

## THAT ONE WORD.

'I never can forget *that word* which was once whispered to me in an inquiry-meeting," said a pious man once to a friend. "What word was it?" "It was the word ETERNITY. A young Christian friend, who was yearning for my salvation, came up to me as I sat in my pew, and simply whispered 'Eternity' in my ear, with great solemnity and tenderness, and then left me. That word made me think, and I found no peace till I came to the cross."

The sainted M'Cheyne was once riding by a quarry, and stopped to look in at the engine-house. The fireman had just opened the door to feed the furnace with fresh fuel; when M'Cheyne, pointing in to the bright hot flame, said mildly to the man, "Does that fire remind you of anything?" The man could not get rid of the solemn question. To him it was an effectual arrow of conviction. It led him to the house of God, and will lead him, we trust, to heaven.

A single remark of the Rev. Charles Simeon, on the blessing which had resulted from the labours of Dr. Carey in India, first arrested the attention of Henry Martyn to the cause of missions. His mind began to stir under the new thought, and a perusal of the Life of Brainerd fixed him in his resolution to give himself to the dying heathen.

It is said that Harlan Page once went through his Sabbath school to get the spiritual census of the school. Coming to one of the teachers, he said, "Shall I put you down as having a hope in Christ?" The teacher replied, "No." "Then," said Mr. Page very tenderly, "I will put you down as having no hope." He closed his little book and left him. That was enough. God gave that young man's soul no rest till he found a hope beneath the cross.

A member of my church, on one occasion, overtook a young lady on her way to the prayer-meeting. She asked the young woman if she ever thought of her own salvation. The lady thus addressed replied, that during all her life she had never had one word spoken to her about the salvation of her soul! Within a month from that time, she became a devoted member of the flock of Christ.

Fellow-disciple! have you never yet spoken *one word* to an impenitent friend about the most momentous of all questions? Then I fear that you will find no one in heaven that you were the means, under God, of sending there. Though you may reach the "many mansions" yourself, I fear that your crown will glitter with no splendours. It will be a *starless crown*.—Cuyler's *Stray Arrows*.

## HOME FEELINGS.

Cherish home-like feelings towards the Father's house. Like an ocean pilgrim who espies a speck of dimness, a wedge of vapour, rising from the deep, and in the cold evening he scarcely cares to be told that it is land, chill and sleepy, he sees no comfort for him in a little heap of distant haze, but, after a night's sound slumber, springing to the deck, the hazy hammock has spread out into a green and glittering shore, with the stir and floating streamers of a holiday in its villages, and with early summer in the gale which morning fetches from off its meadow flowers. So many a believer even has far-off and frosty sensations towards the Better Land; and it is not till refreshed from time's tumult—till waking up in some happy Sabbath's spiritual-mindedness, or skirting the celestial coast in the proximity of sickness and decline—that the dim speck projects into a solid shore, bright with blessed life and fragrant with empyreal air.

"Thou city of my God,  
Home of my heart, how near.  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy pearly gates appear!"

"O, then my spirit pants  
To reach the land I love,  
The fair inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above."

And as with its remoteness, so with its attractions. You might imagine a man who had come far across the seas to visit a father whom he had not seen for many years, and in a house which he had never seen at all. And, coming to that part of the country, he espies a mansion with which he is nowise prepossessed, so huge and heavy does it look; but he is told that this is the dwelling, and a gruff ungainly porter opens for him the grand avenue gate; and no sooner does he find himself in the vestibule than a home-glow tells him he is right, and his elder brother hastens out to meet him, and conducts him to his chamber, and soon ushers him into the presence of friends whom he is amazed and overjoyed to meet. So, in the thought that we must put off these tabernacles and pass away we know not whither, there is something from which nature secretly recoils, and which gives to the earthward side of the Father's house a blank and heavy look; and at the avenue gate Death, the grim porter, none of us can like. But still it is the Father's house; and by preparing an apartment for us, and decorating it with his own hands, and by introducing us to dear kindred already there, our Elder Brother will do all he can to make it home.—Lessons from the Great Biography, by Dr. Hamilton.