

Wayfaring Man of Grief.

These beautiful lines of James Montgomery have often been published with alterations. The following are

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND. 'Ye have done it unto me,'—Matt. 25: 40.

A poor wayfaring man of grief, Hath often crossed me on my way,

Who stooped so humbly for relief, That I could never answer 'nay'.

I had not power to ask his name, Whither he went, or whence he came,

Yet was there something in his eye, That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread, He entered with a meek and sad aspect;

Just perishing for want of bread, I gave him all, he blessed it, brake,

And ate, but gave me part again; Mine was an Angel's portion then,

For, while I fed with eager haste, The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst, Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;

The heedless water soaked his thirst; He heard it, saw it hurrying on;

I ran to raise the suffering one; Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,

Dipt, and returned it running o'er; I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew A winter hurricane aloof;

I heard his voice abroad, and flew To bid him welcome to my roof;

I warned, I clothed, I cheered my guest, And hid him from the world's eye;

Then made the hearth my bed, and slept In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

nothing less than a new birth, a resurrection of human nature, a quickening of the dead.

Now I will not shrink from saying plainly, we all need the same kind of change, if we are to be saved. The difference between us and any of those I have just named is far less than it appears.

There are those who know this from experience. There are those in whom the light of the Lord once shone sweetly,

Reader, I dare to say this sounds like foolishness to some. I tell you that many a living man could stand up this day and testify that it is true.

Many an one could tell you that once he did not think himself such a very great transgressor. At any rate he fancied he was no worse than his own.

Once he did not consider he had a bad heart. He might have his faults, and be led away by bad company and temptations,

He is convinced he could never have made his own peace with God. He is persuaded that nothing but the blood of Christ could wash away his sins.

Once he found no pleasure in means of grace. The Bible was neglected. His prayers, if he had any, were a mere form.

Reader, I ask you once more, what is all this but a new life? Such a change as I have described is no vision and fancy.

Reader, if you had seen Manasseh, king of Judah, at one time filling Jerusalem with idols, and murdering his children in honor

be living Churchmen, but we are dead Christians. Take it home, every man or woman that reads this paper, take it home to your own conscience, and look at it well.

'The Hill called Lucre'

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Methodism—By a Minister's Son.

The following is the substance of an excellent speech which was delivered by Mr. H. H. Fowler, solicitor of Wolverhampton, at a meeting held in that town to take leave of the Rev. John Kirk, 2nd, and the Rev. Henry Smallwood, the two outgoing Preachers.

Adverting to the Itinerary of the Connection, which had been before spoken upon, Mr. Fowler said:—A distinguished clergyman of the Church of England once made the following remark to me (Mr. Fowler's esteemed father)—'Mr. Fowler, I can understand all about your Methodism. I can appreciate it all, and I think I can get over all, with one exception; I cannot understand, I cannot appreciate, I cannot get over this constant preaching about, I cannot understand how that does work.'

There was something exceedingly beautiful in calling up to the mind the Pastor who had presented at the baptismal font, the parent and the children, and the children's children; who had soothed them in their sorrows, who had participated with them in all their joys, and who had guided these generations through life.

Behold him approach the tomb where his friend Lazarus was laid, and as he hears the lamentations of the bereaved relatives, and weeping friends. He groans with the spirit and was troubled. As he hears the mourning, as those who "would not be comforted," his heart was made full of overflowing and his tears of sympathy mingled with those around him—Jesus wept.

Here we have a striking illustration of the feelings of the Methodist of the present day. It is any wonder, those who gazed upon this affecting scene, cried out: Behold how the heart of the Father is made full of overflowing and his tears of sympathy mingled with those around him—Jesus wept.

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Canada, and Australia, were built upon Methodist influence. The influence of good there, as well as in their dear native land, was truly mighty. Upon that influence, therefore, they should take their stand and say:—'We will neither be laughed nor sneered down; we have the greatest admiration for other systems, but we love our own system best, and we are determined to do our duty by it, to uphold it, and to be heard of it.'

They might, he thought, go a step beyond this point, and remember the expression upon Methodism of one of the greatest of modern intellects—one who had no predilections for Methodism, and felt no particular sympathy with the system—remember the words of Dr. Chalmers, who said that "Methodism was Christianity in earnest."

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he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered about a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood there, deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you not better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" "O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget! I feel now the truth of the words, which I never before understood, 'It is better to give than to receive.'"

Mr. Jay had become aware of a growing evil among his brethren, arising from a constant rebuking and denouncing. When in the midst of an ordination discourse he said: "My young brother, it is to be regretted that many enter the ministry after they have been educated, to whose services the Church has a claim; they look around and select a lady for their wife, but they are careless she possesses a fortune. After a time they begin to get weary in well-doing. They take cold, it results in a cough; they are so weak that they can not attend to the duties of their office. They resign, and live upon their wife's fortune. I know five cases of this kind—may it never be yours!

During the delivery of this keen rebuke, there was a young minister, or rather an ex-minister, who did not seem very comfortable. After the service was closed the merits of the discourse were canvassed, and the general opinion was that it was only such a one as could be delivered by Mr. Jay. Said one to the ex-pastor: "How did you like Mr. Jay?" it was finite, quite a treat, wasn't it?" "Well, I liked him very well, but I think he was rather personal."

"Personal, eh! how so?" "Why, you must have noticed his reference to ministers out of health resigning." "Yes, yes, he was a little close there, I must admit." "I shall speak to him about it," said the delicate, fastidious ex-minister. He sought the vestry, and found Mr. Jay there. He congratulated him on his health and discourse, but hinted that he was personal in his remarks, and would like to know if he referred to him. "Personal," said the patriarch; "personal, eh! in what part of the discourse?" "When you were speaking about ministers resigning?" "O, said Mr. Jay, "I see; yes, have you resigned?" "Yes, sir." "Did you marry a rich wife?" "Yes, sir." "Did you have a cough and become disabled for service?" "Yes, sir." "Ah! my friend, yours is the sixth case, then?" "This young man repeats the reward of his folly, and retired, confused and abashed, from the presence of Mr. Jay."

Early Rising. It is remarkable what numerous examples we have of early rising in the Scriptures. Let any one take a Concordance and look out the passages where it is mentioned, and he will be surprised at their number. Are not such examples binding upon Christians? Abraham arose up, early in the morning, to offer sacrifice; "early will I seek thee," said the Psalmist; and shall not Christians early rise to pay their vows to God? "Very early in the morning" the holy women came to the sepulchre to embalm the Saviour; and shall not his disciples seek their risen Lord early in the day? Christian! when are you most apt to neglect prayer, or perform it hastily and unprofitably? Let it not when you omit early rising. When are you most prone to neglect reading the Bible, or peruse its sacred pages negligently? Is it not when you get up late, and waste precious hours in indolent repose? At what season do you peruse God's Word with delight, and call upon his name with fervor? Is it not when you early rise to pay your morning sacrifice? Nature, then, as well as Scripture, indicates the value of the morning for religious meditation, reading and prayer. Neglect not, then, their united intimations. Experience shows you the benefits of early rising. Permit not their voices. Let the dawn summon you from the bed of repose; let the orb of day witness you at your devotions, supplanting that the Sun of Righteousness may arise upon you with healing in his beams. Thus your body will be invigorated and your soul will be in health and prosper. What is it, says, "I will observe these things, even though I should understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."—Family Guardian.

CHRISTIAN FIDELITY.—At the critical moment in the battle of Waterloo when every thing depended on the steadiness of the soldiers, courier after courier kept dashing up to the Duke of Wellington, announcing that unless the troops at an important post were immediately relieved or withdrawn, they must soon yield before the impetuous onsets of the French. By all these the Duke sent back the self-same spirit stirring message:—'Stand firm!'

What an example is this for the Christian contending under the blood stained banner of the cross! Shall the worldly maintainer of his position at the fallow of the meekly considerations? He should be as firm as the soldier, and lowly dare nothing for the boon of eternal life? God forbid! His pathway should be lighted up by the flame of Divine love, and in the strength of Christ he should press manfully on from conquering unto conquest. If he will only continue to act thus, he will eventually achieve a glorious victory over his last foe, and be able to about the "harvest home" in that upper and better kingdom, and where the sound of weeping never comes and where the weary are at rest.—Christian Advocate.

ANNIVERSARY OF SAUL'S EMBARRASS.—"The devil," says Luther, "held a great anniversary at which his emissaries were contented to report to him the names of several of his minions. 'I had been the wild beasts of the desert,' said one, on a caravan of Christians, and their bones are now heaped on the sands." "What of that," said the devil, "their souls were all saved!" "For ten years I tried to get a single Christian asleep," said a third, and I succeeded and left him so." "Then the devil shouted," continues Luther, "and the night stars of hell sang for joy."

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The Christian's Vocation.

There are some things that unconverted men may do, and do well. They may, for instance, be skillful and useful business men, mechanics, merchants, and manufacturers. True, they would be better fitted for all these occupations by the addition of practical Christianity; but still God causes his sun to shine and send his rain upon the just (those who are justified by faith in the blood of Jesus), and the unjust (those who are not); and there is little perceptible difference in the fitness of the two classes for secular pursuits.

But there are callings in which unconverted men are not only out of place. The ministry of the Gospel, for instance, in its two great divisions of pastoral and missionary labor, can only be appropriately filled by men who are themselves spiritually regenerated. This will admit, but there are other callings, which demand, though perhaps in a less degree, the same spiritual qualification. It is exceedingly important that teachers of the young, for instance, should give out a Christian influence, and likewise editors of news papers.

In a word all who teach others should be right on the greatest of all questions themselves, and not only point to heaven when occasion serves, but by a godly walk and conversation lead the way.

It is if there be certain callings which worldly men can fill as well as Christians, and others which only Christians are fitted for, it is not the plain dictate of common sense for each class to devote themselves to what they can do most appropriately? It is true all Christians are not fitted to be ministers, or missionaries, or teachers, or editors, but the call is louder to those who are, to devote themselves to some department of these callings, or to publishing or selling good books, or in some other way of benefiting mankind. Should not all devout every Christian family try to furnish one minister, or missionary, or teacher, to go forward to the Lord's work in this stricken world?

It may be objected that Christians would thus be shut out from wealth, fame, comfort, influence, and emolument, all of which accompany the successful pursuits of secular callings. Well, were the case so, would the argument be a valid one? Does not the Christian by his own profession renounce all these to follow Christ? Are not the salvation of souls and the advancement of Christ's kingdom of immeasurably greater importance than personal comfort, aggrandisement, or distinction? But is the case really so? Are great ministers, missionaries and teachers less influential, less celebrated, less comfortable than an equal proportion of good farmers, mechanics, or traders? Is the case not reversed? Are there not fewer blinks drawn in the callings to which we have referred than in any others, and is not the influence and success attached to them very markedly superior? Let us, however, turn from the average success and look to those who have attained eminence. Who would not rather be a Heber, or a Wesley, or a Chalmers, or a Duff, or a Dalton, than a Rothschild, or an Astor, or a Hudson? The one class will be embalm in the recollections of the latest generations, while the other will be forgotten with their own.

These are, it is true, inferior considerations, and they are truly inferior to the purpose of showing that no argument is against the calling in which Christian men may be most useful, even on such low grounds, while the argument in their favour on the highest ground of all that duty to Christ and mankind, is most cogent and irrefragable.

In the State of Massachusetts the common school system is desirable of religion, a state of things to which we merely allude for the sake of illustration. That system is in this respect but the reflection of society at large, which does not impose any religious test upon aspirants to employment or favour. But such has been the superior energy of the evangelical Christians of Massachusetts, and their greater eagerness to throw themselves into the business of teaching, that the school system is to a great extent worked by them; and thus the benefit of pious teachers is practically secured, without any invidious legislation. Now, some state of things is what is required on a more extensive scale. Let real Christians, if themselves better than others for the business of teaching the young, attend to newspapers, publishing books, and so forth, and then these more influential of all callings will naturally fall into their hands. Above all let them throw themselves, as many are now doing, into the spiritual gifts, earnestly into the ministry or missionary work, and the effect on the world will doubtless be a hundred fold greater than if they devoted themselves, however able and uprightly, to secular pursuits.—Canada Messenger.

JESUS EVER ACCESSIBLE.—Jesus the sinner's Refuge, is always ready to save, unto the uttermost, every poor sinner, that turns to him for life. To be the sinner of one day, when the soul presents the first bright spots of guilt, we are invited with a promise:—"They that seek me early shall find me." At the high noon of life, though tanned with transgression, and every pulsation is in rebellion against God, yet we may come with assured hope of acceptance. And in the waning of our days, though our hoary heads are stained with sin of a crimson dye, still we may come, and not be cast out. The evidence of this marvellous mercy is in the invitation:—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To make the toil and burden of sin its only condition required. And this he bestows it is the gift of his own precious, distinguishing grace.

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An Unexpected Gift.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, and was his kindness to the young man it was his office to instruct. While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was working close by, and who had nearly finished his day's task.

The young student turned to the professor, saying:—"Let us play the man a trick: we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch his perplexity when he cannot find them." "My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man." "Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves," said the student, and so, and placed himself, with the professor, behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but, feeling something hard, he stooped and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance. He gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides, but could see no one.

He put the money in his pocket and proceeded home in that upper and better kingdom, and where the sound of weeping never comes and where the weary are at rest.—Christian Advocate.