

extent under convictions of sin, and who feel the force of the appeals that are addressed unto them, would like to be saved, and yet do not want to give up their idols, do not want to give up their darling sins, do not want to give up their ungodly companions. Reader, you must forsake all for Christ.

WORK FOR CHRIST.

The manslayer was not only admitted into the city of Refuge free of charge, but an abode was prepared for him, and he was taught in the arts that would enable him to sustain himself. But while there none of his friends or family came to dwell with him. Now, this suggests to us the thought that while we have a free and welcome invitation to Christ Jesus, while he receives us in open arms, yet we are not expected to sit at ease. When we leave the service of Satan, we have to enter the service of Christ.

But, judging of many people by their actions, they seem to think that all they have to do is to get into Christ as a refuge from the coming storm, and when that is accomplished they can sit at ease in quiet composure. It is not so, however. When we are in Christ, we are required to work for Christ. Every energy, every thought, every feeling, has to be consecrated to his service. We have to help at the oar, and row the Gospel boat along.

READER, have you fled for refuge? If not, flee without delay. Time is short.—Christ is waiting to be gracious. His voice is ready to welcome you—his arms ready to embrace you—his blood abundant to cleanse you.

READER, have you fled and found refuge? Oh, how safe it is to be in the arms of Christ, but do you know any around you, that is out of Christ? Oh, go and warn them to flee, flee, flee. Speak a word for Christ, and if you cannot, hand them this. Perhaps the Lord will deign to bless the word *we* write and *you* deliver, to some poor sinner's soul. R. K.

Grace grows by exercise, and decays by disuse. Though both arms grow, yet that which a man most uses is the stronger; so it is both in gifts and graces. In birds, the wings which have been used most, are swiftest; the application is easy.

THE GREAT SPIRIT AND AN INDIAN WAR-CHIEF.

During the recent visit of the Indian lady, Nah-ne-bah-wee-quay, or "upright woman," on an embassy for her red brethren to Queen Victoria, she related to some friends in a simple, child-like manner the following narrative of the operation of the Holy Spirit upon the mind of a war-chief, unaided by any human agency whatever, which was felt to be instructive to those who heard its recital, and it is hoped will be instructive to others.

This chief, belonging to the Ojibways, near Owen's Sound, Lake Huron, was a poor pagan, and lived, prior to the civilized condition now witnessed, amongst a remnant of that once powerful tribe, reduced at present to about one thousand souls, embracing parts of other tribes also. He was noted for his strong and noble frame, his fearlessness in danger, and his remarkable success in the chase.

It so happened whilst yet a young man, with a wife and family surrounding him, he left the camp of his people, and retired a considerable distance from them, for the purpose of hunting. Shortly after reaching this new place of abode, the supply of provisions having been exhausted, he went forth as formerly in quest of game, but soon discovered his former good fortune had deserted him, the animals, as if apprised of his intentions, retiring to a safe distance out of gun-shot.— Foiled in his purpose he renewed his exertions only to find failure attending every attempt.— Discouraged, after long and persevering efforts, remembering too his isolated condition, and the imperative need of his family, who had now been driven nearly to starvation, so that they had to live for more than three days on wild roots, he paused, weary and faint, and taking a seat upon a log, out of sight, but so that he could hear his little children playing, he fell into a train of meditation. He looked up to the blue arch above him, and beheld the beautiful sky and the bright sun, and casting his eyes around him he saw the green grass, the waving trees, and the flowing water; and as he thought of the silvery moon and the shining stars, he said to himself, "These things came not here by their own bidding;— there must be a cause for them! they could not produce themselves! and therefore they must have been created! and who is their creator? Surely He must be the Great Spirit! and I wish that Great Spirit would bless the poor Indian, that his famishing wife and children might not starve." Then he thought that perhaps he must give the Great Spirit something, so that He would bless Him. And what had he? There was his blanket, though it had done him good service, and was