

HYMNS FOR SABBATH-SCHOOL
TEACHERS.

BY WILLIAM M'COMB.

I

Met on the Sabbath eve to pray,
Lord pardon what was ours this day ;
And what was Thine, O God of love !
Crown with Thy blessing from above.

Wherein we led Thy little flock
By pasture green and smitten rock,
Not unto us, but unto Thee,
The praise, and power, and glory be !

If thou, O Lord, withholdest rain,
The labour of the field is vain ;
And vain the Teacher's Sabbath toil,
If thou preparest not the soil.

Jesus ! thou Shepherd of the fold,
Our work of faith and love uphold ;
Come, Holy Spirit ! come with power,
Refresh us in the evening hour.

II.

Of what avail, O Lord, the work
That we have done this day,
If, when the hour of judgment comes,
We then be cast away ?

Of what avail our offering
Upon the altar laid,
If, trusting in our righteousness,
We sought no higher aid ?

Of what avail the lessons taught,
The anxious hours we spend,
If, winning youthful souls to Christ
Is not our chiefest end ?

Lord ! teach us while we others teach—
Upraise our hearts to Thee,
That, when we water other souls,
Our own may watered be.

III.

God of mercy ! God of love !
Shine upon us from above,
As at eventide we raise
Songs of gratitude and praise.
May our Sabbath efforts be
Owned, sustained, and bless'd by Thee !

Jesus ! unto Thee we pray—
Bless the labours of the day ;
Safe within Thy pasture-ground
May our little flock be found ;
Lead them where the waters flow ;
Be their Shepherd here below.

Holy Spirit ! bless our toil—
Bless the seed, and bless the soil ;
Make the budding flowers to blow,
And the tender vines to grow ;
Bless the children of our care ;
Sanctify our evening prayer.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
When we join the heavenly host,
With our children round the throne,
Know them, and by them be known ;
Then in unison we'll raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

CHILDHOOD PRAYERS.—Dr. Adam Clarke, in his last days, wrote thus. "The prayers of my childhood are yet precious to me, and the simple hymns I sung when a child I still remember with delight." Thus when the young cherish these sacred influences, they

Sow seeds,
To blossom in their manhood, and bear fruit
When they are old."

THE CALL OF PROVIDENCE.—What God calls a man to do he will carry him through. I would undertake to govern half a dozen worlds, if God called me to do it ; but I would not undertake to govern half a dozen sheep unless God called me to it.—*Payson.*

PATH OF THE JUST—ITS RADIANCY.

BY THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

The path of the sun is a radiant path ; it is not only glorious. That expresses but half the truth. It is glorious because it is radiant. The sun is not like the moon,—a mere reflector, glittering with borrowed light. God has given it light in itself, and therefore it shines and cannot but shine. If the mountains could be lifted up, until they should enclose it, like a wall ; and the clouds, ascending from the mountains, should concentrate their masses, and over-arch it, like a roof,—it would shine still. Nay, made the more intense by the confinement, it would turn the mountains into diamonds, and the clouds into crystals, and flash through them all, and fill the world with new splendours.

So with the path of the just. His glory is from within ; it is a radiation. Put him where you will, he shines, and cannot but shine. God made him to shine. For instance, imprison Joseph—and he will shine out on all Egypt, cloudless as the sky where the rain never falls. Imprison Daniel—and the dazzled lions will retire to their lairs, and the king come forth to worship at his rising, and all Babylon bless the beauty of the brighter and better day. Imprison Peter—and, with an angel for his harbinger star, he will spread his aurora from the fountains of the Jordan to the wells of Beersheba, and break like the morning over mountain and sea. Imprison Paul—and there will be high noon over all the Roman Empire. Imprison John—and the Isles of the Ægean, and all the coasts around will kindle with sunset visions, too gorgeous to be described, but never to be forgotten—a boundless panorama of prophecy, gliding from sky to sky, and enchanting the raptures with openings of heaven, transits of saints and angels, and the ultimate glory of the city and kingdom of God. Not only so : for modern times have similar examples—examples in the Church, and examples in the State. For instance, bury Luther in the depths of the Black Forest, and "the angel that dwelt in the bush" will honor him there ; the trees around him will burn like shafts of ruby, and his glowing orb looms up again, round and clear, as the light of all Europe. Thrust Bunyan into the gloom of Bedford jail—and, as he leans his head on his hand, the murky horizon of Britain will flame with fiery symbols—"delectable mountains" and celestial mansions with holy pilgrims grouped on the golden hills, and bands of bliss, from the gates of pearl, hastening to welcome them home.—*Free Presbyterian.*

GO WORK TO-DAY.

List thee, Christian ! The voice of the Master is not drowned by the din of business. The claims of religion are not abated by your hurry and stress of occupation. The still, small voice that bids you be at work to-day for God is peremptory. What though you are pressed with care ; religious duty is care's great cure. What though the car of business drags heavily ; it is by prayer and heavenly hope that the wheels are to be kept in motion.

Go to your work to-day in the vineyard.—God has need of you now. When your convenience serve he will have done with you. He will not accept your leisure hours. Religion's great aim and triumph are realized in the subjection of the 'Change to the closet, of the Bank to the Bible, of the street to the sanctuary.—What is a religion worth that can flourish only as weeds do in a desolate and untilled field ?—What is that principle worth that cannot withstand the least pleasure of worldly solicitation ?

Go work to-day. Now, when labor will be a cross ; now when your example will be valuable ; now, when the world should know your principles ; now, when the mass are trying to serve

God and mammon—go work for God and you can do something worthy of your vows. What does the cause of Christ need more than examples of that religion which makes a place for the prayer meeting in every week's calendar, and which shuts the door of the closet upon the world, until God is worshipped ! The greater attainment of life is to use this world without abusing it—to attend manfully to any claim of business, to breast with heroism every storm of embarrassment, to do one's best in whatever circumstances may develop, and, at the same time, to live out the Christian by a course of daily usefulness. To be at the same time a good business man and a warm-hearted disciple—to care for every interest of religion amidst all secular cares, to lay a stone on Zion's walls with every accession of worldly fortune, this is true Christianity. Nor will any principles of living insure men from the covetousness, and the deep pit of commercial dishonesty, except those simple rules of living which the Gospel prescribes for all times.

Go work to-day. Seek out some humble labor of love. It may save you from falling.—Invite some interruption of your excessive worldliness. Call in some umpire who shall put down the false and ruinous claims of Mammon.

Have a religion which can live and be honored in the Exchange as well as at home, in busy seasons as in dull times, on rainy Sabbaths as on fair ones, in the afternoon as in the morning, when prosperity fans, as well as when adversity baffles your progress. Seek a cure of your religious distemper by going to work to-day for God.—*Free Presbyterian.*

LOVE FOR JESUS.—A little girl between six and seven years of age, when on her death-bed, seeing her elder sister with a Bible in her hand requested her to read it. The preceding passage having been read, and the book closed, the child said, "How kind ! I shall soon go to Jesus ; he will soon take me up in his arms, bless me, too ; no disciple shall keep me away." Her sister kissed her, and said, "Do you love me ?" "Yes, my dear," she replied, "but do not be angry, I love Jesus better."

That most remarkable passage in the sermon on the Mount—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth—but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," is too little considered in its disciplinary effects. It should be considered as a divinely prescribed mode of accomplishing the following things:—1. Overcoming the fear of death. 2. Subduing worldly-mindedness, extravagance, and covetousness. 3. Developing attachment to the world to come. 4. Securing to ourselves forever the perishable riches of this transitory life.—*Hosmer.*

ERRATUM.—In the report of the proceedings of the Presbytery of Brockville and Ottawa, the third clause of the decision of Presbytery, in the matter of the Organ, should read as follows:—"3. That there are special features in the case, which lead the Presbytery, in *hoc statu*, not to bring the *ex post facto* deliverance of Synod to bear upon it."

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