The Protestant
AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess. v. 21.

Vol. 2. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, June 29, 1861. No. 52.

The Protestant,
AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,
Is issued every Saturday from Haszard's Printing Office, South Side Queen Square.
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TERMS:
Twelve Shillings if paid within the First quarter after being taken, or from the date of the last payment; Thirteen Shillings, if paid within the Second quarter; Fourteen Shillings, if paid within the Third quarter; after which, Fifteen Shillings will be charged.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. [To prevent disappointment, all advertisements should be sent to the Office before 3 o'clock on Friday.]

The World Harvest.

They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair,
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare,
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;
What shall their harvest be?

They are sowing their seed of pleasant thought,
In the Spring's green light they have blithely wrought;
They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,
Where the mosses creep and the flower buds swell:
Rare shall the harvest be!

They are sowing the seed of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed;
Of the gentle word and the kindest deed,
That have blest the heart in its sorest need:
Sweet shall the harvest be!

And some are sowing the seeds of pain,
Of late remorse and in maddened brain,
And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again:
Dark will the harvest be!

And some are standing with idle hand,
Yet they scatter seed on their native land;
And some are sowing the seeds of care,
Which their soil has borne and still must bear—
Sad will the harvest be!

They are sowing the seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed;
With a ceaseless hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are whitening where'er they go:
Rich will the harvest be!

Sown in darkness or sown in light,
Sown in weakness or sown in might,
Sown in meekness or sown in wrath,
In the broad work field or the shadowy path—
Sure will the harvest be!

Methodism in Great Britain.

The following article is copied from the London *Watchman*. We admire its tone, and rejoice in its encouraging statistical information. Methodism is but one of the many evangelistic agencies at work in Britain; but the extent of its operations and its continued prosperity, when taken in connection with that of kindred institutions, cannot fail to evoke in every catholic heart feelings of gratitude to Zion's King:—

We had hoped, in this week's issue, to be able to give the whole of the District Returns, with the exception of N. Wales,—the meeting of which is not generally held until the commencement of June,—but the Zetland Isles Return has not yet been received. Leaving these two districts for another week, it is to us a source of gratification that we can present to our readers the following Table as complete as it is, in an unofficial form. We have no doubt, however, that it will be found at the Conference, as in previous years, that our Table approximates very closely to the officially reported number:—

DISTRICTS.	In Society.	Increase.	Decrease.	On Trial.
London,	29956	676		1172
Bedford and Northampton,	11,748	452		945
Kent,	6925	242		302
Norwich and Lynn,	6862	356		489
Oxford,	6890	549		738
Portsmouth,	5819	346		488
Channel Islands,	[illegible]	98		89
Devonport,	7813	467		676
Cornwall,	[illegible]	214		1082
Exeter,	5419	182		486
Bristol,	[illegible]	171		596
Bath,	7324	286		612
Swansea,	[illegible]	79		333
South Wales,	[illegible]		73	566
North Wales,				
Birmingham and Shrewsbury,	16,025	443		980
Macclesfield,	10,058	192		1088
Liverpool,	12,368	722		770
Manchester and Bolton,	24,155	[illegible]		[illegible]
Halifax and Bradford,	[illegible]	[illegible]		964
Leeds,	[illegible]	[illegible]		928
Sheffield,	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]
Nottingham and Derby,	18,512	[illegible]		1152
Lincoln,	12,165	828		947
Hull,	14,796	29		817
York,	12,738	341		841
Whitby and Darlington,	[illegible]	196		[illegible]
Newcastle,	16,579	784		875
Carlisle,	[illegible]	[illegible]		238
Isle of Man,	3114	28		301
Edinburgh and Aberdeen,	[illegible]	241		137
Shetland Islands,				
Totals,	[illegible]	[illegible]	73	[illegible]

The first thing that strikes us in the examination of the above Table, is the column of Increase. It is one of almost unbroken uniformity, proving how general is the prosperity of the work of God. There is but one solitary item of decrease, namely, in South Wales. It is but just, however, to that District, comparing this District with the return of the last year, it is rather a source of encouragement than otherwise. It should be remembered, that there was a remarkable revival of religion last year in all the Churches throughout the Principality,—our own amongst the number,—so that the Welsh districts showed the large increase of upwards of 3,000 members. The slight decrease, therefore, of 73, after such a religious awakening, and such an accession of converts from the world, is calculated rather to excite our gratitude for the steadfastness of the many, than to depress our spirits by the defection of a few.

The [illegible] remark is applicable to the Table generally. The Increase, although above 9,000, is not [illegible]; but, when it is considered that the [illegible] unprecedented in the annals of our Connexion in Great Britain, so that in the year succeeding [illegible] above the usual average, it is [illegible].

[illegible] should lead us to humble and serious reflection. When we think of the vast machinery Methodism employs—such as no other Churches do, or can, in their present state of organization—to move the masses and to [illegible] painfully affected with the result. As a section of the Church of Christ, we are not doing all that we can for the steadily and rapidly increasing population of our country. We have no doubt, however, that if, as we had hoped, we had been in circumstances to report the number of such as have finished their course with joy, this number would have been much larger than many persons imagine; and, consequently, the gain to the Church below would have appeared greater, in the same ratio.

As to the important feature of Ministerial succession, we cannot as yet write with accuracy, but from all that we can learn, the number of Candidates recommended by the several District Meetings to the approval of the Conference, will be found equal to, if not larger than, that of the previous years. To the future we look forward with hope and confidence. Never did Wesleyan Methodism seem to be more earnestly devoting itself to accomplish primitive destiny, as stated by its Founder, not only "to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land," but "to go to those who need it most." Its Home Mission work, under the careful and energetic superintendence of the Secretary of the Connexional department, is flourishing and extending. The great need is more men. Missionaries! Missionaries! cried the dying Waterhouse, with his last accents enforcing the claims of Fiji. This cry is ours, not only for the work abroad, but for the wants at home. Oh! for a larger number of men baptised with the "tongue of fire," and inflamed with "boundless charity divine," to dissipate the moral darkness of our land, and to bring forth, into Gospel-day and freedom and holiness, victims of depravity, wretchedness and guilt!

It would be a fitting thing, during this year, in which has been announced the largest income our Foreign Missions have realized, that a proportionate amount should be consecrated to the service of God for the rescue of the heathen around us. The "Metropolitan Chapel Extension" Plan, when carried out, must be of essential advantage to Methodism, and to religion generally, in London and its neighborhood.

On the whole we have cause to rejoice.—Although many brethren, both lay and ministerial, have been called to reap the reward of their holy and benevolent toils, and to rest from their labors, the Churches of Christendom—and our own in particular—are girding themselves for the momentous times about to dawn upon the world. We cannot reflect upon the startling and rapid decline of Romanism, at least as to its temporal power, the freedom of long oppressed nationalities, the universal openings to the Gospel of Christ, and now the fratricidal struggle in America, in which we think we see "that execrable sum of human villainies," Slavery, foredoomed, without feeling convinced that the "day is at hand" when a loud voice shall be heard in heaven, saying, "Now is come salvation and strength, and the Kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ."

The Heavenly Baptism.

Do we not need at this juncture a new baptism upon our Churches? This kindling inspiration from on high must be given us; we cannot create it, any more than we can create the air we breathe, or the power to inhale it. This baptism cometh only from God; it is the fervent love of Jesus aroused and kept alive by the Holy Spirit.

False fire is cheaply obtained; and like all cheap things is totally worthless. There is an enthusiasm awakened by the eloquence of the pulpit, or the manifestoes of some striking leader of opinion; there is a heat engendered by the humming wheels of mere external activities. In times of high religious excitement certain men catch fire from others, and for a little while, blaze up into brilliant bursts of enthusiasm; but when the *bitumen* has all burned out of them, they die down suddenly into suffocating smoke and darkness. Such false flames the Holy Ghost never enkindled. They are born of animal passion, or of the contagion of fanaticism.

But when God warms a converted heart, it is with love to Jesus as the igniting principle. Itself a "fire in the bones," interpenetrates the whole man. And until the man is thus permeated with love of Christ, he is totally useless. He may be equipped with the rarest intellectual powers, and his sensibilities tempered to the finest issue; his native affections may be of the most ardent, and his impulse of the most generous; his memory may be ballasted with the most orthodox creeds and catechisms, and yet he shall lie as useless for God's service, as is the *Adriatic* useless while lashed up to one of our wharves. The machinery is there—fitted, grooved, and interlocked by all the cunning of the machinist. But the engine sleeps.

At a given moment the engineer strikes a little match at the furnace-door. Forthwith a roaring sound goes off under the boiler; live coals begin to sift down through iron gratings; imprisoned steam soon hisses out of joints and rivets, piston-rods begin to play; and like an impatient hound in the leash, the giant steamer strains on her cables and paws the foaming water to be off! The magnificent herald of the deep only waited for her baptism of fire.

That little igniting match will prove to be an over-match, for headwinds, and wild raging hurricanes. So was it at Pentecost. All the varied power, and energy, and good purpose of the young Church at Jerusalem waited for the celestial inspiration. It was but of little account that Peter was swift of speech—that James was sagacious—or that John was lion-hearted and devout. They lacked yet the *power from on high*. And this came down in the baptism of fire. We do not wonder at the prompt and glorious result. We do not wonder that as soon as the first apostolic sermon came in contact with the listening multitude—that as soon as the fervid peroration reached its climax in "*repent and be baptised*;" no less than three thousand souls are brought down in contrition before the cross of Christ.

Is not the want of this very baptism the crying want of the Church at this moment? Cannot such a baptism be obtained? To both these questions, we need not fear to answer, Yes! The baptism is indispensable. It is likewise possible. Not indeed in miraculous and astounding forms, as at Pentecost. Nor are these essential. The Gospel of Jesus spoken out with fearless fidelity—lived out with radiant power, and attended with the Holy Ghost—this is what the perishing world is waiting for. An ignition that shall set every Christian tongue in motion, that shall bring every Christian arm into play, that shall thaw open every purse congealed by selfishness, that shall develop the latent power that now lies hidden (if we may use the phrase) in the *coal-bunkers* of the Church; is not this the great need of our time?

With intellectual resources, with the religious machinery of colleges, seminaries, boards, institutions, and agencies, the Church is well supplied. There is an abundance of wheels. Let us have but the *living spirit within the wheels!* Only let the love of Jesus descend as a baptism into the bosom of God's people, and every man becomes, in his measure, an apostle. The sluggish get astir, the slow of tongue become eloquent. The humble mechanic becomes a Harlan Page, in his shop, or his Sunday-school. Plain, plodding pastors preach like Whitfields. Filled with the Holy Ghost, the unlettered young convert has power to plead with sinners. The gift of tongues is descending. Those who once could not pray, now love to pray. Truth once preached to sleeping congregations, now fix every ear and eye on the pulpit. If you would learn what such a baptism is to an individual church, take a single feature of it—its *prayer-meeting*. In a lifeless church the prayer-meeting is a perfect refrigerator. A few reluctant people creep in there, simply to be congealed. They come cold; they go away colder.

How different with a prayer-circle that is fired with the love of Christ, under the baptism of the Spirit. Sinners may draw back from such gatherings, lest they should there be awakened to contrition. But, when there, they cannot go to sleep. They cannot look upon the proceedings as lifeless mummery. They may rebel, and brace themselves against the atmospheric pressure of the subduing scene; but they *feel*, and cannot help feeling. No place is so searching, so heart-thrilling to sinners as a room of prayer that is penetrated by the Holy Ghost. An eloquent discourse may, in a certain measure, draw off the auditor to the tone, the gesture, the striking rhetoric; but a fervid prayer-meeting is like a furnace kindled about him; it is simple gospel heat; he can do nothing but *melt*.

Nor is it only the impenitent who is melting. Christians hearts thaw out, and drip into out-flowing tears and sobs of contrition. Tongues are unloosed; eyes moisten; the great deep of emotion is broken up. How they sing! How the old thrilling revival-airs roll out; and with what volume and vehemence they come down on the inspiring chorus—

"The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!"

How well they speak too; How they come to the point! No one is wordy or diffuse; they have something to say, and they say it. They obtain utterance out of full hearts; their speech is seasoned with salt divine. As for discords, and old festering feuds, and family quarrels, and litigations, they are consumed like chaff in the newly-kindled flame of holy love! The Church becomes a practical unity, with one Lord, one faith, one blessed purpose, and one baptism of the Holy Ghost! It is hard to terminate such love-feasts of the brotherhood of Jesus; the people will linger in the sweet summer atmosphere of the house of prayer and are loath to leave the hallowed spot.

O for this blessed baptism! Though the flame of love be accompanied by the flame of trial, let it come. If it consume away our dross and chaff of worldliness, all the better. So that we get the inspiration, we can bear the trial. Let the blessed flame descend: for no other power can save myriads from the flames of hell.
—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

Christ's Statements Regarding Himself.

There is yet another point related to this, in which the attitude of Jesus is even more distinct from any that was ever taken by man, and is yet triumphantly sustained. I speak of the astonishing pretensions asserted concerning his person. Similar pretensions have sometimes been assumed by maniacs or insane persons, but never, so far as I know, by persons in the proper exercise of their reason. Certain it is, that no mere man could take the same attitude of supremacy toward the race, and inherent affinity or oneness with God, without totally shocking the confidence of the world by his effrontery. Imagine a human creature saying to the world, "I came from the Father"—"ye are from beneath, I am from above;" facing all the intelligence, and even the philosophy of the world, and saying in bold assurance—"Behold, a greater than Solomon is here"—"I am the light of the world"—"the way, the truth, and the life;" publishing to all peoples and religions—"No man cometh to the Father but by me;" promising openly in his death—"I will draw all men unto me;" addressing the Infinite Majesty, and testifying—"I have glorified thee on the earth;" calling to the human race—"Come unto me," "follow me;" laying his hand on all the dearest and most intimate affections of life, and demanding a precedent love—"He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." Was there ever displayed an example of effrontery and spiritual conceit so preposterous? Was there ever a man that dared put himself on the world in such pretensions?—as if all the light was in him, and to be worthy of him was to be the conclusive or chief excellence of mankind? What but mockery and disgust does he challenge as the certain reward of his audacity? But no one is offended with Jesus on this account; and what is a sure test of his success, it is remarkable that, of all the readers of the gospel, it probably never even occurs to one in a hundred thousand to blame his conceit, or the egregious vanity of his pretensions. Nor is there anything disputable in the pretensions; least of all, any trace of myth or fabulous tradition. They enter into the very web of his ministry, so that if they are extracted and nothing left transcending mere humanity, nothing at all is left. Indeed, there is a tacit assumption, continually maintained, that far exceeds the range of these formal pretensions. He says, "I, and the Father that sent me." What figure would a man present in such language—I and the Father? He goes even beyond this, and apparently without any thought of excess or presumption, classing himself with the Infinite Majesty in a common plural, he says—"We will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Imagine any, the greatest and holiest of mankind, any prophet or apostle saying we of himself and the great Jehovah! What a conception did he give us concerning himself, when he assumed the necessity of such information as this—"My Father is greater than I;" and, above all, when he calls himself, as he often does, in a tone of condescension, "The Son of man." See him also on the top of Olivet, looking down on the guilty city and weeping words of compassion like these—imagine some man weeping over London or New York in the like—"How often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" See him also, in the supper, instituting a right of remembrance for himself, a scorned, outcast man, saying, "This is my body"—"This do in remembrance of me."

I have dwelt thus on the transcendant pretensions of Jesus, because there is an argument here for his superhumanity which cannot be resisted. For eighteen hundred years these prodigious assumptions have been published and preached to a world that is quick to lay hold of conceit, and bring down the lofty airs of pretenders, and yet, during all this time, whole nations of people, composing as well the learned and powerful as the ignorant and humble, have paid their homage to the name of Jesus, detecting never any disagreement between his merits and his pretensions, offended never by any thought of his extravagance. In which we have absolute proof that he practically maintains his amazing assumptions! Indeed, it will even be found that, in the common apprehension of the race, he maintains the merit of a most peculiar modesty, producing no conviction more distinctly than that of his intense lowliness and humility. His worth is seen to be so great, his authority so high, his spirit so celestial, that instead of being offended by his pretensions, we take the impression of one in whom it is even a condescension to breathe our air. I say not that his friends and followers take this impression—it is received as naturally and irresistably by unbelievers. I do not recollect any skeptic or infidel who has even thought to accuse him as a conceited person, or to assault him in this, the weakest and absurdest, if not the strongest and holiest point of his character.

Come now, all ye that tell us in your wisdom of the mere natural humanity of Jesus, and help us to find how it is that he is only a natural development of the human; select your best and wisest character; take the range, if you will, of all the great philosophers and saints, and choose out one that is most competent; or, if perchance, some one of you may imagine that he is himself about upon a level with Jesus (as we hear that some of you do,) let him come forward in this trial and say, "Follow me"—"be worthy of me"—"I am the light of the world"—"ye are from beneath, I am from above"—"behold a greater than Solomon is here;" take on all these transcendant assumptions, and see how soon your glory will be sifted out of you by the detective gaze, and darkened by the contempt of mankind! Why not? Is not the challenge fair? Do you not tell us that you can say as divine things as he? Is it not in you too, of course, to do what is human? Are you not in the front rank of human developments? Do you not rejoice in the power to rectify the mistakes and errors in the words of Jesus? Give us then this one experiment, and see if it does not prove to you a truth that is of some consequence, namely, that you are a man, and that Jesus Christ—is more.—*Dr. Huntington.*

The Danger of an Empty Mind.

The writer of this note, who is now not young, had opportunities in his youth of observing the character and habits of working people in some agricultural districts. At that time as now, many of them fell into snares—sinned and sorrowed. I observe that one chief cause of many sad falls was a certain habitual lightness or emptiness of mind. Heavy labor throughout a long day naturally demands much relaxation of mind; just as wearied limbs require a soft bed to stretch themselves upon. To obtain this relaxation, the young men among themselves, or the young men and young women together, indulged in a constant round of light, unmeaning, not to say corrupting, jokes. By this habit they became weak, and are easily led into temptation. The Bible says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine;" and an excellent medicine it is, when taken in small doses, at intervals, and of pure material; but when people make mirth their food, their souls grow very lean upon it. If you should take doctor's drugs three times a day instead of substantial meals, you would soon die of starvation.

The habit of a light, unmeaning conversation, greatly exposes the young of the working people to deeper evils. I have seen a pitcher set down in an exposed place, upon the parapet of a bridge while the boy who owned it stepped aside to gather a wild flower that had caught his eye; but before he returned, the pitcher had been tossed into the river by a puff of wind. The pitcher was empty; if it had been filled with any solid thing it would have stood firm and defied the breeze. An empty soul is like the empty pitcher; it is at the mercy of every gust of temptation that blows. If the youth of this day sin in this respect, they sin against great privilege. Many books and periodicals, attractive, entertaining, and useful, are now brought within the reach of all. What would I have given when I was between fifteen and twenty years of age for some of the entertaining and improving books that the poorest of the working people may now easily procure!

Young men and young women who toil on farms and in workshops, a true friend here ventures to give you counsel. Put something sensible and solid into your mind from day to day, lest, from mere lack of solidity, you blow into the water like an empty pitcher. Take to the study of books and of nature time about; they will throw light on each other. Observe the habits of a bee or a caterpillar, and get hold of some book that will help you to understand them. Then go back from the book to the living things themselves, and perhaps you will learn to know them better than your teachers. Thus occupied, you will be tenfold more happy and more safe. You will also be better fitted for advancement in society, and your heart will be a better soil for the good seed of the Word of Life.

Treasury.

Two Givings.

There is a correspondence between the sovereign gift of God on the one side, and the man's willing self-surrender on the other. If you are Christ's, you have been given to him; but there are two givings—"on either side one, and Jesus in the midst." There is a giving in heaven and a giving on earth. God the Father gives you to Christ, and you give yourselves. These two fit into each other; they never clash. When an ill-balanced mind stumbles at the decrees of God, and slackens effort, under a [illegible] dread that effort may be vain, the difficulty lies not in the province of religion. It is a philosophy, falsely so called, intruding into a domain not its own. It has no business here. Cast it out with, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Repent, and believe the gospel. Turn and live. There is the command of God; there is the duty of men! To leave the work undone, until we shall by searching find out the secret things of God, is presumptuous disobedience. God is not wont to arrange the relations of worlds so, that the higher of two correlatives shall clash against the lower, to the destruction of both. How nicely, in nature, marrow fits into its marrow; and will God's eternal counsel jar against God's Spirit working repentance in a human heart? Stand on the seashore, and mark the rising tide. How laborious, and steadfast, and patient is its struggle upward and onward! Falling back every moment, every moment it returns to the charge with another and heavier stroke. Gaining this moment a little more than it lost the last, it encroaches slowly, surely on the beach. A planet high in heaven, satellite in waiting on our earth, is meantime gliding noiselessly along its spiral course through space. The struggles on this rising weltering tide, and the course of that silent silver moon, exactly correspond. They never jar. So correspond the covenant purpose of God and those working in a human soul that culminate in conversion to Christ. As the sea heaves and labours, throwing up its unnumbered waves, and pressing on till it reaches the limits of its rising, so a human soul, agonizing for deliverance, puts forth all its energies, according to the laws of its own nature, heaving hither and thither among hopes and fears manifold and changeful as the waves of the ocean, in the act of turning from sin and cleaving to Jesus.

Ye are his beloved, by two givings; the Father gives you, and you give yourselves to Christ; and Christ receives you, and you are his. If you be not Christ's by your own willing surrender, you will never be his apart from your own will, by divine decree. On high is Almighty power—below, a willing people! and the blessed result is, ye—disciples, coming like the dew of the morning, great in number and pure in heart—"ye are Christ's."—*Roots and Fruits*, by the Rev. William Arnot.

Steps toward Christ.

One of you, for example, goes right away from that closet in which he has been praying for a new heart, and searching out a person whom he has wronged, he makes reparation on the spot.

Another one seeks out an ancient enemy against whom he may have been simmering a slow hatred for years, and offering his hand, says, "Come, sir! you and I have quarrelled about long enough; let us forgive and forget." How differently that man will pray the next time he comes before an all-forgiving Saviour!

Another who has bolted out a poor erring daughter, sends for her to come home again—remembering, as he does so, how Jesus once drew a weeping outcast, through a baptism of tears, to his own loving heart.

Still a fourth seeker after Christ finds that his appetites are his snare. So he says to himself, "I must give up my glass, or give up my soul."

An audible prayer before his family has been a first step with more than one awakened man. It was hard work to get through it, between the suppressed smiles of his children, and the scarce suppressed tears of his astonished overjoyed wife. But never in his life—though he were to outlive Methuselah—will he offer a prayer that will tell so prodigiously on his spiritual history as that first, broken, stammering, disjointed, but agonizing prayer before his household. When he offered it, he took his first decided step toward Christ. My friend! have you taken yours?—*Independent.*

Common Christians.

The word which requires that we should be witnesses unto Christ is peculiarly apt to slip from our grasp, especially when the specimen exhibited is some eminent saint. An indolent, earthly selfishness, under pretence of humility, like Satan in an angel's dress, cunningly suggests the distinction between a common ungifted man and the great apostle of the Gentiles. He was a worthy witness; but what could we do, although we did our best? If you are a sinner forgiven through the blood of Christ, in the greatest things you and Paul are equal; unequal only in the least. In the things that reach up to heaven and through eternity, there is no perceptible difference between you; the distinction is confined to the earth and time. You, a lost sinner, get pardon and eternal life in God's dear Son, and what does he get more? Getting as much from your Lord, you may love your Lord as much. In the economy of grace a shallower vessel serves nearly every purpose as well as a deeper, if both are full of Christ.

In nature the shallowest lake, provided it be full, sends up as many clouds to heaven as the deepest, for the same sunlight beams equally on both their bosoms. This law may often be seen at work in the spiritual kingdom. "Glory to God in the highest" rises in a stream as strong and pure from a sinner saved who lays out one talent in a lowly sphere, as from a sinner saved who wields ten talents in the sight of an applauding world. Nay, more; as a lake within the tropics, though shallow, gives more incense to the sky than a polar ocean of unfathomable depth, so a Christian of few gifts, whose heart lies open, fair, and long to the Sun of righteousness, is a more effectual witness than a man of greater capacity who lies not so near, and looks not so constantly to Jesus.

The Separating Time.

What a separation it will be? Once the whole congregation of Israel were called to stand before God. There was a secret sinner among them and the separating time was come, and he must be taken out to be punished. He stood there among the rest and nobody could think who it could be. Presently, every tribe was called to stand the scrutiny, and one tribe was fixed upon, and then the families of that tribe, and at last the very man was pointed out, and he was taken! Read the account. It is in the seventh chapter of Joshua.

Some years ago there was a man who did a wicked deed. His name was Tawell. He committed murder; but no one, as he thought, knew anything about it. After he had done the deed, he went to the railway station; he took a ticket to come to the city. He jumped into one of the cars, the train started, and now he thought himself safe. After he had left the place, the dreadful deed was discovered; and some suspicion falling upon this man, a messenger was sent to the railway station, but he was gone. However, there was a little wire running along by the side of the railway, and that little wire carried a message up to town. It gave a description of the murderer, his hat, his brown coat, his age, the colour of his hair, his height, and such other particulars as could be furnished.

After a while the train arrived. The carriages, are full of people; the innocent and the guilty are there; they have all arrived, and the tickets are taken; the doors are opening, the people step out, and are hurrying away to their homes. But there are some stern looking men watching every carriage, scrutinizing every passenger. See! they keep their eyes on that one man; they follow him, and at last they lay their hand on his shoulder; he is separated from all the rest—*What an awful separation!* They say, "You must go with us. You are our prisoner." He is gathered to a different home. They bind his hands with handcuffs, they lodge him in prison. He is tried, found guilty, and suffers death!

Reader, we are all going on together in life's journey. Some are pardoned and saved, others are yet in their sins; but all are going on together. Ah! but at the end of the journey there will be a separation. The [illegible] in the crowd; but, neither [illegible] his [illegible] is known in heaven, and God has his [illegible], who will [illegible] the wicked from [illegible]