." "Thus it behoved (di) Christ to suffer" (Luke xxiv. 44, 46), are the repeated words of our Lord to His disciples in the upper room, as He appears to them after His resurrection. He points back to the cross, and reminds them that all the prophets of old had pointed to the same place and theme, namely, His sufferings. Pascal says very beautifully, "Jesus let only His wounds be touched after His resurrection. Hereby I perceive that we can only be united to Christ through His sufferings." May we not add, we can only understand the Scriptures through the death of Christ. As the piece of glass is useless as a mirror, without the quick-silver on the one side of it, so the Scriptures have no meaning unless they reveal a Saviour for sinners. The word of the Gospel is called "A Faithful Saying." Why a Faithful Saying? Because it tells out that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'

It may be asked, "Was Christ's death understood to be a necessity, when He used the word 'di?" Men and angels thus understood it. On one occasion Christ had been speaking of His death, and the people afterwards asked the question, "How sayest thou, the Son of Man must be lifted up?" (John xii. 34). Again, when the women came to the sepulchre on the first day of the week, the angelic beings said to them, "He is not here, but is risen; remember how He spake unto you when He was yet in Galilee, saying, The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again, and they remembered His words" (Luke xxiv. 7).

One fact must impress itself upon us as we ponder these Scriptures, and that is,

THE BURDEN OF THE BIBLE.

as indicated by Christ, is, that it unfolds to us the vicarious atonement of Christ's sacrificial death, and that nothing else but Christ's death for us will meet God's claims or our needs.

(To be continued.)

If Christians would do more co-operative work, there would be less in-operative work in the Church.

When God casts a man down it is to lift him up; when Satan lifts a man up it is to cast him down. Peals from other Turrets.

DURING the War
ON for the Union,
GOD'S a timid man venSIDE. tured to say, "I
hope God will be
on our side." President
Lincoln's response was,
"My only anxiety is to
be on God's side." To
be on the side of God
by prayerful dependence
upon Him, means that

we have Him on our side in all the glory and grace of His power.

"He always wins, who sides with God."

* * *

"HIS always to take his sister's part, was SISTER'S surprised when she found he had PART." seized her share of an orange. Selfishness is never at a loss for an excuse. The above reminds us of some people who will twist Scripture for their own ends, like Judas, who wanted the worth of the alabaster box of ointment that he might spend it upon himself (John xii. 5, 6, R.V.).

The late Lord Sherbrooke said, "NEUTER on being promoted to a Peerage, VERBS." "I feel as if I had got into the company of the four neuter verbs of the Latin Grammar—Vapulo, I am beaten; Veneo, I am sold; Exulo, I am banished; Fio, I am done." The prodigal son, and every prodigal, is another illustration of one who got into the company of "neuter verbs," for he was beaten by the devil, in leaving plenty for penury; he was sold, when his old companions in sin left him; he was banished from his father, in his self-willed action in going into the far country; and he was done, when he exclaimed, "I perish with hunger."

An African chief thus addressed the GOSPEL Archbishop of Canterbury: "Great v. and good chief of the tribe of Christ: RUM. greeting. The humblest of your servants kisses the hem of your garment, and begs you to send to his fellow-servants more Gospel and less rum. In the

bonds of Christ, UGALLA." Where God's people carry the Gospel, the devil is sure to take his rum. The serpent's trail is seen in every paradise.

An incident, which may serve as an **DOUBLE** illustration of the Gospel message, FETTERS. is related by Dr. Cullis in his Times of Refreshing. He says that in the great struggle in India, between the British, and Tippoo Sahib, several English officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray-haired officer said to the native official: "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?" "There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn." "Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me; I will wear his, as well as my own." This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take that city: but the noble friend who had been fettered for him died in prison. Up to his death he wore two pairs of fetters! But what if he had worn the fetters of all in the prison? What if, instead of being a captive himself, he had quitted a glorious palace to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes, to suffer and die for them, that they might go free, and free for ever? That is what Christ did.

"I REMEMBER going into the country DIP on one particular occasion for my **DEEP.** vacation. At the farm where I lodged, there was an old well, working with a sweep-that is, a big beam working on a pivot, with a bucket at one end, which was so suspended that the bucket end could be dropped into the well, which was about sixty feet deep. I got hold of the beam, and swung it round till the bucket touched the water, and I got a good drink. Just then the old farmer came out; he had seen me at the well. 'I have no doubt that is fair enough water,' he said, 'but you do not know how to get a right good drink,' and, coming over, he seized the beam and sent the bucket down into the water about twenty feet, and I got a draught taken from the very heart of the living rock. I had thought the water I had drawn myself all that could be desired, but when I tasted the other I thought I had never drunk real water until then. I have often thought that

young converts do not get deep enough spiritual draughts. One touch of the hem of Christ's garment, faith as a grain of mustard-seed, will save you; but if, dear friends, you wish to know Christ in His inexhaustible fulness, you must drink deep of the living water which He so freely offers."—Dr. G. F. Pentecost.

The Editor of North Africa says, MISS ADA WATSON came to us from Sunderland, where she has been in fellowship with the church in Bethesda Free Chapel, under the care of Pastor F. E. Marsh, since 1882. She was brought to God about the age of fifteen. For several years she had worked

very earnestly in connection with the many departments of Christian service which have their home at Bethesda. In Sunday School work, hospital visiting, Flower Mission, and evangelistic work for children, she has proved herself persevering, steady, and dependable.



MISS ADA WATSON.

A few years since her brother, after a period of training at Harley House, went out to the Congo, and very shortly afterwards was called home. This circumstance seemed to deepen in her heart the desire to give her life for Foreign Mission work. She was accepted by the North Africa Mission in 1895, and, after fifteen months' training, has gone to Morocco.

"LIFE is only bright when it proceedeth Towards a truer, deeper life above; Human love is sweetest when it leadeth To a more divine and perfect love,"

"Our senses tell of something beyond our senses. Nature is a revelation of a power beyond nature. There is an inner and a further side, a behind and a before, a height and a depth, beyond our ken."—

Reynolds.

Reynolds.

"The arrangement of down on the wings of a moth is on the same mathematical principles as those which prevail in the constellations."—Reynolds.

[&]quot;FOR a cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

—Lowell.



We saw how he corrupted the people until they were steeped in crime. His object was to make them as unfit as he could to receive the King's mercy. If he could only make them despise and reject the offered grace, then he knew that they as well as he, would be doomed, and the King's plan frustrated. The King did not intend to send His Son at once to live in Terra. He knew that the hearts of His subjects were turned completely from Him, and He allowed them to feel their misery and degradation, knowing that some of them, at any rate, would soon, long to be freed from the oppression of the tyrant, and thus be the more ready to receive His Son. He thoroughly understood the hearts of the people of Terra, and His deep-laid plans were for their ultimate good and blessing, though it often seemed that Tyrus was getting the best of it. The King knew better. All that He was doing was for the more perfect redemption of Terra, and the utter destruction of the tyrant. He did not leave the people altogether in the power of Tyrus, but continually sent messengers to warn them against Tyrus, and to tell them of the One who was coming amongst them. Tyrus stirred up the people to hate these messengers, and generally contrived to have them put to death, the great bulk of the people refusing to listen to them. Still there were always a few who gladly received the message, and refused to serve Tyrus.

At last, there came a time when the faithful ones had almost died out, and it almost seemed as though Tyrus was about to succeed. It was then the King said, "My Son, the time is come when the first step must be taken for the redemption of Terra."

It was decided that Prince Immanuel should go in disguise, as in no other way could He accomplish His mission. So one day there appeared in Terra a quiet, humble-looking Man. Only a working-man He seemed, and nobody took much notice of Him at first. Little did they know who He was, or for what He had come.

At first He was simply looked upon as a workman, but soon He left His workman's bench and began to go about the land, helping all those who were in trouble. The people soon began to wonder who He was. He talked of their King, who was willing, He said, to overlook their rebellion, if they would turn to Him and keep His laws, but if they continued in their rebellion they would be severely punished.

Although the inhabitants of Terra did not know

Prince Immanuel, Tyrus did, and was in a great fright; but he made up his mind to try and defeat the Prince.

First he came to Immanuel, and, flattering Him, tried to make Him disobey His Father, just as he had done at first to the inhabitants of Terra. "For," said he to himself, "if I can only get Him to displease His Father, He will be no longer fit to redeem Terra." But he found Immanuel far more than a match for all his cunning, and he returned defeated. His only plan now was to stir up the people and get them to reject their Prince; this, he thought, would cause Immanuel to desert Terra. Tyrus was governed by evil passions and hatred, and could not understand the deep love and compassion which wereactuating the King and His Son.

So he persuaded some of the people that they were quite good enough, that they had not broken any very important laws, and that the King would not be angry with them. Others were told that if they listened to Immanuel they would have to do all kinds of unpleasant things and give up all their pleasures. they were unwilling to do, and so were very angry with the Prince for telling them of broken laws and punishment, and wished He would go away. Tyrus suggested that they should kill Him, and then they could do as they liked. Many of them would have liked to do so, only they had no power over Him until He gave Himself into their hands, as the Father and He had decided He should do when His work was finished. So He spent His time in trying to teach the people and lead them back to their King. He told them who He was, but they laughed and made fun of Him. Others got angry, and said He was a traitor, and the King had not sent Him. But there were a few who were weary of the rule of Tyrus and tired of themselves. They thought they were too bad for anyone to care for. It was just such poor people who received Immanuel gladly. These He gathered together to tell them about Himself and His Father. He also issued a royal proclamation, offering pardon to all who would come to Him.

Meantime, Tyrus had been stirring up the people to kill Immanuel He little knew that he was just helping to work out the King's plans and sealing his own doom, but Immanuel knew, and quietly submitted.

The Prince was seized by a furious mob, knocked about and treated with every indignity. They made a pretence of trying Him, and He was condemned to suffer the most cruel death that Tyrus could suggest. His followers were at first in despair, because they had forgotten many things He had told them. Then they were comforted by remembering that He had said He was coming back in a little while, and not this time as a poor man but as their King, and He would then take the kingdom from Tyrus, and punish him as he deserved, whilst those who had followed Him when He was despised, should share in His glory. They also remembered that He had left in their hands the royal pardon, and given orders that they should proclaim it to their fellows. He had also left behind Him a uniform of pure white for those who accepted the pardon, and armour for them to wear, as He knew they would have many enemies to fight. And so it has proved. Tyrus still reigns in Terra, and has many followers there, and does all in his power to prevent them from taking the King's pardon, and those who have become the King's soldiers he is seeking to injure; but he cannot do so as long as they keep their uniform pure and white, and wear the Prince's armour. They are looking forward to the time when their King shall come back to them, and, if they are faithful to Him, He has a glorious reward for them. But what about those who refuse His mercy and still acknowledge Tyrus as king. They will have to suffer the full punishment of their sins because they will not accept the King's mercy.

Saved in a Prison.



OME years ago, a rich young Russian nobleman was suspected of having taken part in a conspiracy against the life of the Emperor Nicholas. He was arrested and thrown into prison at St. Petersburg. Naturally of a quick and violent temper, the injustice done to him aroused

the deepest passions of his soul, and he spent that first long December night swearing and stamping on the ground, alternately cursing the sovereign of his country, who had ordered his arrest, and the Sovereign of heaven, who had permitted it. Exhausted at last, he threw himself on his bed of straw, and remained there for hours in mournful silence. Thus eight wretched days passed slowly away.

On the evening of the ninth, a venerable man of God came to pray with and for him, and to entreat him to accept the invitation of the Saviour, who says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matthew xi. 28). The only answer was a scornful laugh. On leaving, however, the old man gave him a Bible, begging him to read it. But as soon as the door was closed, the young nobleman kicked it into a corner, exclaiming, "I want nothing to do with the word of a God who permits injustice;" and there the sacred book was left for days unnoticed. But time hung heavily; hours seemed days, and days months. To relieve his utter weariness, he took up the Bible and opened it. The first verse that caught his eye impressed him deeply: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me" (Psalm l. 15). But he shut the book immediately, as if ashamed to have been affected by reading anything in the Bible. The next day he opened it again, and was soon surprised at the wisdom it evidently contained. He went through whole chapters, sometimes even learning them by heart, and at last became so much interested that he often waited impatiently for daylight to read and study his Bible.

It was not long before he began to know something of the state of his own heart, and to see that, like every human heart, it was "desperately wicked" (Jeremiah xvii. 9). He began to feel, that in the sight of God he was a sinner deserving eternal punishment. In his distress he fell upon his knees, crying out, "O Lord, save me, or I perish! O Lord, wash away my sins. Blot them out with the precious blood of Christ. For Jesus' sake have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner." His prayer was answered: and now, instead of complaining of injustice, he was mourning over his own sinfulness, and thinking of the love of Jesus. He asked to see the old servant of God; and the joy of the good man may be imagined when, on entering the cell, he found the once enraged prisoner sitting with a quiet, happy countenance, rejoicing in the hope that Christ had now become his Saviour and Friend. "At first," he said, "I considered my imprisonment a great misfortune; but now I see why I was placed here, and I thank God for it. If I had continued in my prosperity, I should perhaps never have read this holy book, which, by the grace of God, has led me to Jesus."

From that time the captive tranquilly waited his trial, and soon the sentence of death was pronounced upon him. He listened to the verdict with calmness, asking only permission to write to his aunt and sister. The request was granted, and he sent them the following letter:—

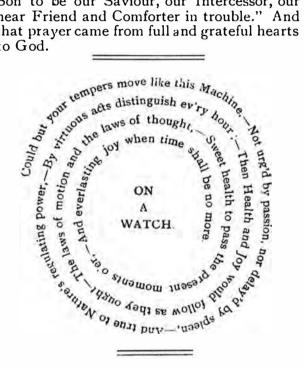
"You have learned from the papers that I am sentenced to be hanged on the 15th of next February. Do not weep, but rejoice, for by the grace of God I am not afraid to die. know whom I have believed.' The best moment of a Christian's life is his last, for then he is nearest heaven. Death to him is only passing from a world of sin and suffering to heaven, where the redeemed of the Lord will be happy for ever. There I will wait for you, in that blessed land where there will be no more prisons, no more sorrow, no more sin. I wish I could see you once more on this side of the grave; but, as I cannot, I cheerfully submit. My tears are falling while I write, yet I am happy and full of peace, thinking of the blessedness promised to all who believe in Christ. This happiness will be mine already when these lines reach you. May the Almighty God, whose presence I now enjoy so fully in my cell, and who has made me free in the midst of my chains, comfort you and be with you both unto the end!"

On the fatal day the principal rooms in the splendid mansion of the young nobleman's aunt were draped in mourning, and we were all bowed down with grief; yet while we wept we prayed and praised God, and He comforted us.

When the faithful man of God left him upon the evening previous to the appointed day, the prisoner fell upon his knees, and in earnest prayer committed his soul to Christ, and then for a few hours quietly slept. Before the dawn of day he was aroused by voices in the passage, and steps evidently approaching his cell. "They come early to take me to the gallows," he thought; and, though prepared to die, his heart beat faster. The door of the cell was thrown back, and a tall, noble form entered, which he instantly recognized as that of the Emperor. A man had just been arrested, charged with a share in the conspiracy, and upon his person was found a letter, which said:—"We have done all we could to enroll W—, but in vain; he declares he will remain true to his Sovereign until death." The paper was immediately handed to Nicholas, and he had come himself to release him. " A few hours more," said the Emperor, "and I should have lost in you one of my best friends. Forgive my unconscious error, and accept from me, in remembrance of this day, the rank of general in my army, and with it, your castle, where I hope you may live to enjoy

many happy years.'

The liberated young nobleman journeyed as rapidly as possible to the house of his aunt, where he found us all sitting in a room which was hung with deep folds of crape. When he began to speak, and tell us of the mercy of God to him, tears of joy and thankfulness ran down our cheeks. As he finished his account he added, "We have prayed to God in our distress, let us now bless Him for His goodness, especially let us thank Him for having given His only-begotten Son to be our Saviour, our Intercessor, our near Friend and Comforter in trouble." And that prayer came from full and grateful hearts to God.



George Fox.

A LECTURE BY THE LATE MR. A. A. REES.

(Continued from page 29.)

T was not to be expected that such caustic reproofs as these, whether right or wrong, could be borne with patience, nor were they. Their effect was twofold. Some were convinced, and forthwith left prayer book, steeple-house, and priest. Among the earliest of these was Margaret Fell, the wife of Judge Fell, of Swarthmore, in Lancashire, a woman of great spirit and noble character. She has left us an account of her conversion under his preaching. "One day," says she, "he went to Ulverstone steeple-house, but came not in till people were gathered; I and my children had been a long time there before. And when they were singing before the sermon, he came in; and when they had done singing, he stood up upon a seat or form, and desired

that he might have liberty to speak; and he that was in the pulpit said he might. And the first words that he spoke were as followeth: 'He is not a Jew that is one outward; neither is that circumcision which is outward: but he is a Jew that is one inward; and that is circumcision which is of the heart.' And so he went on, and said how that Christ was the Light of the world, and lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and that by this Light they might be gathered to God, &c. I stood up in my pew and wondered at his doctrine, for I had never heard such before. And then he went on, and opened the Scriptures, and said, 'the Scriptures were the prophets' words, and Christ's words, and the apostles' words, and what, as they spoke, they enjoyed and possessed, and had it from the Lord:' and said, 'then what had any to do with the Scriptures, but as they came to the Spirit that gave them forth. You will say, Christ saith this, and the apostles say this; but what canst thou say? Art thou

A CHILD OF LIGHT,

and hast thou walked in the Light, and what thou speakest, is it inwardly from God?' &c. This opened me so, that it cut me to the heart; and then I saw clearly that we were all wrong. So I sat down in my pew again, and cried bitterly; and I cried in my spirit to the Lord, 'We are all thieves; we are all thieves; we have taken the Scriptures in words, and know nothing of them in ourselves.' So that served me, that I cannot well tell what he spoke afterwards; but he went on in declaring against the false prophets, and priests, and deceivers of the people. And I was struck into such a sadness, I knew not what to do, my husband being from home. I saw it was the truth, and I could not deny it; and I did as the apostle saith, I received the truth in the love of it,' and it was opened to me so clear, that I had never a tittle in my heart against it, but I desired the Lord that I might be kept in it, and then I desired no greater portion.

After this notable conversion George often felt a peculiar drawing towards Swarthmore, which seemed to be the pole that attracted the needle of his heart, for he knew "there was an eye there that would mark his coming." She afterwards became his wife. Nor was Margaret Fell alone in her experience. Hundreds and thousands, priests and people, throughout the country, not only in England, but also in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, nay, in Holland, the West Indies, and North America, were brought under conviction, or to use his own expression, "were reached" by his preaching, and it is impossible to account for this but on the supposition that he spake with real spiritual power. They, too, were thoroughly sincere, for their sufferings were so incessant and so extreme that nothing but the consciousness of integrity on their part and succour on the part of God, could have enabled them to endure what they endured. And in this endurance George set them

THE EXAMPLE,

for none was more patient than he.

On the other hand, many were excited to positive fury by the manner and matter of his testimony, and their anger was intensified by certain strange peculiarities which were entirely his own, that is, they were not common to men and other ecclesiastical reprovers. I refer to his use of the singular pronoun instead of the plural in addressing individuals, for though this was and is the common phraseology of the Bible, and of ancient common parlance, yet it had been long disused in Society, and it is amazing how offensive it was to the contemporaries of George Fox. "If you 'thou' me," said one, "I'll thou thy teeth down thy throat." Besides this, he absolutely refused CHIMES.

43

to take an oath, even in a court of justice, on any consideration whatever, and he grounded his refusal on the positive command of Christ, "Swear not at all."

Sharp, too, were his rejoinders to those who would force him to swear. "What," said he, "will you make me swear by the book that itself forbids me to swear, and then imprison me for not swearing? Why then, don't you imprison the book along with me? For my part, I am of the poet's mind who says,

'I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath, Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both,'"

which, alas, is abundantly exemplified in perjury both

at the bar and in the pulpit.

Another novelty was the refusal to doff his hat to any but God, a scruple which cost him many a hat and many a buffeting, though it often excites a smile to listen to his smart yet sober repartees, when he was twitted for his irregularity and obstinacy. The doffing of the hat he called hat-honour, or hat-worship, and on one occasion, when he was rebuked for refusing it, he replied, "According to this sort of honour, a man should take off his hat twice to

THE ELDERS

that rule well, for Paul says, 'They are to receive double honour,' as if, forsooth, one could not give honour to whom honour is due, without baring our head." And repeatedly would he walk, covered, into courts of justice, stiff as Mordecai, to the great astonishment and disgust of the magistrates, who asked him if he knew where he was, on which occasions his hat would be whipped off by an official, while he did not even turn his head to see what had become of it.

A fourth peculiarity was his theory of worship and ministry. He believed in the immediate dictation of the Holy Spirit in addressing both God and man, and for this dictation he waited in solemn silence; consequently he abjured and abhorred all prescribed prayers and prepared sermons, but when he did open his mouth he spake to some purpose. In calling upon God, down he sunk on his knees, with uncovered head, and poured out prayer that was prayer, subduing and overawing all that heard him. He sang, too, at times, but never out of book, and never a duet, and much less a chorus. In addressing men there was no order and no eloquence, but there was immense power; only he would never either pray or preach at man's bidding. "On one occasion," says he, "I passed on to another town, where there was a great meeting, and there came professors of several sorts to it. I sat on a haystack, and spoke nothing for some hours, for I was to famish them from words. The professors would ever and anon be speaking to the old priest, and asking him when I would begin, and when I would speak. At last I was moved of the Lord to speak, and they were struck by the Lord's power; the Word of Life reached to them, and there was a general convincement amongst them.

On another occasion, having prayed with great power, he was asked to pray again, to which he replied "I have no stock of power. I cannot pray in man's will." Very amusing is the following scene as depicted by himself. "At one place they warned Friends to come to the steeple-house. Friends met to consider of it, and, finding freedom to go to the steeple-house, they met together there. Accordingly, when they came thither, they sat down to wait upon the Lord in His power and Spirit, and minded the Lord Jesus Christ, their Teacher and Saviour, but did not mind the priest. When the officers saw that, they came to them to put them out of the steeple-house again, but the Friends told them it was not time for them to break up their meeting yet. A while after, when the priest had done,

they came to the Friends again, and would have had them go home to dinner, but the Friends told them they did not choose to go to dinner, they were feeding upon the Bread of Life. So there they sat, waiting upon the Lord, and enjoying His power and presence, till they found freedom in themselves to depart. Thus the priest's people were offended because they could not get them to the steeple-house, and, when there, they were offended, because they could not get them out again."

(To be continued.)

My Prayer.

By F. E. MARSH.

"Thou anointest my head with oil" (Psa. xxiii. 5). Anointing with oil is typical of the work of the Holy Spirit. (See Luke iv. 18; Acts x. 38; II. Cor. i. 21; I. John ii. 27.)

LUKE X. 34.

Anoint the wounds that sin and Satan made;

Heal me, bless me, keep me, that I may never fade.

LEVITICUS XIV. 17.

Anoint mine ear, that I may hear Thy voice;

For as I do Thy holy will, it makes me to rejoice.

REVELATION III. 18.

Anoint mine eyes, that I may see Thy way;
Upon Thy love and might, help me to ever stay.

LEVITICUS XIV. 17.
Anoint my hand, that it may work and will;
According to Thy word, and thus Thy mind fulfil.

LEVITICUS XIV. 17.
Anoint my foot, that I may walk with Thee,
In peace, in truth, in love, till I Thy face shall see.

PSALM CIV. 15.

Anoint my face, that Thine own joy and peace
May through me ever shine, and let them still increase.

Exodus xxx. 32, 33.

Anoint my head with holy oil and gladness;

Thus Thy glory on me shall banish all my sadness.

Reviews.

Thoughts of Peace and not of Evil (5s., Hodder and Stoughton), by M. A. Clark. A book on prophetic truth as to God's plans with regard to Israel. Written in a clear style, will be deeply interesting to all lovers of truth, and likely to awaken thought in those who have hitherto neglected the study of this portion of God's Word. Easy to be understood, even by young believers.

All of Blue. By Frank H. White. A capital little book, bringing out the typical teaching of the Levitical law, in connection with Christ, as the Great High Priest, and the practical bearing this should have on the daily walk of the believer as associated with Him. Young believers who are anxious to know the mind of the Spirit, will find this little book very helpful.

Regions Beyond (annual volume, 4s.) Edited by Dr. H. Grattan Guinness. A missionary herald, written in a bright and pithy style. Those who love and sympathise with the Lord's work in the Regions Beyond, will thoroughly enjoy the book. Put into the hands of those who are lukewarm on the subject of missions, it is likely to awaken the question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do."

Bells to be Rung.

BY F.E.M.

IN A HURRY.

There is a hurry which is loose and disorderly, and there is a haste which is deliberate and commendable.

(Compare Isaiah xxviii. 16 with Luke xix. 5).

I. A Worshipping Demoniac.—"When he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshipped Him" (Mark v. 6). The demons, and the man whom they possessed, did homage to Christ. Christ is the object of believers' worship.

II. AN ENTHUSIASTIC QUESTIONER.—" There came one running, and kneeled to Him, and asked Him, 'Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? (Mark x. 17). Enthusiasm that is born of self-righteousness is worthless. It can ask questions, but it does not fulfil directions.

III. An Earnest Seeker .- "He ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him" (Luke xix.4). A seeking sinner will always be discovered by the all-seeing Saviour. Mark the words, "to see Him," and "Jesus saw him."

IV. A CONSIDERATE MAN .- "One ran and filled a sponge full of vinegar" (Mark xv. 36). When this man heard the Saviour cry, he sought to relieve Him by moistening His lips with the sour wine (Matt. xxvii. 48; Mark xv. 36; John xix. 29). Christ will remember the kindly action, as He remembers every cup of cold water given to Him and to His.

v. The Loving Father.—"When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran," &c. (Luke xv. 20). This is the only time in the Bible that we read of God being in haste. "He said," and it was done, in Creation. "He ran"

and welcomed the prodigal, in redemption.
vi. The Curious Disciples.—"They ran both together" (John xx. 4). Mary Magdalene proclaims that the tomb is empty, in which the body of Christ was laid. Peter and John cannot believe their ears, so they run to the sepulchre to see. Curiosity may lead to enquiry, enquiry to faith, faith to love, and love to work.

vII. A DILIGENT SERVANT.—"Philip ran thither to Him" (Acts viii. 30). With an intensity born of the Holy Spirit, Philip hurried forward to point the

eunuch to Christ the Sin-Bearer.

"IT IS ENOUGH."

The principal thought in connection with the words "It is enough," is, that a requirement has been met, or

satisfaction has been given.

1. Pharaoh's Cry of Fear.—"Entreat the Lord (for it is enough) that there be no more mighty thunderings" (Exodus ix. 28). When the sinner sees that his sin calls forth the judgment of God, it makes him cry out with dread.

11. THE SAVIOUR'S WORD OF RESIGNATION.—"It is enough, the hour is come" (Mark xiv. 41). Christ knew that it was inevitable that He should be delivered into the hands of wicked men, and be crucified, that the purpose of God might be fulfilled (Acts ii. 23)

III. JEHOVAH'S WORD OF SATISFACTION.—"It is cnough, stay now thine hand" (11. Samuel xxiv. 16; 1. Chron. xxi. 15), were the words of Jehovah to the destroying angel as He punished Israel for David's sin. The sacrifices offered up stayed the hand of God in judgment (11. Sam. xxiv. 25; Eph. v. 2).

IV. JACOB'S CRY OF ASSURANCE .- "They told him

all the words of Joseph," &c. "Israel said, it is enough" (Gen. xlv. 27, 28). The words of our Divine Joseph assure us of our interest in Him (John iii. 36; v. 24); and of His joy in us (Neh. viii. 10).

v. CHRIST'S WORD OF FELLOWSHIP .- "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master" (Matt. x. 25) It should be a joy to the disciples of Christ, that they are privileged to suffer for Him (Acts v. 41), and with

Him (Phil. iii. 10).

VI. THE LORD'S WORD OF APPROBATION.—" Here are two swords, and He said, It is cnough" (Luke xxii. 38). The Lord often allows His people to have things for Him, which He does not need. He looks at the heart's desire more than the blundering hand.

VII. ELIJAH'S CRY OF DISCOURAGEMENT. - "He requested that he might die; and said, It is enough" (1. Kings xix. 4). What a mercy it is that the Lord does not do as we wish, but that He answers our prayers as He knows best for our good!

SNARES,

There are two things the child of God ever needs to remember, and these are, that he has a wise Keeper, and a wily enemy, and this wily enemy is always on the look out to entangle us in the meshes of his snares.

1. THE SNARE OF PRIDE.—"The snare of the devil" (1. Timothy iii. 7). The snare in which Satan entangled himself to his downfall was pride (Ezekiel xxviii. 1-19). Beware of this gin. It has many colours

II. THE SNARE OF RICHES.—"They that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare" (1. Tim. vi. 9). Glittering gold is a snare that has fascinated many to

their overthrow and destruction (Acts v. 1-9).

III. THE SNARE OF SLEEPINESS .- "Awake (margin) themselves out of the snare of the devil" (II. Timothy ii. 26). Strife will stir up the old man, but it will put the better man to sleep.

IV. THE SNARE OF IDOLATRY.—"Gideon made an ephod . . . which thing became a snare unto Gideon, and his house" (Judges viii. 27). Idolatry is committed when anything or anyone is put in the place of God.
v. The Snare of Faltering.—"Thine eye shall

have no pity upon them, neither shalt thou serve their gods, for that will be a snare unto thee (Deut. vii. 16). To falter in the face of a clear command is to be

vi. The Snare of Fear.—"The fear of man bringeth a snare" (Prov. xxix. 25). If we fear God, we need fear no one else, be he man or devil.

vii. The SNARE OF EVIL-COMPANIONSHIP.—"They shall be snares and traps unto you" (Joshua xxiii. 13). The breath of the world will tarnish and infect us in our spiritual life.

ESCAPE.

There are some things from which the believer in Christ has escaped, and there are others from which he escapes.

1. CAPTIVITY.—"We remain, yet escaped" (Ezra 5). The believer has escaped from the captivity ix. 15). of sin (Romans vi. 18), and Satan (Eph. ii. 2), through the delivering act of God's grace (Col. i. 13).

II. JUDGMENT.—"I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest" (Psalm lv. 8). The storm of God's wrath has fallen upon Christ, therefore we are sheltered from it, in Christ (Rom. viii. 1-3; John v. 24).

III. JUSTICE.—"Ye have escaped the sword" (Jer. 50). The sword of Jehovah smote the Substitute (Zech. xiii. 7), therefore there is no stroke for us, since it has fallen upon Him (Isaiah liii. 8, margin).

IV. ENEMY.—"David escaped to Samuel to Ramah" (I. Sam. xix. 18). Ramah means elevated. Christ is the Elevated One, and elevated in Him we are safe from the enemy's power (Col. iii. 1).

v. SNARE.—"Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken and we are escaped" (Psalm cxxiv. 7). Well for us if we escape from the snare of the great fowler (I. Tim. iii. 7).

VI. CORRUPTION.—"Having escaped the corruption that is in the world" (II. Peter i. 4). The world is infected with the disease of sin, and infects all who place themselves under its influence (II. Tim. iv. 10).

VII. TEMPTATION.—"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape" (I. Cor. x. 13). God's deliverances are our delights.

"Father, Help."

Duties are ours; events are God's.-Cecil.



T was a grand day's outing!

We were a jolly party on that char-a-banc, on our homeward journey to Keswick, by the Vale of Newlands.

Fast friends? Yes, though in

some cases a friendship of but the day's length; still, for the time being we were deeply interested in each other, for we all had a severe attack of the holiday fever, and fellow feeling made us more than wondrous kind.

We numbered the baker's dozen—the eventful thirteen—including an iron-lunged cornet player, a much under-developed amateur photographer, a dry specimen of an enthusiastic botanist, a living beer barrel, honey-mooners, and the rest all born critics of the beautiful, or at least, we thought so.

We were completing the Buttermere excursion, one of the grandest in the English Lake District. It was Queen's weather, and Nature lent her blandest smile. We had visited the Lodore Falls, and seen them at their best after the recent thunderstorms, and we had fully entered into Southey's wonderful poetical answer, as to "How does the water come down at Lodore?" Then we had examined the huge Bowder Stone, climbed on its top, shaken hands through the hole in its keel, entered our names in the Visitors' Book, and had not forgotten the usual small fee to the ancient dame, who claimed this tremendous boulder as her special property.

We had passed through the Borrowdale Valley, and heard enough "cuckoo's" for the rest of our mortal lives; on through Honister Pass — so awfully grand, yet so solemnly stupendous!—which had suggested the same

reverential feelings as does the presence of death. The long drive—hum! there was a lot of query about it being a drive, as shank's nag was so often used—had made us more than ready for the cold substantial lunch, at the Inn at Buttermere, to which we had given prolonged and much careful attention. Then we crossed Crummock Lake, and viewed the Scale Force, the water of which, though somewhat limited, seemed unlimited in its high, straight fall; all these—the lunch included—made us as happy and careless as young lambs.

Slowly we had climbed up the steep Buttermere Hause, once more taken our seats in the coach, and were descending on a high, narrow—not a foot too wide for the trap—corkscrew path, with a deep valley on each side, when the trace-horse slipped, came down on its knees, and, but for smart handling of the reins by the Jehu, a serious accident might have occurred. As the horses again got into their usual swing, I said, "Harry, how do you feel?"

"Still with the tips of my fingers."

"Bosh! but was that not a close shave?"
"Yes, it was; and I am as thankful as possible, and feel as comfortable as a man who is trying to look happy, while he is with one hand pushing a 'pram.' along a crowded thoroughfare."

We all laughed, but there was as much reality in the laugh as there is in the smile

of a flatterer.

That night at our lodgings in Main Street, we—Harry and I—were re-doing, in talk, memory and thought, the whole day's pleasure, and I wound up with, "Thank God for His providential care."

"Nay, rather thank the driver," said Harry.
"But it was God who gave him nerve and skill for that never-to-be-forgotten moment," I answered.

"Perhaps so," came the reply, expressed so listlessly in tone and manner, as to suggest—it may be, but I do not care, and shall not argue.

"Harry, sometimes I think you are an Atheist," I added.

After a long pause—so silent that I could hear distinctly the different tickings of his Geneva and my lever watch—he muttered, "Once I thought so too, but your consistent Christian conduct during the last three years has somewhat upset my theories."

I was nonplussed; after a little consideration I said, "Without the help of God I should be as wicked and selfish as a very

demon."

"Knowing you," he said, "I believe you, or otherwise I would say—cant."

Once more silence—felt silence—reigned; this Harry broke with, "Shall I tell you a bit of my past life?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"From my natal day," he began, "twelve months had not passed before I was an orphan. James Boyx, an uncle who had—to cull his own expression—no troublesome encumbrances of his own, kindly adopted me, and the role he played made his protégé an adept at hating everything anent Christianity.

"He was a man of iron—nay, steel—will, who, under the guise of duty, delighted in undoing all the ties that bind heart to heart. He was an office-bearer in a well-known chapel, a regular attendant at the prayer meetings, a much committed man as far as membership of Committees was concerned, and a prominent worker in all philanthropic and religious movements.

"In fact, from home he was a saint; at home he was a cantankerous crotchet, the very sight of whom threw the whole house into

the vortex of trouble.

"In 'his own castle' his face assumed an icy cast of expression, which seemed to say, Farewell laughter, mirth, contentment, and 'white dove of peace,' and welcome fault-finding, mischief-making, carping, criticism, and black-raven self.

"Before the public he adopted a beaming smile, for and to everybody, which was ac-

cepted, and believed by nobody.

"The thought that 'if Christianity means anything, it must mean absolute truthfulness,' never entered his brain, for he worshipped the god self, and deception was his modus operandi of bringing glory to his deity. Honesty he parted company with at the first scheme he concocted to obtain self-glorification, and ever since the separation, he had wandered further from her domain.

"No cause was too holy for him to trample it under foot, and no union of intimate friends too sacred for his 'unruly member' to prate against, or with double dealing to endeavour to separate, if by so doing the desideratum of his life, viz., self! self! was advanced. In fact, whatever did not do homage to self,

was sacrified to self.

"Now," he concluded, "having heard a chapter of my life's history, tell me truly are you surprised that under the regime of such a paragon, I should grow up to be an agnostic?"

"Tush!" I answered, "your argument will not hold—I was going to say water, but I prefer—up your present unfortunate position.

'Every virtue has its counterpart vice!' A lie does not suggest to me there is no truth, but only proves the value of truth. A single white hair is not sufficient to permit of the jet black covering of a head being dubbed grey. Because one member of a family is blind, it would be a strange premise to argue that all the members of that house have sightless orbs, or if there be black sheep, then the whole flock is soot coloured."

"Stop, John, stop," he shouted; "you have knocked every prop out, but you will surely admit that Mr. —, who also is a professing Christian, never takes a clerk into his employ but—to say the least—that scribe

becomes a non lover of truth."

"Well," I replied, "you too, will allow that two miss-marked pups do not prove there

is not a good dog."

"I believe all you have said, John," he muttered, "but the child is the man in embryo, and what is inculcated in youth, cannot be displaced when he is full grown."

"Man cannot, but God can," I answered. "Do you remember Saul of Tarsus; he was trained to be a strict observer of the law, and of the sect of Pharisees, yet God made him the chosen minister to the Gentiles, and the chief of the apostles."

"That is true, but how was it accom-

plished?"

"Why Saul simply met Jesus."

"Now I am out of my depth, for where is Jesus?"

"Here," I replied; "let us ask Him on bended knees to help you," and we knelt in

prayer.

As I prayed, Harry's broken heart found relief in sobs, and when I asked him to say after me, "Father, I now take Jesus as my Saviour!" he just cried, "Father, help! help! and ere we slept that night there was rejoicing in heaven over another soul washed whiter than snow.

Reader, if you are not a Christian, send up that cry, "I ather, help! help! help!" If you are a professing Christian, ever remember the influence of Harry's uncle.

J. DALB RIVERS.

MEN are four. (1) He who knows not, and knows not he knows not: he is a fool, shun him. (2) He who knows not, and knows he knows not: he is simple, teach him (3) He who knows, and knows not he knows: he is asleep, wake him. (4) He who knows, and knows he knows: he is wise, follow him.—Arab Property

[&]quot;A thousand blessings, Lord, to us thou dost impart;
We ask one blessing more, O Lord—a thankful
heart!"

Christian Gristle.

TILL further in the pursuance of the D divine methods, if you desire to do Christ's work in the midst of the corrupt men and women among whom we live, you have got to present to them the amiable side of Christianity, but you have got to present to them a great lot besides. And in this, too, I am only insisting that you put your foot down steadily in the tracks already worn by the Lord. In regard to the gentleness. and loveliness of Christian methods, there have been quantities of driveling nonsense perpetrated latterly, by some parties who ought to know better. Young Christian hearers, I want you should be permeated with all the tenderness and sweetness of the Gospel; but I do want you should have gristle. The cross of Jesus Christ is at once the tenderest thing and the sternest thing in all history. It stands for the weeping obstinacy of our God. It is pathos, but it is flint. It is the Sinai of Arabia, delicately clad in the green of the shepherd's slopes of Bethlehem.

The Old Testament was not rubbed out when the New Testament came. John does not make Moses a back number. Love is something besides fondness. Gospel is as dignified as it is accessible. Christ wept infinite tears by the side of the grave of Lazarus, but He drove the accursed moneychangers out of the Temple with a scourge of small cords. Remember that scourge when you think of Christ; He is not complete without it. You know that He preached love here; but there is love, and there is love. There is the sincere milk of the Word, but there is the sweetened gruel of the Word. Some diseases, moral and physical, can be cured with ointment; others require the knife. Cancers cannot be removed with peppermint water. Now that is Christian religion, which is law and Gospel both. Sin in the individual heart, sin in the community, is often like a sunken ledge of rock, which has to be blasted out before it can be handled out. Now, young Christian hearer, this does not mean bitterness; there is no suggestion of bitterness in the Bible; but it does mean moral inflexibility; it means standing up against sin with an edge that is gritty. The world needs it; this city needs it; the officered and unofficered members of this particular community need it. We may well weep over the sinner, but we must scowl over the sin, and keep our jaws clamped. What has kept New England from being washed away, both morally and materially, is its rock-bound coast.—Dr. Parkhurst.

Six Short Rules for Young Christians.

By Brownlow North.

I.

PEVER neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers. (Hebrews xi. 6.)

II.

Never neglect daily private Bible reading, and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. (John v. 39.)

' III.

Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, What am I doing for Him? (Matthew v. 13-16).

IV.

If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. (Colossians iii. 17.) If you cannot do this, it is wrong. (Romans xiv. 23.)

Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such and such people do so and so, therefore you may. (11. Corinthians x. 12). You are to ask yourself, "How would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow Him. (John x. 27.)

VI.

Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself, "Can what I feel be true, if God's Word is true?" and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar. (Romans iii. 4; I. John v. 10, 11.)

Go with me, Lord.

Go with me, Lord! where'er I go, Safe only can I be, Where I Thy guardian Presence know. And Thou sustainest me. Go with me, Lord! and keep my heart, Lest I be led astray; From paths of peace lest I depart, And wander far away. Go wi.h me, Lord! and guard my tongue, That naught may uttered be, Unworthy to be said or sung, Dishonouring to Thee. Go with me, Lord! and let me find Some service Thou shalt own; To toil or suffering resigned, So may Thy will be done! Go with me, Lord! and nerve my hands, Thy glorious cause to aid; Undaunted by the hostile bands, Against Thy truth arrayed. Go with me, Lord! and keep me low, Lest self-exalted be: The safety let me ever know Of deep humility. Go with me, Lord! till fails my breath, When Thou shalt call me home; And, trustful in the hour of death,

I whisper, "Lord, I come!" Clevedon. Wm. Kitching.

Chips by Diakonas.

Criticism is not help.

Not yet is often not ever.

Idle words are busy bodies.

Not doing is often wrong doing.

Are you misunderstood?—so was Jesus.

There is no flaw in the title of kind deeds.

When it is glory to self there is no glory to God.

"No" is a negative which requires no retouching.

Paul's desire was not more gain, but to gain more.

The best way to remember others is to forget ourselves.

To see a fault is easy; to see a thing worth seeing is difficult.

He who only studies self is well read in self-righteousness.

"Doing ends in death." Wake up, man! Not doing ends in hell.

He who has no time for the prayer meeting has time to idle away.

Paul became a free man when he took Jesus as his yoke-fellow.

A cloud of tobacco smoke can prevent a prayer from reaching God.

"Many a one, by being thought better than he was, has become better."

Ananias heard "how much evil Saul hath done." God heard "he prayeth."

Abattoir might well be written over the door of not a few public houses.

Many who failed to find God in the university, found Him in adversity.

Too old at thirty for Christian work, but not too old at sixty for secular work—strange!

Christ restored to the widow her only son, but the devil destroys the widow's only boy.

By a brick at a time a large house is erected, and at the same rate individual character is built.

BETHESDA RECORD.

Our Friends with Christ.

MATILDA SMITH

Fell asleep March 8th, aged 75. Joined the Church, January, 1862.

JANE HERBERT

Fell asleep March 11th, aged 68. Joined the Church, June, 1873.

MARY SIMPSON

Fell asleep April 8th, aged 48. Joined the Church, March, 1868.

The subjects of Pastor F. E. Marsh's Addresses in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30, during May, will (D.v.) be as follows:—

May 2—"Is the Bible the Word of God?"
,, 9—"The Child, the Wise Man, and
the Devil."

"16-"What is Wrong?"

"23-"Unanswerable."

"30—"Will the BODIES of the dead be raised again?"

The Sunday School Teachers' Annual Meeting was held on Wednesday, February 24th. Pastor F. E. Marsh presided. Mr. THOMAS THOMPSON, superintendent, presented the report for 1896, which showed the average attendance had been 318, an increase of 14 on the previous year. The staff of teachers numbered 26, and 24 scholars were admitted to Church fellowship. The Chairman, Messrs. A. Smith, Joseph HARPER, J. G. KITTS, A. Fox and M. THOMPSON spoke on the work of the past year, and the desirability of having a new Sunday School. The following elections took place: Superintendent, Mr. Thomas Thompson; Committee, Messrs. James Campbell, JOSEPH HARPER, and J. HENDERSON.

Free distribution of Chimes. March. "A Mite," 4/-; E. P., 3/-; Mr. A., 1/-; Mrs. L., 1/-; A. C., 1/-; Mrs. C., 2/-; Anon., 1/-; Mr. P., 1/8; Mrs. H., 8d.; Mrs. M., 6d.; Miss K., 3d.; Change, 3d. April. Mrs. L., 10/-; Thankoffering, 10/-; Mr. P., 10d.; Mr. F., 6d.

[&]quot;Work as if thou had'st to live for aye, Worship as if thou wert to die to-day."

[&]quot;The heights by great men reached and kept, Were not attained by sudden flight; But they, while their companions slept, Were toiling upward in the night."

CHIMES

An Evangelical Magazine.

JUNE, 1897.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

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HIS month we shall commemorate an event which is unique in English history—our beloved Queen will complete the 60th year of her reign. Her Majesty's reign is not only remarkable as having been the longest reign of any English Sovereign, but also as having been a period of singular progress and prosperity.

said, "Them that honour me I will honour," and "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days."

While we rejoice over the peace and tranquility of this long reign, and thank God that he has spared our beloved Queen, we are saddened as we see, even in favoured Christian England, wrong and oppression on



1837.

We do not wonder at this when we remember that the Princess Victoria, who was even from infancy looked upon as the future Queen of England, was trained by a mother who taught her not to think of the grandeur of her position so much as of the welfare of her subjects. Moreover, the young Princess was early taught to fear the Lord and to reverence His Word. Has He not

1897.

every hand, and we look forward to the time when a Prince shall reign, who with a strong hand will put down all evil, and rule in peace and righteousness as no earthly monarch can.

Whilst the Prince delays His coming, we would pray God that our beloved Queen may be long spared to us, and that England may continue to be a great nation because a Godfearing nation.

Was the Atonement of Christ a Necessity?

BY THE EDITOR.

"IT MUST BE" (Matthew xxvi. 54).

II. The nature of God proclaims that atonement is necessary.



UDGE not the Lord by feeble sense," says the poet. Feeble sense has no standing in the presence of God's Word. God's judgment upon any matter is final and imperative. It is sufficient for the humble mind

that God tells us that atonement is necessary. Professor Luthardt says, "Was Christ's sacrifice necessary? Its necessity is involved in God Himself; for God is both holiness and love. As the Holy One, He hates sin, and is angry with the sinner; as Love, He desires his salvation. As the Holy One, He desires to know nothing of the sinner; as Love, He desires to know him happy. As the Holy One, He is his judge; as Love, He would be his deliverer. As man really is, He is angry with him; as He thinks and wills him in His eternal counsel, He loves him. Love and wrath oppose each other in God, and each demands its right."

While we may dwell upon the peace and love of God, we need to remember there are the anger and justice of God.

SIN CAUSES THE STORM

of God's anger to arise, and woe be to the man when that anger bursts upon him. "The Lord was very angry with Aaron" for making the golden calf, and would have destroyed him, but for the intervention and intercession of Moses (Deuteronomy ix. 20). The Lord was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned away from Him by his strange wives (1. Kings xi. 9). "The Lord is angry with the wicked every day" (Psalm vii. 11). Sin is the cause of all God's anger. Sin is the wind that lashes the sea of God's nature into fury, and causes the judgment of God to overwhelm the sinner. Sin is the match which ignites the gunpowder of God's indignation, and causes it to damage the sinner to his hurt. Sin is the sapper which undermines the rock of God's wrath, and makes it come crashing down upon the committer. Sin is the fever which fills the heart with fear, and makes the sinner dread to meet his Creator. Sin is the black-cloud that makes

THE HORIZON DARK

with the coming storm of the wrath of God. Sin is the *vail* that causes the face of the Divine favour to be hidden; and sin is the *fuel* that has made the lake of fire.

"My head! my head," said the boy of the Shunamite as he was stricken in the field. O that the sun of God's convicting Spirit would smite every sinner, then he would exclaim in heart anguish, "My sin, my sin! God be propitiated to me the sinner" (Luke xviii. 13, R.V., M.)

The only thing that can appease the anger of God against the sinner is the atonement. The word appease does not occur many times in the Bible, but the following three occurrences will illustrate the subject before us:—

I. Jacob appeasing his brother Esau. When Jacob was about to meet his brother, whom he had angered, he sent a present to him, and said to himself, "I will appease him with the present that goeth before me, and afterwards I will see his face; peradventure he will accept of me" (Genesis xxxii. 20). The word "appease" signifies, as Dean Payne Smith says, in translating the words of Jacob and commenting upon them, "I will cover his face with the offering that goeth before me. The

COVERING OF THE FACE

of the offended person, so that he could no longer see the offence, became the usual legal word for making an atonement." The same term as Jacob uses is again and again rendered in Lev. xvi., "make an atonement." The blood of the bullock was taken and sprinkled on and before the mercy-seat by the High Priest in order that satisfaction might be given for himself and his house to Jehovah; and the two goats, one being slain and the other sent away, were taken to make an atonement for the sins of the people. In the Epistle to the Hebrews repeated reference is made to the "blood of bulls and goats," and the reference in each case is to the Great Day of Atonement. This at once warrants us in saying, there was in the atonement of the Lord Jesus that which satisfied the righteous ire of the Holy God, who had been made angry by man's sin.

2. The anger of A hasuerus appeased by refusing to see Vashti. The wrath of the King of Persia was kindled, because Vashti refused to obey him, when he ordered her into his presence; the consequence was, he resolved to punish her, by refusing to see her again, and by putting

ANOTHER IN HER PLACE

(Esther i. 11, 12, 19; ii. 1), which he proceeded

CHIMES.

to do, after his anger had been appeased in the proclamation of the deposing of Vashti. Thus Esther, the Jewess, ultimately took the place of Vashti, but it was not until the wrath of Ahasuerus had been appeased by her banishment. Is this not an illustration of the benefit that accrues to the believer through the banishment Christ endured when God forsook Him, and His righteous indig-

nation burned against Him?

The word rendered "appease" in connection with Vashti is different from the one used by Jacob. In this case it means to pacify, to quieten. In Esther vii. 10, the term is rendered "pacified," in speaking of the king's anger being quietened, at the death of the traitor Haman. In Genesis viii. 1, the word is translated "asswaged" in speaking of the action of God in making the wind to pass over the earth, and the waters to cease their avenging work. Once the term is used by the Lord. In Numbers xvii. 5, it is given,

"I WILL MAKE TO CEASE,"

when He says, "I will make to cease the murmurings of the children of Israel." As the wrath of Ahasuerus was pacified by the death of Haman, as the waters of judgment were quietened when Jehovah made the murmurings of Israel to be still, so we find in the atonement of Christ's death, that which pacifies the anger of God, stills the waters of judgment, and makes us to be reconciled to

Him, against whom we had sinned.

3. The town clerk of Ephesus appearing the people. A disturbing element had come into the town of Ephesus. There was "no small stir about that way" (Acts xix. 23). Ultimately there was a complete uproar, and for two hours the people shouted, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The town clerk had to be sent for at last, that order might be restored. He manages to appeare the crowd, and charges them to keep quiet (Acts xix. 36). The one illustrative point to which attention is drawn is, it was the man in authority (the town clerk) who was able to appease the multitude. It is necessary to say, that no incident, or simile, can be used in every detail. God is not like an infuriated mob which needs to be quietened, but He is a Judge that

NEEDS TO BE SATISFIED.

Who can satisfy Him? The Man in authority—the Lord Jesus. He tells that He has authority to lay down His life for the sheep (John x. 18).

What satisfies God? Nothing but sacrifice. There is one striking illustration of this in

the Book of Job. After God's dealings with Job, He turned to his friends, and said to them: "And it was so, that after the Lord had spoken these words unto Job, the Lord said unto Eliphaz the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends, for ye have not spoken of Me the thing that is right, as My servant lob hath. Therefore take unto you now seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to My servant Job, and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering; and My servant Job shall pray for you: for him will I accept: lest I deal with you after your folly, in that ye have not spoken of Me the thing which is right, like My servant Job."

The burnt offering which was offered up on behalf of Job's friends, turned away the ire of God's wrath from them. In like manner the death of Christ turns away God's anger from us, because it has fed Him; hence the believer is said to be "delivered from the wrath to come" (I. Thess. i. 10). While on the other hand, the "wrath of God" is said to be "abiding" on the unbeliever (John iii. 36).

"abiding" on the unbeliever (John iii. 36).

III. In Christ's death, we find the necessary atonement given. We must emphasize, as the Holy Spirit does, the death of Christ, for it is in His vicarious and atoning death we find

PARADISE RESTORED,

heaven opened, hell defeated, sin answered for, self crucified, the world condemned, and God glorified. Dr. Dale has well said, in calling attention to the essentiality of Christ's death, in contrast to His life, "If the passages" which speak of His death "mean nothing more than that in His death, as in all His teaching, and all the gracious acts of His ministry, His heart was set on serving and saving the human race; that He died as He lived 'for us,' it is at least remarkable that the apostles never say that Christ 'lived for us,' 'hungered for us,' 'thirsted for us,' 'was wearied for us,' 'was tempted for us;' but only that He 'suffered' or 'died,' or 'laid down His life for us.' Why was it that the phrase was used of His death, but not of any of the great things which, during His active life, He said, and did, and endured for the sake of restoring men to God and to righteousness?"

Dr. Dale answers his own question in his book on the Atonement, in referring to the testimony of the earliest of the fathers. "What life and force remained in the apostolic conception of the death of Christ, after the apostles had passed away, but before the age of speculation began, may be seen in

the noble passage often quoted from

THE EPISTLE OF DIOGNETUS:

'When our wickedness had reached its height, and it had been clearly shown that its reward, punishment and death, were impending over us; and when the time had come which God had before appointed for manifesting His own kindness and love—how the one love of God, through exceeding regard for men, did not regard us with hatred, nor thrust us away, nor remember our iniquity against us, but showed great longsuffering and love with us-He Himself took on Him the burden of our iniquities, He gave His own Son a ransom for us, the Holy One for transgressors, the Blameless One for the wicked, the Righteous One for the unrighteous, the Incorruptible One for the corruptible, the Immortal One for them that are mortal. For what other thing was capable of covering our sins than His righteousness? By what other One was it possible that we, the wicked and the ungodly, could be justified, than by the only Son of God? O sweet exchange! O unsearchable operation! O benefits surpassing all expectation! that the wickedness of many should be hid in a single Righteous One, and that the righteousness of One should justify many transgressions."

What does that death mean to those who believe in Christ?

In His anguish of soul is the price paid for the acceptance of the sinner. In His bitterness of spirit is born for us the bliss of heaven. In His curse-crowned brow, we find blossoming the flowers of a regained paradise. In His desertion, so terribly expressed in the cry that went up from His broken heart, we see

THE GOLDEN WAY

to the welcome heart of God. In His emptying Himself of His glory, we have the key that gives us the power to unlock the fulness of God. In His being forsaken by God, we have given to us the warrant that passes us right up to the throne of God. In His groans we have the gladdening stream of the joy of the Lord. In His hurt, on being pierced for our sins, we behold the Plant of Renown giving the healing balm that heals us of the malady of iniquity. In His ignominy, when He was stripped, we have woven the robe of righteousness that covers our shame. In His coming under the judgment of God for us, we have proclaimed the righteous reason why we should not come into judgment. In His acting the kinsman's part in redeeming our lost inheritance, we discover

THE VALUE HE GAVE

was the price of His own life. In the lurid gleams of the lightning of God's wrath as it strikes Him, we see glints of the glory of the redeemed. In the matchless love He manifests as He dies for us, we see the intensity of the heart-beats of God's grace. In the nature of His death, we find a hallowed meaning to such words as vicariousness and substitution, for it tells out that He acted on our behalf, and suffered in our stead. In the open side of Christ, we see the open way into God's presence which gives us the open vision of God's glory. In the pouring out of His life's blood, we see

THE HOLY DRINK-OFFERING

of His satisfying expiation for our sin. The question that Job asked long since, "How shall man be just with God?" we have answered in the blood-shedding of God, for we are "justified by His blood." In the rending of the heart of Jesus, as pictured in the rending rocks and rent vail, we have made known that a whole salvation is procured for us. In the sufferings of the Saviour we behold the Eternal Rock of Ages smitten, from whom flows, in consequence, the water of life which slakes the burning thirst caused by sin, and makes it impossible for us to cry "I thirst." In the thirst of Christ on the Cross we find, that which puts out the flames of hell as far as we are concerned.

As we think of the atonement we exclaim "Here we find

THE CURE FOR THE MALADY OF SIN.

the calm for all fears, the salve for the wounded conscience, the balm for the torn spirit, the source of true repentance, the object of faith's admiration, the feeder of love's devotion, the origin of hope's expectation, the passport to heaven's glory, the slayer of sin's desire, and the bed of heaven's bliss." Yea, with Cowper we say:—

"The cross!

If all Christians were as anxious to grow in grace as they are to grow in riches, what a revival there would be. CHIMES.

Peals from other Turrets.

"Learn the
"BETTER." great lesson
of becoming
a little one, of becoming
nothing. He does well,
who, in fasting from
other things which the
appetites improperly
crave, lives upon mere
bread and water; but he
does better, who, in fasting upon his own desires,

and his own will, lives upon God's will alone. That is what St. Paul calls 'the circumcision of the heart.'"—Madame Guyon.

Live the present moment to PRESENT God, and a void perplexing OCCUPATON. yourself about your past or future experience. By giving up yourself to Christ, as you are, and being willing to receive Him now, as He is, leaving all the rest to Him, you will cut up a thousand temptations by the roots.—John Fletcher.

Sin is smitten with the lightning of God's anger. What was then CRUCIFIED? accomplished in principle when "One died for all," is realised in point of fact when faith makes His death ours, and its virtue passes into the soul. The scene of the cross is inwardly rehearsed. The wounds that pierced the Redeemer's flesh and spirit must now pierce our own conscience. . . The flesh has no right to exist a single hour. De jure it is dead, dead in the reckoning of faith, and die it must in all who are of Christ Jesus.—Professor Findlay.

Yes, she was right, that sweet

JEWELS Christian Queen of Sweden, as

RETURNED. she parted with her crown jewels
to build a hospital for her suffering people, and when it was finished and she
was visiting one of the wards, and talking
with a beautiful woman who was telling her
with gratitude of her healing, and the joy and
brightness that had come into her heartbroken life, the Queen listened with tears of
joy, and with face lighted up with the very
light of heaven, she turned to her attendant
and sweetly said, "Haven't I got back my
jewels?"

"I have looked into a CAUSE OF ALL thousand homes of the work-THE MISERY. ing people of Europe; I do not know how many in my own country. I have tried to find the best and the worst. And while, as I say, I am aware that the worst exists, and as bad as under any system, or as bad as in any age, I have never had to look beyond the inmates to find the cause; and in every case, so far as my own observation goes, intoxicating drink was at the bottom of the misery, and not the industrial system or the industrial conditions surrounding the men and their families."-Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labour.

Æschines was the son of a

"I WILL GIVE sausage-maker; he was a

THEE MYSELF." schoolmaster at Athens, and
a devoted disciple of

Socrates. He observed several persons bringing presents of gold, and silver, and jewels,
and offering them to the great philosopher.
He felt humbled because he had no wealthy
offering to present, yet he was anxious to give
some evidence of his love for his eminent
teacher. He went to Socrates and said to
him: "Because I have nothing else to give,
I will give thee myself." The great philosopher replied: "Do so, and I will give thee
back again to thyself better than when I
received thee.

"When a boy," said a prominent HELPS. member of a church, "I was much helped by Bishop Hamline, who visited at a house where I was. Taking me aside, the Bishop said: 'When in trouble, my boy, kneel down and ask God's help; but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground, and then kneel down and ask help. Pray from God's side of the fence.' Of that," said he, "I have thought every day of my life since." Continuing, he remarked: "Sanford Cobb, the missionary to Persia, helped me in another way. Said he, 'Do you ever feel thankful when God blesses 'Always.' 'Did you ever tell Him you? so?' 'Well, I don't know that I have.' 'Well, try it, my young friend, try it, try it. Tell Him so; tell Him aloud; tell Him so that you are sure you will hear it yourself.' That was a new revelation. I found that I had been only glad, not grateful. I have been telling Him with grateful feelings ever since, to my soul's help and comfort."—The Presbyterian.

SYMPATHY

CHRIST makes Himself one with us, not only in nature, butin circumstances. None CIRCUMSTANCES. can be so close to us as Jesus Christ, because none

has had the same experience. I used to notice in hospitals, years ago, how the people who had the same complaint, and were under the same treatment, had a wonderful way of finding each other out. They might not have known of each other's existence before, but somehow, a strange affinity brought them into contact. They suffered from the same complaint, and what sympathy there was! Everything else was forgotten because of the oneness in their sufferings. Oh, think how thy Lord can be one with each of us in all the circumstances of our life. Do difficulties press upon thee? He understands it, and He saith: "I can help thee here. I know what are the aches and pains and wearinesses of life." Oh, look to Him, then, in all the circumstances of thy life, and thine eye can scarcely fail to see Him.—Mark Guy Pearse.

Religious Lumber.

BY PASTOR C. A. COOK, BLOOMFIELD, N.J.

HILE in conversation with a brother pastor recently, as we were speaking about the condition of certain fields of labour, my brother said of a certain town which he had recently visited, that there was a vast amount of "religious lumber." I was struck by the phrase, and wondered for a moment what it meant; but as he proceeded to speak of the churches being filled with mere professors of Christianity who were without the power, and to say that there was much religious performance without the life of God in it, I understood what he meant by religious

I have thought since what a tremendous quantity of religious lumber there is everywhere. I turn to my dictionary and find the first definition of the word "lumber" to be "useless furniture," while a lumber room is "a place for useless things." Religious lumber may therefore be defined as the useless material in religion, the good-for-nothing furniture that might just as well be stored away in some garret lumber-room, where it would be out of the way of that which is

A good many Church members might be classified as religious lumber. It may be that there was a time when they were of some use in the Church. They may even have been very active in Christian work, but like a long-used piece of furniture, they seem to have become worn out;—at any rate they are now of no use whatever to the Church or the cause of Christ. They seldom come to the services of God's house, and are never seen in the prayer meeting. They are a constant worry to the pastor, who devoutly wishes that there was some lumber-room where such people could be stored away, and so be out of the way of better material. It is seldom anything can be done with this class of furniture—even if you mend it, and patch it, you can never depend upon it. It is almost certain to suddenly give way in some unexpected manner, to your disappointment and dismay. If such persons ever are prevailed upon to show any practical interest in the Lord's work it is only through much petting and coaxing. They may attend the services for a little while, but at best their religious life is spasmodic. The fault-finders and grumblers, the always-objecting, the neversatisfied Church members; the stay-at-home and the run - around - everywhere Church members—these make up a large proportion of the religious lumber of the Churches. Indeed it is not exaggerating the matter at all, to say that fully one-half of the Church membership of to-day may be classified as religious lumber, of no real benefit to the Church, doing nothing to spread the Gospel, advance the Lord's work, or win souls to Christ. It is sadly, painfully true, that the great bulk of the Christian work is done by the merest handful of men and women compared with the thousands who call themselves Christians. The Church of Christ would be a hundred per cent. better off if it could get rid of its lumber, its dead-heads and its do-nothings. They are a hindrance; they are of no more use to the Church than a horde of camp followers are to an army, in a great war. Who will tell us what to do with the tremendous accumulation of religious *lumber* of the present day?

A good deal that is done in connection with Church work, may be classified as religious lumber. Oh! the utter uselessness of much that is done by some Churches, so far as the salvation of souls is concerned! Here it is the operatic or classical singing of a choir, when some "high falutin" piece of music is rendered, which has no more to do with the praise and worship of God than the grinding of a hurdy-gurdy in the street. In another place, it is the extraordinary announcement in

the Saturday newspaper the Rev. Dr. Peerless will preach at the First Church, -"The Happiness of Married Life;" the announcements each Saturday being equally interesting. Humbug and nonsense! What have such catch-penny notices to do with the salvation of men? Who commissioned any man to go into all the world and preach to all men upon "Warm Hearts and Ice Cream," "Political Trimmers," "The Evolution of Brazil," and so on. Verily great heaps of the very worst sort of religious lumber have been piled up in the pulpit-attractions of this present decade. What the world needs is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and men who turn aside from that to preach upon every sort of a "shilly shally" sensation ought to hand in their commission to their Master Jesus Christ, and forever retire from the ministry. His orders are "Go ye into all the world and preach THE GOSPEL!" and when a man can find nothing in the Gospel that is attractive, and that will do good to a dying race around him, it is quite certain that he will find nothing outside of it that will ever be any benefit to the souls of men.

Another kind of religious lumber that we have great quantities of now, is in the form of religious literature. We are not forgetful of the fact that the religious printing press is to-day furnishing more and better reading than ever before. The quality of many of the papers and magazines is beyond criticism. At the same time what stacks of lumber there are. 'Where is there a Sunday school library that hasn't in it numbers of books that ought to be burned? What columns of lumber many of the religious newspapers contain! What outrageous advertisements some of them allow to fill their pages! And so we might go on.

Unfortunately we have all more or less a quantity of religious lumber in our lives. There are useless thoughts and useless desires that we allow to fill places in our minds and hearts that ought to be occupied by something better. Let us beware of making our hearts a lumber-room—a storing place for useless things. Let us watch against piling up useless words for others to hear, lest we make their lives a lumber-room. Beware of making, or of becoming religious lumber.

Mischief-makers seem always on piecework, though they are never peace-makers.

Alas! how many Christians are like Herod, lifeless, because they give not the glory to God.



THE ANT AND ITS WONDERFUL WORK.

A GREAT book might be written about ants, but I can only tell you a very little, and this I will extract from a book called "Silver Ways and Golden Scales," and thus it begins:—

"Of all the wonderful things in the world, ants are the most wonderful; I really believe we are nothing to them. They build

great cities underground, burrowing sufficiently deep to have large lofty apartments with long galleries, and roads or streets among them. They roof their houses with beams of wood, which they cross in a clever and curious fashion, and they fill up the spaces between, chiefly with corn aud other grains, because their shape and hardness make them very suitable for the purpose. When ants were seen busily carrying corn underground, and at one time when they were seen carrying their eggs which people mistook for corn, it was thought they were laying up food for winter; but this is not the case. They lie in a half-torpid state through the winter, and would not know what to do with food if they had it. Though, I believe, in Eastern countries, where the cold is not sufficient to make them torpid, they really do lay by stores of grain for the time when they cannot get fresh food. However, the English ants, that do not do that, do yet more wonderful things, and provide for their wants in a yet more wonderful manner.

"What do you think of them keeping cows to give them food, and slaves to work for them? These cows are tiny insects that they capture from flowers, and their slaves are other ants, like themselves, that they make prisoners, and employ to work for them. The tiny insects are called aphides, and are capital cows for the ants, as they have a sweet little liquid within them, which they yield to the touches of an ant's antennæ, very much as a cow gives up her milk for us. And the ants actually carry off these aphides, and keep them in their cities, and milk them and drink the nice food they yield. They take great care of them, and feed them, and look after them, just as much as we do after our cattle.

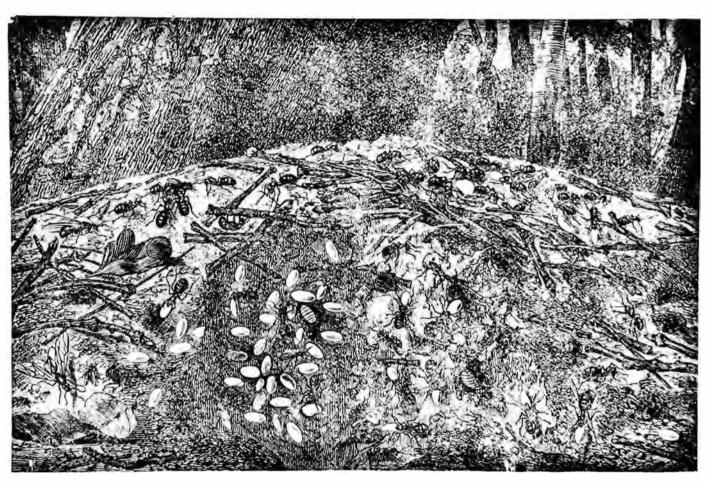
"They also carry away and keep the larvæ of one sort of beetle, which has long hairs, and they suck some sort of pleasant juice, for which they appear to have a particular fancy, out of these hairs. They are very careful creatures, and very affectionate. When the eggs are laid, the workers, as the ordinary ants are called, take the greatest care of them, and sometimes, but not always, the mother assists. The eggs are constantly licked, and turned over and over by the ants, and they are carried about from one part of the house to another; up to the highest chamber in the roof, or down to the lowest underground apartment,

56 CHIMES.

according to the time of day, or the weather, so that they get every possible advantage. When the little larvæ come out they are treated in the same way, fed and carried about with the utmost care and affection. Some of the ants have beautiful silver wings, and fly here and there and enjoy themselves while they are quite young; but when they grow older, and ought to stay at home to attend to their duties, they actually deprive themselves of their wings, so that they are not able to gad about; and if they do not do this, the workers do it for them. They seize hold of them, and tear off their wings; after which they treat them with the greatest tenderness, and even respect. They form little escorts of eight or ten attendants, who devote themselves to them, lead them, and even carry them about, shewing them the different chambers, and

another, touches them with his antennæ; without the slightest hesitation, they all follow him out, and together they bring the food home, rolling it along, and instructing each other how to manage it. In the morning, if it is fine and dry, these sensible creatures open all their doors and windows. Perhaps one of them has gone out, and perceiving that rain is coming, hastens back into the house; after which, a number will come running out, and close every door and every window, and keep them shut till the shower is over, when they will all be opened again if the sun shines and the weather looks promising.

"In other countries there are some ants that are the most useless idle fellows in the world, and quite incapable of doing anything for themselves. They are red ants; and in their neighbourhood, perhaps, are



ANTS.

allowing them to select those they prefer to themselves to lay their eggs in. They dance round them, in order to afford them amusement, or stand on their hind legs and prance. Yet these queens, as they may be called, have no power. They do not decide on, or perform, any of the work that is to be done. There are, as Solomon said, no rulers or captains among them. It is a real republic, all are equal; and every hand seems to know what he has to do.

"They have certainly a language, though a silent one; they make signals, which are well understood, and they touch each other with their antennæ, or horns, a never failing mode of communication. Suppose an ant has been out walking, and discovers something very nice; without tasting it, he hastens home, and going up to half-a-dozen ants, one after

colonies of active industrious working ants—blacks—or, as I suppose we should call them, negroes. On some day, by a pre-concerted plan, the red ants set forth in a large army. They have first of all sent out scouts or spies, who on their return have communicated that they have discovered a negro fort. As soon as they receive this welcome information, the red ants set forth in a compact, well disciplined army, and taking the road pointed out, in due time find themselves in front of the negro fort. The sentinels guarding the entrance of the fort rush in to give the alarm, and then rush out again, followed with extraordinary rapidity by numbers of indignant ants, who fling themselves on the invaders with violence, the instant they ascertain what their intentions are. The negroes are excellent workers, but the red ants are the

The Believer's Attitude in Connection with the Coming of the Lord.



4. We're watching till He comes,
 As He has bid us do;
 Though weak and erring now,
 He'll bring us safely through.
 As watchers till He comes,
 Found worthy we shall be;
 From tribulation kept,

Which all the world shall see.

- 5. We'll worship till He comes—
 He shall His word fulfil;
 "I'll come again," He said—
 'Tis His sweet promise still.
 Oh, quickly come, Lord Christ!
 Oh, take Thine own away,
 And speed Thy gracious plan—
 Thus hasten on the day!
- 6. We'll witness till He comes;
 Tell out with life and voice,
 Our hope is Christ the Lord,
 In Him we will rejoice!
 The Christ, the coming King,
 We'll boldly Him confess;
 His truth we will hold fast,
 And onward, upward press!
- 7. We're working till He comes, Our motive power His love; His glory all our aim, With all our heart above. As workers till He comes, We shall abstain from sin, Then He will say, "Well done!" And we a crown shall win

58 CHIMES.

best soldiers. The attacking army presses into the fort, and for a few moments disappears from sight. The red soldiers enter by the regular doors, or cut their way in through the walls, while some of the black ants resist and fight, and others make their escape, carrying the old and sickly and such of the children and eggs as they can contrive to take with them. Presently back march the invaders out of the fort, but they march not back alone. Here comes a great wonder. Each man carries in his mouth an egg or lava of the negro colony, and carries it not only out of the fort, but bears it triumphantly home. They never attempt to capture the grown-up ants-who, doubtless, would run away from them, and not do anything they were told-but, clever and far-sighted creatures! they make prisoners of little children, whom they can educate in any way they like, but whom they treat with as great a kindness as their own children. As these children enter on the ant-stage of their existence, they lead them through the house, and show them all the passages and rooms in it, after which the slaves begin to work, and do everything there is to be done for their masters, who, in all respects, except in capturing slaves and bringing up and feeding children, are the laziest, idlest, and most useless creatures in existence. Everything that ordinary ants do for themselves, these red ants make their black slaves do for them. They will not even take the trouble of feeding themselves.

Many other interesting things could be told about ants, but I have no doubt what I have now said will lead you to take a deep interest in all the wonderful little creatures that God has made.

Five Looks.

By Evangelist W. R. Lane.

I

N Romans v. 1-10 we have five looks. I., Backward Look; II., Upward Look; III., Inward Look; IV., Outward Look; V., Onward Look.

I. Backward Look. "Justified by His blood" (verse 9). This takes us back to the green hill of Calvary, and there we see Christ suffering, bleeding, dying, that we might be saved. Some men in looking back over the past are filled with dread. Often even the thought of one sin, committed, perhaps years ago, rises before them, and strikes dismay and despair to the heart; how much worse it must be to look back over a whole life wasted in sin and pleasure. The words of Luke xvi. 25, "Son, remember thy lifetime," are awful words indeed, when they come to one who has passed into eternity without having been pardoned. None, even the best of us, have pleasure in looking back. We cannot look back over what we have thought our holiest day, and say that we are satisfied, or that all is right. But those who are the Lord's, can look back, and in spite of failures seen, rejoice that they are justified.

On Calvary we know that God's claims were fully met, every demand satisfied, and as we are in Christ, God sees no stain in us, nothing meets His eye but the blood of His Son.

II. The Upward Look. "Saved by His life" (verse 10). It is perfectly true that we are saved by His death, but it is just as true that we are saved by His life. We have a living Saviour pleading for us with God. The words really mean, "Saved in His life." We see a hen in a farmyard with her brood of chickens; she feeds them, cares for them, gathers them under her wing for protection, and we say they are saved by her life, but not in her life, for they have a separate life, and would still live if she were gone. Again, take a mother and child. The mother loves the child, nourishes it, provides for all its wants, and thinks constantly of it, it is saved by her life, but if the mother were to die, the child would live on because it has a life apart from her. The Christian can never be said to be saved in this way, because he has no life apart from Christ. As the branch lives only when united to the vine, and is useless when severed from it, so the Christian is only saved as he is united to Christ. Handley Moule translates those words, "Kept safe in His life." Yes, to be saved thus is to be indeed kept safe. Salvation is past in that we are saved by His death; present, in that we are saved by His life of intercession for us; future, in that we shall be perfected at His coming. Thus we may say, we have been saved, we are being saved, and we shall be saved.

III. The Inward Look. "The love of God in our hearts" (verse 5). This at once compels us to look inward. Introspection, to which many of us are very prone, is not good, if indulged in too much; it makes us morbid. But while introspection may be unwholesome, by our always looking to our feelings, still, let us not go to the other extreme, which is quite as unwholesome, and never examine ourselves to see if the things that God says of us are really true in our experience. It is a good thing sometimes to look into our own dwelling, and take an inventory of what is there, and see how God views us. Are we as holy, gentle, patient, forgiving, loving, as we should be? We must remember that there is a subjective side to Christianity, as well as an objective side. Men judge us by our words, but God judges us by our hearts. Many of us get credit for being a great deal better and holier than we are; men look at us in our work and worship, and say "how holy he is," while others who may be quieter in their

CHIMES.

profession, do not get credit for being as good as they really are. "The love of God," not on Calvary, not on the throne, but in our hearts. Over a church door, in the South of England, the words "Sacred unto God," are written, telling out that the object for which it was built was, that it might be only for the service and worship of God; so, when God put the Holy Ghost into our hearts, He wrote over them "Sacred unto God." We should ever remember the words of God, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost" (1. Corinthians vi. 19), and be very careful lest we allow anything to defile it. We are to have sacred hearts, sacred homes, sacred businesses, sacred offices, sacred bodies, in short, body, soul and spirit are to be "sacred unto God."

IV. Outward Look. "We glory in tribulations" (verse 3). This makes us look at our circumstances. We find God in all our circumstances, and thank Him for them, because they work out His purpose in our experience. We may not think our trials very pleasant, or our sufferings something to glory in, we may think that we could do without the hindrances, as we call them, to our Christian work; but remember that our wise Masterbuilder has the plan, and not one unnecessary thing is done. God will be His own interpreter, let us wait for His explanation.

"We'll know why clouds instead of sun, Were over many a cherished plan; Why song had ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, some time, we'll understand. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with unerring hand; Sometime with tearless eye we'll see; Yes there, up there, we'll understand."

V. The Onward Look. "Rejoice in hope" (verse 2). Hope lives in the future, hence, it is an onward look. Faith and hope are like twin sisters, and are often taken for each other, but there is a difference. Faith sees, hope foresees; faith inspects, hope expects; faith looks at the promise; hope at the substance. Let me illustrate—I call one of my boys to me and say to him, "Now, my boy, the holidays are near, and there is an excursion to London for a few days, in which I intend going and taking you with me." I then go on to describe what we shall do and see while there. I tell him of the whole day we shall devote to the Zoo, and describe the animals and many wonders to him. And as I speak I see the boy's eyes grow bright, his cheeks glow, and I know that in anticipation he is already enjoying the trip, imagination has carried him to the Zoo or brought it to

him. That is hope. A little while after I see the lad gathering his friends round him, and hear him tell them that he is going to London; he goes over again in a very graphic manner all I have told him, adding bits of his own to it, and is again thoroughly enjoying it. But presently one of the boys says to him, "How do you know all that?" and he replies, "Why father has been there and he told me." "Yes, but how do you know you are going?" For a moment the boy is silent, then his faith comes to the rescue, and he says, "I know I am going because father says so." Faith brings our souls to heaven, and hope brings heaven to us.

Hints to Christian Workers.

HOW TO MARK THE BIBLE,

BY THE EDITOR.



HERE are three points to which I call attention.

First, Meditation—The Prelude to marking the Bible.

Second, Method—The Plan in marking the Bible.
Third Materials The Plant for

Third, Materials—The Plant for marking the Bible.

I. MEDITATION, THE PRELUDE TO MARKING THE BIBLE.—Imitation may be good, that is, copying into our Bibles what others have gathered from it; but the more excellent way is to gather our own fruit. There is a great difference between the strawberries which are bought at the shop, and those which are gathered and eaten direct from the plants in the garden. There is as much difference between the truth which is found as the result of personal and prayerful research, and that which we receive through the medium of another.

There are two things, among others, which we should do in relation to the Scriptures. They are found in connection with the words,

"SEARCH," "MEDITATE."

1. SEARCH. We read of the Jews in Berea, that they "scarched the Scriptures daily" (Acts xvii. 11). The word which is rendered "scarched," is translated "discerned" and "judgeth" in calling attention to the fact that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolish unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things" (1. Cor. ii. 14, 15).

The significance of the word in each case is, to

The significance of the word in each case is, to examine carefully, as when a judge examines a prisoner. The word is thus given in Luke xxiii. 14, where Pilate says to the rulers about the Lord Jesus, "I, having examined Him before you, have found no fault in this Man touching those things whereof ye accuse Him." This implies a qualification to examine. Not any man is qualified to act as a judge, neither is everyone fitted to examine the Scriptures. It is "he that is spiritual," who judgeth (discerneth) all things.

A recent writer in the Contemporary Review, in calling attention to the fact that tits will find out a

piece of meat which is hidden, while sparrows cannot, quoted the following words of Longfellow-

> " Never stoops the soaring titmouse On the bacon-rind or suet, But another titmouse watching, Wonders what he's got and follows, And a third pursues the second, First a speck, and then a titmouse, Till the place is full of titmice.

"How do the tits find out the meat? The robin seems to be the only bird that shares the faculty with them, and it appears to me that it distinctly marks off these two birds as carnivorous, and possessed of 'a meat-sense' for which our own senses afford no better explanation than they do of the bees 'honey-sense.' As the tits have a sense which enables them to discover the secreted bacon-rind, so the one who has spiritual life, and is living in the Spirit, has the Divine sense and spiritual faculty to discern and understand spiritual

Having the spiritual sense, we are called upon to carefully estimate the things revealed in the Scriptures, that all our decisions may be in accordance therewith.

There is another expression rendered "search," which we find in connection with the study of the truth, and that is found in 1. Peter i. 10, 11, where we are told, that "the prophets have enquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you: searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." The use of the word is very suggestive; it is used to describe a lioness tracking a man, who has robbed her of her cubs; of dogs following the scent of the game, and of spies exploring a country. The same Greek term is found in a variety of connections in the Septuagint version of the Old Testament. To search in a sack, as when the steward of Joseph searched in the sacks of Joseph's brethren to find the hidden cup (Gen. xliv. 12). To search a house, as when the King of Syria threatened to search the house of Ahab (1. Kings xx. 6).

Coleridge says, "there are four kinds of readers. The first class may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only

the pure gems."

We shall resemble the slaves of Golconda if we consistently practice what we know, for he that doeth His will shall know of the doctrine; we shall discover fresh gems of God's grace, and the precious jewels of His truth as we meditate upon the Word of His love, for as there were two things that characterised the clean animals upon which Israel could feed, namely, the divided hoof and the chewing of the cud; so we must have the divided hoof of a holy walk in separation from evil, and in separation to God; and also the chewing of the cud in meditating upon the truths of God's Word, and in contemplating the Living Word as He is revealed therein.

2. MEDITATE. Paul, in writing to Timothy, urges him to "give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine," &c.; and says, "meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them" (1. Tim. iv. 13-15). The meaning of the term meditate, is to take care for anything, so as to be able to perform it. It comes from the same root as the term "careth," when we are told that the "Lord careth" (1. Peter v. 7). The Lord not only thinks of us, but He thinks to a purpose, namely, to help. Christ uses the word in a negative sense when He charges His disciples not to "premeditate" what they shall say when they are brought before magistrates (Mark xiii. 11). To premeditate in this case means to think, in order to act. Timothy was not to be in a listless and dreamy mood, with no practical end in view, but he was to think in order to act. This is further brought out when Paul uses the expressions, "give attendance," and "give thyself wholly to them." The latter suggests an ardent student, and the former a diligent servant. "I put my soul into it," was the reply of one, who had risen from the position of an errand boy to be the head of a large business, when he was asked for the secret of his success; and there is no success in anything without the soul is put into it. This is specially true with regard to meditating upon God's Word. There are two things to always remember-first, in order to get the precious gems of God's truth, there must be patient, persistent, and careful study; and second, we must put to use by prayerful practice what we get, or else it will be like the manna which was not eaten, it will breed worms. In other words, merely knowing the truth and not practising it will puff up, while practising what we know will build us up and make us strong and healthy in soul.

We have been looking at the pondering of God's Word mainly from a human standpoint. There is one essential thing we must always remember, and that is, the illuminating presence of the Holy Spirit. In the dusk of the evening we go into some grand cathedral with a friend. The friend begins to describe the beauty of the coloured windows, but owing to the absence of light no beauty is to be seen. The following day, at noon, we go again to the cathedral, when the sun is shining into the place, and lighting up the scenes depicted upon the windows, and making them stand out in unmistakeable splendour. What has made the difference? We had the power of seeing before, but there was no illumination around. What the sun was to the windows, the Holy Spirit is to the prayerful student of God's Word. He illuminates it. When He gives the *inner* illumination, namely, the spiritual sense to see; and outer illumination, namely, the unveiling of the truth, as in Jesus, then we see

light in His light.

Let us take an illustration of the fitness and fulness of the Word, in noting a few of the appellations which are applied to it.

The Word is the Word of the Lord to reveal

(1. Thess. iv. 15).

The Word of Christ to inspire (Col. iii. 16).

The Word of the Gospel to gladden (Acts xv. 7). The Word of Reconciliation to communicate (11. Cor.

The Word of Salvation to deliver (Acts xiii. 26). The Word of Grace to invigorate (Acts xx. 32).

The Word of Faith to assure (Rom. x. 8). The Word of Truth to arm (11. Cor. vi. 7

The Word of Righteousness to feed (Heb. v. 13).

The Word of Life to attract (Phil. ii. 16). The Word of God to command (Heb. iv. 12).

These designations of God's Word are not given in a haphazard way, neither can the terms be interchanged. There is a distinct and definite thought associated with each. Let us take the last by way of illustration, namely, "The Word of God." As the Word of God it is said to be, "Quick (living) and powerful"; hence, where the Word of God is spoken of as such, one of these thoughts will be found in connection with it. The following instances, where the expression occurs, will illustrate:-

Powerful, to create.—" The worlds were framed by

the Word of God" (Heb. xi. 3).

Powerful, to beget.-" Begotten again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, through the Word of God" (1. Peter i. 23).

Powerful, to implant.—"Faith cometh by hearing,

and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. x. 8).

Powerful, to command.—" Ye received the Word of God, which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but (as it is in truth) the Word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe" (I. Thess. ii. 13).

Powerful, to keep .- "The Word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one" (I. John ii. 14).

Powerful, to sanctify.—" Sanctified by the Word of God" (1. Tim. iv. 5).

Powerful, to make way .- "The Word of God is not

bound "(11. Tim. ii. 9).

The one practical result that flows out of the searching of God's Word is, that it makes us like it as we feed upon it, for it communicates its nature to us. It is a well-known scientific fact that birds are changed by the food they take. Seagulls which feed upon fish, by being confined and fed upon grain, have had their stomachs entirely changed. "Hunter, for example, in a classical experiment, so changed the environment of a seagull by keeping it in captivity, that it could only secure a grain diet. The effect was to modify the stomach of the bird, normally adapted to a fish diet, until in time it came to resemble in structure the gizzard of an ordinary grain-feeder, such as the pigeon. Holmgrén again, reversed this experiment by feeding pigeons for a lengthened period on a meat-diet, with the result that the gizzard became transformed into a carnivorous stomach. Mr. A. R. Wallace mentions the case of a Brazilian parrot which changes its colour from green to red or yellow when fed upon the fat of certain fishes." I have seen canaries which have a red hue about their yellow feathers, and on asking the cause, was informed that it was the result of giving cayenne pepper to them when moulting. What is true in the natural world is also true in the spiritual realm, that is, we become like the thing upon which we feed. The Word of God is holy in its nature, powerful in its utterance, living in its composition, pure in its character, righteous in its structure, Christ-honouring in its revelation, separating in its tendency, God-glorifying in its aim, inspiring in its working, and consecrating in its influence; and as that Word lives in and operates through us, we shall be holy in nature, powerful in utterance, living to purpose, pure in heart, righteous in action, Christ-honouring in life, separate from evil, God-glorifying in conduct, inspiring in service, and consecrated to God.

(To be continued.)

Taking the Cake.

JITTLE boy was reproved by his mother for taking the cake when she went out of the room.
"What, Johnny, and cannot I trust you?
Would you deceive me? I did not think you would do this; had you asked me I would have given you some cake. If I had refused, it would merely be because it would do you harm; but to take it secretly is to steal it. Johnny, I am so grieved," and the child blushed with shame and hung his head.

The next day the mother was going out, and Johnny said, "Let me go with you, mother." "Why?" "Because," said the child, "If I'm left alone I shall.

take the cake. I know I shall!"

Help the children against themselves, bear their burdens for them; they are too young always to stand alone, they need your wisdom and your love.

Wanted-Wicks.

THE removal day is drawing to a close. What a busy day it has been! Vans to unload, furniture to carry into the various rooms of a secluded countryhouse, provision baskets to unpack—for meals are taken picnic-fashion on such unsettling occasions. But the last van has departed, straws are blowing about the weedy garden, unsightly wrappers lie heaped in the hall, weary workers will not reduce the chaos to order to-day; it is dusk already, the lamps must be filled and lighted. There they stand, new and handsome, for passage and parlours, kitchen and bedchambers. The gas in town gave less trouble; never mind, there must be some drawbacks to the pleasant quiet of this new country home. Happily, there is an ample supply of oil and plenty of matches. But—but—where are the wicks? Has nobody thought of providing wicks? It seems not, and it is getting rapidly darker-shops miles away, and the dismayed party such strangers to the neighbourhood that no one can suggest where even candles can be borrowed. What is to be done? Such a small oversight, yet so inconvenient to be all in the dark for want of an insignificant thing like a few yards of cotton wick! To be sure there is cotton enough in the lace curtains, in the pretty muslin dresses, in the household sheets, &c., but it is not wick. So much to be accomplished, yet all must be left undone for want of wick; nothing remains but to lock the doors, and grope the way to bed, before the unaccustomed chambers are wrapped in absolute darkness.

Wanted—wicks! There are dark homes in our towns and villages; and dark lives, purposeless and sad for want of the light of life. The oil of the grace of God is richly poured out; the unction of the Holy Ghost freely promised. Jesus has come to be "the Light of the world"; whence, then, the darkness? Wanted—nothing costly, or rare, or beautiful -nothing but wicks; just humble lives, that keep themselves in the love of God, that are "filled with the Holy Ghost," saturated with the inspired Word, and kindled with the love of Jesus. Wanted-Christians, to show Him forth as the Light, the Truth, the Way, the Life; as the Redeemer, Shepherd, Priest, and King; Man and God, "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him." Wanted—Christians, contented to be themselves forgotten, yea, consumed, so that Christ alone may be glorified, and that poor

sinners may rejoice in "the True Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Nations and tribes—millions upon millions of men—sit in heathen darkness. Unknown tongues murmur, "Who will show us any good?" Wanted—wicks. There is oil, there is light; wanted, the human medium through which the light appears. Who is willing to be severed from home and friends, contented to be a thread detached from the woven fabric of elegant society; to be a mere wick for His dear sake, and the sake of perishing men? Only a wick, and yet luminous with the royal glory of Jesus, consuming away it may be, but even in consumption being transformed into His image?

Wanted—not a life of gentle home virtue; this may be merely a light of earth, a glowworm's lustre, that guides not, kindles not. No one beholding the shining insect exclaims, "blessed light!" but only "beautiful worm!" Wanted, not even lives of philanthropic activity; not fireflies, splendid with the flashes of their own restless energy; but lives of selfforgetfulness, of unreserved consecration; lives hidden with Christ; lives of communion in His mediatorial yearning over souls, perishing in darkness for want of a light-bearer; lives that know the "power of His resurrection," the only power which makes "the fellowship of His sufferings" possible, even to a child of God; lives which death shall only seem to extinguish, for "they that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. xii. 3, margin). "And who, then, is willing to consecrate his service, this day, unto the Lord?"

George Fox.

A LECTURE BY THE LATE MR. A. A. REES.

(Continued from page 43.)

FIFTH peculiarity was his nomenclature of the months and days of the week. He did not agree with Shakespeare in the question, "What's in a name?" A rose, he thought, would smell sweeter if it had another name. He would not recognise, much less honour, the Pagan gods and goddesses by using the words January, from Janus; June, from Juno; March, from Mars; Sunday, from the sun; Monday, from the moon, and so on. For these he substituted the ordinal numbers, as the Americans do in naming their streets, thus—1st month, 2nd month, 1st day, 2nd day, and so on to the close.

A sixth innovation was, that he refused to pay tithes which made the priests furious.

A seventh, that he would not accord titles; he would

never say "Mr.," "Mrs.," "Sir," "my Lord," "my Lady," "your Worship," "your Grace," or "your Majesty"; much less would he allow titles to the parsons. "Rev." was an abomination to him, and I need not tell you how offensive this made him to the grandees of all classes.

An eighth peculiarity was the assumption of the prophetic style, both in preaching and writing, no

matter whom he addressed. As

A TEACHER

he would say, "Thus saith the Lord," or "The Lord hath said unto me," or "The Lord hath moved me," and if he went to a steeple-house he would affirm "that the Lord sent him." Nay, in all his journeys-north, south, east or west-he professed to be led by the Spirit, and sometimes he would go to very strange places in obedience to his Guide. Says he: "As we travelled on one occasion, we came near to a very great hill, called Pendle-Hill, and I was moved of the Lord to go up to the top of it, which I did with difficulty, it was so very steep and high. When I was come to the top, I saw the sea bordering upon Lancashire. From the top of this hill the Lord let me see in what places he had a great people to be gathered. As I went down, I found a spring of water in the side of the hill, with which I refreshed myself, having eaten or drunk but little for several days before." Above all, he was

A MAN OF PEACE,

and of peace at any price, and yet a braver man never lived. In this, however, though he was peculiar to his own generation, he was not peculiar to others, for unquestionably the primitive Christians abjured the military profession, and would on no account draw the sword.

These singularities, I repeat it, greatly augmented the opposition which was stirred up by his preaching, inasmuch that when it was rumoured that "the man in leather breeches" was on his way to any town or village, there was a general commotion, which, for the most part, assumed a violent form, and the beatings and imprisonments he underwent for one or other of his principles it is frightful to think of; what must it have been to endure? Take a sample of both from his own account, and first for his beatings. They commenced at Mansfield-Woodhouse in 1649, the year when Charles I. was beheaded:—

"Now, while I was at Mansfield-Woodhouse, I was moved to go to the steeple-house there, and declare the truth to the priest and people; but the people fell upon me in great rage, struck me down, and almost stifled and smothered me, and I was cruelly beaten and bruised by them with their hands, Bibles, and sticks. Then they haled me out, though I was hardly able to

stand, and put me into

THE STOCKS,

where I sat some hours, and they brought dog-whips and horse-whips, threatening to whip me. After some time they had me before the magistrate, at a knight's house where were many great persons; who, seeing how evilly I had been used, after much threatening, set me at liberty. But the rude people stoned me out of the town, for preaching the Word of Life to them. I was scarcely able to move or stand by reason of the ill-usage I had received; yet with considerable effort I got about a mile from the town, and then I met with some people who gave me something to comfort me, because I was inwardly bruised; but the Lord's power soon healed me again. That day some people were convinced of the Lord's truth, and turned to His teaching, at which I rejoiced."

(To be continued.)

Bells to be Rung.

By F. E. M.

MOMENTS.

The smallest fraction of time is of importance with the Lord, and where God speaks of "moments," it either indicates the constancy of His care, or the quickness of an action.

- ·I. FORSAKING.—"For a small moment have I forsaken thee" . . . "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment" (Isaiah liv. 7, 8). When the Lord forsakes His people, there is some cause in them for His so doing, but He cannot forsake them for long.
- 11. PROTECTING.—"Hide thyself as it were for a moment, until the indignation be over-past" (Is. xxvi.20). God ever protects His people first, before He acts in judgment to the world. Noah must be in the ark before the flood comes; and Israel must be protected by the blood of the Pascal lamb, before the Angel of Jehovah smites the first-born.
- III. KEEPING—I, the Lord, do keep it. I will water it every moment" (Is. xxvii. 3). He will keep the vine-yard from all evil, and keep it to all good.
- IV. TRYING.—"Try him every moment" (Job vii. 18). The Lord never allows the rust of worldliness to remain on His people. He brightens them by His word, and sharpens them by His grace.
- v. Tempting.—"The devil . . . shewed unto Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time" (Luke iv. 5). We have little conception of the power which Satan possesses, but, when he can, in a moment of time, bring before one the kingdoms of the world, his power must be enormous.
- VI. AFFLICTION.—"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment" (II. Cor. iv. 17). The "affliction" is "light," and only for a "moment"; but the "glory" is weighty and "eternal."
- VII. TRANSFORMATION.—" We shall all be changed in a moment" (1. Cor. xv. 52). The change will be so rapid that there will be no time to think about it.

"CHRIST DIED."

The pith and power of the Gospel are the death and resurrection of Christ. The former is its pith, and the latter is its power. The death of Christ is—

- 1. REAL AS TO ITS OCCURRENCE.—"Christ that died" (Rom. viii. 34). "Christ died" (Rom. xiv. 15; 1. Cor. viii. 11). Towering o'er the wrecks of time, there is one fact that shines out in unmistakeable reality, and that is the death of Christ.
- II. Substitutionary in its Character.—"Christ died for the ungodly," Christ died for us (Rom. v. 6-8). Christ was acting on our behalf that He might protect us from the consequence of sin in dying in our stead.
- 111. DEFINITE IN ITS WORK.—"He died unto sin once" (Rom. vi. 10). "Christ died for our sins" (I. Cor. xv. 3). His death had distinct relation to our sin. He died to bear away our sins, and to be judged for our sin.
- IV. FREEING IN ITS AIM.—"He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again" (II. Cor. v. 15). In the death of Christ we have the magnet which draws us from self to Himself.
- v. Practical in its Purpose.—"To this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living" (Rom. xiv. 9). He died that He might gain us, and now we are His absolute property.

VI. ASSURANCE OF FUTURE GLORY.—"Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him" (1. Thess. v. 10). The blood-red mark of Christ's cross must be stamped on every certificate of heaven.

VII. GUARANTEE THAT OUR LOVED ONES, WHO HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP, SHALL BE WITH US IN CHRIST'S COMING GLORY.—"If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" (I. Thess. iv. 14). There is one ray that shall make the golden glory of Christ's splendour bear a rosy tint, and that is the red light of Calvary.

Is it Thine, My Brother?

TS it thine, my brother, that blissful hope,
That beneath the Cross we find,
No longer in shadowy paths to grope,
With a sad and weary mind?

Is it thine, my brother, that light divine,
That the ransomed spirit knows,
That from heaven direct on the soul doth shine,
'Till its fire with fervour glows?

Is it thine, my brother, that dread of sin, That the Christian mind doth feel, When the Spirit of Truth resides within; The plague of the heart to heal?

Is it thine, my brother, that conscious peace,
That the world can ne'er impart,
But that still flows on, tho' earth's joy-bells cease,
And tho' tears of mourning start?

Is it thine, my brother, that joy supreme, That the worshipping Spirit thrills, When the soul, baptized in the saving stream, The love of the Saviour fills?

Is it thine, my brother, that song of praise, From the heart's deep fountain wells; Where He, the true Spring of ancient days, The Source of all gladness, dwells?

Then arise, my brother, and thou shalt find,
There are many thine aid that need;
There are hearts that the spirit of evil bind,
There are hungering souls to feed.

There are joys, my brother, the ransomed know, Who are favoured the lost to win, They shall reap in joy, who in tears now sow, When the harvest is gathered in.

Clevedon. WM. KITCHING.

Whitefield and the Gamblers.

HITEFIELD with a friend was staying one night at a public-house, and both were annoyed by a set of noisy gamblers in an adjoining room. Their clamorous talk and horrid blasphemies so excited Mr. Whitefield that he could not sleep, and his righteous soul was stirred up within him at hearing the name of God thus profaned, and he resolved to arise and go and reprove them. He did so, but his words were of no effect; it was like casting pearls before swine. Discouraged, he returned to his room, and lay down to sleep. His companion, who had tried to persuade him not to go, saying, "It will avail nothing, it will be labour lost," asked him on his return, "What did you get for your pains?" "A soft pillow," replied Whitefield, and very soon fell asleep and had pleasant dreams.

Chips by Diakonas.

Up-hill work is always heavenward.

Rudeness is not straightforwardness.

The cord that cannot bind is discord

Pleasure to God is the best self-pleasure.

To "die daily" is a sure sign of eternal life.

He is great who has learned how little he is.

Self-preparation is often self-preservation.

A majority cannot make wrong to be right.

A man may be high socially, and still be low.

A good excuse never made the *bad* to be *good*.

It is better to be a fault-loser than a fault-

The devil's short-cuts to heaven are always too long.

A hot temper often gets a man the cold shoulder.

More have free salvation than have full salvation.

Selfish aims can make the arrow of Truth to miss its mark.

Contentment is great gain, but great gain is not contentment.

Have Christ-like thoughts, and you will have Christ-like actions.

Happiness is not always holiness, but holiness is always happiness.

If we thought more, our winged words would be fewer and fly slower.

He who cannot help saying what he thinks, seldom thinks anything worth saying.

It is true, many worship the "golden calf" who profess to worship the Slain Lamb.

Activity in Christian service is not always a sign of being filled with the Holy Ghost.

When we truly value the approbation of God, the plaudits of the world are not sought after.

Aim High.

AIM at the highest prize; if there thou fail, Thou'lt haply reach to one not far below. Strive first the goal to compass; if too slow Thy speed, the attempt may ne'er the less avail, The next best post to conquer.— Bishop Nant.

Shine for Others.

BLIND beggar was sitting by the sidewalk on a dark night, with a bright lantern by his side. A passer-by was so puzzled that he had to turn back with, "What in the world do you keep a lantern burning for? You can't see!" "So't folks won't stumble over me," was the reply. We should keep our lights brightly burning for others' sake, as well as for the good of being "in the light ourselves."

BETHESDA RECORD.

THE WORKERS' CLASS.

The last meeting of the session was held on Monday, April 26th, when the PRESIDENT gave a helpful address on "How to mark the Bible." At the close of the meeting a supper was held. The Committee of Sisters (Mrs. Hopkirk, Misses Gibson, Elgar, and Seadon) were thanked for their kind help in doing the Martha Service for the occasion. Miss Holdsworth reported that the members had purchased nearly £7 worth of books; and Mr. J. G. Kitts spoke of the helpfulness of the Class. Mr. J. Henderson closed with prayer.

SPECIAL.

The Pastor's Tenth Anniversary Tea will (D.v.) be held on Wednesday, June 2nd, at 6 p.m. Will each member of the Church endeavour to be present, as the Pastor will give a special address on "What God hath wrought during the past ten years."

The subjects of Pastor F. E. Marsh's Addresses in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30, during June will (D.v) be as follows:—

June 6-"Camphire."

- ,, 13-"The Lost Opportunity."
- " 20-"The Longest Reign."
- ,, 27—Pastor R. Hindle, of Manchester, will preach.

Free distribution of *Chimes*: Workers' Class, 7s. 3d.; Mrs. C., 2s.; Mr. R. P., 10d.

Bethesda Evangelization Society: Mrs. C., per Miss G., 10s. 6d.

CHIMES

An Evangelical Magazine.

JULY, 1897.

THE LATE DR. JAMES H. BROOKES, OF ST. LOUIS.

BY THE EDITOR.

HERE are two men, among the many Christian workers, with whom it has been my privilege to have fellowship in service for the Lord, that I specially honour, and these are, Charles Haddon Spurgeon and James H. Brookes, both of whom have now gone into the immediate presence of the Lord. The latter has lately fallen asleep. The account of his life, death, and funeral, is given in the magazine—The Truth—which our departed

friend edited. "James Hall Brookes, D.D., died at sunrise, Easter Sunday, at his home, St. Louis, Mo., aged 67 years, 1 month, and 22 days. Dr. Brookes had been suffering for several years past from the result of a serious attack of la grippe. He spent a part of the past winter at Stafford Springs, Miss., and returned feeling not a little improved. On Sunday, April 11th, he preached in the morning a powerful, never-to-be-forgotten sermon on John x. 28. Contrary to the wishes of his family, he also conducted a testimony service that evening. On his way home from church he began to feel ill. The next morning he was in a very serious condition, and the worst was anticipated by his physician. He seemed to improve on Wednesday, and there were hopes that he might rally up to the Saturday following. Saturday, at midnight, all hope was given up. Surrounded by all his

dear ones, this good and great man fell alseep in Jesus on the dawning of Easter. His end was most peaceful. He was buried on the afternoon of the following Wednesday, from the Washington and Compton Avenues Presbyterian Church, over which for thirty nine years he had been the faithful shepherd.

"No funeral service could have been more impressive and more uplifting. At the opening of the service Dr. Meade C. Williams announced to the vast audience that among the private papers of Dr. Brookes' had been found a statement of his wishes as to his funeral. It was dated April 1, 1896, and was as follows:—'It is my particular request that at my funeral, no oration, no eulogy, nor a word about myself shall be uttered. Let some minister, or other friend, read II. Cor. v. 1-10;

I. Cor. xv.; I. Thess. iv. 13-18; Rev xxi.1-7. This, and nothing more.

"Long before the hour of service, the members of the congregation, with very many who were not of that church, had filled every seat in the large auditorium. Then chairs were placed in the rear. Soon these, too, were filled, and hundreds stood. The meetings of the Presbyteries, North and South, of St. Louis, were in session in that city on that day. The members of both, attended the obsequies of him who, to use the words of a leading St. Louis pastor, had been 'as Saul among his brethren.' These pastors and elders, arm in arm, preceded the coffin down the aisle. After them came the honorary and active pall-bearers (the older and younger officials of the church, respectively). The family and relatives of the deceased followed. The pulpit, the choir loft, and the pastor's chair were heavily draped. Beauti-

ful flowers were upon the pulpit and platform. The casket was beneath a blanket of roses, the offering of the three daughters. Eight Presbyterian pastors of the city conducted the simple, yet grand, service at the church. Dr. G. E. Martin and Dr. S. C. Palmer read the Scriptures; Dr. S J. Niccolls and Dr. J. F. Cannon led in prayer;



JAMES HALL BROOKES, D. D.

other brethren announced the hymns, 'Till He Comes,' 'Oh Christ, He is the Fountain,' and 'How Firm a Foundation,' and offered the Benediction. Then the simple, yet most impressive service was over, and the cortege took its way to Bellefountain Cemetery. As the body was borne from the church, sobs were heard on every side. Scores were there to whom Dr. Brookes had offered tenderest sympathy and kindliest care in their own days of dark affliction; and such 'wept with those who wept.

"Dr. Brookes was born in Pulaski, Tenn. He was the son of Rev. J. H. Brookes and Judith Smith Lacy

Brookes. His father died in 1833.

"Dr. Brookes was a typical self-made man. When but eight years of age he was obliged to leave his mother and work for his own living. He was planned for great things. When but fifteen he was a school teacher, and had set his heart on a collegiate education. In order to get the learning he craved, he clerked in a store, and acted as a census-taker. These early experiences broadened him, and made him the many-sided man among men that he was. He prepared himself for, and in 1851 successfully entered, the Junior class of Miami University—that modest birthplace of many great Americans. He graduated there in 1853. In his Senior year his powerful intellect enabled him to combine the collegiate studies with those in the United Presbyterian Seminary. In the fall of '53 he entered Princeton Seminary. He spent a year in study there. While at Miami he lived often, literally, on bread and water; and at Princeton occupied an unhealthy basement room.

"He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Miami in 1854, that he might accept the invitation to supply the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Dayton, Ohio. He was immediately called to that church. On April 30, 1854, he was ordained and installed. After a most successful pastorate in Dayton, he accepted a call to the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, whither he came in February, 1858. His first sermon was preached on February 18th, from the text, 1. Cor. ii. 1, 2. He served the Second Church for a little over six years. The rest of his laborious pastorate of thirty-nine years was as shepherd of the Walnut Street Church, later known as the strong and useful Washington and Compton Avenues Presbyterian

"From an anniversary sermon preached by Dr. Brookes on February 18, 1883, the following succint historical statement is quoted :- 'I find from a printed sermon of mine, delivered on the 25th anniversary of the organisation of the Second Presbyterian Church, from the 18th of February, 1858, to April, 1865, there were received 184 by confession of faith, and 154 by letter, making a total of 338. The Walnut Street Church was organised July 4, 1864, and at the same meeting called me to be the pastor. My last sermon in the Second Church was preached July 8, 1864, and the following Wednesday evening my ministry began in the Walnut Street Church. From that time until the delivery of my last sermon in the building on the corner of Sixteenth and Walnut Streets, April 27th, 1879, there were received 869 upon confession, and 604 by letter, making a total of 1,473. The ground upon which this building stands was broken for the foundations, July 4th, 1877; the corner stone was laid October 27th, 1877; our first service in the lectureroom was held May 4th, 1879; and our first service in the room in which we are assembled to-day, December 5th, 1880.' His pastorate continued for seventeen years and several months from that date.

"Dr. Brookes' fame as a Bible scholar, as a writer, as a leader of Bible schools and Pre-millennial conferences is world-wide. By many able men in this and other lands he was said to be facile princeps in his command of the Word of God. His seventeen widelyknown books, his two hundred tracts, and every sermon he ever preached are permeated with the Word. To readers of *The Truth* little need be said on these lines. They knew and loved him and his work.'

The first time I was privileged to meet our beloved brother was in 1890, at the annual conference held at Niagara-on-the-Lake. He was then far from well, but from that sick bed he rose and delivered an address on the inspiration of the Scriptures, which I shall never forget. The aroma of his glowing utterance, his passionate appeals, his intense love for the truth, his grasp of God's word, his unanswerable arguments, his tender sympathy, and his keen foresight, remain with me to-day.

Dr. Brookes, like some of David's mighty men (1. Chron. xii. 32), was a man who had understanding of the times, and knew that we were in the darkness of the last days. In a letter to me in 1886, he says:—"It seems to me more and more evident that the truth is not to win the field in our day; it will have a tremendous fight to hold its own against the everincreasing odds with which it has to contend. If the battle were only with the world and the devil, there would be nothing to fear; but, unhappily, the fight must be carried on principally against professed friends. Insurrection rages within the citadel, and 'a man's foes are they of his own household.' The Church itself is traitorous, and the worst enemy we have to dread.

"Annihilation, restoration, evolution, a mixture of Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and Jesus Christ-such is the stuff our popular preachers are giving to their hearers, and the editors of religious papers throw up their hats, and shout themselves hoarse over the power and progress of the Church. Alas! nothing is more apparent to me than the fact that the professing body, with its false doctrines, its intense worldliness, its scarcely concealed iniquities, is on the rapids just above the Falls of Niagara, and the awful abyss is just below. Well, through grace we can bear our testimony, and this is all we can do, until He comes who will set to rights the discordant course of nature, and build up the ruins of David, and bring order out of confusion. It is a great trial, but it is a great privilege too, to witness for Him at a time like this, for the overcomer in the Laodicean state of the Church has the noblest dignity and reward.

I could say more of our dear friend, but space

forbids.

What is the Church?

BY THE EDITOR.



HERE are some words which we use, which have lost their original meaning. Archbishop Trench, in his English Past and Present, gives many illustrations of words which have not the

same significance as they had in the time of our great grandfathers. I give one illustration.

"You remember the words in the sermon on the Mount, 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink' (Matthew vi. 25). They have been often found fault with; and, to quote one of the fault-finders, 'Most English critics have lamented the inadvertence of our Authorised Version, which in bidding us take no thought for the necessaries of life,

prescribed to us what is impracticable in itself, and would be a breach of Christian duty even if possible." But there is no 'inadvertence' here. When our translation was made, 'Take no thought' was a perfectly correct rendering of the words of the original. 'Thought' was then constantly used for painful solicitude and care. Thus Bacon writes: 'Harris, an alderman, was put in trouble, and died of thought and anxiety before his business came to an end;' and in one of the Somers Tracts (its date is of the reign of Elizabeth), these words occur: 'In five hundred years only two queens have died in childbirth. Queen Catherine Parr died rather of 'thought.' A still better example occurs in Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar: 'Take thought, and die for Cæsar;' where, 'to take thought,' is to take a matter so seriously to heart, that death ensues."

But not only do we find that words have changed their meaning in the sense indicated above, but I am sorry to say men, who ought to have known better, have deliberately changed many Bible words, and have saddled them with a harness of meaning which they were never meant to wear. Such a word is the term "Church." Sometimes the word is used in a thoughtless manner, and at other times in a perverted way. Bishop Ryle well

"There is hardly any word which is used in such a variety of meanings, as the word 'Church.' It is a word that we hear constantly used, and yet we cannot help observing that different people use it in different senses. The English politician in our days talks of 'the Church.' What does he mean? You will generally find he means the Episcopal Church established in his own country. The Roman Catholic talks of 'the Church.' What does he mean? He means the Church of Rome, and tells you that there is no other Church in the world except his own. The Dissenter talks of 'the Church.' What does he mean? He means the communicants of that chapel of which he is a member. The members of the Church of England talk of 'the Church.' What do they mean? One means the building in which he worships on a Sunday. Another means the clergy, and when anyone is ordained, he tells you that he is gone 'into the Church.' A third has some vague notions about what he is pleased to call apostolical succession, and hints mysteriously that the Church is made up of Christians who are governed by Bishops, and of none beside. There is no denying these things. They are all patent and notorious facts. There is no subject so much misunderstood as that of the 'Church.'

What is the meaning of the word 'Church,' as we find it in the Scriptures? The etymology of the word is as follows:-The Greek word "Ekklesia," translated "Church," is a compound word. The first part of the term, "Ek," means "out of," and the second, "Klesia," is derived from "Kaleo," which signifies "to call." Thus the simple etymology of the word is "to call out." The term is employed in three senses in the Acts of the Apostles. In Acts xix. 32, 39, 41, it is there rendered "assembly," in referring to the concourse of people who were called together in Ephesus in opposition to Paul, through Demetrius, the silversmith (Acts xix. 25). The word is also used in calling attention to the children of Israel, who are called by Stephen, "The Church in the wilderness" (Acts vii. 38); but the term is used in a higher sense in Acts xx. 28, where we read of "the Church of God." Here we understand the expression, not merely of an assembly of citizens called together, as a town council, to discuss and determine the business of a town; nor do we understand the term as applied to a concourse of people, as the children of Israel in the wilderness, but as an assembly of believers in Christ, who are gathered to Himself.

It is in this sense that all spiritually minded

men have ever viewed the Church.

Dean Nowell said, in 1572: "The Church is the body of Christ. It is the whole number and society of the faithful, whom God through Christ hath, before the beginning of time, appointed to everlasting life."
Thomas Beacon, Chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer,

said, in 1550: "Unto this Church pertain as many as from the beginning of the world unto this time have unfeignedly believed in Christ, or shall believe unto the very end of the world. Against this Church the gates of hell shall not prevail."

In 1627, Bishop Davenant said: "The Catholic Church which is called the body of Christ, consists of such as are truly sanctified, and united to Christ by an internal alliance, so that no wicked person, or unbeliever, is a member of this body, solely by the external profession of faith and participation of the sacraments."

Bishop Jeremy Taylor said, in 1660: "If any will agree to call the universality of professors by the title of the Church, they may, if they will. Any word by consent, may signify anything. But if by a Church we mean that society which is really joined to Christ, which hath received the Holy Ghost, which is heir of the promises and of the good things of God, which is the body of which Christ is the Head, then the invisible part of the visible Church, that is the true servants of Christ only, are the Church."

Archbishop Usher, in 1650, said: "What is meant in the Creed by the Catholic Church? That whole universal company of the elect, that ever were, are, or shall be gathered together in one body, knit together

in one faith, under one head, Jesus Christ."

Archbishop Leighton said, in 1680: "The Holy Catholic Church, a number that serve God here, and enjoy Him in eternity. Universal, diffused through the various ages, places, and nations of the world. Holy, washed in the blood of Christ, and sanctified by His Spirit."

Let me repeat what I have already said, that the Church is an assembly of believers in Christ, who are gathered to Himself, and as illustrating I shall call attention to several passages of Scripture, where the word "Church" is associated with the Lord Jesus.

For instance, the Church is—

Loved by Christ, Purchased with His blood, Founded on Himself, United to His Person, Sanctified in His holiness, Cherished by His care, and Governed by His Spirit.

CHIMES.

I. The Church of God is a **LOVED CHURCH**.

"Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it" (Ephesians v. 25). We read in English History of the rare affection of Eleanor, wife of Edward I. The king having received a wound by a poisoned dagger, she put her mouth to the wound to suck out the poison, venturing her own life to preserve the life of her husband. But the love of Christ is greater than this, for he deliberately gave Himself up (R.V.) for it. Who can estimate the meaning of those words, "Gave Himself up?" As Isaac gave himself up to be sacrificed on the altar, so Christ gave Himself up to die for us. As Jonathan gave up his kingdom out of love to David, so Christ has loved us in giving up the glory He had, to come down to the shame of the cross.

II. The Church of God is a

PURCHASED CHURCH.

"Feed the Church of the Lord (R.V., M.) which He hath purchased with His own blood" (Acts xx. 28), was the charge that Paul gave to the elders of the Church in Ephesus. "Purchased with His own blood!" What a price! In the Naval Exhibition there were a number of relics that were obtained from the Esquimaux, and brought home by subsequent explorers of the Franklin Expedition. Over the top of the case in which the sad mementoes were kept, were the following words: "They forged its last link with their lives," which told out in unmistakable terms the devotedness, determination, and perseverance of Sir John Franklin and his men. In like manner Christ, to purchase us, and to bind us to Himself, riveted the chain by His death, that we might be for ever His own purchased possession. What Boaz said of Ruth-"Ruth the Moabitess have I purchased to be my wife "—in a higher sense Christ says of His Church, "The Church did I purchase by Mine own blood that she should be My own beloved possession."

III. The Church of God is a

FOUNDED CHURCH.

"Upon this rock I will build My Church" (Matthew xvi. 18), said Christ to Peter, as Peter confessed His Christship. This rock is no Holey Rock,* which can be undermined by the tides of devilish hate, nor will it crumble away through the action of the severe frosts of men's coldness and indifference. It is the splendid granite of Christ's Deity and worth, which will weather any

storm. The storms of justice, hellish hate, dark death, and man's persecution may beat upon it, but they shall not break its solid front, nor undermine its immovable basis. And what the granite rock is to those who rest upon it, so Christ will be to those who trust Him, so that we can sing—

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand."

IV. The Church of God is a

UNITED CHURCH.

(Ephesians v. 31, 32). As the members of the body are united to the head, so the Church is united to Christ. There is a story in Fox's Book of Martyrs of a woman, who, when she came to be tried for her testimony to Christ before the Bishop, he threatened her that he would take away her husband from her. "Christ," said she, "is my Husband." "I will take away thy child," said he. "Christ," was her reply, "is better to me than ten sons." "I will strip thee," said he, "of all outward comforts." And again came the answer, "Yes, but Christ is mine, and you cannot strip me of Him." "No condemnation" and "no separation" are the Jachin and Boaz of the Church. No separation, for we are one with Him who died for our sin, therefore we have died for our sin. One with Him who was raised from the dead, therefore we are raised from the death and condemnation of sin. One with Him who is alive for evermore, therefore we can never perish. One with Him who is well-pleasing to God, therefore we are accepted in the Beloved. One with Him who is the Holiness of God, therefore we are holy in Him, and He in us makes us holy before Him. We may well ask the question—

"Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?
Oh height! O depth of love!"
V. The Church of God is a

SANCTIFIED CHURCH.

"To the Church of God sanctified in Christ Jesus" (1. Cor. i. 2), is the greeting of the Apostle, as he writes to the Church in Corinth. There was a time when those to whom Paul was now writing were not in Christ, but Christ is now the Centre and Circumstrence of their life. The members of the Church are not merely separated to Christ as a vessel in the tabernacle was set apart for priestly use, but they are set apart in Christ as the bud is set apart to the tree in which it is grafted, and partakes of its life and fruitfulness. Christ imparts to us His nature, and we become like Him, in love, in prayer, in patience, in will, in purpose, and in aim, as His life courses through us. Thus it will be apprehended, that to be sanctified in Christ,

^{*} There is a rock on the cliffs of the North East Coast at Sunderland, which is called the Holey Rock, because the sea has undermined it, and made it dangerous.

is not merely a *negative* position as being separated from condemnation, but a *positive* position as being partakers of His life.

VI. The Church of God is a

CHERISHED CHURCH.

The Holy Spirit, in speaking of the love a man has for himself, says: "No man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church" (Ephesians v. 29). How tenderly and carefully Christ cares for His own. Only those who know Him, know how much He loves them. His whole being is engaged on their behalf. His eyes are watching His Church, as He did when He saw the disciples—as they were toiling in rowing—when they were attempting to cross the lake. His hands are uplifted in blessing, as they were when He was parted from the disciples as He went into heaven. His heart beats in sympathy for His people, in all their crosses and losses. His lips are ever moving in pleading intercession on behalf of His own; and His mind is ever thinking about us as how best He may keep us, preserve us, and minister to our need.

VII. The Church of God is a **GOVERNED CHUROH**.

"Head over all things to the Church, which is His body" (Ephesians i. 22, 23). There are many thoughts suggested by the fact of Christ being the Head of the Church; I only note one, namely, Supremacy. As the head directs the hand in service, moves the feet in walking, influences the lips in speaking, and the eyes in looking, so Christ governs the Church. His word is the rule of life to follow, His love is the inspiration to be under in service, and His will is to be the dominating power in all things.

The word "pre-eminence" only occurs twice in the New Testament. Once in connection with Diotrephes, who loved to have the pre-eminence, and once in association with Christ, of whom it is said, "That in all things He might have the pre-eminence." If self has the pre-eminence, Christ is not in the heart and life, but when Christ has the pre-eminence, then self is displaced, and He reigns

and rules supreme.

Do you belong to the Church? I mean the Church spoken of in the New Testament, namely, "The Church of God" (Acts xx. 28). If you do, then you are saved by the Head of it, and kept by His power from sin, constrained by His love in service for Him, dominated by His Spirit in obedience to Him, sanctified in His truth in fellowship with Him, and expecting His return, so that you may be glorified with Him.

Peals from other Turrets.

IT is said that
PATIENCE. Dr. Howard,
a Southwark
clergyman, who was
always in debt, once
preached from the text,
"Have patience with me,
and I will pay thee all."
After dealing at length
with the subject of
patience, he went on:
"Now, brethren, I come

to the second part of my discourse, 'I will pay thee all,' but that I will defer to a future opportunity."

To defer doing the right, is to confer upon oneself the displeasure of God, and His just punishment.

HUMAN nature is like a sea anemone.

LOVE. Have you seen those lovely marine flowers in their clear salt pools? Probe and worry them, and they shrink up, but let them enjoy the light and warmth in peace, and they will unfold of their own accord, and exhibit beautiful and iridescent colours.

There are many who will show the worse traits in their character if we probe them with the stick of discouragement, but who will open out in kindly deed, and may be led to Christ, if we warm them with the sun of loving encouragement.

"THERE was a family in a village SOWING, I know of, notorious for violence REAPING. of temper. The father would lose all control over himself, and drag the old grandfather about his cottage orchard by the hair of his head. That is how he got the old man's money out of him. A young son grows up, by-and-bye father gets old, and he has got the money which the son in his turn requires; one day, as the father had done to the grandfather, so the young son does to the father, and as he drags him up to the orchard gate, and is for throwing him out in the road, 'Oh, Jack,' cries the father, 'have pity on me; I never used to drag my father further than the gate!'"

The above incident illustrates two things. First, that we reap in kind what we sow; and second, we reap more than we sow. The

words, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. vi. 7), were written to believers in Christ, although the principle of them applies to all.

"By photographic art we take **REPRODUCED.** the negative likeness, and keep it in secret; no friend knows of it, no eye looks upon it; but we keep it for years. Then we make the negative positive, and the look a man looked, reflecting

a thought the brain thinks not now, is seen; the look and thought speak to us, though he who looked and thought has passed away.'

Thus men are taking upon themselves, by their actions, a character which shall be reproduced in the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed (Romans ii. 16). * * *

PREBENDARY Bernard Reynolds BLUNDERS. says, in his official report upon Church schools in the diocese of London: "I have been told in an excellent school, that Moses' mother smacked him for three months, that being the only idea the boy had of 'hiding.'" "But," he adds, "the times are changing, for we have had fewer answers than usual like the following: 'Why is it wicked to steal?' 'Because we shall get locked up.""

There are a great many people, and Christians among them, who are more concerned about the consequences of things than the principles of them. We should keep from wrong, because it is wrong; and we should do right, because it is right so to do.

"ALAS, is it not true that many FILLING men in the van do always, like UP THE Russian soldiers, march in the ditch of Schwiednitz, and fill it up with DITCH.

their dead bodies, that the rest may pass over them dryshod, and gain the honour? How many earnest, rugged Cromwells, Knoxes, poor peasant Covenanters, wrestling, battling for very life, in rough, miry places, have to struggle, and suffer, and fall, greatly censured, bemired, before a beautiful Revolution of Eighty-eight can step over them in official pomps and silk stockings, with universal three-times-three!"

The above words of Carlyle are only too true. How many there are who rise into positions of honour by trampling on their fellows. On the other hand, there has been a noble band of missionaries, who have filled up the ditch by their pioneer self-sacrifice, and have thus laid a foundation, and made a pathway, over which others have passed to successful Gospel work.

MR. EUGENE STOCK, speaking at "SUNDAY a missionary meeting, excited the risibility of his hearers by the society." account of a "Sunday Egg Society," started by a hen-keeper in this country, who resolved that the profits on all eggs laid by his eight hens on Sundays should be given to missions. The "annual report" showed a profit of 19s. 101d., which went to swell missionary funds. The curious thing was, that fifteen more eggs were laid on Sunday than on any other day in the week. The Society starts the new year with sixteen hens.

If God's people have no hens, the seventh of whose eggs they can consecrate to the Lord's service, they at least can act in a similar manner, by consecrating the seventh of some one thing for the benefit of the Lord's work in the regions beyond.

Dr. Sewell Macfarlane, in

"THE speaking at a recent missionary OFFENDING meeting, fairly convulsed his hearers by the story of a China man, who came to the dispensary and asked if he had any tooth medicine. The young doctor at once examined the man's

teeth, and without ado extracted what he believed to be the offending molar, and then showed it to the Chinaman, who thereupon exclaimed, "It's not me that's got toothache,

but mother!"

Christians often act in a similar way to the doctor, when they endeavour to pull out some "offending molar," as they think, in the mystical body of Christ, by pulling at some supposed fault in a fellow member, when all the time it is their own tooth which is aching, caused by the abcess of fault-finding.

A schoolboy of Australia put his ABSTAIN. youthful enthusiasm into an effective essay on total abstinence, as follows: "I abstain from alcoholic drinks because, if I would excel as a cricketer, Grace says, 'abstain'; as a walker, Weston says, 'abstain'; as an oarsman, Hanlon says, 'abstain'; as a swimmer, Webb says 'abstain'; as a missionary, Livingstone says, 'abstain'; as a doctor, Clark says, 'abstain'; as a preacher, Farrar says, 'abstain'; asylums, prisons, and workhouses repeat the cry, 'abstain!'"

And the boy might have added, "Above all, I abstain, because the Book says, 'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or made weak' (Rom. xiv. 21).

The Children's Belfry.

"BOY WANTED."

EOPLE laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters' window. For a day or two, sometimes for only an hour or two, it would be missing, and passers-by would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him; but sooner or later it was

sure to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, any way?" one and another would ask, and they would say to each other that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy. As many as a dozen used to appear in the course of a morning trying forthe situation. Mr. Peters was said to be rich and queer, and for one or both of these reasons, boys were very anxious to try to suit him. "All he wants is a fellow to run errands; it must be easy work and sure pay." This was the way they talked to each other. But Mr. Peters wanted more than a boy to run errands. John Simmonds found that out, and this was the way he did it. He had been engaged that very morning, and had been kept busy all the forenoon at pleasant enough work, and although he was a lazy fellow he rather enjoyed the place. It was towards the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long, deep box there," said Mr. Peters, "that I want you to have put in order. It

stands in the middle of the room, you can't miss it."

John looked doleful. "A long deep box, I should think it was!" he said to himself, as the attic door closed after him. "It would weigh almost a ton, I guess, and what is there in it! Nothing worth touching, and it is as dark as a pocket up here, and cold besides; how the wind blows in through these knot holes! There's a mouse! If there's anything I hate it is mice! I'll tell you what it is, if old Peters thinks I'm going to stay up here and tumble over his rusty nails, he's much mistaken. I wasn't hired for that kind of work." Whereupon John bounded down the attic stairs, three at a time, and was found lounging in the show window half an hour afterwards, when Mr. Peters appeared.

"Have you put the box in order already?" was the

gentleman's question.

"I didn't find anything to put in order; there was nothing in it but nails and things."

"Exactly, it was the nails and things that I wanted

put in order; did you do it?"
"No, sir, it was dark up there, and cold; and I didn't see anything worth doing; besides, I thought I was hired to run errands."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired

to do as you were told."

But he smiled pleasantly enough, and at once gave John an errand to go down town, and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old fellow; all it needed was a standing up for your rights. Precisely at six o'clock John was called, and paid the sum promised him for a day's work, and then to his dismay he was told that his services would not be needed any more. He asked no questions; indeed, he had time for none, as Mr. Peters immediately closed the door. The next morning the old sign, "Boy Wanted," appeared in its usual place.

Before noon it was taken down, and Charles Jones was the appointed boy. Errands, plenty of them; he was kept busy until within an hour of closing; then, behold, he was sent to the attic to put a long box in order. He was not afraid of the mouse, nor of the cold, but he grumbled much over that box; nothing in it worth attention. However, he tumbled over the things, growling all the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally appeared downstairs with this message:

"Here's all that is worth keeping in that old box; the rest of the nails are rusty, and the hooks are bent or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and sent him to the post-office.

What do you think? By the close of the next day Charlie had been paid and discharged, and the old

sign hung in the window.

"I've no kind of notion why I was discharged," grumbled Charlie to his mother; "he said he had no fault to find, only he saw that I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion that he doesn't want a boy at all, and makes

that way to cheat. Mean old fellow!"

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the "long box," until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinnertime came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called on him.

"Got through?"

"No, sir, there is ever so much more to do."

"All right, its dinner-time now; you may go back to it after dinner.

After dinner back he went; all the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was

deciding to call him again he appeared.
"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this," producing a fivedollar gold piece.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters.
"It's good you found it. Well, sir, I suppose you'll be on hand to-morrow morning?" This he said as he

was putting the gold piece in his purse.

After Crawford had said good-night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered. Crawfordhad evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of wood to make compartments, and in these different rooms he had placed the articles, with bits of cardboard placed on top and labelled thus, "Good screws," "Pretty good nails," "Picture nails," "Small keys, somewhat bent," "Pieces of iron whose use I don't know," " Picture hooks," and so on through the long box. In perfect order it was at last, and very little that could really be called useful could be found in it. But Mr. Peters as he bent over and read the labels, laughed gleefully, and murmured to the mice, "If we are not both mistaken, I have found a boy and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough the sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Crawford became the wellknown errand boy of Peters and Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung the motto which Mr. Peters gave him.

"It tells your fortune for you, don't forget it," he said when he handed it to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

"I'll try to be, sir," he said; and he never once thought of the long box over which he had been faithful.

All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is errand boy no more, but the firm is Peters, Mills, and Co. A young man and a rich man. He found his fortune in a long box of rubbish.

CATSPAWS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WOE is pronounced upon the man who "useth his neighbour's service" without giving him an equivalent for it. "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong: that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work" (Jer. xxii. 13). From this we gather that the Lord holds everyone responsible to give to another a fair return for what he receives from him, and if he does not, a "woe" rests upon him. On the other hand, is not any man foolish who will be made the

tool of another, who does not see that he is rewarded for his labour? Since there is a "woe" resting upon the cunning one, who uses his neighbour to his own advantage, there is also a "woe" resting upon the one who will be made the catspaw of another. It is in this latter sense that I use the text. Surely the man is blind who will be used by another to his own hurt, and blameworthy too.

The origin of the phrase "catspaw" is from the fable of the monkey, who used the cat's paw to obtain the chesnuts from the fire. The cat got the burns, and the monkey obtained the chesnuts. Hence, the term "catspaw" has be-

come a saying, to designate one who is the tool of another, the medium of doing another's dirty work. The proverb "catspaws" is matched by an older one, and is equivalent to it, namely, "To draw the snake out of the hole with another's hand," which means, that the hand which is used is likely to be bitten.

There are many illustrations of "catspaws"

in the Bible. Balaam was Balak's catspaw, when engaged by him to curse Israel. Ahab was Jezebel's catspaw when he allowed himself to be incited to wickedness by her unholy words and ways (I. Kings xxi. 25). The children of Israel were Pharaoh's catspaws, when they were groaning beneath his tyranny, as they made bricks in Egypt. The disobedient prophet was the catspaw of the old prophet of Bethel, when he allowed himself to be influenced by him, in opposition to the direct and distinct command of God. King Saul was the catspaw of the evil spirit, when

he permitted himself to be swayed by it, in order to do injury to David. Judas was the catspaw of the priests, when he acted under their direction. in betraying Christ into their hands. Ananias and Sapphira were the devil's catspaws, when they allowed him to dominate their hearts in lying to the Holy Spirit.

When the Church of God allows herself to be influenced by the world, in her methods of Christian work, she becomes its catspaw.

The danger at one time, was, lest the Church should go down to the world, as Abram went to Egypt; but the evil now is, that the world has got into the Church, as the money-changers and the sellers of merchandise



"Woe unto him that useth his neighbour's service without wages."

got into the temple in Christ's time. As we look at the early Church, there are three things among the many, which characterize it.

1. The Church gave forth the message of God committed to its trust, in its purity and simplicity.

2. The Church carried out the work in whole-hearted dependence upon the power and operation of the Holy Spirit.

3. The Church was separate in its membership, not allowing the ungodly to be associated with it, nor receiving any help from the world.

I. The early Church gave forth the message of God committed to its trust, in its purity and simplicity. What was the message entrusted to the Church? The Gospel. What is the Gospel? "That Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures" (1. Cor. xv. 1-4). Christ's purpose in coming into the world was to suffer for sin, that there might be this Gospel to preach, as He Himself said, in speaking to His disciples as to the purport of His death revealed in the Scriptures, "Thus

it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem" (Luke xxiv. 46, 47). We have only to read the Acts of the Apostles, and ponder the utterances of the Apostles to see how faithfully they carried out their instructions. Their court of appeal was the Word of God, the subject of their testimony was the Christ of God, in the vicariousness of His atonement, in the vitality of His resurrection, and in the vividness of His coming glory. The early Christians "went everywhere preaching the Word,"

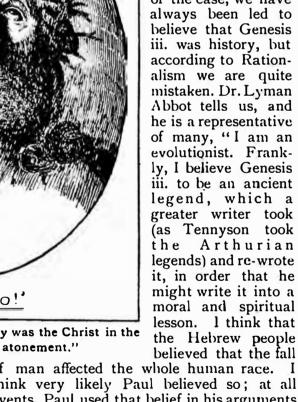
"they spake the Word of God with boldness," "with great power gave the Apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all;" "Philip preached Christ unto them," "teaching and preaching the Word of the Lord," "Alleging that Christ must needs suffer," "testified that Jesus was the Christ," "teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts viii. 4; iv. 31, 33; viii. 5; xv. 35; xvii. 3; xviii. 5; xxviii. 31).

Such are some of the pregnant sentences which describe the action and attitude of the

early Christians as they went forth with the message which had been given to them. We look in vain for an expression of their own opinions, for an evolved theory from their own brains, but we do find a trenchant, telling, terse, timely, truthful, triumphant and transforming testimony to the Gospel of God's grace.

What are the facts to-day? Thank God, there are men to-day, who exclaim with the Apostle, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," but there are others, professing to be the servants of Christ, who are the catspaws of modern thought. Modern thought

is another term for rationalism, and rationalism is man's reason put in opposition to God's Word. Reading the account of the Fall, in the light of Christ's own words, and the facts of the case, we have always been led to believe that Genesis iii. was history, but according to Rationalism we are quite mistaken. Dr. Lyman Abbot tells us, and he is a representative of many, "I am an evolutionist. Frankly, I believe Genesis iii. to be an ancient legend, which a greater writer took (as Tennyson took the Arthurian legends) and re-wrote





"The subject of their testimony was the Christ in the vicariousness of His atonement."

of man affected the whole human race. I think very likely Paul believed so; at all events, Paul used that belief in his arguments and teaching with the Hebrew people in his writing, but when he came to speak of sin, as he does in the seventh of Romans, he has nothing to say about the Fall, nothing about Adam, nothing to say about original sin; his prophecy is on an entirely different level, it is in every respect consistent with the notion that man started out of the germ, and has grown through animal conditions to his present status."

One is almost led to ask, in the face of such statements, has Dr. Lyman Abbot read what the Lord Jesus said about the beginning of the human race? He did not speak of Adam as an evolution. When the Pharisees asked Him the question, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife!" and called attention to the law of divorcement, He answered that "from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female" (Mark x. 6). Here Christ speaks of a "beginning," a "creation," and a "making," not of an evolution, and a process. Further, He calls attention to a certain man and woman who head the race, and speaks of them as having actually existed, not as a legend and a myth. Again, Dr. Abbot infers that the Apostle Paul says one thing in the seventh of Romans, which he contradicts in another place. But surely the Epistle is not to be taken piecemeal; it has to be taken as a whole. Besides, Paul had spoken of sin before he came to the division of the letter which we call the seventh chapter. In the first three chapters of Romans, he proves the whole human race under sin, whether it be the unlettered Barbarian, the cultured Greek, or the religious lew, and then he traces these streams of sin up to one common source, namely, to one man, "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Romans v. 12). Again, Adam is referred to as an historical person. He is associated with living men. Job speaks of covering his transgressions as Adam did (Job xxxi. 33). Enoch is said to be the "seventh from Adam" (Jude 14). In the list of names given in the early chapters of the Book of Chronicles, Adam heads them all (1. Chronicles i. 1). In the Gospel of Luke, which gives the pedigree of the Lord Jesus as the Man, it is traced back to the first man, Adam (Luke iii. 38). The Holy Spirit, in speaking of man not being under law till the law was given through Moses, says, "Nevertheless death reigned from Adam to Moses" (Romans v. 14); and in speaking of Christ and Adam, He remarks, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive"; and again, "The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit" (1. Cor. xv. 22, 45). Surely the logical outcome is, that if Adam is a mythical personage, then the others are so, too, and thus with one stroke, discredit is cast on the historical part of the Bible, the lie direct is given to the Holy Spirit, and the world is told that the Jews

were perfectly right when they crucified Christ as a blasphemer, for He told a pack of lies, and deserved all He got.

Do these devotees of "modern thought" realise the legitimate sequence of their denial of the fall? Dr. Brookes, of St. Louis, has well summed up when he says, "Evolution is out-and-out infidelity, for according to its teaching there was no fall of man, and if there is no fall, there is no redemption, and if there is no redemption there is no Redeemer, no Bible, no God, except one who is removed to an infinite distance, and by countless millions of ages from man."

The command of Jehovah to Israel in the Old Testament is, "Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed" (Leviticus xix. 19). As Israel were not to sow their land with mixed seed, neither must the Church of God mix its opinions and traditions with the pure seed of God's truth, and when the professed servants of Christ do so, they are the catspaws of rationalism.

(To be Continued.)

Christ, A Saviour for all Classes.

PASTOR GILMORE.

- 1. THE ASTRONOMER.—Christ the Bright and Morning Star (Rev. xxii. 16).
- 2. THE BAKER.—Christ, the True Bread (John vi. 35).
 3. THE BOTANIST.—Christ, the Plant of Renown (Ezekiel xxxiv. 29).
- 4. THE BUILDER.—Christ, the Foundation (Isaiah xxviii. 16). Christ, the Chief Corner Stone (1. Peter ii.6).
- 5. The CARPENTER.—Christ, a Nail fastened in a sure place (Isaiah xxii. 23).
- 6. THE ENGINEER.—Christ, a Polished Shaft (Isaiah xlix. 2).
- 7. THE FARMER.—Christ, a Corn of Wheat (John xii. 24).
- 8. THE FLORIST.—Christ, the Rose and the Lily (Canticles ii. 1).
- 9. THE GEOLOGIST. Christ, the Rock of Ages (I. Cor. x. 4).
- 10. THE HERBALIST.—Christ, a Cluster of Camphire (Canticles i. 14). Christ, the Root of Jesse (Isaiah xi. 10).

 11. THE HOFTICULTURIST.—Christ, the True Vine
- (John xv. 1).
 12. The Lawner.—Christ, the Testator or Covenantor
- (Hebrews ix. 16, 17).
- 13. THE MERCHANT.—Christ, the Pearl of great price (Matt. xiii. 46).
- 14. THE PHYSICIAN.—Christ, the Balm of Gilead (Jeremiah viii. 22).
- 15. THE SAILOR.—Christ, a Refuge from the storm (Isaiah xxv. 4).
- 16. THE SHEPHERD.—Christ, the Lamb (John i. 29).
 17. THE SOLDIER.—Christ, Mighty in battle (Psalm xxiv. 8).
- 18. THE ZOOLOGIST.—Christ, the Lion of the tribe of Juda (Rev. v. 5).

God's Word to His Children.

BY F. E. MARSH.

THE Word is Milk to feed (1. Peter ii. 2), Th' imparted life (1. Peter i. 23); This is the fare we need (Jer. xv. 16), In peace and strife (1. John ii. 14).

The Word is Food to mould (Acts xx. 32), The man within (Eph. iii. 16); And makes him strong and bold (Joel ii. 11), The fight to win (Rev. xii. 11).

The Word is Honey sweet (Psalm cxix. 103), Refined and pure (Psalm xviii. 30, M.). It fills with joy complete (1. Thess. i. 6) Unspoil'd and sure (Psalm xciii. 5).

The Word's a Living Fount (Psalm xxxvi. 9), Tis pure and clear (Psalm xii. 6); It makes the soul to mount (Isaiah xl. 31) To Christ most dear (1. Peter ii. 4-6).

The Word's a Running Stream (Isaiah xxxiii. 21), Tis broad and deep (Psalm lxv. 9); His love in it doth gleam (Jer. xxxi. 3), The soul to keep (Jude 21).

The Word's a Fire of Love (Jer. xx. 9), To make aglow (Psalm xxxix. 3) The soul, to things above (Col. iii. 1), While here below (Prov. xv. 24).

The Word's a Lamp to light (Psalm cxix. 105), Through life's dark way (Prov. vi. 23). It guides us safe and right (Isaiah lviii. 11), To realms of day (Psalm xliii 3).

The Word's a Safe Guide Book (Psalm lxxiii. 24) To map the way (Psalm cxix. 9). To this we need to look (James i. 25), Lest we should stray (Psalm cxix. 11).

The Word's a Mirror bright (James i. 25), In which is seen (Job xlii. 5, 6) Dark self: a hideous sight (Rom. vii. 18); The flesh: unclean (Isaiah lxiv. 6).

The Word's a Hammer hard (Jer. xxiii. 29), The heart it breaks (Psalm cxix. 161). Its force can none retard (John v. 25), The soul it shakes ([er. xxiii. 9]).

The Word's a Balm to heal (Psalm cvii. 20), The broken heart (Psalm cxlvii. 3) New life, and strength, and zeal (John vi. 63) It doth impart (1. Kings xviii. 1).

The Word's a Girdle sure (Eph. vi. 14) To brace the loins (Luke xii. 35); It girds us to endure (Psalm xviii. 39), What truth enjoins (1. Peter i. 13).

The Word's the Spirit's sword (Eph. vi. 17), As sharp as steel (Heb. iv. 12), To kill unholy words (1. Thess. ii. 13); Its power we feel (Acts xix. 20).

The Word's the Pilgrim's Stay (Isaiah l. 10), While here below (Isaiah I. 4, R.V.); It helps us on our way (Psalm cxix. 54) As home we go (II. Cor. v. 8, R.V.).

The Word's a Casket rare (Psalm cxxxix. 17), Its gems are great (II. Peter i. 4); Its cost can none declare (Job xxviii. 16) On earth's estate (Psalm cxix. 72).

Bells to be Rung.

BY F. E. M.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Some seven times in the New Testament do we read of Christ loving in connection with the expressions, "Fesus loved," "He loved," and in these occurrences we see the traits of His love.

I. SACRIFICING LOVE IN ITS GIFT.—"He loved me," &c. (Gal. ii. 20).

2. INDIVIDUAL LOVE IN ITS THOUGHT.—"The disciple whom Jesus loved" (John xx.2).
3. Comforting Love in its friendship.—"Jesus

loved Martha," &c. (John xi. 5).

4. WEEPING LOVE IN ITS SYMPATHY,—"Behold how He loved him" (John xi. 36).

5. CONTINUOUS LOVE IN ITS MINISTRY .- "He loved them to the end" (John xiii. 1).

6. Compassionate love in its desire.—"Jesus beholding him loved him" (Mark x. 21).

7. QUICKENING LOVE IN ITS OPERATION.—"Great love wherewith He loved us" (Eph. ii. 4).

"FOLLOW ME."

It is well that we should ponder the privileges of the Christian life, but we must not forget that those privileges mean corresponding responsibilities: and it is also well to remember that we cannot fulfil the responsibilities only as we enjoy by faith the privileges. To come to Christ, to receive from Christ, are our privileges; and to abide in Christ, and to follow after Him are our responsibilities.

To follow Christ means at least three things; and

these are, sacrifice, suffering, and glory

I. SACRIFICE.—In the case of the disciples it meant leaving their nets (Matt. iv. 19, 20); with Matthew, he forsook the "receipt of custom" (Matt. ix. 9); and with therich young ruler it was "sell all that thou hast, and distribute to the poor" (Luke xviii. 22). To follow Christ means at least two things, namely, the denial of self itself (Matt. xvi. 24); and the putting Christ and His claims first (Luke ix. 57-62).

11. SUFFERING.—Christ's distinct and definite com-

mand to Peter, as He tells him that he would have to die for Him, is, "Follow Me" (John xxi. 19). Peter understood that to mean death (11. Peter i. 14). There is a "cross" for every follower of Christ (Mark x. 21), and a death to the self-life in order that we may bring forth unto God (John xii. 24-26). Jordan with its baptism, Gethsemane with its bitter cup, Gabbatha with its fiendish mockery, Golgotha with its shame, the Cross with its suffering, the darkness with its cry, and Calvary with its death, have their counterpart in our experience.

iii. GLORY.—It is to the followers that Christ promises to "sit on the throne of His glory (Matt. xix. 28); who shall be with Him, and also be honoured by the Father (John xii. 26). Christ not only leads His followers to the Mount of Calvary to suffer with Him, but He also leads them to the Mount of

Transfiguration that they may be glorified with Him. To follow Christ in holiness of life, in compassion of heart, in devotion of service, in abandonment of will, in patience of spirit, in earnestness of soul, and in loyalty to truth, is to evidence that we are His sheep (John x. 27). Surely, this is the least we can do, even as Bartimæus (Mark x. 52), and the noble band of women (Matt. xxvii. 55). Of the former we read, "He followed Jesus in the way," and of the latter we read, "which followed Jesus into Galilee, ministering unto Him."

"Fifty Religions," but Only One Salvation.

BY F. W. PITT.

WITTY Frenchman, sneering at the English nation, described it as one that had "Fifty Religions but

only one Sauce."

Well, I don't care much about the sauce, I am grateful for bare mercies. Or, as Billy Bray said, when inviting some one to tea, "We have only got bread and butter, and if you are a Christian that will be good enough for you; and if you are not a Christian, then it is too good." Besides, English or French, there is no sauce like a good appetite, while a humble Christian will be thankful for humble fare.

But about the "Fifty Religions," I think the remark applies to the World, not merely to England. There is no question that fifty is rather an under-estimate than an overestimate. Every man has a religion to himself. "My creed" some call it; "My no creed" others describe it; but however named, he was right, who said "Each man

hath a Pope in his own heart."

I read a book recently that described a great many of the religions of to-day, and it was both an "eye-opener" and a heartacher. There were no less than 72 sects or factions, mostly offshoots from simple Christianity. But as this book was written fifty years ago, we must add the more modern religions which would, I expect, bring the

total up to 100.

One of the latest societies of which I have read, has for its object the undisguised worship of the devil himself. Then there are the Theosophists, a sort of mixture of Spiritualism and Buddhism, which from all I can learn of their doctrine is simply asking the evil one to guide the devotee into oblivion (Nirvana), while the time and inclination would fail me to tell of the Tunkers or Dunkers; the Quakers and Shakers; the Sabellians and Antinomians; the Sublapsarians and Supralapsarians; the Burghers and Antiburghers; the Destructionists and Universalists; the Deists and Bronnists; the Muggletonians and Hutchinsonians; the Irvingites and the Glassites; of all of whom, however much of truth they may hold, I can only say with the Apostle Paul, "There are divisions among you."

A lady once said to me, what many others say, "If they only act up to their faith, no doubt one religion is as good as another." To which I replied, "First, then, no one will be saved, for even the best Christians admit

that they come short of their profession; and, second, let us apply the rule to Mohammedanism, whose adherents number about 170,000,000 of people. A part of their creed is that women have no souls, and they are degraded to mere property, to be ill treated, cast aside, put to death at will, an article of their faith they act up to with zeal. "How," I asked this lady, "would you, a woman, class such a religion?" She at once agreed that it was hellish!

As to Mahomet, the founder of this "Religion," he was the most immoral deceiver I have ever read about—brutal and foul in his lust

foul in his lust.

Oh, what awful delusions the wicked heart of man is satisfied with. Even the "great Renan," the brilliant writer, who spent his genius in vain efforts to discredit the supernatural in the Scriptures, said, "It is best to be all things by turn, and then one will have the comfort in the end of knowing one was right at some time or other!"

What an example of "throwing a sop" to the conscience, and of dreaming to satisfy the claims of God by deeds; as if God were some relentless tax gatherer, demanding a

tribute from men's income of life.

We have agreed that there are fifty religions, and there may be 500 for all I know, but of this I am sure, that all religion apart from Christ and His salvation, is only a religion of *doing*. Men think that even if Christ has done something, nay, done a great

deal, they must do the rest.

"Fifty Religions," but only one salvation! Yes, and that is the gift of God. Every effort, even to make one's self fit to receive Christ, is a flat denial of His cry "It is finished." In His death on the cross, the Lord Jesus Christ completed the work of atonement, on the ground of which God can, and will, in grace, righteously pardon the sin of, and give everlasting life to, each person who will accept His offer, while it also will be the ground on which God can and will in judgment righteously punish every rejecter of His overture of love.

The sinner is "guilty before God" and "condemned already." Reader, have you taken your place as described by God? A guilty, condemned man wants not religion, but deliverance, salvation. By Jesus Christ you may be "righteously acquitted from all things." Have done with doing to save, that you may be saved by what is done—to do.

"I dare not work my soul to save, Christ all the work has done, But I can work like any slave For love of God's dear Son."

Swazies at Home.

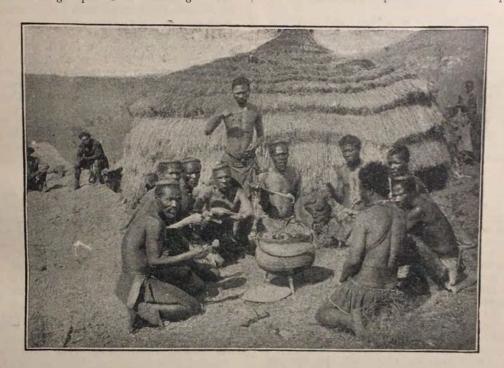
WAZIELAND lies to the North-West of Zululand, and East of the Transvaal,

The natives are warlike, and one of the finest races in South Africa, and number about 60,000.

The round huts of the Swazies are built in a semi-circle, and thatched with grass-rope. The doors are very low and closed up at night by planks laid one on top of another, to keep out the dogs. The young, or unmarried men's huts are distinguished from the others by having poles round them.

Our picture shows a group of Swazies dining. Their

Still there remains much to be done, and the labourers are quite inadequate to the amount of work-A missionary from Africa writes :- "We have received calls, but have had to close our ears to them. Our staff of workers is inadequate to the field already occupied. We need more labourers. We need more funds for their support. While we praise God for the fruit He has privileged us to gather, our prayer is, that He will thrust more labourers into the vineyard, and baptise our home churches with the spirit of liberality which will render it possible for us to employ them."



principal food is rice. The men are served first, and after they are satisfied the women are allowed to eat.

There are three mission stations in Swazieland, and eight missionaries are working there. We who live in Christian England where chapels and churches abound cannot realise what this means, or the great strain which rests upon this small, but devoted band of workers in their labour of love. When the missions were first started the workers were often discouraged. It was a time of patient seed-sowing. Now there are signs that the seed is springing up and bearing fruit. Some have found Christ, many are seeking Him.

Do we not hear in this the voice of God saying, as He said to Isaiah, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for Us," and shall we not imitate the prophet's readiness, as he immediately replied, "Here am I; send me." Though we cannot all go to the front, it is our privilege that we may have a share in equipping those who have obeyed the call of God. Let us see to it that we pray God to send forth more labourers into the harvest, and that we do our share in praying for them in their often trying work, and by each doing what we can, try to lighten the burden resting upon them.

A Blessed Experience.

I HAVE cast my burden upon the Lord, He has carried it all away;

At the foot of the Cross I His grace implored, And now I am free to-day!

I have found a rest that I ne'er could find, Till that saving grace I knew;

I have left my sorrows far behind, For a joy that is ever new!

I have tasted bliss at the fountain-head, And a love that never fails;

And a light is upon my pathway shed That over its gloom prevails. Clevedon.

I have heard a Voice that in mercy spoke, While a Hand was upon me laid,

As above me the heavenly daylight broke. And my peace with God was made.

I will trust no more to the joys of earth, But I look for a mansion fair, That is given to those of heavenly birth,

Who the crown of life shall wear

I have learned the song that in heaven they sing, In the light of the Golden Throne; And my soul ere long shall spread her wing,

When the Saviour shall claim His own Wm Kitching.

George Fox.

A LECTURE BY THE LATE MR. A. A. REES.

(Continued from page 62.)

OW see his bravery. "But when I was come down stairs, into a lower room, and was speaking to the servants, and to some people that were there, a serving-man came raving out of another room, with a naked rapier in his hand, and set it just to my side. I looked steadfastly on him, and said, 'Alack for thee, poor creature! what wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon: it is no more to me than a

"Justice Bennet rose up in a rage; and as I was kneeling down to pray to the Lord to forgive him, he ran upon me, and struck me with both his hands, crying, 'Away with him, jailer, take him jailer.' Whereupon I was had again to prison. 'Away with him, jailer, take him away,

Again, "As soon as I began to speak, the people violently rushed upon me, and thrust me out of the steeple-house again, and locked the door on me. As soon as they had done their service, and were come forth, the people ran upon me, and knocked me sorely with their staves, threw clods and stones at me, and abused me much;

THE PRIEST

also, being in a great rage, laid violent hands on me himself. But I warned them and him of the terrible day of the Lord, and exhorted them to repent, and turn to Christ. Being filled with the Lord's refreshing power, I was not sensible of much hurt I had received

by their blows.

Again, "I went out of the meeting, being moved of God to go to the steeple-house; and when I came there, I found the priest and most of the chief of the parish together in the chancel. So I went up to them, and began to speak; but they immediately fell upon me; and the clerk took up his Bible, as I was speaking, and struck me on the face, so that it gushed out with blood, and I bled exceedingly in the steeple-house. Then the people cried, 'Let us have him out of the church; and when they had got me out, they beat me exceedingly, and threw me down, and over a hedge; and afterwards they dragged me through a house into the street, stoning and beating me as they drew me along, so that I was besmeared all over with blood and dirt. They got my hat from me, which I never obtained again. Yet when I was got upon my legs again, I declared to them the word of life, and showed them the fruits of their teacher, and how they dishonoured Christianity. When the meeting was over, Friends departed; and I went without my hat to Balby, about seven or eight miles. Friends were much abused that day by the priest and his people: insomuch that some moderate justices hearing of it, two or three of them came, and sat at the town, to hear and examine the business. And he that had shed my blood was afraid of having his hand cut off, for striking me in the church (as they called it); but I forgave him, and would not appear against him.'

Mark that, and judge what manner of spirit he was of; was it not evidently the Spirit of Christ?

Again, "Suddenly the people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house; knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me; and so great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last the justice came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me and put me out of the town. led me about a quarter of a mile, some taking hold of my collar, and some my arms and shoulders, and shook

and dragged me along. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some of them to the steeplehouse to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down from several of them; and Judge Fell's son running after, to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying, 'Knock the teeth out of his head.' Now when they had haled me to the common moss-side, a multitude of people following,

THE CONSTABLES

and other officers gave me some blows over my back with their willow-rods, and so thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves, some with staves, some with hedge-stakes, and others with holm or holly-bushes, fell upon me, and beat me on my head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, I saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me; I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the Eternal Refreshings refreshed me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the Eternal God; and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice, 'Strike again: here are my arms, my head, and my cheeks.' There was in the company a mason,

A PROFESSOR,

but a rude fellow; he with his walking rule-staff gave me a blow with all his might, just over the back of my hand, as it was stretched out; with which blow my hand was so bruised, and my arm so benumbed, that I could not draw it unto me again; so that some of the people cried out, 'He hath spoiled his hand for ever having the use of it any more.' But I looked at it in the love of God (for I was in the love of God to them all that had persecuted me), and after a while the Lord's power sprang through me again, and through my hand and arm, so that in a moment I recovered strength in my hand and arm, in the sight of them all. My body and arms were yellow, black and blue with the blows and bruises I received amongst them that day, and next they fell upon me, beating and punching me, and endeavouring to thrust me backward into the sea. When they had thrust me almost into the sea, and I saw they would have knocked me down in it, I went up into the midst of them; but they laid at me again, and knocked me down, and stunned me. When I came to myself, I looked up and saw James Lancaster's wife throwing stones at my face, and her husband, James Lancaster, was lying over me, to keep the blows and the stones off me. For

THE PEOPLE

had persuaded James Lancaster's wife that I had bewitched her husband; and had promised her, that if she would let them know when I came thither, they would be my death. And having got knowledge of my coming, many of the town rose up in this manner with clubs and staves to kill me; but the Lord's power preserved me, that they could not take away my life. At length I got upon my feet, but they beat me down again into the boat; which James Lancaster observing, he presently came into it, and set me over the water from them; but while we were on the water within their reach, they struck at us with long poles, and threw stones after us. By the time we were come to the other side, we saw them bearing James Naylor; for whilst they had been beating me, he walked up into a field, and they never minded him till I was gone; they then fell upon him, and all their cry was, 'Kill him, kill him.'

That will suffice for a sample of his beatings, and this went on more or less through his whole career, though it diminished towards its close.

(To be Continued).

CHIMES. 79

Doubtful Things.

How to settle the "Doubtful Amusements" Question and Similar Perplexities.

By PASTOR F. B. MEYER.

'N the life of every Christian there are many questions which rise perpetually for answer. We puzzle about them in our hours of reverie. We listen with keen intentness to an address or sermon that seems likely to cast light on them, though as often as not we turn away disappointed. We sometimes, in bursts of confidence, intrust them to our friends, asking for help. And yet, after all, we have to waive the verdict; and the solution is given, not definitely or concisely, by circumstances, or by an entire change in the conditions of our life. May it not be that these debatable matters are allowed to arise to test us? They are the gymnastics of the soul. They do for us what the exercise ground does for the soldier, and the yards of the training ship for the young sailor.

It is almost impossible, therefore, to lay down any authoritative rules of conduct. After all, each must decide what is right and wrong for himself. All we can do is to enunciate certain great principles, which

always need to be borne in mind.

I. Study the effect of any questionable fellowship or pastime upon the devout life. How many pitfalls there lie in heavily carpeted floors! What disloyalty to the King may be perpetrated in our light and unguarded hours! And how often, when the brilliantlylighted rooms are deserted for the lonely chamber, there is the sense of having lost tone!

Of course, the best and surest deliverance from this evil is to be found in the heightened or deepened soul-life, which can pass through scenes like these so completely at rest in Christ, so steadfastly rooted and grounded in His love, as not to drift before any current, or to be swayed by any breeze. But where this is impossible, where prayer and faith, and the girding of the soul are ineffective to keep us to our moorings in Christ, it were better to avoid the scenes which always deteriorate and blight and dim.

II. Beware of being brought under the power of any doubtful thing. As soon as that which may be innocent in itself, and lawful for another, becomes imperious in its demand for satisfaction, as soon as it asserts its powers or thunders at the gate of the soul, like the mob before the palace of Versailles demanding

bread, then the apostle declares he would never have any of it.

We none of us know the strength of the current till we turn to face it, or the force of the habit till we assay to lay it aside. Paul, however, refused to allow the current to become swift and strong, or single actions to become habits, unless he were perfectly sure that they came from God and bore him Godward.

Well would it be for each to ponder deeply the habits and practices of life. They may be as innocent as lawn tennis, as healthy as cycling, but just as soon as anything which appears absolutely harmless, and, indeed, is harmless to others, begins to assume preponderating power, there is nothing for it but

to put it aside.

III. Study next the effect on others. Each act of ours influences others for good or ill, as each atom on the seashore affects all other atoms. You, boasting in your freedom and strength, may be able to expose yourself without hurt, where others would simply perish. Is it right to entice men to walk on glaciers to which they are not accustomed, when their shoes are not studded with nails, and no pole in their hand, and a fall almost certain? Is it right to tempt the weak and inexperienced far out of their depth because you can withstand the motion of the current and the beat of the surf?

IV. Do nothing on which you cannot ask the blessing of Christ. In the old days it was thought that if the sign of the cross was made over any vessel that contained poison it would instantly be shivered in pieces; so, whenever some doubtful topic confronts us, let each say, "Can I do this for Jesus? Can I do it as one who is abiding in fellowship with Him? Can I ask His blessing? Can I do it for His glory?" If you can; if, as you look up into His face, He answers you with a smile: if you have the consciousness of being in the current of His life, then hesitate no more, but go forward where the way lies open.— Golden Rule.

Look at that Orange.

APPRECIATION of God's gifts to us lightens the burdens of life. A poor man on his bed of suffering, pointing to an orange lying near him, said to his visitor, "See, I am a poor man, but I have an orange to refresh me, while my Saviour had only vinegar and gall to quench His thirst." If we will but remember how much better are our blessings than those of many others, we will find it to greatly lighten our troubles.— Golden Censer.

Chips by Diakonas.

Self-aid is often selfish-aid.

To fear God is true courage.

Aim high, but not in dreamland.

Sometimes he gives most who gives least.

Self-seeking never ends in satisfaction found.

Many prefer the rest of time to the eternal rest.

Many a man is a failure who is a financial success.

He who is always changing his opinion, has no opinion.

A look at Jesus can give life, and a look at sin—death.

Long-sighted for time, is often short-sighted for eternity.

An effective speaker is not always an effective liver.

"Merrie England" at one stroke—close the public houses.

Grace came by Jesus Christ, and disgrace by the old serpent.

Take care! Your greatest friend may be your biggest enemy.

Some local preachers are too much confined to the local subject—self.

If you have nothing of interest to say, it is to your interest to be silent.

The best self-interest is, "a hundredfold, and inherit everlasting life."

"We are not our own"; no, unfortunately we are owned by our habits.

A tender conscience will save its owner from many a tough battle and ignominious defeat.

- "Thou fool" was said of the grasping rich man, and not of him who had "wasted his substance in riotous living."
- "Life is not enjoying, nor seeming, nor getting; life is doing and being, He lives most, not who laughs most, shows most, or has most, but who does most and is most."

- "Ye are bought with a price" is true, and the price is often getting on in this world.
- "The greatest thing a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children."

The Bible.

"This Holy Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems,
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.
Nay, were the sea one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This Book is worth them all."
I opened the old, old Bible,
And looked at a page of Psalms,
Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Was soothed by its summer calms:
For the words that have helped so many,
And that ages have made more dear,

BETHESDA RECORD.

Seem new in their power to comfort

As they brought me my word of cheer."

-Anon.

Our Friends with Christ.

JAMES DALE

Fell asleep May 16th. Joined the Church, October, 1887.

JOSEPH PENROSE PEEL

Fell asleep June 16, aged 63. Joined the Church, July, 1887.

Our esteemed brother and elder, Mr. Peel, has passed into "far better" of the immediate presence of our Lord. His last words to me were, "I have no concern. I know my Lord. I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. My last words to the Church are, 'God bless Bethesda!'" We shall miss our genial brother, but our loss is his gain. May the Lord Himself comfort the sorrowing wife and family.

F. E. MARSH, Pastor.

The subjects of Pastor F. E. Marsh's Addresses in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30, during July will (D.V) be as follows:—

July 4.—"Contrary."

" 11.—"Among the Stuff."

" 18.—"The Reception."

,,: 25.-"Scarlet."

- CHIMES

An Evangelical Magazine.

AUGUST, 1897.

CAPTAIN W. E. SMITH,

HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE EVANGELISATION SOCIETY.

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HE subject of our sketch is widely known as an earnest worker in the cause of Christ, and one filling with conspicuous ability a sphere of great usefulness. God led him by unexpected paths in preparation for the post he now occupies; but for

years past every faculty and a varied experience of the fully equipped man have been consecrated to work in connection with the Gospel of Christ.

William E. Smith was born almost within sound of "Bow Bells," and was educated in London, Edinburgh, and France. As a youth he was placed in a banking establishment to acquire business habits, and at the age of eighteen he sailed to the colony of Victoria to join a merchant in business.

Melbourne was then a small town, and country life soon presenting far greater attractions, he purchased a sheep station near to Melbourne, relinquished soon after on account of its circumscribed character. He then, with his partner, travelled three hundred miles (with stock and belongings), until they came to unoccupied country, and thus they became the pioneers of the lower Riviera district Indeed, they were the first settlers in that part of the country. After a residence of twelve years in Australia sheep pro-

in Australia, sheep property having very much increased in value through the discovery of gold, our friend returned to England in his thirty-first year. Had he remained, his property would have become an exceedingly valuable one, but the Lord was directing every step.

An idle life at home, soon became irksome to one accustomed to great activity, and the dream of boy-

hood was speedily gratified. The Nottinghamshire regiment of militia was entered, being then stationed in Ireland. After passing through his recruit's drill, he was sent to the Government School of Musketry at Hythe to qualify for the position of Officer Instructor

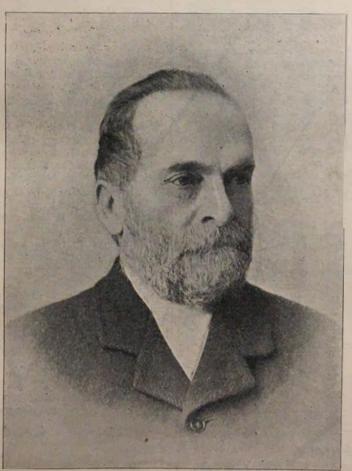
of Musketry. Having obtained a first-class certificate, he returned to his regiment. After twelve months' training, owing to the regiment's proficiency in shooting, the Instructor was sent to the Island of Guernsey to instruct the field officers and staff of the Guernsey militia in musketry. From thence he was appointed to the permanent Staff of the school of musketry at Hythe. Having served several years at Hythe, he was, owing to the reduction of the Government School of Musketry at Fleetwood, placed on half pay in the year 1867.

From this time, weapons used in a different warfare were put by the Lord into Captain Smith's hands. Whilst the Government and country had been faithfully served, spiritual truth, first received into the soul through the ministry of the late Rev. Capel Molyneux, had been delighted in, and the Captain was asked to accept the appointment of hon secretary

Society, to which greatly honoured agency he has faithfully devoted time, strength, and energy for twenty-nine years

twenty-nine years,

It is impossible in the space of a few lines, or even of a few pages, to convey any idea of the growth of the Evangelisation Society under Captain Smith's loving and skilful direction. When he became the



hon. secretary, it had little beyond a name. There were no evangelists whose time could be depended upon, and no fixed rules to guide the work; subscribers were few, and its friends could probably have been counted without much difficulty. Now it is the largest undenominational organisation in England, or in the world. It has nearly one hundred preachers paid wholly or in part; and another one hundred volunteer helpers, who take occasional services. It is known from the North of Scotland to Jersey. It is beloved and honoured by the godly and earnest ministers of all denominations. It works heartily and cordially with all who seek its help. It never establishes a new body of believers in any place it visits, but seeks to strengthen existing bodies. It has an income of about £12,000 a year, independent of the large sums spent locally in the arrangement of series of meetings. It has never spent £50 on the purchase of any meetingplace (other than tents), so that all its funds go to the direct work of sending forth the Gospel. Its friends, largely amongst the poor, are numbered by tens of thousands, and the results of its work can only be known in eternity.

There are seven reasons which may in part account for the success which, under God, has been seen in connection with this society—(r) Any abuse of any kind, or laxity of expression, is at once corrected when brought to the notice of Captain Smith. (2) The Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is alone heard at its meetings. Subjects which divide Christians in opinion or in heart are avoided. (3) Sensationalism and methods which have no Divine warrant or sanction are not permitted. (4) The greatest possible care is taken in the choice of evangelists, and personal feeling is never allowed to influence in the selecting, retaining, or dismissing of a preacher. (5) Strictly business habits of conducting the business part of the work. (6) The training of its evangelists to the explaining of the Gospel, as laid down in the well-known "five points," which may be tersely summed up in the words — Ruin, Redemption, Reception, Renewal, Responsibility. (7) The honour given to the Word of God, and prayerful dependence upon the Holy Spirit to use and own that.

Spirit to use and own that.

We need hardly emphasise the fact that there is great need in England to-day for faithful, unadulterated preaching of the Gospel of Christ. The 21,000 meetings, attended by some 2,000,000 people annually, addressed by the evangelists who go forth from 21, Surrey Street, Strand, are doing much to stem the tide of superstition, lawlessness, and irreligion, which cause many an anxious thought on the part of those who love their country's highest and truest interests.

Bells to be Rung.

By F. E. M.

MEMORIALS.

There are several things in the Book of Exodus which are said to be memorials.

- I. GRACE.—The Passover was a memorial of God's grace to Israel, and reminded them of His redemption for them. "This day shall be unto you for a memorial" (Exodus xii. 14).
- II. HOLINESS.—The Feast of Unleavened Bread was a memorial of God's deliverance of Israel, and of His separating Israel to Himself. "It shall be a sign

unto thee upon thine hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes" (Exodus xiii. 7-9).

- III. VICTORY.—The record of Amalek's defeat was a memorial of God's victory for Israel. "Write this for a memorial in a book" (Exodus xvii. 14).
- IV. POWER.—The names of the children of Israel upon the onyx stones, which were upon the shoulders of the High Priest, were a memorial of God's power, for the shoulder is the place of strength" (Isaiah ix. 6; Luke xv. 5). "Aaron shall bear their names before the Lord upon his two shoulders for a memorial" (Exodus xxviii. 12).
- v. Love.—The names of the children of Israel upon the stones of the breastplate of judgment were a memorial of God's love, for the heart is the symbol of affection (Acts iv. 32). "Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breastplate of judgment upon his heart when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord" (Exodus xxviii. 29).
- VI. ATONEMENT.—The ransom money which each Israelite had to bring was a memorial of the need of atonement. "It may be a memorial unto the children of Israel before the Lord, to make an atonement for your souls" (Exodus xxx. 16).
- VII. JEHOVAH. The name of Jehovah is a memorial of what He is, and what He can do. "This is My memorial unto all generations" (Ex. iii. 14, 15).

"SIN NOT."

The Lord has made no provision for us to sin. He could not if He would, and He would not if He could. Seven times we are told to "sin not."

- I. God's Holiness Demands IT.—"God is come to prove you, and that His fear may be before your faces, that ye $\sin not$ " (Exodus xx. 20).
- II. THE BELIEVER DESIRES NOT TO SIN.—"I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue" (Psalm xxxix. I). The perfect man is one who sins not with his tongue (James iii. 2).
- III. THE WORD OF GOD PREVENTS SIN.—"Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee" (Psalm cxix. II). The Word is a sinkiller, and a soul-sanctifier.
- IV. THE TRUE SERVANT OF GOD ENJOINS SINNING NOT.—"Nevertheless if thou warn the righteous man, that the righteous sin not, he shall surely live" (Ezekiel iii. 21).
- v. THE HOLY SPIRIT COMMANDS THE BELIEVER to "Awake to righteousness, and sin not" (I. Cor. xv. 34).
- VI. Believers' Attitude to One Another.—"Be ye angry and sin not" (Ephesians iv. 26).
- VII. LOVE'S REQUEST.—"My little children, these things" (see I. John i.) "write I unto you, that ye sin not" (I. John ii. I).

TRANSLATED.

TRANSFORMED. TRANSFIGURED.

- 1. Translated to be witness-bearers. Sudden and complete (Colossians i. 13).
- II. TRANSFORMED to be cross-bearers. Thorough and continuous (Romans xii. 1; viii. 29; Phil. iii. 10; Colossians iii. 10).
- III. TRANSFIGURED to be fruit-bearers. Refreshing and real (II. Cor. iii. 18; Ps. xc. 17; Acts vi. 15; iv. 13).

"THESE THINGS."

See John v. 34; xv 11; xvi. 1, 33; xvii. 13; xxi. 24.

CATSPAWS.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 74).

11. The early Church carried out the work of the Gospel in whole-hearted dependence upon the power and operation of the Holy Spirit.

HEN the believers needed power to speak, they waited upon God in prayer, and then spake as "the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts ii. 4). When men were apt to look to God's servants, as they saw the operation of the Holy Spirit through them, and were inclined to give the glory to them, they at once exclaimed, "Why look ye so earnestly on

us, as though by our power or holiness we had made this man to walk . . . Jesus . . . through faith in His name hath made this man strong" (Acts ii. 12-16). When the Church was in difficulty about Peter's imprisonment, the members got on their knees and pleaded with God till He sent His angel and liberated Peter (Acts When the xii. 5). servants of God wanted direction as to sending brethren forth with the Gospel, they pleaded with God for His leading, and as they prayed they got so near the Lord that they could hear the voice of the Holy Spirit, as He said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work" (Acts It was as xiii. 2). the saints had been

praying that we read "great grace was upon them all," and the Lord touched the hearts of those who had money, to lay it down at the Apostles' feet (Acts iv. 33-37). The early Christians put themselves in touch with the Lord by consecrated prayer, and the Lord put Himself in touch with them, by the effectual working of His Spirit.

Is the professing Church following the same methods to-day? Does the professing Church plead with God if it needs power in its testimony, if it needs help in finance, if it wants to win men for Christ? No, the first it ignores; for the second, it gets up a bazaar, or a worldly concert; and for the third, it apes the methods of the world in order to fill the building. Listen to what one has said upon this dominating spirit of worldliness in the professing Church, "It is by the intrusion of this worldly spirit into the

professing Church that Satan has achieved his greatest triumph in these latter days. Earnest Christians cannot fail to have noticed, with pain, the tendency to secularism, which characterizes much of the religious work of the present day. It is continually assumed, and taught, that it is an important part of the mission of the Church to deal with questions which stand outside man's spiritual needs, and even to make provision for the amusement of the public. These ideas have found entrance into the sacred region of worship. Sermons are preached which bear scant relationship to man's spiritual needs and future



"It" (The Church) "gets up a bazaar or a worldly concert."

hopes. Services are conducted in such a manner as to gratify the taste, and entertain the mind, rather than to minister to the necessities of the spiritual nature. They must be short, bright, and attractive, to relieve the tedium of an hour, which decency requires to be, in appearance at least, dedicated to God.

This mixture of worldliness with Chris-

CHIMES. 84

tianity is not only wrong, but like everything which is wrong, it is a mistake. It does not commend itself to thoughtful persons. It moves the scorn of the men of the world themselves, in their seasons of reasonable reflection. When the "salt has lost its savour," it is "trodden under foot of men."

A controversy found place, not long since, in the columns of a daily paper concerning the advisability of establishing Sunday concerts. One of the writers observed that it is now too late to raise this question, "For what," he asked, "are the services of the Church now, but Sunday concerts?" This

he said, not in irony, but as stating a fact, which placed the whole question outside the region of argument and discussion. Our blessed Lord and His disciples "sung an hymn" before they "went to the Mount of Olives," and Paul exhorts the Ephesians in the following terms: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." But surely it never was intended that the worship of God should be degraded to the level of a mere musical performance?

One plain and specific command of Jehovah to Israel was, "Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together"

(Deut. xxii. 10). "Now the ox and ass are made to plough together, when we yoke together Divine and worldly principles. It is the alliance of earthly methods with heavenly truths. It does not elevate the earthly to the position of the heavenly, but it degrades the heavenly to the level of the earthly. The ox must accommodate himself to the ass—the ass cannot accommodate itself to the ox." Whenever and wherever this unholy alliance is formed and found, then the world gets the chesnuts of religiosity

and respectability; and the professing Church gets the burns of powerlessness and disgrace.

III. The early Church was separate in its membership, not allowing the ungodly to be associated with it, nor receiving any help from the world. When Simon Magus would purchase the power of the Holy Spirit with his money, the Word of the Holy Spirit, through Peter, was as sharp as a razor, and as piercing as a rapier—"Thy money perish with thee . . . thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter" (Acts viii. 20, 21). When men, who professed to be teachers, began to propagate false doctrine, as Hymenæus,

Philetus, and Alexander, the apostle had no hesitation in delivering them over to Satan (1. Tim.i. 20; 11. Tim. ii. 17). When there was anyone who had been guilty of immoral practice, who was not placed under discipline, the apostolic injunction was clear and concise, "Deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the Spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus" (1. Cor. v. 5). When a brother was walking "disorderly" the command was, to "withdraw" from his company (11. Thes. iii. 6). Astotheworld, believers were not to have any fellowship with it, nor take anything from it. "Be ye separate" (11. Cor. vi. 17). "Be not con-

(The Christian) "would be a light to testify against the darkness of iniquity."

> (Rom. xii. 2); "Love not the world" (1. John ii. 15), are some of the pointed directions given to the saints; and as to being supported by the world, "They went forth, taking nothing of the Gentiles," is the comment of the Holy Spirit (111. John 7).

formed to this world"

Do we find professing Christians, as a whole, faithful to these explicit directions? I have known men allowed to remain in Church membership who have been guilty of immoral conduct. Persons have been allowed to put with the food of God's truth the leaven of error; and it is a common thing to find Christians begging from the world to support "the cause." It is a poor "cause" that needs such a support. How unlike Abraham, who would not accept so much as a shoe's latchet from the King of Sodom. The fact is, when the Church places herself under the world's influence, and acts according to the world's methods, she has to go to the world for support.

There is one passage in Shakespeare, in which he makes Hamlet say, in reply to a courtier, who would influence him according

to his will:

"Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ, yet you cannot make it. Why, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you may fret me, you cannot play upon me."

"Though you may fret me, you cannot

play upon me."

If every Christian, in the name of Christ and in the power of the Spirit, would use these words when the world comes with its fawning ways, and baseless suggestions, then instead of being a catspaw, he would be a light to testify against the darkness of iniquity, a power to influence toward the truth, a magnet to attract to Christ, a quencher of worldliness, a breakwater to the inroads of error, a channel of blessing, and an honour to the Lord.

Heaven's Cure for Earth's Care.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus"—Phil. iv. 6, 7.

Many a burden, many a labour, Many a fretting care, Busy footsteps coming, going, Little time for prayer.

Duties waiting on the threshold, Will not be denied, Others, coming round the corner, Crowding to their side.

How shall I their number master? How shall I get through? How keep calm amid the tumult? Lord, what shall I do?

Give Thy strength to meet my weakness, Give a heart at rest! Give a childlike, trustful spirit, Leaning on Thy breast.

Thou canst still the wildest conflict,
Bid the billows cease;
Thou canst fill earth's busiest moment
With Thy perfect peace.

Peals from other Turrets. Mr. Moody, in MOODY'S reply to a re-LIFE. quest for a sketch of his life, wrote as follows:-"I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which was born of the flesh may die. That which was born of the Spirit will live for ever."

In speaking of the grace of giving, THREE Dr. Pierson says, "There are three WAYS OF stages of experience: first, where GIVING. joy is found only in getting; second, where joy is found in both getting and giving; third, where giving is the only real joy, and getting is only valued in order to giving." A good income makes a good outcome.

A POOR mother, in one of the most CROSS degraded parts of New York, who OF FIRE. was tired of her life, because of her hard and miserable lot, had determined to throw herself from the window, when she saw what seemed a cross of fire in the sky. This symbol of salvation astonished and arrested her. She told a neighbour of it, who replied, "Oh, that is the gilded cross on the top of the mission church." The troubled heart went to the church, and was delivered from her sins and sorrows by finding Christ there.

THERE are two classes of Chris-WHICH ARE tians; those who follow Christ YOU LIKE? from impulse, and those who are actuated by sterling principle—those who rely on emotion, and those who are governed by faith. The former class reminds us of a sailing vessel crossing the ocean by the aid of the winds. Her progress is uncertain. She is often inconveniently becalmed, and sometimes seriously driven back. But the latter class is better represented by a Cunard steam vessel, which steadily advances through storm and calm, propelled by an interior permanent power.

A WELL known Wesleyan minister
SHE KNEW in the course of a sermon from
WHAT IT
MEANT. II. Corinthians viii. 7—"See that
ye abound in this grace also,"

i.e., the grace of giving—related the following:—In a certain country circuit the local preachers all agreed to preach on the subject of systematic giving, with the result that it did not meet with universal approval, one old lady declaring that she did not believe in this new doctrine. "Why it means," said she, "that for every pound we get we are to have only eighteen shillings for ourselves! No, no, I'll stick to the old doctrine, that I've believed in all my life, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters . . . buy wine and milk without money and without price.'"

* * *

THOMAS ELWOOD, the Quaker friend A GOOD of John Milton, in a poem written PRAYER. by himself, says:—

Oh, that my eyes might closed be To what becomes me not to see! That deafness might possess my ear To what concerns me not to hear. That truth my tongue might always tie From ever speaking foolishly! That no vain thought might ever rest Or be conceived within my breast.

And after other devout and longing aspirations, it concludes:—

Wash, Lord, and purify my heart, And make it clean in every part; And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so, For that is more than I can do.

* * *

JOHN NEWTON tells of a dream he had, that, when a sailor (which he SAFE IN CHRIST. was at one time) an angel came with a ring in his hand, which he gave him, with the assurance that so long as he kept this ring all would go well with him. Newton dreamt that, playing with the ring, he let it drop overboard into the sea; and immediately a terrific storm burst forth. As he was in despair, the angel appeared and recovered the ring. Newton stretched out his hand to receive it gladly. "No, no," said the angel, "thou mightest lose it again; I will keep it for thee. It is safe so long as I So in Christ we are safe for ever. There is our life on high, beyond danger. You cannot drown a man so long as his head is above water; and our life is above in Christ Jesus, secure for evermore. "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death" (Romans viii. 2).

ONE, in speaking of the evil WHAT THE effects of drink, says: "How DRINK DOES. easy it is to go down into degradation and despair! A sandwich-man was pointed out to me in the Strand the other night as an M.A. of Oxford, who had run through a large fortune. Poor fellow! it was sad to see a man who had once possessed high culture and immense wealth shuffling along the gutter between two boards. A Glasgow minister recently held a Sunday service in a lodging-house. Amongst the 307 men living in the house, many had been in good positions. One had been a lawyer, and another a member of a famous firm of merchants. The proprietor said there were ten such lodging-houses in Glasgow, and of the 3,392 men who lived in them, he was certain that there were very few who had not been brought to their present

* * *

miserable condition by strong drink.

The late Dr. Gordon, in speaking THE SAFE of covetousness, on one occasion KEY! told of an avaricious man, whom he had gone to visit when dying, and, as was his custom, he wanted to take his hand while he prayed with him. But the dying miser would not give his hand, and when life was gone, the key of his safe was found in his death-grasp. There are, added Dr. Gordon, eight billions of dollars stored up by Christians in the United States, like the Lord's talents wrapped in napkins and hid in the earth. If that money were used for Christ, He would at His coming receive His own with usury of saved souls.

* * *

ONE more testimony to the 10,000 DOLLARS thousands before it. A two-DOWN HIS dollar bill came into the hands of a lady in Boston, THROAT. which speaks volumes on the horrors of strong drink or the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of it the following:—"Wife, children, and more than 10,000 dollars all gone; I alone am responsible. All has gone down my When I was twenty-one I had a throat. fortune, I am not yet thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered my children with neglect. When this bill is gone, I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my life's ruin."

CHIMES. 87



instant, then, unable to resist the pleading look of his auntie, said:

"Well, I'll own right up. I was thinking how much nicer it would be if the Sundays were left out of the week; they seem to

spoil everything so."
"Spoil everything! Why, Harry, I think it's the best day of the week," said Mrs. Grant.
"Oh, well, that's because you're grown up, I

suppose. But I almost hate Sunday; it puts a stop to all my nice times.'

"Harry, I haven't seen you for a week. Tell me how you have spent it," said Mrs Grant, abruptly turning

the subject. "Well, let me see," answered Harry, thoughtfully. "I've crowded it with fun. Monday, we boys had a ball game. We had a glorious time.

"That was nice," said Mrs. Grant, laughingly
"Yes, but Tuesday I had more fun yet. Six of us boys went over in the grove and camped out. We fished and cooked our own meals, and had heaps of fun! We stayed until Thursday night."

"I'm so glad you enjoyed yourself. Now for the two

days more."
"Well, Friday just beat all the other days for fun. Our Sabbath school went out to the lake, and had just the nicest time! We had everything good to eat you can think of, played games, rowed on the water, andand—oh, dear! the day wasn't half long enough. And to-day has just been as nice as the rest of the week. We boys made some great big kites, and you just ought to see what fun we've had flying them! That was what I was thinking about when I sighed. I was wishing there wasn't any Sunday, so the fun could go right on.

After some thought, Mrs. Grant excused herself and went into the garden, where she picked seven of the most beautiful Crawford peaches she could find. Placing them on a fruit plate, she garnished them with their own glossy leaves, making the whole as attractive

as possible.

Harry's eyes danced with delight as she entered the room holding them in her hand, saying:

"Now, Harry, they are for you, but please don't eat

them just yet.'

So Harry took the plate in his hand, and, feasting his eyes on the treat in store, listened as patiently as any boy could under the circumstances. Mrs. Grant began by saying:

"Now, Harry, I have selected for you seven of my finest peaches; they are all yours. You can, if you

choose, eat all of them; but if, after you have eaten six, you will carry the seventh to the poor sick boy at the foot of the hill, and give it to him, it would make me very happy."

"Why, Auntie Grant," said Harry, "what sort of a boy do you take me for? Of course, I will take it to

Dick-the very nicest one, too.'

"Yes, I knew you would; but if you carry it because you must it will spoil all my pleasure. I want you to do it cheerfully and gladly, because you know doing so will please me."

Harry looked hurt as he said:

"I'd be just the meanest boy alive to begrudge the best one to Dick. I don't see how you could ever think I wouldn't give it cheerfully. Why, as much as I like peaches, I'd give every one to him to please you,

"Well, let us imagine that after you have eaten six peaches you say, 'Oh, dear! I suppose I must give the last peach to Dick, but I hate to.'"

"I won't even imagine such a thing!" interrupted Harry, with a very red face. "It isn't in me to be so mean!

Mrs. Grant made answer by taking the plate of

peaches into her own hand, and saying impressively:
"Here are seven peaches. They remind me of a "Here are seven peaches. boy who had seven beautiful gifts. The Giver said, in giving them: 'They are yours; but if you love Me you will do Me honour by setting one apart as sacred to My memory.' Did the boy regard the wishes of the Giver as sacred, and gladly obey them?"

"It would be a mean sort of boy that wouldn't do that much for such a generous friend," ventured Harry

"It would seem so," said Mrs. Grant. Then taking

up one of the peaches, she continued:
"We will, for the sake of illustration, call this Monday; that's the day he played ball, and came off victorious. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday he camped out, and 'tun' marked every one of them Friday, picnic day, not half long enough. Saturday, kite-flying, and a full tide of enjoyment.

Mrs. Grant had pointed to one peach after another in naming them, but had avoided looking at Harry Had she done so, she would have seen that the lesson was striking home, for the boy's face was growing

crimson.

At last only one peach remained unnamed. Taking it up she drew a heavy sigh, and allowed her kind face to be marred by something seldom seen on it a scowl; then imitating as best she could the surly tone heard not long before, she said:
"You are Sunday, and I almost hate you because

you spoil my nice times!"

There was an instant's silence; then Harry, in a

repentant tone, said:

"Oh, Auntie Grant, I see it! I have often made my boast that with all my faults I was at least generous, but now I see how easy it is to be selfish and not know it."

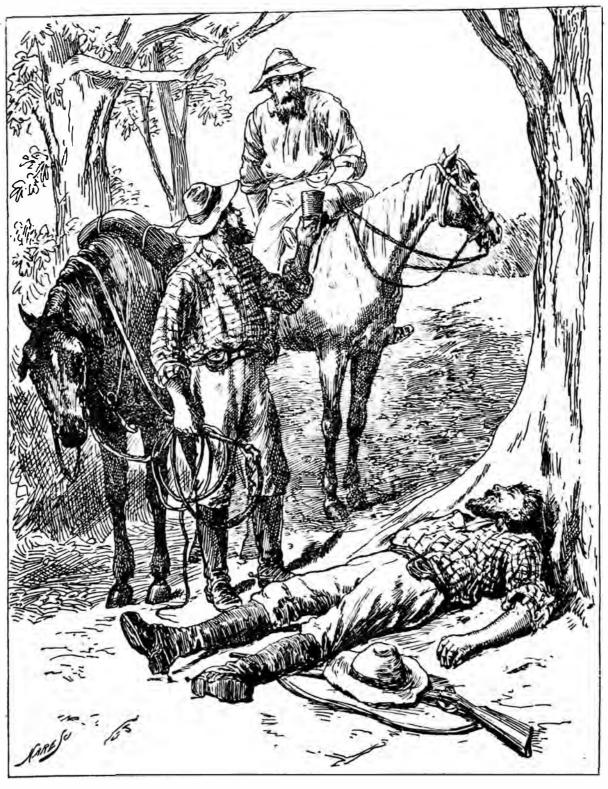
"I am glad to see my peach lesson has made you see yourself," said Mrs. Grant, looking pleased.

"It has, for a fact. Six days for fun ought to satisfy any boy, and I don't think anyone will ever again hear me say I hate Sunday."-American Tract Society

Watch.

CHRISTIAN Pilgrims, watchful be, Many eyes are watching thee. Satan watches to enthrall; Worldlings watch to see thee fall. Saviour, watch thy servant, too, Guide and guard him safely through

LOST FOR WANT OF WATER.



FOUND DEAD.

Lost for Want of Water.



OME years ago, Coulthard, an explorer of the Australian Continent, was found dead on the spot where, through want of water, he had dropped down in utter prostration; and while the party

who discovered him were standing over his body, they noticed these words scratched by him on his canteen, as death drew near:

"The last thing I remember is pulling the saddle off my horse and letting him go; my tongue is sticking to my mouth; I know it is the last time I shall express my feelings. Lost for want of water! My eye dazzles; my tongue burns; I can say no more. God help me."

Reader, what think you? Had you been there to offer this poor sufferer a draught of water, would he have made any scruples about drinking it? would he have found any difficulties as to appropriating the cooling draught to allay his burning thirst? Ah, no! he wanted water, he knew it, and he perished for want of it. Do you thirst? I do not mean for this poor hollow world's so-called pleasures. Doubtless you have tasted them, and found that they satisfy not; they leave an aching void within.

You may write on every fountain of this world's vanities and shams: "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again."

But do you know anything of soul thirst? Do you thirst for salvation, for forgiveness, for Christ? Behold, then, a fountain near! Jesus, who once hung a Victim on the Cross of Calvary, the sinner's Substitute, is alive again, and now in the glory on high; and now "the Spirit and the bride say let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely "-

"The river of God's grace, Through righteousness supplied, Is flowing o'er the barren place Where Jesus died.''

Oh, what if you had offered the poor dying man water, and he had refused to taste it! One who cared not for the living water, but sought his fill of this world's draughts, was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, lifted up his eyes in hell and prayed for one drop of water to cool his tongue, and there was none for him. You are now in the place where rivers of living waters freely flow, and remember, he that drinketh shall thirst no more; for it shall be in him a well of water springing up into eternal life.

Some one has caused to be placed over one of the drinking fountains in a large town this inscription, "Pro bono publico" (for the public good). Who that passes by questions the truth of it? And is not the good news of salvation "unto all?" (Rom. iii. 22.) Did not Jesus die, the Just for the unjust? Did He not die for the ungodly, for sinners, for those without strength? Remember, if you perish it is not because there is no water, but you perish a willing rejector of the living water now offered you freely, without money and without price.

Grace and Truth.

Hath, or Hath Not. Which? BY THE EDITOR.

"He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life"—1. John v. 12.



S there are four lakes which fall over the Falls of Niagara, and feed the Lake Ontario, namely, the Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie, so there are four lakes of truth, which

flow from the Rocky Mountain of the Gospel of John and feed the Epistle, and these are Love, Light, Liberty and Life. It is the latter to which I direct attention, namely, Life, as mentioned in the text. Two points are suggested by the text.

I. There are two classes mentioned in the verse, namely, those who have life and those who have not.

II. There is a peculiar blessing mentioned which is worth possessing, namely, life.

I. There are two classes mentioned in the verse, namely, those who have life, and those who have not. Some years ago a servant of Christ was interested in the spiritual welfare of an old man, a shoemaker, who lived in a village, near the sea coast, in the South of England. When the evangelist called to see him one day, in answer to the usual question as to the welfare of his soul, he said—

"I pray to God; I hope to go to heaven; I have never done anything to hurt anybody: I trust I shall be saved when I die; I do all that I can."

The servant of God relates what he did as follows:-

"With my stick I then slowly drew a line on the sand of the cottage floor, and looking up, said, 'Do you see that line?' He had watched my action, wondering what I was about, and answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, then, mark me,' said I,

90 CHIMES.

'On this side of that | On the other side line is-Death, Life, Lost, Saved, Hell, Heaven, Darkness, Light, Damnation. Salvation, Misery, Happiness, Satan. God.

On which side are you?'

I paused, perceiving that I had at length caught his attention; his fixed look and earnest, solemnised manner proved that he understood and felt what I had been saying, and on my repeating still more strongly, 'On which side are you?' he slowly replied,

'ON THE LOST SIDE.

'I am not sorry to hear you say so,' I continued. 'These are the first words of truth concerning yourself that I have heard you utter; and as you are on the lost side, there is only one other side on which you can be, and that is the saved. But there is no middle ground; a gulf, in which there is no standing, separates the two; everyone is entirely on one side, or entirely on the other; there is no half-and-half state; neither can you make any progress from one side to the other. There are no steps for a sinner to take out of his ruin into salvation. Altogether lost now, you may be at once and for ever saved by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, God has appointed His blessed Son to be the only way from sin, death, and eternal misery, to life, righteousness, and eternal happiness; and, blessed be God, though Christ is the way out of darkness into light, there is no way back from light to darkness; but those who are on the saved side of the line are there for ever. To believe in Jesus is to

STEP ACROSS THE LINE

at once; or rather, the lost sinner that trusts in the Lamb of God is translated by God Himself out of the power of darkness into the kingdom of His dear Son. To believe in Christ is to believe in a Saviour who has finished the work of salvation; who has made an end of sin; who has put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.'"

What the shoemaker had to find out, every soul must find out if it would be saved. There is no middle position.

HATH, OR HATH NOT.

One or the other. Why, this is illustrated again and again in this first Epistle of John. Read through the epistle with this thought in your mind.

There are those who are walking in the darkness of sin, unbelief, ignorance, and worldliness, like a man wandering over a lonely moor filled with holes and ditches, not knowing whither he goes; and there are those who are walking in the light of the cross, with a knowledge of sins forgiven, in the light of God's truth, with the assurance that they are saved, walking in the light of God's presence, and having fellowship with Him.

There are those who are blinded by the ignorance of self-conceit and self-righteousness, who fancy they obtain acceptance with God, as Cain thought, in their own way; and there are those who know the Lord Jesus as their own personal Saviour, who know the

POWER OF HIS BLOOD

to cleanse from the leprosy of sin, who know the sufficiency of His grace to save from the consequence of sin, who know the blessing of God's love to take away the love of sin, who know the secret of God's strength to keep from the power of sin, who know the protection of God's presence to keep away the approach of sin, and who know the satisfaction of God's joy to outshine the pleasures of sin.

There are those who do not know their sins forgiven. They are either blinded to their true condition, or else burdened with a condemning conscience; but a sense of forgiveness through faith in Christ, who shed His blood that forgiveness might be obtained, they have not. On the other hand, there are those of whom the apostle said, "Your sins are forgiven for His name's sake." The burden of sin is removed from them like the oppressive yoke that was galling the poor slave's shoulders.

There are those who are the children of the devil, who are dominated by his satanic influence, and led captive by him at his will in the ways of sin and to the

HAUNTS OF INIQUITY,

and there are those who are the children of God, who love the way of God, the word of His grace, the bend of His will, and who desire the glory of His name.

There are those who do not love Christ, nor any who belong to Christ. The love of the world is the one principle of their life, which operates in them and courses through their nature as the blood in the body. There are those who love Christ because He first loved them, and who delight to serve Christ as showing their love to Him.

There are those who are "not of us," as

the Holy Spirit says through the apostle, for they are not in Christ, not in the Church of God, not in the

FAMILY OF GRACE,

nor in the circle of His influence; and there are those who are "of us," that is, in the Church of the first-born, and in the circle of those who are redeemed by the blood of Christ, and sanctified by the Spirit of Grace.

And there are those who are dead in trespasses and sins, through whose natures the malaria of sin reigns, and the poison of iniquity operates; and there are those who have passed out of death into life, and who know the power of the life which is life eternal.

To which class do you belong? It must be to one or the other. There is

NO MIDDLE POSITION.

If you are not for Christ, you must be against Him.

II. In the second place, I want to call your attention to the peculiar blessing, that is worth possessing, which is called "The Life." As when Ezekiel saw the river, which is to be in the Holy Land in the Day of the Lord, widening and increasing in depth till its bottom could not be touched; so this subject of eternal life widens and deepens as we proceed in the river of God's truth.

The Person of Christ is its embodiment as to the fulness of its worth.

The death of Christ is its basis, as to the ground of its bestowment.

The keeping of Christ is its security, as to the certainty of its enjoyment.

The word of Christ is its assurance, as to the validity of the endowment.

The Spirit of Christ is its power, as to the strength of its empowerment.

The love of Christ is its evidence, as to the sphere of its environment.

The holiness of Christ is its reproduction as to the effect of its accomplishment.

The glory of Christ is its consummation as to the place of its fulfilment.

I cannot possibly take up each of these points. I refer to the second, namely, the death of Christ is the basis of eternal life, as to the ground of its bestowment. There is a touching scene in the life of Elisha, when he goes into the chamber of death, where the Shunamite's

son is lying COLD IN DEATH.

and when the prophet saw the child he shut the door of the room, and in his aloneness cried to God, and then stretched himself upon the child, putting his mouth to the child's mouth, his eyes upon the child's eyes, his hands upon his hands, till the child became warm, and sneezed seven times as indicating that he was restored to life. May we not take Elisha's action as illustrating how Christ identified Himself with us in our death and sin, that He might

GIVE US LIFE?

Christ identified Himself with us in our sin. He came where we were, as Elisha did to the child. He alone took up our case, for He alone could do it, as the prophet was alone with God in the room with the dead child. Christ stretched Himself upon us when He took our place. Our eyes were blinded by sin, but He put His eyes upon ours, when He closed His eyes in death for us, that our eyes might be opened to see Him as our Saviour. Our hands were filled with the acts of our disobedience, but He placed His hands upon ours when He, the Obedient One, gave Himself up to death to suffer the just consequence of our disobedience. Our mouth was full of cursing and bitterness, but He put His mouth to ours when He kept silent, as He was led like a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb. We were dead in trespasses and sins, but He came to us in our death, and stretched Himself upon us, when He,

THE LIVING ONE,

gave Himself up to the death of the cross, to suffer the consequences of sin, to bear the curse of a broken law, and to be made sin for us who knew no sin.

Now as a consequence, the gift of life, eternal life, is offered to all who will receive it, or rather, to all who will receive Christ. God is not asking men to pay or do, but to receive, as the following lines simply and tersely put it:—

"Nothing to pay? No, not a whit; Nothing to do? No, not a bit: All that was needed to do or to pay, Jesus has done in His own blessed way

Nothing to do? No, not a stroke; Gone is the captor, gone is the yoke; Jesus at Calvary sever'd the chain, And none can imprison His free-man again

Nothing to fear? No, not a jot; Nothing within? No, not a spot; Christ is my peace, and I've nothing at stake Satan can that neither harass nor shake

Nothing to settle? All has been paid;
Nothing of anger? Peace has been made.

Jesus alone is the sinner's resource,
Peace He has made by the blood of His cross.

What about judgment? I'm thankful to say, Jesus has met it and borne it away;
Drunk it all up, when He hung on the tree, Leaving a cup-full of blessing for me.

What about terror? It hasn't a place, In a heart that is filled with a sense of His grace; My peace is divine, and it never can cloy, And that makes my heart overbubble with joy.

Nothing of guilt? No, not a stain, How could the blood let any remain? My conscience is purged, and my spirit is free— Precious that blood is, to God and to me.

What of the law? Ah, there I rejoice, Christ answer'd its claims and silenced its voice: The law was fulfilled when the work was all done, And it never can speak to a justified one.

What about death? It hasn't a sting;
The grave to a Christian no terror can bring,
For death has been conquer'd, the grave has been spoiled,
And every foeman and enemy foiled.

What about feelings? Ah! trust not to them; What of my standing? "Who shall condemn?" Since God is for me, there is nothing so clear, From Satan and man I have nothing to fear.

What of my body? Ah, that I may bring, To God as a holy, acceptable thing, For that is the temple where Jesus abides, The temple where God by His Spirit resides.

Nothing to pay? No, thanks be to God,
The matter is settled, the price was THE BLOOD,
The blood of the Victim, a ransom divine—
Believe it, poor sinner, and peace shall be thine.

For what am I waiting? Jesus my Lord,
To take down the tent and roll up the cord,—
To be with Himself in the mansions above,
Enjoying for ever His infinite love.

Begone about your Business, or The Sun-dial.

By Pastor W. Y. Fullerton.

OW many of those who sigh for "the good old days" would be willing to go back to them, with all their cumbrous and curious ways? Even in the matter of time-keeping, how much better off we are than in the merry days of old England. With clocks and watches, and chronometers, we almost forget our old friend, the sun-dial; but what we have gained in accuracy and convenience we have lost in poetry and charm. Old sun-dial, with all thy faults we love thee still, and never do we see thee in lordly castle, or in ancient ruin, but we think of some of our forefathers coming out into the sun-light that they might see what the sun said, through you, about the flight of time.

For it is the sun that speaks through the dial, and not the dial that speaks by itself. Nor does it speak of itself either, but of the sun, and as the sun sinks down, it warns us to be up and doing; to "work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh"—to make hay while the sun shines. If, then, good friend enquiring of the sun-dial, you mean to use your sword, take note of the flight of time, and waste none of it, for "the king's business requireth haste." The shadew is not likely to go back for you, as it did for King Hezekiah, in connection with whom, by the way, we read of the first sun-dial (1. Kings xx. 10).

"Under the sun," then, we must learn to labour. An old dial used to be seen in the Middle Temple

which bore a strange inscription, and about which a very curious story is told. The Honourable Society of Benchers determined, once upon a time, to erect a sun-dial for the public service. Great was the approbation expressed by the said public, for sundials were few and far between, and as for public clocks, there was scarce one to be seen. Accordingly, an order was given to a celebrated manufacturer to have one worthy of the Society prepared, and upon a certain day he was to wait upon them to learn the motto which they wished to be placed upon it.

On the day appointed, being unable to go himself, he sent his foreman—a plain, unvarnished individual. He was a little late, and found that the Benchers had already separated without leaving the motto, or, indeed, remembering anything about it. There was, however, one of them still on the premises, and the man was ushered into his presence. He was evidently annoyed about something, and asked in a very gruff tone as to what was wanted.

in a very gruff tone as to what was wanted.
"Please, sir," said the foreman, a little confused,

"my master sent me for the mofto."

"Motto, motto; what motto? I know nothing of the motto."

"The motto for the sun-dial, please, sir," said the man, "which your honours promised to have ready."

"I told you," said the Bencher, "I know nothing about any motto, or sun-dial either. You should have been here much sooner. I cannot be delayed by you any longer. Begone about your business.

The man at once withdrew, and hurried back to his employer, who asked him what motto they had given. He told him he had seen a gentleman who at first said he knew nothing about the motto, but he presently added in a loud voice, "Begone about your business," so he supposed that was the motto.

The master was a bit of a wag, and although

The master was a bit of a wag, and although he saw the error, he adopted the motto, and he said, "That will do famously." Next day the sun-dial was in its place, bearing its strange and homely inscription, and for years to all who came to learn the time it said at the same time,

BEGONE ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.

This, then, is the first sermon from the sun-dial: Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, $do\ it$, and do it with thy might.

But we may learn another lesson if we listen to it again. This time it speaks of ourselves. We, too, are like a sun-dial; for as it is of no use until the sun shines upon it, neither can we serve God unless we are enlightened by His grace. Our talents, learning, gifts, and powers lie idle until the Sun of Righteousness arises—then in His light they become sources and centres of blessing. There could be no dial without the gnomon, lines, and figures, but without the sun even these would be utterly useless.

Howard, the philanthropist, giving orders for his funeral, said, "Let there be no pomp; place the sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." How like his noble and unselfish life this last wish was; and how like the sun-dial was to his whole career of silent and sunny influence for the good of others.

For a man to become a Christian, he must, first of all, like the sun-dial, be put where the sun shines. It would be impossible to have a sun-dial in a cellar, and it is impossible for a man to be a Christian in the midst of surroundings of sin.

A few days ago I saw, in front of a gentleman's house where I stayed, a beautiful and complex dial. Sixteen years ago, someone called at the maker's and gave orders for it, but year after year passed and no

CHIMES.

one came to claim it, until my friend, desiring to have one, called, and was delighted to find such a beautiful one ready to hand. Strange to say, the next week the son of the man who had ordered it first came to seek it, but was too late. Thus for sixteen years that dial was useless, because it lay in the stone-cutter's yard, but now on the lawn of this country mansion it has become interesting and useful.

But even this is not enough; for the sun-dial might be in the open air, and yet not give a record of the time. It must not only be where the sun shines, but the sun must shine upon it. On a dull, dark, foggy day, and in the night, the sun-dial is idle. There is an incident told of an officer who conceived the idea of doing away with clocks for the soldiers' watches, and who caused a dial to be erected so that the men could easily tell when to go on, or leave off, duty. On the following morning he had a petition presented to him, praying him to allow the man on watch a lamp, else he could not see when his time was up. Which of the two was the most foolish I cannot tell—the officer, who never thought of the absurdity of using a sun-dial in the night, or the man, who thought a lamp would enable him to see the time upon it. No; the sun is needful, and for the sun there can be no substitute. Oh, that we may always be in the light, and never have the sun obscured by fogs or mists! This is not possible to the sun-dial, but it is gloriously and blessedly possible to the Christian. There need never be any cloud to obscure the sun, and

"On earth, as in heaven, there need be no night."

At Venice there is a sun-dial which bears the inscription in Latin, "I count only the hours that are serene." The dark and dismal, sad and sullen hours are forgotten, and the others only recorded. And in God's sight only those hours of Christian experience when the soul is open to the shining of His face are worthy of being reckoned. Only the serene hours are counted. Why not have them all serene?

Yet even in the sunniest hour there must be shadow, else the dial cannot tell the time. And how curiously shadow and sunshine are blended in our lives. Yea, and even in the most peaceful hours we shall have something of the shade; pain must mingle with

pleasure to make it perfect.

"Every joy or trial falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial by the sun of love;
We may trust Him solely all for us to do,
They who trust Him wholly find Him wholly true."

We may say, practically the sun does not move, but the movement of the earth gives the sun-dial a different inclination, and hence it tells the hour. And it depends greatly on our attitude towards God whether in our lives there shall be much shadow or little. If the gnomon of the dial is directly beneath the sun the shadow is very small, and if we are in a like position to God, our wills and affections blended and controlled by Him, while there may and must be shadow, it shall yet be so insignificant that

"Our lives shall be all sweetness In the sunshine of the Lord."

The promise is rest of soul and not rest of body, to the takers of Christ's yoke.

"Kind words never die," but unfortunately unkind words have the same longevity.

Some who are soon out of their depth in theology can touch bottom in "loveology."

George Fox.

A LECTURE BY THE LATE MR. A. A. REES.

(Continued from page 78).

OW for his imprisonments. "As I spoke thus amongst them, the officers came and took me away, and put me into a nasty, stinking prison; the smell whereof got so into my nose and throat, that it very much annoyed me.

"Then their rage got up, and they said, 'Take him away, jailer, and put him into the dungeon amongst the rogues and felons.' So I was had away and put into a lousy, stinking place, without any bed, amongst thirty felons, where I was kept almost half a year, unless it were at times; for they would sometimes let me walk in the garden, having a belief that I would not go away.

"Then I was put into a tower, where the smoke of the other prisoners came up so thick, that it stood as dew upon the walls, and sometimes it was so thick that I could hardly see the candle when it burned; and I, being locked under three locks, the under-jailer, when the smoke was great, would hardly be persuaded to come up to unlock one of the uppermost doors, for fear of the smoke, so that I was

ALMOST SMOTHERED.

Besides, it rained in upon my bed, and many times, when I went to stop out the rain in the cold winter season, my shirt was wet through with the rain that came in upon me, while I was labouring to stop it out. And the place being high and open to the wind, sometimes as fast as I stopped it, the wind blew it out again. In this manner did I lie, all that long cold winter, till the next assize; in which time I was so starved with cold and rain, that my body was greatly swelled, and my limbs much benumbed.

"One day the governor at Scarborough, Sir John Crossland, came to see me, and brought with him Sir Francis Cobb. I desired the governor to go into my room, and see what a place I had. I had got a little fire made in it, and it was so filled with smoke, that when they were in, they could hardly find their way out again; and he being a Papist, I told him that was his Purgatory which they had put me into. I was forced to lay out about fifty shillings to stop out the rain, and keep the room from smoking so much. When I had been at that charge, and made it somewhat tolerable, they removed me into a worse room, where I had neither chimney nor fire-hearth. This being to the sea-side and lying much open, the wind drove in the rain forcibly, so that the water came over my bed, and ran about the room, that I was fain to skim it up with a platter. And when my clothes were

BODY WAS BENUMBED

wet, I had no fire to dry them; so that my

with cold, and my fingers swelled, that one was grown as big as two. Though I was at some charge in this room also, I could not keep out the wind and rain. Besides they would suffer few Friends to come to me, and many times not any, no, not so much as to bring me a little food; but I was forced for the first quarter to hire one of another society to bring me necessaries. Sometimes the soldiers would take it from her, and she would scuttle with them for it. Afterwards I hired a soldier to fetch me water and bread, and something to make a fire of, when I was in a room where a fire could be made. Commonly a threepenny loaf served me three weeks, and sometimes longer, and most of my

drink was water with wormwood steeped or bruised in it.

"The assize being over, and we settled in prison upon such a commitment that we were not likely to be soon released, we discontinued giving the jailer seven shillings a-week each for our horses, and seven for ourselves; and sent our horses out into the country. Upon which he grew very wicked and devilish; and put us down into Doomsdale, a nasty, stinking place, where they put murderers, after they were condemned. The place was so noisome, that it was observed few that went in ever came out again in health. It was all like mire. In some places to the top of the shoes, and he would not let us cleanse it, nor suffer us to have beds or straw to lie on. At night some friendly people of the town brought us a candle and a little straw, and we burnt some of it to take away the stink. The thieves lay over our heads, and the head jailer in a room by them, over us also. It seems the smoke went up into the jailer's room; which put him into such a rage that he took any vessels he could find and poured the contents through a hole upon our heads, so that we had

NEARLY CHOKED

and smothered. Moreover, he railed at us most hideously, calling us hatchet-faced dogs, and such strange names as we had never heard. In this manner we were fain to stand all night, for we could not sit down, the place was so full of filth. A great while he kept us in this manner, before he would let us cleanse it, or suffer us to have any victuals brought in but what we had through the grate."

So much for a specimen of his imprisonments; and, strange to say, his most cruel beatings and most tormenting imprisonments were under the Puritan rule of Oliver Cromwell, who, however, was not personally responsible for this treatment, for he was no persecutor; but he was shackled by the circumstances in which he found himself when he became Head of the State. The Church was established, and was therefore oppressive; the justices, for the most part, were ignorant, intolerant, and brutish; the prisons were worse than pig-stys; the jailers were bull-dogs; and the people priest-ridden, while the Protector's arm was not long enough, nor strong enough, to reach and remedy these abuses

Alas! Many who can pass a public examination cannot pass a public house.

The success that has been won with half a lie is not helpful to a cause.

The taking only one glass is like telling only one lie—an impossibility!

A horse with a loose shoe and a man with a loose tongue are both disagreeably noisy.

Too busy getting flowery adjectives into your sermon to have time for the powerful substantive prayer.

I have no stones to throw at atheism, any more than I have stones to throw at blindness. It can never be more than a very sore and sad limitation; not an institution, but a destitution.—Robert Collyer.

The Distance to Hell.

A PERSON who by birth, wealth, and education should have been a gentleman, but was not, went to see a coal mine. The miner who took him down was a Christian, and was much pained by the profane language used by the visitor. As they descended the shaft, they felt itgetting hotter and hotter; at last the heat became so great that the visitor said, "Dear me, its terribly hot; I wonder how far it is to hell?" "I don't know the exact distance, sir," replied the Christian miner, gravely, "but if one link of the chain gives way, you'll be there in a minute!" This plain answer was the means of rousing the profane gentleman to a sense of his perilous position. In the case of every unconverted man, there is only a step—a breadth—betwixt him and death. "And after death the judgment."

Noble Deeds Live On.

HE built a house, time laid it in the dust;
He wrote a book, its title now forgot;
He ruled a city, but his name is not
On any tablet graven, or where rust
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust;
He took a child from out a wretched cot,
Who on the State dishonour might have brought,
And reared him to the Christian's hope and trust
The boy, to manhood grown, became a light
To many souls, preached for human need
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
The work has multiplied like stars at night
When darkness deepens; every noble deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument.

SARAH K. BOLTON

Hints to Christian Workers.

HOW TO MARK THE BIBLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 61.)

II.



ATERIALS, OR THE PLANT FOR MARK-ING.—It may seem unnecessary to say what I am about to say, as the suggestions will be obvious without the saying, but my experience has taught me that they do not occur to all. There are seven things that are essential in Bible marking—

(1) A clean, fine-pointed pen; a drawing pen is not necessary; Gillott's school pen, No. 351, will do admirably. (2) Good ink; any good maker will do. (3) A new piece of blotting-paper. (4) A round ruler. (5) A writing-paper Bible. (6) A sheet of blank paper for making notes. (7) A discriminating eye.

III. METHOD, OR PLAN IN MARKING.—Don't mark the Bible for the sake of marking. The opposite

III. METHOD, OR PLAN IN MARKING.—Don't mark the Bible for the sake of marking. The opposite page from Mrs. Menzies' admirable book on Bible marking, which the authoress has kindly lent me for reproduction in this magazine, will illustrate what I

There are three things to which attention is directed in the sketch before us.

First, Railways. Certain similar expressions can be connected, such as-

"Rejoice in the Lord" (verse 4)
"I rejoiced in the Lord" (verse 10).

And if the connected words are pondered, it will be seen that in the first we have Paul's injunction, and in the second his experience, telling us that he practised what he preached.

"The peace of God" (verse 7).
"The God of peace" (verse 9).

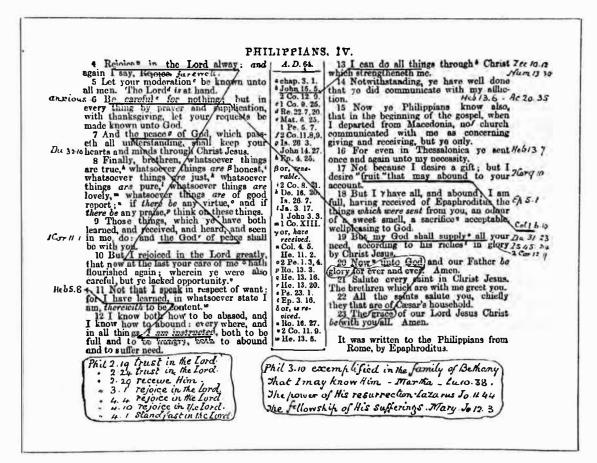
In the first, we find the blessing of peace, but in the second we discover the Blesser Himself. The former is what comes from Him, but the latter is what He is Himself.

"Be careful for nothing" (verse 6). "My God shall supply all" (verse 19). love in 1. John iv. 9-17, where we read of

Love toward us (verse 9). Love in us (verse 12).

Love with us (Margin, verse 17).

Second, Notes. To refer again to the illustrative page, it will be seen that there are two notes of Bible readings at the bottom. The one on Philippians iii, ro is illustrated by the three characters in the home at Bethany. If Martha had known the Lord better, she would never have found fault with her sister Mary, as Christ indicates in His gentle rebuke (Luke x. 38-42). Lazarus illustrates the power of "His resurrection," for he experienced Christ's raising power, while Mary illustrates the "fellowship of His sufferings," for she was the only one who apprehended that He came into the world to die; hence she anointed Him for His burial,



In the first, we have the command not to worry, and in the second we have the reason. There is no cause for anxiety, since the Lord cares and supplies.

"I have learned" (verse 11).
"I am instructed" (verse 12).

The instructed man is the one who has learned. He speaks with authority who has the experience.
"Glory unto God" (verse 20).
"Grace with you" (verse 23).

In these sentences we have Paul's doxology and desire, or what he would give to God, and what he wished from God.

The above will suffice to indicate what I mean by railways. Sometimes it may be a given word that is of frequent occurrence, as the words joy and rejoice in the Epistle to the Philippians; or it may be a thought that is railwayed, as the threefold action of

and thus had fellowship with Him in His sufferings. Third, Marginal references. Again referring to the illustrative page, if the attention is turned to verse 11, it will be seen that the words "I have learned," are connected with an arrow which points to the margin, in which is found the reference, "Heb. 5, 8," and if this Scripture is turned up, it will be discovered that Christ is our Example in learning. Again, the words, "I can do all things," in verse 13, are connected in the printed margin with John 15, 5, where Christ says, "Without me ye can do nothing;" and in the opposite blank margin, references are given to Zech. 10, 12, and Num. 13, 30; in the former Scripture, we have a promise to strengthen, and in the latter we have an example of one who was strengthened by the Lord, and hence, in the face of great difficulties, was able to say, "We are able."

Chips by Diakonas.

Forgiving is the best giving.

True prayer is through prayer.

Every man is a man of influence.

He is blind who only sees for time.

No, health is not wealth, it is more.

Rusty Christians are the crusty Christians.

The love of office is not the office of love.

To take care is the best way to banish care.

It is kinder to overlook fault than to find fault.

Keeping up appearance gives care-worn looks.

"Deceit is only a game played by small minds."

The "wet blanket" never assists the Dorcas Society.

Be right before you attempt to aright another.

To be mad at the truth is not a sign of innocence.

Years of barrel emptying ends in poor house filling.

Only he who tries to kill time knows how slowly it dies.

The "narrow way" is a footpath, and not a carriage road.

They who never open the Bible read living epistles.

God never calls a man to be a falsehood for a livelihood.

Many have well trimmed nails who have not "clean hands."

Think! It is possible to be mannerly without being manly.

Faith never asks "Are you there?" through the prayer-telephone.

When a man will have his own way, God does not own his way.

Sometimes an adept of raising his hat can raise nothing else.

He who is often in the Tavern Arms is mostly out at the elbows.

A stopper is useful in a bottle, but a stopper is useless on the upward path.

BETHESDA RECORD.

THE PASTOR'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

The pastor's tenth anniversary was held on June 2nd. A good number sat down to tea. At the meeting, the Pastor gave an address on "What God hath wrought during the past ten years." As he hopes to give this address in full in future numbers of Chimes, we content ourselves in giving the following facts. The pastor said, "Our present membership is over 800, 560 of these have joined the church during the last ten years. Nearly two-thirds of the present members were not in fellowship when I began my pastorate. I have not gone carefully into the facts, but the majority of these, I believe, have decided for Christ at the Sunday evening services. We can easily arrive at an average. Last year there were over seventy joined the Church, and as far as I can trace the cases, about fifty decided for Christ at the Sunday evening service. These facts speak for themselves. What hath God wrought! To Him be the praise and glory."

The preachers in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, at 10.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., on Sundays during August, will (D.v) be as follows:—

August 1.—Pastor F. E. Marsh.

- " 8.--Pastor J. Urquhart (Glasgow).
- " 15.-Missionary C. H. Judd (China).
- " 22.—Evangelist W. D. Dunn (Glasgow).
- " 29.—Evangelist H. R. Francis (India).

Through a printer's blunder, Mr. Beel's name was given as Mr. Peel in last month's Chimes. Friends will please rectify this mistake in their copies.

Free distribution of *Chimes*.—Anon, 1/-; Mr. P., 1/8; Change, 10d.; Beta, 3/6 and 2/6; Mrs. C., 1/-.

CHIMES

An Evangelical Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

"THE NAME OF JESUS." Phil ii. 10.

By H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D.

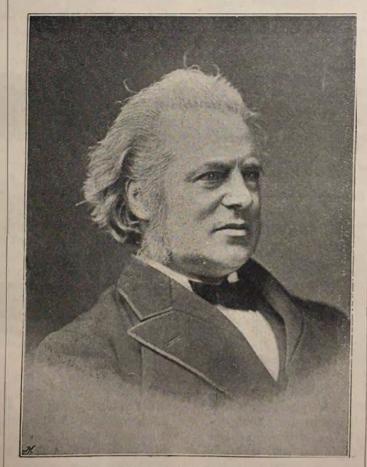
FIRST, the name of Jesus has power as an authority. Behold at the gate of the temple called "Beautiful," there

lies a cripple, begging. Peter and John pass by, and the man, looking up to them, says, "Give me alms." Then says Peter, gazing upon him-"Silver and gold have I none." Christ's followers are seldom rich-riches are certain cares, uncertain comforts, and frequent curses. There is an old prayer which John Bunyan says has grown rusty from want of use -"Give me not riches." "Silver and gold have I none," says Peter, "but," he says, "such as I have give I thee." Now, mark his words-"In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk:" and the

man's limbs which had been long cramped up by disease, are loosed, and he leaps up, stands, walks, and enters the temple, praising God. Then straightway the Jews are roused to envy and rage, and thrust Peter and John into prison for that night. The next day they bring them forth

before a great tribunal, and say, "By what power or by what name have ye done this?" Then cries Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, "Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him doth this man stand before you whole." Again—Behold, Paul and Silas, followed at Philippi by a damsel with the spirit of divination. Behold, Paul, being grieved, turning and saying to the spirit, "I com-mand thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her;" and see the spirit come

out the same hour; and learn the wonderful power of the name of Jesus, weighty in unsurpassed authority as the awful name of Jehovah.



H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D.

Oh, Christian, do you wish to see "the lame man leap as a hart," and to hear "the tongue of the dumb sing," and to behold "in the wilderness waters break forth, and streams in the desert?" then use the name of Jesus as an authority. Speak in that name; warn, command, and entreat dying sinners in that name; and you will find men will listen, and tremble, and turn to the Lord; "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus.

Now, I want to get a little closer to your consciences, if I can, while I show you the power of the name of Jesus as a test. Here is my authority. Turn to Col. iii. 17, and read, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus!" There is a plain command, and you will find, if you obey it, that your conscience will grow more tender to the touch, and its voice will grow louder to the ear, and your garments will be kept whiter than before, and the rod will fall more rarely. Now, if I want to detect the presence of acid in any liquid, a little testpaper will do it for me in a minute; and if, on account of the clear look and sweet taste of any pleasure, I doubt the presence of sin in it, and want to prove whether it be there or no, all I have to do is to use this holy test, "The name of Jesus," and it will show me the sin, if it be in the thing. I have sometimes received letters from persons wanting to know whether it was right to go to concerts or not. All I have to say to such istry by this test for yourself: can you go to a concert in the name of Jesus? This is all I will answer. I know many of you are troubled with doubts about your pleasures; you are not always quite sure that they are quite lawful. Well, try them by this test. The next time you take a novel in your hand, ask yourself, before God, "Can I read this novel in the name of Jesus?" The next time you open that book of plays, ask yourself, "Can I read this in the name of Jesus?" The next time you receive an invitation to go to a dinner or evening party, ask yourself, before you consent, "Can I go in the name of Jesus?" I am certain that if you dealt fairly with yourself, and did no violence to your conscience, but obeyed the voice of God sounding within you, it would turn the course of your conduct into a different channel; and you would find the muddy, roughened stream of life, growing clear and calm in its passage through the valley of humility, under the shelter of the great rock, Christ Jesus. Oh, do not confine that conscience in a dungeon,

that should sit upon a throne, and put that passion on a throne, that should lie in a dungeon. I warn you that if you shut out conscience, you shut out heaven; and if you shut in passion, you shut in hell. Some men act like devils, and dare to gag the mouth of conscience, and tie the limbs of God's ambassador, and double him down alive in a strong coffin, and wish him dead. But they cannot kill him; and the time is coming when God's despised ambassador shall become God's terrible executioner, who shall no more speak with the tongue but with the rod; for "he that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." May I beseech you, then, to try your every-day employments by this test? You, the business you are engaged in; you, the letters you write; you, the statements you make. Could any but a blasphemer open a public-house in the name of Jesus? Could any but a long-hardened liar state what was not strictly true in the name of Jesus? No, that name would scald their lips—they dare not use it thus. Oh, that men would use this test! It would soon sweep the world free from many an abomination, and holiness would triumph over sin, and God over the devil. Once more, I humbly ask you to try and practice this.

Before I pass on, let me dwell a moment on the power of the name of Jesus as a plea. I have sinned against God; God is angry with me; I want Him to forgive me; how shall I ask Him to do it? I come trembling to Him; I say, "O Lord, forgive me." God answers—"Sin shall not go unpunished." I

bow down my head and weep; and I hear a

sweet voice, like the voice of a dove from heaven, whispering, "Jesus has died for you;" but I listen as one in a dream—I cannot speak—I am dumb with sorrow and despair. Then I hear another whisper from above—"Whatsoever ye ask the Father in My name, He will give it you;" and the voice, like that of a dove from heaven, whispers, "Come and try;" and I lift up my voice, and cry with tears, "O Lord, forgive me for Jesus' sake." And I hear words sweet and solemn, in sound deep as the voice of ocean, and calm as the breath of heaven, coming from the broad bosom of boundless love—"Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace.' Now, I turn to you; and oh, I beseech you

Now, I turn to you; and oh, I beseech you let no power in earth or hell prevail with you to use any other name as a plea in prayer, but the name of Jesus—not the name of any saint, or apostle, or virgin, or angel whatsoever; for God says—"There is no other name

under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." And you, brother in the Lord, seal all your messages for heaven with this name. It will give wings to the shortest prayer ever uttered to fly to God in a moment; it will be a key in your girdle to open the treasury of grace; a secret latch in the door, by which you may enter the inner pastures of communion; the rod whereby you can divide the waters of Jordan; and a pass which will hereafter admit you by the gates into the heavenly Jerusalem. Oh then, use it as your plea in prayer! If I had God's great book of remembrance open before me, I could point out more successful prayers, signed with the name of Jesus as their plea, than there are sands on the shores of the Atlantic! Oh, sweet name—

> "By Thee my prayers acceptance find, Although with sin defiled; Satan accuses me in vain, And I am own'd a child."

The Sleeping Ones.

"Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" (t. Thess. iv. 14).

God sows His fields with precious grain, That must in cold and darkness lie, Until the Lord shall come again In power and glory from on high. Then shall the seed in weakness sown, Bear fruit in beauty like His own. A little while the grave receives The precious dust of friends we love, But absent spirits, faith believes, Are present with the Lord-above, Waiting till Christ shall claim His own, And reap the harvest He has sown. The angels stand with folded wings-Oh! waiting saints, your loins gird-The trumpet of the King of kings Shall soon among the clouds be heard. Then sleeping ones and we shall rise, To be like Jesus in the skies. F. W. Pitt.

The Slipper not Wanted.

"Sure, it is not steep enough for the slipper," remarked a lady to a fellow-tourist, as the coachman got off the char-a-banc and put on the "skid," before a movement was made towards what seemed to be a gentle descent. The driver knew better than the lady, for the conveyance had not proceeded far on its way before it was discovered that there was a very sharp descent. The man who had travelled over the road before knew what was in front, and acted with the necessary precaution. Sometimes young believers in Christ think that the precautions and admonitions of believers, who have been longer in the Divine life, are altogether unnecessary, but they soon find out, sometimes by a downfall, the wisdom of the caution given, For instance, believers sometimes imagine because they have had victory over a certain besetment, that therefore they will get the victory again. The older Christian says, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Young believers, yea, all, don't neglect to put on the "skid" of a careful and a prayerful faith in the Lord.

Bells to be Rung.

By F. E. M.

SUGAR IN THE CHRISTIAN.

"Take The Christian in which to wrap and crush the sugar." Thus remarked one friend to another when out picnicing, when one of them wanted a piece of paper in which to wrap a lump of sugar, in order that the sugar might accompany the strawberries. Whereupon, the one for whom the sugar was to be prepared remarked, "Ah, a great many Christians need sugar to sweeten them."

The sweetness of God's love will make us sweet with love (II. Cor. v. 14), the sanctity of God's holiness will make us beautiful with purity (I. Thess. v. 23), the gladness of God's joy will make us rejoice with intensity (John xv. 11), the peace of God's calm will make us placid with serenity (Phil. iv. 7), the power of God's strength will make us strong with stability (II. Cor. xii. 9), the truth of God's Word will make us confident with certainty (I. John v. 13), and the upholding of God's presence will make us sufficient with supplies (Isaiah xli. 10).

THE HIGHEST POINTS.

"Did you notice that the coachman pointed out the highest points," said one tourist to the other, after a drive from Keswick to Buttermere and back, by way of the Honister Pass and Newlands. "No, which were they?" was the reply. "Scawfell and Skiddaw." "I know one Guide, who always points to the highest points, and that is the Holy Spirit in His Word," was the comment made.

There are certain highest points in God's Word where the mists of doubt, fear, and unbelief never gather, and where magnificent views of God's love and purpose are open to the view. To understand the secrets of God's purpose, we must be on a point called "Spiritual-mindedness" (1. Corinthians ii. 15); to have the joy of God's Word we must reach the point called "Believing-heart" (Heb. iv. 2); to have the open vision of God's Son we must be standing in the place called "Unveiled-face" (11. Cor. iii. 18, R.V.); to possess the calm of God's peace we must climb the hill called "No-anxiety-with-prayer" (Phil. iv. 6); to have the flow of God's life we must be in the position called "Abiding-well" (John xv. 4); to have the power of God's Spirit we need to reach the vantage-point of "Confident-waiting" (Luke xxiv. 49); and to see the Lord Himself we must be on the mount of "Heart-purity" (Matthew v. 8).

"NO ROAD EXCEPT ON SUFFERANCE."

The above words were written on a board at the commencement of a path leading from the Borrowdale Road at Keswick down to the Derwentwater. The path could be used, but those who used it could only do so on sufferance. Those who walked along the path had no right, although they were suffered to do so. When the Lord blesses us who believe in Christ, He does not deal with us after this fashion. Listen to what He says, "As many as received Him, to them gave He the right (margin) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 12). Robert Chapman says, "We enter into heaven, not by sufferance, but by right." The path of blessing which believers in Christ tread, is one of holy right, given to us in, and through Christ, for grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ (Rom. v. 21). Through sin we had forfeited all right to Heaven's blessing, but Christ through His all-sufficient atonement has gained for us the right of sonship (1. John iii. 1, R.V.), saintship (I. Cor. i. 2), heirship (Romans viii. 17), fellowship (1. Cor. i. 9), partnership (1. Cor. xii. 12), protectorship (1. Peter i. 5), and kingship (Rev. i. 6).

Thrilling Scene at a Fire.

BY THE EDITOR.



DISASTROUS fire broke out at two o'clock on an afternoon in September, 1889, at a chemical manufactory in the south-west of London, where about one hundred persons were

employed. The alarm was given by the stoker's wife, who lived on the premises, and a number of employés endeavoured to extinguish the flames. Their efforts proved of no avail, and the work-people fled.

By this time a strong force of police had arrived, as well as the fire brigade. A report was raised that a woman was still inside the building, and two firemen entered the factory with the intention of rescuing her. Unfor-

tunately however, the fire cut off their retreat, and, finding no trace of the supposed missing woman, they had no resource but to make for the windows on the third floor, which faced the river Thames. On presenting themselves at one of the windows a ladder was instantly run up. Unhappily it was then discovered that the frame-work of the windows was of iron. The men on the ladder, assisted by two firemen, made frantic efforts to smash the casement, but it yielded before their axes very slowly. At length, when rescue seemed impossible, the men outside effected a breach, through

which they dragged one of the firemen, halfunconscious and dreadfully burned. This one owed his life to the fact that he was a thin, spare man. His comrade being a stout, heavy man, could not be pulled through, and suffered a fearful death. As the smoke became denser and the heat fiercer, the unfortunate man was seen to get weaker and weaker, and finally to fall back into the burning abyss. Then floor after floor gave way, and when at last the conflagration had been extinguished, the firemen entered the hot ruins, and found all that remained of their comrade. The body was badly charred, and the lower limbs had been completely burned away. There are two thoughts suggested and illustrated by this sad incident, namely, the helplessness of the sinner, and the help of the Saviour.

- I. The Helplessness of the Sinner.—
 The two brave firemen did all they could to free themselves from their terrible position, but if left to themselves both would have perished. Likewise, if the sinner is left to himself, or persists in helping himself, to the exclusion of Christ, he will surely perish for ever.
- "What must I do?" many inquirers ask. When this question is put, I always put another—"What can you do?" and generally follow it up with a series of further questions, such as—
 - "Can you pay what you owe to God?"
- "Can you remove the curse that is resting upon you because of God's law broken by you?"

"Can you meet the righteous claims of God?"

"Can you bridge over the gulf that sin has made between you and God?"

"Can you make yourself fit for God's presence?"

"Can you change your sinful nature?"

"Can you reverse the sentence that has been passed upon you?"

"Can you do anything to merit God's favour?"

And the answer I generally

get is, "No."

When the negro can make himself white; when the thistle grows figs; when the corrupt tree brings forth good fruit; when the condemned man can remove

the sentence of the law resting upon him, then there shall be some hope for the sinner in himself.

O sinner! you are not only sinful, but helpless. Take your place before God as a helpless, condemned sinner, like the publican of the parable; then you shall find, as he did, that those who condemn themselves are justified by God.

II. THE HELP OF THE SAVIOUR.—The Lord has "laid help upon One that is mighty" (Psalm lxxxix. 19). The Lord is mighty to deliver. He who delivered the three Hebrew young men from the fiery furnace is the same who can deliver from the



furnace of hell. Thus the Holy Spirit speaks of Jesus as delivering "from the wrath to come" (1. Thess. i. 10); and elsewhere He speaksof God the Father who hath "delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son" (Colossians 1. 13). He who delivered Daniel from the den of lions, can deliver from the power of him who, "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour"

(1. Peter v. 8).

Jesus is a mighty Deliverer: what comfort there is in this thought! A worse death is confronting the sinner than that which threatened Daniel or his companions, namely, the second death, which is eternal separation from God. Separation from God, who is "Light," means to be in a darkness that is felt. Separation from God, who is "Love," means to be in a perpetual state of enmity. Separation from God, who is "Holy," means to be in an endless state of impurity, for the sentence passed upon those whose names are not found in the Book of Life is, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still" (Rev. xxii. 11). But, thank God, He can in the present life deliver even from such degradation and defilement as this, for in 1. Corinthians vi. 11, Paul writes of some who had been filthy and unjust, that they had been "washed," and "sanctified," and "justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." There is deliverance for the vilest from the punishment and power of sin.

Why is it that God can righteously deliver the sinner? It is because He has in His love delivered up Jesus that He might make an atonement for sin. Jesus was "delivered for our offences" (Romans iv. 25; viii. 32).

O sinner! your impotence is but an opportunity for God to save you. "Wilt thou be made whole?" (John v. 6). Wilt thou be saved? What is your answer to be? Let it be—

"Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul:
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou dost make me whole.
There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee:
Thou hast died for sinners,
Therefore, Lord, for me."

Oh! to know no yesterday, but the cross of Christ (Psalm xxii.).

No to-day, but the enjoyment of His loving care (Psalm xxiii.).

No to-morrow, but the hope of His coming glory (Psalm xxiv.).

A LITTLE girl
THE COW from a wellWANTING. known town
went to stay
at a farm-house in the
country. She was very
much impressed with the
difference there was between the milk supplied
by the milkman at home
and the milk at the farm-

she quaintly remarked, in calling attention to the difference in the milk, "I wish our milkman kept a cow." It has been said that this is a parallel case, when the preacher does not give to the people the milk of God's Word. Certainly, if the milk of God's Word is adulterated with the water of man's wisdom and carnal opinion, the genuine article is wanting.

house. On one occasion

A GENTLEMAN, who thought Chris-LOVE. tianity merely a heap of puzzling problems, said to an old minister: "That is a very strange verse in the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." "Very strange," replied the minister; "but what is it, sir, that you see most strange about it?" "Oh, that part, of course," said the gentleman, "Esau have I hated,' is certainly very strange." "Well, sir," said the old minister, "how wonderfully we are made, and how differently constituted. The strangest part of all to me is, that He could ever have loved Jacob."

"I NEED oil," said an ancient THE LORD'S monk. So he planted him an CHOOSING olive sapling.

BEST. "Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain, that its roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers." And the Lord sent a gentle shower.

"Lord," prayed the monk, "my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray Thee." And the sun shone, gilding the dripping clouds.

"Now frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues," said the monk. And, behold, the little tree stood sparkling with frost. But at evensong

it died. Then the monk sought the cell of a brother monk, and told his strange experience.

"I, too, have planted a little tree," he said, "and see, it thrives well. But I entrusted my little tree to its God. He who made it knows better what it needs than a man like me. I laid no condition. I fixed not ways or means. 'Lord, send it what it needs,' I prayed, 'storm or sunshine, wind, rain, or frost. Thou hast made, and Thou dost know."

A WOMAN, gifted at running
THE RIGHT "grab-bag" socials, called on a
RING. mother, saying, "We have many

useless articles that must be disposed of somehow. We've concluded to place them all on one table under the charge of our most fascinating young ladies. Gentlemen will chat with them, then cannot go away without buying something; and the ladies can put their own prices on the articles. We really want your daughter, she has such winning ways." Seeing indignation gathering in this noble mother's face, and knowing how carefully she had guarded her children from social contamination, she added, "Of course, she will have to play the agreeable to a good many you might not approve; still, she need not recognise them afterward." "What!" exclaimed the mother, "allow my daughter to become a decoy to lure money out of men's pockets in return for shame and false smiles? Never! I hold my child's moral nature too sacred for that." -- Wesleyan Christian Advocate.

TWO-YEARS-OLD Sleeping A UNIVERSAL Beauty awakened the other LOVE. morning from her deep sleep of peace, opened her blue eyes, looked around, and smiled sweetly. There was nothing to disturb her serenity. Her only remark-a general caress-was: "I love evysing and evybody." With this she closed

her eyes, and was off for another nap. Happy for the world would it be if all might have the same happy, loving heart. But this love of inexperienced innocence must give place to the emotions of maturer life. May the love, instead of knowing blight, become only

sweeter as it ripens.

HERE is the Spectator's "PADDY" KNEW latest dog story:—My sister (says a correspondent) went THE VOICE. to see a friend, who lived a

mile or so from the rectory, taking with her our little brown cocker-spaniel. When she left she quite forgot the dog, and as soon as our friends discovered him, they did all they could to make him leave, but with no result. Some hours passed, and he was still there, so they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts. "Bring him to the telephone," said my sister. One of the boys held him, while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear. Then my sister whistled, and called, "Come home at once, 'Paddy.'" Immediately he wriggled out of the boy's arms, rushed to the door barking to get out, and shortly afterwards arrived panting at the rectory. As the dog responded to the voice of his mistress, so those who are the sheep of Christ should respond as readily and as willingly to the voice of the Good Shepherd, for to hear His voice is the mark that we belong to Him.

A Boy had disobeyed his father, THE SUNDAY who boxed his ears. The child went crying to his mother, MAN. and she asked, "What is the matter?" "I've been struck on the head." "Who struck you?" "A man." "Well. what man? Who was it struck you?" "The man that stays here Sundays." It is to be feared that many children only know their father as "the man that stays there on Sundays." There are many business men and others who entirely neglect the culture of their own home life, through too much concern for the affairs of this life.

"We lose our friends by disuse. The DISUSE. wise man says, 'He that hath friends must be friendly,' and Dr. Johnson used to say, 'Keep your friendships in repair.' If you would keep your friend, don't lose sight of him too long. Write when you can, remind him of yourself, and you shall not lose the thread of his life. Sweet and needful are the cultivation and preservation of friendships. To treat your friends well, and be well treated by them, is an education of heart in itself. It is a check to selfishness, and to self-absorption. for no man (who lives well) liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself."

The above words are specially true in relation to the cultivation of the spiritual life. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation" (Hebrews ii. 3), has an application to the life of the believer in Christ. How shall we escape failure in life, defect by sin, narrowness of soul, hardness of heart, unfaithfulness in testimony, littleness of faith, and unChrist-like-action, if we neglect secret prayer, the study of God's Word, and wholehearted devotion to Christ?



And a great pity it is, that Miss Muffet did not sit still and look at the spider; for, if she had, she could tell us a great deal about him which would be worth knowing. We will take her place with our magnifying glass, and examine the first spider that comes to sit beside us.

Here comes a hunter, not with gun and powder-flask, for he carries his "arms" in his mouth; but we need not fear him, for, if he were to bite us, it would do no more harm than the bite of a flea. See how restlessly he runs back and forth in search of a dinner! His home is not far from here, in a hole in a tree; and, when he catches his game, he will take it home to eat. He is a wonderful spider to jump, some of his cousins in Africa being able to jump a foot. Miss Muffet would have been surprised to know that very few spiders have but two eyes, most of them having eight. This little hunter has his so arranged that he can look in all directions at once, and we can but admire the pretty crown they form on the top of his head. There he goes with his dinner, and down comes another spider from overhead. He is in no danger of falling off, for he is spinning the rope by which he descends. It shines in the sun like a silver cord, and is so much finer and stronger than any thread we can make that it is used in place of wire in many telescopes. Some spiders use their webs for houses; others, as nets in which to catch their prey. This one coming down, is a mother spider, as we shall see if we touch her with a blade of grass. Oh! what would Miss Muffet do if she were here now? Who would have thought a mother spider could carry a thousand babies on her back! But so she does: and, now that they are running in every direction, she looks on with pride, and would probably say if she could, "That is what I call a nice little family!"

Poor old mother spider! She has only seven legs, and she ought to have eight; but she need not apply for a cork leg, for, if she is patient, another will grow in a few weeks. Perhaps she lost one in tearing open the little silk house in which her eggs were placed, and in which she found her thousand babies yesterday. What have we here on this dry leaf? A spider's skin standing on its legs just as if it would walk off if touched by the tip of a finger! But it is only an empty skin, the spider who left it having a new one in its place.

Some spiders spin webs that are shaped like horns; others make them round like plates, with the threads running in all directions. Some spiders live in the water, and others burrow in the ground, covering the hole into which they go with a trap-door, making the door hinges of the silk threads they spin. No danger of their doors creaking! The shape of their house is much like a stocking, and the whole house is lined with fine silk of their own weaving. If you were to try to open one of these doors with the silken hinge, the lord of the silken castle would spring to the door, grasp it from the under side, and do his best to prevent you. If he would put a bell or knocker outside we would not trouble him by trying to go in when not expected. I should think some children could hear fairy music from the delicate cords the spiders hang out for the wind fairies to play upon. And I should think some child might have been invited to the dance which we feel sure has been given just before we wake to find so many silvery carpets upon the dew-spangled grass on a summer morning. Christian Register.

What Ailed the Bell.

T was the first day of school after a vacation. The children were playing in the yards. The teachers sat at their desks waiting for the bell to strike to call the children to the different rooms. The hands of the different clocks pointed to a quarter before nine.

The bell was a sort of gong fastened to the outside of the building, and the master of the school could ring it by touching a knob in the wall near his desk. It was now time to call the children into school. The master pulled the bell and waited. Still the merry shouts could be heard in the schoolyard. Very strange! The children were so engaged in play that they could not hear the bell, he thought. Then he pulled it more vigorously. Still the shouts and laughter continued.

The master raised his window, clapped his hands, and pointed to the bell.

The children rushed into line like little soldiers, and waited for the second signal. The teacher pulled and pulled, but there was no sound. Then he sent a boy to tell each line to file in, and he sent another boy for a carpenter to find out if the bell cord was broken

What do you think the carpenter found? A little sparrow had built its nest inside the bell, and prevented the hammer striking against the bell. The teacher told the children what the trouble was, and asked if the nest should be taken out. There was a large chorus of "No, sir."

Every day the four hundred children would gather in the yard and look up at the nest. When the little birds were able to fly to the trees in the yard, and no longer needed a nest, one of the boys climbed on a ladder and cleared away the straw and hay, so that the sound of the bell might call the children from play.

Our Little Ones.

"Why should a Christian be like a crow?" was the question put to some young people. The answer was, "Because the crows build their nests high, and keep a sharp look-out." If our life is hid with Christ in God (Col. iii. 3), we shall have a safe resting-place; and if we are vigilant against the approaches of evil, we shall keep from being hurt in soul (1. Peter v. 8).

HARVEST.



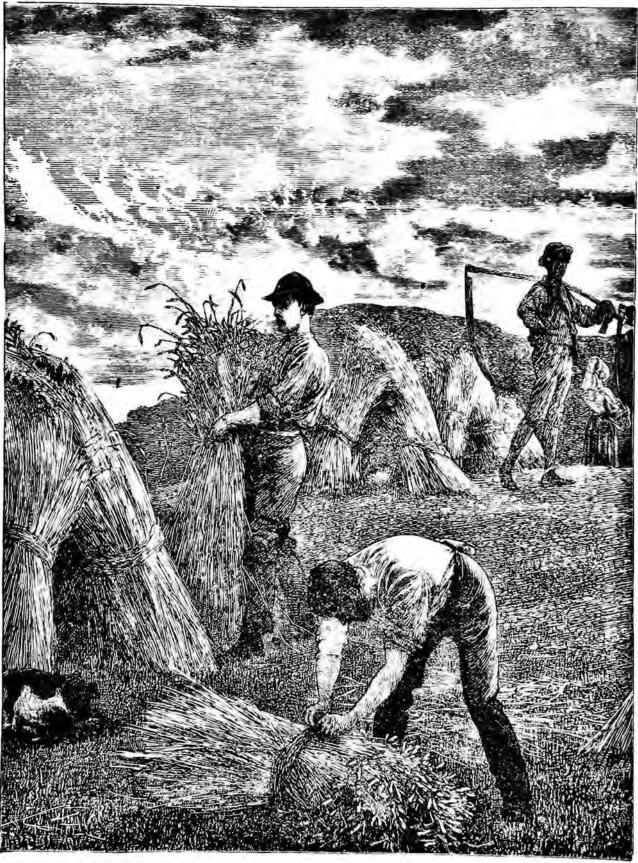
R. HUGH MACMILLAN, in his Bible Teachings in Nature, says about the harvest, "The harvest-time is the most delightful of all the seasons of the year. Of all the many beautiful sights

this season, the most beautiful and interesting are the corn-fields rippling in light and shade, like the waves of a sunset sea, away over valley and upland to the purple shores of the distant hills. They are the characteristic features of the seasonthe illuminated initials on Nature's autumnal page, whose golden splendour is variegated here and there with wreaths of scarlet poppies, corn blue-bottles, and purple vetches. The landscape seems to exist solely for them, so prominent and important are they in it. Wherever they appear they are the pictures for which the rest of the scenery, however grand or beautiful, is but the mere The earth looks like a table spread for this precious food which God's own hand has furnished. A hungry world, whose staff of life the corn forms, waits impatiently for the feast; and Nature, like a handmaid, seems to pause in her varied operations, and to concentrate all her energies upon the one task of bringing it to perfection. Familiar as it is to us, we greet it season after season with the same fresh enthusiasm. We enter fully into the old feeling which glowed in the great child-heart of Luther, when he returned home through the rich harvest-fields of Leipsic, 'How it stands, that yellow corn, on its fair taper stems; its golden head bent, all rich and waving there! The mute earth, at God's kind bidding, has produced it once again—man's bread.' The meanest and homeliest scene is redeemed and hallowed by the presence of the corn-fields in it. It is holy ground; God has there made the place of His feet glorious. The old miracle of the multiplication of the loaves has been there performed anew, in a more gradual and less startling manner indeed, but not the less wonderful on that account. In the one case the processes of germination and development were suspended, and in a single moment a mere morsel became a sufficiency for thousands; in the other case the processes of nature were allowed to go on over weeks and months, until the single grains deposited in the earth became a waving harvest. The miracle of the loaves was a sudden putting forth of God's bountiful hand from behind the veil of His ordinary providence; the miracle of the harvest is the working of the same bountiful hand, only unseen, giving power to the tiny grains to drink the dew and imbibe the sunshine, and appropriate the nourishment of the soil during the long bright days of summer. I understand the one miracle in the light of the other. That marvellous scene in the wilderness of Capernaum comes to me as a revelation of the real but invisible world which is working silently day after day around me in this lonely Highland strath. It serves to open my eyes to wonders more vast and awful than its own outward phenomena. Paradoxical as it may seem, it teaches me to look with more reverence upon the ordinary ways of God's providence, and to receive with even more of deep thankfulness the bread that comes to me by what are called the common processes of nature, than if it had been given to me directly by the hand of Jesus with no toil or trust of my own.

No one can gaze upon these golden cornfields without being influenced more or less by the pleasing associations with which they are connected. They strike their roots deep down into the soil of time; they are as old as the human race. They waved upon the earth long before the flood, under the husbandry of the 'world's grey fathers.' The sun in heaven has ripened more than six thousand of them. Progress is the law of nature, and everything else obeys it, but the harvest-field exhibits little or no change. It presents nearly the same picture in this Western clime and in these modern days as it did under the glowing skies of the East in the time of the patriarchs. We see the same old familiar scene now enacted under our eyes in every walk we take, which Ruth saw when she gleaned after her kinsman's reapers in one of the quiet valleys of Bethlehem, on which our blessed Saviour so frequently gazed when wandering with His disciples in the mellow afternoon around the verdant shores of Gennesaret. harvest-fields are the golden links that connect the ages and the zones, and associate together the most distant times and the remotest nations in one common bond of sympathy and dependence. They make of the earth one great home; of the human race one great family; and of God the universal Parent, to whom day after day we are encouraged to go with filial faith and love, not in selfishness and isolation, but in a fraternal spirit which embraces the whole world, asking not for themselves only, but for all our brothers of mankind as well—'Our Father which art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread."

105

HARVEST TIME.



"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness" (Psalm Ixv. 11.)

Tkeep me ever Close to Thee!



 $|d,d.-:d.,d|l_1:1.1|f,f.-:f.,f|r$

"I Kicks Ag'in' it, Sah."

By the Late Dr. A. J. GORDON.



UCH was the vehement exclamation of Brother Moses, as I met him one day in front of an aristocratic mansion where he was busily at work dusting carpets, trimming the lawn, etc.

"But before I rehearse his sidewalk discourse, I must tell my reader something about this ebony sage, whom I have known now for more than twenty-five years. Like the singer in the Canticles, he is 'black, but comely!' Not that he has any beauty to attract one, but when he becomes animated upon spiritual themes the listener forgets his dark visage and thick features, and the 'beauty of the Lord' seems to shine out in his face.

"My first acquaintance with Moses began

"Soon after the close of the war, when a considerable influx of freed men toward the North had set in, a Unitarian neighbour said to me one day, 'I wish you would call in and see my coloured man, who has recently come to me from the South. I assure you he is a character. He seems to take a great interest in the welfare of my soul, and, as he is of your persuasion, I would like you to make his acquaintance. By all means get him to tell you of his experience."

"I called one morning, according to request, and found Moses busy in the stable polishing the harness and beguiling his labours with the weird strains of an old plantation melody.

"After a pleasant introduction and some interchange of Christian fellowship, I said:

"' Brother Moses, I wish you would tell me your Christian experience, if you can spare time for it!'

"'I allers has time enough for dat, sah,' he replied, 'and allers shall till I puts off dis clay tabernacle, and den I'll hab all eternity to tell it in.' And then a shine came into his dusky visage more brilliant than that which he was imparting to his master's leather.

"'It was de sixth day ob October, 1853,' he continued, 'at three o'clock in de mornin', in Massa's corn-field in ole Virginny, dat de Lord spoke peace to my soul. You see, I had been a-mournin' for weeks, yet all de while more or less confidential in myself, and settin' store by de heaps ob good works and prayers and repentin's I'd done. But at last dese deceitful refuges began to gib way, and de foundations ob de great deep broke up in my soul, and for three days and nights I could

neither eat nor drink, nor sleep, a-mournin' and a-wailin' for my sins. At last nigh sunrise in de third day, out in de corn-field, I sez, 'Lord, You must save dis despairin' sinner or he'll die, I know I'se wicked, and vile, and rebellious, but den You'se all-merciful and forgivin'. Dat's Your reputation, Lord, and I begs You for de sake of Your Great Name to show mercy and not judgment.' And so I cried and pleaded dere on de ground. Den de Lord 'peared to me in de visions ob de mornin' and reached out His hand to me; but He didn't reach it out flat-ways as though He had any Bread ob Life to gib to my hungry soul. Time hadn't come yet for dat. But He reached out His hand edgeways towards me; and if dat hand had been a sharp two-edged sword it couldn't cut me open quicker'n it did: separatin' de j'ints and de marrer, and layin' bare de corruption ob my heart. I never dreamed what a heap ob blackness dere was in dat heart till dat mornin'. But just den I heerd a mighty noise, which made me tremble from head to foot, and I sez, 'Lord, what's dat rumblin'?' And He sez, 'Dat's your sins a-fallin' into hell.' Den, quicker'n I can tell, He reached out His hand ag'in, so kinder soft and tender, and closed me up, and didn't leave a rent or a scar, or a sore place in my heart, and He sez to me, 'Son, dy sins, which is many, is forgiben dee.' Den I knowed I'd been born agin; dat old things was passed away, and all things had become new. Happified was I. From de risin' ob de sun to de goin' down ob de same dat day, it 'peared like I was in heben, a-standin' on de sea ob glass, wid de harp ob God in my hand, and golden slippers on my feet, singin' de song ob Moses and de

"'From dat day I'se been surer dat I'se borned agi'n dan I am I was borned de fust time; for I can't nowise remember my fust birth, but the second I'll remember all eternity, and never cease to praise de Lamb dat redeemed me.

"'Dat's my experience. Some folks don't believe it, but I knows it, for it's what I'se tasted and seen.'

"Now I daresay that my readers, having listened to this extraordinary story, will conclude that anyone capable of such highly wrought enthusiasm as this, would have very little sober sense, or solid judgment for the ordinary affairs of the Church of Christ. On the contrary, Moses becoming a deacon in a coloured church not long after my first acquaintance with him, has used the office so well, and gained for himself such a good degree,

108 CHIMES.

that by general consent he is now regarded as a very pillar and stay among his brethren. His good judgment in managing the affairs of God's house has constantly surprised me; even more have I been impressed with his fine discernment of evangelical truth, and his deep insight into the problems of Christian life and experience. Certainly he must have been profoundly taught of the Spirit; and I can say sincerely that I am always spiritually refreshed by my wayside conversations with him, and that if I should ever be in great affliction or darkness of mind, I can think of no one to whom I should more readily turn for consolation than to black Moses.

(To be continued.)

Nonconformity to the World.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Be not conformed to this world" (Romans xii. 2).



NEGLECTED Bible breeds a host of evils. When the soul is not fenced round with the barrier of God's truth, it is an easy matter for the enemy to steal the fruit of a good character.

When the heart is not garrisoned with the armed sentinels of Holy Writ, the citadel will soon be ransacked and spoiled. When the mind is not planted with the living seed of the Word of God, the weeds of wickedness will thrive to the wasting of the individual's power. A Christian who neglects his Bible is like a ship at sea without a rudder, tossed about with every wind of doctrine; he is like a mariner without a compass, not knowing where he is, nor where he is going; he is like a working man without tools, unable to accomplish the task allotted to him; and he is like a man in the dark, vainly endeavouring to see his way, who in his groping along falls into a ditch.

The one cause of worldliness in the Church, and in the lives of Christians, is traceable to the fact, that Christians are in the main ignorant of the specific directions the Lord has given in His Word as to the believer's aim and attitude in the world. The consequence is, too many believers are like weather-vanes, they are moved by the wind of men's opinions, and the desires of the old nature, instead of being like the light of a lighthouse, protected by the glass of God's truth, and shining out in a holy character upon the sea of life, telling to the stormtossed mariner, who is buffeted about with

the wind of iniquity, that Christ is the Harbour of Safety and the Place of Refuge.

The secret of safety in Christian life is to act according to Divine instructions. The man whose house was built on a rock, was the one who heard the Word of God and did it; and the one who hears the Word of God and keeps it, is the good-ground hearer, who brings forth fruit with patience. This indicates the vital importance of knowing what the mind of the Lord is, in relation to the believer in Christ and the world.

What is the meaning of the term world? There are four different words that we have rendered "world" in the New Testament.

I. "AION."

This term is variously rendered. Generally speaking, it signifies an age or dispensation; hence, it is associated with the trend of things in the age spoken of. As this present age is governed by the God of this "aion" (11. Cor. iv. 4), it stands to reason that it is evil (Gal. i. 4), hence, its course (aion) is in direct opposition to God, and the principles of the Gospel (Eph. ii. 2).

II. "GEE."

Gee signifies the earth, as contrasted with heaven; or the dry land as opposed to the sea. Sometimes the term is used to denote the inhabitants of the earth, as in Rev. xiii. 3, where "all the world wondered after the beast," just as we speak of all England meaning the people of England.

III. "KOSMOS."

Kosmos is the opposite to chaos. Chaos signifies confusion and disorder, hence, kosmos represents order and arrangement. The term is rendered "adorning" in 1. Peter iii. 3, when calling attention to women's adornment. The word is used to express God's order in the universe as manifest in creation; but it is also used to express the order of things which has been brought about by sin, hence we are told not to love the world (1. John ii. 15), for all that is in it, in its fallen condition as ruled by sin, is not of the Father.

IV. "OIKOUMENCE."

This word denotes the inhabited world. In a restricted sense, it signifies in the New Testament the Roman world, hence, we read in Luke ii. 1, "All the world should be taxed." "Aion" and "Kosmos" are used in an evil sense in the New Testament, but the context must determine the use of these terms in this relation.

One of the Divine injunctions which indicate what the believer's position is not to be

in relation to the world is, "Be not conformed to this world." All the commands of the Gospel have behind them a motive; hence, we find the injunction not to be conformed to the world is based upon the mercies the Lord has bestowed upon the believer (see Rom. xii. 1). Principal Handley Moule comments upon this as follows: "As out of some cleft in the face of the rocky hills rolls the

FULL PURE STREAM

born in their depths, which runs under the sun and sky through the green meadows, and beside the thirsty homes of men, so here from the inmost mysteries of grace come the messages of all-comprehensive holy duty." The Christian, filled with the knowledge of an eternal love, is told not to dream, but to serve, with all the mercies of God for his motive. Someone has remarked with homely force, that in the Bible everywhere, if only we dig deep enough, we find "do right" at the bottom. And we may add that everywhere also we have only to dig one degree deeper to find that the precept is rooted in eternal underlying facts of divine truth and love. . . . Richard Cecil, wise and pregnant counsellor in Christ, says "that if he had to choose between preaching precepts and preaching privileges, he would preach privileges; because the privileges of the true Gospel tend in their nature to suggest and stimulate right action, while the precepts, taken alone, do not reveal the wealth of Divine love and power."

This principle of action runs like

A VEIN OF GOLD

through the whole of the Gospel. God's love to us supplies the motive and manner of our love to others. Christ laying down His life for us, is the inspiration which constrains us to lay down our life for Him. His faithfulness to us begets in our hearts a like spirit. His giving Himself to us and for us is the charm that moves us to give ourselves to and for Him. The constant service of Christ on our behalf is the magnetic force which impels us to act like Him in ministering to others; and the mercies with which Divine Grace has endowed us are the mighty influence which draws us after the Lord in willing obedience to obey any precept He gives.

So many believers fail to enjoy their privileges, hence they find it irksome to fulfil their responsibilities; but when we feel the force of what the Lord has done for us, we are only too willing to do anything and everything that He commands us to do. In the light of Gospel privileges, the command

not to be conformed to this age will certainly be carried out, for the soul's obedience is the evidence of its gratitude for all the mercies bestowed.

Let us note the command, "Be not conformed." To be conformed to anything is to be moulded after it, as when

THE MOLTEN METAL

is run into a mould and made like unto it. The same term is employed in 1. Peter i. 14, "Fashion according," where the believer is exhorted not to be fashioned "according to the former lusts in your ignorance." The believer is not to be moulded in his conduct, nor fashioned in his actions according to the maxims and rules of the world. Dr. Candlish says, in speaking of the world, "The world is fallen human nature acting itself out in the human family; moulding and fashioning the framework of human society in accordance with its own tendencies. It is fallen human nature making the ongoings of human thought, feeling, and action its own. It is the reign or kingdom of the carnal mind, which is enmity against God. Wherever that mind prevails, there is the world.

Now, the believer, acting according to the divine precept, goes contrary to the reigning fashion, as Godet remarks, "In the use of his consecrated body, the believer has first an everywhere present model to be rejected, then a new type to be discerned and realised. The model to be rejected, is that presented to him by the present world, or, as we should say, the

REIGNING FASHION.

taking this word in its widest sense."

The two ruling principles that are seen acting in the world like an evil leaven are, first, "I do as I like, so long as it is to my advantage," as in the case of Herodias, whose daughter danced before Herod to please him, that she might accomplish her own ends; and second, "I please others if it brings satisfaction and gain to myself," as in the case of Herod the king, who, to have the good opinion of the Jews persecuted James and Peter. Now the believer will not seek to please himself if he is keeping separate from the world; he will not satisfy himself, nor will he seek to please men, but he will seek to please God, and have the testimony which Enoch had, that he walked with God, and hence was pleasing to Him. What is meant by not conforming to the world may be gathered from the following contrasts:-

"I am my own, and do as I think best," says the world. "I am not my own, but do what God tells me," says the believer. The

former is like self-willed Ahab, who sold himself to work iniquity; while the latter is like the Apostle Paul, who gladly owned that

he was the property of Christ.

"I live as I like," says the world. "I like to live as Christ desires me," says the believer. "I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me." The former is shadowed by black self, while the latter walks in the light of his Lord's approval.

"I go where my inclinations take me," says the world. "I go where Christ takes me," says the believer. The former finds himself in the

BOGS OF DOUBT

and despair; while the latter has the joy of the Lord as his strength.

"I spend my money to my own advantage," says the world. "I am a steward," says the believer, "and am responsible to my Lord for its disposal." The former is a robber of God's property, while the latter recognises he is dealing with trust funds.

"I dress after the fashions," says the world. "I seek to adorn myself according to the Divine injunctions, not to dress up the outer man so that no attention may be attracted to myself, and I pray to have the adornment

of a meek and quiet spirit."

"I think as I will and express my opinions freely," says the world. "I pray that my thoughts may be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ," says the child of God. The former is on a steed that is carrying him to destruction, while the latter is in touch with a power which communicates its authority to him.

"I aim at getting all I can," says the world. "I aim at giving all I can," says the believer. The former is warping himself by his grab-all system, while the latter is laying up for himself a hundred-fold treasure.

Our Little Ones.

By C. Edwards.

T is a matter of the greatest interest to notice the important place the little ones have always occupied in the history, experience, and service of the Lord's people, and a great comfort also to see, by the Bible, the special place they have in the purposes, plans, and provisions of the Lord's grace. They have a unique place in His heart of love, His covenant of grace, His redemption work, His kingdom of blessing, and His eternal home. And who can measure or describe the important part the little ones play in human hearts and homes. They are indeed what Mr. Binney called them, "The poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of the family. Little conjurors, with their natural magic, evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks of society, and although they bring with them anxieties and cares,

and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them." Seeing, then, that the little ones fill such an important place, both in the heart of God and man, it is right they should always have a very prominent place too in the ministry of the Word, and in all our prayers; thus we should seek in every way to obey the Master in feeding the lambs. A little boy, one Saturday night, said at the end of his prayer, "O God, let the minister say something tomorrow that I can understand." The Lord help us to answer this prayer at every service. The Bible marks very clearly, special care for the little ones at different points of varied experiences, and supplies innumerable illustrations of this special love. They are reckoned in love; redeemed by grace; registered with care; remembered in life; and represented above.

These are the thoughts we wish to fix on our minds:—

1. Little ones reckoned in love. "Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go: that we may live and not die, both we and thou, and also our little ones" (Gen. xliii. 8). In this verse we have an ancient light to this wonderful love. There is the picture of need, the reckoning of love, the link of life, and the hope of help. Yes. It was love which linked the little ones with the families of Israel in their need, hope, and help. So Divine love has linked all the little ones with the great redemption which is in Christ Jesus. They have all been reckoned in His heart of love, His covenant of peace, and His purposes of mercy. It is everlasting love. It had no birthday, it has no changing day, and it will have no dying day. Abundant, free, eternal love, and the gift of this love is Jesus, the Light of Life, and the Bread of Life for every soul, for fathers, mothers, and little ones too. Jesus says, "I am the Bread of Life, he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst" (John vi. 35). Let us try and get this thought into the hearts of the little ones, that God loves them with an everlasting love. "Oh, mother," said a little girl on returning from church to her sick parent, "I have heard the child's Gospel to-day, 'God is Love."

2. Little ones redeemed by Grace. "Let your little ones also go with you" (Ex. x. 10, 24). Pharaoh at first wanted to keep the little ones in Egypt, and only allow the men to go, but Moses said, no, all must go. "Not an hoof be left behind" The Lord sent plagues, Pharaoh's heart was softened, and then he said, "Go ye and serve the Lord let your little ones also go with you" (Ex. x. 24). So all were separated from Egypt by grace, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb (Ex. xii. 13); and delivered by Divine power from the bitter bondage of slavery to sing the new song on the other side of the Red Sea, a free, happy people. This is a picture of the redemption we have in Christ Jesus (Eph. i. 7), from the bondage of sin, the power of Satan, and the evil of the world, thus every saved one can sing the new song of praise to our God. And the power and promise of this redeeming grace reaches to all the little ones. Peter said at Pentecost, "For the promise is unto you and to your children" (Acts ii 39): and Paul said to the jailor, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house" (Acts xvi. 31). We can tell the story of the Lord's redeeming grace to all the little ones, for they are all included in the Gospel provision, invitation, and promise. A friend of mine was holding services on Margate Sands in 1888. Two young friends, aged about nine and eleven, wrote him saying, "We were so unhappy when we left the meeting, but before we got home, we both knelt down in a dark corner, in the High Street, and told Jesus all. We are so happy now." A memorable spot, upon which no tablet has been erected, but heaven will register the deed.

3. Little ones registered with care (11. Chron. xxxi. 18). The Israelites were very careful about registering

their children, and no wonder, for so much depended upon it. Their covenant blessings, their fitness for service, and their title to the inheritance, all were affected by their registration. And the registry of the birth and names of our children is also important and imperative, and every good citizen understands the wisdom of this. But there is another registry which is the most important of all, and that is to have our names written in the Lamb's book of life. And it is a great joy to know that all our little ones who are saved by grace, are registered in heaven. The Lord counts His people (Ps. lxxxvii. 6); registers His people (Luke x. 20); keeps His people (Psalm cxxi. 5); seals His people (Eph. i. 13), and it is most cheering for every Sunday School teacher to note in Matthew xviii. how sweetly Jesus has linked all the little ones who "believe on Him" with His Father in heaven, His kingdom of grace, His own name of power, and His eternal glory. There is a faithful record kept in heaven of every little one who is washed in the Saviour's blood, and nothing can possibly sever this bond of love and life in Christ Jesus. Oh, happy thought! The great family registry is filling up, and what joy it will be to gather there in the Father's home. Mr. Spurgeon says, "Some have doubted whether there will be recognition in heaven. There is no room for doubt, for it is called 'My Father's house,' and shall not the family be known to each other? Let us seek to get the Home

4. Little ones remembered in life. "Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish" (Matt. xviii. 14). How loving, kind, and tender Jesus was towards children when He was on earth. "He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them " (Mark x. 16). He is just the same now He is up in heaven, full of love, full of sympathy, and full of interest in all the little ones. This one verse gives us God's estimate of love and longing for the children, and in different parts of the Word the Lord has instructed us how to treat them. We are to love them, help them, guide them, and bring them to Jesus for life and blessing; and the great secret of successful Sunday School teaching is, to be in harmony with the Divine will for the salvation of the children, that not one little one may perish. In the Gospel of Matthew, alone, the Lord Jesus has given us clear, definite counsel in our care for the children. We are to remember their value (Matt. xviii. 10); bring them to Him for blessing (Matt. xix. 13, 14); rejoice at their conversion (Matt. xviii. 14); receive them in love (Matthew xviii. 5); be glad with their service (Matthew xxi. 15, 16); refresh them with sympathy (Matthew x. 42); and come down to their simplicity (Matt. xviii. 4). This guiding light from the Master Himself, shows us His tender love and abiding affection for the little ones. Let us follow the Good Shepherd in this happy service for the lambs. In this precious verse we have a threefold cord of love, which seems to surround the little ones. The Father's will; the Saviour's love; and the Holy Spirit's word. This threefold grace and power gives us the assurance of their safety.

5. Little on s represented :bove. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones," &c. (Matt. xviii. 10). It is a pleasing fact that the Lord Jesus bears all the little ones "who believe on Him," on His heart before His Father in heaven, and they enjoy all the blessings of His loving intercession just as much as older Christians do. But there is another pleasing fact which Jesus Himself has revealed,

that the angels, who are in the very presence of God, are deputed to guard, guide, and help all the little ones at every step of their tender experience, "For I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven " (verse 10). So we know that all the little ones who trust Jesus are saved, shielded and secured in the fold of His love. Yes. The ministry of angels is a very real blessing. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation ' (Heb. i. 14). Oh, how safe our little ones are who are trusting Jesus. They are always on the Saviour's heart, in the Church's care, in the angels' hands, in the book of life, and soon they will all be in our Father's home. Let us earnestly seek to win them for Jesus. This verse supplies every teacher with four precious thoughts. We have a warning of love; a window of life; a wonder of grace; and a welcome of home, or a ladder of love, like Jacob's, which reaches from earth to heaven, with angels ascending and descending upon it.

Last Words of F. R. Havergal.*

- "DESPITE all breakers, I am happy, dear, God's promises are true, I've not a fear! Say, do you think the end I soon shall know? So near the gates! so beautiful to go!
- "Sing now, 'My happy home I long to see, How sweet the name of Jesus is to me!' His saving strength is mine, though flesh be weak, Bright words for Jesus may you ever speak!
- "One Rock alone for us our God has laid, In that I trust, then wherefore be afraid! I'm lost in wonder! Faithful is each word Of gracious promise that my soul hath stirred!
- "O come to me in heaven! my dear ones, come!
 May all our kindred seek that glorious home!
 Thee will I trust, Lord Jesus, with my soul,
 Though lost and helpless, Thou hast made me whole.
- "All, all is peace, on Christ my Rock 1 stand, He yet is with me, and will hold my hand; E'en here on earth, the Saviour's joys begin; I'm only waiting till He takes me in."

So spake the loved one who so sweetly sung The praise of Jesus with her tuneful tongue, Now freed from every bondage, wholly free From pain and weakness, Lord! she rests with Thee.

And still she speaks, for notes of sacred song Through untold years her service shall prolong; While from her tomb those words may entrance win, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin."

Wm. Kitching.

* F. R. H. died at Caswell Bay, Swansea, June 3rd, 1879, aged 42 years. On her tembstone in Astley Churchyard is inscribed the text above quoted (1. John i. 7), and also the words, "By her writings in prose and verse, she 'being dead yet speaketh."

"The crowning day is coming." Yes, but only to those who now make it a working day.

Many wish for Christ as their sheet-anchor, but not as their Pilot, or the Bible as their chart.

Chips by Dlakonas.

Tied houses make loose tongues.

Well-clothed publicans make bare feet.

In the long run, back-biting is bitter-biting.

The only wit there will be in hell is afterwit.

The fruitful branch which bears most, bends most.

It is better to be Christ-taught than self-taught.

The silent influence often speaks the loudest.

The devil's most successful pitfall has a full licence.

To proclaim the Gospel is the way to reclaim men.

"Self" and "pelf" are deities to whom not a few bow.

When we aim at glory to God, self is "brought down."

Nursed wrongs lead to the "Incurable Dumps Hospital."

Neglect produces weeds, whether it be in the garden or the life.

The curse of the Church to-day is not apostasy, but apathy.

You can never judge the quality of the fruit by the size of the tree.

A weed can give colour to a whole field, and a lie to a whole life.

"Cheese-paring" never pays, especially when dealing with God.

On life's race David was handicapped heavily by a single sin.

Many a man with a small income is laying up large treasure in heaven.

There is no "I" in love, therefore "love is blind" to her own interest.

He who has not given himself to God, has not yet started to be generous.

When the hope of "well-done" stimulates as much as the hope of gain, numbers will be added to the Church daily.

"He humbled Himself. . . . Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him."

When a man has been taught to look up, he never "looks down on a fellow."

Old rats are seldom caught with a trap. Alas! this is not true of old men.

A biased ball and a man with a biased mind can never keep a straight course.

Be in Earnest.

DURING the Crimean War, a young chaplain, newly arrived in camp, inquired of a Christian sergeant the best method of carrying on his work among the men. The sergeant led him to the top of a hill, and pointed out the field of action. "Now, sir," said he, "look around you. See those batteries on the right, and the men at their guns. Hear the roar of the cannon. Look where you will, all are in earnest here. Every man feels that this is a life or death struggle. If we do not conquer the Russians, the Russians will conquer us. We are all in earnest here, sir; we are not playing at soldiers. If you would do, you must be in earnest; an earnest man always wins his way." Such was the advice of Queen Victoria's servant to the servant of King Jesus.

Gulls: Paper v. Bread.

Any careful watcher of seagulls as they skim along in the wake of a steamer, will have observed that they are very keen in their alertness in watching the passengers as they throw the bread to them. But the birds know the difference between a piece of paper which may be thrown to them and a portion of bread. When the paper is thrown out the gulls take no notice of it, but when the bread is tossed out they will catch it often before it reaches the water. The instinct of the bird tells it what is food and what is not. In like manner, when the senses of the spiritual man are exercised by believing prayer, and by the inbreathing of God's Word, he is able to discern the difference between the paper of man's utterance and the bread of God's truth (1. Cor. ii. 8-16).

BETHESDA RECORD.

The Pastor hopes (p.v.) to give a Series of Addresses on Sunday mornings in September on "The Believer's Five changes of Raiment."

The subjects of Pastor F. E. Marsh's Addresses in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30, during September, will (v.v.) be as follows:—

September 5—"The Certain Fulfilment of God's Word."

- ., 12—"The Certain Sufficiency of the Atonement."
- " 19—" The Certain Blessedness of Believers."
- ., 26—"The Certain Punishment of the Indifferent."

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THE GREAT INWORKER.*

BY REV. ANDREW MURRAY.

HAVE learned to place myself before God every day, as a vessel to be filled with the Holy Spirit. He has filled me

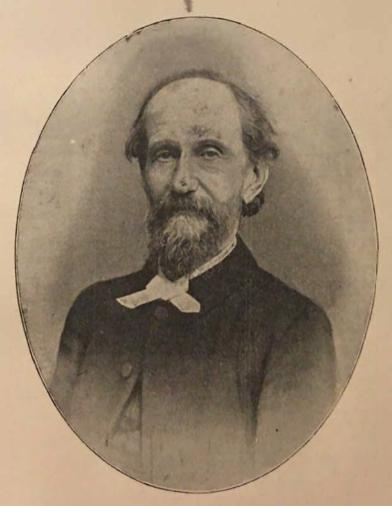
with the blessed assurance that He, as the everlasting God, has guaranteed His own work in me. If there is one lesson I am learning day by day it is this; that it is God who worketh all and in all. Oh. that I could help any brother or sister to realise this! I will tell you where you fail. You have never yet heartily believed that He is working out your salvation. You believe that if a painter undertakes a picture, he must look to every shade of colour, and every touch upon the canvas. You believe that if a workman makes a table or a bench he knows how to

do his work. But you do not believe that the everlasting God is working out the image of His Son in you, as any sister here is doing a piece of ornamental or fancy work, following out the pattern in every detail. Just think, "Can God not work out in me the purpose of His love?" If that piece of work is to be perfect,

every stitch must be in its place. And remember that not one minute of your life should be without God. We do not believe that. We want God to come in at times—say, in the morning; then we are to live two or three hours. and He can come in again. No; God must be every moment the worker in your soul.

I was once preaching and a lady came to talk with me. She was a very pious woman, and I asked her, "How are you going on?" Heranswer was, "Oh, just the way it is always; sometimes light and sometimes dark."
"My dear sister,

where is that in the Bible?" She said, "We have day and night in nature; and just so it is in our souls." "No, no; in the Bible we read, 'your sun shall no more go down."



Let me believe that I am God's child, and that the Father in Christ, through the Holy Ghost, has set His love upon me, and I may abide in His presence; not frequently, but unceasingly. The veil has been rent; the holiest of all has been opened. By the grace of my God, I have there to take up my abode; and there my God is going to teach me what I never could learn while I dwelt outside. My home is always the abiding love of the Father in heaven.

You will ask me, "Are you satisfied? Have you got all you want?" God forbid. With the deepest feeling of my soul I can say I am satisfied with Jesus now, but there is also the consciousness of how much fuller the revelation can be of the exceeding abundance of His grace. Let us never hesitate to say, "This is only the beginning." When we are brought into the holiest of all, we are only beginning to take our right position with the Father.

May He teach us our own nothingness, and transform us into the likeness of His Son, and help us to go out and be a blessing to our fellow men. Let us trust Him and praise Him in the midst of a consciousness of our own utter unworthiness, and in the midst of a consciousness of failure, and of remaining tendency to sin. Notwithstanding this, let us believe that our God loves to dwell in us; and let us hope without ceasing in His still more abundant grace.

What I Saw.

BY "J. DALE RIVERS."



O this day I blame that new bicycle.

A long run, hot sun, uneven roads, a strong head wind, and as a companion a "crank," twenty years my junior, with a

bent toward record making. Alas! when will one to himself admit that the physical possibilities of a quarter of a century ago are no longer within reach without great effort, and afterwards greater stiffness.

Tired out, I reached home; had tea, and with slippered feet rested, or tried to. I knew she was watching me, though her busy fingers were engaged with a needle—the size I now prefer to thread—in darning a stocking of one of the children. I realized too, she was thinking "a man is but a child of over growth," and that her big, over-grown boy,

had got a new playtoy, and it was a "bike."

My arm chair was all akimbo, felt as if lime had been mixed with the hair of the stuffing, and irregular plaster had accrued; unsuccess marked my every effort to obtain a comfortable pose with my feet on the metal portion of the stove; one was too high, another too low, and the rest produced no rest. Then I wished that marble mantels and jambs were not forbidden slipper paths. At this juncture my wife smiled, and suggested that if I placed my legs across a low, oldfashioned stool—not one of the present-day art productions, the solidity of which entirely depends on glue and an extra coat of varnish I should be in a better position to read, as the incandescent light was a fixture, and I was somewhat in the shade. It was very considerate of her to put it in that way, and her consideration made me think of the old saw, "Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way." The book I had in my hand was The French Revolution, by the Sage of Chelsea, and my purpose was to add a few chapters to the quota already read. Ugh! what a work it was to struggle through, but a very limited number of pages; I persevered, and thought Carlyle somewhat severe in his judgment upon "poor Louis."

Suddenly, as if at the touch of the marvellous wand of the magi, the room appeared to enlarge in height, length and breadth, till the expansion was so great, that I wondered what had become of my neighbours, and the adjoining property. Yes, the building was so immense that the roof and sides were immeasurable beyond my most extravagant idea; in fact, it was slowly revealed to me that by some unaccountable means I was in possession, not of second sight or foresight, but all-seeing power, or in other words, I was omniscient, and my vision was not limited by material things.

With wonder-struck feelings I anxiously awaited the next event; I was not destined to linger an unreasonably long time, for the fireplace by an occult transformation became a great throne, and seated upon it, in royal splendour, was One the like of whom I had never seen before. Still I recognised the Lord Christ Jesus—what ecstasy there was in the first impressions—and the whole air was full of the words, "Judgment seat of Christ." The knowledge this information conveyed did not in the least appal, for I was fully convinced that the destiny of each believer was unalterably fixed, and the burning up of the "hay, wood and stubble," was at hand.

"Every man's work shall be made manifest" was past, for each man, though in the unseen, possessed all-seeing and all-knowing ability. The day shall, no, the day had declared it; I knew even as also I am known, and "why?" "wherefore?" were forgotten terminology.

"By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned," had a new awe-inspiring light thrown upon it, for now word, motive, purpose, and work were patent to all in that large assembly. What innate revelations! what unutterable

surprises! what transient views!

Near me stood an old friend who had been always in the front of the battle in Christian activity, but as I looked, with my X ray's gaze upon his whole life, I saw a day when he, like Job, had been tried. He was called upon to decide for his Master or the world; his decision was a via media, so he thought. From that crisis in his history, work was not accomplished with love's promptitude, but with servile lassitude and penance; and ease was the goal in view. Who would have thought so in time? All knew it in eternity!

As his works—for they were his works and not His work—were upon the tapis, the universal verdict was, the subtle enemy of souls had made the shadowy glamour to eclipse the unchanging reality, and the accepted was as a pebble on the sea shore, and the rejected or neglected as a mountain with its uppermost peak lost in space. Saved

as by fire—but the reward?

My attention was drawn-how, I don't know-to Mr. Blank. In that age when time was measured, we had been school mates, play-fellows, companions, and neighbours. Together we started in the Sunday school class on the narrow way, but his progress was with bounds, owing to many natural gifts, while mine was slow, and not marked by any salient features. Then social position and the society of the elite were held out by the tempter, and Mr. Blank took to laying up treasure on earth, and stubble in heaven. Now and then he gave away a few hundreds, but it was only to ease his conscience, and not the burden which lay on the Lord's poor. His children had not grown up to follow the humble carpenter of Nazareth, for with social position as the house god, it was next to an impossibility. There was no "well done," for there had been no well doing in the life.

Poor old Thomas, too, was among that great company. Never much, never hurried, never tired of doing his little—though it was

little—never too late to visit, never too soon to see a fault, never thanked, never without a gift for a poorer saint, never too shortsighted to see on the same footpath a fallen brother, never out of trouble, though often not his own, never the highest service, we vainly imagined, never absent from the prayer meeting, never grammatical in his fervent prayer, never—but stop! it is enough. Still, I must add, near him were his two sons, heavy laden with sheaves from the foreign field. No longer poor Thomas, for his reward exceeded that of the most eloquent preacher. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto Me."

115

Young men were there who had given up various things for *Christ*, and taken them again for *self*; and oh! how selfish they appeared before the *Greater Giver*. With some it was the tobacco-pipe, with others it was the theatre, not a few had re-hugged smart practices in business, and with many the sensual pleasure had been retaken to become the known sin, which prevented a volume of prayer—all-prevailing prayer—from reaching God.

"Wake! wake! wake!" was shouted in my ear; as I did so, the fireplace was itself again, and so was the room. Yes, I had been dreaming. Readers, what about the lessons in the dream?

In Christ.

10W blest are they whom Christ shall own, Before His Father's face; Who full redemption here have known, Thro' His all-saving grace! How sweet that Saviour's constant love, His children only know; A foretaste of the joys above To cheer them here below. Tho' men devoid of faith may chide, And view their joy with scorn; In Christ's own presence they abide, To life eternal born. No dark, distrustful view they take, Tho' earthly joys may flee, But cry with David, "When I wake, Dear Lord, I'm still with Thee!" His Spirit is their portion here, To comfort and to guide, To make the Word of Wisdom clear, Their lips shall publish wide. O, sweet salvation! His to be Who hath our ransom paid, His purchase is our only plea, In Him our peace is made! By Christ redeemed, in Him we stand, From condemnation free, Our Home is in the Promised Land, Safe for eternity. W. Kitching.

"Wheelbarrow Religion."

By PASTOR H. F. GOWER.

ICHARD BAXTER, of holy memory, once pithily described the religion of certain persons he knew as "wheelbarrow" religion they only went when they were pushed. This type of religion is not extinct by any means. There is a tendency in most believers to degenerate into a formal, mechanical, half-hearted profession of religion, to preserve the "form" and deny the "power." There is much beauty, as a rule, about the beginnings of the Christian life; the "first love" is altogether "a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever;" there is a freshness, a vitality, a spontaneity about it which makes it fair to look upon; it is a delight fit for the eyes of angels, and a fountain of joy and power to the happy possessor. Too often, however, it vanishes like the "morning cloud" and the "early dew," and the ardent and enthusiastic convert becomes the cold, matter-of-fact, and joyless believer. Once the forces and impulses within him impelled him on in the pathway of the Christian life, his vivid sense of forgiving love, his unbroken fellowship with the Lord Jesus, his continual victories over sin and temptation, his love of the Word and of prayer, all combined to yield him an abiding inspira-tion, and to feed the holy fires of his earnestness; but now these are but memories of the beautiful morning hours of his Christian experience; the gold has gone, and the sombre grey fills his sky. He is still a Christian, but he is one of the multitude who must be driven or drawn; he lives to eat rather than eats to live; he consumes, but does not produce; he must be cared for rather than care for others His religion is of the "wheelbarrow" type; he makes progress, but to do so, he must be *pushed* on by others.

These "wheelbarrow" Christians are the heart-

break of the Christian minister. When he enters the pulpit their faces fill him with sore distress and depression. They are the helpless children of his congregation; his constant question is, week by week, "What can I do or devise to arouse these cold-hearted ones?" The time and strength he would willingly expend to create and nourish a "forward movement" for the winning of the souls who yet are without the fold, must be frittered away, we had almost said uselessly, in the oft-defeated attempt to arouse these apparently unarousable ones. It is a thankless toil, and what minister is there who does not know what it is to "plough the rock," breaking not only his share in the painful process, but often his heart too? These "wheelbarrow" people are the sorest distresses and most depressing dampers to a pastor's faith, and clogs on the wheels of the Church's industry.

"Wheelbarrow" religion yields little joy or profit to the believer himself. Does he enjoy religion? Alas, how few do! It becomes a weary round of dry duties; he does as little as he can for others; the sweet-voiced angel of assurance no longer makes habitation in his heart; his ideals of Christian conduct and character are miserably low. His home is not on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, where the morning comes soonest, and the evening tarries longest, making a long, bright day under a blue and sunny sky, but down in the mist-filled valley, where the shadows linger, and the outlook is contracted, and the free, fresh winds of God's heavens cannot come. He is no doubt a believer, but certainly one whose lips should frame the cry of a heart which feels how much it has lost, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation." But see the man in whose soul is the well of water "springing up," in whom the

forces of the Christian life are ever moving in full, free play, who knows no need of outward compulsion to seek or do the right; to him Christ means joy, and service delight, sacrifice is welcomed, righteousness becomes a passion, and self is forgotten in the doing of his Lord's will, and in the seeking of his Lord's glory.

Again, this type of religion is a poor recommendation of the Gospel to the world. Joy, vivacity, earnestness, self-forgetfulness, will make their mark upon men; but half-heartedness is foredoomed to failure. Someone has remarked on the absence of joy in our modern Christian life; whether this springs from the poverty of our conviction as to the great verities of the Gospel, or the shrinking from a full consecration to the Lord Jesus, which a true discipleship entails, in either case the lack of joy means a loss of strength. The apostles have much to say about joy; to them it is a fruit of the Spirit, and one of the roots of a true Christian life. It is one of the finest impelling forces in the believer's experience, and it is precisely the quality which is likely to win upon a sinful, sorrowing world. For, indeed, the heart of the world is a sad heart, and its cry may be heard above all other cries to him who has ears to hear, "Who will show us any good?" A joy-filled church is the finest evangelist to a world sitting in the darkness of death. The type of Christianity which Baxter hits off in the title of our paper is hardly one which is likely to prove

our Gospel the "better part."
Once more: God can be glorified only by a willing heart and life. Willinghood is the quintessence of a God-glorifying believer. "Serve the Lord with a willing mind;" "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" Not "I must," but "I may," and "I will," is to be the motive-power of a God-pleasing life. The religion of computer of the consecrate with the consecration of the consecra is not one that wins the satisfaction of the Lord. The son of the house whose rule of life lies in the word ought-and be it far from us to belittle this word-is not likely to fill the father's heart with a high joy. Stern-voiced Duty may not compare with

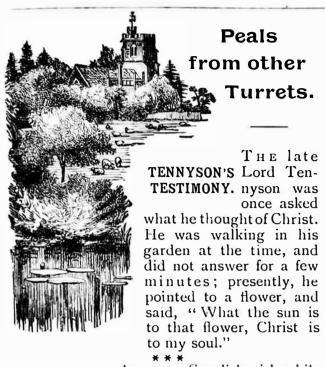
willing-hearted, willing-handed Delight.

Let us not be content, therefore, with a low-level Christian life and service; let us not come under the ignoble need of outward pressure, but ever feel the impelling forces of an inward life and love. Not law, but love is our Master. For those who belong to the class so aptly described by Richard Baxter we can only feel pity and distress; pity because of what they themselves are losing, and distress because of their uselessness to God and His Church. For them, if they would "be settled again after their old estates," there is but one road of recovery to travel; they must seek again the "first love" and "do the first works."

Meet at the Top.

"We shall meet at the top." Thus remarked one friend to another as they passed each other on their way to Castle Hill at Keswick. When the friends met on the vantage point, which gives such a panoramic view of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, and the surrounding hills, the one reminded the other of the words which he had uttered, and remarked, as he pointed upward, "Your words may be taken in another way, for we shall meet at the top when we meet Christ in the air." "Ah! yes, indeed," was the reply. What comfort is found in the fact that when our

Lord returns, we shall meet all our loved ones who have preceded us into His presence. Of this our Lord assures us in 1, Thess. iv. 13-18, and bids us cheer each other with the blessed hope of his return, when the reunion shall take place.



A LITTLE Swedish girl, while
"WHAT MUST walking with her father on a
THE RIGHT starry night, became absorbed in contemplation of the skies.
Being asked of what she was thinking, she replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of Heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

THE great problem of the world CURE FOR in all ages has been this, "How SIN. shall man be healed of this sore sin-plague?"

To this the answers of these latter days are loud and various.

"Let him alone," growls the Atheist. "Worship him," suggests the Pantheist.

"Develop him," argues the Materialist.
"Polish him," advises the Board School

"Church him," shricks the Ritualist.

The Bible solution is, let the sinner be created anew by the Holy Ghost. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."—J. Macpherson.

Many years ago the Duke of SHE SHARED Savoy besieged and sought to take the city of Geneva. He was repulsed, and most of his men slain. Some were taken prisoners and were executed. Amongst the prisoners was an officer whose wife begged for his life, but was refused. He was executed, and his body was hung outside the city exposed to the contempt of all. The faithful wife sat at the foot of the gallows and gazed upon her husband's body, and when others hooted at

the corpse of the traitor, she sat there and had fellowship in his shame, till at length, from sheer want of food, she fell dead at his feet. That was fellowship; she gloried in sharing his fate.

* * *

A society of gentlemen, most BURNING of whom had enjoyed a liberal THE BIBLE. education, and were persons of polished manners, but had, unhappily, imbibed infidel principles, used to assemble at each other's houses for the purpose of ridiculing the Scriptures, and of hardening one another in their unbelief. At last they unanimously formed a resolution solemnly to burn the Bible, and so to be troubled no more with a book which was so hostile to their principles, and so disquieting to their consciences. The day fixed upon had arrived; a large fire was prepared, a Bible laid on the table, and a flowing bowl ready to drink its dirge. For the execution of their plan they fixed upon a young gentleman of high birth, brilliant vivacity, and elegance of manners. He undertook the task, and after a few enlivening glasses, amidst the applause of his jovial compeers, he approached the table, took up the Bible, and was walking leisurely forward to put it into the fire; but, happening to give it a look, he was seized with trembling; paleness overspread his countenance, and he seemed convulsed. He returned to the table, and laying down the Bible, said, with a strong asseveration, "We will not burn that book till we get a better." Soon after this the same gay and lively young gentleman died, and, it is believed, was led to true repentance, deriving unshaken hopes of forgiveness and of future blessedness from that book which he was once going to burn. He found it, indeed, the best book, not only for a living, but a dying hour.

IF you are down with the blues, TONICS, read Psalm xxvii. If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read Revelation iii.

If you don't know where to look for the month's rent, read Psalm xxxvii.

If you feel lonesome and unprotected, read Psalm xci.

If the stovepipe has fallen down and the cook gone off in a pet, put up the pipe, wash your hands, and read James iii.

If you find yourself losing confidence in

men, read 1. Corinthians xiii.

If people pelt you with hard words, read John xv.

I was talking a few weeks ago A CRITICAL with a clergyman at the West, MOMENT. who said he returned to his father's house in Boston, when his brother, a son in the family, came in intoxicated; and he said, when the intoxicated son had retired, "Mother, how do you stand this?"

"Oh," said she, "I have stood this a good while; but it does not worry me now. I found it was worrying me to death, and I put the whole case into God's hands, and said, 'O God, I cannot endure this any longer; take care of my son, reform him, bless him, save him,' and there I left the whole thing with God, and I shall never worry again."

"The next day," said the clergyman, who was talking with me in regard to it, "I met my brother, and said, 'John, you are in an awful position.' 'How so?' said he. 'Why, mother has told me that she has left you with God; she doesn't pray for you any more.' 'Is that Well, I can never contend with the so? Lord. I shall never drink again."

He never did drink again. He went to the far West; at a banquet at St. Louisgiven to him, a lawyer just come to the city —there were many guests, and there was much wine poured, and they insisted that this reformed lawyer should take his glass of wine; and they insisted until it became a great embarrassment, as they said to him, "Ah, you don't seem to have any regard for us, you have no sympathy with our hilarities."

Then the man lifted the glass, and said: "Gentlemen, there was in Boston some years ago, a man, who, though he had a beautiful wife and two children, fell away from his integrity, and went down into the ditch of drunkenness. He was reformed by the grace of God and the prayers of his mother, and he stands before you to-night. I am that man. If I drink this glass I shall go back to my old habits and perish. I am not strong enough to endure it. Shall I drink it? If you say so, I will."

A man sitting next him lifted a knife, and, with one stroke, broke off the bottom of the glass; and all the men at the table shouted,

"Don't drink! don't drink!"

Oh, that man was a hero. He had been going through a battle year after year; that was a great crisis. What a struggle! There are a great many men in peril; and when you are hard in your criticism about men's inconsistency you do not know what a battle they have to fight—a battle compared with which, Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo were child's play.—Friends' Review.

Bells to be Rung.

By F. E. M.

APPLE OF THE EYE.

The apple of the eye is referred to in the Word of God five times.

- I. PROTECTION FROM GOD .- "He kept him as the apple of His eye" (Deut. xxxii. 10).
- II. PRAYER TO GOD .- "Keep me as the apple of the eye" (Ps. xvii. 8).
- III. PRACTICE FOR GOD .- "Keep my commandments, and my law as the apple of thine eye" (Prov. vii. 2)
- IV. PLEADING WITH GOD .- "Let not the apple of thine eye cease" (Lam. ii. 18).
- v. Property of God.—"He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye" (Zech. ii. 8).

STANDARDS OF MEASUREMENTS. "ACCORDING TO."

The measure of God's blessing, is according to His own gracious love and grace; and He expects that we, who believe in Christ, should aim at acting in a corresponding manner towards Him and each other.

I. CALLED ACCORDING TO HIS PURPOSE.—"Called

according to His purpose " (Rom. viii. 28).

II. PREDESTINATED ACCORDING TO HIS WILL.-"Predestinated according to the purpose of Him, who worketh all things after the council of His own will"

III. SAVED ACCORDING TO HIS MERCY.—"According to His mercy He saved us" (Titus iii. 5).

IV. ADOPTED ACCORDING TO HIS PLEASURE. - "Predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will" (Eph. i. 5).

v. Enriched according to His Grage .-"Redemption . . . according to the riches of His

grace '' (Èph. i. 7).

VI. ASSURED ACCORDING TO HIS PROMISE. - "Joshua took the whole land, according to all that the Lord said unto Moses" (Josh. xi. 23; Ex. xxxiii. 2).

VII. SUPPLIED ACCORDING TO HIS ABUNDANCE.—

"My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 19).

VIII. STRENGTHENED ACCORDING TO HIS SPIRIT.— "Grant you according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit" (Eph. iii. 16).

IX. PRAYER ANSWERED ACCORDING TO HIS POWER. "Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that

worketh in us" (Eph. iii. 20).

x. Rested according to His faithfulness.—

"Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest unto His people Israel, according to all that He promised" (1. Kings viii. 56).

XI. COMMISSIONED ACCORDING TO HIS FAVOUR .-"Having then gifts differing according to the grace

that is given to us" (Rom. xii. 6).

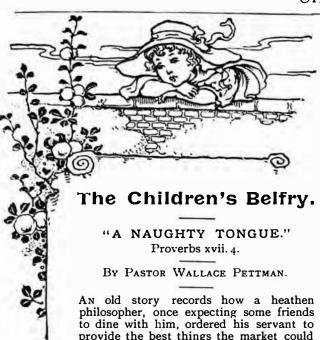
XII. SERVING ACCORDING TO HIS COMMAND.-"According to all that I have commanded thee shall they do" (Ex. xxxi. 11; xxxvi. 1; xxxix. 32, 42; xl. 16; Num ii. 34; viii. 20; ix. 5; xxix. 40; Deut. i. 3, 41)

XIII. ADJUSTED ACCORDING TO HIS WORD.—"Quicken Thou me according to Thy word" (Ps. cxix. 25, 28, 41,

58, 65, 76, 107, 116, 154, 169, 170).

XIV. PRAISING ACCORDING TO HIS GREATNESS.— "Praise Him according to His excellent greatness" (Psalm cl. 2).

CHIMES. IIg



provide the best things the market could supply. The servant provided nothing but tongues. His master in a great rage, said:

"What is the meaning of this? Did I not order you to get the best things for to-day?" "True," said the servant, "and have I not obeyed your order? What is better than the tongue? Is it not the organ oftruth? Does it not gladden men's hearts with good tidings and heal their wounded spirits with consola-

"Then," said the philosopher, "buy for to-morrow the worst things you can get"; and again the servant provided tongues. "What! tongues again?" said his master. "Yes," he replied, "for nothing, surely, is, worse than the tongue: it causes strife and contention, it is the instrument of cruel falsehood, error; and blasphemy. What is there that has been more

harmful than the tongue?

The story is meant to show what great power there is in the tongue, and how it may do good or harm, according as it is used. Now, as boys and girls sometimes have "a naughty tongue," I want to give you a

word of warning and advice about it.

A naughty tongue <u>Teases</u>. I wonder how it is that some boys, and even girls, find pleasure in teasing others. They do not always mean to be unkind, they would probably say they only did it in fun; and yet they say very unkind things, and often cause others much pain. Now, I think it is very mean and selfish for any one to try to get pleasure by making others suffer; and that is just what you do when you say what you know will irritate and grieve them.

I once saw a little girl, who was sadly deformed, making her way along the street, when she was met by a company of boys: and one of them made a remark about her, which I suppose he thought witty, at which they all laughed; and I saw the blush come to her cheek, and the tear to her eye, which showed how it had pained her. Don't you think that was

mean, and cruel, and wicked

A "tell-tale" is one A naughty tongue Tells Tales. who likes to get others into trouble. It is always right, of course, to tell the truth when you are asked; and there are times when it would be wrong to hide another's fault; but telling tales of them, for the sake of getting them into trouble, is "horrid."

When I was a boy we used to sing,

"Tell tale tit, your tongue shall be slit;
And all the little puppy dogs shall have a little bit."

A naughty tongue Talks Tall. You know what is meant by "tall talk." Some boys call it "piling it on." When we have heard our young friends describing their exploits at their games, or at their lessons, or describing their possessions, we knew that they were "talking tall," and saying what was not strictly true. It is a very bad habit, because, when they are found out, people can't trust them; besides, it is a sin against God which He must punish.

A naughty tongue is Terribly Troublesome. The Apostle James says it is like a spark of fire which may cause great destruction. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth: and the tongue is a fire." Oh, the harm that has been done by naughty tongues! And they are sure to bring trouble to those that have them. Boys and girls with teasing, tattling, troublesome tongues are sure to be disliked and shunned.

A wasp, one day, alighted on a rose, and, as it seemed very miserable, the rose asked the reason. "Oh," said the wasp, "everybody hates me. I am shunned, and driven, and hunted by all. Why is it? My yellow stripes, and gauze-like wings, and delicate waist are pretty; yet I have hardly a friend." "Ah!" said the rose, "you have also a sting, which you are all too ready to use: that causes you all your trouble."

Dear boys and girls, you may have, like the wasp, many attractive qualities; but if you have a naughty tongue, it will spoil them all, and you will be disliked and shunned. Now let me give you one or two suggestions as to what to do with a tongue that is inclined to naughtiness. St. James compares the tongue to a horse; and he speaks of bridling the tongue. Now, if a horse is inclined to be naughty, that is, to kick, or jib, or run away, and so do injury to itself and others, it must be well harnessed; and so the tongue must be firmly controlled. When you find it about to say some wrong or unkind thing, shut your mouth; or, as we say, "hold your tongue."

Next, it must be carefully watched. The man who

has a restive horse must keep his eye on it; it would not do for him to go to sleep, or let the reins fall; if he does so, the horse will be off, and damage will be done: so the tongue must be watched; we must be careful as to how we speak, and what we say.

I think it is more often from thoughtlessness than from any wrong intention, that unkind and hurtful things are said; therefore, the naughty tongue must

be watched.

Then again, the troublesome horse has to be punished. When he has shown his vicious inclinations, he has to feel the smart of the lash to teach him better: and the way to cure a naughty tongue is to punish it. But, how can you punish the tongue? Well, I think one of the best methods of punishing it is to make it apologise when it has been naughty. When it has said an unkind thing, or spoken untruly, just make it confess the fault, and ask forgiveness. If you do that a few times—and it is the right thing to do-it will help very effectively to cure the naughty

And see, also, that you pray about it. What! pray about your tongue? Yes! others have done thateven great and good men. David prayed, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips;" and again, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy

sight, O Lord.'

The boy or girl who does these things will soon tame the troublesome tyrant, and it will become an instrument of blessing.

To find Jesus, makes the common everyday man to be every minute uncommon.

GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.



HE saying is a true one, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

It was strikingly exemplified in my own case when, in the year 1870, I removed, with my wife and child, from Glasgow to

Manchester

I had been employed by a Glasgow

firm for over eleven years, when an opening occurring in their Manchester house, I gladly accepted the position then offered me. I anticipated much satisfaction from the change of circumstances, being anxious to escape from the restraint put upon me by my parents and two maiden aunts, who interested themselves specially in my welfare. They were Christians, and had done their best to bring me up in the fear of God. But though I made a profession of being "converted" in my seventeenth year, and for a time maintained this profession, the attractions of the world ultimately proved too strong for me, and its unreality was discovered by the sense of wretchedness l endured when, a few years later, I attempted to do service as a teacher in the Sunday school connected with the church which I regularly attended with my parents. I was not in my element, and I therefore secretly rejoiced when I was able to make the fact of my approaching marriage, and intended residence in another part of the city, an excuse for abandoning

a position that had simply become intolerable.

1 had already found cog enial recreation in

the society of young men who loved to spend their evenings in town, strolling through the streets with cigar in mouth, lounging at bars, quaffing "bitter," or sipping "whisky hot" in free-and-easy music halls, an occasional game at billiards, or the more exciting speculations of vingt-et-un at the card table. These, and other "pleasures," I had drunk deeply of, and was only hindered from greater indulgence by the restraint of my relatives.

They had hoped that, when married, I would (to use their own expression), "settle down;" but my marriage wrought no improvement in my conduct. On the contrary, with the greater freedom it gave me, I was worse than before, so that, when the opportunity presented itself, within twelve months of my marriage, of removing from Glasgow, I willingly embraced it, as bettering my circumstances, and giving me the enviable position of being, as I supposed, "my own master."

A very short residence in Cottonopolis, however, notwithstanding efforts made with more or less sincerity to "turn over a new leaf," and seek association with young men of a literary and religious turn of mind made it plainly manifest that, far from being my own master, I was the helpless slave of another master, and that master—Sin.

I had acquired in Glasgow the filthy habit of chewing tobacco, and this I strenuously endeavoured to overcome, but I found it too strong for me. In vain were all

kinds of antidotes and substitutes resorted to in order to destroy or weaken the craving for the indulgence. It was all to no purpose, and at last I came to the conclusion that it was no use trying any longer. I only made myself miserable so long as the soothing effects of the narcotic were withheld from me.



From "God's Opportunity," by permission of Pickering and Inglis, Publishers, Glasgow.

[•] The above is an extract from a 1d. booklet, pointing out the evil of sin, and telling how the writer was led to Christ. It gives in a readable and interesting manner how the writer was led to surrender heart and life to the Lord Jesus. Several pictures, two of which are given, make the booklet the more likely to be read by the general public. Copies may be had from Mr. A. S. Lorimer, 3, Bridge-street, Manchester, 10d. per doz., 6/6 per 100, post free.

As a constant smoker for fully twelve years, I can bear testimony to the fact, witnessed to by others, that smoking, or the use of tobacco in any form, is not the gratification of a pleasure, but the relieving of a pain. No one takes to it naturally, as a babe to milk, though some, doubtless, more easily than others. The taste for it is acquired, and when it becomes a habit it has such a hold upon the palate, and the desire for the sedative becomes so strong, that to deny

a smoker the gratification of a pipe is to make him uncomfortable and unhappy; and many a man has said, while wholly unconscious of the state of bondage he had brought himself into: « I would rathergo without my dinner than without my smoke."

So, also, the acquired appetite for strong drink. Vigorously as I resisted the desire for stimulantssucceeding in abstaining for three or four months at a time - yet again and again I yielded to the unnatural craving, and each time my power to

resist became sensibly weaker. I was drifting, and I knew it.

My family increased, and with it my responsibility, yet was I unable to rouse myself to more than a temporary thought as to what would be the end, for myself and children, of the course I was pursuing. Often I felt the monitions of conscience, and shuddered at the prospect of the future. But

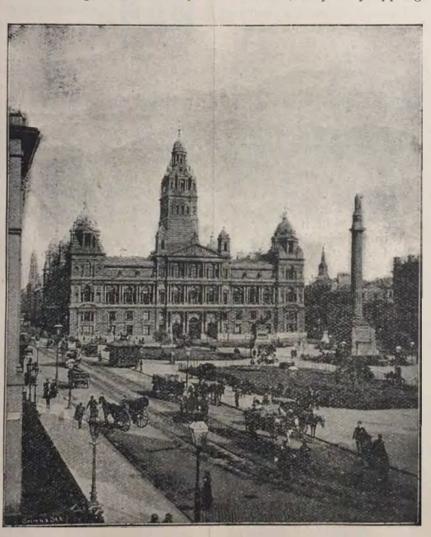
I silenced this monitor within me by a deeper and more reckless indulgence in the convivialities and amusements of the city—in jest and laughter, in song and dance, or in other hilarious orgies of midnight revelry—drowning or attempting to drown all thoughts of coming retribution from the God I had wronged, or the unspeakable anguish of soul that awaited me in the eternity beyond.

I had grown careless of my employers' interests, frequently tippling during business

hours, laying aside the pen for the cue, or attending 'Change with confused brain and debilitated nerves, rendering me totally unfit for the important duties devolving upon me there.

But at length the crisis came.

I had been drinking freely for several days, when one Saturday morning, while dressing in my bedroom, my wife said: "Arthur, don't go to business today." I had been laughing and jesting immoderately before this, and when I replied, "Why shouldn't 1?" my wife said,



THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, GEORGE STREET, GLASGOW.

From "God's Opportunity," by permission of Pickering and Inglis, Publishers, Glasgow.

"Because I'm sure you are not fit for it." I ridiculed the idea, and carelessly retorted, "Oh, I'm all right, and fit for anything!" or something to the same effect.

After describing several other matters which relate to his personal action in the service of sin, and the way in which God led him to be concerned about his spiritual welfare, he went to see a servant of Christ. Of this

interview, the writer says: "He took me aside into his study, where he read to me from the Scriptures a few verses, such as John iii. 16; 1.Timothy i. 15; Matthew xi. 28; and John vi. 37. I am not sure that these were the actual passages, save as to the first and the last, viz.: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

These verses, I know, were plainly read to me as containing an ample remedy for the distress of soul which I suffered. When he had finished reading, I said, "Go on."

"Why," he said, "are these not enough?" "Oh, no," I said, "they do me no good whatever. I have known them ever since I

was a child."

"Well," he replied, "I am sorry to hear you say so. If I were to talk to you for a hundred years I couldn't make the way of salvation plainer than it is in these verses. I would be sure to spoil it. So, as I have other business to attend to, I must wish you 'Good morning,' and you will have to go out of that door rejecting Christ."

"Oh, Mr. L," I said, "don't talk like that. You are only mocking me. I haven't

come here to reject Christ."

"Well, and what have you come for?" he

quietly asked.

"I have come to accept Him; I haven't come to reject Him," I answered quickly, with considerable emphasis on the words.

"Well, and do you accept Him?" he

enquired.

"I do, with all my heart," was my reply. "Then," said he, "let us thank Him," and down we both fell on our knees, while,

"Oh, joy of the justified, joy of the free,"

I knew within my soul that all was forgiven; the burden of my sin was gone, and I joined fervently in the thanksgiving my friend offered to God for the grace that had brought salvation to me, and for the Saviour who had received and pardoned a poor lost sinner such as I was."

"Gold" and "rest" have both four letters, but they are not the same.

A bad conscience can make even a man's quiet hour to be too noisy.

The most deadly poison is sold over the counter of the spirit bar, and is not labelled " poison."

The First Word from the Cross.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" (Luke xxiii. 34).



T one of the social gatherings of the Baron d'Holbach, where the most celebrated infidels of the age were in the habit of assembling, great entertainment was afforded by the witty way in

which the pretended absurdities, stupidities, and follies of the Holy Scriptures were descanted upon. The philosopher Diderot, who had taken no part in the conversation, brought it to an abrupt termination by saying, "Gentlemen, I know no men either in France or elsewhere, who can speak or write with more talent than you who are here present, and yet, notwithstanding all the evil that has been spoken of this book, and no doubt with reason enough, I defy you with all your power, to compose a narrative as simple, and yet as sublime and touching as the story of the passion and death of Jesus a narrative which will produce the same effects, and make so strong a sensation, felt so generally among all men, the influence of which shall continue the same after so many ages." So astonished were the company, and so touched in their inmost consciousness, that a long and awkward silence The above philosopher is not the only one who has been impressed with the account of the death of the Lord Jesus. Every unbiassed reader is compelled to acknowledge that there is "no preacher like the dying Christ;

NO PULPIT LIKE THE CROSS;

no congregation like that which was, and ever is, around it; no sermon like the sermon of seven sentences used there!"

In this first word of Christ on the cross we have revealed to us-

- I. The black cloud of man's ignorance.
- II. The bow of Christ's atonement.
- III. The blessing of God's rain of grace.
- I. THE BLACK CLOUD OF MAN'S IGNORANCE. One has said, "Our Lord might well have thought of what His crucifiers knew, for assuredly they knew much. Judas knew that Christ was innocent. He knew that he himself was a traitor. 2. The High Priests knew that they had compassed His murder by suborning perjury. 3. The people knew that He had been their kindest and mightiest

Friend. 4. Pilate knew that there was no fault in Jesus, and that he himself had surrendered Him in a temper of the basest cowardice. They knew, and yet they did not know; and their ignorance was greater than their knowledge. When Stephen prayed for his murderers in the spirit of Christ, he did not plead their ignorance, because he could not. Lay not this sin to their charge, was all that he could say. His murderers knew that they were guilty, and so did the crucifiers of our Lord. But the agents in the crucifixion did not know the solitariness and the magnitude of their crime. They were committing a crime which had never been committed before in the history of the world, and which could never be committed again. Righteous blood has been shed from the beginning, and will be shed to the end. New names are being added continually to that roll of the martyrs kept under the altar, and before the throne. But the crucifiers of Jesus were guilty of

THE CRIME OF CRIMES;

for they shed the blood of the Son of God. Such evil had never been done before, and can never be repeated. Once, and but once, the Heir of the Vineyard came to His own, and was done to death by His wicked husbandmen. Once, and but once, could His blood be shed. In a deep sense none ever sinned as they did. None ever can sin as they did. Not even in the troubled evening of the world of which we have dreadful warnings, in the last trials of the sons of God, when the wicked one sits in the temple of God, when the crimson rain drives over land and sea, can there be such an excess of rebellion. Human evil culminated in the putting to death of the Lord Jesus."

"Ignorance," says George Eliott, "gives us a large range of probabilities." Yes, there is the probability of missing the purport of Christ's mission into the world. Again and again we read of the disciples before Christ's death upon the cross, as He told them of the necessity of His atonement, that "They understood not the saying" (Mark ix. 32; Luke ix. 45; xviii. 34; John xii. 16). I am bold to say that he who has not the knowledge that Christ came into the world to put away his sin has not

THE KEY THAT UNLOCKS

the secret of God. Life eternal is to know God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. If there is no knowledge of Christ as the Saviour, through a felt want of Him, and a personal faith in Him, then there is lacking the very beginning of true wisdom.

Ignorance blindfolds its victim as it leads him to the precipice of eternal misery. Bunyan shows how Ignorance in his folly and pride goes on in his own way. Inflated with conceit, he thinks that he is in the right way, but in the end he finds that there is a pathway to perdition by the very gates of heaven.

Ignorance leaves the gate of the soul open, so that when the truth of God is placed within it, the great enemy of souls comes and catches it away. Christ illustrates this when He tells us that Satan catches away the seed which is sown on stony ground, because the hearer "understood not."

Ignorance is an inflater that fills the soul of man with conceit. What do you know? You say, "I know a little of mathematics, a little of Greek and Latin, I know that the sun is a seething mass of incandescent vapours, and that the moon is a ruin of extinct volcanoes, and—"Stop!" "What do you know of God, of holiness, of sin, of heaven, of hell, the love, truth, and glory of Christ?" "Oh," you reply, "I have not studied theology." "What has an abstraction to do with your relations to God?" Do you know God as your Father,

CHRIST AS YOUR SAVIOUR,

the Holy Spirit as your Keeper? Do you know the plague of sin, the horror of hell, the darkness of despair, the cry of the damned, the hollowness of pleasure, the unsatisfying nature of indulgence in fleshly desire, and the sinfulness of iniquity? Do you know the grace of God's salvation, the calm of God's peace, the justice of God's righteousness, the purity of God's holiness, the comfort of God's love, the keeping of God's power, and the hope of God's glory? If you don't, all your knowledge of earthly things will not avail when Christ comes in judgment, for He comes to punish those who know not God, and who have not obeyed the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

II. THE BOW OF CHRIST'S ATONEMENT. In the dark cloud of man's sinful ignorance is the bright rainbow of Christ's atonement. The black background of man's iniquity but makes the Saviour's grace shine forth with greater prominence. Dora Greenwell has well put the answer which God gives to man's sin:—

A legend was it of a youth,
Who, as it then befell,
From out his evil soul the trace
Had blotted out of guiding grace,
Adjured both heaven and hell;
That once unto a meadow fair
(Heaven shield the desperate!)

Impelled by some dark, secret snare, Repaired, and to the burning sky Of summer noon flung up on high A dagger, meant for God's own heart, And spake unto himself apart Words that make desolate.

There came from out the cloudless sky A hand, the dagger's hilt That caught, and then fell presently Five drops, for mortal guilt From Christ's dear wounds once freely spilt; And then a little leaf there fell To that youth's foot through miracle— A leaf whereon was plain These words, these only words enwrit, Enwritten not in vain, Oh! miscrere mei; then A mourner, among mourning men, A sinner, sinner slain Through love and grace abounding, he Sank down on lowly bended knee, Looked up to heaven and cried, "Have mercy, mercy, Lord, on me, For His dear sake, who on the tree Shed forth those drops and died!"

Yes, in the drops of blood that came from the Saviour's body is found the ground of God's forgiving grace. Stanford has well described, the effect of the Saviour's atonement. He says: "In the Greek there are two common words for forgiveness. One has mainly reference to grace in the act of forgiveness, the other to the act of forgiveness itself. One points rather to the condonation of sin, the other to the dismissal of sin. We see in the latter, what forgiveness really is, and what it really does, when perfect and complete. The latter is used here. It is well represented by our Saxon word 'forgive.' To forgive a thing, is to forth-give it by your own act and free will, to give it forth from you that it may go clean out from you—out of sight and out of mind. Jesus prays that the sin of His crucifiers may be

FORTH-GIVEN.

We are reminded of a certain ceremonial that was peculiar to the ancient day of atonement. On that day, through the language of typical form and movement, there was a grand rehearsal and fore-shadowing of what the Saviour, as yet nameless, would do for souls on the day of the cross. Two goats were brought to the priest and indicated by lot; one of these was offered as a sacrifice, the other consecrated as a scapegoat. Crossing his hands over the scapegoat, the priest, being for the moment the personification of the people, confessed their sins over its head, thus ceremonially transferring their sins to it; then, as if carrying this mystic burden, it was sent away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness, watched by the people, who would clap their hands in glorious glee the moment they had seen the last of it, and say, 'Our sin is forth-given.'"

Is your sin driven away from you through faith in Christ? If not, why not? You are included in the prayer of Christ, and He desires to forth-give your iniquity. Will you not let Him?

III. THE BLESSING OF GOD'S GRACE. Being forgiven by God, His act of grace is the inspiration and the model in our forgiving others. Listen to the words of the Holy Spirit: "Be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." We learn at the cross to forgive personal injury that the world may do us. It was said of Archbishop Cranmer that the way to have him as one's friend was to do him an unkindness.

"WHAT GREAT MATTER,"

said a heathen tyrant to a Christian while he was beating him almost to death. "What great matter did Christ ever do for you?" "Even this," answered the Christian, "that I can forgive you, though you use me so cruelly." Some years ago a missionary was preaching in a chapel to a crowd of idolloving Hindoos. He had not proceeded very far in his sermon when he was interrupted by a strong native, who went behind the desk, intending to knock him down with a stick. Happily the blow aimed at the minister fell on his shoulder, and did him little, if any The congregation of hearers were, however, very angry with the offender, and they seized him at the very moment he was attempting to escape. "Now, what shall I do with him?" said the missionary to the people. "Give him a good beating," answered some. "I cannot do that," said he. "Send him to the judge," cried others, "and he will receive two years' hard labour on the road." "I cannot follow your advice," said the missionary again, "and I will tell you why: My religion commands me to love my enemies, and to do good to those that injure me." Then, turning to the man, he said, "I forgive from my heart; but never forget that you owe your escape from punishment to that Jesus whom you persecuted in me." The effect of this scene upon the Hindoos was most impressive. They wondered at it, and unable any longer to keep silence, sprang on their feet, and shouted, "Victory to Jesus Christ! Victory to Jesus Christ!" Thus grace ever leads us to act.

Strike a Match.

"Oh! eh! ma!" and sundry other childish exclamations fell from the lips of a small child as the train went through a long tunnel. The father's assurances could not pacify the child, nor the mother's words. Then the father bethought himself that he had a box of matches in his pocket, and striking one, the lighted match gave the child confidence and stayed her crying. Sometimes God's children are passing through the tunnel of some affliction or sorrow, and not anything will pacify the soul, nor still the spirit; then God strikes the match of some one of His promises, and the darkness flees, and we are at rest again.

Rays of Light.

EVERY beam of light is composed of three kinds of rays, and these are-light rays, heat rays, and chemical rays. As there are these three different rays in a beam of light, so there are three persons in the Godhead. The light rays are emblematical of God the Father, who is Light, and who, in the holiness of His character, in the searching of His Word, and in the saving of His grace, illuminates the soul of man, that he may discover what the Lord is. The heat rays of light are symbolical of God the Son, who is the manifestation of God's love, in the warmth of His compassion for us, in the glow of His devotion in us, and in the zeal of His fervour through us. The chemical rays of light are a metaphor of the operation of God the Holy Spirit, who, in the grace of His strength, in the sanctifying of His truth, in the healing of His power, and in the inspiration of His presence, makes the believer to be healthful in heart and life.

The Unused Umbrella.

A YOUTH was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang towards him exclaiming, "No, no; that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now."

been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now."

Some folks' religion is of the same quality. It is none the worse for wear. It is a respectable article, to be looked at, but it must not be damped in the showers of every-day life. It stands in a corner, to be used in the case of serious illness or death, but it is not meant for common occasions.

We are suspicious that the twenty-three years' old gingham was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have leaked like a sieve. At any rate, we are sure that this is the case with the hoarded-up religion which has answered no useful turn in a man's life.

C. H. Spurgeon

"I Kicks Ag'in' it, Sah."

By the late Dr. A. J. GORDON.

(Continued from page 108).



UT now to the sidewalk discourse. "'Have you any special religious interest in your church?' I asked Moses, after his few words of hearty greeting on the occasion referred to.

"'No room for any interest,' he replied; 'de church is so lumbered up wid fairs and festibals and jollifications dat de Sperit's got no chance to work among us. Leastwise dat's my solemn 'pinion, dough some sez I'se heady and setful. But I'se sick of it, sah! I goes to church Sunday, after prayin' to be in de Sperit on de Lord's day, and de fust thing de minister gets up and reads a long program ob de worldly doin's and goin's for de week—de music and de supper, and de gramatic readin's and what not; twenty-five cents admission, and all must come. I tell ye, I kicks ag'in it, sah, and will long's I hab bref in my body!"

"" What do you mean by saying that you

kick against it?' I asked.

"'I rebukes it, sah, in de name of de Lord. Last Sunday I spoke out in meetin' and said, "Breddren, what's ye been redeemed for and brought into de Church? Didn't de Lord tell you dat you'se to be de light ob de world, and de salt ob de earth? Well, when I sees how much time some ob you gibs to fairs and festibals, and den you can't come to de prayermeetin' 'cause you'se so busy," I sez, "and if you ever was de Lord's true salt, you'se lost your flavour, and if you don't look out you'll be cast out and trodden underfoot ob men."

"'But, Brother Moses,' I asked, wishing to draw out further wisdom from this deep fountain, 'don't you think these things are necessary for making the church attractive to the masses, and inviting to the young?'

"'No, sah!' he replied, with great warmth, 'no, sah! Christians is de salt ob de world, and dey is put into de world to preserve it from corruption. But some's got de idee dat you must bring de corruption into de church so's to preserve de salt, as dough de Gospel is goin'to die out unless it's sugared and seasoned wid carnal 'musements. Dat's de pop'lar notion. But I kicks ag'in it, sah!'

"'Yes; but people say there is no harm in a social gathering and a plain supper, and a little music and reading for entertaining the people', I continued.

"" Well, dat's de question,' replied Moses.

'I takes de Scriptures for my standp'int ob faith and practice, and I hab searched in vain to find where de 'postles and elders ever got up suppers ob turkey, and chickens, and sandwiches, and cold tongue, and den invited de breddren to come to church and eat 'em at twenty-five cents a head. No, brudder; 'musements in de Church is unsanctifying howsomever folks may think 'bout it. We had a festibal in our meetin'-house two weeks back. I looks in a few minutes, and sees de crowds dere and de doin's. Fust de pianhy, and de fiddle strikes up; and, sez I, "Take off de 'strains, and how long 'fore dis whole company'd be a-dancin' and a-waltzin' in de house ob God?" Den dey had de guess cake and de waffles, and waffled off a calica quilt to de one dat drawed de prize; and sez I, "What's dis but eddicatin' people to gamblin' and lotteries?" Den de gramatic reader comes on, all dressed up wid ribbons, and furbelows, an' when I seed her rollin' her eyes, an' p'intin' her fingers, sez I ag'in, "What's dis but jus' nussin' our young 'uns for de stage an' de theater?" I tell you, I kicks ag'in' it, sah, and allers shall.

"'Well, next night was prayer-meetin'; only twenty out, an' all as mum as if de Lord had never opened deir mouths, and when I warns 'em 'bout it, dey sey, "Brudder Moses, de Sperit didn't move us." And sez I, "De sperit moved ye fas' 'nough last evenin' at de festibal, but I'se 'fraid 'twas de sperit dat works in de children ob disobedience." Brudder, I reads it dat dey dat's goin' to wear de crown must bear de cross; but what's we doin' in dese days but 'bolishin' de cross and 'puttin' eatin', and drinkin', and 'musement and 'dulgence in de place ob it? And whar's it goin' to end?'

"Here Moses pointed furtively to the residence in front of which we were standing, and in a confidential tone said, 'De folks dat libs here was once 'fessers ob religion, but I reckon dey's backslid, for dey don't hab no prayers in de family now, and deys all taken up wid theaters, and card-playin', and balls, and parties. O, brudder, I has great sorrer and trobail ob soul when I sees how de debbil prowls round and steals de Lord's sheep right out ob His fold!'

- "Don't you think, Moses,' I asked, 'that the devil works harder to lead Christians astray than he does to destroy the people of the world?"
- "'Don't I thinks? I knows it, sah. Why d'ye s'pose I works, and tugs, and sweats, beatin' dese carpets and doin' dese chores?

'Tain't de dollar dat's in my pocket dat I'se workin' for; I'se got dat already. It's de dollars dats in my employer's pocket dat I'se workin' for. So if de Lord has a real shure 'nuff saint—one dat's plain stamped wid de image and 'scription ob de King, and shines like a new silver dollar—de debbil, he'll rise up early and sit up late to get hold ob dat one. But your 'bandoned sinners and your highsteppin' ones, dat's all taken up wid deir moralisms and self-righteousness, he doesn't trouble himself 'bout, he knows he's got dem already!'

"Here our report of the sidewalk discussion might properly end, but it would be an injustice to Moses to leave the impression that he is only a sour and censorious critic, who takes satisfaction in pointing out the faults of Christians. On the contrary, with an indescribable pathos and tenderness, he thus concluded his talk; 'Well, brudder, I'se prayin' 'bout it night and day. It's cause de Lord's children don't think dat dey does so. You remember how he sez, "My people don't consider." Well, I'se been on de way now nigh on to forty years, and it's been my 'sperience dat a day's considerin's worth more'n a year's workin'; 'Cause when we takes a day for considerin' now and den, we get's 'quainted wid de Lord, and finds out His secrets, and de Lord tells us jus' what He's doin' and what He's a-goin' to do. brudder, He tells me in my soul I'se goin' to see a great out-pourin' ob de Sperit afore I dies. Den when Christians get deir tongues afire, as dey did on de day ob Pentecost, how our dross will be burned up, and what a cracklin' dere will be in de hay, wood, and stubble we'se buildin' into our churches in dese days! But, brudder, 'twon't come easy. We'se got to get low before de Lord, and be ob one 'cord and in one place. Trouble is now dat ebery one's ob a different'cord; one wants one thing, and 'nother wants 'nother. But when we gets where we all wants de same thing, so we'se satisfied to lib all our days on a crust ob bread if we can only hab de Lord and de fulness ob His Sperit, den He'll come down like rain on de mown grass; and dat day's a-comin', brudder!'

"Reader, Moses is a real character, and not a myth. He was born in slavery, and if he is able to read it is only a recent acquirement. But his mind is saturated with the Scripture as he has caught its phraseology from the rude preachers of his race. May it not be that he is one of the 'babes' to whom the Father has revealed some things which He has 'hid from the wise and prudent'?"

George Fox.

A LECTURE BY THE LATE MR. A. A. REES.

(Continued from page 94.)

ET let it not be supposed that I endorse all the sayings and doings of George Fox. I believe that in a modified sense he was an inspired man, as many of the Reformers were before him, but I do not believe that he was less liable to error than they: that is, I do not believe that in point of inspiration he stood on the same ground as the infallible apostles and prophets, and therefore I cannot accept his "Thus saith the Lord" as if these words came out of the lips of Isaiah or Paul. Certainly it is that he was not inspired in some of his Scriptural interpretations and applications, as when he interprets the man of sin sitting in the temple of God in the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, as the corrupt principles in man's heart; or when he despised the acquisition of the learned languages, and justified his despisal by asserting that the whore of

Babylon is the mistress of peoples, tribes and tongues.
As to his visions and prophecies, I would deal very tenderly with them, as I would with the symbolic actions of himself and some of his disciples. I dare not,

EX CATHEDRA,

pronounce them a delusion; on the other hand, I cannot place his running bare-foot, and others running naked through the streets, in the same category as the corporal signs of Hosea, Ezekiel, and Agabus; and in saying this, I only say that in my belief George Fox and his followers were not beyond the reach of mistakes. I say much the same with respect to the peculiarities I have before specified, and which I may call distinctive principles. In his own conviction, they were a revelation from the Lord. The universal Light within, the change of the monthly and daily names, the refusal to swear, to pay tithes, to uncover, to wear arms, to give titles, to use the wrong pronoun—they were all alike accepted by him as inspired revelations; hence his repeated language in regard to them is "The Lord showed me," or "The Lord said unto me," and I do not deny that in some of these principles he was Divinely taught, but I cannot accept the phraseology just quoted in the true prophetic sense, because I cannot accept all the teaching which it would enforce. I agree, for instance, with

CROMWELL,

in his estimate of the universal light so much insisted on by Fox. "It is natural light," said the Protector; so say I, and here is a fit place to introduce a remarkable interview between these two great contemporaries. You shall have it in George's own words. The meeting took place at Whitehall, where, not long before, Charles I. was beheaded:—"It was in a morning, before he was dressed, and one Harvey, who had come a little among Friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say, 'Peace be in this house'; and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from Him, that by it he might be directed, and order all things under his hand to God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth, and much discourse I had with him about religion; wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with priests, whom he called ministers. I told him 'I did not quarrel with them, but they quarrelled with me and my friends. But, said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and Spirit.' Then I showed him 'that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared freely, and against them that did not declare freely; such as preached for filthy lucre, and divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, that could never have enough; and that they that have the same Spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then.' As I spoke, he several times said it was very good, and it was truth. I told him 'that all Christendom (so-called) possessed the Scriptures, but

WANTED THE POWER

and Spirit that they had who gave forth the Scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures, nor one with another.' Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back; and as I was turning, he caught me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes, said, 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour a day together, we should be nearer one to the other'; adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him, 'if he did, he wronged his own soul'; and I bid him 'hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in His counsel and obey it; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened.' He said it was true. Then I went out, and when Captain Drury came out after me, he told me 'his lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would.' Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine, and I asked them what they brought me thither for? They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with I bid them let the Protector know I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this, he said, 'Now I see there is a people risen and come up, that I cannot win either with gifts, honours, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can.' It was told him again, 'that we had forsaken our own, and were not likely to look for such things from him."

(To be Continued.)

Singing in the Storm.

The lightning was flashing, followed by the booming thunder, while the rain was descending in torrents, in a rural village in the Midlands, one hot Summer's day, yet in the midst of it all was to be heard the piping and melodious notes of a thrush as he gave forth his evensong from a leafy branch of one of nature's rostrums. The singing of heaven's chorister, under such circumstances, propounded the question, "Why should not the child of God sing in the midst of storm?" Why not indeed! The Lord gives songs in the night (Job xxxv. 10). Why not in the storm? When the storm of satanic accusation beats about us let us shout the battle-cry questions of Romans viii. When the storm of ingratitude would disturb our spirit with disquietude, let us sing the doxology of Psalm ciii. When the storm of doubt would rack our faith, let us chant Psalm xxiii. When the storm of sorrow would tear the spirit, let us set to music Isaiah xli. 10. When the storm of trouble would harass us, let us softly sing the Saviour's words of promise in John xiv. When the storm of temptation, threatens to engulf us, let us sing the song of Moses as found in Exodus xv.; and should the storm of death confront, let us muse upon the song of heaven's redeemed ones (Rev. i. 5), and thus shall we sing in the storm.

Chips by Diakonas.

Hell is a terminus.

Few can do great deeds, but all good deeds.

Bitter thoughts spoil the sweetness of life.

England's greatest enemy has a full license.

His works confirmed His words—Do yours?

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

The only way to walk with God, is to kneel with Him.

There is a right-of-way for every man to the narrow way.

A closed mouth is a safe-guard against cold —and other evils.

It was sympathy, not discontentment, that made [esus to groan.

"Ye are the salt of the earth." Alas! too many are the soft-soap.

It is strange, but the crimson blood can wash white the blackest sinner.

The glasses which make a man to see double are not sold by the optician.

"Thy word is a lamp to my feet," but today not a few prefer the other footlights.

You cannot learn the step to walk with God, at the liquor, or the dancing saloon.

When the angler is seen he has not much success, it is so with the "fishers of men."

Without the fruit of the Spirit don't be too sure of your election—Christ chose Judas.

It is only by exercise that the biceps of the arm, or the love of the heart, are developed.

Liberty is on the unfurled flag of Satan, but all who enter his service find bondage and the greatest task-master.

"Yield" and "wield" differ only in one letter, but one means entire failure, and the other complete success.

Late at the billiard table on Saturday night, is not a helpful preparation for the Lord's Table on a Sunday morning.

BETHESDA RECORD.

THE subject of Pastor F. E. Marsh's addresses on Sunday evenings in October, in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, will (D.V.) be—

"The New Sayings of Christ Recently Discovered in Egypt."

The Christian Workers' Class, which was such a help and stimulus to many last winter, will (D.v.) be commenced on Monday, October

October 11.—"Things which I have unlearned."

Mr. F. E. Marsh. 18.--"Victory." Mrs. Blair. 25.—"Pride." Mr. J. Henderson.

"FIVE HUNDRED BIBLE READINGS."

The Pastor's new book is now ready, and he will be glad if friends will kindly purchase copies. The published price is 6s., but copies may be obtained from the author at 4s. 6d. per copy. Will friends also help the Pastor by giving him contributions so that he may send copies to poor ministers, and missionaries abroad. One friend has already sent a copy to a poor minister, much to his delight. 4s. 6d. will send a copy of the book to missionaries and others.

Contributions received for free distribution of "Five Hundred Bible Readings," "Beta,"

10s. and 4s. 6d.

Chimes.

Yet another appeal. Will each member of the church feel it to be a personal responsibility to take a copy of Chimes each month. The Editor was told of one who took the magazine in, but gave it up because another member, living in the same house, took in Chimes. Let each take a pull at our peal of bells, and then they shall ring out the more.

The Editor is deeply grateful for the few friends who generously send their donations for the Free Distribution Fund. The following amounts were received during July, August, and September: - "Mites," 1s.; Mr. P., 10d. and iod.; Mrs. C'k., is., is. and is.; Mrs. C'r., 1s.; Change, 3d.

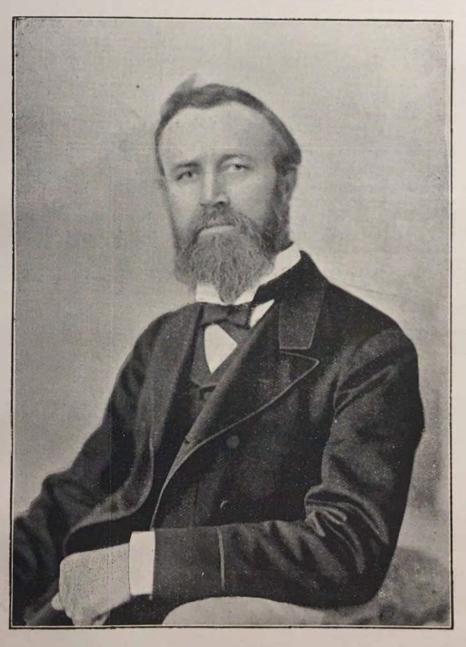
Lecture.

The Pastor hopes to give a lecture in November on "Photography Spiritualized," illustrated by 100 lime-light views. A charge will have to be made of 6d. to this lecture, to meet expenses. Any surplus will go to the "Bible Reading Free Distribution Fund."

An Evangelical Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

Pastor JAMES STEPHENS, M.A.



ASTOR JAMES STEPHENS, whose photograph we give in this month's issue, was born in Paisley, in November, 1846. At an early age he entered the Glasgow University, and there took the degree of M.A. On leaving Glasgow he entered for a theological course of study

in Edinburgh, and in 1869 took charge of a preaching station at Dollar.

In 1871 he was ordained a Presbyterian minister, and laboured for five years at Berwick-on-Tweed. Whilst there the subject of "Believers' Baptism" arrested his attention, and his mind was so exercised

about the matter that he resigned his pastorate. He became assistant to Dr. Saphir, at Trinity Church, Kensington, after which he travelled in America. On his return, and while for a brief time taking charge for Mr. and Mrs. Guinness, at Harley House, he was baptised by Dr. Culross, at Highbury Hill Baptist Chapel. Two of the deacons of the Highgate Road Chapel, London, being present at his baptism, he was asked to preach at their place, which had been opened about a year. After preaching two sermons, he was asked to undertake the pastorate, and there he has laboured faithfully for nineteen years.

The Church has abundantly prospered, and is regarded in all parts of London as a centre of evangelical truth, scriptural teaching, and missionary

enterprise.

At the last anniversary the membership was 724.

"NOTHING BETTER" (I. Sam. xxvii. 1). By Pastor J. Stephens.

IT was after considerable experience of the life of a fugitive and of a hunted man in the mountainous and wilderness parts of Judah, that David made up his mind to this step. King Saul, in mad jealousy, had once and again attempted to take his life, and David had felt compelled to flee and to hide himself in caves or other out-of-the-way and secret places. He had served Saul faithfully, and for no fault had been driven to this. There were some who sympathised with him, but there were others who for the sake of the royal favour were ready to give such information as might lead to his capture and death. He lived in danger, and knew not who might deliver him up. Lurking in caves, deprived of ordinary means of support, joined by unfortunate and embittered men, his daily life was one of hardship, of stress and strain, and of fear, which rose at times to strong alarm. And this continued month after month, and even, as it seems, year after year. He might have borne it, but Saul, not hiding that he was eager for his life, undertook one expedition after another against him, till David thought he should inevitably be taken, and said in his heart, "I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul." It was then he resolved on seeking refuge with the Philistines.

The prophet Samuel had, by God's command, anointed David, and the anointing had been a definite and explicit designation of David for future kingship over Israel. It was, indeed, as a promise of God to David that he should be king. Also the Spirit of the Lord had come upon David from the day of the anointing, and had enabled him to go forth against Goliath, and subsequently to behave himself wisely in all his ways. Jonathan, too, had owned David as designated king. Thus David had Divine warrant for looking forward to entrance, one day, on the kingship. When he had been forced to flee, and when his daily life had become one of hardship and danger through many a long, weary month, there was little to the eye that seemed like his being conducted toward the kingship. His faith in God, that God would, according to promise, bring him to be king, had been tried or put to the test. At the same time he had had encouragements to faith, in God's answering and directing him, and granting to him one and another notable deliverance. While the severity of his trial was undoubted, yet not one word of God had fallen to the ground.

David had sufficient ground for holding fast his confidence; for God's Word cannot fail, God's mindfulness cannot cease, God's power can never be insufficient. But one day, as if weary with his trial,

he lost heart and gave way to fear; and, acting under the influence of fear, resolved to go to the Philistines. Up till then he had not been able to bring his mind to such a step. To a man of God as he was, there was much against it, though to another man it might seem as if there was nothing in it necessarily objectionable. The Philistines had not God with them. They were the enemies of the people among whom God manifested Himself and revealed His ways and His will. They were those against whom God would require the king of His people to fight, and would in such fight grant His strength. For David to take refuge with them was, practically, to identify himself with them, and to seem to take sides with them, and so to be out of his place as an adherent and servant of God. It could not be according to God that he should avail himself of such refuge. For him, then, under these circumstances, to solicit the protection of the Philistines was tacitly to admit or acknowledge that he, though designated by God to fight God's battles, had, though he had trusted God, come at length to the point of not finding God sufficient for his protection. Yet weariness of the long continued trial, sense of strain and fear prevailed, and moved him to take the step.

It certainly was not meant to be a departure from God. But not less certainly it was a leaving the place of real and simple trust in God which till then David had taken. No doubt his trial had become acute, and his longing for relief—most natural and reasonable in itself—had become intense. But distrust in God can never be defended and justified. It is sin. It involves a certain measure of spiritual declension. It is offensive and grievous in the sight of the Holy One.

David's step was to outward seeming a success. He found rest. He was beyond the fear of being hunted again by Saul. He dwelt in safety. The days of secret lurking and of uncertain supplies, the days of strain and alarm and peril, were all past. Some, seeing the success, might even say, "It is a pity he did not sooner take the step."

But there was a hidden loss. God's displeasure had been in some measure incurred, though He still most graciously cared for His servant. Though faith has its trials, it has also its joys, the joys of perceived Divine deliverances, and of vivid apprehensions of the reality of God's presence and enabling; and the comfort of these could not but be in measure forfeited. There was also the loss of power as a servant of God, the getting out of the way of being so fully used as he would have been as an instrument in God's hand. There was not only losing ground in the matter of advance in faith (which is the true advance), but there was further declining from God, in his efforts to conceal his procedure from the Philistines by falsehood, and in his dissembling his true feelings under a most melancholy pretence of loyalty to the Philistines.

Had David borne the trial a little longer, he would have obtained God's deliverance, for in the plan of God the day of his accession to the kingship was As it was, he needed to be awakened to a sense of his sin, and brought as a child of God to repentance. With a view to this, chastisement befell him. Ziklag, his city, was burned, his wives and children taken, and his goods too; his followers, suffering like losses with himself, turned on him in bitterness of soul, and spoke of stoning him; ruined, as it seemed, desolate, with no refuge in man, his heart turned again to the only refuge left, to God. It was as if, in that hour of immeasurable anguish and loneliness, he got back as a penitent to the place he should never have left. He who, child of God as he was, had put his trust in the Philistines, then, by Divine mercy, "encouraged himself in the Lord his God." Then, brought back in

soul, he may, even in his desolation, have found rising up anew in his heart sweet melody, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want He restoreth

my soul."

Let the tried child of God, feeling weariness, because the trial lasts so long, and longing for relief, remember David. There may be a way of relief which is not God's way, a relief which means inward loss. There is a relief which God will bring. "Ye have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." Though the day be dark and cloudy, God has not forgotten. He abideth faithful. Blessed are all they that trust in Him. There surely never comes a day in the life of him who abides in the way of God when he may not say, "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the Strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Lost Children.

N the year 1878 the Sunday Schools throughout England celebrated the centenary of their institution by Robert Raikes of Gloucester, and various were the ways in which this commemoration was signalised.

In a certain city, all the schools united in a gigantic festival, and many thousands of children gathered in the large public gardens to enjoy a lovely day in every happy manner

imaginable.

The singing, the games, the bright faces, and the splendid repast, still cheer the

memory.

But while all was going as merry as a marriage bell, a friend of mine came upon a little fellow about six years old, whose face was bedewed with tears, and whose heart seemed near to bursting.

"What's the matter, little man?" kindly

enquired my friend.

"Boo-oo-oo," was the only response.

"Come, come, don't be a baby; tell us what is the matter."

"I've lost—lost—me muv-muvver," sobbed

the little one, in paroxysms of grief.

"Lost your mother? Oh, dear! oh, dear!" was the reply of my friend; and looking round on the multitude, he realised how hopeless was the task of finding anyone in such a crowd.

"Well, give me your hand," he continued, putting a brave face on a difficult matter; "We will see what can be done."

The boy, without ceasing to cry, put his chubby hand in the grip of his protector, and the pair pressed forward, eagerly seeking for the boy's mother.

After a long search, they at last came upon a large tent on which were painted in great black letters the welcome words—

"Lost Children."

"Oh, here we are," cried my friend, drag-

ging the still crying boy to the tent.

No sooner did they cross the threshold than they found a woman crying even more bitterly than the boy, at sight of whom she rushed forward, threw her arms round his neck, and began kissing away his tears. It was "muvver," and parent and child, after tendering many thanks, went off to resume their enjoyments.

There is a refuge for LOST SINNERS at the Cross of Christ, and God waits there, more anxious to receive than any ever can be to find.

"Oh, lovely attitude, He stands

With melting heart and outstretched hands."

Some people do not realise that God loves them, and that He is anxious for their salvation. They imagine that He is in hiding, and only waits for a suitable opportunity to break out upon them with judgment.

But the truth is, that God tenderly yearns over sinners, and such is the love of Christ that He "came to seek and to save that which was lost," paying with His own life

the ransom due because of sin.

God does not hide from men, but men hide from God, because they misunderstand Him, and they "love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

God in holy wrath hid His face from His Son, when He bore the judgment of sin on the Cross. But that same Cross is now the place of meeting between the seeking Saviour and the seeking sinner.

We do not seek the Saviour to try and persuade Him to love us. His death is the proof of His love, and He has said: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

If you seek the Saviour, With your load of sin, Know that He is seeking Precious souls to win;

If your guilt and vileness
Causes you to doubt,
Know that He has promised
Not to cast you out.

F. W. Pitt.

BEGIN the Christian race from the Cross, and whenever you faint or grow weary, look back to it.

An interviewer speaking to Khama, the South African chief, during his visit to this country, referred to a scolding which Khama had received at his own capital from Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Khama said, "I do not want to speak about that, because since then, Mr. Rhodes has asked me to forgive him for words which he said, when he was misinformed, and I cannot go back on what I have already forgotten." Khama's answer, the interviewer thought, was the answer of a king. Might it not be said it was the answer of a Christian?

Old China.

BY "J. DALE RIVERS."



DO not care, 1 am going to have the old china."

"Well, my dear, but I heard Jane remark she, too, was bent upon getting it."

"John, you may talk as you like, but grandmother gave it to me during

her lifetime, and right is right."

"It is an old saying—alas! too often true—'after a death, a row.' I hold, it would be best to exercise a little Christian generosity, and by so doing, make the demise of poor old grandma the exception to the rule," I replied.

"Fiddlesticks! what has Christianity to do with old china; the man is in his dotage."

With this parting shot, my wife left the room, and I meditated upon how little makes a family feud.

Yes; how intrinsically small an article has divided those who for years lived together, played together, and worked together; who also spent their brightest moments on earth, in the company of each other, and they somehow joyfully anticipate a happy reunion

in the great Hereafter.

An old chest of drawers, which, if under the hammer might not bring ten shillings, has caused misinterpretation, desperation, inconsideration, peculation, and finally separation. The fortunate or unfortunate holder of that piece of furniture, first spoiled his drawing room with it; then his dining room was marred by the unsightly object; afterwards, the nursery became acquainted with the dingy, coffin-like case; lastly, it was consigned to the attic, where the maid of all work so soundly slept, that the music of an alarum-clock and electric bell was but a soothing lullaby. Then that boy, who always sees, not only the apparent, suggested making a rabbit hutch of grandmother's old cupboard, and when he was sharply rebuked anent the sacrilege of so doing, he replied, "Well, if it is so grand and sacred, why was it removed from the drawing room?" "Run away, boy; you don't understand," was the only reply he received; but his father knew Willie understood, and Willie understood more than his father knew.

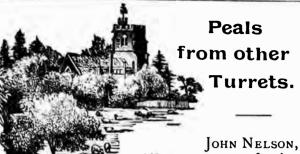
Just once—and the only time he was once just, since he claimed, demanded and obtained that furniture—the idea entered his head that he had made a mistake in not allowing his brother William to take possession of the trouble. The chest was rightly named trouble, but if the adjective big had qualified the name, it would have been more correctly defined, for the worm-eaten sides of the chest grew so great, that they obscured the view of heaven, and made prayer but to echo and re-echo in hollowness between them; and the piece of furniture grew so immense, that it shut out the love of the old home—the love of sister, brother, aunt, uncle, and many friends; for, a guilty conscience is generally an aid to wrong.

The sound of the dinner gong aroused me, and I went to that meal with the intention of endeavouring to throw oil on the troubled waters of ancient china. My introductory efforts were failures. Her eyes were "eyes front;" her lips were so tightly pressed together, that they made a better joint than ever joiner's tools did; her beetling brows were furrowed like the impression left on the soft soil by the wheel of a traction engine, and her whole countenance was expressive of "standoffishness."

Before the children left the table I placed several plates one upon top of another; to this pile I added the mugs and glasses. This pyramid I set between the eldest girls, and said, "Mary, just imagine so little to separate our dears for life." Her lips quivered; her eyes filled with tears; I knew the battle was over, and a ministering angel she.

Next day the three sisters met to proportion among themselves the late belongings of that dear old saint. Jane said very abruptly, "I must have the old china." My wife smiled, and replied, "You are welcome to it, for I am more anxious for peace than the pieces." "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Peace with contentment reigned the whole afternoon, and there was no strife. Not many days after, Jane called at our home. She had brought the china, for her conscience had so pricked her that rest without restoration was impossible. As the tears dropped from four eyes upon the cups, was it only in fancy I heard in the voice of the dear departed one, "My children, God bless and keep you together?" Jane has half of the china, a gift from my wife. The other is oh! so precious, for, though with silent voice, it it has so often spoken peace, sweet peace, lasting peace.

The devil has destroyed more human beings with whiskey than were drowned at the Deluge with water.



AN APT one of the REPLY. early Methodist preachers,

was twitted on one occasion, as he was being guarded from prison to Leeds, by a "jolly, well-dressed woman," with the following words, "Now, Nelson, where is thy God?" He instantly

turned on her with the reply, "Look in the seventh chapter of Micah, and the eighth and tenth verses." ("Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: When I fall I shall arise again, when I sit in darkness then the Lord shall be a light unto me. Then shame shall cover her which said unto me, Where is the Lord thy God.")

SKIN OFF ONLY be of good cheer, I have one whole side, for the skin is off but one side yet."

Thus remarked John Wesley one night to a companion in hardship, after they had been compelled to lie on the floor, during a preaching tour in Cornwall. The early Methodists knew how to "endure hardness" and soreness in the service of their Lord and Saviour.

* * *

A BEAUTIFUL when for the first time taking in his arms his baby boy, gave expression to the follow-

ing beautiful sentiment:—

"Little child, thou cam'st into the world weeping when all around thee smiled; contrive to live so that thou may'st leave the world smiling while all around thee weep."

SPURGEON MR. SPURGEON says, "There is a mountain of matter in every line of Scripture." As Tertullian said, "I adore the plenitude of Scripture, in which every letter is a word, and every word is a verse, and every verse is a chapter, and every chapter is a book, and every book is a Bible. In

which every twig is a branch, and every branch a tree, and every tree a forest. In which every drop is a rivulet, every rivulet a river, every river a bay, every bay an ocean, and every ocean all waters."

* * *

"THERE arose against it a tempes-SIDE tuous wind" (Acts xxvii. 14). "I have WINDS. heard that a full wind behind the ship drives her not so fast forward as a side wind that seems almost as much against her as for her; and the reason is, that a full wind fills but some of her sails, and keeps it from the rest, but a side wind fills them all.

Now, our affections are like sails. If the Lord gives us a full wind and a continued gale of mercies, it would fill but some of our affections—joy, delight, and the like. But when He comes with a side wind—a dispensation that seems almost as much against us as for us—then He takes up all our affections, and we are carried faster to the haven where we would be."

* * *

MR. HAWEIS day, Mr. Haweis made som on BAPTISM. interesting remarks on the subject of baptism. He wa

preaching about Philip and the Ethiopian eunuch, and he said that this story conclusively showed several things with regard to baptism as administered in the early Church. First, it was adult baptism. There is no doubt that all the baptized persons in the early Church had already professed their faith in Christ, and were baptized after, and not before, their conversion. In the next place, baptism was undoubtedly by immersion, not by sprinkling. This practice was more possible in those warm and gracious climes than in our own colder regions. We must admit that the Baptists have Scriptural evidence on this point. Further, Mr. Haweis said that baptism was not supposed to give the Spirit, but to be a sign that the baptized person had a right to the privileges of a child of God. "There is a foolish superstition that the baptism of a dying child will rescue it at the last moment from the vengeance of God. Nothing can be more remote from Scriptural teaching."—British Weekly.

* * *

WIDNES is a foul and GREATER THAN horrible place, but there are THE GREATEST. men in it whose memory descrives to rank with the heroes of all time. Recently a workman

named Fay, employed by the United Alkali Company, was engaged in cleaning out one of the huge pipes through which the chemical refuse of the alkali works is drained away, when he shouted out to the man on the surface that he was "gassed," and at the same moment he fell into the water at the bottom of the sewer. This man, Luke Curley, without waiting for a rope, ran down the ladder in the hope of saving his comrade, but no sooner had he raised Fay's head from the water than he was overcome by the poisonous gases, and fell by his side. Then Thomas Atherton came up from another part of the works, and in spite of a warning from the foreman ran down the ladder also. These brave men knew the danger, and knew that if they waited for a rope it would be too late, though with a rope under their arms they would have run no risk themselves. They faced the risk, and lost their lives in the attempt. When a descent was made later on, all three were found dead. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John xv. 13). But God's love is greater than the greatest of man's, for He loved us when we were enemies (Romans v. 6, 8, 10). And again, Christ did not risk His life, as these brave fellows did, but He deliberately laid it down for us (John x. 15), that we might be saved from condemnation (Rom. viii. 1-3, R.V.).

PASTOR'S

THE hardest task in a minister's life is that required HEARTACHES. to keep his stragglers in line. The faithful ones right behind

the leader can be left to themselves. They will be first into the camp at nightfall. But what a multitude there is to whom all the worldly fruits seem to possess some bewitching charm. Nothing in their haversacks is half so good as the leeks and onions over the fence. A half-ripe harvest apple will convert them into amateur acrobats. Last year it was euchre, and this year it is whist. Last year half the church, so it seemed to the discouraged parson, were up the dancing master's tree, and this year he is trying to pull them out of the opera bouffe garden. No wonder he goes to his tent at night pretty well worn out and sick at heart. But, after all, it is best to remember that the army itself is all right. The good, strong, sturdy column is all the day marching steadily ahead, and swinging loyally along to the tap of the drum.—The Interior.

Bells to be Rung.

By F.E.M.

THE HIGHEST POINTS.

"Did you notice that the coachman pointed out the highest points," said one tourist to the other, after a drive from Keswick to Buttermere and back, by way of the Honister Pass and Newlands. "No; which were they?" was the reply. "Scawfell and Skiddaw." "I know one Guide who always shows us the highest points, and that is the Holy Spirit in His Word," was the comment made.

There are certain highest points in God's Word where the mists of doubt, fear, and unbelief never gather, and where magnificent views of God's love

and purpose are open to the view.

To understand the secrets of God's purpose, we must be on a point called "Spiritual-mindedness" (1. Cor. ii. 15).

To have the joy of God's Word, we must reach the

point called "Believing-heart" (Heb. iv. 2).

To have the open vision of God's Son, we must be standing in the place called "Unveiled-face" (11. Cor. iii. 18, R.V.).

To possess the calm of God's peace we must climb the hill called "No-anxiety-with-prayer" (Phil. iv. 6).

To have the flow of God's life, we must be in the

position called "Abiding-well" (John xv. 4).

To have the power of God's Spirit we need to reach the vantage-point of "Confident-waiting-upon-God" (Luke xxiv. 49).

And to see the Lord Himself we must be on the

mount of "Heart-purity" (Matt. v. 8).

ESCAPING BY MEANS OF THE CLEFT ROCK.

Tourists travelling in the English lake districts will have noticed in their journey from Keswick to Lodore Falls, that as they are going along the road there are two rocky eminences, which are known as Walla Crag and Falcon Crag. The former is wooded, and the latter is bare. One peculiar feature in the Walla Crag is a cleft on the face of it, which is visible from the road. There is a tradition current in the country that by means of this hollow the Countess of Derwentwater effected her escape when the Earl was arrested for high treason, carrying with her a quantity of jewels and other valuables. The cleft rock was the means of the Countess's escape. There is another rock which has been cleft, and which has been the means of many escaping from a much greater danger.

In the Rock of Christ's finished work we hide from the condemnation of sin (Exodus xxxiii. 22; Romans

viii. 1-3, R V.).

Out of the Rock of the Lord's supply we receive the abundance of grace, and thus escape from soul dissatisfaction (Deut. viii. 15; 1. Cor. x. 4).

On the Rock of His sure and certain Word we stand, and thus escape from being overthrown in the hour of

temptation (Ps. xl. 2).

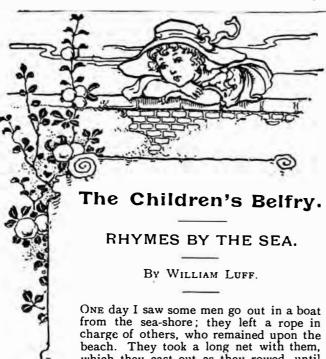
Upon the Rock of Christ's sayings we build in holy doing, and thus escape from failure in the hour of

testing (Matt. vii. 24, 25).

From the Rock of the Spirit's enlightenment is the place of vision, where we see the Lord's purpose, and thus escape the danger of ignorance (Num. xxiii. 9).

Into the Rock believers are built, and are made one with the Living Rock, and thus escape dearth and deadness (1. Peter ii. 5)

In the Rock of the Lord's Presence we shelter, and thus escape from all want (Ps. lxii. 2, 6, 7).



which they cast out as they rowed, until they had enclosed a large half-circle by

coming ashore some distance along the sands. Then they began pulling at both ends, and coming nearer and nearer together, drew a lot of fish from the sea; some were large, but there were thousands of little fishes no bigger than a child's finger.

It made me think of the devil's nets, and how he catches grown people and young people too.

> Sin catches all fishes Great fishes and small fishes.

How was it that those tiny things got caught? Because they were with the larger fish. Sometimes big boys and girls tempt the small ones to accompany them in evil; and sometimes the small ones think it makes them look big to be with bigger boys. If they are doing wrong, beware!

> With big fish to go, Means death and woe.

I noticed that thousands of those little fishes died directly they were out of the water, and their pretty shining bodies lay like bits of silver upon the sand. It seemed sad that their happy little lives should be so suddenly cut off. Sometimes sin quickly ends life. Many die young who might have lived to be old, only they get caught in the net of drink, or some other evil.

> Beneath sin's power, Some die in an hour.

Others escaped immediate death, but only to linger on in a miserable life. Of course, the children came with their spades and buckets to see what was being done, and when they saw the fishermen did not want the little fishes, they rescued some, and gave them a bath in their pails. The poor things seemed to think they were free again, but as they ran their noses against the sides of their prisons, they soon found out their mistake. All do not die directly they sin; the devil lets some seem to escape, but they are his prisoners, and often suffer for many years.

> Some linger long In woe and wrong.

As I sat with a friend upon the shore, something moved just at our side, as if a pebble jumped. It made us jump, too. Then we saw it was a young flat-fish

trying to jump back to the sea; so my friend took it up in his hand, and did for it what it could not do for itself. He put it again into the water, and, wagging its tail as if to say "Thank you," it swam away. We have all been caught like that little fish, young as well as old, for "All have sinned" (Romans iii. 23). We cannot get back to the ocean of life by ourselves, but Jesus, with His hand pierced for us, can put us back. Shall we refuse to let Him, and perish?

135

Jesus can save From sin's dark grave.

As that little fish swam through the sea, I should think he would be very careful where he went in future. If going with the big fish, and doing as they did, had brought him into the danger, surely he would avoid doing the same thing again. If Jesus has saved us, let us not go any more into sin. My friend did not die to save the little fish; but Jesus died for us. Our salvation cost Him blood, for our sin was such a dreadful thing. Let us hate it. My friend did not love the little fish, but Jesus loves us. Let us love Him, and hate evil.

> Never get Again in the net.

Another day I saw a different way of fishing. The men were after crabs and lobsters, so they had some baskets made like traps, into which they put a tempting morsel, and sank them where the lobsters took their walks. Then I said,

> With cunning bait, Some fishers wait.

Satan is such a fisher. He does not always catch boys and girls because they go with others. He can put danger in their path when alone.

"Dear me," said a young crab, "how kind these men are to make nice houses for us to live in, and put such dainties in the cupboard."

"You silly little thing," said a wise crab; "they only want to catch us. Fishermen

Have no good wishes For any fishes.'

How different with God. Satan attracts to kill: Jesus attracts to give life. Whatever pleasure the devil gives in theatre, music-hall, public-house, concert, or entertainment, he does not give it because he wishes to bless. Oh, no!

> He gives to destroy; God gives to enjoy.

When once the crabs get into these traps, they cannot get out. Just like sin again, is it not! The tempter tempts in, but he never shows a door of escape.

> They may wriggle about, But they cannot get out.

One other little rhyme. If Jesus has delivered you, be thankful; and since Satan is so busy as a fisher, you try and be busy too. Try and catch the little fishes on the shores of life; bring them for Jesus, and to Jesus. For if you do not catch them, the devil's net will.

> For good, catch others, Sisters and brothers.

A spider's web is very beautiful, but its object is death-appearance is deceitful!

When we prefer to keep company with the world, it is no use singing, "Jesus, keep me near the cross."

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.



"Agrippa said unto Paul, With but little persuasion thou wouldest fain make me a Christian"—(Acts xxvi. 28, R.V.)

Whetstone.

BY THE EDITOR.

Quicken thou me according to Thy word" (Psalm exix. 25).



ANY are the similes which are used in the Scriptures of the Word of God, and many are the similes which may be used to elucidate its intrinsic value, its inherent virtue, and its

inerrant vitality. We may call the Word of God a whetstone to sharpen. As every mechanic knows the value of a whetstone to sharpen his tools, so every believer in Christ realises the importance of sharpening the graces of the spiritual life with the Word of Truth.

God's people in all ages have felt the liability there is on their part to lose ground in the Christian life. The intensity of love to Christ may be slackened by love of other things. The glow of zeal may be damped down by discouragement. The grip of faith may loosen its grasp by self-occupation. The brightness of testimony may be tarnished by the breath of the world. The

BLOOM OF CONSECRATION

may be rubbed off by the hand of inconsistency. The voice of prayer may be hushed by the paralysis of doubt; and the cord of unity may be snapped by the rude force of discord and neglect of the means of grace.

One half of our freedom from failure in the Divine life is to know our danger. When we imagine we are safest we are in the greatest peril. When we think we are strongest we are most weak. The Church at Laodicea is a case in point, they thought they were all right, when they were altogether wrong. Whereas, when there is a deep consciousness of our utter weakness, our complete sinfulness, and constant need of grace, we cast ourselves the more upon the Lord. John Newton puts it well, when he says, "Alas! My experience abounds with complaints. He is my Sun; but clouds, and sometimes walls, intercept Him from my view. He is my Friend; but on my part, there is such coldness and ingratitude, as no other friend could bear. He is my Strength, yet I am prone to lean upon reeds. But still He is gracious, and shames me with His repeated multiplied goodness. Oh, for a warmer heart, a more simple dependence, a more active zeal, a more sensible deliverance from the effects of this body of sin and death." So prays every true child of God.

There is another danger, and that is, lest

we should look to our inability, to the exclusion of God's ability, lest the sense of our insufficiency should not make room for God's sufficiency, and lest our weakness should so overpower us that we do not let God's power possess us.

The one and only safeguard is to keep in touch with the Lord through His Word, and if we do this, the soul of our love will be true,

THE GRIP OF OUR FAITH

will be strong, and the cry of our prayer will ever be, "Quicken me according to Thy Word.'

In calling attention to the fact that the Word of God is a whetstone to sharpen us in the many-sidedness of our Christian life, I want to call attention to the frequency with which the Psalmist pleads the prayer, "Quicken me," in the 119th Psalm. The Hebrew word translated "quicken" occurs no less than sixteen times. Nine times the term is rendered "quicken" and "quickened," and five times "live." The same word is translated "revive" in 1. Chron. xi. 8 (margin); Neh. iv. 2; Psalm cxxxviii. 7; Hab. iii. 2. The word occurs in three relations in Ps. cxix:

1. There is the Psalmist's testimony as to what the Lord has done in the past (v. 50,93).

2. The Psalmist's prayer for present revival (verses, 17, 25, 37, 40, 77, 88, 107, 116, 149, 154, 156, 159, 175).

3. The Psalmist's confidence as to what

the Lord would do (verse 144).

Does not the Psalmist's desire to be revived according to God's Word, give us the reason why so few are intense in their love to Christ, and whole-heartedly devoted to Him? Many would like a revival, but it must be according to their fancy, or their methods, or their senses, but true revival must always be according to God's Word. When there is revival according to God's Word, then shall be a revival indeed.

Let us see how the Word of God is as a whetstone to sharpen us.

I. THE WORD OF GOD IS A WHETSTONE TO SHARPEN US IN PRAYER. Among the many promises that Christ has given us is thus, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John xv. 7). Christ's words dwelling in us, not only give us the authority to pray, and direct us as to the petitions we should make, but they give us the

INCENTIVE TO PRAYER.

When we come in the spirit of faith to the Word of God, it sharpens our desires, and makes us turn what we read into prayer.

Listening to the Lord, as He speaks to us

in His Word, makes us to pray for the blessings of which He speaks, as when Christ spoke to the woman of Samaria about the Living Water, she exclaimed, "Give me this water."

Pondering the promises of God's Word, makes us bold to plead them in petition, as when Elijah on Mount Carmel called upon Jehovah as the "God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel," thus claiming the covenanted promises given to the fathers, that He would care for His people, and vindicate their cause against all the Lord's enemies.

Feeding upon the holy sayings of Christ which refer to His death, makes us to say with Thomas, only in a different sense, and in the language of prayer, "Let us . . . die with Him" (John xi. 16), in dying to sin, to self, to the flesh, to the world, and all that is associated with the old man and his deeds.

Musing upon the words of God's love, as we hear them falling from Him, whose lips drop

SWEET SMELLING MYRRH,

it makes us say to Christ, as the mighty men of David, in whole-hearted devotion, said to him, "Thine are we, and on Thy side."

Dwelling upon the commands of Christ, as He bids us follow Him, abide in Him, believe in Him, rest upon Him, suffer with Him, look to Him, and witness of Him; it stirs in our hearts the longing to show our love for Him by our obedience to Him, and we cry, with sinking Peter, "Lord, help me."

Thinking of the power of Christ, as the Spirit of God tells us that Christ is the Power of God, excites in us the longing to come in contact with Him, as the woman did who touched the hem of Christ's garment, and into whom flowed the power of Christ; and we pray with the apostles that the Spirit of Power may rest upon us, that we may boldly proclaim the sufficiency of Christ, as the Saviour of the world.

As we hear the Saviour speaking of the coming glory in His gracious promise, "I will come again and receive you to Myself," and the pointed declaration, "Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give to every man according as his work shall be," it begets in our heart the glad response, as we are walking with Him, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Thus the Word of God is a whetstone to sharpen the soul in prayer.

II. THE WORD OF GOD IS A WHETSTONE TO SHARPEN US IN SEPARATING FROM US THINGS CONTRARY TO THE MIND OF GOD. There is one incident, recorded in the Acts of

the Apostles, which illustrates in a remarkable manner the

SEPARATING INFLUENCE

of the Word of God—when it is believed—upon the life. The Apostle Paul met with great success in his preaching at Ephesus, and one result of his mission was, that many who had used cunning arts, burnt all their books; and the cause of this is put down to the working of God's Word, for in speaking of the burning of the books it says, "So mightly grew the Word of God and pre-

vailed" (Acts xix. 20).

Cheyne Brady tells a remarkable story of the separating influence of God's Word. He says, "A well-known evangelical minister of Christ made a tour in Canada some time since. Arriving at an out-of-the-way village, he found a lively assembly of French Christians, who were walking in the love of God, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. Surprised to find a flourishing Church in such a place, the visitor inquired by what instrumentality such a work had been brought about. The aged pastor, who was ninety years of age, went to his closet and produced a small French Testament, literally worn out. "This," said he, "was the commencement of the work. More than half a century ago, a lady passing through this place, presented me with this Testament. I was a Roman Catholic, but the perusal of this book, so freely given to me, was the means, through the Holy Spirit's enlightenment, of my regeneration. I was the first convert. I lent it to others, then followed another conversion, and another, until our number has reached three hundred. For years the priest persecuted me, and at length offered me a large sum of money if I would give up the Bible, but when he found all his efforts unavailing he desisted; and now we are a happy united community." The effectual instrument, which was used of God, in separating the man from superstition and sin, was the Word of God. As the

LAVER IN THE TABERNACLE

was given that the priests might wash their hands and feet therein, and the defilement they had contracted might be removed; so the Word of God will separate from us the dirt of worldliness, the slime of unbelief, the mud of superstition, the filth of lust, the dust of conceit, the spots of jealousy, and the ashes of pride.

III. THE WORD OF GOD IS THE WHET-STONE TO SHARPEN US IN OUR SPIRITUAL LIFE. When the Apostle Paul was leaving the Church in Ephesus, among other things he said, "I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up" (Acts xx. 32). During the last few years we have heard a great deal about the downgrade, and not without reason, but we have not heard so much about the *up-grade* of the spiritual life. The Holy Spirit says a good deal in relation to the Christian life in connection with the little word "Up." The following are a few of the directions the Lord has given in the word of His grace, as to the up-grade of faith.

The attitude in our spiritual life is to

LOOK UP,

As the Psalmist says, "In the morning I will direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up" (Psalm v. 3), for as the mirror reflects the image of the person who is looking into it, so the believer reflects Christ as he looks at Him.

The strength of our spiritual life is to

GIRD UP

the loins of our mind with the truth of God, as we read in 1. Peter i. 13: "Gird up the loins of your mind," for as the girdle strengthens the loins in walking, so the truth of God ministers to us its power, and we are girded with it.

The exercise of our spiritual life is to

STIR UP

the fire of grace which the Lord has implanted in our hearts, as Paul says in writing to his son Timothy, "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee" (II. Tim. i. 6), for as the fire in the grate will burn the brighter when it is stirred, so the Divine life will glow when stirred with the truth of God.

The place of our spiritual life is the presence of the Lord,

"GO UP

to Bethel, and dwell there" (Gen. xxxv. 1), was the command of God to Jacob. We, too, have our Bethel (Bethel means the House of God), namely, abiding in Christ, for as certain plants will only grow in a warm atmosphere, so our spiritual life will only flourish in the warm environment of His presence.

The responsibility of our spiritual life is to

TAKE UP

our cross daily, even as Christ took up the cross for us. His word is calm and clear as He bids us follow Him, namely, "Take up the cross" (Matt. xvi. 24). Cross-bearing always proceeds crown-wearing. There is no ascension glory before Calvary's cross.

The secret of our spiritual life is to

GROW UP

into all Christ in things (Eph. iv. 15). The

secret of all growth is Christ. Winning Christ, knowing Christ, apprehending Christ are the supplies that make us to advance in grace, even as the child grows in stature as it is fed with good food.

The solidity of our spiritual life is to be

BUILT UP

with the strengthening of God's truth. The stamina of faith, the stedfastness of love, the sturdiness of zeal, the solidity of service, the stalwartness of witnessing, and the stablishing in the truth, are all born of the cementing

power of the Word of Grace.

The story is told of a great bell which was made to vibrate by the note of a slender flute. The flute had no influence upon the bell, except when a certain note was sounded, then the great mass of metal breathed a responsive sigh. Thus, when our heart and life are in unison with the flute of God's Word, there sounds forth from the bell of our conduct a corresponding action, as in the case of the Thessalonians, who having received the Word of God, it sounded forth from them, in that they turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven.

Consecration.

ORD, hast Thou any work for me? Then "work in me" to do it; The path of duty let me see, And help me to pursue it: If the work be great or small, At my Lord and Saviour's call, Obediently I'd take it; If the path be up or down, Near where precipices frown, Or along the meadows green, Or the hedge-bank flowers between, Wide or narrow, smooth or rough, 'Tis Thy path—and that's enough; And never I'd forsake it;
'Tis good since Thou didst make it. For Thee I serve, my chosen Lord; Thy will I take, for Thy dear sake, And deem Thy service pleasant; Like virtue, 'tis its own reward, And ever is in sweet accord With my will acquiescent. Let not this be mere song and rhyme, But let it with my feelings chime, The shadow—is the sound and sense. The body is-EXPERIENCE.

The highest eulogy ever uttered by Jesus was, "She hath done what she could."

A. A. Rees.

When on the house-top, if David had looked higher, he would not have fallen so low.

Mission Work in China.

HE group here reproduced represents a family of native converts, connected with the China Inland Mission.

The illustration is taken from the book named at the foot of our page, the whole book being extremely interesting; and

there are many instances showing that the work of God goes steadily on in spite of the most discouraging obstacles, such as heathen prejudice and fanaticism can put in the way.

Mr. Stott, whose labours in connection with the Inland China Mission are here recorded, seemed physically unfit to stand the hardships and difficulties of missionary life. wing to an accident which he sustained when about nineteen years of age, his left leg had to be amputated. But this affliction proved to be a blessing in disguise, for during the nine months he lay a helpless invalid —although previously careless and indifferent

—he turned for help and comfort to the Lord, and the love of God in Christ Jesus became very precious to him.

Upon hearing of China's great need, his heart was stirred, and notwithstanding his infirmity, he determined to offer himself to

Mr. Hudson Taylor as a candidate for the foreign field. Mr. Taylor saw promise in the applicant, and he was accepted. When asked why he, with only one leg, should think of going to China, he replied, "I do not see those with two legs going, so I must."

Two or three years after going out, he was joined by the lady who became his wife and

fellow-labourer, and to her we are indebted for the account of the work which Mr. Stott has carried on.

After spending eighteen monthslearning the dialect, Mr. Stott entered Wenchow in 1867. At first the people feared and hated the foreigner, and for three months no one would rent him a house. At last a man who had no character to lose, being sunk in the deepest degradation, through gambling and opium smoking, was tempted by the money offered, and agreed to let his house to Mr. Stott. As soon as the news spread a crowd collected, determined to turn him out. They broke through the gate, and were evidently bent on mis-



Mrs. Liu, our former Bible woman; her son, now labouring at 1 ai-chow; his wife, a former school-girl; and their three children, the eldest of whom is converted.

chief, but Mr. Stott's fearless bearing and ready tact had a quieting effect on the angry mob, and after throwing a few stones they dispersed, and left him alone.

For many months he lived in the midst of danger and discomforts. No respectable person would be his servant, and it was long before the confidence of the natives was fully

Twenty-six Years of Mission Work in China, by Grace Stott. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6/-.)

won. For two years he laboured alone, and for half that time never saw an English face, or even heard the English language. But in spite of all discouragements, Mr. Stott felt that the Lord was with him, and experienced joys in his mission labours such as can be found nowhere else. It soon became evident that the seed patiently sown was springing up and bearing fruit.

The book contains many bright passages, which prove that the Spirit of God was working, many of the converts testifying by their changed life that they were indeed born

of God. •

One woman who had confessed Christ was summoned to attend the funeral of a relative. She was the dead person's heir, but in order to claim the inheritance she must go through certain heathen rites. She felt that as a Christian she could not do this, so she renounced her claim, telling her heathen relatives to divide the inheritance, and give her what they thought right. She got about one-sixteenth of the whole, but had the joy of hearing one of her relatives say, "That must be a good religion, for if you searched the city through you would not find another who would give up property like that."

We recommend our readers to get the book and read it for themselves, feeling sure that the account of God's wonderful working, as told by Mrs. Stott, will prove a stimulus in their own Christian life and work.

Damaris.

The Augustine Celebrations.

By F. W. PITT.

■HE Roman Catholics have been celebrating, with great pomp and ceremony, the landing in England of St. Augustine on the 13th of September, 597; and they have not failed to insist on their baseless claim to the honour of being the introducers of Christianity into this country.

It is a very common error to confuse the first Romish Archbishop of Canterbury, with Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. The last named, however, lived about two

hundred years earlier than Augustine of Canterbury. Augustine of Hippo was born in the year 354, at Tagaste in Numidia, and spent his earlier life in irregularities that he afterwards condemned. He was formerly a follower of Mani, the founder of a heretical sect called Manichees. He taught rhetoric at Carthage, and afterwards at Rome, subsequently being appointed a professor at Milan, but without relinquishing his irregular life.

At Milan he was converted under Ambrose, and was baptized in 387. The next year he returned to Africa, and was ordained; subsequently succeeding Valerius as Bishop of Hippo. He is recognised as one of the most learned of "The Fathers," and despite some unscriptural doctrines, his writings are still justly venerated.

But the mistake with regard to "The Fathers" always lies in allowing them to be the interpreters of the Word of God, when that sacred office is the inviolable right of the Holy Ghost.

"Ye have an unction (anointing) from the Holy One; . The anointing which ye have received of Him ABIDETH IN YOU, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall ABIDE IN HIM" (I. John ii. 20, &c.).

It always seems to me an easy matter to settle "The Fathers." If they say what is already said in the Word of God, they have only said what anyone may say, and what God will bless; but if they say what is not in the Word of God, then they say what no man dare say without the curses of the Book being upon them. (Rev. xxii. 18).

This applies as much to Augustine of Hippo, who died during the siege of that place in 430, as to Augustine of Canterbury, who landed at Ramsgate, it

is supposed, in 597.

Augustine of Canterbury was probably named after

him of Hippo, his real name being Austin.

Austin was delegated by Gregory I., and with forty other monks proceeded to his task of bringing England, not under the yoke of Christ, but under that of the

Pope of Rome.

True, the majority of the Kentish people were pagans, but Christianity had a firm footing in this country, and there was a Christian Church at Durovernum (now called Canterbury). King Ethelbert, whose Queen was a Christian, received Gregory's ambassage, and assigning Canterbury for their residence, permitted them to exercise their function. There Austin founded the Romish See, but Christianity was already widely spread over the country, especially in the north of England and in Scotland.

The conversion of Pagan England was a poor affair, judging by Cardinal Vaughan's speech in September at Canterbury. He tells us that Gregory instructed Austin to divide the country into twenty-four dioceses, giving him jurisdiction over the existing Christian Bishops. The temples of idols were not to be destroyed if they were well built, but they were to be "sprinkled with holy water, altars were to be set up, and Mass celebrated." Truly has it been said that "Romanism

is baptized Paganism.'

Cardinal Vaughan further asserts that, besides winning English Christianity and English Paganism for Rome and the Pope, the Romish Church contributed much to the making of England as a nation. We should like to know what Queen Elizabeth's statesmen, the vanquishers of the Spanish Armada, and above all the heroes of the Reformation, would have said to this claim.

Concerning the Reformation, Cardinal Vaughan says: "After the Spiritual Power of the Apostolic See, introduced by Augustine and his monks, had served the people of England for a thousand years, a tyrant arose in his lust and overthrew it.'

No doubt the Romish priests did scrve England. They "served it out," as boys say; for every abominable iniquity of word and deed that the emissaries of Satan could do, was done by the self-appointed followers of the Apostles of Jesus Christ. They practised for world-power, riches, and lust—every ingenuity that art and man's device could suggest.

And now we are coolly asked to return to the fold of the Pope, to embrace the doctrine of his infallibility, to believe in the sacrifice of the Mass, to worship relics, to trust in the power of the priests to release, for a

monetary consideration, the souls of the departed from a purgatory they have invented.

Don't we remember the Inquisition with its bloody records? Don't we hear the cry of Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer at the stake? Have we forgotten the price our forefathers paid for our emancipation from the bondage of Rome? Above all, have we forgotten the words of Paul? "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood. For I know this, that after my departure shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one of you night and day with tears. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and the word of Hisgrace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts xx. 28-35).

"Men of England, who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood;
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood.

We're the sons of sires that baffled, Crowned and mitred tyranny. They defied the field and scaffold, For their birthright. So will we!"

George Fox.

A LECTURE BY THE LATE MR. A. A. REES.

(Continued from page 127.)

O return, if I cannot accept the teachings of Fox, as I do those of Paul, I do, nevertheless, admit that he was in many respects a true and thorough Reformer. Extreme, perhaps, in some of his views, erroneous in others, but most sincere in all.

His condemnation of ecclesiastical things and persons was just in the main, but too sweeping, as when it included such men as Archbishop Leighton, George Herbert, Sir Matthew Hale, and hundreds of the excellent of the earth, with whom he never came in contact, and as when being asked, "If there were no Christians in the Church of England," he replied neither "yea" nor "nay," but "There are many tender people among them," which was certainly damning them with faint praise.

This exclusiveness, however, is fully matched by many modern Churchmen, who are charitable enough to allow that Quakers and other irregular religionists, though they cannot get into heaven by the front, and otherwise orthodox door of the Establishment, may possibly find admission through some back and uncovenanted entrance.

Again, he was right in his belief that God had raised him up for a special purpose, but he was equally wrong in the notion that since the apostles' days there had been no such Reformer as he. That, in fact, the whole period from the second to the seventeenth century had been spanned by one long night of

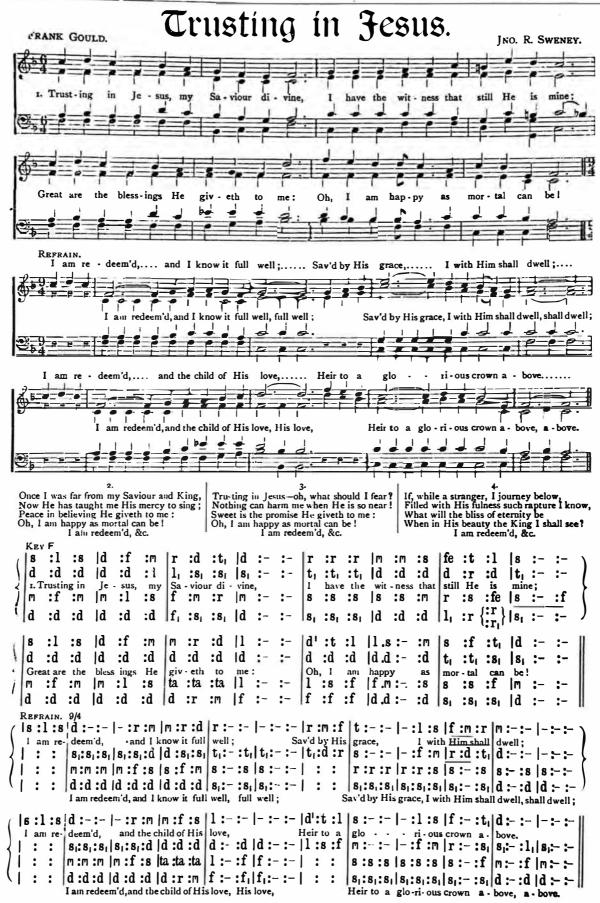
apostacy, the darkness of which was dispelled by his mission. But this mistake was owing to ignorance, rather than pride, and had he read Church history, or had he been better acquainted with the good men of his own times, he would, I think, have been less exclusive, though it is surprising to me that so learned a "Friend" as Robert Barclay should have fallen into the same belief. But whatever his mistakes, his fidelity to his convictions was unsurpassed by either prophets or apostles, and his sufferings in supporting

them almost unexampled.

I have spoken of his beatings and imprisonments, let me now speak of his journeyings; they were perfectly prodigious, and I am within the mark when I say, that during his ministry, and including returns to the same place, he visited 1,200 cities, towns, villages, and hamlets in the United Kingdom, when neither railway nor stage coaches were heard of. Generally he travelled on horseback, often on foot on roads that would have driven Macadam mad, and frequently was he compelled to sleep under a hayrick, or in a dry ditch, after a weary day's journey. Take a sample or two of his bivouacs. I quote his own account: "The next day we travelled on, and at night got a little fern or brackens to put under us, and lay upon a common." Again, "That night we lay in a wood, and were very wet, for it rained exceedingly." Again, "When I had cleaned myself, I went to an inn, and desired them to let me have a lodging; but they would not. desired them to let me have a little meat or milk, and I would pay them for it; but they would not. So I walked out of the town, and a company of fellows followed me, and asked me, what news? I bid them repent, and fear the Lord. After I had gone some distance, I came to another house, and desired the people to let me have a little meat and drink and lodging for my money; but they denied me. Then I went to another house, and desired the same; but they refused me also. By this time it was grown so dark that I could not see the highway; but I discerned a ditch, and got a little water and refreshed myself. Then I got over the ditch, and being weary with travelling, sat down upon the furze-bushes till it was day. About break of day I got up and passed over the fields." Take also a specimen of his inn entertainment in Wales: "So when I had warned them to repent, and turn to the Lord, we passed away; and at night came to a little inn, very poor, but very cheap; for our own provision and our two horses, cost but eightpence; but the horses would not eat their oats. We declared the truth to the people of the place, and sounded the day of the Lord through the countries.'

The Cross on the Clock.

"They have put a cross instead of the figures XII." Thus remarked one friend to the other as he noticed a Maltese cross on the parish church at Keswick. "Yes," was the reply, "the cross sums up all time." May we not add further, the Cross of Christ in the sufficiency of the atonement which Christ made, is one object of faith's study, for it is the certificate of heaven's peace (Col. i. 20), the passfort into the holy place of God's presence (Heb. x. 19, 20), the basis of the believer's blessing (Eph. i. 3-7), the channel o heaven's communication (Heb. ix. 14), the inspiration of heaven's song (Rev. v. 9), the loadstone of heaven's attraction (11. Cor. v. 14), and the purchaser of the Church. Faith, like the cherubim, ever delights to gaze upon the blood-sprinkled mercy-seat (Ex. xxv. 20).



The above hymn is copyright, and taken, by permission of Messrs. J. and R. Parlane, Publishers, Paisley, from "Songs of Salvation." edited by Mr. William Hislop, of Glasgow.

Chips by Diakonas.

A screw is often a stopper.

Prayerless is blessingless.

The vain life is the life in vain.

Indeed he liveth who liveth in deed.

A quick temper makes a quick tempter.

The over-coming man is the coming man.

Kept by the power of Satan. How true!

"The soul that sinneth it shall die," not dye.

The believers at Damascus led Paul to Jesus.

Not to be firm with an evil habit is to be infirm.

There are more undertakers than over-takers.

The highest glory is glory to God in the highest.

"He that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly."

The new woman is a myth, but not so the new creature.

God loveth a cheerful liver, as well as a cheerful giver.

God has promised to supply all our need, not our whims.

He who is true to God cannot be false to his fellow man.

"Wanted, good tinkers." Could the Church not supply a few?

Whom the Lord takes up on earth He always takes higher.

The photographer is not the only one who can develop himself.

To-day, it is not "in honour preferring," but preferring honour.

There is always "I" in it when "self" is raised instead of rased.

With the right-hand of fellowship there is never the cold shoulder.

BETHESDA RECORD.

THE subject! of Pastor F. E. Marsh's addresses on Sunday evenings in November, in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, will (D.v.) be—

Nov. 7.—" Is the Death of Christ a Moral Force and a Spiritual Power?"

" 14.—"To-morrow."

" 21.—"Is Sin a Necessity?"

" 28.—" The Signs of the Times."

THE CHRISTIAN WORKERS' CLASS.

The above class meets in the Upper Vestry on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock. Subjects:

Nov. 1.—"The Man of Men." Mr. M. Thompson.

" 8.—"Words." Mr. H. Hopkirk,

" 15.—"Reality." Miss N. Tracey.

"22.—" Photography Spiritualised." Mr. F. E. Marsh.

"29.—"Ruskin's 'Crown of Wild Olive."
Mr. W. Wood.

"FIVE HUNDRED BIBLE READINGS."

The Pastor's new book is now ready, and he will be glad if friends will kindly purchase copies. The published price is 6s., but copies may be obtained from the author at 4s. 6d. per copy. Will friends also help the Pastor by giving him contributions, so that he may send copies to poor ministers, and missionaries abroad. One friend has already sent a copy to a poor minister, much to his delight. 4s. 6d. will send a copy of the book to missionaries and others.

Contributions received for free distribution of "Five

Hundred Bible Readings": -Zeta, 8s. 9d.

"PHOTOGRAPHY SPIRITUALISED."

Pastor F. E. Marsh will (D.V.) give a lecture on the above subject on Monday, November 22nd, illustrated by one hundred limelight views. The charge to the lecture will be 6d.; children under twelve, half-price. Any surplus, after paying expenses, will go to the "Bible Reading Free Distribution Fund."

THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.

The above election will take place the last week in November. Will all supporters of Board Schools make a note of the time, and don't forget to vote. The unsectarian eight are—

J. G. ADDISON T. W. BACKHOUSE R. A. BARTRAM W. BRANFOOT

R. G. DAVISON G.'H. R. GARCIA F. E. MARSH P. WOOD

Here are three planks in the platform of the unsectarian eight—

1. Bible teaching without sectarian colouring.

2. Public money controlled by the representatives of the ratepayers.

3. Efficient teachers, in order to produce competent scholars.

#CHIMES |

An Evangelical Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1897.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

HOMAS SPURGEON is a little over fortyone years of age, having been born in
October, 1856. After a good, thorough
English commercial education as a lad
and youth, he entered business life, but
developing powers as a speaker and

developing powers as a speaker and preacher, was received into the Pastors' College as a student for the ministry. His college course over, physical weakness, of a kind that threatened to be serious,

physical weakness, of a kind that threatened to be serious, made a voyage and sojourn at the Antipodes advisable, and thither "Son Tom," as his father loved to call him, went. At Auckland, in New Zealand, a strong church was formed by the young preacher, a building, costing £15,000, erected, and a hearty, zealous community gathered. A return of the old weakness led later to the resignation of the pastorate, and the acceptance of the office of travelling evangelist to the Baptist Union of New Zealand. In this new labour, not merely was the health of the preacher apparently re-established, but a marvellous measure of success in soul-saving also experienced. In August, 1893, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon began his ministry at the Tabernacle, having returned by way of America, where he preached to vast audiences in Chicago at Mr. Moody's request—who, when last here, said to him, "You must come back to the Tabernacle and take your father's place." At the first public prayer-meeting after his return, a number of ministers, who had been trained at the

a number of ministers, who had been trained at the Pastors' College, joined to welcome their fellow-student, and bid him "God speed" in the name of the brotherhood.

Already, the tidings from the Tabernacle are, that the preacher has evoked large enthusiasm and commanded congregations that recall the palmy days of the former pastorate. The lustre of the father's name and work are enough to daunt the bravest man who is called to succeed to his pulpit, whilst the greatness of the Church, with its legions of societies, that get their main impetus and support from the pulpit, make tremendous demands on the personality of the pastor. Yet, whilst there can be no complete successor in these respects to C. H. Spurgeon, the son bids fair, health

and strength being granted, to meet these demands and largely satisfy them. With mind similar in cast to his father's, his manner and style of delivery are also strikingly, pathetically, remindful of the great preacher. The voice is much weaker and less penetrating—for who could ever hope to emulate that peal of silver tones that is now silenced on earth—but there is the same clear, pleasant enunciation, the terse, epigrammatic style of sentence, and the eloquence more of deep heart-feeling than of the midnight oil and polished-to-feebleness sort.

feebleness sort.

In theology, he stands where his father did: believes intensely in the Bible as the true word of God; and that all preaching must have, for its supreme end, the saving of men by the sacrifice of Jesus upon Calvary. The Cross is to him the only rescue from sin, and the mightiest power to win to a holy life of service.

The element of humour, so rich in the father, is not without its place in the son; many of his sayings having a

keen lurking quaintness in them which give the touch of humanity, that makes the whole world kin. Best of all, there is a deep pathetic love for the souls of men, and a yearning desire to save and bless them, that is the crowning quality of every true minister of Christ.

H. O. MACKAY.



The path of faith may be called a simple path; but it is not, by any means, an easy path. Many choose it for its pleasantness, and then give it up because of its ruggedness. But the true child of faith treads the path of faith, simply because it is God's path.—Selected Sayings.

You may recover much that is lost, but never a lost opportunity.—Selected Sayings.

It is one thing to know I am a son; but it is another thing to sit down at the table of communion.—Selected Sayings.

"The God-Man."

BY F. W. PITT.

IVINE truth is usually travestied by two forms of falsehood. Satan endeavours to induce men to accept either too little or too much; to make them too narrow or too broad.

Conflicting errors range themselves under the headings of Rationalism and Ritualism, Socinianism and Romanism, Unitarianism

and Popery.

Consequently we find the precious truth of the Incarnation of the Son of God tampered with, on the one hand, by those who say that-Jesus Christ was only superior to other men in that He was better than the average man; while, on the other hand, the Romanist says that His mother was divine in the same sense that He was.

This latter falsehood is the blasphemous dogma known as the "Immaculate Concep-

tion of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

It took centuries, as in the case of all Romish errors, to formulate the pretensions to Mary's Immaculate Conception. It began with Mary worship; with appeals for Mary's intercession. It grew to ascribing divinity to Mary. She was called "Daughter of the Father," "Mother of the Son," "Wife of the Holy Spirit," "Mother of God"; and, to support these claims, it became necessary to assert that Mary, the wife of Joseph, was not conceived in sin, and that she was always a virgin.

An edition of the Psalms has been issued by Romanists in which appeals to Mary are substituted for the appeals to Jehovah, while that glorious invitation of the blessed Lord in Matthew xi., has been rendered, "Come unto Mary all ye that labour and are heavy

laden, and she will give you rest."

But to quote all the fearful doctrines of the Romish Church on the "Glories of Mary," would require a volume; suffice it to say that the only conclusion is that we are asked to believe that men can get to heaven easier by the help of Mary than by the aid of Jesus Christ.

But the fact that Mary is too highly exalted by Romanism, does not give any reason for under - estimating the perfections of the Incarnate Son of God. His was, indeed, as the Scripture plainly teaches, an "immaculate conception."

The Son was in the bosom of the Father before the world began. And "All things were made by Him," and "for Him." "He was God" (John i. 1; Col. i. 16). "He is the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of His person" (Heb. i. 3).

When the angel appeared to Mary, he announced the coming of God. "When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb," is the sublime language of the "Te Deum."

Gabriel's words to Mary were, "Thou shalt conceive in the womb and bring forth a Son, and shall call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High. . . . And Mary said, How shall this be seeing that I know not a man? And the angel answered, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; wherefore, also, that Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

This was in fulfilment of those words, "The seed of the woman" (Gen. iii.), and "A virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Immanuel"

(Isaiah vii. 14).

"The Word was made flesh" (John i. 14). Jesus Christ, from the eternal ages, bore the form and likeness of God, but "He was made in the likeness of man." "God sent His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh" (Phil. ii.7; Rom. viii. 3).

- "Thou art the everlasting Word, The Father's only Son; God manifestly seen and heard, And heaven's Beloved One.
- "True image of the Infinite, Whose essence is concealed; Brightness of uncreated Light, The heart of God revealed.
- "Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou, That every knee to Thee should bow."

This is the true and only "immaculate conception." "He did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth" (I. Peter ii.). He who knew no sin was made sin for us (II. Cor. v. 21).

Soul stirring mystery of God! We feel that comment is almost irreverent on this holy theme. We would bow and worship.

But we must warn against errors even of expression. It never says that Jesus took our nature upon Him. He came in His own glorious, sinless, Divine nature, and nothing else, and it is the perfection of His person that gives value to His work.

It never says that He became bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh! Jesus was not as all other men are, a son of Adam. He was the Son of God, "Conceived of the Holy Ghost, begotten of the Virgin Mary." She was simply the vehicle of the Incarnation of the Most High. Adam was truly a type of Christ, "The figure of Him that was to come" (Rom. v. 14). The first Adam was the head of the natural creation. The last Adam, Christ, is the head of the new creation in redemption, and believers are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. Not His flesh and blood even, but of His resurrection "flesh and bones." "Flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," but "Handle Me and see," He said, after He had risen from the dead, "For a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have" (Luke xxiv. 39).

If we dwell only on the *birth* of the child Jesus, we lose sight of the "mystery of Godliness." "God was manifest in flesh, . . . and received up into glory."

In a certain sense Jesus was Himself "born again," for the words, "Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee," apply to His resurrection. A comparison of Ps. ii., Acts xiii., and Hebrews i., shews that "this day" is the day of His resurrection.

The birth of Jesus in itself, if the mystery ended there, would avail nothing. He is the "first born from the dead," as well as "only begotten of the Father" (Col. i. 18; Rev. i. 5; John i. 14, 18).

The hope of the Christian is centred on a Man in the glory. Amid all the angels and cherubim, at the right hand of God, who is a Spirit, there stands a Man, and He says, "I am He that liveth and became dead, and behold I am alive for evermore."

"Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts xiii. 38). More, "God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man, whom He hath ordained."

Reader, He must either be your Saviour or your Judge. "Now is the accepted time" for accepting Him. Reject Him, and the day is marked out on the chart of God when He will reject you.

Many in that day will say, "I kept Christmas," "I believed what Popery said about Mary;" but He will say, "Depart from Me, for I never knew you."

When we are by ourselves, we have to watch our thoughts; when in the family, our tempers; when in company, our tongues.—Selected Sayings.

Oh, child of God, keep no company with any one with whom you cannot kneel at the Throne of Grace, and speak freely about your Master.—Selected Sayings.

The Angels' Message.

HARK! hark! upon the midnight air What music meets mine ear? What choral voices, sweet and rare, From some celestial sphere? What message do the angels bear, Our sin-stained hearts to cheer?

A voice proclaims, in accents sweet,
That through the ether ring,
As spring the shepherds to their feet,
The advent of a King!
A strain that angel hosts repeat,
As from the sky they sing!

O brightly shone the stars that night, Responsive in their glow;

The shepherds from that mountain height Stepped forth at once to go, That in the radiance of that light

That in the radiance of that light
Their Saviour they might know.

They found the Babe, His mother too, With Joseph at her side, While, to their sacred mission true, Their Lord they glorified; Then 'neath that canopy of blue, Their homeward way they hied.

What hope in Mary's bosom glows,
Though fears oft cloud the scene,
As constantly her wonder grows
What these strange words can mean;
Ere time their teaching can disclose,
Long years must intervene.

A mother's heart what flames of love
For her sweet babe consume!
While sunshine from heaven's vault above
Forbids one thought of gloom,
Yet fears she that each cloud may prove
A shadow of the tomb!

As years passed on, that Infant grew, In wisdom and in grace; As softly fell the heavenly dew, That beautified His face, His Spirit constant progress knew, With Nature keeping pace.

'Twas thus He did His Father's will, And pleased His mother too; Intent His mission to fulfil, And gracious works to do, Until at length Golgotha's hill Arose before His view.

Oh, then, a sword pierced Mary's heart, As Simeon had foreseen; Still faithful to her mother's part As she had ever been, What pangs did thro' her bosom dart, Throughout that closing scene!

She was His mother, He her Son!
Yet soon, those claims reversed,
His wondrous reign should be begun,
Of risen ones the first;
His victory o'er the grave be won,
Its rock-bound portals burst!

Would that all hearts His grace might know,
So should their joy increase;
O'er every land should blessing flow,
And human discord cease;
For love shall conquer every foe,
Thro' Christ, the Prince of Peace!
Clevedon.

Wm. Kitching.

Trying to Wash Himself White.

HE following story is told of a little negro boy:
The little fellow was sent to school, where he was the only black, all the other boys being white. His schoolfellows were so unkind as to taunt and laugh at him for his black skin. The boy was very unhappy, and set his wits to work to find a remedy for his trouble. One day he was absent from school, and after school the teacher was going home when he caught sight of the truant. The boy was

kneeling beside a small stream of water, taking up handfuls of sand, with which he scrubbed his face, and then washed it off with the water. "What are you doing, my boy," said the teacher. "Oh, sir, I am trying to wash myself white, but the black won't come off," said the boy, bursting into tears. The little boy's mistake reminds us of the verse, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" No! No man No! No man can do that. It is to be hoped that the teacher taught the boy, that although he could not wash his skin white, there was One who could, and would wash his heart white, and then what mattered a black skin.

Here is a prayer that every little boy and girl should pray, whether they be black or white. "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

A boy may have a white face, but he may have a very black heart; whilst a boy with a black face may be white in the sight of the Lord Jesus

If your heart is black, and you want to make it white, you may try, as the little boy did to make his face white. But will you

succeed? No; you may give up your bad habits, so that even your friends will be deceived, but what do you think you have done? Simply white-washed yourself, and the black heart is there all the time underneath the white-wash. "The black won't rub off." Though you may have covered up naughty actions so that others cannot see them, so long as the heart is black, there will be wicked thoughts there, and naughty tempers, and the Lord Jesus can see under the white-wash. But He can make you really white, and if you ask Him He will do so.

The apostle John, in the seventh chapter of the Revelation, tells us about a great multitude which he saw arrayed in white robes. He was told that these were they who had "washed their robes, and made

them white in the blood of the Lamb." Many will be there whose faces were black, but now they are altogether white.

"Washed white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, that every boy and girl who reads this page may be amongst that blood-washed throng, in the day when Jesus shall make up His jewels.

"A little maid said she was saved;
I asked her how she knew;
Her answer brief, quite gave me joy,
It was so plain and true—

"I was a sinner—Jesus died, And through His blood I know,

That though my sins were crimson red,
They now are white as snow.
"How simple! yet what glorious truth
In that short answer shown,
The glorious Gospel's wondrous tale

To boys and girls made known." Damaris.

A JOY CHIME FOR CHRISTMAS.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

God wants to have us share our joys with Him! Not pluck forbidden fruit, and then away

To hide ourselves where shadows dark and dim Keep from our sins the sunshine of the day.

God wants to have us share our joys with Him! To bring the fish that He has helped us take,

And by the sea where we have seen them swim, Eat of the spoil while He our bread shall break.

Oh, share thy wealth with Him! it will increase In value and in lustre in the light

Of His blest smile: and add unto thy peace, Instead of bringing thee a restless night.

Share thou thy meal with Him! thy barley cake Will multiply in His beloved hand:

And thy two fishes, if Hi fingers take,
Become sufficient for a hungry band.
Share thou with Him—that bosom joy of thine,
Or great or small—He knows 'tis great to thee,
And will grow greater at the touch Divine:
Unveil thy secret heart for Him to see.

Hast thou a joy that is not joy to God?

A joy He will not share with thee? O soul,
Beneath thy foot let such a joy be trod;
Ere thou shalt sip, dash down the evil bowl.

It will be joy to Him to share His bliss
With us, His loved ones; that will be Christ's heaven.
And we can find no greater joy than this,
To share with Him the joys that He has given.



"Letter-Box."

BY "J. DALE RIVERS."

"Each kindness shown to birds or men, Is sure to flutter back again."

TEMPERANCE man? The idea! Why, of course, I am temperate in everything."

With this remark, delivered with more temper than temperance, Elder Brown

somewhat snappishly departed.

That evening perverse fate dogged the steps of his housekeeper, as she endeavoured to give satisfaction at the dinner table, and even the cold water got her into hot water. If Mr. Brown had not again, with strong emphasis, asserted he was temperate, some might have misjudged him as intemperate.

Miss Just, while dining, unfortunately remarked that this was the 25th of November, and it only wanted another month to

Christmas.

"Done Brown" was not it, for he appeared nearly done for, as he so hastily expressed his contempt for such Pagan festivities.

Matters were not improved by Miss Just adding, she thought Christmas was introduced

by Christianity, and not Paganism.

In silence—only broken now and again by the smacks of his lips as he puckered up his mouth and drew in the smoke—Elder Brown enjoyed his pipe in his den. When he had filled the room with tobacco smoke, and made it a perfect curing-house, so much so that it cured the temper out of his temperance, he said, "I wonder what next? I suppose some faddist will be asking if I am an antitobacconist." He carefully blew another smoke ring, admired it as it faded away, and

then he laughed heartily.
"Mew, mew, mew." Mr. Brown sprung to his feet, and said, "Bless me, but that

sounds like a cat."

He opened the door and went into the hall; there he listened intently, but nihility only met his gaze and ears. "Must have been the wind," he muttered, and was going back again, when "Mew, mew" sounded distinctly. "Phew! cats," he growled, seized a stout

stick, and flung open the outer door.

If there was nothing in the hall, there was plenty of darkness in the street. He gazed out, but it would have been easier to penetrate into a secret of the Cabinet than the gloom that was all around. He closed the door with the same silence as a schoolboy does. As he turned the key he beheld in the letter-box a small black and white kitten. It is a moot point about animals having reason, but it is admitted they have speech, and that young cat spoke with its eyes in the same language as does a maiden to her ideal wooer. It was sight love; truly love at first sight required no second sight or insight, for perfect trust and confidence were evinced by each.

It was Christmas Eve. Elder Brown had seen many a Christmas come and go, and he, like others, was trying to "husband out life's taper at the close." He was seated in his garden, and near him was "Letter-box," his dear feline friend. Mr. Brown, though not like the ancient Egyptians who worshipped cats, was never happy unless "Letter-box" was his companion. Pussy with agility mounted the garden railings, and, with one bound, without any ceremony she entered the house of Mr. Nix, who resided in the adjoining property. Elder Brown waited patiently, but in vain, for her to return, and at last he summoned up courage to follow, but not over the pailings. As he boldly ventured for the first time in twenty years, up the gravel path belonging to his neighbour, he saw the door was ajar; also that the pictures, lamp-stand, and brackets were all decorated with holly, and he heard the children singing,

> "What can wash away my stains? Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

It was not a collision, but it was nearly one, between Elder Brown and Mr. Nix, as they met at the drawing-room door. "An unexpected pleasure," said Mr. Nix, as he seized and shook the hand of his visitor, and he added, "The season's greetings to you." Elder Brown had received his runaway, and he was surrounded by a crowd of little Nixes, all admiring "Letter-box." Mrs. Nix, too, won the heart of the old bachelor as she praised the good points of his four-footed friend, and though she did not invite him to stay and spend the evening, she made him so welcome that he had no desire to leave.

"What do you think of that?" triumphantly exclaimed Tom Nix, as he produced a new hand camera, the gift of his father, for Elder Brown's inspection; and the smaller Nixes told of what they expected Father Christmas would put in their stockings. Elder Brown's replies were somewhat at random, for his eyes filled with tears, and he was once more a boy. The old home, the dear old mother, not more peaceable in her long sleep than in her active life; the happy times made so by family gatherings, birthday gifts, and Christmas presents—all these, and much more, he saw without the aid of the cinomatograph.

Mrs. Nix told her family it was bed-time, and the baby hugged and kissed Elder Brown till the old man actually wept. Yes, prayers are heard, and children's prayers, too. As baby Nix said that night, "Dod bess Mr. Bown and his puss," the great blessing of thinking others, too, may be right, though they do not see eye to eye with one, was taking possession, somewhat late in life, of the old man's soul.

Elder Brown was a strict Baptist. Yes, he was so deeply immersed that he could not see a non-immersionist on the heavenly path. It was a fact—it was nevertheless a failing—that his idea of reaching heaven was only by water.

Mr. Nix belonged to the Presbyterian faith, and as he talked about Church work, Elder Brown was more than surprised to find how enthusiastically he entered into the subject. The Band of Hope, the Children's Missions, and Sunday Schools, were to him real institutions for leading young people to the Saviour. He had no antipathy to other sects, but a loving heart for all Christians, and the gist of his conversation was Jesus, the Saviour of men.

It was late that Christmas eve when Elder Brown once more trod his own study, as he sat down with pussy on his knee, he said, looking down lovingly on "Letter-Box," "Mind, pussy, you have led me into strange quarters to-night, but ——." He completed that sentence, not in words, but in a smile, and it was one of entire satisfaction.

The afternoon of Christmas Day was exceptionally mild. Mr. Brown and "Letter-Box " were again in the garden. It is written, "God made Adam a companion, and saved him from egotism." God also made that feline companion to save Elder Brown from aloofness, do-nothingness, and narrowism. Pussy spun like a top after her own tail; then she climbed up into a small leafless sycamore tree, and from the end of one of the branches she descended by the spout upon Mr. Robson's lawn. With no lackadaisical delay, Elder Brown rushed round and attempted to catch the truant, but "Letter-Box" playfully ran up the ivy, and sprung in the open window. Unfortunately she accelerated her introduction by knocking over a flower pot, which fell with a crash in the room. Elder Brown's first impression was to run, but just at that moment he beheld Mrs. Robson coming towards him. No explanations were necessary, for she had seen, through the greenhouse squares, the exploit of "Letter-Box."

At her invitation he followed Mrs. Robson into the house, and though they had been neighbours for ten years, it was the first time he had crossed the threshold. There were no evergreens in the passage, no merry voices met his ears, and a sorrowful hollowness seemed to echo and re-echo at each footfall. As he looked into Mrs. Robson's face, he saw signs of recent weeping, and he asked "if she was in trouble." The tears rushed down her cheeks, and she answered, "My boy, my only boy, is a drunkard, a thief, and a murderer." Between her sobs she told a woe-begone tale, and finished it as follows, "Wherever you go, Mr. Brown, tell fathers and mothers that the boys follow the example of their parents, and, alas, many children cannot stay content with the one glass which is sufficient for their fathers or mothers. My boy is ruined, and I am not free from blame."

The next day Elder Brown signed the pledge, and now he is the recognised leader of the temperance movement in his place of worship, and the town. He not only abstains from the evil, he does more. He works, he prays, he persuades others to take up arms against the foe in every Christian community. He has no children of his own, but he is so fond of quoting, "The public-house can no more be run without using up boys or girls, than a flour mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without wood. The only question is, Whose boys and girls? Yours or mine? Our boys or girls, or our neighbours'?"

Bells to be Rung.

BY F. E. M.

THE HANDS OF CHRIST.

THE hand in Scripture is the symbol of work (Ecclesiastes ix. 10), hence, as found in connection with Christ, it represents His activities on our behalf.

I. SACRIFICING HANDS.—"They pierced My hands and My feet" (Psalm xxii. 16). Wicked men crucified Christ, but, by so doing they carried out God's purpose of supplying a sacrifice in our stead (Acts ii. 23; Romans iii. 25, viii. 3, margin).

II. Saving Hand.—"Thy right hand shall save me" (Psalm cxxxviii. 7). This may be illustrated by Christ saving Peter from sinking beneath the water—"Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him" (Matt. xiv. 31).

III. ENGRAVEN HANDS.—"I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands" (Isaiah xlix. 16).

"My name from the palms of His hands, Eternity will not erase,

Impressed on His heart it remains, In marks of indelible grace."

IV. REVEALING HANDS.—"Behold My hands" (Luke xxiv. 39). "He shewed unto them His hands"

(John xx. 20). The pierced hands speak of sufferings over, satisfaction given, atonement made, peace secured, heaven opened, and love revealed.

v. STRENGTHENING HAND.—"He laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, "Fear not" (Rev i. 17). The sight of the glorified Christ made John as a dead man, but the words of Christ put new life into him.
vi. Sustaining Hands.—"His left hand is under

vi. Sustaining Hands.—"His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me" (S.S. ii. 6). The bride knows the sustaining and comforting presence of her Beloved.

VII. UPLIFTED HANDS.—"He lifted up His hands and blessed them" (Luke xxiv. 50). We never read that those hands were put down. He lives to bless and save to the uttermost (Hebrews vii. 25).

"NOTHING."

There are certain words and phrases used by the apostle Paul which cover the whole range of his walk and work, and one such word is the word "nothing."

1. Nothing Against—"I know nothing against myself" (1. Cor. iv. 4; R.V.). As Paul looked over the landscape of his Christian character, he could not see one ugly spot in it. His life was like an unspotted piece of paper; there was no blot upon it.

II. NOTHING ASHAMED.—"In nothing I shall be as hamed" (Phil. i. 20). Persecutions, afflictions, imprisonments, and sufferings did not weigh the apostle down with shame. The one thing about which he was concerned was, that Christ should be magnified.

111. Nothing Gained.—"Though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of" (1. Cor. ix. 16). As the necessity was laid upon Jeremiah and Jonah to deliver God's message (Jer. xx. 9; Jonah iii. 2), and they but did their duty in obeying; so the necessity to preach the Gospel was laid upon Paul (Acts xxvi. 16-18), and he but did what he ought to do in fulfilling the same.

IV. NOTHING ADDED.—"Added nothing to me" (Gal. ii. 6). The apostle did not gain any new light by the conference in Jerusalem. He had received his instructions from Head-quarters (Gal. i. 11-24).

v. Nothing Damaged.—"Receive damage by us in nothing" (11. Cor. vii. 9). Paul's absorbing desire was to be a benefit to all with whom he came in contact.

VI. NOTHING BEHIND.—"For in nothing am I behind the very chiefest apostles" (II. Cor. xii. II). The apostle knew what the Lord had made him, and

he gloried in the Lord in consequence.
vii. "Nothing." "Nothing."—"Though I be
nothing" (ii. Cor. xii. 11). "I am nothing"
(i. Cor. xiii. 2). In his own estimation, as to his own
resources, Paul felt he was nothing; and if he did not
possess the queen of graces he was useless.

STEPS.

Some of the steps, or progress in the Christian life, may be illustrated in the history of Ruth.

1. Ruth leaves all (Ruth i. 16; Luke xiv. 26).

II. Gleans in the harvest field (Ruth ii. 2; John iv. 35).

III. Feeds at the table of Boaz (Ruth ii. 14; Psalm xxiii. 5).

IV. Receives the gifts of Boaz (Ruth iii. 15;

v. Seeks Boaz himself (Ruth iii. 3, 4; Psalm lxiii).

vi. Lies at the feet of Boaz (Ruth iii. 8; Luke x. 39).
vii. Becomes one with Boaz (Ruth iv. 10;
Cor. xii. 12).

One Hand Held Back.

ZHE chief of an Irish clan, who was about to be baptized, centuries ago, held up his right hand out of the water. When asked what that act meant, he replied that he withheld that member from God's service, that with it he might war against hostile clans. With scarcely less folly do some Christians hold back part of their money, their time, or their influence from God, and think that He will accept the rest. He wants all, or none at To be a faithful follower of Jesus we must allow nothing to come between us and Him. A soldier who went to war, took with him some of the small instruments of his craft —he was a watch-mender—thinking to make some extra shillings now and then while in camp. He did so. He found plenty of repairing, and almost forgot that he was a soldier, so that one day, when ordered off on some duty he said to himself, "Why, how can I go? I've got ten watches to mend!" Some Christians are so absorbed in self-seeking that they are ready to say to the Master's call, "I pray Thee have me excused!" They are nominally the soldiers of Christ, but really they are only watchtinkers—they keep back part of the price.

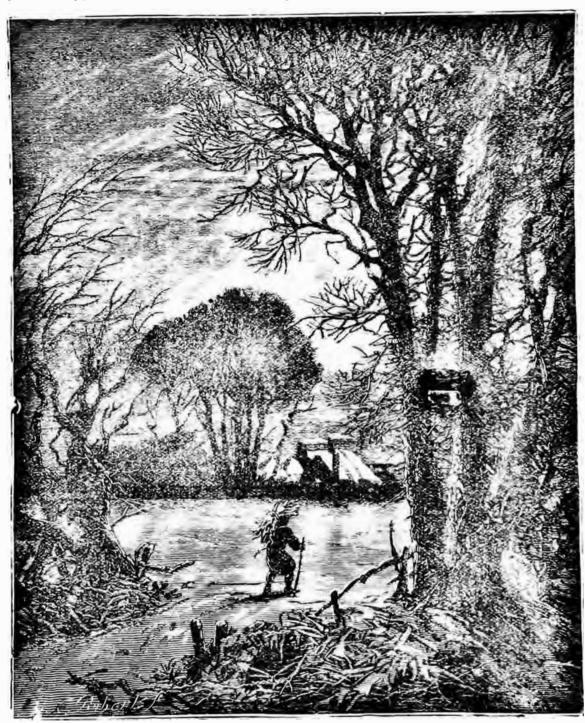
Winter Leaves.

INTER is called the leafless season. The boughs of the trees are naked, and the herbage of the fields is withered. The soft, green cushions of foliage that in summer made every tree like its neighbour, have disappeared, bringing out the individual shapes and the fundamental peculiarities of the woodland. Nature seems to lie at anchor in the harbour, with her sails furled, and only her masts and rigging exposed to the fury of the storm. And yet, amid this apparent universal death, the pulse of the earth has not ceased to beat. Growth has not altogether stopped. Many humble plants, such as mosses and lichens, which are torpid in summer, now begin to vegetate, and come into fruit. Even the trees themselves are not wholly leafless. They have their winter as well as their summer foliage. The barest tree, whose boughs make fit harp-strings for the fierce music of the blast, still possesses true characteristic leaves, although they are very inconspicuous, and would not be known as leaves except by those who have learned that seeing is one of the fine arts, and requires cultivation. Every one is familiar with the buds which tip the extremities of every branch in spring. These are the growing points of the tree, and contain within themselves the

[&]quot;Nothing to pay" (Prov. xxii. 27; Luke vii. 42).

leaves and blossoms of the coming year in an embryonic state. On the outside they are covered with dry, glossy scales, lying together like the tiles of a roof or the plates of a suit of armour. These scales are true leaves of the very lowest type, altered from the normal

imperceptibly, owing to the diversion of the sap from them to the foliage, behind which they are hidden. As the season advances, however, the sap gradually ceases to flow to the summer leaves, which therefore ultimately fade and fall from the tree; and the last



form to suit their altered purpose and circumstances, and may be seen not unfrequently passing into ordinary green leaves at a further stage of advancement. They are formed in spring, and continue to growduring the whole summer, though very slowly and

movements of it at the end of autumn, before it becomes altogether stagnant, are directed towards the buds, in order to mature and prepare them for taking at the proper time the place of the generation of leaves that has just perished.

Dr. Hugh Macmillan.

A RAVELLED HASP.

BY THE EDITOR.



RAVELLED hasp! Doubtless, many friends will be wondering what a ravelled hasp is. A ravelled hasp is Scotch for a tangled skein. The expression occurs in one of Samuel Ruther-

ford's letters. In writing to Earlston the younger, he says:

"Oh, if our faith could ride it out against the high and proud waves and winds, when our sea seemeth to be all on fire. Oh, how oft do I let my grips go. I am put to swimming and half sinking. I find that the devil hath the advantage of the ground in this battle; for he fighteth on known ground, in our corrupt nature. Alas! that is a friend near of kin and blood to himself, and will not fail to fall foul upon us. And hence it is, that He who saveth to the uttermost, and leadeth many sons to glory, is still righting my salvation; and twenty times a day I ravel my heaven, and then I must come with my ill-ravelled work to Christ, to cumber Him (as it were), to right it, and to seek again the right end of the thread, and to fold up again my eternal glory with His own hand, and to give a right cast of His holy and gracious hand to my marred and spilled salvation. Certainly, it is a cumbersome thing to keep a foolish child from falls, and broken brows, and weeping for this and that toy, and rash running, and sickness, and bairns' diseases; ere he win through them all, and win out of the mires, he costeth meikle black cumber and fashery to his keepers. And so is a believer a cumbersome piece of work, and an ill-ravelled hesp (as we used to say) to Christ. But God be thanked; for many spilled salvations, and many ill-ravelled hesps hath Christ mended, since first He entered Tutor to lost mankind. Oh, what could we bairns do without Him? How soon would we mar all. But the less of our weight be upon our own feeble legs, and the more that we be on Christ the strong Rock, the better for us. It is good for us that ever Christ took the cumber for us; it is our heaven to lay many weights and burdens upon Him, and to make Him all we have, root and top, beginning and ending of our salvation. Lord, hold us here."

The Bible recognizes the possibility of becoming like a tangled skein. When Israel had left the land of Egypt, and escaped from the tyranny of slavery, Pharaoh thought he would be able to recapture them; hence the Lord tells Moses what he is saying in his heart, "Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, 'They are entangled in the land'" (Ex. xiv. 3), or as the word "entangled" might be rendered, "perplexed." (It is also given in Joel i. 18, and Esther iii. 15).

The apostle Paul points out the possibility of becoming like a tangled skein. In warning the saints at Galatia against the ensnaring influence of legality, he says, "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not again entangled with the yoke of bondage" (Gal. v. 1). Writing to Timothy

about the needs of being separated to the Lord for efficiency in service, he uses the illustration of a soldier on full service, and says, "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier" (II. Tim. ii. 4).

Again, the apostle Peter, by the Holy Spirit, uses the term in referring to one who having escaped the pollutions of the world, goes back to his former life, in the following words: "For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse-with them than the beginning" (II. Peter ii. 20).

Once more, in Matt. xxii. 15, we read, 'Then, went the Pharisees and took counsel how they might entangle Him in His talk." They sought how they might ensnare Christ, but He read them through and through, and was not to be entangled by their scheming.

There are two words which express the thought in Rutherford's letter, and these are acknowledgment and adjustment.

I. Acknowledgment. As the child of God looks over the

HASP OF HIS LIFE,

he feels that he has ravelled it again and again, and confesses with Rutherford, "I ravel my heaven . . . an ill-ravelled hasp is a believer to Christ." Many things which we ought to have done, testify to the tangled skein of our life. We have only to ask ourselves a few questions to find this out.

Has the chamber of our heart been kept clean from the filthiness of the flesh and spirit? If the inner part of our nature could be revealed to us, as the X rays can reveal the bones in the body, should we like to see it? Methinks the one cry would be, "Unclean, unclean, as the slime of jealousy,

THE FUNGUS OF UNBELIEF,

the impurity of motive, the blackness of self, the mildew of self-praise, the smoke of pride, and the smouldering fire of fleshly desire were seen by us."

Have we allowed the breath of the world to tarnish our spirituality? We cannot have fellowship with it without catching its foul breath. We cannot eat its fruits without having nausea of soul. We cannot patronize its schemes, nor be patronized by it, without its smirch being left behind. The breath of the world is infectious, and if we get near enough to catch it, we shall suffer from some typhoid or disease, which will enfeeble our

strength. Have we had our spirituality damaged by the world? In some way or other, all have.

Has the hand of unbelief rubbed off the bloom from the fruit of our faith? When the bloom has been rubbed off the fruit, it depreciates its selling price, and mars its beauty. Unbelief rubs off the beauty from strong faith which makes the soul separate to God's will as Abram was, and, instead of a vigorous faith, there is the weakness which is born of unbelief.

Have we kept to the lines of God's truth as the authority of our action in our life and labour? Or have we been found walking in

THE DITCH

of our own opinion, and defiling our garments

by the mud of self-will?

Have we always dwelt in the secret place of God's presence, finding our inspiration in His love, our joy in His will, our liberty in His power, our communion in Himself, and our pleasure in His truth?

Have we kept in the flow of God's power, so that the mill of our conduct has been moved by the water of God's Spirit in the

ways of truth and holiness?

Have we sought the Lord's direction in all the relations of life? In the home life, by allowing Christ to be the Head of the house? In the business life, by allowing the righteous principles of God's truth to dominate all? In the social life, by keeping in the company of God's people?

As the searching light of the sevenbranched lampstand of God's holy truth streams into our heart and flashes upon our life, we have to say of our heart, "Unclean;" of

THE GOLD OF OUR WALK,

"Tarnished by the world;" of the bloom of our faith, "Rubbed off by unbelief;" of the garments of our services, "Defiled by the mind of self;" of the privilege of secret fellowship, "Alas, too often we have been following afar off;" of the fulness of God's power moving us, "We have been useless because not in the right place;" and of the joy of the Lord's direction, "Too often we have acted upon our own authority." And we confess our hesp is ravelled, and like one of old, each for himself says, "I acknowledge my transgressions unto Thee."

II. ADJUSTMENT. Rutherford not only confessed he was "an ill-ravelled hesp," but he said, "I must come with my ill-ravelled work to Christ to right it"... and "many ill-

vavelled hesps hath Christ mended."

When Christ was seen by John walking in

the midst of the Churches, He not only had eyes of fire to discover and judge the failings of His people, but He had hands of power to adjust them. The one thing He was desiring was, that His people should not only know their shortcomings, but that they should place themselves in His hands, that He might adjust them. Some time since, one of the great American liners was very much over due, and it was thought she had been lost at sea, and there was great anxiety in consequence. Afterwards, it was found that some part of the machinery had broken down, and it had taken the engineers many days to right matters. Meantime, the great steamer had

DRIFTED

many hundreds of miles out of her course, and was lying on the water almost an unmanageable mass, but when the machinery had been temporarily repaired, then the steamer was able to go slowly on her way again. How many of us are like the steamer with its machinery broken down, but as there were men on board who could re-adjust matters, so Christ can re-adjust us.

Among other things that God is going to make the nation of Israel, after Israel is restored to their land and Jehovah, is "A repairer of the breach" (Isaiah lviii. 12). What Israel is to be, the Lord is now to His people. He is the One who repairs His saints now. The word, "Repairer," is rendered "Mason" in 11. Kings xii. 12, xxii. 6; and in Job xix. 8, "He hath fenced up;" in Lamentations iii. 7-9, "He hath hedged" and "He hath inclosed;" and in Amosix. 11, "Close up." From the use of the word, it may be gathered that it signifies One who makes good that which has been broken down.

Christ will repair the wounded conscience which has been torn by sin by His precious blood, as we confess our sins to Him, and make the music of His joy to ring in our hearts.

Christ will repair the heart that has been defiled by impure imagination, as we allow Him to be sanctified as Lord in it, and make it to be like the temple of old, when "every whit uttered His glory."

Christ will repair the will that has been damaged by self-way, as we surrender it to Him, and make us to know experimentally the blessedness of that yoke which unites us to Himself, which yoke is lined with His gracious love.

Christ will repair the motive which has been marred by self-interest, as we place ourselves in His hands, henceforth to be constrained by His love alone, which shall make us love and serve Him for His own love's sake.

Christ shall repair the work which has been contaminated by evil and error, as we determine to build on the Foundation the precious things of His own appointing, and thus make the work to be of such a nature that it shall not perish in

THE TESTING FIRE

at the judgment seat of Christ.

Christ shall repair the mischief which has been caused by the evil birds of unbelief, doubt, and discouragement, and make the holy dove of His spirit to infuse its nature into our lives.

Christ shall repair the lute of our life and labour, and make the sweet music of His skill to be heard, to the charming of the disconsolate, to the cheering of the comfortless, to the gladdening of the sorrowful, to the quickening of the slothful, and to the glory of His own Name.

The Resistance to Oblivion.

BY GEORGE MATHESON, M.A., D.D.

"Remember Me" (Luke xxiii. 42).

THE heart, like the intellect, has a desire for immortal memory. It is not the product of conceit, but of humanity. It is the soul's assertion of its helplessness when left alone —its cry for support from other souls. Do you know the meaning of the English word "Member?" It literally means "Member me again." It is the sign of one who is passing out of a family circle—going, let us say, to a foreign land. He says, "Member me again. When you gather around the household board, or sit at night by the winter fire, keep a place vacant for me. Keep a gap in your hearts where the old chair should be. Do not forget to count me among the members of the family; do not omit to number me in the circle in which I am not seen." And so we all ask in the prospect of the great journey. What most of us fear in death is, not that we shall cease to be, but that we shall cease to be members of the family of man. We doubt not that there are circles beyond the sun; but what of the circles below it? Shall we be members of the earth no more? Shall the last link be broken that binds us to the clay? Shall we be blotted out from time? Shall we part from the seen and temporal? Shall our feet have no right to be listened for in the march of the earthly army? We stretch our hands through the void and cry, "Member me again—re-member me."

Be still, my soul; thy prayer is answered. Thy Lord has offered to re-member thee. Knowest thou what is meant by being a member of Christ's body? To be lifted into a mystic circle? No; to be re-instated in the circle of earth. Christ's communion is not mystical; it is that which prevents mysticism. Mere immortality would draw thee away into the invisible, would separate thee from the order of human things. But the membership in Christ's body brings thee back. It restores thee to the *life* of the body; it gives men a right to think of thee as a The Brahmin speaks of citizen of time. death as a breaking of the bottle which sends the enclosed water back into the parent sea. Oh, cruel sea, which destroys the individual drop! But Christ puts back the drop into the bottle. He restores the body, the house, the form. He preserves the human relationship. Thine shall be no flight beyond the stars; thine shall be no blending with the infinite sea; thine shall be no fading of the cloud into the imperial blue. Thou shalt keep the cloud; thou shalt retain the cross; thou shalt hold fast the care which makes thee human; and men shall say of thee when death has dissolved the tie, "He is still our brother—he is re-membered in the family of man."

"God Manifest in the Flesh."

God spake in ancient time, By prophet, priest and king; And all the utterances sublime Still through the ages ring. But since the day of grace begun, God speaks by His beloved Son. All things by Him were made, Creation was His plan; The world's foundations deep He laid, 'Twas He created man. Then He became the woman's Seed -Almighty God! yet Man indeed. A babe-although He spanned The universe on high; A child-yet His supreme command Stretched out the lofty sky And though the path of trial He trod, The Man was still—Almighty God. He proved it when the storm Obeyed His "Peace, be still," Or when at night that Holy Form Walked on the wave at will. The blind, the impotent, the dead Were succoured by the word He said. He proved it when He died, And conquered death and sin; When heaven's portals opened wide To let the Victor in. Eternally the Godhead, He F. W. Pitt. Eternally a Man will be.

Dying within a Hundred Yards of Home.

BY THE EDITOR.

URING the terrific storm that raged in Scotland in the December of 1882, a woman was going from Dumfries to visit her father, who lived near the village of New Abbey. It appears she travelled a good part of the way in an omnibus, and then set off on foot to accomplish the rest of the journey. On the way there is a stream which has to be crossed by a foot-bridge, but in the darkness, distracted by the violence of the storm, and with her senses partly numbed by the cold seat in the omnibus, the poor woman seems to have missed the bridge. She wandered about the fields in a vain effort to find it, until she succumbed to the cold, and lay down, never to rise again. In the morning her lifeless body was discovered within twenty yards of the bridge, and little more than a hundred yards from her father's house.

Notice four points in this incident. I. THE WOMAN WAS ON A JOURNEY.

—We are all on a journey—a journey we must go, i.c., the journey of life. We have commenced to live, and we shall live on throughout the countless ages of eternity. But how short the journey of life on earth!

Our natural life is compared to many things. It is compared to a pilgrimage, because of its uncertainty; to smoke, because of its emptiness; to a shepherd's tent, because of its instability; to a weaver's shuttle, and also to a swift runner, a fast ship, and a flying eagle, because of its rapidity; to a shadow, because of its shortness; to a hand-breadth, to a show, because of its vanity (on this account it is also spoken of as nothing); and to grass, because of its frailty.

What is life! Like a flower With the bane in its bosom,

To-day full of promise—
To-morrow it dies!
And health, like the dewdrop,
That hangs in its blossom,
Survives but a night,
And exhales to the skies!
How oft 'neath the bud
That is brightest and fairest,
The seeds of the canker
In embryo lurk!
How oft at the root
Of the flower that is fairest,
Secure in its ambush
The worm is at work.

O, my reader, look at things in the light of eternity; see the shortness of time, the uncertainty of this present life, and the vastness of eternity.

Eternity! Time soon will end,
Its fleeting moments pass away;
O sinner, say, where wilt thou spend
Eternity's unchanging day?
Shalt thou the hopeless horror see
Of hell for all eternity?

Eternity, eternity!
Where wilt thou spend eternity?

II. This Woman had a Definite Object in View.

"Home." Alas! alas! many who are on the journey of life have no definite object before them, unless it is to live for self, the world, and the devil. As to the future, they do not trouble themselves about it; they forget or neglect it. While some are on their way to heaven to see Christ—to see His beauty and share His glory—others are going post-haste to perdition, thinking there is plenty of time yet to accept Him, and be saved. Reader, to which class do you belong?

III. THIS WOMAN TOOK MEANS TO REACH HER HOME.—Now, man is a sinner, and as helpless as he is sinful. He cannot do anything to save himself; but he can receive the means God Himself has provided, and all that God is asking men to do now is to receive the Lord Jesus as their own personal Saviour. Christ, by His death, has settled the sin question, and now God's controversy with men is the Son question, namely, whether men will receive or reject His Son, the Saviour.

IV. THIS WOMAN PERISHED NEAR HER HOME.-

How often we have seen people almost yield themselves to Christ, but something they were unwilling to give up has kept them back! They have not been far from the kingdom. There are thousands who are lost who seemed at one time almost persuaded to be Christians, but who, alas! are saying now, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved; I meant to be, but I put it off, and now it is too late!" Reader, decide for Him, ere the door of mercy is shut, and you are for ever lost.

Oh! be saved: His grace is free: Oh! be saved: He died for thee.

There is one point of contrast suggested by this incident which is worth noticing.

This woman was quite willing to reach her home; yea, she did all she could to do so, but failed. Now no anxious soul will ever seek Christ,

and not find Him; for the publican with his answered cry for mercy; the woman who was a sinner, and who received peace and forgiveness; Zacchæus, who was called and welcomed by Christ, are all contradictions to the thought that He will not receive, and are so many evidences that He will welcome ALL WHO COME TO HIM.

Nothing-to-do and willing-to-do are not found in the same character.

You will find "theatre" in the Bible, but not the Bible in the theatre.

To blacken the character of a saint is not the way to wash a sinner white.

In the opinion of many, number one, and not seven, is the perfect number.

Some find their greatest pleasure in sadness, and their greatest sadness in pleasure.





two things meet? How can eternal predestination and the responsibility of man be made to co-exist? Such theological and metaphysical puzzles have perplexed thousands of people, and Donald was among them. His mind rather leaned to difficult thought, for he was a hard-headed Scotchman. He longed for salvation, but he did not dare to believe in the Lord Jesus, because he could not quite see how his believing was possible. An anxious friend had tried to help Donald, but his efforts had not met with signal success; he, therefore, prayed for him, and fought shy of the question. One day they went together to the loch to fish, and Donald, good man, cast his fly upon the water, and in an instant he had hooked a fish. It was a rare piece of good fortune, some would say, but to Donald it was a deal more. It was the thing which, in the hand of God, set him free from his bewilderment. "See," said his friend, "here is a lesson for you. Did yon fish take that bait, or did the bait take the fish? This would be a tough question to answer When a soul takes Jesus, Jesus takes that soul. I would advise you to catch at grace just as the fish caught at the bait, and then grace will catch you." It was a word in season. Donald saw the matter at once, and in an instant entered into peace. - C. H. Spurgeon.

ONCE, in a mostly lively prayer meeting, NO AMEN. the preacher, who was presiding, prayed, "O Lord, help all of us to trust Thee with our whole souls;" and a hundred voices responded "Amen." Some also shouted, "Lord grant it!" and "Amen, amen," was the response all over the room. Encouraged by such sympathy, he went on, "Help us all to trust Thee wholly with our bodies!" And again the people cried, as heartily as before, "Amen!" Now the exalted sense of consecration rose to its height, and he prayed again, "Oh, help us to trust Thee wholly with our money!" And it is actually reported in private circles since, that not a man had a word to say then.

A BOY astonished his Christian mother A BOY'S by asking her for sixpence, to buy a share in a raffle for a silver watch that LOGIC. was to be raffled for. His mother was horrified, and rebuked him. "But," said he, "mother,

did you not bake a cake with a ring in it, to be raffled for in a Sunday School bazaar?" "Oh, my son," said she, "that was for the church." "But, if it was wrong," said the boy, "would doing it for the church make it right? Would it be right for me to steal money to put in the collection? And if it is right for the church, is it not right for me to get this watch if I can?" The good woman was speechless.

* * *

SINNER

Dr. W. F. Broadus tells us of a little A GREATER girl, who, in the days when the conversion of children was not the THAN EVER subject of as much prayer as now, applied for membership in a Baptist

Chapel. "Were you a sinner," asked an old deacon, before this change of which you now speak?" "Yes, sir," she replied. "Well, are you now a sinner?" "Yes, sir, I feel I am a greater sinner than ever."
"Then," continued the deacon, "what change can there be in you?" "I don't know how to explain it," she said, "but I used to be a sinner running after sin, but now I hope I am a sinner running from sin.' They received her, and for years she was a bright and shining light; and now she lives where there is no sin to run from.

THERE is a legend of the monk Theodosius, THINGS that when he arose one morning, there were three imperative things in his plan for the day; three things which he determined to do before the setting of the LOVE.

sun. But, early in the morning, there came from a neighbouring convent a novice, asking Theodosius to give him instruction in the painter's art. The monk set to work patiently to tutor the novice, leaving his own task yet undone. At length, the novice departed; but scarcely had Theodosius resumed his work, when a mother came, eagerly seeking his aid for her sick child. Long was he detained attending his patient, before the boy was relieved and restored. It was now time for vespers; then a brother monk in sore distress, lingered, poured out his story on Theodosius' breast, and was comforted. Thus all the day was gone, and the monk had scarcely touched the things he had planned to do. He then

"Turned wearily to bed, Praying, 'O God! to glorify Thy name Three things I purposed; now, with heart-felt shame, I see the day is ended, and not one Of all those things my feeble skill hath done. Yet, since my life is Thine, be Thine to say Where shall be done the duties of the day; And in Thy work, my work perfected be, Or given o'er in sacrifice to Thee.'

"Then suddenly, upon his inward ear, There fell the answer, gentle, calm, and clear; Thrice hath My name to-day been glorified In loving service—teacher, friend, and guide – Such with God for man, if gladly done, Is Heaven's ministry on earth begun.

To work the works I purpose is to be At one with saints, with angels, and with Me.'"

The teaching of this pleasant legend is, that the Divinest ministries of each day are the things of love which God sends across our way.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

I HAVE just been reading a beauti-SHE KNEW ful little story, which I will venture WHO IT WAS. to summarize for the benefit of my readers. An eminent sculptor was engaged upon a marble statue of the Redeemer. After 158 CHIMES.

working long and patiently he finished his task. Before submitting the statue to the criticism of art connoisseurs, however, he determined to show it to his little daughter, in the hope that by her natural and spontaneous expression of opinion he would be able to know whether he had attained his ideal. So he called her in from the garden, and, pointing to the statue, asked her if she knew who it was. She looked at it carefully, and replied, "Some great man, isn't it, father?" "Yes," he said, "it was a great Man, indeed," and then he sent her away, feeling that he had not yet reached his ideal. So, procuring a fresh block of rare and faultless marble, he resolved to try again, and for months toiled diligently in order to present a graphic representation of the loving Saviour. Once more he finished his task, and asked the opinion of his little girl. She looked at the statue more carefully than before, but seemed rather bewildered as she finally said, "I think it is some good man, father." Again, he sent her away, telling her that indeed it was the statue of a good Man, and feeling more than ever that although he had made some progress, yet he had not attained his ideal. More marble was procured, and after long work and careful thought, his third attempt was completed. This time there was no doubt and no uncertainty. Looking at the figure intently, a bright light shone in his daughter's eyes, as, clasping her hands reverently, she repeated in hushed accents, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." She knew who it was, and instinctively gave utterance to the loving message to all children. Now, the sculptor knew he had produced something approaching to his ideal, and he no longer hesitated to submit the work to his friends, who one and all pronounced it worthy of his great genius. This charming little storywhich appears in full in the organ of the Church of England Young Men's Society—teaches us a noble lesson. Christ is our great Example. We must try day by day to grow like Him. No effort or sacrifice should be counted too great, if we may but catch a little of His tender love, His lofty morality, and His splendid courage. * * *

A CHILD'S OF FAITH.

The other day a poor woman came into my shop to speak to me on **DEFINITION** matters concerning a daughter of hers who is doomed to be a cripple for life. I found she was a sorrowful

Christian; one of those who gave many a furtive glance at Goliath without seeing David close bylooking at her trouble always, not looking to the Lord at all. When I spoke of Jesus as the All-Sufficient One, she began to tell me of a little boy she had lost recently, and what he delighted in speaking of. The love of God in Jesus was his theme. When life was drawing to a close he spoke of mercy and of grace; of faith in God as his only foundation for the hope of going, when he died, to be with Jesus who died for him. Being visited a day or two before he died by an unconverted relative of mature years, the relative asked him how he was. He answered that he was very happy, though sick in body; that his faith kept him so. His relative said, "I can't make you out. How do you get the faith you speak about?" "Oh, 'said Charley, "God gives it to me." "Well," said his friend, "I don't understand. What is it like?" "Oh," replied Charley, "'tis just like this. S'pose you were upstairs, and you made a hole in the ceiling, and spoke to me through the hole, and told me that up there was better than being down here, and that you had got some beautiful things up there for me, if I was to come, I should want to come, shouldn't I?" "Well, yes;

I think you would. But how would you know that I had the things I spoke of?" asked the interrogator. "Well," replied the dying child, "I should be sure to know you were there when I heard you speak. That's what faith is: believing God's word when He speaks, and what He says, without seeing what He promises. And God makes a good many holes, and speaks to a'most everybody, only they don't pay attention; and if they do hear, they want to see the things before the time, and that isn't faith." Thus did a child in years and grace, silence, with the words of faith, a gainsayer, and so passed away. Reader, hast thou faith as this little child; faith to trust God for the fulfilment of His promise? "Have faith in God."- Christian Treasury.

A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION.

At the Southwark police station, some time since, the following were the contents of a prisoner's pockets, as

catalogued on the charge-sheet:-Two pairs of spectacles, two pairs of scissors, two pocket-knives, one beer-tap, one teaspoon, one lady's jacket (plush), one pewter quartern measure, one lady's fur boa, one screw-driver, one hammer, one pawn-ticket, one lady's satchel, one antimacassar, one towel, one sock. His offence was being homeless, and he was discharged with a caution. Equally, a miscellaneous collection is found in the "free-will (?) offerings to the Lord (?)" The writer has seen foreign coins, nails, bits of iron, buttons, sweets, &c. I wonder if the persons who give such offerings remember that the Lord Jesus is watching? See Mark xii. 41-44.

SERMON v. GOLF.

AT Portrush on a recent Sunday morning the Rev. John McNeill held a rather pro-

longed service. While the mass of the great congregation were thus detained with evident delight, a few persons showed signs of weariness. One gentleman near to the pulpit, pulled out his watch, and looked at it steadily for some time as a broad hint to the preacher. Mr. McNeill was equal to the occasion. Looking down he said, gently," My friend, have patience with me. You know it took us two hours and a-half yesterday to go round the golf links, and I am not up to that time yet." No more watches were consulted at that service. There are many who get tired in a religious service, who can sit for three hours at a Philharmonic concert, or an entertainment. A friend well remarked to another, "This is an age of tit-bits." If professing Christians had hearts for God's Word, they would have ears to listen to it.

Jedburgh Abbey.

OW weird, impressive, and suggestive are one's thoughts when one is alone at midnight in, or near to the ruins of what was once the centre of a religious community, but is now the abode of bats, and the place in which the wind moans, sighs, and so audibly expresses itself, that fancy depicts among the ghost-like shadows, caused by the moonlight, the abbott surrounded by his monks in this ancient

As the moon rises, the spectral monks seem to change, and Jedburgh Abbey becomes the blood-stained battle ground of one of the many border feuds. In the CHIMES. 159

whistling wind the slogan "Jeddants here" is heard loud and furious. The Jeddant axe descends with a dull thud, and the foeman receives his death-blow from one whom he would greet as friend any where than on the battle-field. One of the ornaments of the tower throws a zigzag shadowy outline, which somewhat resembles a man being hanged. This reminds me of "Jeddart Justice," viz., hanging first and trying afterwards.

"Walls have ears," and in imagination these walls have tongues. A huge block of stone gives a loud laugh, as he remarks on the frailty and conceit of the human while I am here, still practicably indestructible." Among the stones there was great jubilation at this speech.

Then another, fast crumbling away, whispers in a voice made thin with age, "I have seen a royal wedding here, and the bride, then so beautiful, is now, like myself, gone to dust, and sometimes I wonder where she is. Ruthless north wind, and balmy south wind, have alike carried my particles into the mortar of houses, and the bed of the river, but still I have not ceased to be, and she too is somewhere. While in this Abbey I have heard in many languages that there is another world,



race. "The way in which these men strut and command would lead one to imagine they were everlasting somebodies, whereas experience has shown me how soon they perish and are forgotten. Six or seven hundred years ago they rudely took me from my rocky bed, where I had lain undisturbed for centuries, and with hammer and other tools I was reduced to my present shape and size. Here I am to-day, having withstood the elements—fire, air, and water—and all the mysterious devices men of war have produced to destroy me, have proved futile to accomplish their object. Where are the hands which cut me so deeply, and knocked me so unmercifully when erecting this edifice? All gone,

and human beings go there: some blessed, and others perchance to the fire that is never quenched." A piece of coping says sadly, "Monks found that in the seclusion of the monastery sin was not excluded. For not from the outward, but from the inward parts, is man a sinner, and a new heart only can make a new man."

The nave, the tower, and the transept all begin to relate their experiences, but I succeeded in tearing myself away from the fantastical surroundings of the Abbey Church, so complete, so grand, yet so awfully solemn. At my lodgings I take the old book and read, "He, the Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands,"

Chips by Diakonas.

Double dealing shuts the single eye.

Luke-warm Christians never look warm.

Hell will not contain a single free-thinker.

A little done is better than much going-to-do.

To see his fellow-men, a man must be blind to self.

Defeat is not disgrace, but disgrace is always defeat.

Disobedience and disappointment are inseparable.

Very little worldliness can shut out great godliness.

Even the deaf can hear the silent voice of conscience.

A serpent is not alone in having a sting in its mouth.

Wanting something to do, instead of doing something.

A bear growls, but it takes a human being to grumble.

We often prefer the lap of luxury to the everlasting arms.

It pays for a Christian to sit rather than stand on his dignity.

More are interested in the love of power than the power of love.

The deceitful tongue and the eye of faith are not twin possessions.

When we remember the love of God, we remember to love others.

The most successful pleading with sinners is done at the mercy seat.

Likes produce likes. At last! I understand why so many boys smoke.

Gold, in Scripture, may be typical of the divine, but not so on earth.

It is as easy to catch the wind in a sieve, as a lie when it has got legs.

There is a fastness which is commendable in young men—it is steadfastness.

When at daggers drawn with a Christian brother, it is impossible to use the sword of the Spirit.

The appearance of some suggests, they would have to stoop to bring sinners to the feet of Jesus.

BETHESDA RECORD.

Our Friends with Christ.

JOSEPH FYFE

Fell asleep October 8, aged 77. Joined the Church July, 1864.

WILLIAM JACKSON

Fell asleep October 22, aged 25. Joined the Church September, 1894.

HANNAH VAUX

Fell asleep October 26, aged 74. Joined the Church December, 1896.

THE CHRISTIAN WORKERS' CLASS.

The above class meets in the Upper Vestry on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock. Subjects:

Dec. 6.—"Sincerity." Miss M. Stott.

- " 13.—"The other Side of Pride." Mr. R. B. Wilson.
- " 20.—"The Christian—His Cross, Conflict, Conquest, and Crown."
 Sister Anna.

THE subjects of Pastor F. E. Marsh's addresses on Sunday evenings in December, in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, will (p.v.) be—

Dec. 5.—"The Signs of the Times."

- " 12.—"Why ought I to be a Christian?"
- " 19.—"Wilt Thou?"
- " 26.—" Bethlehem."

"FIVE HUNDRED BIBLE READINGS."

The Pastor's new book is now ready, and he will be glad if friends will kindly purchase copies. The published price is 6s., but copies may be obtained from the author at 4s. 6d. per copy. Will friends also help the Pastor by giving him contributions, so that he may send copies to poor ministers, and missionaries abroad. One friend has already sent a copy to a poor minister, much to his delight. 4s. 6d. will send a copy of the book to missionaries and others.

A Worker, 10s.

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF "CHIMES."

Mr. P., 1/8; Cap. S., 1/-; Mrs. C., 1/-; Miss B., 6d.; Miss D., 6d.; Mr. W., 5d.; Mrs. R., 2d.

CHIMES

An Evangelical Magazine.

JANUARY, 1898.

MR. R. HINDLE

(Pastor and Superintendent of the City Road Mission, Hulme, Manchester).

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HEN our precious Saviour and Lord ascended on high—having by Himself purged our sins, and obtained eternal redemption for us—He was "received up into glory," and on taking His seat at His Father's right hand, He received gifts for men. We are informed in Rev.i. I that "God gave unto Him" that priceless revelation

of instruction, warning, and comfort which is preserved for us in that portion of God's Word. In Ephesians iv. we find that the provision of infinite grace for the needs of His pilgrim Church during its timestate, was in the bestowment of ministry adapted for the perfecting of the saints unto the work of ministration, and for the edifying of the Body of Christ, till we all come to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ--that is, till all those who shall compose the Body of which Christ is the Head shall have been gathered out of this fallen world, and united in eternal and vital union to Him who bought them with His blood.

Is there amongst us anything like an adequate appreciation of the value and importance of the gifts of ministry? Do God's people pray as they should for those on whom rests the responsibility of "watching for souls as they that must give account?"

God loves His people now, as much as He did

when Paul, or Augustine, or Calvin, or Whitfield, or Spurgeon were given by Him to fight His battles or feed His sheep. And He has His own way of meeting the needs of the times in which we live. Whilst fully recognising the many indications of the rapid approach of the apostacy which is to precede the coming of the Day of Christ, the people of God need never faint or fear. "Captain, is there any fear?" asked an agitated passenger during a storm at sea. "Plenty of fear,"

was the answer; "but, thank God, no danger."

So now, in a day when those who through mercy have escaped being ensnared by superstition, philosophy, or lukewarmness, are filled with dismay at the encroachments of worldliness and sensationalism, what relief there is in speaking to the Captain about it, and in remembering who it is that holds the helm.

"He sits above the waterflood,
And has decreed that all things should
But work together for our good.
HE SHALL NOT FAIL."

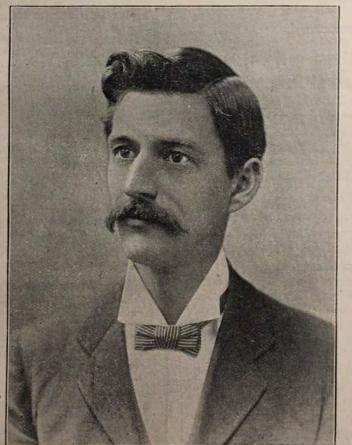
In all sorts of unlooked for ways and places. He is preparing His instruments for carrying on His work, and though little recognised by men, they are as clay in the Potter's hand, being formed into vessels unto honour, meet for the Master's use. This fact is full of encouragement, both for those whose "hearts tremble for the Ark of God," also for any who may be labouring, with little around to cheer them, in some obscure corner of the Lord's vineyard.

The excellency of the power is of God, and is seen to be so when, from beginning to end, the training and equipment of the worker is acknowledged to be all His

This is emphatically the case with the subject of this brief sketch. Mr. Hindle was led to a knowledge of the

Saviour when young, and before he had ceased to attend the Sabbath School in connection with St. Mary's Church, Rawtenstall Under the Gospel ministry which that church so long enjoyed, he made rapid progress, and soon became a useful worker in cottage meetings, open-air missions,

services for the inmates of the Union workhouse, &c. At an unusually early age, he was accepted as a missionary by the Manchester City Mission, and subsequently he undertook his present work, which



for over twelve years he has carried on with much unmistakable evidence of abundant blessing from God.

It was with many shrinkings of heart, but with a well-grounded faith in the presence of Him who has said, "Certainly I will be with thee," that Mr. Hindle assumed the responsibilities connected with the superintendence of what was then known as the Owen Street Mission.

After some years of steady, devoted, and painstaking labour—the room having become too small for the increasing numbers who gathered to hear the Word—new premises were sought, and, through the large-hearted beneficence of the late Mr. John Galloway, the building at present occupied, was erected. Here a large Sunday School, a mothers' meeting of unique proportions, regular week-day and Sunday services, provide Mr. Hindle, and the busy hive of workers with whom he has the joy of labouring, with abundance of happy and useful service for the Lord.

To Mrs. Galloway, the widow of the above-named lamented gentleman, Mr. Hindle has always acknowledged his indebtedness for the help and encouragement

she has given him.

Mr. Hindle has also another true yoke-fellow in the person of Mr. Jacques, who is a valued helper in visiting and organising, as well as in addressing meetings.

G. Truster.

Is the Death of Christ a Moral Force, and a Spiritual Power?

BY THE EDITOR.

Dr. Macleod's Confession—Five Ways—British Weekly—Christ's Death: Destructive of Sin—Katargeo—Principal Moule's Comment—Red Sea—Meteors and Atmosphere—Story of "Work It Out"—Dean Vaughan's Remark—Crucify—The Death of Christ: A Constructive Power—Dr. Dale—Great Humility: Christina Rossetti—Great Love: Fiery Cross: Francis Xavier—Great Glory: What Paul Found—What do we find there?—What's in the Locket!



N Dr. Norman Macleod's diary for December, 1848, there is an interesting confession. Among other things he says, "I have had inadequate views of Christ's cross. I saw a work done for

me, a ground for pardon, an objective reality; but I did not see so clearly the eternal necessity of the cross in me, of sharing Christ's life as mine, of glorying in the cross as reflected in the inward power it gives, to be crucified to the world and the world to me." Every believer knows the power of the death of Christ as an objective reality, procuring pardon and justification; but it is not every child of God who has recognised that the death of Christ is to be a subjective reality in the heart and life, as Dr. Macleod indicates in his confession.

A number of believers were once conferring as to the best method to mortify sin. And there were five ways propounded. ()ne said,

to meditate on death; the second, to think of the judgment; the third, to ponder the torments of hell; the fourth, to muse on the glories of heaven; and the fifth, to meditate on the death of Christ. Calvary is the place where the graces of the Spirit grow,

WHERE LOVE IS KINDLED.

where consecration lives, where compassion for the lost is gained, where the world is robbed of its attractions, where sin is crushed, where zeal burns with impassioned flame, where hell is defeated, and where holiness has its birth and growth.

The Editor of the British Weekly, in contrasting the effect of Law and Grace, says:—

"Mount Sinai is not a place to stay at, if you seek sanctification. It works wrath. It does not quicken. It does not give an inspiration which makes righteousness possible to sinful men. To get this we must pass on to Mount Calvary. There we find ourselves in the presence of the one Power which can actually bring the dominion of sin to an end, and safeguard the interests of morality. To live there is to live under grace, not under law; and this, as St. Paul knew, by tragic and by triumphant experience, is the only way to holiness. At Sinai God is against us, the law is outside of us, bears down upon us, oppresses us; does not reconcile, cleanse, or renew the heart. But at Calvary God is on our side. In His Son He takes our curse upon Himself that He may bless us, and dies that we may live. It is the power which dwells in the atonement which sanctifies; nothing legal, nothing statutory, whether we call it ceremonial or moral, has anything whatever to do with it. He was crucified through weakness; but out of that weakness has come the one great spiritual force in history, the force which safeguards morality in the only possible way - the way the law could not attain to-namely, by producing it. This is the force which has made saints, and makes them-which cleanses foul hearts, makes hard hearts tender, selfish hearts generous, despairing hearts triumphant. This is the force in which Paul gloried as the redeeming omnipotence of God, for every man who opened his heart to it."

There are two points that we shall ponder, namely, the destructive and constructive power of Christ's death.

I. Christ's Death: Destructive of Sin. The Holy Spirit in the Epistle to the Church at Rome says, in speaking of the death of Christ, "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (Rom. vi. 6). The one

SPECIFIC EFFECT

of Christ's death which is mentioned is, that the body of sin is destroyed. Sin is viewed as the master who once used the body through which to accomplish its own purpose, but the cross of Christ has severed the connection, so that now sin has got no body to claim.

The pivot to the whole passage is found in the meaning of the word destroy. The word is variously rendered in the New Testament. CHIMES.

In Rom. vii. 2, it is "loosed;" in Rom. vii. 6, "delivered;" in 1. Cor. i. 28, ii. 6, "Bring to nought;" in 1. Cor. xiii. 8, "shall fail;" in 1. Cor. xiii. 11, "put away;" 1. Cor. xv. 24, "put down;" in 11. Cor. iii. 8, 11, 14, "done away;" in Gal. iii. 17, "none effect;" and in Gal. v. 11, "ceased." Let us take the usage of the word to illustrate a few points.

(1) The Death of Christ Destroys the old Connection with Sin. We are told in Rom.vii. 2, that a woman is bound by the law to her husband as long as he is alive, but when he is dead she is loosed from the tie which held her to him. As death releases a woman from her husband, so the believer's death in the

DEATH OF CHRIST LOOSED

him from the connection which he had with sin. Principal Handley Moule says—

"He on the cross, our Head and Sacrifice, so dealt with our fallen state for us, that the body of sin, this our body viewed as sin's stronghold, medium, vehicle, might be cancelled, might be in abeyance, put down, disposed, so as to be no more the fatal door to admit temptation of a powerless foe within."

The children of Israel were not only protected in Egypt from the wrath of Jehovah by the blood of the pascal lamb, but they were delivered from the power of Egypt by Jehovah's power; and further, when Egypt would assert its authority over Israel again, He caused the Red Sea to overthrow their enemies. In like manner it is, when we see the Red Sea of Christ's death for us, and our death with Him, and enter by faith into His triumph, that we know experimentally what deliverance from sin's drudgery is, and we can sing "The Lord hath triumphed gloriously."

(2) The Death of Christ Destroys the Influence of Sin. In speaking of prophecies, Paul by the Holy Spirit says, "They shall fail" (1. Cor. xiii. 8). Prophecies will fail from the simple reason that they will be fulfilled. And as prophecies will fail, so sin fails to have any power over us as long as we

KEEP IN THE ATMOSPHERE

of the death of Christ, for "he that abideth in Him sinneth not." The atmosphere by which our earth is surrounded, is not only essential to life, but it is also protective. In the dark nights of winter we have often seen what we call shooting stars. These shooting stars are small bodies of various sizes, which are dissipated as they come in contact with the earth's atmosphere. Sir Robert Ball says of them—

"In the course of its wanderings, the shooting star comes near the earth, and within a few hundred miles of its surface, begins to encounter the upper surface of the atmosphere with which the earth is enclosed. To a body moving with the appalling velocity of a meteor, a plunge into the atmosphere is usually fatal. Even though the upper layers of the air are excessively attenuated, yet they suddenly check the velocity, almost as a rifle bullet would be checked when fired into water. As the meteor rushes through the atmosphere the friction of the air warms its surface; gradually it becomes red hot, then white hot, and is finally driven off in vapour with a brilliant light, while we on the earth, one or two hundred miles away, exclaim: 'Oh look, there is a shooting star.'"

As the atmosphere thus preserves the inhabitants of the earth from the meteors which might injure them: so Christ keeps the believer, as he abides in the atmosphere of His death, from the contamination of sin, from the seductions of the world, and from the snares of the wicked one.

(3) The Death of Christ Destroys the Desire to Sin. Paul says, "When I became a man, I put away childish things" (I. Cor. xiii. II). The words "put away" are the same as are rendered "destroyed" in Romans vi.6. The following incident will best illustrate how Christ takes away the desire to sin. An officer in the army, who was noted for his fast life and worldliness, was brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus as his Redeemer. A lady friend twitted him, remarking: "Now, don't you desire to have some of your old pleasures? For instance, you were always fond of hunting, would you not like to have a good run with the hounds?"

He replied, "When I was a boy I was very fond of playing with marbles, but when I grew older, I became fond of horses, then I had no desire for the marbles. When I became a Christian a new power took possession of me, which has taken away all desire for the world.

YOU CAN WORK IT OUT

for yourself." The lady did work it out, for the conversation led to her conversion. She saw there was something more in the Gospel as exemplified in the testimony and life of the Christian officer, than a mere outward profession. Where was the power born, that gave him what Chalmers calls the expulsive power of a new affection? It was in the death of Christ, as the late Dean Vaughan says, in speaking of Paul, "Paul found in the cross of Christ a motive, and in the Spirit of Christ a power to make him holy."

The question naturally comes up. How can we make the death of Christ a living practical reality in our lives? The answer is given to us by the Lord Himself, "Reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God." Let us pray that

THE THORN-CROWNED BROW

of the Lord Jesus may make us die to the carnal mind of self-will. Let us ask that the nails of Christ's crucifixion may pierce the hands of self-action; let us plead that the feet of waywardness may be fixed to the cross of Christ's agony; let us supplicate the Throne of Grace, that the heart of unbelief may be pierced with the spear of Christ's death; let us implore the Lord that the eyes of our spiritual being may be closed to the attractions of the world; let us trust the Lord that our lips may be silent in the death of Jesus, so that no unkind, unclean, and unholy thing may pass them; and let us be content to be as a crucified thing to the world, so that it shall not want our company; and let the world be to us as a crucified thing, so that it shall have no attractions to us.

II. THE DEATH OF CHRIST: A CONSTRUCTIVE POWER. The death of Christ is not only a separative influence, but a positive power in the life. The late Dr. Dale, in Christian Doctrine, says—

"Devout men have discovered, that in some wonderful way, the death of Christ has given them the power to die to sin, just as they have discovered that in His life they have the power to love God and live righteously. They have learnt that the destruction of evil within us, is the effect and fulfilment in ourselves of the mystery of Christ's death, as the development of our positive holiness is the manifestation of the power of His life."

May we not even go farther, and say, that the death of Christ exhibits

THREE GREAT THINGS,

namely, great humility, great love, and great

glory.

(1) Great Humility. Christ becoming man and enduring the death of the cross, laid aside His resplendent glory, His surpassed riches, and the outward exhibition of His Godhead. He was in the form of God, but took the form of a slave. He humbled Himself to the death of the cross. What is the practical deduction that the Holy Spirit draws from this? That the same mind which was in Christ should be in us. As we watch the Saviour as He is led away and crucified for us, in lowly garb and self-abandonment, does it not make us pray, with Christina Rossetti—

Give me the lowest place; not that I dare
Ask for the lowest place, but thou hast died
That I might live and share
The glory by Thy side.

Give me the lowest place; or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I might sit and see
My God and love Thee so.

(2) Great Love. As the Scottish Clans in

olden times caused the fiery cross of flame to flash out in the darkness of night from their mountain peaks, so the cross of Christ in its

FLAME OF WONDERFUL LOVE,

flashes out from the mount of Calvary, proclaiming the love of Jesus for men. And that flame of love which was kindled at the cross has ignited many hearts to love as Christ loved, for love for men has its birth at the cross of Christ's love for us, as the Holy Spirit says, "Because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren" (1. John iii. 16). Our love for Christ as manifested in love for those who are Christ's is well expressed in the following lines of Francis Xavier:—

Jesus, I love Thee, not because I hope for heaven thereby,

Nor yet because, if I love not, I must for ever die; I love Thee, Saviour dear, and still I ever will love Thee.

Solely because my God Thou art, who first hast loved me.

For me to lowest depths of woe Thou did'st Thyself abase:

For me did'st bear the cross and shame, and manifold disgrace;

For me did'st suffer pains unknown, blood-sweat and agony.

Yes, death itself, all, all for me, who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Saviour mine, should I not love Thee well?

Not for the sake of winning heaven, nor of escaping hell:

Not with the hope of gaining aught, nor seeking a reward;

But freely, fully, as Thyself hast loved me, O Lord. Even so I love Thee, and will love, and in Thy praise will sing,

Solely because Thou art my God and my eternal King.

(3) Great Glory. In Christ's prayer, as recorded in the seventeenth of John, He says, in speaking to His Father about Himself. "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." He glorified the Father because He completed the task allotted to Him. There is another man who used similar words, namely, the apostle Paul. As he looked back over his life's work, as the servant of the Lord Jesus, he could say, "I have finished my course." Where did the apostle get the inspiration to begin, continue, and finish the course which he had run? It was at the cross. He was willing to be anathematized because Christ had been made a curse for him. He was willing to spend and be spent in the service of the Gospel, because of the Lord who had poured out His life for him. The love for men was ever burning on the altar of Paul's heart, because it was ever

FED FROM THE ALTAR

of Christ's sacrifice. Paul was willing to have his back lacerated, and his body bruised, because it brought him into touch with the Man of Sorrows in His sufferings. The apostle was willing to give up all for the One who had given up all for him; and he was like a correct timepiece, for he ever kept to the sun of the Word of God in his obedience to the One who had loved him and had given Himself for him.

We read of the High Priest, on the Day of Atonement, that there was only one place where he could get the burning coals to fill the golden censer, and that was from the altar of burnt offering (Lev. xvi. 12). In like manner there is only one place where the fire of devotion to the Lord is kindled, and that is, at the altar of Christ's sacrifice. There the river of a pure life has its rise, even as the mighty St. Lawrence finds it source in the Rocky Mountains. It is at the cross of Christ, that the lamp of faithful testimony finds its brightness, even as the lamps of the sanctuary were fed by the oil provided for them. It is at the cross of Christ that the golden incense of praise finds its stimulus, even as the perfume of the sweet spices filled the holy place, as they were cast on the golden altar in the tabernacle. In the death of Jesus the motive of true service finds its cause, even as the electric light derives its power from the motor. In the death of Christ the tree of a holy life finds its nourishment, even as the splendid vine at Hampton Court has its roots in the bed of the river Thames; and in that same cross do we find the secret of a holy, happy, and useful life.

Professor Drummond once related the following:—"I knew of a very beautiful character—one of the loveliest that ever bloomed on this earth. It was the character of a young girl. She always wore about her neck a little locket, but no one was allowed to open it. None of her companions knew what it contained, until one day she was laid up with a dangerous illness. Then one of her friends was granted permission to look into the locket, and she saw written there: 'Whom having not seen, I love.' That was the secret of her beautiful life. And it will be ours too, if we love Him."

The name that is on the good books of the world is seldom found in the Book of Life.

Only skim milk, and not the sincere milk of the word, is obtained from religious periodicals.

Lines for the New Year.

DEAR friends, another year at hand Demands our tuneful praise; By grace alone we safely stand, Rejoicing all our days.

The Lord of Glory hath decreed, Nor can His promise fail, No good thing shall His children need, Who look within the veil.

How doth He on their spirits smile, Their homeward path to cheer, Protect them through "life's little while," And ever draw more near.

But is it thus? Are we more near Than when we first believed? And has the Truth become more clear, That once our hearts received?

Is love more warm? Is faith more strong?
And do we joy to know,
That as we to the Lord belong,
We in His favour grow?

He guards us ever, night and day, And all our weakness knows; Do we then tread the narrow way, And in His love repose?

And do we for the Saviour speak Bright words, more souls to win, And on life's highway sinners seek, And bid them enter in?

That voice are we intent to hear, That speaks the Master's will? While simple trust casts out all fear, Calmed by His "Peace, be still."

Thus may we ever onward press, With step both glad and free, Till in the Lord, our Righteousness, We perfected shall be!

Clevedon.

W. Kitching.

Witness-bearing is fruit bearing.

The Christian Committee that goes in for soul-saving has short minutes.

A Christian had better have the finger of scorn than the world's right-hand of fellowship.

An engine without steam, and a Christian without prayer, are alike unequipped for work.

It is only when we are near Christ that the greatness of love outshines the love of greatness.

A wreck behind the pier attracts' more attention than a hundred vessels which safely pass between the piers. Would that it were so with each human wreck!

"When a man has a particularly empty head, he generally sets up for a great judge, especially in religion. None so wise as the man who knows nothing."

The Children's Belfry.

CANDLES.

F you look at the illustration, you will see there three lighted candles. You all know that a candle is used to give light, and each of these candles has been taken to represent a different idea in connection with light.

1. The first is called a

SEARCH-LIGHT.

I daresay many of you know what a search-light is. Perhaps there are some who do not. A search-light is used on warships. It consists of a lamp, lighted by electricity, and is so arranged that the light can be thrown on any object desired, even though that object may be several miles away; so that if those on the ships wish to take a fort, or land at any particular place in a foreign country, if the search-light is thrown upon that spot, it reveals to those on board the ship all that those on shore are doing, and what arrangements they are making for meeting the enemy. The Psalmist says, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto

my path." I want to show you how you can use the Word of God as a searchlight to throw upon your actions, that you may see whether they are pleasing to God or not. Here is a boy or girl who has a bad temper, which they do not try to control. Does God approve such a temper? Jesus says,
"Blessed are the meek." But you say,

"I am not meek, and cannot be so." Listen again to the voice of the Lord Jesus, as He says, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." Perhaps there is someone else who does not always speak the truth. Do you want to hear what God says about that? "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord." Have you done a kind action to someone? Again turn on the search-light of God's Word, and you will hear the approving voice: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me." If you want your life to be pleasing to God, you must continually use the search-light of His Word.

2. The second light is called a

LIFE LIGHT.

The Lord is our Life Light. When we trust Him as our Saviour, we receive life; and as we follow Him, He leads us safely in the light. He says, "I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

A servant of Christ, in visiting a camp of gipsies, found a lad very ill. His eyes were closed, and he looked as if he were dead. "Very slowly," says the man of God, "I repeated this one text of Scripture,

'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I repeated it five times. He seemed to take no notice. I repeated the words the sixth time. Then he opened his eyes, and smiled. In a low whisper he said, 'And I never thanked Him; but nobody never told me! I 'turn Him many thanks—only a poor gipsy chap! I see! I see! I thank Him kindly!" Christ shone into the heart of the gipsy lad, and gave him the light of pardon and peace. He does the same still for all who trust Him.

3. The third light is called a

WITNESS LIGHT.

I want to take that light to represent those who have received life from Jesus, and are now following Him. He said to such, "Ye are the light of the world," and He expects us to shine out in the darkness that is all around, that we may show those who know Him not, the danger they are in, and point to the One who can save them. You all know what a lighthouse is, and what it is for. The light that shines from the lighthouse is for a very different purpose from the search-

light. There it stands on the most dangerous part of the coast, and when the tempest-tossed sailors see the light shining over the water, they know there are dangerous rocks to be avoided, and they must keep well out to sea. Now everybody who has not been saved by the Lord Jesus is in worse danger than the poor sailors on the stormy sea,

CANDLES SEARCH IGHT LIGH LIG HT "HOW OFT OF THE WICKED IS THE

> and there are many rocks upon which they are continually being wrecked. There is the rock of self-will, the rock of pride, the rock of pleasure, the rock of strong drink, and many others. And Jesus expects all His followers to be like the lighthouse, and let the light which He has placed there, shine forth, to be a

blessing to those who are in darkness.

4. You see that the candle which stands underneath the other three has no name. It shows the fate of those who refuse the Lord Jesus. "How oft is the candle of the wicked put out." It reminds us of the words of the Lord: "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." That will be the fate of all those who refuse the light now; they will be cast into the " outer darkness.

Damaris.

Many confess sin with the lip-yea, and condemn it, yet forsake it not. But real confession of a sin is ever accompanied by a forsaking of that sin

Bells to be Rung.

BY F.E.M.

JOSEPH'S TYPICAL ACTS.

ONE of the most touching and impressive illustrations of God's gracious provision in Christ for the believer, is found in Joseph's treatment of his brethren. As in some autumn evening when the sky has been overcast with clouds, the sun in the west will suddenly break through and crimson everything with its ruddy hues, so the dull and sombre action of Joseph's brethren in their hatred of him and cruelty to him, is lost in the wonderful grace of his kindly treatment of them. How much more is this true, in connection with Christ's loving acts towards us! If Genesis xlv. is pondered, it will be found there is at least a seven fold correspondence between Joseph's grace in relation to his brethren as typical of Christ's grace toward us. We briefly note

- 1. Revelation of Joseph. "Joseph made himself known" (xlv. 1).
- Compassion of Joseph. "He wept" (xlv. 2).
 Invitation of Joseph. "Come near to me" (xlv. 4).
 Salvation of Joseph. "God sent me . . to save"
- (xlv. 7).
 5. Care of Joseph. "There will I nourish thee" (xlv. 11).
- 6. Affection of Joseph. "He kissed all his brethren"
- (xlv. 15).
 7. Gifts of Joseph. "Joseph gave . . . he gave . . ." (xlv. 21, 22).
- 1. Manifestations of Christ. "He shewed Himself" (Acts i. 3).
- 2. Love of Christ. "He . . . wept" (Luke xix. 41).
 3. Invitation of Christ. "Come unto Me" (Matt.
- xi. 28).
- 4. Salvation of Christ. "God sent . . . that the world . . . might be saved " (John iii. 17).
- 5. Care of Christ. "Cherisheth . . . even as the Lord the Church" (Eph. v. 29).

 6. Affection of Christ. "Kissed him '(Luke xv. 20).
 - 7. Gifts of Christ. "Gave gifts unto men" (Eph. iv. 8).

GOOD WORKS.

The believer is not saved for his work's sake, this is of grace; but although we do not work to be saved (Eph. ii. 8-10), we are saved to work. Therefore let us be careful and prayerful to carry out the following injunctions.

I. CREATED FOR GOOD WORKS.—" Created in Christ Jesus unto good works" (Eph. ii. 10). As the tabernacle was made for God's dwelling place, so we are created new creatures in Christ, that like Him, we may be going about doing good.

2. RICH IN GOOD WORKS .- "Rich in good works" (1. Tim. vi. 18). Earthly riches are like the morning dew, which may be dissipated; but the richness of moral worth and kindly deeds are like the marks in the granite-abiding.

3. Furnished Unto Good Works. -- "Throughly furnished unto all good works" (11. Tim. iii. 17). The armoury of God's Holy Word supplies all necessary equipment and direction, for life's work and warfare.

4. MAINTAINING GOOD WORKS.—"Be careful to maintain good works" (Titus iii. 8). As the human body needs to be nourished by proper food, so good works can only be maintained by prayerfulness, consistency, and the Holy Spirit.

5. ZEALOUS OF GOOD WORKS.—"Zealous of good works" (Titus ii. 14). The holy fire of an intense love

to Christ, and a living faith in Him, are essential to make us burn with a fiery zeal.

6. Manifest Works .- "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works" (Matt. v. 16). We are not to proclaim our good works as the Pharisee would, but good works can no more be hid than the light of the morning.

7. PATTERN OF GOOD WORKS.—"In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works" (Titus ii. 7). Example is always better than precept, for this simple reason, example is the precept demonstrated and illustrated.

Ned Cassidy and the Creed of the Virgin Mary.



PON several visits to the Lakes of Killarney in years gone by-for their lovliness often drew me to them-I experienced the attention and courtesy of a guide whom I will call Ned Cassidy, the subject of the following narrative.

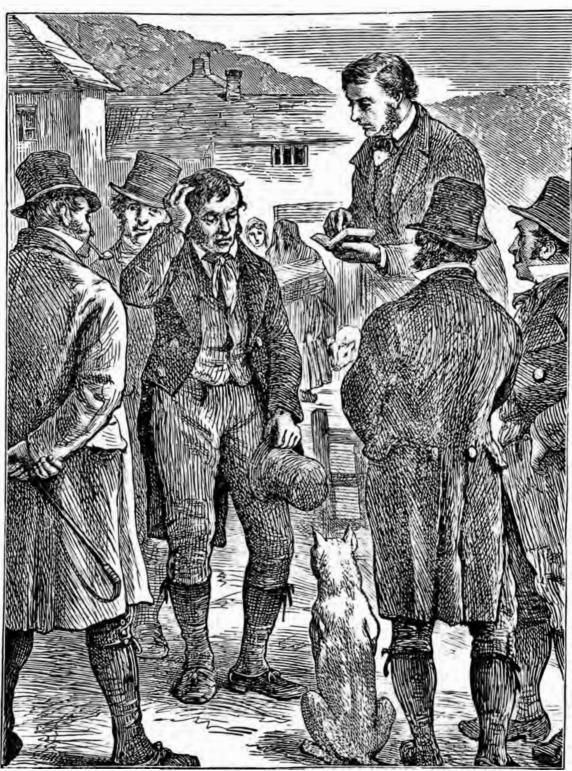
Our acquaintance began in On one of my visits to the rather a singular manner lakes, accompanied by a friend, I attempted, without the assistance of a guide, to ascend the lofty and noble Mountain of Mangerton. We succeeded in reaching the summit, and had descended as far as the brow of the precipice which overlooks the deep and savagely wild "Horse Glen," when a violent squall of wind and rain forced us to make a rapid retreat to the lower spurs of the mountain. In an out-of-the-way ravine thereas the storm had continued longer than we hoped, and had even increased in violence-fatigued and wet, we were glad to take shelter in a cottage that nestled under an overhanging crag on one side of a little glen. This cottage was the abode of Ned Cassidy. He and his wife gave us a cordial reception, and soon the glow of a blazing fire made us forget the toil and peril of our mountain adventure, and disregard the fury of the outside storm.

After a time my friend began to converse, bringing forth things new and old from the stores of Gospel truth treasured in his bosom. While thus talking of sin, and pardon, and the cross of Christ, and a free salvation, and a sure and immediate heaven after death —we were startled by hearing Cassidy say in an eager and suprised tone to his wife, "Kathleen, as sure as I live these gentlemen believe as we do!" His exclamation led to enquiry, which drew forth the following strange narrative, which we relate as nearly as possible in his own words.

"With all my heart, sir. Some two years ago I was in the market-place of Killarney loitering about, anxious for someone to engage me as guide for a day's excursion on the lakes. While waiting and hoping for employment, a gentlemanly man, seeming to be neither priest nor parson, stood up on a chair at one corner of the market-square, and began to talk to the people. We all thought it must be about the political affairs of the country-Home Rule or the Land Laws; what else could it be? and so me and my fellow guides hurried towards the place where he stood, to hear what he had to say, and according to our judgment of his words to applaud or to hoot him. To our surprise, and 1 must confess disappointment, his speech however was about the things of the next world, and not of this; but as he was a fine spoken man he caught our attention, and the bulk of us remained to hear him out.

CHIMES.

"After listening for a time, though I could not gainsay what he said, for my conscience told me it was the truth, I made bold to ask him by what authority he discoursed to us. Turning over the leaves of a little book that he held in his hand, he came to a place he was And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'" As one that has heard and received the invitation for himself, he added, 'I am only obeying the command of God, in repeating to you the



"WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO YOU, DO IT" (John ii. 5).

looking for, and said 'Listen, my friend: here is my authority for calling you to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The words I am about to read are those of His own Divine Spirit: "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

free and full offer of a loving and urgent message of life eternal.'

"His answer I felt was complete, and it staggered me, but still I was not satisfied. I became wishful to know

what was his religion, what creed he had, or what was his church; or did he belong to any church at all. So raising my voice that all around might notice my cuteness and zeal, I said, 'Pray, sir, do you believe in the Virgin Mary?'

"Looking quietly at me, and pausing for a moment or two, he replied, 'To be sure I do. I believe in her as one blessed above all women; and more than that, her creed and mine are just the same. And now, my good man,' he continued, 'will you be kind enough to tell me what the creed of the Virgin Mary is.?

"This request surprised and perplexed me. I had never heard before that the Virgin Mary had a creed. So looking up vaguely into his face, I scratched my head, blushed to the ears, and then gazed silently on the ground, fairly confounded and puzzled. With that sir, all my comrades around, who at first admired and applauded my boldness, began to jeer and laugh at me. And the chaffing went on, until I knew not whether I stood on my head or on my heels, and wished myself in the dungeons of Ross Castle, or at the bottom of the

Upper Lake.

'Glancing up, however, cautiously at the gentleman whom I was so foolish as to interrupt, I could see from his face that he regarded me, not with scorn, but with 'I am sorry, my friends, he said, that in sympathy. this good town of Killarney, there is such an ignorance of the blessed Virgin Mary, and of her opinions. Now I will tell you what must be regarded as her creed, and I will make it the subject of my further address to you. With that, sir, he again opened the little book he held in his hand, and telling us that what he was going to repeat we should be able to find in the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, beginning at the 40th verse, he began to read aloud, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For He hath regarded the low estate of Hishandmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is His name. And His mercy is on them that fear Him from generation to generation. He hath shewed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich-He hath sent empty away. He hath holpen His servant Israel, in remembrance of His mercy; as He spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed

for ever.'
"At the words 'for ever' he paused, and raising his eyes from the little book, he gazed intently on us. We must have formed a curious sight to him at the moment. A few of us had heard the words before—a few more had only heard a part of them; but to the most of us they were almost entirely new, and with eager eyes and

gaping mouths we looked up at him.
"'Now, my friends,' he continued, 'that these are the blessed Virgin Mary's words I can without the shadow of a doubt assure you, for God's own Divine Spirit, He who is the Spirit of Truth, bears witness to it. They were spoken by the blessed Virgin before she became the mother of our Lord, and that they contain her creed I will now proceed to show you.' Upon that, sir, he preached to us the most beautiful sermon I ever heard, dwelling especially on the words in the first two or three verses of what he had read to us. He showed us how it was the blessed Virgin's creed that even she had need of salvation, and so had to trust in God as her Saviour; that as a feeble and erring creature, belonging to a fallen race, she confessed her need of forgiveness, and rejoiced that the mercy of her God was upon them that fear Him, from generation to generation. He proved to us also from her own words how firm her

belief was in the gracious power, faithfulness, condescension, and bountifulness of her God; that her creed was that the God who was her Saviour has an arm, strong to uplift the low, but which humbles the great and pulls down oppressors from their seats; 'that her creed was, 'God never forgets His promise to His people, but always fulfils His word, and that to a degree which far outstrips their largest expectations; that while He passes by the haughty, He pitifully looks upon the sorrowful and weak; that, opening His hand, He always fills the good souls that hunger after Him, and that it is the self-righteous and self-satisfied alone He sends empty away.' Sorry am I that much of what he said I forget, for he spoke to us a good long while, although what I remember would take more time to repeat, sir, than you can give me to hear; but his closing words I shall never forget. They were these: 'If the blessed Virgin, my friends, needed a Saviour, who is there here in the market-square to-day can do without one? Oh, come each of you for himself to the Divine Redeemer, who through the blessed Virgin took upon Him our nature. He came to our world "to seek and to save the lost," and him that cometh unto God by Him, He will in no wise cast out.' Offering then a few words of prayer he disappeared, entered a house close by, and left us to our own thoughts and silent reflections. For a while we all remained quiet, as if we had been seeing a vision that was suddenly withdrawn, and which we were waiting to have again.

"As for myself, sir, I felt that I had got enough for the remainder of the day to think of, so determined to wait no longer in the square, but to make my way home, and tell my Kathleen there—' the pulse of my heart ' the wonderful things I had heard, and the thoughts and feelings they had stirred up within me." H.M.

Grace and Truth.

Black and Gold.

BY "J. DALE RIVERS."

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that Grace can restore."

E was clothed in superfine black cloth, and a thick, double-curb gold albert hung from vest pocket to vest pocket.

As I steadfastly gazed upon him, it was more than an optical delusion by which I saw only black and gold, for black was his character, and gold his one object in life.

"Nothing, either great or small," was his motto, and nothing was too great to be included in his store, and nothing too small to be excluded.

A skinflint is the hardest flint. He was so hard that the widow's tears, the orphan's cry, the dying man's appeal, and the prodigal's repentance affected him as much as they did the stone lions in the Square. He lived for gain, by gain he lived, and his interest in life was five per cent., and where possible seven and-a-half,

He had risen from a desperately poor boy to an exceptionally rich man, but he never was so poor as when he was rich, and he was never so rich as when he was poor. While affluent he felt his poverty, for though he possessed the largest pile in the town he had not a single genuine friend, and there was but cold comfort in the thought that his distant relatives looked hopefully forward to his near

When not blessed with the proverbial shilling, she was his trusted companion and truest friend. Yes, when indigence stared him in the face, pressed closely behind, elbowed on the right, and arrested him on the left, she was trueness and fidelity personified. But when fell poverty was banished, she became a drag on his wheel of fortune-"if this was not true, at least he well imagined it was so" —so he removed her image from his memory, and replaced it with the outline on the golden coin.

From the vantage point of wealth he callously looked down on the struggling masses, but with the same awakened concern as the spider watches the flies. He accumulated money, scrip, deeds, houses, lands, ships, &c. In gathering in he was perfectly delighted, but in the gathered in he found no real joy or lasting satisfaction. As he passed down the street, he was hustled rudely off the footpath by a crowd attracted by an open-air meeting. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," said the speaker, in a stentorian voice. As Mr. J. Black—for he was not christened black and gold, but plain John Black—heard the old text he sniled. To be more correct, he endeavoured so to do, but he was so much out of practice that his production was only a cynical grin, which somewhat resembled the expression on a big dog's face just after his cold nose has felt the tiny points of a small kitten's claws.

He escaped the throng, turned up a bystreet, and beheld a little lad in the act of putting a sweet into a bigger boy's mouth. Contentment lighted up the visage of the youngsters, but Jack—the giver—unfortunately, in his haste, slipped, and both boys fell in a heap on the pavement. Bob, the elder of the two, extricated himself, and at once transferred the lozenge to Jack's mouth. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" floated on the breeze. Mr. Black's heart—some said he was heartless—was touched by the incident, but he controlled himself, and said, "Heat expands everything; keep cool!" Nevertheless, instantly his hand sought his pocket, and he presented Bob with a shilling. Bob was in clover, and Jack triumphantly exclaimed, "A shilling! why that will buy twenty million sweets!"

"Not twenty million, but at least a hundred," said Bob.

"Why a hundred is as good as twenty million, for so many is too many," replied Jack, the philosopher.

With another "Thank you, sir," the boys departed, and Mr. Black reached home with "so many is too many" ringing in his ears.

He dreamt that night his pillow was stuffed with gold, and the golden pillow was so hard that rest was impossible. Then, as he slept, he saw Jack's face; it changed, grew older and older, and at last it was transformed into the countenance he had effaced, years ago, from his mind with gold. The next morning, Mr. Black had scarcely finished reading the early morning newspapers, when the maid announced that a little boy wished to see him.

"Let him come in," said Mr. Black, and

Jack was shown into the study.

"Bob and I thought we would like to give you something for your kindness," impetuously and abruptly said Jack; at the same moment he produced a large rosy apple, and

presented it to Mr. Black.

Thorough earnestness and overbounding pleasure were so unmistakably expressed in Jack's whole demeanour, that Mr. Black felt duty-bound to accept the gift. As he did so, he said, "I am much obliged to you," but his voice had lost its usual hardness, his heart was softer, for the unfeigned gratitude of the child was something far beyond his careful calculations.

Jack's visit was of short duration, for the little man had to attend school, but before he left he promised to call again. At the front door the servant maid kissed him, and said, "God bless your bonny, bright face; it is the best bit of sunshine that has lighted up this passage for many days."

With passionate eagerness, Mr. Black donned his overcoat, and from house to house collected his rents, for it was term-day. He did the work himself, saved the commission,

and arrears were unknown.

He entered 94, Lord Nelson Street, a neat, three-roomed cottage. Though the house was small, the comfort was great, for "mutual love, the crown of all bliss," reigned. There was sickness in the home, but bodily weakness only strengthened the heart's affection. Mr. Anderson had finished his last sea voyage, and his life's journey, too, was almost completed. Mr. Black had signed the receipt for the quarter's rent, and re-counted the amount, when the aged, weather-beaten sailor said, "Good-bye, Mr. Black, for this old craft, which works like a basket, is making the harbour; the white-crested breakers are on this side of the bar, but there is smooth water and safe anchorage beyond. The currents are swift, the channel's narrow, there is a strong breeze off the land, but the almighty tow-line—God's promises—never breaks, and the tug-boat 'Wonderful' has engines of omnipotent power. Yes, when once in tow of the 'Wonderful' the harbour's secure."

A half-smothered sob interrupted Mr. Anderson, who turned, and said - oh, so kindly—"Never mind, old woman, we have weathered many a gale together; we have sailed over tranquil seas together; we have crept through thick fogs together; we have beat up against contrary winds together; and I have prayed God—He has never failed me —that when I cross the bar you may be in my wake, and He will not disappoint me. Nay lass; don't weep, we will go out together."

"Not the almighty gold," he continued, "but the Almighty God only can gain you an admittance to that fair haven. Mr. Black, excuse me, but can you see the harbour lights: do you know your port of destination, or is this land's fog so muggy that all is dark, and

a lee-shore ahead?"

"All is dark," said Mr. Black, and left the room. As he did so, Mr. Anderson called after him, "Bon voyage, but remember firstclass, second-class, steerage passengers, officers, and crew, are all the same in God's sight, and all must enter heaven by the one

appointed gangway."

That day Mr. Black agreeably surprised two of his tenants, as he gave their children pennies. They both said, "He's going to die," but he was just beginning to live. Spontaneous generosity was a new trait in his character, nay, it was a new development, the commencement of a true conversion from

grab to grace.

Jack kept his word, and called again on Mr. Black. He became a daily visitor, and was anxiously looked for by both master and maid. Mr. Black had a "fairy cupboard" in his study, and there was always some tit-bit in it for his youthful caller. Before long Mr. Black found that he received more pleasure in the giving than Jack did in the receiving.

"It is true," he said; "it is more blessed to give than to receive; may God open my

eyes further to the light."

This was step two in his conversion, for he

recognised the source of all true light.

"The year is but a quick succession of brief moments," and 1892 was fast running out. It was New Year's Eve. As Mr. Black accompanied lack to the Watch-night service, he heard one singing"We are standing by the threshold, hard by the opening door;

We're about to cross the borders of a land untrod before.

The Christ shall go before us, He will His help bestow; We'll bid the New Year welcome, and let the Old Year go.

This motto, fellow Christians, we will ever keep in sight,

Through all the year before us, 'For God and for the

The final moments of the year were spent

in prayer.

Mr. Black entered a New Year as a new creature, by a belief in Jesus Christ for his salvation, and his conversion was completed.

On January 2nd, 1893, Mr. Black read in

the *Herald*—

"DEATH.—On the 29th ult., at 94, Lord Nelson Street, Mr. James Anderson. On the 30th ult., at the same address, Mrs. James Anderson. Peace, peace, oh, what peace."

The old salt's prayer was heard and answered. "They had gone out together; she had followed in his wake." Mr. Black sank on his knees, and cried, "My God, help me to follow them in life, and give me like peace in death."

A Chime of Cheer for Time's New Year.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

"Our God . . . is able" (Daniel iii. 17). OUR God is able, brother! Are you threatened with the fire? The God of daring Daniel, And of many a valiant sire, Our God is! Courage, brother! Brave the lions and the flame: The God of Shadrach's furnace Is to-day the very same.

Our God is able, sister! Are you weeping at a grave! The God of weeping Mary Is beside you, strong to save. Our God is able, sister, Every stone to roll away; The God of resurrections Is our trusted God to-day.

Our God is able, sinner! Are you sinking in the mire? The God of David knoweth; Turn to Him thy faint desire. Our God can draw thee upward, On the rock can set thy feet; The God who lifted David

Can again the work repeat.

Our God is able, sing it, In a chorus loud and long! Together let us wing it, To the yonder white-robed throng. Our God-in God united; Our God on earth, and their's. Our God is able always!

Faith believing, all things dares!

"A Village Maiden's Career."

BY MRS. SIDNEY WATSON.

E are glad to call attention to the new edition of A Village Maiden's Career,* which has recently been published. A large first edition has been rapidly exhausted, and the present edition is revised and enlarged.

We heartily wish that the book could be placed in the

hands of every anxious one, as we are sure that Mrs. Watson's experience and difficulties are like those of thousands, who fancy their own experience unique.

The story is told simply, and the book is written in a bright and pleasant style, though the object of the book is not so much to interest as to belp. We are sure the book is the result of much prayer, and will prove a blessing to thousands. We should like to give one or two extracts from the book, and thus let Mrs. Watson speak for herself.

"Over and over again, in those days of soul distress, I read the story of Christ's sacrifice for sin, His perfect at onement for man's guilt; yet I failed to see that it was for me personally. I was afraid to make the promises of God my own—afraid to step out upon the Word of God.

"In my foolish blindness, I did not see that God's time was now, That to-morrow found no place in His Divine mind

or word. Yet how often I had read, and heard read, the Scripture: 'Behold, now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation.'

"The daily cry of my heart was, that I would do or

* A Village Maiden's Career (18.6d), by Mrs. Sidney Watson, may be had from the authoress, The Firs, Vernham Dean, near Humberford, Berks.

sacrifice any and everything to find Christ, and know Him as my own personal Saviour. I felt and said that gladly would I scrape the very mud in the streets if it would bring me salvation.

"One Sunday evening I was invited by a friend, who knew of my soul distress, to accompany her to the Wesleyan chapel, of which she was a member. 'We have a very earnest man preaching to-day,' she added, 'who will, perhaps, be able to help you.'

'who will, perhaps, be able to help you.'
'I gladly accepted the invitation, feeling that I would go anywhere in the wide, wide world, if only I

could find peace, as I then put it." Mrs. Watson

Mrs. Watson describes the effect the first part of the meeting had upon her, then goes on to

say:
"Finally the text came: 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' As that message reached my ears, my heart gave a great bound, the tears burst forth afresh, while I inwardly sobbed, 'That taketh away the sin of the world.' Why that is just what I want—my sins taken away.

Mrs. Watson gives a short summary of the sermon and its effect upon her; then describes her conversation with the minister after the meeting.

"God's spirittaught servant
seemed at once to
grasp my difficulty, 'Ah! I see
where you are!'
he said in kindly
tones; 'you are
putting feeling in
the place of faith,
and looking for
other people's
experience, or for
some out ward
manifestation of
God's power.
Now listen to His
promise: 'Him
that cometh to

Me, I will in no wise cast out." "For a moment I remained in silent thought. Suddenly there flashed into my mind the thought that there was no middle course. God must accept or reject... I resolved that I would believe the precious promise, that I would take God at His word, that I would claim the truth and rest upon it, even if I never had an atom of feeling or joy."



CHIMES.

We have only been able to give very brief extracts, but would recommend our readers to get the book for themselves. The book is just as interesting after the Village Maiden's conversion, showing how wonderfully God can use even the most timid of His children for His service.

Damaris.

"The Privilege of Peter." BY F. W. PITT.

spoke of the teaching of the Church of Rome on the subject of the Immaculate Conception, and we should like to add that it seems to us that the idolatrous worship of Mary robs her of the grace which was displayed when she received the Annunciation from Gabriel. Her truest dignity is the calm, submissive

doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour." She claimed no power, no honour for herself. God was her Saviour.

humility which caused her to say, "My soul

Like "Mariolatry," "The privilege of Peter" is a heresy of comparatively modern invention, and robs Peter of his true place in sacred history. In fact, none of the false doctrines of the present Church of Rome were held by the earlier Church. Gregory the Great, indeed, actually wrote against the teaching which now endeavours to place the Pope above all empires, yea, even claims for

the poor creature at the Vatican a position

which the Lord Jesus purchased for Himself at the cost of His life.

Before looking at the Scripture teaching as to the building of the Church of Christ, we should like to quote a few lines from Gregory's writings to show that he was hopelessly at variance with later popery. And if a Pope can be infallible, which of them is it? The earlier or the later, or, are some fallible and some infallible?

When we find other Popes arrogating to themselves the right to make or mar kingdoms, to raise up or cast down emperors, it is a little curious to find Gregory writing the following words to the Emperor Mauricius, "But what am I, who am speaking thus to my lords, but dust and a mere worm The power of my lords is given them from heaven over all men."

In another writing he says, "In the holy Scriptures when the word rock is put in the singular number, who but Christ can be intended? For Paul is here our witness, who says, 'The Rock was Christ.' But when

rocks are mentioned in the plural, the members of Christ, namely, those holy men who in His strength are built up together in Him, are described—of whom Peter, the Apostle, writes, 'Ye therefore are built up together as living stones, a spiritual house.'"

This line of teaching is taken up on several occasions by Gregory in his exegetical writings, giving us the picture of a Pope entirely repudiating the assumption that Peter was either the foundation or head of

the Church.

In considering the Scripture revelation as to the Church of Christ, we would underline the fact that in Matthew xviii. the Lord spoke of something then future. "On this rock I will build My church." But he referred to Peter as being already a stone, "Thou art Peter." This at once takes our thoughts back to that type of the Church, Solomon's Temple, the stones of which were hewn and shaped in distant quarries, to be afterwards brought together and placed in position. The finished fabric was in the architect's mind before a single workman went forth with his tools to prepare the stones. But when the foundation was laid, the stones were gathered together and reared into a glorious house for God.

The foundation of Christ's Church is laid. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," said Peter. If the Church is to stand, who could be its foundation but Christ?

"The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ the Lord."

But the building itself is not yet completed. In God's quarries the workmen with spiritual chisel and hammer are preparing the living stones, and in one mighty moment yet to be, all will be gathered together and glorified. There was no sound of workman's tool when Solomon's temple was reared up on its foundation. So after the signal trump, in silence and mystery, "We shall all be changed," and that which the Great Architect saw before the foundation of the world will be completed to His own divine plan.

Christ is the Foundation as well as the

Builder of His Church.

Yet it says that the Church is being builded on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Cornerstone (Eph. ii. 20). It seems strange that the Romanists do not claim this passage and make the apostles and prophets the Popes. But the fact is that this passage is dead against their claims, seeing that Jesus Christ occupies the first place, which is what all His true followers desire for him. It puts the

apostles and prophets in the background, and the Romanists are not satisfied with this.

We willingly grant Peter, Paul, and all the apostles the place accorded them in Scripture; the prophets also (New Testament prophets here); but Christ occupies the chief place. Without Him the rest are nothing. Their honour consists in their association with Him. He is the Head, and Front, and Glory of all.

Christ is also the Builder. But His people are co-workers with Him. Not one party or another, but every redeemed worker, though in a subsidiary position. He fits them, He commissions them, He fills them with His Spirit.

So that it remains true that Christ is the Foundation, and also the Builder of the Church

of God.

But the question remains—Does Christian charity permit the recognition of the Romish heresy as a Church of Christ, though we reject its claim to be the Church? Without hesitation, and in face of the liberalism of the age, we say that Romanism is directly opposed to Christ and His Word.

Every distinctive doctrine of the Romanist is not only without Scriptural support, but is a mimicry of God's provision for His people.

The Romish substitutes are:

"Baptismal regeneration," for regeneration of the Holy Ghost.

"Transubstantiation," for the memorial of

our absent, coming Lord.

"Mariolatry," for the worship of God only. "The privilege of Peter," for the blood of Christ as the foundation of the Church.

"The Immaculate Conception," for the

divinity of Christ.

"The confessional," for confession to God,

who alone can forgive sins.

Romanism is the devil's travesty of God's truth, and the devil's weapons are used to inflict its falsehoods on its deluded votaries. The Bible is suppressed, the sanctity of home life is defiled, the inquisition or other material force is the power employed to compel the acceptance of anti-Christian teaching. This last fact is sufficient alone to condemn Romanism, for Jesus said that His doctrines should be applied by the Holy Ghost: "He shall take of Mine and reveal it unto you."

Oh! to be saved from every corrupting influence, and oh! for a more united stand against the common enemy by all who love

the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

In the jarring notes of the home life, there is discord, but no concord.



a little child was brought to her orphanage, so repulsive in its appearance, and loathsome from its sores, that she felt she could not love

stoop over the wan little face and kiss it. Instantly the most exquisite smile spread over the features, as the consciousness

of being loved sank into the heart. From that moment the whole expression of the child became transformed,

and it grew to be the jewel of the family.

So the consciousness of Christ's love to us, will transfigure us: Only give it time to sink in as you sit at the foot of His cross, and reckon how much he must have loved you, since He dared to die for you, being an enemy and ungodly.-F. B. Meyer.

"THERE is this great difference between the Bible and our sacred THE books, and it makes me feel that DIFFERENCE. the Bible is of God. Our books

tell us what we ought to do, but your book goes further and shows how it may be done."

Such was the language of a Japanese student at Cambridge.

"AS HE ADVERTISED."

THE following epitaph is from a tomb-stone in one of the rural districts of America:-

"He kept a grocery in the woods, Until by death surprised; His patrons always found his goods Just as he advertised.'

What a blessing it would be, if every grocer, and all other tradesmen, would always give to their "patrons" the goods as advertised; and what a greater blessing it would be if professed disciples of Christ would always make the advertised profession of their lips to correspond with the actual practice of their lives.

THE Psalmist, by the Holy Spirit, says, "The Lord God is a Sun and **POSSESSIVE** PRONOUNS. Shield." Luther said, "The power of religion lies in the possessive pronouns?" It is true; and happy is he who can emphasize the words by saying, honestly and sincerely, "The Lord God is my Sun and my Shield."

Not many people who know the virile SUFFERING. writing of Miss Frances Power Cobbe are aware of the following little poem by her on Suffering:-

"God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn. Would we ask why? It is because all noblest things are born In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain or woe God's Son may lie; Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know Its Calvary."

60 MILES OF PUBLIC HOUSES

Dr. Parker, speaking on the drink curse in London, on one occasion, said. "Though there was a Christian London, there was also a devil's IN LONDON. London. In greater London there

was consumed annually 45,000,000 gallons of malt liquor, 8,000,000 gallons of wine, and 4,500,000 gallons of ardent spirits. What force could stand against that Niagara of damning drink? If the public houses were put in line they would have a frontage of sixty miles; and every inch an opportunity of going to the devil."

There is only one force which can stand against the awful Niagara of drink, and that is the Gospel of Christ, for in it is found the power (Rom. i. 16) to take away the desire for the "distilled damnation."

* * *

THE late Dr. Dale, in an address on the SERVANT, subject of an Ideal Ministry, controverted NOT A CRITIC. the theory that a man with "honest doubts" makes a good minister. He said, "I differ from those who think such persons ought to be ministers of Christ. They should remain among the learners. A minister must be a servant of Christ, not a critic of Christ. He must have sure knowledge of what Christ teaches, and must have absolute, unreserved, exulting devotion to Christ." These words are timely, for a great number of professed Christian workers are too apt to be speculative where the Holy Spirit is silent. It is for servants to obey, and not obtrude their own opinions.

* * *

STROKE THE RIGHT WAY.

"A BROTHER in Christ once found fault with another for stroking the cat the smooth way of the fur. latter asked if he did not think the Creator intended the creature to be

stroked that way. It would be well if brethren, in dealing with each other, imitated that second brother, and so produced that sense of enjoyment which the feline race express by purring; instead of raising fur and feeling, and eliciting a dangerous amount of electricity, by, figuratively speaking, stroking the cat the wrong way." Besides, is not this a proof of having passed from death to life, when we love the brethren? (1. John iii. 14).

A LADY wrote to ask the late Lord Tennyson, not only for his signature. " ASK ME NO MORE." but for a "sentiment." No answer being received, she wrote again. Again there was no response. The indomitable lady wrote a third time. To this she received a sheet of notepaper, on which was written:—" A. Tennyson. Sentiment, 'Ask me no more.'" How differently the Lord Jesus replies to our requests in prayer! His

word of grace is He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think" (Eph. iii. 20). And not

only is He able, but His word of promise is, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do" (John xiv. 13). The only thing for the believer to remember is the connection of the two "whatsoevers" of 1. John iii. 22; v. 14, 15.

THE CHINEE EXPLAINS.

"A missionary from China said at a missionary meeting some time since, that they had to be careful not to let

our illustrated papers fall into the hands of the Chinese. One of their converts saw a picture in The Graphic, representing some fashionable function, in which several ladies were represented in "full dress." The innocent Chinee explained to a companion that no doubt this was a dispensary, and the diseased ladies had removed their upper garments in order to facilitate the doctor's examination. Comment would be impertinent, beyond the hope that no Christian lady will disregard the admonitions in I. Tim. ii. 9, 10, and 1. Peter iii. 3, 4

"During a review of Russian army HE OBEYED. recruits in Vilna, the general in command, turning to one of the new soldiers, asked him, 'What is military discipline?' 'It is that a soldier has got to do just what he is told by his superior officer, only nothing against the Tsar,' was the answer. 'All right, then, you take your cap, bid your comrades good-bye, and go and drown yourself in that lake there. Look sharp!' Tears glistened in the soldier's eyes; he gazed earnestly and prayerfully at his commander, turned suddenly right-about, and rushed off to the lake. He was on the very brink before he was overtaken and stopped by the sergeant sent to prevent the involuntary suicide." The soldier's prompt and unquestioning obedience reminds us of Him, who in obedience to the command of God, became obedient unto the death of the cross. mind that was in Christ should be in us, not only in the lowliness of its stoop, but also in the promptness of its obedience (Phil. ii. 5, 8).

* * *

AN UNSHAKENED ONE.

THE traveller, Humbolt, gives an interesting account of the first earthquake he witnessed. It was at Lumana, South America. The first shock came after a strange

stillness. It caused an earthquake in his mind, for it overthrew in a moment all his life-long notions about the safety of the earth. He could no longer trust the soil, which, up to that day, had felt firm under his feet. He had only one thought—universal, boundless destruction. Even the crocodiles ran from the river Orinoco, howling into the woods; the dogs and pigs were powerless with fear. The whole city seemed the "hearth of destruction." The houses could not shelter, for they were falling in ruins. He turned to the trees, but they were overthrown. His next thought was to run to the mount ains, but they were reeling like drunken men. He then looked towards the sea. Lol it had fled; and the ships, which a few minutes before were in deep water, were rocking on the bare sand. He tells us that being then at his wits' end, he looked up and observed that heaven alone was perfectly calm and unshaken. Many strange things are yet to come upon the earth—earthquakes, overturnings, upheavings. But amid them all, as the Book tells us, the Christian shall look up to the Heavenly One, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," and to His heavenly home which cannot be moved.

Chips by Diakonas.

Motto for 1898—"See that ye fall not out by the way."

"Wanted—Two Million Boys," is the notice we might read over every distillery, brewery, and public-house. One family out of every five in the world must contribute at least one boy to keep up the supply. Take care of your boy!

"Consider Jesus," and you consider all.

The best society is that of your betters.

To die to sin is better than to sin to die.

Back-biting is not a forward movement.

Teetotal always adds to the \mathcal{L} s. d. total.

With some of us the past is always present.

No doubt is faith, but there is no doubt in faith.

Words are weighty only when the life's worthy.

When you truly love the Man you truly love each man.

Drink says, the best station in life is the police station.

"Jesus knows," is an assurance only to him who knows Jesus.

You must find heaven in God before you find God in heaven.

With too many glasses a man makes a spectacle of himself.

The best relish for the Scriptures is a good appetite for the same.

Wise men came to Jesus when He was born, they are still doing so.

There may be size and sound, but there is no weight in a wind-bag.

Calvary was endured that forgiveness and heaven might be assured.

There is more *rail* in a luke-warm church than in an engineer's plant.

"Love shall cover a multitude of sins," yes, and prevent a multitude too.

BETHESDA RECORD.

Our Friends with Christ.

ADA ELDER.

Fell asleep November 12, aged 31. Joined the church June, 1884.

THE CHRISTIAN WORKERS' CLASS.

The above class meets in the Upper Vestry on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock. Subjects:

- Jan. 10.—"Influence." Mr. R. M. Westness.
 " 16.—"Sympathy." Miss B. Armstrong.
 " 24.—"Systematic —." Mr. A. Robb.
 " 31.—"What is a Christian?" Mr. J.
 - Forster.

THE subjects of Pastor F. E. Marsh's addresses on Sunday evenings in January, in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, will (p.v.) be-

Jan. 2.—"A New Year's Motto."

9.—
By special request, the series of Addresses on "The Judgments of Scripture," given on Thursday Evenings five years ago, will be repeated on Sunday Evenings, commencing January 9. " 9.— " 16.— " 23.—

,, 30.—

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

A Special Praise Meeting will (p.v.) be held on New Year's morning, from 11 to 12, so that we may unitedly and specially express our gratitude to the Lord for His mercies during the past year. Let us exalt His name together.

"STONE PICTURES AND CLAY BOOKS."

The new District Secretary (Rev.W. G. Jones) of the British and Foreign Bible Society will (p.v.) give a lecture on the above subject, illustrated by limelight views, on Thursday, Jan. 20th, at 7.15 p.m. Special Boxes at doors for donations in aid of the Bible Society.

CHURCH TEA AND MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Church will he held (D.v.) on Wednesday, the 26th inst. Tea will be on the table at 5.30 p.m., and the meeting will commence at 7. Every member of the Church should try and be present.

A CALL TO PRAYER.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH MEETING IN BETHESDA,

For some time past I have felt there is need for more united prayer among us. The wheels of the Gospel chariot seem to go heavy for want of the oil of supplication. To supply this lack I have arranged that we meet every night, the first week in January, 3rd to 8th, for one hour, 7.30 to 8.30 p.m.; and that the subject of our prayers shall revolve around the following definite subjects :-

Monday.—" Our Omissions." Tuesday.—" Our Privileges."

Wednesday.—" Our Responsibilities."
Thursday.—" Our Calling."
Friday.—" Our Children."

Saturday -" Our Outlook."

Will you gladden my heart, and bring joy to the Lord, who calls you, through me, to come and take hold of Him in prayer (Isaiah lxiv. 7), by making it a point of honour to meet the Lord in these meetings, so that we may bring definite blessing upon ourselves and Your Affectionate Pastor in Christ, F. E. MARSH.

CHIMES

An Evangelical Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

PASTOR A. T. JONES.

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of March, 1856, at Kingcoed, in the parish of Llandenny, Monmouthshire—a small village not far from the historic ruins of Raglan Castle. He was brought to the Lord through the instrumentality of Mr. Opie

Rodway, of Stroud, Gloucestershire, who was conducting a series of special services at the Baptist Chapel, Raglan, and was baptized by the late Pastor B. Johnson. While in his teens he removed to Chepstow, where he identified himself with the Baptist Church, and was actively interested in the Y.M.C.A. in the town. While here he was encouraged to give himself to the Christian ministry, and as a supply was in frequent request. In 1876 he was invited to preach at Maindee, a suburb of Newport (Mon.), where a church had been formed a few months previously, and as a result of his visit, he was unanimously invited to the pastorate, which he accepted, and has retained ever since with great credit to himself, and much acceptance among the people. At first they

met for worship in a commodious room, but, in consequence of the crowded attendance, they had to "arise and build," and in 1878, a chapel was erected in Duckpool Road. This again was rapidly filled, and in 1886 was re-built and enlarged, and has accommodation for 800. This also is crowded on Sunday evenings. Mr. Jones

may be styled a Divinely-taught man, as the fruit of his ministry testifies, for the best evidence of true ordination is the Lord's working with His servants in the preaching of the Gospel, which working manifests itself in the "signs following" (Mark xvi. 20). As a minister he is a

very prominent figure in the religious life of the town and district, and is frequently asked to conduct special evangelistic services, not only in this neighbourhood, but in other districts, and, in this respect, he has been highly successful as a "fisher of men." His activities are also extended in aid of philanthropic and social movements, and in connection with these he has occupied prominent positions, such as president of the Newport Temperance Society, and vice-president of the Monmouthshire Band of Hope Union. He has also served for years on the Committee of the Monmouthshire English Baptist Association, and for the last threeyears has been a Poor Law Guardian. Mr. Jones may be called a model evangelist, and his ministrations have proved soul-winning in

an exceptional manner. The church and congregation also may be spoken of as a hive of industry, a people too active to freeze, and their united action, as pastor and people, have been accompanied with grand spiritual results.

D. Bevan Jones.

Caerleon.

A Christless Bible.

BY DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, NEW YORK.



ET us turn to the New Testament and see what it is that the Apostles, and the Evangelists, and Christ Himself, have to say. What is the message of Jesus, and John, and Peter, and Paul,

after you have blotted out the Gospel of a Divine Redeemer? What is the New Testament worth without our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? What does it mean? Let us consider the question honestly, and fairly,

and candidly.

There are three things which characterise the New Testament. They distinguish it from all other literature in the world, so far as I know. First, it throws a new and intensely searching light upon human sin; second, it has the deepest and most piercing sense of human sorrow; and third, it is written as no other book ever was written—in the very presence of death.

First.—The New Testament is filled with a profound and burning sense of moral evil in the world. It reveals, as no other book in the world does, the inmost nature of that evil in the heart of man, and its outward manifestation as going through his whole life, even a life which in the world's view is respectable and decent. It emphasizes the essential guilt of sin, in the fact that there are no possible excuses for it, because

THE ESSENCE OF SIN

lies in the choice of the individual himself. It discloses the destiny of sin, which is inevitable wrath and destruction. Nowhere else in all literature will you find such a realistic picture as the photograph which the New Testament gives of sin. And it was Jesus of Nazareth who gave the light in which this photograph was taken. It was He who illumined the secret sources of sin in the heart of man, its sure and relentless consequences, its disgrace, its terror, and its might.

Jesus of Nazareth said that there was in this world, a force, an influence, a spirit, desiring, seeking, and working evil continually, for the sake of evil; an unclean spirit; a father of lies, ready to thrust falsehood into every man; an enemy of souls, desiring to possess souls, and sift them, torture them, and destroy them. Now, I am inclined to take that teaching of Jesus literally, and to believe that evil is embodied in a personal devil. One thing is sure, Jesus reveals evil as a positive, organized, malignant, active

power. There is a kingdom of Satan lying all around us, fighting against the good. This conflict between duty and passion, between temptation and principle, is going on in the world, not as a game, not as a trifling affair; it is a continual warfare between good and evil, and you and I are thrown into the midst of it, naked, helpless, and defenceless.

We are cast at birth into the midst of this conflict. Unseen, mighty, skilful enemies are against us on every side, but there is no one to fight with us, or for us. There is no Divine Deliverer. There is no Captain of Salvation. There is no Conqueror of Satan. Christ has not come to rescue our souls. There was a simple man, Jesus, who lived in Palestine, who said these things.

WE HAVE LOST THE BATTLE ALREADY.

We have sinned, but Christ does not say, "I have power on earth to forgive sins"—or if He said it He was mistaken. We are astray and wandering, but Christ does not come to seek and to save us. He says, "Find your own way." We are guilty and condemned, but Christ does not say, "I am the Good Shepherd that giveth His life for the sheep." He does not say, "I am come to lay down My life as a ransom." Nor does he say that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." There was no atoning sacrifice on Calvary. There was no redeeming blood shed on the cross. There was only a martyr's death—Oh, the pity of it! There was only a new exhibition of the horror, and the power of human sin.

THAT IS CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT CHRIST.

Read on through the New Testament, if you dare. Read on, and see what becomes of the experience of the Apostles and the early Christians when Christ is annulled. Something or somebody had incredibly deepened or intensified their sense of sin. And it was just this sense of sin that separated them from the easy, reckless, wicked, pagan world. But the cause which produced that sense of sin was not the appearance of the Son of God to redeem the world. That was a dream. That was a delusion. That was a foolish dogma of superstition. We must leave all that out of their testimony.

Now listen to Paul: "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned; even so there was no grace of God, and the gift of grace by the one Man, Jesus Christ, did not abound unto many." "Sin reigned unto death, but grace did not

CHIMES.

reign through righteousness unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." "I see a different law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin, which is in my members. Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through nobody!" "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners nobody died for us." "God is not in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." "There is no Mediator between God and man." "The life that I now live in the flesh I live by faith in myself, for the Son of God did not love me nor give Himself for me."

Read the Epistle to the Hebrews: "Having then no High Priest who hath passed into the heavens, let us not draw near with boldness unto the throne of grace, for we shall receive no mercy nor grace to help in time of need." "For we are not come unto Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, but unto Mount Sinai, that burns with fire."

Hearken to St. Peter: "Ye know ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as with silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; nor with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish, and without spot, because Christ never suffered for sin, the righteous for the unrighteous, that He might bring us to God." "Wherefore, not having seen Him, we love Him not, neither do we rejoice in Him, since we receive not the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls."

Hearken to St. John: "If any man sin, we have no Advocate with the Father; neither is there any propitiation for our sins, nor for the sins of the whole world." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He did not love us, and did not send His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

THAT IS YOUR NEW TESTAMENT WITHOUT JESUS CHRIST.

Take it, and make what you can of it; but for my part I do not see how any man can want to keep it in his house, or even turn the leaves of such a book as that. I do not see how any man can find peace or comfort in it.

The second thing that strikes us in the New Testament is, that it has a very deep and piercing sense of the pains and sorrows and troubles common to human life. It is full of poor people, and sick people, and persecuted people. Surely there was never anyone who lived, who knew as much of the dark side of life as Jesus did. We may know something of it. But He was born in poverty, surrounded by want.

He knew what it meant to be hungry, thirsty, and homeless. He walked among cripples, and lepers, and blind men, and demoniacs; there was no kind of deformity or anguish in the world that did not come crawling through the dust of those Palestine roads to His feet to draw help from Him. His disciples saw the same side of life; they were in contact with the miseries of humanity all the time. They knew very well that life was not a pleasant pastime in a garden of roses. They felt in their own person the rough side of it. They had thorns in the flesh, pangs of physical anguish, the fatigue of exhausting toil, the confinement of prison, the cruelty of torture, and all the nameless ills that flesh is heir to. Read the New Testament, and it must leave the impression upon you that this is a hard life, and a world full of trouble.

THERE ARE TWO CONSOLATIONS

that we find in this Book, as the Church has read it; but they both disappear when we take away the Divine Christ. First is the promise of future reward and peace to those who suffer patiently in Christ's name, and for His sake. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." What is left of that promise when you take away the Divine Christ? The dream of an enthusiast; no substance in it; no authority to fulfil it. Paul says: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." What nonsense, Paul! Have you not heard that the Lord in whom you trust was only a man like yourself? He had no Divine power. You have given your life for nought, and your suffering for a vain vision of recompense.

But there is another thing in the New Testament that consoles us for the hardships of life, and that is the sense of Christ's sympathy in our sorrows, "the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ." Paul says, "I now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which remains of the afflictions of Christ." Peter says, "Inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, rejoice." This thought that Christ is with us in our pains and sorrows; that all our afflictions really bind us closer in mystical union with Him; that we are crucified with Christ—this is the thing which makes it possible to bear the sorrows of life that we could not bear in any other way. When death comes into our household; when sickness, and suffering, and loss come and lay their hands upon us, we could not bear it if we did not know that Christ is with

us. A dream! Christ did not bear our sins in His body on the tree. Christ does not stand by every sufferer. There is no Christ, and Jesus, who might have sympathized with you if He had been alive now—

Jesus is dead; far hence He lies, In some lone Syrian town; And on His grave with shining eyes, The Syrian stars look down.

"Ah!" you say, "but God sympathizes with me in my sorrows." Does He? Does the God who made this bright, beautiful heaven, and set the sky with stars—does this God know anything about the pains that rack our human hearts? How do you know? How can you know

IF CHRIST HAS NEVER GOME TO TELL US?

I tell you, a man or woman with a breaking heart might go out into this beautiful world to-day, and walk up and down, and look up to the blue sky, and the heart might break again with the thought that there is no word of sympathy; that the Divine Being has no share in the suffering, and pain, and anguish, and tears, and grief which rend and rack us here below, if there were no Christ, who as God wept at the grave of Lazarus, and in the garden, and who as God died upon the cross, in order that He might know, with us, what it is to suffer.

Then this New Testament is the book which brings us most closely face to face with the fact of death in the midst of human life. It is written from beginning to end in the presence of the plain and awful truth: "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment." The heathen, for the most part, covered up this fact of death, and hid it in flowers as far as they could. And that is the tendency of the world without the Word of God—to hide death, keep it out of the way. But the Christians recognized it, looked it in the eyes, and prepared to meet it, and conquered all its terrors, and transformed it into a joy. By their faith in what? Their faith in the atonement and the resurrection of Jesus Christ their Divine Lord; nothing else. "Through death He overcame him who had the power of death," and opened the gates of heaven to all believers. He lives in glory, interceding for us; He lives, and will answer for every soul that trusts in Him, at the judgment seat. "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." "I have a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better." "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them who are asleep." "When

Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory." Beautiful,

WONDERFUL, CELESTIAL, DELUSION!

Christ is gone; we know not where He is. Jesus descended into the tomb, which He did not conquer; it conquered Him. The stone was not rolled away. He has not ascended unto His Father, and our Father; unto His God, and our God. He has vanished. That is all. Christ is not risen. Yes, "it is appointed to all men once to die"—that is certain—"and after death the judgment"—that is possible. How awful it would be if it were true; for "even as Christ has never been offered to bear the sins of many, so shall He never again appear without sin unto salvation to them that look for Him."

That is Christianity without Christ. That is the only kind of religion which can be preached by those who have ceased to believe in the only begotten Son of God, who was "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, and suffered under Pontius Pilate," and rose from the dead to bring us unto God. This is the best kind of religion that any man here can have until he personally accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as his Divine Saviour. A religion which condemns our sins, but is indifferent to our sorrows, and leaves us to die alone.

Is that the Gospel which rose like a new sunrise on the ancient world? Ah! no; it was something utterly different which the Apostles proclaimed with trumpet voice around the world. It was something utterly different which came like a new current of life and existence into the heart of man, filling it again with warmth, and hope, and joy, and courage. It was the Gospel that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself." It is something utterly different to-day that is ringing and echoing in the teaching of the men whose voice is heard around the world, and who, in whatever language they speak, however simply, however plainly, have power to move the hearts of men. It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the personal Saviour of sinners.

That is the Gospel we need to believe. That is the Gospel we need to understand, and get into our own hearts, that we may be able to preach it. We need to come so close to Christ that we shall touch Him as a person; feel the throb of His heart, and the pulse of His life in our lives; feel that He, the real, living, imperishable Jesus, a personal Being, an Individual, a Man, a God, the Son of God, the Son of Man, the Saviour, the Redeemer,

the Crucified One, the Rescuer of our souls -He is Christianity; He is the Gospel. Then, when we get our feet planted on that Rock, the Divinity of our Saviour Jesus Christ, then the storms of criticism and debate may arise around us in the world, but they cannot move us.

Why the Pastor Resigned.

ES," said the devil to the pastor, "Your church is full of liars." "What!" cried the pastor, indignantly.

"Your church is full of liars," repeated the devil calmly. "Let us see. You have a membership of three hundred."

"Three hundred and fifteen," corrected

the servant of God.

"Three hundred and fifteen. One hundred of them are men. Seventy-five of them business men. All of them when they joined the church, solemnly vowed before their Saviour to support the church services, and to love the life of the church as the apple of the eye.

Isn't that so?"
"It is," replied the pastor, anxiously.
"Now, then," continued the devil, with a sneer, "How many of these members ever go to the church prayer meeting?

"How many?" faltered the man of God.

"Yes, how many?"

A rapid calculation, as his memory called up the appearance of the church's prayer meetings, brought the response.

"About fifteen."

"What!" cried the devil. "Fifteen? Are you sure?" "Maybe it is a little more than usual," was the

stammering reply.

"Well, never mind. Call it fifteen of your seventyfive business men attending the prayer meeting regularly. The rest never come, or very seldom. How many of the women are there?"
"About fifty or sixty," replied the pastor, brightening

up a little.
"Fifty or sixty out of two hundred. Say a possible seventy-five attend prayer meeting regularly out of three hundred and fifteen members. And all of them vowed solemnly to support the church in all its services. I said your church was full of liars. Isn't it true?"

"A good many of the members are so situated that they cannot get out in the evening," groaned the

servant of Christ.

"Did you ever know those members to stay away from a party or a supper if they were invited out that evening?" asked the devil.

The pastor was silent.

"Did you ever have half your church members out to prayer meetings at one time?" asked the devil sneeringly.

The minister smiled faintly. It was too absurd an idea to entertain. The devil continued, remorselessly: "Preacher, your influence is less than mine. I can

get three-fourths of your church members to attend the pleasures of the world, and break their vows on prayer meeting night. Don't you think the church is a failure? Don't you think you had better resign and go into something else?

The pastor covered his face with his hands and

answered never a word.

The next Sunday he handed in his resignation. And

yet his church members were very much surprised. They could not understand why he was discouraged. But the devil knew very well.

For a Pretence.

INNERS are not the only people who play at "Let's pretend." Alas, even Christians play the same game sometimes.

It is surprising how the carnal mind will appropriate Scripture phraseology, while it denies the power thereof. Nowhere is this more seen than in the question of death to sin. We might have thought that such a vigorous expression would not be misunderstood. If death to sin can be made synonymous with the life of sin, we may expect light to be made into darkness, and black into white.

"Let me show you how clever my dog is," said a friend once. A number of tricks were gone through with perfect success, and now we had come to the last one, which was going dead. After a good deal of coaxing the dog was persuaded to lie down motionless on the ground, with its eyes closed (saving a very small corner of one eye), and then my friend said, "There, now, you see he is dead." With my usual mischief I shouted out, "Rats!" and the effect was magical. The dog ran round the room, sniffing at every corner. This was the "dead" dog!

An old American negro has quaintly said:

"Some folks dey thinks dey's mighty dead, But dey's jes' playin' possum; Dey's got it all up in deyr head,

But you jes' only cross 'em!

"Some folks, it sometimes seems to me-And yet, perhaps, it mayn't be— Dey 'pears to say, 'How dead we be; Ain't we nice corpses, ain't we?

"Real dead folks lie as still as def', Dey's done with all deyr tryin'; Dey's got no life, nor strength, nor bref, Dey's dead-not always dyin'."

Dudley Kidd.

The Tangled Skein.

OES thy life appear as a tangled skein. With its purpose marred and crossed, Can the wrong things ne'er be righted again,

Or the time recalled that is lost? Is thy spirit sad with reproaches cast, By a memory cruelly keen?

As it points its hand to a wasted past, And whispers what might have been.

Ah! take to God thy tangled skein, With its threads atwist and crossed; His Hand can make them straight again,

And weave the threads that yet remain, That never a one be lost.

Does the pattern thy life is weaving, Seem a strange and dark design;

With no glitter of gold relieving, Those dusty threads you twine? For the pattern of thine own choosing,

Was bright with its colours gay; And these, by their constant using,

Have long become dim and gray Oh! leave with God thy tangled skein, 'Tis safe in the Master's Hand,

The gold in thy work doth yet remain, It's brightest tints thou shalt find again, Some day in the better land!

L.O.

The Children's Belfry.

uNwabu neNtulo.

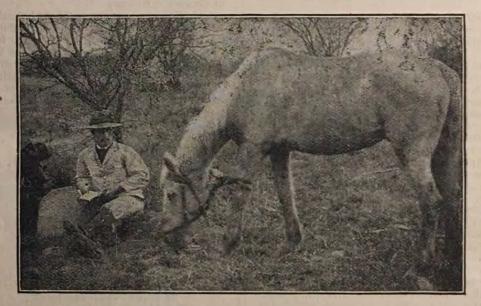
By F. SUTER.

"HAT funny words these are!" you have been saying. What do they mean? You have been trying to pronounce them, and are not at all satisfied with the attempts you have made. And you have come to the conclusion that they are really not English, which is quite right, for they belong to the language of a funny people, called Zulus, or more correctly "Abarguni." The words mean "chameleon and (blue-headed) lizard."

These two reptiles are characters in a

arrived first at the top of the mountain, and delivered its message. By-and-bye the chameleon arrived at the top of the mountain, and called out to the people that they were to live for ever. But the people answered, "We have heard the message of the lizard, and we hold to it."

You will say, how very foolish this is; do the Zulus really believe it? Well, I do not remember ever having referred to it when speaking to them, without their smiling about it. But they really seem to believe it, for the women and girls are very much afraid of a chameleon; and the men always poison one when they see it, by putting snuff in its mouth; it very soon dies, and turns quite



AN ITINERARY MISSIONARY RESTING IN ZULULAND.

curious Zulu story, which you would like to know. I will, therefore, try and tell it to you, as nearly as I can remember, as I had it from one of themselves.

I do not know who the author of this fable is, or how old it is; but it is very old, and is called by the Zulus, "The Story of the Chameleon and the Blue-headed Lizard;" but I would call it, "How People came to die;" and all that the Zulus know about this sad subject is contained in this story.

Here it is. In the beginning uNkulunkulu (God) created tribes, and after a long time he sent a chameleon with a message to the people, that they should live for ever. The chameleon travelled on very slowly, and it came to a tree, up which it climbed. Then uNkulunkulu sent another message to the people by the blue-headed lizard, to the effect that the people were to die. The lizard started off, and soon overtook the chameleon,

black; and their reason for killing it, is, because it delayed with the message of life.

Although the story seems such nonsense, yet it is wonderfully in keeping with what we read in the Bible, for the message of life really did come first, but the message of death soon overtook it, sin having entered into the world. And then when the message of life did come at last (for God did not stop it), the people would not have it. Jesus, who has brought the life, says, "Ye will not come unto Me, that ye might have life." Is this true of you, dear children! Will you not come to Jesus, and have eternal life? Are you choosing death in preference to life? Jesus says, "I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep," and again, "I lay down My life for the sheep." He also says, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish."

"The gift of God is eternal life through Christ Jesus." Will you accept it?

Bells to be Rung.

BY F.E.M.

"ABOVE."

The word "above" is used in three relations in connection with the Christian life. I. It indicates that which is out and beyond everything else, as seen in striking contrast to it, as when we read that Christ has "a name which is above every name" (Phil. ii. 9).

2. The word also refers to that which is to be added to something else, to give completeness to it, and thus supply a want, as when we are told to put "above all" the rest of the spiritual armour, "the shield of faith" (Eph. vi. 16).

3. The word "above" is used when one thing is put in opposition to the other, in order to counteract its influence, as when God in His grace causes His power to energise the believer, so that he overcomes the temptation which assails him.

I purpose taking seven Scriptures to illustrate the above. Three in connection with the first, two in connection with the second, and two in connection with the third.

I. BORN FROM ABOVE. "Except a man be born from above" (margin, John iii. 3). The word anothen is often translated "from above." It is so given in John iii. 31, and James i. 17, iii. 15, 17. To be born from above points out the fact that spiritual life does not come from man, but that it comes from God alone. This divine life has its rise in God (James i. 18), its channel is Christ's Atonement (John xiv. 6), its power is the Holy Spirit (Romans viii. 2), its reception is by faith (John iii. 36), its outcome is holiness of life (1. John iii. 9), its food is the Word of Truth (1. Peter ii. 2), and its consummation is the glory (Col. iii. 4).

ii. 2), and its consummation is the glory (Col. iii. 4).

II. AFFECTION SET ABOVE. "Set your affection (margin, 'mind') on things above" (Col. iii. 2). "After painting the Sistine ceiling, Michael Angelo found that the habit of looking upward, which that long-continued work rendered necessary, made it for some time impossible to read or look carefully at a drawing, except in the same attitude." If our soul's attitude is heavenward, it shall make us view everything from

that standpoint. III. SEEKING THINGS ABOVE. "Seek those things which are above" (Col. iii. 1). The previous Scripture showed the attitude of the spiritual man; this one gives us his pursuit. The right attitude is the pre-requisite in order to pursue. This seeking means hard work, constant attention, earnest endeavour, and patient plod. As the successful scholar keeps at his lessons, as the diligent farmer attends to his land, as the industrious mechanic works at his trade, as the loving mother attends to the household, as the vigilant lighthouse-keeper trims his lamps, as the competent business man commands his trade, and as the skilled weaver plys his loom, so the believer seeks the things which are above, by weaving into his life the grace of love, by having his spirit under the rule of God, by keeping the lamps of His testimony clear, by attending to the means of grace, by labouring with the Lord, by cultivating the habit of prayer, and by learning of Christ in all things.

IV. SHIELD OF FAITH ABOVE. "Above all taking the Shield of Faith" (Eph. vi. 16). Christ is the Shield of Faith. He is so-called because faith takes Him. The word "above" might be rendered "upon," or "over." Thus we might read "over all." The shield covered the whole of the man. The spiritual meaning is, that Christ is taken by faith, as the Interceptor of the fiery darts of the evil one.

V. GARMENT OF LOVE ABOVE. "Above all these things, put on love" (Col. iii. 14, R.V.). Love is the soul's best dress. It is woven in the looms of heaven, dyed with the blood of Christ, and trimmed with the graces of the Spirit. This garment is as warm as the sun, as pure as the snow, as white as light, as lovely as summer, as sweet as honey, as beautiful as Christ, and as holy as God. The wearer of this garment becomes like it.

VI. TEMPTATION TEMPERED. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able" (I. Cor. x. 13). God always fits the burden to the back. The counter-balance of His grace will always outweigh the weight of suffering. The fire of affliction will make us appreciate Christ's presence. The lion's den leads to the senator's seat, as Daniel found. The prison is God's underground way to the palace, as Joseph discovered. The valley of the shadow of death but makes us keep nearer the Shepherd. The thorn in the flesh is the forerunner of Grace's sufficiency.

VII. COUNTER-BALANCE. "Lest I should be exalted above measure" (II. Cor. xii. 7). The ship of the soul needs the ballast of affliction to keep it from toppling over while sailing the sea of life. The kernel of the Christian life must have the hard shell of trial to preserve it; and the oak of the Christian character must have the storm of temptation to test it, that its roots may strike afresh in the soil of God's truth.

The Buoy Bell.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

The waves but make the old bell ring,
The old, old bell of Truth.
Chained to the Rock,
Amid the shock,
As it rang out in youth.
Roll on, ye waves, ye modern tides!
Ye critics, watch and wait!
The old, old bell, the storm outrides,
To warn you of your fate.
Indeed, the storms its old tongue swing,
And make the old bell louder ring.

The waves but make the old bell ring,
Its warning cheery chime!
When trials roll,
Around the soul,
Then is its ringing time.
Amid the tempest and rebuff,
Amid the wildest waves:
Just when life's stormy seas are rough,
'Tis then its music saves.
Indeed, the storms its old tongue swing,
And make the old bell louder ring.

The waves but make the old bell ring!
May it be so with all
Whose stedfast souls,
When all else rolls,
Can on Jehovah call:
Who linked unto the Rock Divine,
Amid the wildest sea,
Beneath the waves of trouble's brine,
Still full of praise can be:
And prove where roughest billows fling,
God's anchored bells the loudest ring.

CHIMES. 184

"I've had Enough of This."



HURRYING, restless crowd; flaring gas jets; strange commingling sounds of the rumble of wheels and brass bands! What a scene of confusion and disquiet! The lights from a publichouse streamed across the pavement; and, standing in their full glare, was a

group of laughing young men; yes, but it was the laughter of fools; that strange, hollow sound, which tells of hearts ill at ease-hardened and seared.

"I've had enough of this; good night," said one of the group, and turning on his heel, he hurried away through the dazzling streets of the city—a great, restless city, one of the largest and most prosperous in America.

Let us follow him, as he rushes along, heedless of the many who turn to gaze after him. He is quite a young man, hardly five-and-twenty, and upon his whole bearing is stamped the impress of that which constitutes a gentleman-worn out, and shabby as his clothes are—yet one glance at the clearly-cut features, and well-shaped head is enough. "I shall never look anything but what I am," he was wont to boast.

On he rushed, until a turn in the street brought him to the less crowded thoroughfares. Pausing for a moment under the shadow of a railway bridge, he lifted his hat to allow the cool night breezes to blow on his fevered brow.

"What a complete and utter fool I have been," he murmured. "Oh, is there no escape for me? Is there no God in heaven to take pity upon such a wretchbah!" with an impatient stamp of his foot, "there is no God." With these words on his lips, and bitter thoughts in his heart of the One who was that moment gazing down upon him with infinite pity and yearning, he strode on until the glaring lights were left behind, and terraces and private dwelling-houses came in view. He stopped for a moment to listen to the strains of music that issued from an open window, and a sweet, girlish voice rang out the old familiar air of "Home, Sweet Home." A rush of memories swept over the young man, and with them came a blinding flood of tears to the eyes, that had long since lost their power to weep. Sitting down on the cold stone door-step, he buried his face in his hands, while great sobs shook his manly frame. "Lord, have pity upon me, and get me away from this hell upon earth," he groaned.

Two weeks later a vessel was ploughing her way through the waves of the Atlantic.

It was a glorious night, myriads of stars shone out from the clear expanse above; and across the deck of the steamer, the soft clear light of the moonbeams fell.

Leaning over the vessel's side, and gazing at the white seething foam, was the young man we last saw in the streets of the great American city.

Dark thoughts crowded into his mind, and bitter remorse for the sins and failures of the past. He was returning to his home a ruined man, penniless, and with a constitution sadly shattered by a life of recklessness and dissipation. Returning, for what? To meet his mother's sad, reproachful eyes; and the sneer and scorn of those who had prophesied for him a life of failure - a blot upon the name of the fine old English family he had dishonoured and disgraced. With an audible oath upon his lips, he turned upon his heel to pace the deck, in the sullen, pre-occupied manner that had already become the subject of remark from his fellow passengers.

A strong, firm hand was laid upon his shoulder, and

a manly voice said, "What good will that oath do you, young man?"

Harry S — turned and faced the one who had thus addressed him, and met the kind, searching look of a pair of earnest grey eyes.

"Come and take a turn with me, I have been wishing

to have a talk with you."

Something in the friendly touch of this man's hand, and the tone of his voice, was wonderfully soothing to the other, and soon they were pacing the deck together.

"You are unhappy," said the stranger, after a few moments' silence, in a quick, firm tone, but full of a

hidden depth of compassion.

"You're about right; I have not known a moment's happiness, well-for years past," Harry answered.

Again another silence; then, stopping in the full light of the moonbeams, the elder man looked searchingly into the face of the younger, and said:

"There is no happiness apart from God, and you

have found that out, haven't you?"

Harry did not answer, and the two walked on again, the former deep in thought. There was something about the very manner of this elder man that touched a chord in the young man's soul, that had been hidden in the innermost recesses of his being, dead and lifeless

"I have long given up the thought that there is a God," he said slowly. "Tell me," he continued, "do you believe He would have mercy on such an ungodly

wretch as myself?"

"Christ died for the ungodly," was the reply. "Look here, my brother, ever since I saw you first, I have had an earnest desire to speak to you about your immortal soul—God wants you. His Son bore the punishment of sins on the cross; He has followed you through all these years of sinning, and now He waits, with infinite love and yearning, to receive you to Himself. Come to Him to-night: lay your load of sin, and remorse, and shame before Him, and as I am a living man, He will receive you, and be gracious unto you.

It was growing late; one by one the passengers had

gone below to retire for the night.

Earnestly he pleaded with the young man, till new light dawned into Harry's soul. He saw himself as one whom Jesus came to seek and to save, and from the depths of his misery he cried to God to save him. Ere another hour had rolled away, a soul had passed from death unto life. On the waters of the broad Atlantic, and beneath the light of God's stars, Harry S-- gave himself to God; and that night there was joy in heaven.

The lingering rays of sunlight fell upon the peaceful little village of B

As he passed quickly down the lane, many an enquiring look was directed after him, but no one recognized in the bearded, sun-burnt man, the fairhaired lad who had so suddenly disappeared from amongst them. Harry remembered many of their honest faces, but his heart was too full for greetings or recognitions. By-and-bye he would tell them all about himself, just now he must hurry on to her, the mother who had loved him, and wept over him in the old days. He did not even know if she still lived, and he could not trust himself to ask after her. He had seen his father's death in a paper he had once casually taken up, but of the fond, sweet mother, he knew

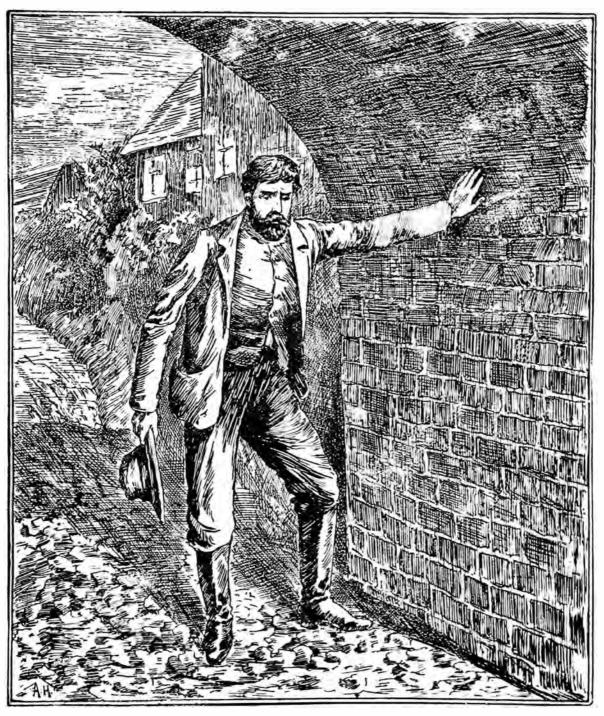
nothing.

Rapidly he strode on until he came in sight of the old house. There it stood, with its gabled roof and He did not enter the big iron many chimneys. gates for fear of recognition, but remembering a side entrance he made his way towards it, and was soon within the precincts of the dear home of his childhood.

There was no one about as he crossed the lawn, and came close up to the old-fashioned bay windows. He paused, and looked eagerly in with bated breath and beating heart. This was his mother's room, the pretty sitting room she called her own-and she-could she

Harry saw her start as he entered, but the next moment she was in his arms clinging about his neck. She had recognized the voice of her boy, as in broken accents he had called her, "Mother"
"Can you forgive me," was all he said, again and

"Forgive you, my boy?" she echoed; "my poor



be there? Yes. With eager eyes Harry gazed at a figure seated in a low arm chair; her back was turned to him, but he knew her in a moment, and his heart

went up to God in solemn deep thanksgiving.
Passing round the house, he entered the hall door, and quickly made for the little room where she sat, all unconscious of the joy that awaited her. misguided boy, I have nothing to forgive."

Harry sat down, and placed a chair for her beside him.

"I want to tell you," he said, in a voice trembling with emotion, but full of a new joy, "what great things God has done for me."

The poor mother started, and clasped his hand in

186 CHIMES.

hers. "Harry, are you come to tell me you have found Him? Has God answered my prayers at last?"

"It is so, indeed, mother; but I have lived a terrible life since I saw you," and he shuddered at the recollection, "a life of the wildest recklessness and sin. I joined a party of sinful fellows out there, and they led me on from bad to worse, until I in turn became the ringleader. Then, as I thought of my sin, I felt I had gone too far for mercy to reach me. It was then that God directed me homeward, and on board ship He saved my soul;" and Harry told her what the reader already knows.

Who can describe the deep joy and thankfulness of the mother's heart as she heard the story, and gazed with love at her boy, whom she had thought of unceasingly, and prayed over for ten long weary years?

-Grace and Truth.

The Recipe.

BY "J. DALE RIVERS."



ATURALLY, Mr. Black had "leaped the six-barred gate," and was fast—how much shorter each year appears—approaching the seventh, the allotted span of three-score years and ten.

Spiritually, he had only seen six brief months fade away; and he was a mere bantling in Christ.

Jack and he had been to St. Peter's Chapel. The topic of the pastor's address on that morning was, "God so loved the world." The universality of the love of God was so enlarged upon, that between adjectives and eloquence, the Rev. A. Blank, M.A., by stargazing, lost sight of his flock, and he saw dimly only worlds upon worlds, evolving and revolving in space. The mechanism of the clock in the gallery made it chime twelve, and the worthy and wordy pastor came back to earth, had another vision of his audience, and forgot the mechanics of the heavens.

"It is nice to think God loves the whole world, but it is much nicer to realise Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him," said Jack, as they together journeyed homeward.

"Yes, it is," drawled Mr. Black, but he was wool-gathering, and Jack's remarks were answered by courtesy, and not by his old friend.

With Mr. Black the past was present. Yes, though he walked in the street, he still sat in his own cosy chair at the breakfast table, and in thought, he re-read a letter received that morning, which was as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—The enclosed, sealed and addressed, was found among the papers of my deceased uncle, Mr. James Anderson, late of 94, Lord Nelson Street. By some inexplicable means the envelope was overlooked,

which accounts for the delay. He left word that it was to be forwarded, per post, to you. I am,

Yours faithfully, T. W. Anderson."

The "sealed and addressed," contained a single sheet of paper, upon which were these words:

"'Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep

himself unspotted from the world.'

"If the former portion of the above is taken by a Christian in regular doses, it will perfectly cure him of spiritual dumps, worldlymindedness, laying up treasure on earth, selfease, self-glorification, and self-seeking. Or any other malady which the spirit, while in the flesh, is heir to.

"Further, 'unspotted from the world' is undoubtedly an indication that the foregoing prescription has been faithfully adhered to."

It was a remarkable coincidence. Nay! it was a God-given incident, that Mr. Anderson's epistle should have been detained, and delivered at so opportune a time. For Mr. Black had run the whole gamut of religious effort, and the re-action had set in.

He knew there was no hope for the man who is satisfied, and he had tested often, difficulties are to be climbed over, not mourned over.

Still, perseverance in the ordinary every day routine of Christian work, without seeing any tangible results accruing from his labours,

somewhat discouraged him.

He found soul saving was not like money saving. The latter only required close application, and shrewd common sense, to produce at least a modicum of the desired, while the former needed Divine power to sanctify the common sense, direct the effort, bless and lead the close application, and give faith in the unseen God to trust Him for unseen fruit.

"Good-bye," said Jack, and Mr. Black went in to dinner.

During the meal, he meditated upon the old sailor's recipe. He became so engrossed in it, that if his faithful servant had not prompted him, Mr. Black would have dined off the cold collation of good advice.

Mr. Black was a moment man. While others were considering, he stepped in and completed the transaction. "There is widow Light, I

will go and visit her," he said.

She lived in the lower part of a two-story house. As Mr. Black pushed open the door of her room, he saw her seated in a big cushioned chair, her elbows rested on the old Bible, and her face was covered with both hands.

"Father, it has pleased Thee to take Sam Light home; it is very dark and lonely here without him. The vacant chair has a sad voice, even when it speaks of a filled seat in the eternal home. The house is empty, and my heart and eyes are so full. My ears long for the music of his asthmatic cough; also the air is so clear of tobacco smoke that I cannot breathe. When present, he was never in the way; but when absent, he is always in the way. I know he is at rest; but his rest has made my unrest. I am only a lonely widow. Alas! A widow is very lonely indeed. Help me to see, that though a loss is often a cross, a cross is never a loss. Fifty years we lived together; not fifty days have we been parted, but these days have been the longest and saddest years I have ever known. Oh! my God, in my loneliness send some downcast heart that I may comfort that one, and in being a comfort, be comforted," cried widow Light, in a shrill major key, so often used by persons who are partly deaf.

"'Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear,"

replied Mr. Black.

The white head still rested on the outspread hands; though he could not see the lips, he knew they moved, but there was no sound.

"' More things are wrought by prayer Than the world dreams of,"

Was the couplet which flashed into Mr. Black's mind, as he, with eyes full of tears, beheld the bent figure in her sadness.

"Good afternoon," shouted Mr. Black. She raised her head, looked somewhat dazed at him, and said, "God sent."

"How is Jesus Christ using you," said widow Light to Mr. Black, who was snugly seated in the big arm chair near the fire.

Mr. Black for the nonce was completely nonplussed by the nature of the question. For he was so accustomed to hear Christians use the familiar phrase, "How is the world using you." The expression wasnew, thoughtful, and also a full thought.

"Not using me, I am afraid, for I cannot see any fruit for my labours," answered Mr.

Black.

"'It is the old, old story. If you mean to accomplish any true work, you must be prepared to suffer," replied Mrs. Light.

"God, the great Husbandman, only knows the proper reaping time. We are to exercise faith in Him, and continue sowing the Gospel seed. For He uses many workers to garner a single soul into the Heavenly Granary; but each will rejoice at the greatest of all harvest festivals. Don't be faint-hearted, for 'ye shall reap in due time if ye faint not,'" continued the old lady.

Mr. Black, though convinced and converted to her way of seeing things, still doubted.

"Work done by fits and starts always demonstrates weakness. Alas! alas! how many I have seen start well, and run splendidly for awhile, then they eased up, and afterwards ran so slowly that mark-time which is impossible in the Christian pilgrimage —to them was a forward movement. Paul started badly, but finished well. Judas did the reverse. How many formal Christians there are to day. They say they are saved from hell, but it is the only thing they are saved from. Their tongues are not saved from evil speaking, or even telling lies; their feet are not saved from treading in known forbidden paths; their hands are not saved from dirty actions; the quintessence of their thoughts—as manifested in their lives—is not saved from foulness; their eyes are not saved to Him, nor saved from the dark object lessons which eat into the soul as does a canker in the body. God knows best! But if they are saved from hell, there is a lot of what is devilish about them," said widow Light.

Then she gave Mr. Black a prolonged account of her lengthened Christian experience, and wound up as follows:—"All work for God must be done in love, out of love for Him. There must be success in the closet, before there can be success in the home, or the world. The Christian who cannot find Christian work in the home, will not find it elsewhere."

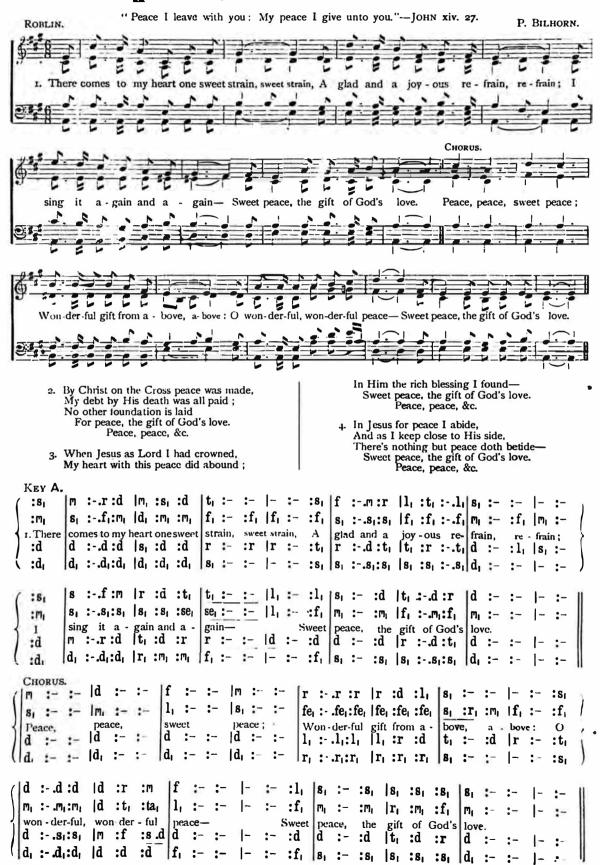
Since that day, Mr. Black has often found, that the visitation of the "widows in their affliction" has meant sanctification to himself.

REALITY.

HOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth would'st teach.
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul would'st reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts Shall the world's famine feed; Speak truly, and each word of thine Shall be a fruitful seed; Live truly, and thy life shall be A great and noble creed.

Sweet Peace, the Bift of God's Love.





without saying it, that his teaching was immoral, for anything which is immoral in its issue, is immoral in itself. Christ's own Word is sure and simple, for He declares the wrath of God abideth upon him that believeth not (John iii. 36).

He said: while the men said,

THOMAS COLVY once said to Thomas GIVE FULL Champness, "If the Lord intends you VALUE. to be half-a-crown, and you are only a shilling, you are robbing Him of eighteenpence." How many of God's saints are giving Him full value for all the love and grace He has given?

A PERSON who was walking through a HARD ON park, saw nailed to one of the trees:—
THE DOGS. "All dogs found in this park will be shot."

A friend who was with him said, "Unless dogs can

read, they are pretty badly off here."

Yet I think there is someone who is worse off than the unsuspecting dogs, and that is a Christian who does not know the devices of Satan. Every believer in Christ, in some measure, should be able to say with the Apostle Paul, "We are not ignorant of his devices."

SIR JOHN HUTTON once declared that DRINK out of every £5 spent in the public-GETS MOST. house, one-tenth only goes in labour. Out of £5 spent in buying dress material, articles of furniture, and various other useful things, the average spent in labour is something like £3 10s.

A TEACHER was explaining to her HOW TO DO class the words concerning God's GOD'S WILL. angels, "Ministers of His who do His pleasure," and asked, "How do the angels carry out God's will?"

Many answers followed.

One said, "They do it directly."
Another, "They do it with all their heart."

A third, "They do it well."

And after a pause a quiet little girl added, "They do it without asking any questions.

HOW TO USE YOUR BIBLE.

IF you are impatient, sit down quietly and talk with Job.

If you are just a little strongheaded, go and see Moses.

If you are getting weak-kneed, take a good look at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

If you are a policy man, read Daniel.

If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah. If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put bis arms around you.

If your faith is below par, read Paul.

If you are getting lazy, watch James. If you are losing sight of the future, climb up the stairs of Revelation, and get a glimpse of the promised

MY TASK."

WHEN Stanley found Livingstone "I MUST FINISH in the heart of Africa, he begged the old hero to go home. There seemed to be every reason why

he should go back to England. His wife was dead, his children lived in England, the weight of years was pressing upon him, the shortest march wearied him, he was often compelled to halt many days to recover strength after his frequent attacks of prostrating illness. Moreover, he was destitute of men and means to enable him to make practical progress. But, like Paul, none of these things moved him; nor counted he his life dear to himself. "No, no," he said to Stanley; "to be knighted, as you say, by the Queen, welcomed by thousands of admirers, yes—but impossible. It must not, can not, will not be. I must finish my task." Thus should it ever be with the servant of Christ. Worldly honour, selfish interests, and popular applause should not have any influence over him, but like his Lord, he should be able to say, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.'

DOWNGRADEISM. A LEADING Canadian weekly makes the following indignant observations on a bazaar held

in aid of a church in that country:-" A Hamilton paper has a news paragraph recording a high tea and bazaar recently held on behalf of a church in that city. One of the most interesting numbers on the programme was a skirt dance. The performer is said to have danced most gracefully, and to have received a double encore. And this is for the glory of God and the building up of His Church! Does immodesty, does worldliness, receive consecration if only they be employed on behalf of the Church? God forbid! Skirt-dancing is not at any time among the things that make for righteousness. What must we think of its employment for the alleged promotion of the king-dom of the righteous God? God's blessing cannot rest on ungodly methods. And the sooner congrega-tions recognise this fact the better for them."

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT, the well-known PURITY(?) ON dramatic critic, says: -" It is nearly THE STAGE, impossible for a woman to remain

pure who adopts the stage as a profession. Everything is against her. The freedom of life, of speech, of gesture, which is the rule behind the curtain, renders it almost impossible for a woman to preserve that simplicity of manner which is, after all, her greatest charm. But what is infinitely more to be deplored is, that a woman who endeavours to keep her purity is, almost of necessity foredoomed to failure in her career. It is an awful thing to say, and it is still more terrible that it is true."

IF we are to credit the annals of the A DEADLY Russian Empire, there once existed a DEGORATION, noble order of merit, which was greatly coveted by the princes and

noblesse. It was, however, conferred only on the peculiar favourites of the Czar, or on the distinguished heroes of the kingdom. But another class shared in this honour in a very questionable form. Those nobles or favourites who either became a burden to the Czar, or who stood in his way, received this decoration only to die. The pin point was tipped with poison; and when the order was being fastened on the breast by the Imperial messenger, the flesh of the person was "accidentally" pricked. The consequences were fatal, as next morning the individual so highly honoured with Imperial favour was found dead in bed. Thus Satan offered to confer a brilliant decoration upon Adam and Eve: "Ye shall be as gods." It was poisoned: "The wages of sin is death."

PRAYER.

THE quaint and telling figures of speech A POINTED used by many coloured people, when full of the Holy Spirit, are often as instructive and impressive as they are

humorous. Here is an instance that may provoke a laugh, but it ought also to suggest a solemn inquiry.

A white minister, after conducting services at a coloured church, asked an old deacon to lead in prayer. The brother in black offered a fervent appeal for the white brother, and said, "O Lord, gib him de eye ob de eagle det he spy out sins afar off. Put his hands to de Gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de line ob truth. Nail his ear to de Gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees, and his knees way down in some lonesome, dark, and narrer valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made. 'Noint him wid de kerosene ile of salvashon, and sot him on fire."

"Behind the Pardah."*

OW few of us really realise the degradation and misery of a country given over to idolatry and superstition, or the difficulties and discouragements which those who are working for the Lord in the "regions beyond" have to encounter.

Miss Irene H. Barnes, in her book Behind the Pardah, as we may imagine from the title, deals more particularly with the women of India, and the veil of seclusion behind which they are usually hidden, is for a brief space uplifted, that we may realise in some small degree their position and misery. We cannot do better than see in Miss Barnes's own words what she has to say on the subject.

"Pretty and winsome though she may be, an Indian baby-girl receives as cold a welcome as her Chinese. infant-sister. Absolutely unwanted by either father or mother, in numberless cases the frail little body is allowed to pass away, and the parents thus easily set themselves free from the burden of expense inseparable

from the gift of a daughter.

"The shadow of a double curse is projected over a Hindu woman's life, from its first moment to its close. A girl-child's birth is accounted for, by the idea of a double sin and disgrace. The child's father is receiving the fate of some ill done in a previous birth, or the gods would have given him a son.

"If a girl is born after her brother's death, or if soon after her birth a boy in the family dies, she is in either case regarded by her parents as the cause of the boy's death. She is then constantly called by some unpleasant name, slighted, beaten, cursed, persecuted,



and despised by all. Her father or mother will actually exclaim against the innocent child in such words as these: 'Wretched girl, why did'st thou not die instead of our darling boy? Why did'st thou crowd him out of the house by coming to us? It would have been good for all of us if thou had'st died, and thy brother lived?'

Poor little unwanted, uncared - for morsels of humanity! As we think of the bonny, bright little girls in some of our English homes, whose comfort is studied in every imaginable way, and whose parents think no trouble or sacrifice too great, if only their little ones of either sex may be spared pain and trouble-does it not make our hearts bleed to think of our poor, unfortunate little sisters? We hail the appearance of such a book as Miss Barnes's, that the existing state of affairs may be fully revealed, and we as Christians may have no excuse for shirking our



responsibilities with regard to our unfortunate neighbours. Let us take one or two more extracts from the book.

"But on the whole, everywhere throughout India, childhood is the hey-day of a Hindu woman's life. Free to go in and out as she pleases; the days are spent in complete, and often joyous, liberty.

Published by Marshall Brothers, Keswick House, Paternoster Row, London. Price 3s.6d.

"But suddenly the ban of marriage is pronounced, and a yoke is put upon the innocent child's neck for

ever.
"The child-bride does not enter her husband's house to be the head of a new home, but rather comes into her father-in-law's household to take the humblest



position in the family. Breaking the girl's spirit is the first discipline she undergoes. She must never talk or laugh loudly, must never speak before or to the father and elder brother-in-law, or any other distant male relatives of her husband, unless commanded to do so.

"The mothers-in-law employ their daughters in all kinds of domestic work. These children of nine or ten years find it irksome to work hard all day long without the hope of hearing a word of praise, and



probably, for some slight unintentional fault, receiving a torrent of abuse. Some of the older women are kind and affectionate to their daughters-in-law, but the majority, having been the victims of merciless treatment in their childhood, become hard-hearted, and are

ready to beat and slander the young girls on the slightest provocation.

Throughout India, except in the North-Western provinces, Hindu women are put to the severest trial imaginable after the husband's death.

"The treatment of a widow varies in different families; yet always, by her dress and food, she is constantly reminded that she is under the curse of the . There is scarcely a day of her life that she is not cursed by the relatives of her husband as the cause of his death.'

The book is deeply interesting, and, what is still better, instructive, and we heartily wish Miss Barnes and the C.E.Z.M.S. God-speed in the good work they are doing. We are convinced that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only lever to uplift the poor Hindus from the degradation and superstition in which they are sunk, and are sure that Miss Barnes's book, Behind the Pardah, will be appreciated by all those who love the

Damaris.

A Sermon in Rhyme.

F you have a friend worth loving, Love him; Yes! and let him know That you love him, ere life's evening Tinge his brow with sunset glow. Why should good words ne'er be said Of a friend, till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you, Sung by any child of song, Praise it. Do not let the singer Wait deservèd praises long. Why should one who thrills your heart, Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you By its humble, pleading tone, Join it. Do not let the seeker, Bow before his God alone. Why should not your brother share The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see hot tears falling From a brother's eyes, Share them; and, by sharing, Own your kinship with the skies. Why should anyone be glad, When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling Through the sunshine on his face, Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying: For both grief and joy a place. There's health and goodness in the mirth, In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy By a friendly, helping hand, Say so. Speak out brave and truly, Ere the darkness veil the land. Should a brother workman dear Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus, your deeds of kindness, All enriching as you go-Leave them; trust the Harvest-Giver; He will make the seed to grow. So, until its happy end, Your life shall never lack a friend.

D. W. H.

Chips by Diakonas.

Passion moves more than compassion.

A sunny temper knows bright days.

The old man is too often seen in young men.

To sit on self, is to make a stand for God.

The labour of love begets the love of labour.

Fret-work is responsible for many a cross saw.

Many are convinced, who are never converted.

A grain of pride can get one a peck of trouble.

By throwing the dice many have lost Paradise.

"A poet is born," but a preacher must be born again.

The only rational dress is the robe of righteousness.

"Man's chief end," but not his chief aim, is to glorify God.

It is preferable to faint in the fight, than feint with the fight.

The strongest tea is "sincerity," and the weakest "duplicity."

The best preparation for speaking for Jesus is speaking with Jesus.

Forbearing and not overbearing demonstrates a true Christian.

By a single known sin, the narrow path becomes the troubled path.

A Christian with a close fist cannot keep his eyes open for his Master.

At Rome, Nero on the throne was a failure, and Paul in the dungeon a success.

The heart of Jesus had to break before the heart of the two disciples could burn.

Christ never lost a true follower, but, thank God, this cannot be said of the devil.

Rowing is a good chest-expander, and loving, a grand heart and soul-expander.

To me, "Jesus wept," is the shortest, longest, and deepest tert in the Bible.

Remember, young man, that there is nought (o) between "loose" and "lose."

BETHESDA RECORD.

The subject of Pastor F. E. Marsh's addresses on Sunday evenings in February, in Bethesda Free Chapel, Tatham Street, at 6.30, will (D.v.) be—

Feb. 6.—
, 13.—
, 20.—
of Scripture."

LECTURES ON RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

The Pastor will (D.V.) deliver three lectures on the above subject on Thursdays, February 3, 10, and 17, at 7.15 p.m. The lectures will be illustrated with about 50 limelight views each evening. There will be special boxes at the doors for contributions to meet expenses.

These Lectures will be educative and interesting, as showing what our fathers had to suffer that we might enjoy our present religious liberty. The lectures are intended to be stimulative, that we may be encouraged to contend for further liberty, for there are things which Free Churchmen have to endure now, which are a dishonour to the Established Church, and a disgrace to the Legislature.

The titles of the Lectures are:-

Feb. 3—"The History of the Struggle for Religious Liberty."

Feb.10—"From Freedom to Bondage."

Feb. 17—"The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers."

MISSIONARY ADDRESS.

Mr. W. Summers, who has recently returned from Egypt, will give a special address on the Lord's work in that land, on Thursday, February 24th, at 7.15 p.m. Special boxes at the doors for contributions towards the North Africa Mission.

"FIVE HUNDRED BIBLE READINGS."

The Pastor's new book is now ready, and he will be glad if friends will kindly purchase copies. The published price is 6s., but copies may be obtained from the author at 4s. 6d. per copy. Will friends also help the Pastor by giving him contributions, so that he may send copies to poor ministers, and missionaries abroad. One friend has already sent a copy to a poor minister, much to his delight. 4s. 6d. will send a copy of the book to missionaries and others.

Mrs. W. P., 10/-; Mr. S. M., 10/-; Greta, 5/-; Miss D., 5/-; M. D., 4/6; A Friend, 4/6.

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF CHIMES.

November, 1897: Mrs. C., 1/-; Miss L., 1/-; Mr. P., 10d. December, 1897: Mr. B., 10/-; Mr. R., 2/-; Mrs. C., 1/-; Miss L., 1/-; Mr. K, 1/-; Mr. P., 10d.; Miss D., 6d.