

and the best means of instructing the young, the ignorant, and those that are out of the way. As physicians teach their pupils how to treat the diseased bodies of men, so these should be taught how to deal with the diseased souls of men. The precious balm of Gilead is the medicine they have to administer, and they must be taught its healing virtues, and how to administer it with the greatest advantage. The school of these prophets, should be the place of deep devotion, where their hearts may be often filled with the purifying influence of God's own Spirit. Every effort must be employed to make the period of their retirement from the world supply them with the same discipline and benefits which Jesus gave to his apostles in the cities of Judea, and the plains of Galilee.

**WHEN TO STOP.**—It is an excellence in a preacher to know when to stop; and will often save both himself and his audience from the fatigue of a sermon too long for profit. He is greatly mistaken if he supposes he must say everything he can say in a single sermon, or all that his theme would justify if he were writing a book.

Many a Christian spoils a good exhortation by not knowing when to stop. His habit is to talk so long that the people are always sorry when he rises, and glad when he sits down.—*Green Leaves.*

#### PREScriptions.

**For a Fit of Despondency.**—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and promised in the next.

**For a Fit of Doubt, Perplexity, and Fear.**—The following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—*Christian Visitor.*

#### PEACE IN DEATH.

On the 23rd of August, 1882, the Rev. John Owen (of precious memory) dedicated a note to his likeminded friend, Charles Fleetwood:—"I am going to Him, whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the church in a storm; but while the great pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible—that he will never leave us nor forsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency."

The morrow after, a friend called to tell him that he had put to the press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There

was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it: but O, brother Payne! the long wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world."

A few hours of silence followed, and then that glory was revealed. On the fourth of September, a vast funeral procession including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there, in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where, five years later, John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr. Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with undertakers' sheds, and blind brick walls, with London cabs and omnibuses whirling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty Non-conformist.

**'TIS ALL VERY RIGHT, BUT HOW IS IT TO BE MANAGED?**—Brother A. and Brother B. were walking together on their way home from the Baptist chapel, — Street, on Sabbath morning. Among other topics, brother A. referred to the practice adopted by many of entering the house of God after the worship had commenced; and, knowing that his companion was not generally punctual in his attendance, took the opportunity of speaking rather plainly upon the subject. "Can our late comers," said he, "have much regard for the comfort of their fellow-worshippers? Can they be aware how much they disturb any devotional feelings prevailing at the time of their entrance? 'It is part of my religion,' said a lady who was among the earliest attendants at church, not to disturb the religion of other people.' Do they ever think seriously in whose house they come, and in whose service they engage? It seems to me they act with less reverence toward God than toward men. I heartily wish the members of our church and congregation were able to say in spirit to our pastor, as he enters the pulpit, 'Now therefore are we ALL here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.'"

"'Tis all very right," replied brother B., "but how is it to be managed? I have half-a-dozen small children, who must all be decently prepared for chapel, and my dear wife assures me that it is quite impossible for her to finish household duties on Sabbath morning in time for the service, so that we are generally ten minutes or a quarter of an hour too late. But here comes brother C., whose large family will enable him to understand my difficulties much better than you can."

Brother C., having joined their company, was immediately informed by brother B. of

the subject in hand, and requested to give his opinion as to the *practicability* of an early attendance at the means of grace. "It appears to me," he replied, "that nothing but proper management is required to ensure the timely attendance of the most numerous family."

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.]

#### THE RENEVOLENCE OF CHRIST, A REBUKE TO ALL COVETOUSNESS.

What a fearful rebuke does our Lord's example administer to avarice! How readily does an honest indignation arise in the mind when a narrow-souled mortal professes to have the spirit of Christ. Look for a moment, reader, at that spirit. He sat high enthroned in the heavens, worshipped by all the great and good beings in the universe—he sat in the wisdom, and the power and holiness of deity—God and with God—maker and sovereign of all; but from his august seat on the throne of the universe, from the splendor of his position, and the riches of creation, he cast his eye upon our globe and upon our race: he saw from his lofty height that globe defiled and curst, and that race ruined, wretched, lost forever; yet seeking by every mode which their sagacity could invent, and their physical and mental power could accomplish to thwart the operation of his laws and insult his majesty. He saw it all, yet sent no chosen thunderbolt in burning vengeance to hurl the impious rebels to a merited perdition. No! his heart is touched with a love peculiarly his own: he lays aside his glory, or rather veils it in humanity and appears in our midst to seek and to save that which was lost. He toils, all rejected and despised, he toils for the good of man. He is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man, He who made all things, the silver, and the gold, and the cattle on a thousand hills, HE has not where to lay his head. Stript voluntarily of all things, he meekly, earnestly, and perseveringly sought the weal of our fallen race. But the highest exhibition of love, the finishing stroke of mercy is seen when he enters Gethsemane, and passes from that scene of anguish to the cross, and to the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea. He shrunk not from the powers of earth or hell. Ah! he came to purchase liberty to the otherwise eternal captive, and neither the fierce commotion which raged around him amongst the infuriated rabble, nor the keen onset of the prince of darkness ever caused the Saviour to turn away an eye of boundless love from those whom he came to deliver from the opening gates of hell. Meekly, yet sorrowfully, he suffered himself to be led like a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. What must have been Satan's feelings at this hour? Ye who have felt the strongest movements of pride, and fear, and hatred, and jealousy, and revenge, and every evil and strong passion, which ever burned in the spirit, conceive, if you can, what wild satanic thoughts and emotions must have rushed in infernal confusion through the dark mind of the