

a liberal supply of this excellent guide. The various lines of steamships should also have them.

LIFE OF DR. MACHAR.—Many of our readers will be glad to hear that we are to have a memoir of this good man and exemplary minister. We invite attention to the advertisement of Messrs. James Campbell & Son, of Toronto, in this regard.

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.—We have received a specimen copy of this new monthly, which promises to be a review and record of Christian thought, life, and work. It contains 48 pages, price one dollar per annum. This first number is somewhat lugubrious.

NOTES FOR SABBATH MEDITATION, SELECTED.

1. They who wish to serve God with what costs them nothing, have not the spirit of the Psalmist.

2. If servants be kept from church to provide for our bodies, when they should be feeding their own souls, the guilt of Sabbath-breaking will be against the heads of that family. And not only by a convocation, but in their dwellings, the Sabbath must be kept; public duties are but part of the service; on that day every house must be a temple, and resound with praise and prayer. To prostitute the hours of the evening in vanity, or visiting, or idleness is to profane the day as much as when we forsake the assembly of God's people.

3. When the manners of the world in dress are extravagant or indecent, it becomes the people of God to be singular.

4. Our clothes, instead of ministering to pride, should ever awaken our thankfulness and lead us to God.

5. When God is our God we shall not only count all his commandments right and good, but obedience to them will be as much our delight as our duty.

6. The ministry is an awful charge. If one immortal soul perish through our ignorance or carelessness, his blood will God require at our hands.

How many undertake the care of souls who have never weighed the solemn account they must one day make to God!

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness; and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might
Who says 'we talk by faith and not by sight,'
Doubting and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—*My cross I cannot bear!*

Far heavier its weight must surely be,
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh if I might another burden choose;
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around,
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seem'd of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beam'd full upon my wondering raptur'd sight:
Angels on silvery wings seem'd everywhere,
And angel's music thrill'd the balmy air.

Then One more fair than all the rest to see,
One, to whom all the others bow'd the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And—'Follow me,' He said, 'I am the Way.'

Then, speaking thus, He led me far above;
And there beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,
A little one with jewels set in gold:
Ah, this methought I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear,

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook:
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

'This may not be,' I cried, and looked again,
To see if any there could ease my pain;
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seem'd in it combined.
Wondering I gazed, and still I wonder'd more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh, that form so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me:
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair;
Sorrowing I said—'This cross I may not bear.'

And so it was with each and all around,
No one to suit my *need* could there be found.
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, 'No cross—no crown.'

At length to Him I raised my sadden'd heart;
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
'Be not afraid,' He said, 'but trust in me;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee.'