

Mr. William J. Barnes ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Richard Knight ... ..	0	15	0
Mr. Charles Barnes... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Thomas ... ..	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. T. Hall ...	0	10	0
Master Herbert Chancey ... ..	0	2	6
Master Sydney Chancey ... ..	0	2	6
Master Henry B. Winton ... ..	0	2	6
A Friend ... ..	0	1	6
Mr. Robert Winton ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Finlay ... ..	1	0	0
	47	9	10
Donation from Juvenile Collectors of Sabbath-School, Independent Church, Motherwell, Scotland per Mr John Neilson. £3 sterling.	3	12	0
Donation from Union Chapel Sunday-school, London—P. O. Order, 12s. 3d. sterling...	0	14	8
Interest on Bank Deposits ... ..	1	0	0
	£136	3	5

Audited and found correct,

ROBT. BARNES.

A. CRUICKSHANK.

J. HOWE, Treasurer.

St. John's, Newfoundland, Feb. 14, 1877.

## CHRIST WITHIN.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

CHRIST does not offer to be simply an occasional shower of blessings to the faithful believer. He promises to be a *living well*. "The water that I give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." The deepest and the most urgent wants of the heart He promises to satisfy.

In true conversion Christ enters the soul. This is the very essence and touchstone of conversion. With Him comes light; with Him comes love; with Him comes peace. The radical change of heart in conversion is just as truly a supernatural work as was the resurrection of Lazarus from the cave in Bethany. Christ, then, enters the soul, not as a transient visitor, but as an abiding guest. While He abides there He gives perennial life and beauty and strength to the believer. "Because I live, ye shall live also." "Yet not I" said the happy, hale-hearted apostle, "but Christ that liveth in me." And that was the reason why Paul remained a Christian (a Christ's-man) long after the first excitement of the scene at Damascus had passed away. A well was opened in Paul's heart that day, and its deep, cool, living waters never ran dry.

Men could always predict how Paul would act in any emergency, because the principle that ruled him was always the same. "The love of Christ constraineth me." "For me, to live is Christ." The only reason why any good man continues to be a good man is that the well-spring in his soul never runs dry. Reckless, slave-hunting John Newton ceases to swear and scoff, and begins to pray. Twenty years later, John Newton is still praying, still preaching, still overflowing in beneficence among the haunts of busy London; and solely because the Lord Jesus dwelt in him, a source of holy affections, and an inspirer of noble and godly actions. On Sunday he preached to rich bankers and titled ladies. On a weekday evening he would sit on a three-legged stool, in his blue sailor jacket, and open up his rich experiences and wise counsels to the poorest who came to visit him. "I was a wild beast on the coast of Africa once," he used to say; "but the Lord Jesus caught me and tamed me, and now people come to see me as they would go to look at the lions in the Tower." What people came to see and to hear and to love in the sturdy sailor-preacher was the *Christ who dwelt within John Newton*.

Here is the secret of Christian perseverance. The Fountain-head of all holy affections and all generous deeds, and all heroic, self-denying endurance, is down deep in the man's heart: because Christ lives, he lives also. You can no more exhaust the graces of a John Wesley, or an Oberlin, or a Chalmers, than you can pump the Thames dry at London Bridge. What a transcendent idea that is in Paul's prayer for his brethren: "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." When, therefore, we meet with a man or woman

who almost never disappoints us; who is always "abounding" in the work of the Lord; who serves God on every day as well as the Sunday; who is more anxious to be right than to be rich; and who can ask God's blessing on the interest cut—when we meet such a one, we know that down in the cloths of the soul is Christ, the well-spring.

In a thousand ways will the inward fountain of Christian principle make itself visible. We see it in the merchant who gives Christ the key of his safe, and never soils it with a single dirty shilling. We see it in the statesman who cares more to win God's smile on his conscience than a re-election to office. We recognise it in the minister who is more greedy for souls than for salary. We see it in the young man who would rather endure a comrade's laugh than his Saviour's frown; in the maiden who obeys Christ sooner than fashion. I sometimes detect this well-spring of cheerful piety in the patient mother, whose daily walk with God is a fount of holy influence amid her household. I know of poor men's dwellings in which grows a plant of contentment that is an exotic rarely found in marble mansions. Its leaves are green and glossy: it is *fed from the Well*.

In dying chambers we have often heard this spiritual fountain playing, and its murmur was as musical as the tinkle of a brook in the leafy month of June. Perfect love had cast out fear. Peace reigned. Joys sparkled in the sunlight of God's countenance. There was a well there which death could not dry—the "well of water springing up into everlasting life."

## BEGIN AT HOME.

IT is a lovely story we get from the Germans, of the man who would carve out an altarpiece that should be a world's wonder, and sent far and wide for a piece of wood that would answer to his intention. He got the wood, but he could not carve the altarpiece. No likeness of Joseph and Mary and the Child would answer to his hand, and he was in despair, when an angel came to him in a dream and bade him take the log lying on his hearth ready for the fire in the morn. He woke up in great wonder, but he obeyed the angel, took his log, and the thoughts came so quick and the hand was so nimble, that the semblance he was seeking seemed to leap of itself out of the homely guise in which it lay by his own fireside.

Do you desire to accomplish some great thing for Christ? Do you desire to carve on some immortal soul the image of your Lord? Holy and divine the aim: pause not until it is realised. But are you solicitous regarding the material? Must you have only some select, aristocratic personage to work on—some fine lady or gentleman, some Indian prince or lordly heathen? Let this work sink deeply into your hearts. Take the nearest, though but a log or some half charred branch; take the poorest, weakest—yea, the very meanest at your door; despise not any. More despicable the subject, more glorious the result. This our churches have yet to learn. Alas! for us all, we are too nice, too genteel. We are not interested in converts unless they move in our refined and cultured circles; and the consequence is, we have hardly any converts at all; for we neglect the poor, and so gain not them, and the wealthy neglect us, for they perceive that we have reversed the apostle's maxim—seeking not them, but theirs.

## RESTITUTION.

YOU have defrauded your neighbour. You have done him an injury, not accidentally, but on purpose. You have sought your own profit by inflicting a loss upon him. You have taken what belongs, not to you, but to him. You must proceed then to make restitution. Go at once. Go to-day, if you can. State the facts frankly and positively. Acknowledge your wrong-doing, and repair the harm as fully as you can. It will cost you a struggle to do this. When, however, you have made up your mind to the struggle, you will probably find it easier than you expect. But whatever you do, don't keep this burden upon your conscience. It will stand between you and God. It is an obstacle which you cannot get over. You may forget that it is there; but there it is; and you are on one side, and Almighty God is on the other.—DEAN HOWSON.