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Poetry.

No Cloud—No Rain.

If the glorious sunshine
Smiled upon us ever,
Autumn's golden harvest-fields
We should welcome never.
Clouds must dim the radiant light
Or refreshing rain,
Never upon tree or flower
Would descend again.
Earth would be a barren waste,
Birds and flowers die,
If the dark-winged cloud should never
Veil the azure sky.

Human hearts are like the earth;
If no tear drops fall,
Love's own sweetest spirit-flowers
Would not bloom at all.

Sigh not then if sorrow's clouds
Sometimes hide the sun;
Richest blessings are in store,
When the dew-drops come.

Dreariest than earth's barren wastes
Human hearts would be,
Were sweet feeling's fount unfilled
From the clouds dark treasury.

Religious.

A Restoration Dialogue.

About ninety years ago a Rev. Mr. Archibald was pastor of the Poplar Tent congregation, in Cabarrus county, N. C. He was a man of talent, and a kindly disposition, but began to indulge too freely in the use of ardent spirits; and he also preached erroneous doctrines. He was promptly suspended and then deposed from the ministry. He changed from Calvinism to Arminianism, and then lapsed into the universal Restoration doctrines.

It seems that in his wanderings he would preach when he could get hearers. It was while roving through South Carolina he met with a very shrewd old lady who had been raised in the North of Ireland, and during the interview the following dialogue was the result:

Lady—I'm tould, sir, you preach that a'men will be saved. Is that your opinion?

Mr. A.—Yes; I think that after enduring some punishment all will at last be saved.

Lady—D'ye think that some will gae to hell and stay there a while, and then come out again?

Mr. A.—Yes, that is my opinion.

Lady—And do you expect to go there yourself?

Mr. A.—Yes; I expect to go there for a time.

Lady—Ah, man! ye talk strangely; ye're a guid man, and a minister, I wad think ye could na gae there. But what will ye gae there for?

Mr. A.—I expect to go there for preaching against the truth.

Lady—And how lang was that?

Mr. A.—About fifteen years.

Lady—Ye'd be a purty singed deevil to come oot after being in sae lang!

The dialogue and the above items we gather from the "Sketches of North Carolina," by Rev. Henry Foote.

Mr. A. seemed to forget that the term used to express the duration of the life of the righteous and the punishment of the wicked after the passage of the final sentence is the same *eternity*. When the Holy Spirit would express the divine determination as to the fixed, unchangeable moral character of each after the final judgement, precisely the same forms of expression are used. See Rev. xxii. 11.

If, then, there is certainty about the unchangeable character of the happiness upon which the righteous enter after the judgement, there must also be the same certainty about the punishment of the wicked; and if there is uncertainty about the punishment of the wicked continuing forever, why is there not the same about the righteous?

An important question for everybody. What will the harvest be?

Mr. Spurgeon in Scotland.

On Thursday, August 1st, Mr. Spurgeon preached at noon in the Established church of Pollokshaws, near Glasgow, on behalf of the Sabbath-schools connected with the congregation. Long before the hour fixed for the beginning of service the parish church (Rev. Philip Rodgers) was besieged by crowds of people anxious to get admission, and as it was altogether impracticable to allow other than ticket-holders to pass into the church, thousands who would willingly have paid to get inside were turned away disappointed. An amusing incident occurred at the gates, where a policeman or two and several stalwart office-bearers acted as sentries, and gathered the passports. Mr. Spurgeon having elbowed his way through the bustle as far as the gate was asked to show and deliver up his ticket, but on being one of the unfortunate non-ticket-holders the great preacher simply smiled. Such complaisance, however, could not reach the heart or cozen the integrity of an immovable ticket-collector, and Mr. Spurgeon was peremptorily told to "cut his stick." Fortunately some were there who recognized the familiar face, now beaming with delight at the comical situation, and authority being nudged on the elbow immediately occurred in the church when the uncomfortably packed audience awaited with patience the appearance of the preacher. During the struggle at the door the beadle had been lost in the crowd, and there being nobody to show the preacher to the pulpit, Dr. Walker, one of the session, mounted the steps and announced in emphatic tones that "the beadle was wanted immediately." The incident caused some merriment, especially when the worthy older's intimation was followed two or three minutes afterwards with the agitated query, "Hea ye see 'im yet?" After the doors of the church were closed the multitude, still clamouring for entrance, filled the yard, and overflowed into the streets. A gentleman was shortly sent out, who announced that Mr. Charles Spurgeon, junr., would, in a neighboring park, address those excluded from the church.

On ascending the pulpit, Mr. Spurgeon said it would have given him great pleasure to have preached out of doors, but he had come north to recruit his health, and he felt so extremely unwell that he could not carry out his wishes. The Old Hundredth Psalm having been sung, Mr. Spurgeon read the 32nd Psalm commenting on the various passages as he proceeded. The preacher then offered up a fervent prayer, after which the large congregation sang the 41st Psalm, phrase. Mr. Spurgeon explained he would purposely shorten his service owing to the extreme heat seeing that oxygen was the next thing to the grace of God for making people ready to hear the Gospel. Taking as his text Deuteronomy xxxii. 39, "I kill and I make alive; I wound and I heal," he expatiated at length on the supreme prerogative of God to kill in order to make alive the sinner. As kings while delegating inferior powers to their subordinate magistrates keep the power of life and death in their own hands, God set up his claims, and He would not depart from it. He killed and He made alive. It was in the kingdom of His grace that God was most jealous of His sovereignty. There His Son had proclaimed Him the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end. That salvation is of the Lord was what he wanted to preach to them. Conversion, or the killing and making alive, and regeneration, or the wounding and healing, were God's work; and to Him should be all the glory given. None but the Lord could kill, or make alive, saying, "could wound or heal effectually." If truth of itself saved them, all Scotland would be saved, for they knew the truth; they had learned the Assembly's Catechism, which was the essence of the Gospel. And all England would be saved, for was there not the Bible in every house? And

very few but could read it. No; truth without the power of God would not kill sin and wound the conscience. Without the intervention of God no one could be saved, even by the power of the Gospel. The preacher said the Lord sometimes laid hold on men's hearts in affliction or trouble, but the man who prayed in a storm would swear in a calm, the man who watched at a grave would perhaps be intoxicated before the day was over. Some of his hearers perhaps had at one time of their lives regarded themselves as good psalm-singers, kirk-goers, Sabbath-keeping Presbyterians, but that was not enough. They might listen to sermons by the waggon load, and listen to the soundest theology, but unless the grace of God acted in them, such things would rather increase their condemnation and perhaps increase their present distress. The preacher then enumerated what he characterized as arrows to wound and kill sinners, and lead them to seek in the grace of God the remedy to heal them and make them again alive. Among these was the sense of condemnation—the feeling that they already stood condemned before God. The horror and sudden energy begotten of this thought led, to his knowledge, rescued many from the ways of sin. Another arrow was the conviction of being dead in sin. Many people thought they could turn to God when they liked, and "make it all right." But as long as they thought so they never would turn. Unless they felt and believed that it was God's grace alone that could restore them, their chance of conversion was hopeless. The fact of people being at present unsaved was their own fault. The reason they had not Christ was because they would not have him. Another dreadful arrow was to be found in the thought that if they were lost they were lost for eternity. Let no man deceive them with some larger and future hope not yet revealed. As a bottle of balm, as an antidote against these arrows, he would remind them that the mercy of God was always pouring forth in a stream for the benefit of sinners, and that all they had to do was, like the oysters on the shore, open their shells to the approaching tide to drink it in. And the crowning mercy of all—had not Jesus Christ come into the world to save sinners? Whosoever believed in Him would be justified. It simply came to trusting in Christ, for salvation was given to faith, and faith was trusting and relying solely upon Christ Jesus.

The Social Position of Hindoo Women.

The Rev. M. A. Sheering, M. A., writing in the *English Independent*, says:—The social position of woman in India is one of great degradation. They are regarded in the light of goods and chattels; and were it not for British rule in that land, would be bought and sold, as they were in former times. They are everywhere distrusted, and are kept in check by a jealous, prying, perpetual oversight, which is to them most galling and distressing, and which, by a natural spirit of antagonism, they endeavour in countless ways to thwart and render nugatory. Native ladies are kept in the strictest seclusion, removed from the eye of the other sex—a pernicious system introduced into the country by the Mohammedans, who, being greatly addicted to polygamy, adopted this abominable method of guarding, as they vainly imagined, the virtue of their wives and daughters, by keeping them in their houses by a lifelong imprisonment. The Hindoos were slow to learn the habit; but they have, nevertheless, gradually done so over the large portion of India. This unseemly jealousy of the female sex shows itself in many ways, and operates to the destruction of that modesty and propriety which it was professedly intended to foster and defend. Zenana intrigues are one of the social vices, arising partly no doubt, from the unappeasable longing of the hapless women to know something of the outside world.

The same mistrust, moreover, which is cherished by men in regard to their zenana women, has passed into the abodes of the lower classes, whose women appear constantly in public. A husband seems never willing to trust his wife out of his sight. Should they be walking out together, they do not proceed side by side, as on an equality with each other, but the wife goes a few steps in advance of her lord, who follows as her protector and jealous guardian rather than her friend. She is addressed with peremptory abruptness, and usually obeys with obsequious docility.

The *Watchman* tells the following story:—A remarkable episode in a public religious service once occurred while the clergyman was preaching from the text—"Is it well with thee?" It was at a little church in Yorkshire, England, in the year 1831. The minister was a good man, with no little Gospel power in his heart and manner, and he made it solemnly plain to the auditory that the Saviour was present, looking into their thoughts with kind inquiry, and testing the spirit of every one. "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee?" Suddenly an exclamation was heard from one of the pews, and a boy twelve years old, who had been intently listening, fell on his knees, and began to weep and pray. A strange thrill ran through the congregation, and many rose to their feet. The minister paused in his sermon, and all attention was rivetted on the kneeling boy. Everybody knew little Tommy, for he belonged to one of the oldest Yorkshire families, and his ancestors of Barnsley had won the arms of a baronet. He was a bright, gifted boy, now six years motherless, but carrying in his heart the indelible impression of his mother's early religious teachings. The honest Yorkshire people felt too deeply themselves the effect of the sermon, to misunderstand Tommy's emotion. They did not think he was crazy. The minister did not. "Let us pray," he said, for he saw more need of prayer than preaching at a moment when before men and angels a young soul first spoke its want. The whole congregation at once assumed the attitude of devotion. Many strong and loving petitions went up to God for the little boy whom, like Samuel, He had called in His own tabernacle. The scene was a strange one—that sudden prayer-meeting in the middle of sermon-time. The prayers were answered, too. Tommy rose from his knees with a radiant face. Thenceforth the seal of a Divine anointing was on him. For the next eight years he continued to give increasing proofs of a Christian spirit, and Christian zeal, and rare and happy fitness for winning souls. When very young he was licensed to preach. At the age of twenty he left his native land and came to the United States. Since then he has not neglected the gift that is in him. The voice that so long ago said to him, on the other side of the sea, "Is it well with thee?" has ever been gladly recognized, and he has "followed Jesus all the way." It led him to Long Island; it led him to Albany; it led him down the Hudson again—and very many whom his words first taught the heavenly lesson, now, know "it is well" with them. To-day few stand higher among the American clergy, or more honoured of the Great Master, than Tommy, the Yorkshire boy—the Rev. Thomas Armitage, of New York.

No one of my fellows can do that special word for me which I have come into the world to do. He may do a higher work, a greater work, but he cannot do my work.

What we want in religion is not new light, but new sight; not new paths, but new zeal and earnestness to walk in the old paths.

The Egyptian Governor has resolved to establish a weekly line of steamers to Cyprus, leaving after the arrival of the Brindisi mail, and returning in time for the French mail every Thursday.

Whoever can discern divine truth has his commission from a higher source than the chief justice in the world who can only discern law. He finds himself constituted judge of the judge. —Thoreau.

An American paper tells, in all good faith, the following story:—"Recently, at a social gathering, Bishop Harris was invited to sing. He declined, but gave the following incident as illustrative of his talent in that line:—"During his journey through Palestine, one evening, after he and Mr. Spencer had gone to bed, the bishop began humming a tune of the olden time, called New Durham. Mr. Spencer joined in, and the two began singing a verse of one of our familiar hymns. Before the verse was finished a donkey just outside the tent brayed as only a donkey in the East can bray. While the hills of Judea were sending back the echoes of this most extraordinary and untimely performance of the donkey the Arab dragoman put his head inside the tent, and apologising for his donkey, said, 'Ha! you sing one tune he think he know.'"

The last census of Palestine shows a total Jewish population of only 15,293 souls. Of these 8,000 live in Jerusalem, about 4,000 in Safet, 2,000 in Tiberias, and 800 in Hebron. The remainder, about 400, are divided between Acco, Jaffa, Haifa, Sichein, and Shefa-Amar. In Jerusalem are fourteen congregations; the largest is the Saphardic, consisting of 3,900 from Spain; the congregation of the Mogrebim (Morocco and Tunis) has 1,000 members. The Russian Jews have nine separate congregations, of which the largest has 492 members. Austria, Hungary, Holland, and Germany have three congregations.

BIBLE REVISION.—We learn from recent British papers that the English company of revisers have finished the first revision of the minor prophets and a part of Esther. The company, since their first meeting on the 30th of June, 1870, have sat for 360 days, working six hours each day, and thus far have revised the whole of the Old Testament for the first time, with the exception of part of Esther, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song and Daniel. They have also been a second time through the Pentateuch.

One of Her Majesty's grandchildren has recently appeared in print as a translator. Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria, eldest daughter of the Grand Duchess of Hesse, has published a translation in German of a sermon to children preached in Westminster Abbey by the Rev. Teignworth Shore, Hon. Chaplain to the Queen. The work which is published in Darmstadt for a charitable object does, it is said, the greatest credit to the royal and youthful translator.

JUGGERNAUT.—A Calcutta telegram to the *Times* says:—"Juggernaut is said to be in a bad way since the imprisonment of the hereditary protector of sacred affairs. The late Car Festival was a complete failure. It is in contemplation to hand over the great god to the tender mercies of a most useful institution—the Court of Wards, though Juggernaut can hardly be said to be still in his minority."

A Methodist Preachers' Association at Wilmington, Del., has had under discussion the question, "If the ordinance of baptism be administered to a person in infancy and again in maturity, would but be valid?—if not, which would be?"

Last winter an old lady remarked, indignantly: "If the bills before Congress are not counterfeited, why should there be such a difficulty in passing them?"

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusil plaster of the monument hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.—*Stirling*

An Albany clergyman was recently telling a marvellous story, when his little girl said, "Now pop, say, is that really true, or is it just preaching?"