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THE TRIUMPHS OF PROTESTANTISM.

Many of our readers will be greatly surprised, as we confess we have been, in the facts presented by Dr. Dorchester, of Boston, in regard to the marvellous progress of our common Christianity throughout the world. For no part of it will the reader be more thankful than for that part of it which reveals the triumph of Evangelical Christianity in the United States. The figures here given are only a small part of the tables which are to appear in Dr. Dorchester's book, "The Problem of Religious Progress," to be issued by the Methodist Book Concern early in June. The growth of Protestantism is something marvellous.

He gives the population of the earth at 1 billion 437 millions in 1870. It took centuries for Christianity to gain a nominal adherence of 50 millions, and five more centuries to gain 50 millions more; but starting with the year 1500 at 100 millions, in three centuries more, the gain was 100 millions. Since 1800 the gain has been greater than the previous eighteen centuries, and now reaches the high figures of 410,000,000. Of this increase in nominal Christianity, the population under Christian governments was as follows:—

Date.	Roman Cath.	Greek Church.	Protestant.
1500	80,000,000	20,000,000	10,000,000
1600	110,000,000	25,000,000	15,000,000
1700	140,000,000	30,000,000	20,000,000
1800	180,000,000	35,000,000	25,000,000

Since 1830, Romanism has increased 80 per cent., the Greek Church 26 per cent., and Protestantism 170 per cent. At the opening of the last century only 155 millions of the earth's population was under Christian government; now 685 millions of people are under her sway, or nearly half the population of the globe. In the year 1700 the population under Roman Catholic government was 90 millions. In 1870 it had doubled, and numbered 180 millions. The Greek Church in the same time increased from 23 to 36 millions. In 1700 there were 23 millions under Protestant rule, while in 1870 there were 408 millions—more than 12 fold increase. Romanism has added 90 millions, and Protestantism 376 millions—or, four times as much as the gain of Romanism. Since 1830 Romanism added 43 millions to her civil sway, and Protestantism 215 millions. The world's future is in the hands of Protestantism. "The acquisition of foreign territory by Great Britain," says Mackenzie, "is without a parallel in the history of the human family. She now bears rule over one-third of the surface of the globe, and one-fourth of its population."

Whittier's almanac gives the English-speaking people at 81 millions, and divides them as follows:—Episcopalians, 18,000,000; Methodists, 14,250,000; Presbyterians, 10,250,000; Baptists, 8,000,000; Congregationalists, 6,000,000; Unitarians, 1,000,000; minor sects, 1,500,000; total, 59,000,000. Roman Catholics, 18,500,000; no particular religion, 8,500,000; aggregate, 81,000,000. Now over 90 millions. In 1800 the English-speaking population did not exceed 24 millions, of whom 5½ millions were Roman Catholics, 4½ millions no particular religion, and 14 millions Protestants. According to these calculations, the Roman Catholic has increased 8 millions, the non-Christian 8½ millions, and the Protestant 45 millions, and all this in 80 years.

The growth of the religious bodies of this country during the present century is given as follows:—

	Population.	Protestants.
1800	4,300,000	240,000
1850	23,000,000	3,500,000
1870	35,000,000	6,000,000
1880	50,000,000	10,000,000

While our population has increased a little less than ten times, Protestantism has increased over twenty times. In 1800 there was one evangelical Christian in the United States to every fourteen and a half of population; in 1880 it is one to every five. Since 1850, a period of unprecedented immigration, largely of people unfriendly to Protestantism, the population has increased 112 per cent., and Protestantism 186 per cent.

In the first fifty years of this country the increase was 3,165,000, while in the next twenty years it was nearly equal to the first fifty; and in the ten years from 1870 to 1880, was more than for the first fifty. Romanism has increased relatively as follows. It must be remembered that its statistics give population, not communicants. Now, it has been customary to allow 4 in population for each communicant, but allowing only 2½, we have the following comparative results:—

	Roman Catholic Pop.	Evangelical Pop.
1800	1,614,000	12,300,000
1850	4,600,000	23,000,000
1880	18,500,000	25,000,000

Thus it is shown that evangelical Christianity has increased over five times more rapidly than Roman Catholicism. In the matter of morals and spirituality there

has been equal progress in the last fifty years.

As to vital godliness, the Church of to-day will compare very favorably with the Church then. Slavery has been abolished, the temperance cause has made wonderful progress, dead churches have been quickened with new life, and are aggressive for God. "The little stone cut out of the mountain without hands," is rolling on, and gaining in marvellous power in the whole earth. There is no cause for discouragement, but great thanksgiving and increased consecration to the service of God in evangelizing the nations.—*North-Western Christian Advocate.*

HOPEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

At the late session of the Victoria and Tasmania Wesleyan Conference (Australia), a communication was received from a leading Primitive Methodist minister, deploring the great waste of power through the existence of several Methodist churches in sparsely settled parts of the colony, and suggesting that the two bodies (the Wesleyans and the Primitives) take measures for the abatement of this evil. The proposition was favorably entertained, and a committee was named to confer with like committees from the Primitive Methodists. These movements are, of course, as yet only initiatory and tentative, and they point in the right direction, but it may be hoped that they will lead to valuable practical results.

We can not see this whole matter as both hopeful and suggestive: the former because it contemplates the removal of a great evil, which needs only to be looked at, in order to be appreciated, and whose removal is easily practicable, if earnestly and wisely taken in hand. The division of Methodism in new and sparsely settled regions, or in foreign missionary fields, into distinct and independent organizations, each with its appliances and working-machinery, is certainly neither a wise nor a necessary arrangement; and now that the unity of Methodism, in all its divisions, is beginning to be practically and somewhat ostentatiously proclaimed, it may be hoped that its kindred drops may be allowed to come together in all such cases.

We speak of the movement as suggestive, because its reasoning and implications extend to not a few other localities and circumstances, where the same evils of the unnecessary divisions of the forces of Methodism are doing harm. We have specially in view the foreign mission fields some of which are occupied by a plurality of Methodist missions, all sustained from abroad, and each entirely independent of the others—the two or more having their stations in the same towns or districts. In Germany, there are three kinds of Methodists—two American and one British—each organically distinct and operating irrespective of the others. In Italy, both the British Wesleyan and our own church have each a considerable number of missions—ours being the younger and as yet the less numerous, but both having a network of appointments all over the kingdom. In India the British Wesleyans have been at work ever since the famous enterprise of Dr. Coke, whose death occurred while on a voyage to that country. Our Church also entered that country much more recently, and has become firmly rooted in its soil; and though at first it was attempted to have the two missions occupy different portions, it is now a fact that the churches of the two orders are within a few minutes' walk of each other. Japan and China present a similar state of things, and Mexico has two kinds of American Methodists.

That this state of things is just the best possible, will scarcely be claimed by anybody. At first the independence of each mission was quite natural—perhaps necessary—but with their increase till they must needs become organized ecclesiastical bodies, the evils of these divisions and segregations show themselves and call for new adjustments. It may be hoped that among the results of the recognition of the essential unity of Methodism in all its subdivisions, will be the removal of this great evil, and undividing display of the want of real unity among us.

It is a condition of organic church-life that it shall have respect to national and governmental distribution of peoples. When America became an independent nation, it was deemed expedient, on all hands, that its Methodism should be organically separated from that of Great Britain; and when American Methodism had reached ever into Canada, and had there grown into an organized body, its separation from the parent stock was seen to be inevitable, and time has shown that it was also expedient. So should all Methodist Missions, in foreign fields, as fast as they develop into ecclesiastical units, be separated from the parent stock, so as to become individualized and autonomous. The Methodisms of Germany, of Italy, of India, of China, of Japan, of Mexico, should each become, not overgrown appendages, existing as foreign dependencies, but local, national, home churches combining into one, in each case, all the isolated and fragmentary organizations, which must continue separate so long as they belong to the foreign churches—British or American—by which they were originally instituted as missions. Any tendency to con-

solidation among the various Methodist sects in foreign fields will, therefore, necessitate the complete severance of all the bodies, so to be united, from their parent stocks; and what thus seems to be a condition made necessary by the necessity for the consolidation of fragmentary Methodism of these countries, is, no doubt, equally desirable for its own sake. There is a period, in all animal existence, when the nascent individual shall live simply by the life of the parent; there is also a time when this must cease, in order to the further growth and development of the new individual. The same law applies to religious organisms, and the time for its accomplishment in some of our foreign missions has very evidently fully come. To delay its consummation will work harm—possibly death.—*The Methodist.*

ARCHAISMS IN THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

Prof. Fisher, of Yale, contributes a scholarly and thorough review of "The Revised New Testament" to the *June Scribner*, enumerating all the important changes, and on the whole commending the conscientious and careful work of the revisers, although he takes exception in some minor instances. After giving several examples of the changes made by the committee, he writes as follows:—

"The authors of the New Revision, had they undertaken to exclude all archaisms, would have been obliged to go farther in modifying the tone of the received version, than was necessary or desirable. They have wisely decided to retain such as are perfectly intelligible, and cannot be dropped without displacing, in some degree, the atmosphere that invests the ancient translation. There is no objection to saying that Joseph 'minded to put her away privily' (Matt. i. 19). Every one sees the meaning of 'minded,' at a glance, without reflection. In some instances, however, archaic forms have been retained, which are less agreeable, and which might have been spared without the least harm. Why was it necessary to retain the word, 'bewrayeth,'—'Thy speech bewrayeth thee' (Matt. xxvi. 7)? The difference between this word and 'betrayeth,' if there be any difference, readers will not discern. In the Lord's Prayer, why do we still read, 'which art in heaven,' for 'who art in heaven'? It appears that the retention of 'which' is due to the English branch of the board of revisers. It is a remarkable fact that the English company, with the uprightness which belongs to the character of true scholars, and with a genuine English boldness in a matter where truth is at stake, do not hesitate to alter the form of the Lord's prayer, by substituting 'as we have forgiven' for 'as we forgive,' and 'deliver us from the evil one,' in the room of 'deliver us from evil,'—it is remarkable, we say, that the same scholars should cling to the old 'which' for the more modern and more grammatical 'who.' Fearless in revising the Greek text, to make it accord with the demands of truth, they are excessively cautious about modifying the English phrases which represent it. Owing to the same mood of feeling, they hold on to 'whiles'—'whiles thou art in the way with him'—(Matt. v. 25), as if 'while' in the room of it were not harmless, and a better word for the modern ear. If it be asked why 'which' is kept in the Lord's Prayer, and 'whiles' in the Sermon on the Mount, the solution must be found in that tenacious conservatism in minor things which belongs, in unison with a courageous spirit of progress, to the English mind, and is discerned in many phenomena of English life. Why do the boys in the great school at Winchester still eat their supper off wooden plates? Why do the lawyers and judges still lead their heads with ponderous wigs? When such questions are answered, the reason will, perhaps, be found why the giving up of dear old 'which' and 'whiles' is a thing not to be thought of."

THE BABYLONIAN EMPIRE.

In its general character the Babylonian Empire was little more than a reproduction of the Assyrian. The same loose organization of the provinces under native kings, rather than satraps, almost universally prevailed, with the same duties on the part of suzerain and subjects, and the same result of ever recurring revolt and re-conquest. Similar means were employed under both empires to check and discourage rebellion—multitudes and executions of chiefs, pillage of the rebellious region, and wholesale deportation of its population. Babylon, equally with Assyria, failed to win the affection of the subject nations, and, as a natural result, received no help from them in her hour of need. Her system was to exhaust and oppress the conquered races for the supposed benefit of the conquerors, and to impoverish the provinces for the adornment and enrichment of the capital. The wisest of her monarchs thought it enough to construct works of public utility in Babylonia Proper, leaving the dependent countries to themselves, and doing nothing to develop their resources. This selfish system was, like most selfishness, shortsighted; it alienated those whom it would have been true policy to conciliate and win. When the time of peril came, the

subject nations were no source of strength to the menaced empire; on the contrary, it would seem that some even turned against her, and made common cause with the assailants. Babylonian civilization differed in many respects from the Assyrian, to which, however, it approached more nearly than to any other known type. Its advantages over Assyrian were in its greater originality, its superior literary character, and comparative wealth and flexibility. Babylonia seems to have been the source from which Assyria drew her learning, such as it was, her architecture, the main ideas of her nomenclature, her religious notions, her legal forms, and a vast number of her customs and usages. But Babylonia herself, so far as we know, drew her stores from no foreign country. Hers was apparently the genius which excoctated an alphabet, worked out the simple problems of arithmetic, invented instruments for measuring the lapse of time, conceived the idea of raising enormous structures with the poorest of all materials—clay, discovered the art of polishing, boring, and engraving gems, reproduced with truthfulness the outlines of human and animal forms, attained to high perfection in textile fabrics, studied with success the motions of the heavenly bodies, conceived of grammar as a science, elaborated a system of law, saw the value of an exact chronology—in almost every branch of science made a beginning, thus rendering it comparatively easy for other nations to proceed with the superstructure. To Babylonia, far more than to Egypt, we owe the art and learning of the Greeks. It was from the East not from Egypt, that Greece derived her architecture, her sculpture, her science, her philosophy, her mathematical knowledge—in a word, her intellectual life. And Babylon was the source from which the entire stream of Eastern civilization may be traced. It is scarcely too much to say that but for Babylon real civilization might not even yet have dawned upon the earth. Mankind might never have advanced beyond the spurious and false forms which in Egypt, India, China, Japan, Mexico, and Peru contented the aspirations of the species.—*Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies."*

CARLYLE AND JOHN STUART MILL.

John Mill was another steady visitor (had by this time introduced his Mrs. Taylor, too, a very will-o'-wispish "iridescence" of a creature; meaning nothing bad, either). She at first considered my Jane to be a rustic spirit, fit for rather tutoring and twirling about when the humor took her, but got taught better (to her lasting memory) before long. Mill was very useful about "French Revolution," lent me all his books, which were quite a collection, on the subject; gave me frankly, clearly, and with zeal, all his better knowledge than my own (which was pretty frequently of use in this or the other detail), being full of eagerness for such an advocate in that cause as he felt I should be. His evenings here were sensibly agreeable for most part. Talk rather wintry ("sawdustish," as old Sterling once called it), but always well-informed and sincere. The Mrs. Taylor business was becoming more and more of questionable benefit to him (we could see), but on that subject we were strictly silent, and he was pretty still. For several years he came hither, and walked with me every Sunday. Dialogues fallen all dim, except that they were never in the least genial to me, and that I took them as one would wine where no nectar is to be had, or even thin ale where no wine. Her view of him was very kindly, though precisely to the same effect. How well do I still remember that night when he came to tell us, pale as Hector's ghost, that my unfortunate first volume was burnt. It was like half-sentence of death to us both, and we had to pretend to take it lightly, so dismal and ghastly was his horror at it, and try to talk of other matters. He stayed three mortal hours or so; his departure quite a relief to us. Oh, the burst of sympathy my poor darling then gave me, flinging her arms round my neck, and openly lamenting, condoling, and encouraging like a nobler second self! Under heaven is nothing so beautiful. We sat talking till late; "shall be written again," my fixed word and resolution to her. (Which proved to be such a task as I never tried before or since. I wrote out "Feast of Pikes" (vol. ii.), and then went at it. Found it fairly impossible for about a fortnight; passed three weeks (reading Marryat's novels), tried, cautiously-cautiously, as on ice paper-thin, once more; and in short, had a job more like breaking my heart than any other in my experience. Jeannie, alone of beings, burnt like a steady lamp beside me. I forget how much of money we still had. I think there was at first something like £800, perhaps, £280, to front London with. Nor can I in the least remember where we had gathered such a sum, except that it was our own, no part of it borrowed or given us by anybody. "Fit to last till 'French Revolution' is ready!" and she had no misgivings at all. Mill was penitently liberal; sent me £200 (in a day or two), of which I kept £100 (actual cost of house while I had written

burnt volume); upon which he bought me *Biographie Universelle*, which I got bound and still have. Wish I could find a way of getting the now much macerated, changed and fanatical "John Stuart Mill" to take that £100 back; but I fear there is no way.—*Carlyle's Reminiscences.*

"NEWSPAPER WORK."

Many young men, fresh from college, crammed with learning and ambition, desire to become journalists, that they may exercise moral influence over the masses which are reached by a newspaper. They do not understand that journalists are not turned out of universities ready-made. Journalism is a profession which can only be mastered after long years of active service—on the same principle that to be a lawyer, or a successful minister, or a competent mechanic, one must have practical experience, and can attain prominence only after long years of patient labor. Young men, on leaving college, are apt to think they could shape the destiny of a nation, if they could only get control of the columns of some newspaper. Perhaps a young graduate does get an opportunity to write editorials for some country weekly. He launches a bolt, and then anxiously awaits the report. He generally waits in vain, and is both pained and chagrined to find out that his majestic utterances have attracted no attention whatever. Perhaps he gets a position on one of the big dailies, and, with a proud heart he hands in to the managing editor a long article, over which he has spent several days and nights in writing and re-writing, only to be sharply told that such compositions are useless—that what is wanted is a concise statement of news. He is, perhaps, detailed to write up some congenial subject, and is ordered to have it done at a certain time. Hampered thus, pinioned genius refuses to work, and the ambitious youth makes a flat failure. Journalism is drudgery—plodding, unostentatious drudgery. The individual work which makes a complete newspaper, attracts no attention from the public generally. Readers say this or that paper is a good one, without once caring who did this or that to make it such. And this one would be cruel to the unfledged writer who hopes to wield a moral influence. If one of his articles appear, he expects it to be the feature of the paper, and is disappointed if people do not talk about it, and insist upon knowing who wrote it; whereas, he may write for years without achieving distinction.—*Anon.*

NATURE AND PROVIDENCE.

It is very popular to plead the necessities of nature against the special activities of providence. It is claimed that "science is continually narrowing the range of our prayers, and will in time shut them out altogether, by showing that all things are governed by fixed laws. The savage would pray to have the eclipse averted, but we all know now that its coming was fixed when the morning stars sang together. We still pray that the storm may be stayed, but the Signal Service has seen it coming three days before our prayer went up."

But the discoveries of science are not all one way. While the domain of law is found to be universal, the margin of possible variation is found to be wider and wider. Climate is being reduced to a science. Its changes are not freaks of nature, but the result of definite causes. More and more its changes are being accounted for, and more and more can they be predicted.

But while this is so, we are also learning more and more how to influence climate. The rainfall of the prairies is being increased by the planting of trees, while that of other regions is being lessened by the removal of forests. Great fires bring wind; the firing of guns is said to bring rain; a great battle is often followed by a storm. Climate is affected by the erection of buildings, the cultivation of fields, the changing of water courses. It is claimed that the building of the Pacific railway has materially affected the climate of the plains. It seems hardly credible that two bands of iron can modify the climate of a nation. But we do know that a little rod of iron will turn aside a thunderbolt, and a number of them will dissipate a thunderstorm. Storms and winds and rains are dependent on delicate electric currents which are easily disturbed.

As we are learning the laws of nature we are learning to use them. We are finding points where we can touch their secret springs. We turn away the pestilence by sanitary regulations; we banish the malaria by draining our lands; we divert the lightning by a rod. We make the lightning carry our messages, light our gas, ring our bells, and do all manner of work. Franklin pricked the clouds with a piece of twine, and brought the lightning down to his feet, and made a servant of it. It seems pertinent to ask, if man can thus influence nature and violate no law and produce no shock, why may not God do at least as much? Why may not he as well as we touch the secret springs, and produce results without breaking up the order of nature or disturbing the pillars of the world?

There is no measuring the possibilities in this direction. Nature is full of the most delicate agencies, which can be swayed by a touch, or stirred by a breath. God need not touch, as we often do, these delicate forces which interweave themselves with the whole fabric of nature, to accomplish almost any conceivable result. The finest forces of nature are her mightiest forces. Her invisible, imponderable forces will, at any time, rend and lift her solid substances, as a giant might scatter the playthings of a child. It was once a cumbrous thing to light the lamps of a great city. But now a little child may touch the keys, and a thousand burners flash at once for miles away. Air and earth and seas are full of forces which respond to the gentlest touch. To control these is to control the universe to which they furnish the energy and the impulse.

All these are the servants of God. He dwells among them as a living presence, penetrating all nature through and through. Among these mighty forces, on whose borders we dwell, and whose faint impulse we feel, God reigns as Sovereign and a King. We touch them here and there, and easily attain our ends. He holds them in his hands in complete supremacy. With what infinite ease he may touch these springs of living force and attain his ends, and there be no suspension of law, no breaking up of systems, no shock to order.

God is not a prisoner in his own creation. He is not barred out from the works of his own hands. He says he hears the cry of the needy, and nothing science has discovered forbids his helping them. He says he hears the prayers of his people; and the exactness of nature is no hindrance to his answering these prayers. We may give science all she claims, and yet there is room for the divine sympathy, and space for the divine help.—*Rev. Richard Cordley, D.D., in Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

Erected in the boldest and purest period of the early Gothic, all its various parts are grouped together in the most masterly pyramidal outline, the long succession of buttresses and pinnacles, the sharp roofs and gables and lofty turrets, all leading the eye to the central point, the great spire, with a peculiar lightness and elegance, yet grandeur of effect, that can scarcely fail to call forth an involuntary exclamation of wonder and delight. The vertical line, in its aesthetic significance, of the hopes and aspirations of Christianity, thus becomes the controlling feature of the composition, and the mind at once recognizes the idea that religious awe and profound solemnity of impression were the first and most earnest aims of its builders. It is a temple in which man feels it almost profanation to remain upright—a temple in which he is instinctively led to "worship, and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker."

The verger of the cathedral—a respectful and intelligent, though somewhat corpulent official—who informed me that he had been the butler of the last bishop, and who, I suppose, had been promoted to this august position as a reward for his faithful services in that responsible capacity, received me with a grave bow at the door of the north-western porch, and conducted me, without delay, over the whole interior of the building. In spite of a certain degree of coldness, arising from the destruction of the painted windows with which it was formerly adorned, the general effect is exceedingly striking, the entire uniformity of the architecture contributing not a little to its impressiveness and beauty. Without entering into any minute or technical description of its details, it is safe to say that the spectator cannot fail to be charmed with the noble breadth and simplicity of the stately pile. The vaulting is plainly and boldly executed, rising to the height of about eighty feet from the pavement, and the nave arches are adorned with an effective series of deep mouldings, beneath which the slender columns look still more airy and elegant, from their division into many separate shafts of dark Purbeck marble. The roof is of the same materials as the walls of the church—a freestone obtained from the Chilmark quarries, situated about twelve miles from Salisbury, toward the village of Hindon, and still worked to the present day. The nave is divided into ten bays or arches, with a peculiarly beautiful triforium, or open gallery, between them, and the clerestory windows above. The windows in the nave aisles are double lancet, and in the clerestory and gables are mostly triplets, the whole forming such a variety and profusion as to give rise to the local rhyme:—

"As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in the church you see;
As many marble pillars here appear,
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
As many gates as moons once here may view—
Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true."
—*Arthur Gilman, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

If heaven be the world to which we are journeying, holiness will be the way in which we shall walk from day to day; for if we do not love and cherish the spirit of heaven here, we shall never enter heaven itself hereafter.

Dare not sleep in that condition in which thou dare not die.

The Family Treasury.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, every evening
Till his love with sunset glow.
Why should good words never be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sing by any child of song.
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved 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 seker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's eyes,
Share them. And by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad,
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh is tripping
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 veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear,
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go;
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow;
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

A LIFE WORTH LIVING.

First of all have a purpose in life, one supreme, human, God-like purpose, running like a golden thread through all your thoughts and acts. Thousands are born, they eat and sleep, live and die without a purpose, a mark or a memory. Their life is an aimless pastime, like the summer day or an idle child in the meadow, wandering from flower to flower or chasing butterflies. They are the mere driftwood on the broad and swift current of humanity.

"There are a number that do creep,
Into this world to eat and sleep,
And know no reason why they're born,
But to consume the meat and corn,
And leave behind an empty dish."

A dying father called his son to his bedside, and said, "My son, what is the chief end of man?" The son replied, "To glorify God and enjoy him forever." The dying man was satisfied.

This supreme aim to glorify God in the great work of redeeming humanity, enriches and ennobles life and makes it worth living. Life is not worth living for worldly wealth, fame, or pleasure, as many have attested in their own experience. King Solomon, Alexander the Great, Lord Byron, Napoleon and many others who have reached the summit of earthly aims, give us one uniform testimony of disappointment. All that "come after the king" but echo his "vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

The true joy and nobility of life is in virtue, and the true wealth is in doing good. Every person should have a mission of goodwill and kindness for humanity. Every Christ-like man is sent into the world on this mission:

"How'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are crowns on our heads,
And simple faith that Norman blood."

The theory and claim of selfishness is that the stronger, wiser and more fortunate may make slaves of the rest; but the theory and privilege of gospel benevolence is directly opposite. "If any man will be first among you let him be servant of all." Older brothers serve the younger. If we are wiser, stronger, richer, and more fortunate than our neighbor, by so much are we obligated to be his servant. On this principle Paul acknowledged himself "debtor to the Greeks and the barbarians, the wise and the unwise." He owed them nothing in the natural and ordinary sense, for he was the repository of infinite blessing which they needed.

In this service of God and humanity we receive an immediate blessing to our own souls, as well as a future and eternal blessing. The happiest man in this world is the one who can impart the most to others, and he will also be the richest man in the world to come. We should remember the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and also his promised rewards hereafter. Says Rutherford:

"O! if one soul from Anworth,
I find at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens,
—In Immanuel's Land."
—Buffalo Christian Advocate.

LIGHT-HOLDERS.

Every voyager through the British Channel will remember the famous light-house that stands at the gates of the Atlantic. It rises from a rock in the midst of the waves, its beacon-blaze streaming far out over the midnight sea.

Christians are Christ's light-holders to their fellow-men. The lantern of a light-house is not self-luminous. It has to be kindled by a hand outside itself. Conversion by the Holy Spirit is a spiritual illumination of the soul. God's grace lights up the dark heart. Sometimes suddenly, as in the case of Paul. Sometimes, as in the case of Newton, there is at first a feeble germ of light, like the little blue point of flame on a candle-wick; and this germ of light grows into a clear, full blaze. The beginning of true religion is the first act of true faith—the first breathings of earnest prayer—the first hungerings after God—the first honest attempt to do right and serve the Lord. God's grace is the original source of light that makes any man a luminary in society; and when a man has been once kindled at the cross of Christ, he is bound to shine. And in order to do this, he need not be conspicuous in society for talents, wealth, or intellectual culture. The

modest candle by which a housewife threads her needle shines as truly as does the great lantern that burns in the city hall.

A humble saint, who begins his day with household devotions, and serves his God all day in his store or at his work-bench, is as truly a light-holder as if he flamed from a popular preacher's pulpit or illuminated a theological class from a professor's chair. To "shine" means something more than a mere possession of piety, or the enjoyment of piety; it is the reflection of Gospel religion that makes the burner.

Every Christian who trims his lamp and keeps the oil of grace up to its full supply is a blessed benefactor to others; but what a terrible thing it is for a Christian to let his lamp go out!

I know of certain households in which I fear the lamp is out. That had would not be seen so often on his way to the theatre or drinking saloon if father and mother held up the torch of loving warning. That gliding daughter, who was once thoughtful about her soul, might now be a Christian if there had been a light-holder near at hand to the house; but it did not shine. The oil was out. Love of the world has extinguished it. That dark lantern left the house in midnight.

Thank God, some lights never go out! Death cannot quench them. They shine forever. Pastors, parents, teachers may be called home to heaven; but, like the good mother of the story, they "set a light in the window" to guide souls to the mansion of glory.

HOW RUSSIAN EXILES LIVE.

On his arrival the prisoner is driven straight to the police ward, where he is inspected by a police officer whose absolute lord and master of the district. This representative of the Government requires him to answer the following questions: His name? How old? Married or single? Where from? Address of parents, or relations, or friends? Answers to all which are entered in the books. A solemn written promise is then exacted from him that he will not give lessons of any kind, or try to teach any one; that every letter he writes will go through the Ispravnik's hands, and that he will follow no occupation except shoemaking, carpentering, or field-labor. He is then told that he is free—but at the same time is solemnly warned that should he attempt to pass the limits of the town he will be shot down like a dog rather than be allowed to escape; and should he be taken alive shall be sent off to eastern Siberia without further formalities than that of the Ispravnik's personal order.

The poor fellow takes up his little bundle, and fully realizing that he has now bidden farewell to the culture and material comfort of his past life, he walks out into the cheerless street. A group of exiles, all pale and emaciated, are there to greet him, take him to some of their miserable lodgings and, feverishly demand news from home. The newcomer gazes on them as one in a dream; some are melancholy mad, others nervously irritable, and the remainder have evidently tried to find solace in drink. They live in communities of twos and threes, have food, a scanty provision of clothes, money and books in common, and consider it their sacred duty to help each other in every emergency, without distinction of sex, rank, or age. The noble by birth get sixteen shillings a month from the Government for their maintenance, and commoners only ten. Winter lasts eight months, a period during which the surrounding country presents the appearance of a noiseless, lifeless, frozen marsh—no roads, no communication with the outer world, no means of escape. In course of time almost every individual exile is attacked by nervous convulsions, followed by prolonged apathy and prostration. They begin to quarrel, and even hate each other. Some of them contrive to forge false passports, and by a miracle, as it were, make their escape; but the great majority of these victims of the Third Section either go mad, commit suicide, or die of delirium tremens.—*Anon.*

WIFE TO HUSBAND.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

When I am dust, and thou art quick and glad,
Dethink thee, sometimes, what good days we had,
What happy days, beside the shining seas,
Or by the twilight fire, in careless ease,
Reading the rhymes of some old poet lover,
Or whispering our own love-story o'er.

When thou hast mourned for me a seemly space,
And set another in my vacant place,
Charmed with her brightness, trusting in her truth,
Warned to a new life by her beguiling youth,
Be happy, dearest one, and surely know,
I would not have thee thy life's joys forego.

Yet think of me sometimes, where cold and still
I lie, who once was swift to do thy will,
Whose lips so often answered to thy kiss,
Who, dying, blessed thee for that bygone bliss;
I pray thee do not bar my presence quite
From thy new life, so full of new delight.

I would not vex thee, waiting by thy side;
My presence should not chill thy fair young bride;
Only be thinking how alone I lie;
To die and be forgotten were to die;
A double death; and I deserve of thee
Some grace of memory, fair however she be.
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE AMERICAN GUESS.

It is well known that in England the non-use or the mis-use of the letter A is not more certainly an English social test than is the use of the word guess (as the synonym of think, reckon, conjecture, or fancy) a distinction by which Americans are instantly recognized as such. An Englishman, you will be told, never guesses. But Carlyle, in his "Reminiscences," though himself recognizing the so-called American use, uses the word precisely in the same sense in which a cultivated American would use it. He says of a Scotch Miss Graham, who had lived some time in Philadelphia and then returned to Scotland, that she was "one of the amiablest of old maids; kind, true, modestly polite to the very heart; and in such a curious style of polite culture—Pensylvania, Yankee grafted on Anandale Scotch. Used to 'expect' instead of 'suppose,' would 'guess' now and then," etc. But he says, "I forget whether as farmer or as shepherd, but guess the former." Again,

"I guess she might be about six." And again, "I forgot, or never knew, what time they had come to Templand, but guess it may have been in 1822, or shortly after." In all these cases Carlyle used the word with entire correctness, but so does the cultivated American use the word correctly. He means that he is not entirely certain, but ventures a confident conjecture. There is not so good a word in the language for the purpose, and it has the authority of the oldest and best use. Nevertheless, in England, a man using this word in conversation just as Carlyle used it, would be judged an American at once. "Ah, he is an American—he guesses." Even as to the less correct and more general use of the word "guess," it could be defended as preferable to the universal "I fancy," which one hears in England. "Guess" proximates the meaning intended, as "fancy" more vaguely does. "Expect" for "suppose" is a vulgar error not often on the lips of well-educated people in America.—*New York Observer.*

OBSERVATION.

The habit of observation is one which can be formed and cultivated with great success, even in very narrow fields. It is said of the French author, Jules Verne—who, whatever his deficiencies may be, certainly is no careless observer, but one who excels both as sight-seer and narrator—that his travels have been very limited, amounting to nothing more than little cruises along the French coast, in a tiny yacht. But he is a careful reader, and by putting together what he perceives and what he learns, he is able to make his readers feel that they really see the Norwegian, Russian, or Asiatic scenes he describes. Thus it was that the American poet, Brainerd, vividly described Niagara Falls, in his best-known poem, though, in point of fact, he had never seen Niagara at all. And thus it was that James Russell Lowell indicated the value of home observations of foreign lands when he entitled one of his books *Fire-side Travels*. A pupil of the late Francis Gardener, the well-known Boston teacher, has told us that when, in adult life, he visited Athens, he found that Master Gardener's descriptions of the place were really the best guide-book for the student of its topography and archaeology—though the faithful teacher had never himself crossed the Atlantic, and had visited Athens only by the aid of the pages of books and his own cultivated imagination. We all of us know extensive travellers on whom travel has been quite thrown away; and on the other hand we know patient readers to whom the ends of the earth are familiar, though their narrow means have but seldom permitted them a trip to the neighboring metropolis. Xavier de Maistre's well-known book, "A Journey Around my Room," bears a lesson in its very title; and from it, as from a thousand other similar examples, we may well learn the advantage of really using our present means of acquiring information, and developing habits of keen observation in a little space, or amid impoverished surroundings.

ENTERING INTO OTHER'S LABORS.

But few of the privileges and blessings which we now enjoy have come to us by our own individual effort. They are the results of operations and influences which have been set in motion by our predecessors, some of whom lived not only years, but even centuries ago. If we could trace the history of these blessings back to their source, we should find them, closely interwoven with slowly evolved processes and principles, with the rudiments of science; and associated with events and efforts far back in the centuries.

There is not in any of our houses a piece of furniture, a book, a sewing-machine, or a musical instrument with which thousands of busy fingers and active minds have not been associated. And by them, we find ourselves linked, not only to the present and the living, but to the distant and the dead; we find ourselves the centre of a vast system of causes and influences revolving about us, all of which had a part in bringing to us the comforts we enjoy.

We take our seat in the cars and travel from city to city, and even from ocean to ocean, without realizing the outlay of money and energy, and brain power that was involved to procure us this great convenience. Should we count the rods, bolts, screws, bands, and bars of which the locomotive is composed, we would find that every one of them has connected with its history, muscle, nerve, brain, and, it may be, tears. We do not appreciate, as we glide along the iron track, our indebtedness to the brain, the genius, and the watchful care of the engineer who stands with hand upon the lever, watching with vigilant eye, controlling every movement of the almost living machine, and without whose care and skill we should soon be dashed to pieces. And were we to trace the history of any locomotive, it would at once carry us back to Watts sitting by the fire watching the quivering teakettle lid; and then across the seas, and back through fifty centuries, to the first smelting of iron, and to the first workers in brass.

Take any article of your wearing apparel. You went to the store, made your selection in a few moments, and paid a few dollars for it. It did not cost you much, although you derive great comfort and satisfaction from wearing it. But try to trace its history. Think of the steam-engines, and ships, and trains of cars which were necessary to bring together all the materials of which it is composed. Listen to the rattle of the loom, the heavy roll of machinery, and the whirl of ten thousand spindles; and think of the thousands of busy and active fingers, of which it felt the impress before it came into your possession.

If you should undertake to write out the full history of one of the most common implements of art, you would find yourself threading your way through the labyrinths of past centuries, and gazing upon the rude anvils which rang out over the hills of Judea, and Mesopotamia. All the discoveries, arts, and inventions which make our homes differ

from the wigwag of the Indian, or the kraal of the Hottentot, have come down to us through the toils of distant generations. Thus others have labored, and we have entered into their labors.

If we consider our civil privileges and national blessings, we find that they too, have come to us through others. They are an inheritance—a toil-won, a blood-bought inheritance.

And what shall we say of our religious privileges? Of these it is pre-eminently true that they have been bestowed upon us by others. They have cost us comparatively nothing. Their price has been paid by the labor, the self-denial, the suffering, and the tears of others. We have fallen on easy times, my friends. How little we appreciate the value of our blessings! How little we realize how much they cost those who bequeathed them to us!

Surely we tread on hallowed ground. The ashes of saints and martyrs are beneath our feet. Our harvests are gathered from soil that has been wet with tears. Our most sacred privileges have been won, guarded, and transmitted by the bravery and sleepless vigilance of those who have fallen in their defence. Truly, "Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors."—*Golden Rule.*

UNKNOWN ALASKA.

When the late Mr. Seward purchased Alaska from the Czar, he was not aware of the fact that he was getting with his countless fur-seals, fisheries, mines, and icebergs, one of the greatest rivers in the world, and now almost demonstrated to be of greater volume than the Mississippi. Such is the Yukon. The vast region it waters remains almost as much a terra incognita as the Congo. In fact, while the latter has been once explored—by Stanley—from the point where Livingstone turned back down to the Atlantic Ocean, and by Livingstone, from its extreme sources to where Stanley's exploration began, no traveller has ever yet seen the upper water of Yukon, or has ever been able to enlighten the world as to its length or its source, or the region it drains. Here, then, is an opening for enterprise and ambition, more fruitful of promise than anything as yet unveiled in Africa or the Arctic sea, and probably less dangerous. That the country contains mines of gold and silver, we may readily conjecture from the fact that such mines exist on all sides of it. The river is navigable for hundreds of miles. It is free of ice from June to September. Its banks are flanked below with Indian villages. Its waters are filled with fish for the support of human life, and its woods with game. The mountains in which it rises are unknown to white men, but as they are generally believed to be stored with that sort of treasure which led to the rapid settlement of California, and to the expansion of commerce on the South and Central Pacific, there is the strongest sort of temptation on the part of thousands to see them, test them, and dig them up, if the treasure can be found. The Government has many vessels idle and uselessly rotting for want of action. Why not fit one of them up for a two years' cruise on this great unexplored river of the north? The discovery of gold mines there would lead instantly to a large migration from all parts of the world, and, in a few years, contribute millions to the commerce of the southern Pacific states and territories.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

A CURIOUS TRADE.

There are men in New York who search for things that fall from vessels in the harbor. One of the most noted of these is the son of Henry Linesburg, who was for fifty years acknowledged to be the best wrecker, grappler, and searcher in America; who raised 36,000 bars of railroad iron; recovered no end of anchors that were supposed to be lost; made fifty dollars an hour for twenty hours at a stretch by fishing up eighty-four iron plates, weighing 1,400 pounds each, that were made for the first iron monitor by Delamater. His son pursues the same business, having thoroughly learned where all the holes, crevices, and notches in the rocks are. Several days ago a merchant lost in the river a valuable watch, the chain suddenly breaking. Mr. Linesburg went down the slip in a row-boat, and put down a pair of tongs twenty-six feet long into a hole he happened to know near the end of the pier, and fished up the watch, and sent it back to the owner. He knew the tide swept all the heavy articles into the hole when the ebb sets in.

CUI BONO.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder,
Never within found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shores;
Gay we sail, it melts beneath us,
We are sunk and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is what he gets.

BUDDHIST PENITENTS.

The central idea of Buddhism seems to be that of buying merit, or gaining the favor of the gods by meritorious deeds and suffering for their sake; and those who torture their bodies or suffer special privations, hope by so doing, to store up large quantities of merit, or even to be deified in the future world. Their devices to accomplish this are various. One monk has fulfilled a three years' vow of hermitage in a lonely hut at some distance from the temple. Another sits cross-legged in a tiny cell, coming out only for his meals. They say he has not spoken for three years, and probably never will again, the vow of perpetual silence being especially pleasing to Buddha. Still another, even more willing to suffer than his fellows, has offered one of his fingers as a sacrifice, and proposes to offer more, we are told. The process is described as follows: The finger is wound with flax, which has been soaked in kerosene oil, and on the end is placed a lighted taper, which burns slowly down, consuming the finger, and the stump is finally cut off with a pair of shears.—*China Letter to Springfield Republican.*

Good Words for the Young.

CRADLE SONGS.

GERMAN.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
Your father tends the sheep;
Your mother shakes the branches small,
Whence happy dreams in showers fall:
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
The sky is full of sleep;
The stars the lambs of heaven are,
For whom the shepherd moon doth care:
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
The Christ-child owns a sheep;
He is himself the Lamb of God;
The world to save, to death He trod:
Sleep, baby, sleep.

DANISH.

Sleep, sweetly, little child;
Lie quiet and still;
As sweetly sleep as the bird in the wood,
As the flowers in the meadow.
God the Father has said,
"Angels stand on watch where mine,
The little ones are in bed."

FOLISH.

The stars shine forth from the blue sky—
How great and wondrous is God's might!
Shine stars, through all eternity,
His witness in the night.

Oh, Lord! thy tired children keep;
Keep us who know and feel thy might;
Turn thine eye on us as we sleep,
And give us all good night.

Shine stars, God's sentinels on high,
Proclaimers of His power and might;
May all things evil from us fly;
O stars, good night, good night!

MEMPHIS.

Memphis was one of the oldest of the world's great cities. It was built on the banks of the Nile when all Europe was a savage wilderness, and its inhabitants barbarians living in huts and caves. The great city grew up, under the rule of the Pharaohs, to be a scene of busy trade, almost as thickly peopled as London or New York. To-day, its site can scarcely be traced. But four thousand years ago, Memphis was a city of palaces and temples. Pharaoh was lodged more splendidly than Louis XIV., and Cheops provided himself with the most magnificent of tombs. One of the Memphian temples is thus described: "He seemed to be in Memphis, his native city; and, entering the Temple of Isis, saw it shining with the splendor of a thousand lighted lamps; all the avenues of the temple were crowded with people, and resounded with the noise of the passing throngs." The inner shrine was supposed to be the residence of the goddess. To Memphis, perhaps, came Joseph, the gentle Jew, to become the ruler of the land. There came his brethren and the Israelites to buy corn. Here the Jews passed their four centuries of captivity; from its palaces they bore off the jewels and gold of the Egyptians; from its memorable shore they set out on their march; from the gates of Memphis the furious Pharaoh followed, with chariot and horse, to perish in the treacherous sea.

Nowhere can be found more striking incidents than are connected with this desolate, narrow part of the shore of the Nile. Moses, perhaps, floated in his basket near by, and won his life with the smile of infancy, always irresistible. It was the scene of the plagues, of the terrible darkness, of the years of plenty, and the years of want. It flourished in splendor and wealth, for a period that makes the age of most cities seem trivial. New York is more than two hundred and fifty years old. London, about nineteen hundred: Memphis flourished for more than three thousand years. It has passed away, but one of its labors can never apparently perish. Cheops, one of the Memphian kings, built the largest of the Pyramids, and near it are several others, not much less in size. A Pyramid was, no doubt, a royal tomb. Various explanations have been given of the origin and purpose of those wonderful buildings. Some suppose them intended for astronomical purposes; others suggest that they were designed to mark the dimensions of an inch, and fix the system of computing distances. But history and tradition assert that they were the tombs of the Memphian kings.—*Harper's Young People.*

SOMETHING NELLIE LEARNED.

"Nellie," said her mother one day, "I really believe I have forgotten to seal up your furs for the summer, and it should have been done before. Will you lay them in the sun?" Nellie went to her little room, climbed upon the chair, took the box from the shelf, placed it on the bed, where she opened it and took out her pretty white furs, smoothing them as she carried them out. After a while her mother, finding them free from moths, asked Nellie to bring her the box. She lifted it from the bed, and imagine her surprise when she found crawling under and around it dozens of green worms, each nearly an inch in length. She called her mother to come to see them. Where could they have come from? The box was examined, and near the top, where the cover came over it, were found little streaks of mud.

"I have found out," said her mother. "We have broken to pieces the house of a little brown wasp. She gathers these worms from the rose bushes and other places for her baby wasps to eat."

"I should think she would kill them," said Nellie.

"I should think they would soon die shut up in such little clay prisons, but many of these are alive, and that is a young wasp," added her mother, pointing to a fat, white, worm-like looking thing.

"That thing!" said Nellie, rolling it over. "I don't see how it gets anywhere without legs or head."

"It must have a head and mouth to eat such worms as these, but it has no need for legs, for it has no journey to make."

"What will it do?"

"There is but one wasp in each cell, and its food with it. When done eating it appears to go to sleep, and during the winter it changes, so that in the spring it wakes up with legs and

wings, a real live wasp, just like its mother. Then it is ready to break out of its cell and make a nest like this."

"But is it really alive all winter?" asked Nellie, wondering more and more.

"Yes; God never forgets one of his creatures, however small it may be. And now I will tell you something to think about every time you see a wasp. It is this: If God can keep this tiny worm alive, and make it so much more beautiful, surely he can keep our spirits alive when our bodies die. When we die, it is like the worm going to sleep for winter. When it comes out in the spring it leaves behind it a little brown shell, which had been a part of itself, but which it does not now need. So our bodies die; and our spirits, that part of us which thinks and loves, leaves them as the wasp left the little brown shell. You remember Jesus said, 'I go to prepare a place for you,' and so, when our bodies die, our souls are made more beautiful, and go to this home where Jesus is. All those that love him will be gathered there. We need have no fears if we trust Christ fully. I never see one of these insects but I remember that it has awakened from a death-like sleep. Then I remember that Christ overcame even death, and we, too, shall, if we love him and trust in him and keep his commandments."

The furs were now securely put away, and there was also put into Nellie's little heart a thought which she would not forget.—*The Advance.*

BABY MONKEYS.

Monkeys are born in almost as helpless a condition as are human beings. For the first fortnight after birth, they pass their time in being nursed, in sleeping, and in looking about them. During the whole of this time, the care and attention of the mother are most exemplary. The slightest sound or movement excites her immediate notice; and with her baby in her arms, she skillfully evades any approaching danger, by the most adroit manoeuvres. At the end of the first fortnight, the little one begins to go about itself, but always under the mother's watchful care. She frequently attempts to teach it to do for itself, but never forgets her solicitude for its safety, and at the earliest intimation of danger seizes it in her arms and seeks a place of refuge. When about six weeks old, the baby begins to need more substantial nutriment than milk, and is taught to provide for himself. Its powers are slightly developed, and, in a few weeks, its agility is most surprising. The mother's fondness for her offspring continues; she devotes all her care to its comfort and education, and, should it meet with an untimely end, her grief is so intense, as frequently cause her own death. "The care which the females bestow upon their offspring," says DuRoi, "is so tender, and even refined, that one would be almost tempted to attribute the sentiment to a rational, rather than an instinctive, process. It is a curious and interesting spectacle, which a little precaution has sometimes enabled me to witness, to see those females carry their young to the river, wash their faces in spite of their childish outcries, and altogether bestow upon their cleanliness, a time and attention that, in many cases, the children of our own species might well envy. The Malays, indeed, related a fact to me, which I doubted at first, but which I believe to be in a great measure confirmed by my own subsequent observations. It is that the young *siamangs*, while yet too weak to go alone, are always carried by individuals of their own sex—by their fathers, if they are males; by their mothers, if females." M. d'Osborne states that the parents exercise their parental authority over their children, in a sort of judicial and strictly impartial form. "The young ones were seen to sport and gambol with one another, in the presence of their mother, who sat ready to give judgment and punish misdoings. When any one was found guilty of foul play or malicious conduct toward another of the family, the parent interfered by seizing the young criminal by the tail, which she held fast with one of her paws, till she boxed his ears with the other."

TRIFLES.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and trifles indicate the bent of character. I saw Hetty reading, the other day, in a borrowed book, and when her mother called her, she laid it carelessly open, face downward, on a chair. It happened that Hetty did not return immediately, and before she had done so, the baby had pulled the book by one corner to the floor, and Artie, running hastily in, had trampled upon it. Its condition would certainly be unrepresentative when it should be sent back to its owner. My own impression of Hetty, who had seemed to be a very amiable young lady, was that she was unfaithful in small things. Had she closed her book, and placed it on the table before leaving the room, it would not have been injured. When I see a young girl with a torn dress, slippers down at heel, and a general lack of neatness in her home toilet, I am doubtful of her genuine love and respect for her dear home friends. When I know that Lucia is always late at Church, I begin to wonder if she is not tardy everywhere else. When I hear Sarah scolding Mattie for some small fault, I consider her on the road to becoming a ternaunt. Don't neglect trifles, girls.—*Christian at Work.*

AN OX'S MISTAKE.

Let danger alone when you once get out of it. This is the "moral" of a story that is not a fable: Recently an ox waded into Lake Jackson, Florida, to drink, and was seized by the leg by an alligator. Smarting with pain, it struggled to the shore and managed to break the hold of the alligator; but its rage against its assailant was so fierce, that it lost all discretion, and in turn attacked the alligator. In the meantime, a number of other saurians had been attracted to the spot by the struggle, and after tossing a couple of them on its horns, it again got into the water, when one of the alligators seized it by the nose, and held its head under water till it was drowned.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

Our Sunday School Work.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF LUKE.

Sunday, June 26, 1891.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSON.—
Lesson 13.

(SECOND QUARTER.)

THE GOSPEL FOR THE WORLD.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"They went forth, and preached every-
where."—Mark xvi. 20.

TOPIC.

A Lesson of Witnessing.

OUTLINE.

1. The Message Given.
2. The Power Promised.
3. The Blessing Realized.

HOME READINGS.

- M.—A lesson of witnessing. Luke xxiv. 44-53.
T.—The message to Israel. Acts xiii. 23-33.
W.—The message to the Gentiles. Rom. xv. 1-12.
Th.—The power for the world. Joel ii. 28-32.
F.—The power received. Acts ii. 1-12.
S.—The blessing promised. John xvi. 1-13.
S.—The blessing fulfilled. Acts ii. 38-43.

LESSON TEXT.

[Luke xxiv. 44-53.]

44. And he said unto them, these are the words which I spoke unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me.

45. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures.

46. And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day:

47. And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.

48. And ye are witnesses of these things.

49. And behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

50. And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.

51. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

52. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy:

53. And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God. Amen.

TIME.—Thursday, May 18, A.D. 80, the day of Christ's ascension to heaven.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, and the Bethany slope of Mount Olivet.

ILLUSTRATION HINTS.

Here is a semi-opaque card dotted over on one surface with strange and seemingly unintelligible characters. Is there any way of reading it? Hold it up to the light, and unseen characters hidden beneath the surface will blend with the surface marks, and form intelligible words and sentences. The seen and the unseen become intelligible only when brought together, and so the types and prophecies of the Old Testament only become intelligible when we find their antitype and counterpart in Christ. Christ is the key which fits the lock of the Old Testament, as he is the light thrown back upon, and illuminating what before was vague and dark (vs. 44-45).

It is not enough that the grain for the seed time be gathered safely into granaries. It must be sent out and scattered by many sowers in all fields. So must it be with the gospel-sowers (vs. 46-48). The blessings secured by Christ's death and resurrection were to be borne by many messengers, as bread is borne to famishing nations. The fountain of the water of life is flowing freely, but it must be carried in many channels to all parts of the field.

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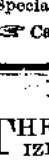
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