

you would occupy that position with the approval of God, and the approbation of conscience, *take up now the noble resolution that you shall throughout life strive to do good.* Be determined, while young, that through God's grace you shall not leave the world without endeavouring to do somewhat to leave it better. Begin the work of well-doing now—for, if you are honest in your resolution, God will furnish you with means for this kind of labour. There is not a laid going to his home who may not find means of doing good in that home; nor any one going to a school in the most obscure corner of the country who will not in that sphere find many opportunities of doing good. Like the Apostles of old, that student may have to say, Silver and gold have I none to give, but such as I have I will give in order to make others happy:—I will speak more tenderly to those whom my words may cheer and comfort:—I will do what I can to instruct the ignorant, or put them in the way of getting useful knowledge. I will set a more consistent example before those over whom I have influence—I will speak more truly, more earnestly, more sternly yet more gently to those who may be going astray from the path of virtue that I may reclaim them. Oh, where sits that young man whose conscience and heart is all in a glow with these high resolves?—where sits he; for to that young man I would point and say, Mark him. He may not be the most intellectual—he may not be the best read, he may not be the subtlest dialectician in this assembly of students:—but nevertheless mark him, for he is a right noble youth. He holds the title of his nobility from the throne of God, and, doubt it not, he will do nobly, and in the best sense be great.

But, on the other hand, how utterly loathsome is that coldhearted, calculating, selfish youth, who shuts out all human interests and human claims, except in as far as he can make them minister to his own passions or appetites. This hateful selfishness may be hidden or artfully disguised to his fellow-men, but God sees it all as it is, and man too often sees through the disguise, and, oh, how hateful! Still may not this cold-hearted, cunning man succeed? Never, if our definition of success be correct, never. I admit, as men vulgarly think of success, he may be successful, for he may acquire wealth, professional distinction and even general fame, to awaken the envy of many, and yet for all this his life may be a miserable failure, and all his acquisitions turn out wretched abortions. It must be so if God reigns, if His laws be equitable, if penalties back these laws, if the Day of Judgement will bring the reckoning, and eternity open up the grand scene of the soul and bring the boundless reward. But, alas, need ye ask what must be the reward to a man impudently selfish from the God of love and justice?

I will not argue the question of human interests with the man who ignores all this. For who can argue human interests with him who takes man out of the category of the subjects of moral government, and puts him into the category of beasts to be influenced solely by a selfish sensualism. But there is one thing which no man can put out of view. The end, gentlemen, will come, the day of life will close, and it is the close of the day that tells the day's work. *Mark that aged man and learn a lesson.* There he sits in his easy chair, although to him not easy:—wrapt up in his flannels:—hands shriveled and palsied, eyes clotted with rheum, while from these blue and skinny lips nothing comes but the painful mumbings of second childhood. Yet he, yes, even he was in the world's estimation a successful man. He gained wealth, fame and high professional position. But now, ah, now he is on the isthmus that divides time from eternity, and he must soon go, for, disguise it as he may, he knows that the inexorable messenger is at the door, and the grand inevitable

event must be met; for "those that look out at the windows are dim, desire hath failed, the grasshopper is a burden, the wheel will soon be broken at the cistern, and he will have to go to his long home." His part is about played out, the curtain is about to drop,—but has he played his part well, who never felt one ardent wish to do good, and from pure motives never did good. But was he not successful? Alas, no, *and, when he steps off the stage* and the curtain drops, will angels of Heaven that may be around cry, plaudite? No, for in life that man never entered on the godlike work of doing good. Miserable man! *he poured the light of Sacred Truth* into no soul; took the sting of sorrow out of no breast—soothed no conscience—gladdened no afflicted bosom with words or deeds of pure-hearted kindness. What has he to look back on in the labours of the day of life, that shall awaken one gleam of joy at its close? And tell me, when he turns his eye to the awful future now so near and so full of tremendous consequences, if he can have the well-grounded hope, when his soul is ushered into the presence of his God, that he shall hear that declaration, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." Alas! my young friends, think ye that that man was successful? No, and, were ten thousand to proclaim him successful, his own conscience would repudiate the compliment, for he finds at the close that he has made of life a terrible mistake, and he is compelled to cry out. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." "The harvest is past and the summer is ended; "but with him life ends not well. Now mark it, ye whom I address, the dew of your youth is yet on you, the path of life before you with its toils and achievements, and, when you have passed through its toils, would you wish all your achievements in life to end thus? God forbid—but let me rather hope that, in what walk so ever you are to move, and what triumphs so ever you may gain, you will be able to look back at the close of life on much work done to make poor erring, suffering mortals happier and wiser:—so that affection will drop its silent and warm tears on your grave, and the heart of living men in admiration and esteem will give utterance to this sentiment—Yes, this is the grave of a brave, honest and kind-hearted man, who never forgot the grand mission of Heaven—he lived to do good.

"A Brief Inquiry into the Poetic Element in the Scottish Mind," being a Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of the City of Kingston: By the Rev. Professor George, Vice-Principal of the University of Queen's College. Published by request.

We regret that we have not space for an extended notice of this interesting and eloquent lecture. Our readers have already had several specimens of Dr. George's style of lecturing. The little volume before us evidences much of the author's original matter, sound thought, correct analysis and peculiar eloquence. We believe it can be had of the principal booksellers in the larger cities, as at the stores of Mr. Duff, Kingston, and Mr. Dawson, Montreal. We mention this, and besides feel a particular pleasure in advising our readers to get copies for themselves, because we observe the proceeds of the publication are to be given to the Orphans' Home of Kingston. The price is small, considering the worth of the lecture and the object of its sale.

SELECTIONS.

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

THE COMFORTING ASSURANCE.

"Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."—*Matth. vi. 32.*

Though spoken originally by Jesus regarding temporal things, this may be taken as a motto for the child of God amid all the changing vicissitudes of his changing history. How it should lull all misgivings; silence all murmurings; lead to lowly, unquestioning submissiveness—"My Heavenly Father knoweth that I have need of all these things."

Where can a child be safer or better than in a father's hand! Where can the believer be better than in the hands of his God? We are poor judges of what is best. We are under safe with infallible wisdom. If we are tempted in a moment of rash presumption to say, "All these things are against me," let this "word" rebuke and unworthy surmise. Unerring wisdom and Fatherly love have pronounced all to be "needful."

My soul, is there aught that is disturbing thy peace? Are providences dark, or crosses heavy? Are spiritual props removed, creature comforts curtailed, gourds smitten and withered like grass—write on each, "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." "It was He who increased thy burden. Why? "It was needed." It was He who smote down the clay idol. Why? "It was needed." It was supplanting Himself; He had to remove it! It was He who crossed thy worldly schemes, marred thy cherished hopes. Why? "It was needed." There was a lurking thorn in the coveted path. There was some higher spiritual blessing in reversion. "He 'prevented' thee with the blessings of His goodness."

Seek to cherish a spirit of more childlike confidence in thy Heavenly Father's will. Thou art not left unbefriended and alone to buffet the storms of the wilderness. Thy Marahs as well as thy Elims are appointed by Him. A gracious pit-cloud is before thee. Follow it through sunshine and storm. He may "lead thee about," but He will not lead thee wrong. Unutterable tenderness is the characteristic of all His dealings. "Blessed be His name," says a tried believer, "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet" (literally, "equalleth" them). "He equalleth them for every precipice, every ascent, every leap."

And who is it that speaks this quieting word? It is He who Himself felt the preciousness of the assurance during His own awful sufferings, that all were needed, and all appointed; that from Bethlehem's cradle to Calvary's cross there was not the redundant thorn in the chaplet of sorrow which He, the Man of Sorrows, bore. Every drop in His bitter cup was mingled by His Father. "This cup, which thou givest me to drink, shall I not drink it?" Oh, if He could extract comfort in this hour of inconceivable agony in the thought that a Father's hand lighted the fearful furnace-fires, what strong consolation is there in the same truth to all His suffering people!

What! one superfluous drop! one redundant pang! one unneeded cross! Hush the secret atheism! He gave His Son for thee! He calls Himself "thy Father!" Whatever be the trial under which thou art now smarting, let the word of a gracious Saviour be "like oil thrown on the fretful sea;" let it dry every rebellious tear-drop. "He, thine unerring Parent, knoweth that thou hast need of this as well as all these things."—*The Words of Jesus.*

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

"Whatsoever ye ask in My name, that will I do that the Father may be glorified in the Son."—*John xiv. 13.*

Blessed Jesus! it is Thou who hast unlocked to Thy people the gates of prayer. It was Thy atoning merit on earth that first