

that of a rifle. One would think such confusion and distressing noise would craze a healthy person; what then must its effects be upon the sick! That night's performance must have cost the Zali family several dollars; perhaps all the young man had earned for two months. Thus it is they labor to see and to feed the worldless priests, who only deceive and injure them while they deprive themselves and their needy families of wholesome food and comfortable clothing! Is there anything we can do to teach them how they may be released from this cruel taxation?—*Journal of Missions.*

**JEWISH PRINCIPLE.**—The Jews sometimes display a lofty principle, which shows that the divine light exists among them, although frequently concealed by the old incrustations of Rabbinical institutions. In my own family, an interesting and characteristic incident occurred. My worthy grandfather was a man of great sensibility and of a warm heart, but easily excited to wrath. He had a brother whom he dearly loved. One day they fell into a dispute, and each returned to his home in anger. This happened on a Friday. As the evening drew near, my good grandmother, who was another Martha, full of activity, began to make preparation for the Sabbath day. 'Come, dear Joseph,' she exclaimed, 'the night is approaching, come and light the Sabbath lamp!' But he, full of sadness and anguish, continued walking up and down in the room. His good wife spoke again in anxiety. 'See the stars are already shining in the firmament of the Lord, and our Sabbath lamp is not yet lighted.' Then my grandfather took his hat and cane, and, evidently much troubled, hastened out of the house. But in a few moments he returned with tears of joy in his eyes. 'Now, dear Rebecca,' he exclaimed, 'now I am ready.' He repeated his prayer, and with gladness lighted the Sabbath lamp.—'Then he related the dispute which had occurred in the morning, adding: 'I could not pray and light my lamp before coming reconciled with my brother Isaac.' 'But how did you manage to do it so soon?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'Isaac had been as much troubled as I was, he could not begin the Sabbath either, without becoming reconciled with me. So we met in the street, he was coming to me and I was going to him, and we ran to each other's arms, and wept.'

Might not we end this anecdote with those simple words of Jesus, "Go and do likewise?"

**THE CUP OF PATIENCE.**—Ha, sir, what a goblet! It is set around with diamonds from the mines of Eden, it is carved by angelic hands, and filled at the Eternal Fount of Goodness. It is the Cup of Patience. Resolve to take it, and though you scoop your pauper hand into the brook, you drink from out the chalice. Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant Despair. And sweet is it to think there is no beggar so beggared who may not entertain his cup-bearer. Beautiful Hebrews—dove-eyed, and clothed in woven light—who, unseen, minister to the widow and fatherless—who fill the strengthening cup for stumbling want—who glide through prison bars, and, solacing the patriot with the draught, put hopeful music even in the clanking of his chains. Delicious drink! And there have been men who, thinking so, have got so drunk upon patience, that the sweet intoxication has endured for their lives. Unlike the vinous drunkard, the knocks and bumps they suffer in the tripping, they never feel. Therefore, doubly beautiful is the cup of patience, for there is no remorseful morrow at the bottom. And then the magic of the drink! What eyes and ears it gives a man! How bright and elastic it makes the spirit! When the fruitful dews of the wine are singing in the brain, that seems to break into a purple light, reflecting all things gloriously; and when Briareus only wants a hundred pockets, that he may use all his hands at once, tossing up gold and jewels for all men—why, it may be, the next moment brings the doubtful thought; the wine rejoices no longer, but stuns; and the all-helping giant lies a snoring carcass. But the draughts from the cup of patience! They really take the masks and coverings from things; and sharpening the sight with futurity, and quickening the ears with sense above the crash and discord of the world, make the drinker prophet. The deeper his draughts, the keener his eye, the more delicate his ear. Beneath the jewelled crown he sees the naked skull; hollow-eyed, it stares upon him final companionship. The trumpets bray, and he thinks of the note that in common file shall call up king and beggar. And so—whatever be his lot—he strengthens himself with patience, making his heart-springs of immortal proof. And thus he takes his place and plays his part; his reproof of pride, a smile; his rebuke of wrong, a sigh.

It is the distinguishing glory of Christianity not to rest satisfied with superficial appearance, but to rectify the motives and purify the heart. The true Christian, in obedience to the lessons of Scripture, nowhere keeps over himself a more resolute and jealous guard, than where the desires of human estimation and distinction, is in question. Nowhere does he more deeply feel the insufficiency of his unassisted strength, or more diligently and earnestly pray for Divine assistance. He may well indeed watch and pray against the encroachments of a passion, which, when suffered to transgress its just limits, discovers a peculiar hostility to the distinguishing graces of the Christian temper; a passion which most insensibly acquires force, because it is in continual exercise; a passion to which almost everything without ministers nutriment, and the growth of which within is favoured and cherished by such powerful auxiliaries as pride and selfishness, the natural, and perhaps the interminable inhabitants of the human heart.—*Wilberforce.*

**ACCESS TO GOD.**—However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour. And this wherever you are. It needs not that you ascend some special Piggah or Moriah. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or pull off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find *Jehovah shammath*, "the Lord has been here," inscribed on many a cottage hearth, and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple and David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage by the brink of Gennesareth, and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began. And whether it be the field where Isaac went to meditate, on the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Israel wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on the hungry lions and the lions gazed on him, or the hillsides where the Man of Sorrows played all knight, we should still discern the prints of the ladder's feet let down from heaven—the landing-place of mercies, because the starting-point of prayer. And all this whatsoever you are. It needs no saint, no proficient in piety, no adept in eloquent language, no dignity of earthly rank. It needs but a simple Hannah, or a hisping Samuel. It needs but a blind beggar, or a loathsome leazar. It needs but a penitent publican, or a dying thief. And it needs no sharp ordeal, no costly passport, no painful expiation, to bring you to the mercy seat; or rather, I should say, it needs the costliest of all, but the blood of the atonement—the Saviour's merit, the name of Jesus, priceless as they are, cost the sinner nothing. They are freely put at his disposal, and instantly and constantly he may use them. This access to God in every place, at every moment, without any price or personal merit, is it not a privilege?—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

**CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.**—When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was one hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he ask him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he threw the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called upon Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away because he would not worship Thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonoured me, and wouldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon which, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and instruction. Go then, and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

**LATE AT CHURCH.**—"Late at Church," is one sign of a heart not right with God. To say nothing of the indecency of disturbing all the rest of their fellow-worshippers by their noisy footsteps, with what degree of reverence can such individuals regard the presence of the High and Holy One, of whom it may be said, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him!"—Take such an insult, and "offer it now unto thy Governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person?" No, they would fear to offend a king, but not the king of kings. The manifold sins involved in a want of punctuality in the attendance on God's house, must make it to be regarded as one of the greatest evils resulting from this bad habit. Their own devotions are hindered, those of others are disturbed, their minister is grieved, their God insulted, and all for what? for a trifling indulgence of sloth or self-will.

"I wish I could breath thunder-claps against the Pope and Popery, and that every word was a thunderbolt! . . . The kingdom of Christ is a kingdom of mercy, grace, and goodness; the kingdom of the Pope is a kingdom of lies and damnation."—*Luther.*

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