

of so many autumns, and yet shines as brilliant as ever, his eye not dim, nor his natural strength abated, nor his floods of light less full for centuries of boundless profusion. Yet what are these but images of the fulness that is in Christ? Let that feed your hopes, and cheer your hearts, and brighten your faith, and send you away this day happy and rejoicing. For, when judgment flames have licked up that flowing stream, and the light of that glorious sun shall be quenched in darkness or veiled in the smoke of a burning world, the fulness that is in Christ shall flow on throughout eternity in the bliss of the redeemed. Blessed Saviour, Image of God, Divine Redeemer! in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. What thou hast gone to heaven to prepare, may we be called up at death to enjoy!

OLD BRUTUS.

Mr. Waddell wrote "Old Brutus" for the children who read the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, a paper like the *Dayspring*, which is published in Scotland. The story shows you how God is faithful to those who trust him.

Old Brutus Wright was what was called a GUINEA NEGRO—that is, he had been born in Africa, and shipped from the Guinea coast, one of the last importations into Jamaica previous to the prohibition of the slave trade. When he first began to attend our house on Sabbath day, he was watchman over the provision-ground belonging to the people of the same estate with himself. When I got to understand his broken English, and he to understand me, I found him a very cheerful, sensible well-disposed old man. He was most regular in attendance on the word of God, and made good progress in the knowledge of the truth. He was always first at the house of God on the Lord's day, though aged and infirm, and some miles from our place; and always came clean, and dressed in his well-washed Osnaburg shirt and trousers. I remember speaking about him to Mr. C., the manager of the property, putting in a good word for him, as it were, to his master. "Ah," said Mr. C., "Old Brutus made a Christian of me, if any man did." And he related how, when an insurrection of the slaves was apprehended, and every one was on the alert to detect conspiracies, he had heard of some voices being heard in the hut of Old Brutus in the provi-

sion-grounds; and deeming it probable that secret meetings of the slaves were being held there, he went alone at night armed, determined to arrest whoever he might find. Going up softly to the back of the hut, he sat to listen. By and by he heard a voice, and thought, "Now I have them." But waiting quietly to hear what was said, he heard Old Brutus praying; and Old Brutus prayed for himself and fellow-servants, and for his master and for his mistress, and for every body, and that God might send good rains, and make the yams grow as big as the moon. If the first part of the prayer affected him solemnly, the last tickled his fancy so that he could hardly keep from laughing; and he had to get away as fast as he could, well assured that there was no danger to be apprehended from Old Brutus.

I asked the old man one day how it was that he could come every Sabbath day to church, knowing that watchmen could seldom leave their post lest thieves plunder in their absence, and they should be obliged to make good the loss. "Ah, massa," he replied, "I leave God to watch for me." "Very good, Brutus; but the thieves don't know that. Do they never come on Sabbath and steal provisions out of the ground?" "No, massa, no man ever steal from me; they all know I have God to watch for me, and they afraid to come when I go to church; they know that God watch them." Such was the faith of the good old Christian, and it never failed him.

NOT YET.

"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball. "When I grow older I will think about my soul."

The little boy grew to be a young man.

"Not yet," said the young man. "I am about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper.

"Not yet," said the man of business. "My children must have my care. When they are settled in life, I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a gray-headed old man. "Not yet," still he cried. "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."

And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and without hope.