

the last century ineffectually laboured to erase from the vocabulary of our language the name of our God, but brought upon its deluded victims the crushing judgments of the Eternal.

It pretends to adore a name, while it robs the angust being who claims the name of every attribute by which He is so preeminently distinguished and defies the unsanctified intellect and depraved passions of corrupt man.

It is an impious scepticism which hurls Christ from his throne, and robs the Bible of its authenticity, its truth, and its power. It is an infidelity which demands the credence of intelligent beings to the unsupported assumptions of God-hating men, demanding a surrender of our faith in Christ, hope of heaven and belief of Bible truth, founded as they are on the most indisputable mass of evidence ever presented for human contemplation, for hope-withering and faith-annihilating dogmas, supported by not one line of evidence, but exulting in the prospects of success, by pandering to the unsanctified pride of the human intellect and heart. We might imagine that none but the weak and ignorant could be deluded by the claims of such impious dogmatizers as Davis, Taylor, and Emerson; unfortunately this is not the case. The rank among their advocates many minds of brilliancy and power, who are sowing the seeds of moral confusion and spreading the miasma of moral death wherever there is an unholy pride to be pampered and especially wherever there is ignorance of the evidences upon which the claims of our God and his word are based. The Churches are under positive obligations to send forth the knowledge of these evidences to scatter like snow flakes through the length and breadth of the land the heaven-sent truths which have been placed in their hands to make greater efforts for the establishment of Sabbath schools and render them the nurseries of Bible truth, that every child of the rising generation may come on the stage of action an educated champion of gospel truth, to greater sacrifices, more enlarged benevolence, that the destitute of gospel light may have Christ preached unto them. Our labours and prayers for the emancipation of the enthralled and darkened must be increased.

Our duty to our God, to our fellow men, and to ourselves, demands prompt and energetic effort on our part. God calls! destitute and feeble churches call! The wants of communities without gospel light call! Sinners revelling in their guilt and darkness call! The victims of Papal tyranny and a soul-destroying infidelity call for greater faithfulness and zeal on the part of those favoured with the light of gospel truth, and an active benevolence in sending forth that light to those wandering in darkness.—*St. Catharines, April 19, 1851.*

The Best Topics of Conversation.

How much do Christians lose by not cultivating heavenly conversation? If we did but realise the important concerns of religion, what different persons should we be! How should we then walk by faith and not by sight; how should we live above the world, instead of resting in the enjoyment of sublunary objects; how should we be looking for the world to come, where all will be eternal! Here we have continual changes,—there

will be one everlasting scene: here our friends are dying mortals, there they will be living immortals; here enjoyments are uncertain, there they will be permanent; here we must be overcome by death there we shall appear conquerors, through him that hath loved us; here we must all be separated, there we shall be united with the glorious assembly and church of the first born; here our meetings are transient, there they will be eternal; our union will be complete, inexpressibly happy, and glorious.—*Chamberlain.*

SOMEBODY'S FATHER.

The omnibus was slowly pursuing its way up one of the long hills that lead to the outskirts of Cincinnati, when the attention of its various inmates was directed to a man lying on the road-side, with flushed and swollen face, and trembling limbs, who vainly strove to raise himself from the earth, muttering broken and incoherent sentences, and ever and anon falling back into the dust, which had already plentifully begimmed his face, hands, and clothes. Some of the passengers gazed on him with a contemptuous smile of pity, some with an expression of loathing and disgust, while a few of coarser sort on the top burst forth into expressions of vulgar derision.

"Go it old chap," said one. "Try it again," shouted another, as he made a fruitless attempt to rise. "Falls pretty lumber, I guess," said a third.

A little boy about five years old, was stretching his neck to watch the sight, and joined unhesitatingly in the laugh set up on the outside.

"Hush, hush, my dear!" said a gentle woman by his side, "don't laugh Henry—that man is some poor child's father, I suppose."

The boy seem to feel at once the force of this appeal, for he looked with astonishment and sorrow into his mother's face, and several of the passengers, appeared by their thoughtful air, to have felt the force of the gentle voice. Look with us in this low and shattered room, and there you see a pale and faded woman sitting up sick and feeble by a decaying fire, striving with trembling hand and failing eye, to finish a piece of sewing; her head is weary and giddy—the room often seems turning round and round with sickening motion, and her hand often stops and trembles as she still urges her needle—her needle slender and feeble as herself, but like herself the only reliance of those helpless ones around her. On the floor, sits the baby often pulling at her dress and raising his hands in dumb show to try to make her feel that he is weary of apparent neglect, and wants to find a warmer seat in her lap; while two pale, wistful looking children, are gazing from the door as if expecting something, and weary of delay.

"Oh! Mary, do take up Benny," said the mother, after vainly trying to raise him, "and keep a little longer till I finish this work, and then you can carry it up to Mrs. — and get the money for it, and you shall have something good for supper."

"Oh dear! why doesn't Father come," says the little girl, as she takes her little brother from the floor. "He told us certainly that he would be back in an hour, and bring the medicine for you, and some things for us, and he has not come back yet."

The woman sighs—long experience has taught her why he does not come, but she only says, "I know he meant to be home before this."

At last the boy steals in, and standing behind his mother's chair, says apprehensively, "Oh mother, he is coming—but he hasn't got anything for us I know." The mother has guessed as much before, and the tired and hungry children looked with a hopeless air from their mother to each other, as the door is pushed widely open, and the man who lay by the road-side totters in and throws himself into a chair. No child goes to him. When the unthinking baby puts out its little hands, its sister checks it with a "Hush, Benny, be still;" they all know that this father is no father now, and that there is

no safety but in keeping out of his way. And yet that man left his house in the morning with as warm a heart toward his children, with as solemn a purpose to withstand temptation, as sincere a desire to provide something for his own, as man could have. That man is naturally warm-hearted and affectionate, and proud and fond of his children, and only this morning he promised to that sick, heart-broken woman, that he would begin a new life. He went out from his home honestly meaning to come home with comforts for his wife and little ones, and to make a cheerful evening fireside. But what! in his work-shop, among the companions he daily meets, he has been assailed by temptation too strong for him—he has yielded and this is the result.—*Mrs. Storce.*

The short Road from Egypt to Canaan.

An aged minister, in describing what he calls the "short method" of being born again, says that the people do not leave Egypt, now as Israel did, under Moses, the lawgiver, and by the special guidance of Jehovah, encamping between Migdol and the sea, where the wildness shut them in, with the rolling waves of the Red Sea before them, and the army of Egypt in dread array marching down upon them, and where, O where, they were compelled to cry unto God, and "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord" by a newly-created way, through the waters of the great deep; then on to Mount Sinai, through the Great Desert, the plains of Moab, on the east side of Jordan, where the great lawgiver dies, that Joshua, [or Jesus, Acts vii. 45; Heb. iv. 8.] as Captain General of God's host, may lead them through the midst of Jordan into the promised inheritance. But now the people have found out a much nearer way. When they leave Rameses, they march on by the isthmus of Suez, over the river of Egypt, the Sihor, and the Brook Besor, directly into Canaan, leaving the Red Sea on the right hand, and Mount Sinai so far off, that they see not even the flash of lightning, nor hear the awful thunders roll. And this way they have bestowed so much labour on, and have rendered it so beautiful a macadamized road, that travellers now find little or no difficulty in the journey.

Helpers in the Ministry.

Mr. Richard Knill, in an article in the *Evangelical Magazine*, refers to Richard Baxter's "thirty helpers," as explaining the secret of the wonderful success of his ministry at Kidderminster; to Rowland Hill's "fourrets"—the good men who talked to sinners, and held prayer meetings in the borough of Southwark, as having greatly contributed to fill Sarrey Chapel; and states that Dr. Chalmers, in a conversation with himself and friends, just before his death, referred with great animation to the same subject, and said, that every minister ought to have twenty helpers; Mr. Knill adds, "Mr. Mead and myself began to act upon this plan in South Travancore, with the new converts, who had just been brought out of pagan darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel; and now there are hundreds of lay preachers and scripture readers and schoolmasters in that fruitful field of Christian missions."

"The plan of lay preaching, was in operation at Wotton-under-edge Tabernacle, long before I came here, so that I had only to watch the leadings of providence, and call in new converts to engage in the work. The Lord has smiled upon our labours. There has been joy in heaven in the presence of the angels of God over sinners brought to repentance. (The best token of the Divine approbation,) besides which there have been many other proofs of God's favour, which have led us to thank God and take courage.... Our present number is twelve, who labour steadily or occasionally in ten or twelve parishes. By this means, we are preaching on some sabbaths to thousands of people, and operating indirectly on thousands more."