

We often hear it said that happiness depends rather on the state of the mind within than on the outward circumstances; yet how slowly do we receive it as a part of our practical belief. But the sight of a death-bed like this brings the truth home to the heart with power, and we at once perceive how an actual living faith in Christ can so shed its blessed aspect over the things of our mortal life, as that frail and sinful man may triumph over suffering, and even death, and may realize that expression of the apostle, "As dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." (2 Cor. vi. 9, 11.)

I stayed some time with the sick man. We spoke together of heaven, that happy world which is described in the book of Revelation, chap. xxi. 4, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away;" and where the angels and the redeemed spirits from among men, sing continually; "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever." (Rev. v. 13.) We dwelt on the love of Christ to sinful men, and recalled his words to his disciples: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13.) And while we spoke of the sorrows of earth, we rejoiced in the blessed assurance, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.)

I prayed with the dying man, and, having administered to his temporal necessities, parted from him, to meet no more till we bow together before the throne of God, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality. (1 Cor. xv. 53.)

And now, quitting the neighbourhood of poverty, I walked quickly on to that part of the town where the handsome streets and large houses told of wealth and comfort. As I entered the door of the mansion to which I had been invited, the physicians were leaving the house. They had been consulting on the case of the invalid, and had pronounced it hopeless. I proceeded to the sick chamber, and I could not but contrast it with the scene which I had lately left. All those comforts were here which can do so much to soften suffering, and which are felt to be truly valuable in the hour of sickness and pain. The soft thick carpet hushed the sound of the footstep; the warm curtains sheltered the invalid from the stormy gusts which sent their loud sighs around the dwelling; and the fire blazed brightly on the hearth. But, alas! the cheerful appearance of things without corresponded but ill with the heart of the sick man. There was no light there—all was darkness and dreariness; and the restless motions and mournful voice told that sorrow and fretfulness were working within. He, however, received me kindly. He told me that he was unhappy. He confessed that he was unhappy. He confessed that he was unprepared for death—that he was not safe for eternity; and entreated advice and consolation. I pointed him to God's most holy word, and read to him many passages. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.) "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." (Matt. xi. 28, 29.) I read to him that "God was in Christ," reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness

of God in him." (2 Cor. v. 21.) I told him that it was not now too late to confess his sins to God, and to ask that God would send his Holy Spirit into his heart to lead him to the Saviour; and showed him that "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us," (Gal. iii. 13;) and that the simple belief in the Lord Jesus would even now render him safe for eternity, since the Bible hath said, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

I left this gentleman, and heard only that he died shortly after the interview. Whether he was enabled to exercise faith in Christ before his death, we cannot tell; but, alas! a fearful woe is denounced in Scripture against those who have not loved and honoured God, and who have rejected the blessings purchased by the Saviour's death; for them is prepared "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." This, at least, is certain, that all would rather die the blessed death of the poor man, than that of his richer neighbour. But we cannot choose our lot, when we are dying. It is in life that we must seek God. We know that all of us "must appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." (2 Cor. v. 10;) and when the hour of death approaches, we shall feel, more forcibly than now, the solemnity of that momentous question of our Saviour, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul." (Mark viii. 36, 37.)—*The Appeal.*

#### WHO HAS DONE MOST TO ELEVATE THE POOR?

(From the Appeal.)

I was going along the highroad, and saw before me a person walking with a bag of tools on his shoulder, whom I found I should overtake in a little time. I soon perceived that his dress and appearance was very different from my own. He could perhaps have called me a gentleman, and I him a working, or a poor man. He will 'e company for me, I thought; perhaps he will look on my coat, and think something more of me for it; but I shall not think the less of him for his! and why not? Because I cannot look at him, and forget the class to which the Lord of Glory belonged! The working classes—what is their rank? They are equals of my incarnate Lord! What is their order? Nobility? gentry? middle-class? The order of parchment titles and coats of arms? The order who carry their distinction in their purses? No; oh, no! It is the order of man—ungilded, ungarmented man; and therefore the order of "the Son of Man." "Verily," as Jesus says, "let the poor man rejoice in that he is exalted." A peasant's garb—why should he not glory in it? Jesus wore it. A peasant's means—why should he be ashamed of them? Jesus lived on charity. The name workman—why feel lowered by it? Jesus was, and was called the Carpenter's Son. Nay, it is the name Idler, not Workman, that lowers the man. While I was thus meditating, he turned into a different road; there was only time for me to call to him and offer him the last number of "The Appeal," which he evidently received with as much pleasure as I gave it; and we went on our several ways. Are we, thought I, ever to meet again on earth? Thou art my fellow-traveller in more senses than one. Which of us will finish our journey first? Shall we meet together in the happy presence of the Glorified "Carpenter's Son?" God grant it, of his grace, for thy sake and mine, my late fellow-traveller.

Again my thoughts reverted to the "Working Class"—the "Poorer Class," and to the "great fact" of the world-long humour conferred upon it. It was Christ's chosen rank! But what if I mention these thoughts! "Fanaticism," "wild-dreaming," "ignorance of life and the world;"

yes, I should be sure to hear this, he pointed to illiterate poor men, self-degraded poor men, and similar things, and asked what I could say for my honourable class. Say; why, that compare a hundred rich and a hundred poor and I should find as many who did not like learning, though some had been forced into them, and as many self-degraded, in one class as the other. And again, I should recur to the grand fact, that the Lord of Glory—he who made you all—he passed by the monarchs, the nobles, the wealthy, the "respectable." He despised all this. He took up his abode with the peasant class. The deeds of many a conqueror, of many a warrior, of many a monarch, belong to other classes; but not the deeds of Jesus of Nazareth. It was not a noble or a king who bid the winds and waves be still (what a vulgar thing to command an army when compared with this!),—not a noble who had the waters for his carpet (how mean comparatively the most splendid palace floor.)—and it was not a noble who bid diseases depart, and life return to the dead,—bid evil spirits flee, and peace calm the raging bosom. It was not a noble who stood on earth the supreme Lord of all that was in it, and of legions of angels too. No; these were the deeds of a peasant, of a working man. Greatness of all sorts has been achieved by many; but the only true greatness of man,—the only instance of perfect human goodness, maintained, too, under the greatest difficulties—this was reserved to be achieved by the Son of a peasant. Nay, more, it was not noble blood (speaking after the manner of our nobility) which flowed on the cross, the atonement for the sin of the world,—not a noble who ascended to heaven, and sits there enthroned as man's great Representative, and God's Head of all things. No; it is the blood of a Jewish peasant which alone can cleanse from all sin,—it is a glorified peasant through whom alone earth's greatest ones may find an equal acceptance with the millions whose class the Redeemer made his own. So thought I, and a thought or two more followed before I arrived at my destination.

No marvel if others forget what class Jesus deigned to honour; but why do the poor forget it? Why should not they hold it for their chief honour, that Jesus was one of them? And again, how can any of the poor refuse their greatest honour? Had the Lord taken his earthly rank among the great, less wonderful would it be that the poor should suspect his attachment to them. But why does any poor man not merely forget, but even reject Him who is the Glory of the poor? And again, I thought that for the poor, if other things were unattainable, one thing is quite, and even especially, within their reach. "Those who honour Christ, he will honour." The poor may be his followers. By his ever-present aid, they may rise in true goodness as much above the worldly great as they are below them in "uncertain riches." I must omit, however, all thoughts further but one—He who has done most of all to elevate the poor, never envied, never showed rudeness to the rich. He was above that. If they were generous and kind, He accepted their hospitality as it was intended. If they were corrupt, and oppressive, and selfish, He sternly and faithfully rebuked their wickedness.

#### JUST AS YOU ARE.

Anxious sinner! if you would save your soul, hasten to Christ, just as you are.

Just as you are; for he came to save you just as you are. Had there been no sinners, he had never made atonement; he had never invited men unto himself; he had never authorized the offer of mercy. If you come in any other character than that of a guilty, ruined sinner, you mistake the grand characteristic of the Christian religion, and will assuredly never experience its blessedness.

Just as you are; for you will never be better prepared. You have spent a whole lifetime, long or short, in trying to make yourself good, but God loathes you more and more, as you go about to