

I asked.—“No, sir, not one that I know of.” “Do you not think God cares for you?” I said kindly to her.—“I don’t know,” she replied in a half whisper, turning her eyes away. “He knows you, at all events,” I said.—“No doubt of that, sir.” “And is it not something,” I continued, “to be known personally—even you with all your cares, and pains, and anxieties—to the great God who made heaven and earth, and who is able, at all events, to help and supply every want of your body and soul?”—“Aye, sir, I did not think of that. It is something indeed!” “But what,” I asked, “if this God has an interest in you—cares for you—loves you?”—“Oh! sir, I have been a great sinner—a great sinner!” “God knows that better than you do,” I replied; “and He hates your sins with infinite hatred,—but what if that same God, nevertheless, commands you, saying, ‘Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved?’—and beseeches you to be reconciled to Himself?”—and says to you, Come now, and let us reason together, though your sins should be as scarlet, I shall make them white as snow?” “And then I spoke to her for a long time of the love of God to lost sinners.

I have been privileged to address the same words of truth and life to many a sinner, in health and in sickness. I have seen, in many cases, the power of the truth, through God’s grace, to enlighten the mind and change the heart; but never did I behold so visible an effect produced upon a human spirit, in the same time, as upon that poor and unknown woman! Even as the mercury is seen slowly rising in the tube when heat is brought near it, so did her heart and soul seem to rise more and more to God, in faith, and love, and hope, and penitence, as the grand theme of the love of Jesus was presented to her. At first she looked thoughtfully,—then she raised herself up in bed,—then clasped her hands and lifted her eyes to heaven,—and again and again exclaimed, “Oh! thank God! thank God! thank Him that I have heard such words as these!” After remaining more than an hour, and praying with her, she besought me to come back next day. I promised to do so; but earnestly urged her immediately to pray to Jesus Christ, and to tell Him her whole heart,—to confess her sins to Himself, and to ask, nothing doubting, the blessings which I had taught her to expect from Him. She gladly promised to do so, but said, “Don’t forget to-morrow, sir.” “Never fear,” I replied, “if I am alive and able to come; but there is no to-morrow given us! Don’t you forget to-day; for now is the accepted time,—now is the day of salvation.” “God bless you, sir! Oh! thank God! thank God!” were the last words I heard. I called next day, according to promise, at the door of the small hospital, and found she had died the night before, and was already buried! What her name was, or history, I never could learn; but I hope that the name of that poor woman will be found in the Lamb’s book of life!

I cannot illustrate at present by other cases, though many crowd upon my memory, the importance of our doing whatsoever our hands find to do, but let me give one or two advices to my young readers especially, before bringing these cursory remarks to a close.

Never judge by appearances as to the relative importance of duties. What seems the least important, may be all-important. Had the widow not given her mite the day she died the treasury, but delayed it for another week, so much would she herself, and the whole Christian Church, have lost by the delay! Our safe rule is, “*Whatsoever our hand findeth to do, do it with all our might.*” Let this be

impressed upon us at the beginning of another year. Let it be a subject of daily prayer, as well as an object of daily endeavour, to do our right work at the right time. God in His providence will never leave you at a loss as to what to do, and when to do it; but will lead you, if you will only be led by Him. Carry the burden He imposes, and you will never find it too heavy; for He will always give sufficient strength to bear it. But you must, in your own strength, carry whatever other burdens are imposed by your own wilfulness. Now, God does not give you the burden of many years to carry,—no, not of one year, not of one week. He even forbids your taking anxious thought for the morrow. But He gives you to-day,—nay, the present hour only; and He says, “Take care of this.” He gives you one duty at a time, and says, “Do this.” He measures out your time in seconds, and your work in small parts, and commands you to do the given duty in the given time. Yet this loving order of things is just what men will not acquiesce in! They live in time past, or time to come, but not in the time present, which alone is theirs. They carry the burden of what has been, and what may never be, as if the burden of what is, was not sufficient; and then they complain of their much work and little time,—their great cares and little comforts! Oh! when will we learn the lesson so essential to our peace,—to live well the one hour, and do well the one work, which God in that hour gives us? And thus, by attending to each short step, we shall reach the end of our journey, though the far off horizon may be veiled in clouds! and by using well each portion of our time and ability, the grand talent of life will be improved to the glory of our Master! “He that is faithful in the least,” must in the end be found “faithful in that which is much!” Begin a new year, then, making this resolution in the strength of God, that “whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, to do it with all thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest!”—*Ed. Christian Magazine.* N. M.

The Covenanters

Have been held up as objects of scorn, they have been portrayed as fools; they have been portrayed as cowards; they have been portrayed as hypocrites; they have been portrayed as fanatics. The men who conducted the movements of the Tables, were not fools. The men who broke the victorious troops of Lucas on Marston Moor, were not cowards. The men who submitted to the thumbcrew, the boot, and the maiden, in defence of their religious principles, were not hypocrites. Whether they were fanatics or not, is a question, the reply to which will depend upon the view we may take of the two other questions,—viz., whether the people of Scotland had a right to form opinions for themselves on the subject of ecclesiastical polity; and whether, having come to the conclusion, by a good or bad process of reasoning, that presbytery was the only form of Church government sanctioned by the Apostles, they were bound to yield implicit obedience to bishops? The pictures which have been drawn of the ignorance and vulgarity of the Presbyterian preachers, have been grossly distorted. Baillie was a ripe scholar. Ruthenford was an accomplished polemic. Selden acknowledged himself beaten in argument by George Gillespie. The discourses of Hender-son attracted crowds to the church of Saint Antholin’s. The simple eloquence of William Guthrie has won its way to the hearts of thou-

sands of the Scottish peasantry. That sub-
lunary objects cannot constitute the portion of creatures who were made in the image of their Creator, was a truth which the Covenanters learned in the school of affliction. They set their hearts on God. In the contemplation of His excellence—in the possession of His love—and in the promotion of His glory,—they found a happiness purer and better than the world could give them. The doctrine of justification by faith without the works of the law, which had been preached by St. Paul to the Pharisees of Jerusalem, the sophists of Athens, and the voluptuaries of Rome,—which had been maintained, during the darkness of the middle ages, by the Albigenses in Languedoc, and by the Waldenses in the Valleys of Piedmont, which had been proclaimed at the Reformation with trumpet tongue by Luther, in opposition to the corruptions of the Romish Church,—this doctrine was published, in its scriptural purity and simplicity, by the ministers of the Covenant. A vast multitude would assemble on some upland moor to listen to a sermon from Welsh or Blackadder, from Kidd or King, from Cargill or Cameron. It is not the sun shining in his strength—it is not the mountains rising in wild grandeur around them, that they appear to see; it is not the voice of the preacher, now breathing the soft words of tenderness, now swelling into tones of passionate expostulation, that they seem to hear. Their thoughts are far away. The eye of faith is fixed on the Son of God dying on Mount Calvary, bearing the curse of the law that they may be delivered from the wrath to come, enduring the shame of the Cross, that they may wear a crown of glory that fadeth not away. It is the spear thrust into His side—the crown of thorns piercing His sacred head—the blood streaming from His wounded limbs, that they appear to see. It is the exclamation wrung from the illustrious sufferer, “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?” that they seem to hear. Their hearts glow with love to Him who has loved them in their guilt—who has loved them in their ruin—who has loved them unto the death. “What shall we render unto our Lord for all His benefits towards us?” they ask. “We will live to Him,” they say. “We will consecrate to Him our whole existence. We will strive to fulfill His wishes, to advance the interest of His cause in our native land. We may be hated by the minions of a licentious king. What of this? We know that God loves us,—that He loved us before this world was called into existence,—that He will love us when this world, with its verdant fields, its flowing rivers, and its waving forests, shall have passed away. We may be spoiled of our goods by a licentious soldiery. What of this? We know that God has bestowed upon us spiritual blessings inestimably precious,—that he has expiated our guilt, pardoned all our sins, renewed us in the spirit of our minds, impressed upon us the lineaments of His own character. We may pass our lives in exile. What of this? We know that heaven is our home, and that believers, in all parts of the world, are our brethren, beloved of the same Father, ransomed by the same Mediator, sanctified by the same Spirit. The chains of slavery may be fastened around us. What of this? We know that we have been emancipated from the bondage of corruption, and introduced into the hallowed liberty of the children of God. Every tear we shed, every sensation of pain we feel, every cry of agony we utter. We may die