

Father has for him as well as for us; because we truly lament the loss to our brother who refuses the eternal good which he may now enjoy with the whole family of God; because we love our God, and his God and Saviour, and desire our brother to know and to love them too; because it is so unjust, so selfish, so hateful, not to love and obey such a glorious person as Jesus Christ, who knows us, loves us, and has died to gain our hearts! These are some of the reasons, rudely and roughly stated, why we desire, with all our heart, that every man should believe in Jesus Christ. But if any man, for any reason which may be beyond our understanding or sympathy, desires to destroy this faith in all that is most precious to us, then we ask, not in Christ's name,—for it is unnecessary to appeal to him,—but in the name of common sense and common philanthropy, Why he should not only labour to do this, but to do it without apparently any apprehension of the untold misery which he must occasion if he succeed in his attempt? Do not tell us, with a boast, that “the truth must be spoken, come what may!” Be it so; but surely the *kind* of truth which must be spoken must ever regulate the manner in which it is spoken? Again, we bid you to picture to yourselves a person entering a family whose members were rejoicing in the thought of a father's return, and announcing the intelligence of that father's death, with a smile of pity or a sneer of contempt at their ignorant happiness! Imagine such an one professing to be actuated by a mere love of truth! O! if the terrible duty has been laid upon any one with a human heart, of announcing to others intelligence which, if true, must leave a blank to them in the world that can never be filled up, what tender sympathy, what genuine sorrow becomes him who breaks the heavy tidings! And such *ought* to be the feelings of every man who, from whatever cause, feels called upon to announce that the Christian religion is false. If he *must* make known that terrible fact to believers in Jesus; if he *must* tell them that the supposed source of all their life and joy has no existence, and that their faith in him is vain, then, we say, let this be done with the solemnity and the sorrow which a true brotherly sympathy would necessarily dictate. If the missionaries of Christianity

are warranted in preaching their gospel with joy, the missionaries of an infidelity which professes only to destroy and not build up, should go forth on their dreadful vocation with the feeling of martyrs, and with no other notes of triumph than sounds of lamentation and woe! For if Christianity were false, we would be yet in our sins, all who have fallen asleep in Christ must have perished, and therefore we would be of all men most miserable!

“DON'T WASTE THAT PAPER.”

“Don't waste that paper,” said a boy to his sister; “it makes me think of poor Judge Edwards in India.”

“What of him?” asked his sister.

Judge Edwards was an Englishman, who for months lived only by hairbreadth escapes, dodging the rebels at one place and another, until he made his way to Calcutta. He wished one time to send a note to his wife, who was in some place of safety. A native took pity on him, and promised, at the risk of his life, to carry it.

“I want to write, too,” said Mr. Edwards, “but had only a small scrap of paper, half the fly-leaf of ‘Bridges on the One Hundred Seventeenth Psalm.’ Pen and ink I had none, and only the stump of a lead pencil, of which an atom of the lead was left. I began to write, when the lead fell out. I was in despair. But after a great deal of searching in the dust of a mud floor, I found it, put it back, and wrote two notes about an inch square, which was all the man could hide about his person, for the rebels had already killed several men for having English letters found on them. When the notes were ready, I got a little milk and steeped them in it, to make the writing indelible, and then put them out to dry on a wall in the sun. In an instant a crow pounced upon one and carried it off; it was that for my wife. I of course thought it was gone forever, and felt almost broken-hearted, for I had no more paper, and no hopes or means of getting any more. Singh, a faithful native, had, unknown to me, seen the crow, followed it, and after a long chase of an hour, saw the bird drop it, and picking it up, brought it to me unhurt.”

“I wonder if she ever received the letter,” said the boy's sister, who always liked to know how things came out.

“Yes,” answered the boy, “and the man fetched him an answer back. When the messenger saw Mrs. Edwards, she was dressed in black, for I suppose she thought her husband had been murdered by the horrid Sepoys; but after she got the letter she went away and put on a white dress.”