

over twenty-two years, and, if we are to judge a minister according to his work, certainly his equal is not easily to be found. For instance, until very lately, he has always ridden thirty-six miles on the Sabbath, and held Service in five different places, and besides other duties appertaining to his charge, he preaches five times through the week in other places. For the last year or two, his ride on the Sabbath has been shortened to about twenty-two miles; which I believe, is owing to new roads and bridges which have been built; though he holds the same number of Services on the Sabbath. He saves about an hour and a half in his rides, which time he studiously devotes to a Sunday-School. C.

We love to read of such devoted labourers in the Lord's Vineyard, and we pray that he may raise up many more trained in head and in heart by Himself.

The Presbyterian Historical Almanac, and Annual Remembrancer of the Church for 1861. By Joseph M. Wilson, Philadelphia.

We have received this volume, the third of the series, and have examined it with some satisfaction. It is a large sized volume of over 300 pages and contains accounts of the Presbyterian Churches throughout the world. The information contained in it is large, important, and interesting. The manner in which it is presented is simple and satisfactory. And the enterprising publisher deserves the patronage of Ministers, Elders, and others interested in the progress of Presbyterianism.

### THE HEAVENLY REST.

Oh blessed rest! when "we rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!"—when we shall rest from sin, but not from worship—from suffering and sorrow, but not from joy! O blessed day! when shall I rest with God—when shall I rest in knowing, loving, rejoicing, and praising—when my perfect soul and body shall together perfectly enjoy the most perfect God—when God, who is love itself, shall perfectly love me, and rest in His love to me, and I shall rest in my love to Him—when he shall rejoice over me with joy, and joy over me with singing, and I shall rejoice in Him.—*Barter*.

### NEVER TELL A LIE.

How simply and beautifully has Abdel Kadir of Ghilon impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then, taking out eighty dinars, she told me, as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it to me, *never to tell a lie*, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, "Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

I went on well till I came near Hamandai, when our Kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me "what I had got?" "Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed under my garments." The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him. "What have you got?" said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," said I. "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments."

He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

"And how came you," said he in surprise, "to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised *I never will tell a lie*."

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued. "that I may swear repentance upon it." He did so. His followers were alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the path of virtue." And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of the spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.