

deep sense of his guilt, inquires what he must do, we have a suitable reply:—

Believe in Christ. This was the direction of Paul and Silas to the Philippian jailor. Stay not, questioning his willingness, for "every one that asketh receiveth;" doubt not his power, for "he is able to save to the uttermost;" plead not your unfitness, for though you are not worthy, you are welcome.

Repent of sin. This doctrine was proclaimed by the prophets, taught by Christ and his apostles, and now published by the ambassadors of truth. The tears of repentance for sin must precede the emotions of joy on account of pardon.

Pray for mercy. Prayer is one of the best evidences of a change of heart. It was said of Saul, "Behold he prayeth." A single sentence, a groan that cannot be uttered, proceeding from a contrite heart, shall never be despised.

Live to God. Those whom God renews by his grace are bound by the most solemn ties to live to his glory. Go then to the sacred volume, visit with a penitent and believing heart the sanctuary, and thus use every divine ordinance, and there it shall be told the *what thou must do*.

A Man-of-war's Man's idea of Faith.

THERE are many principles which can be much more easily illustrated than defined. Among these is *faith*. Faith is an assent of the understanding to certain statements; it is believing; it is confidence. But what is faith in Christ?—saving faith? Any definition of this, in order to present the whole of its character, must necessarily involve circumspection, and even then be liable to misconception. To be fully understood, it should be a matter of experience. One of the best illustrations of it, it has ever been my pleasure to hear, is the following:—

In a meeting which I attended one evening, an old man arose, who looked as though he had seen no small share of rough service in his day, and in a foreign accent said he would explain what he understood faith to be. "My brethren," he continued, "I once served in the American navy, under Captain Porter. He was a severe officer, and as I thought, ill-treated his men. So, upon a favourable opportunity, I, with several others, ran away. I deserted the navy, and concealed myself in Boston and vicinity for two years. During this time, a reward of two hundred dollars a head was offered for the apprehension of deserters. I, however, successfully escaped detection. At the end of two years, the war of 1812 broke out with England. The Government was greatly in want of men for the navy. Accordingly they issued proposals of mercy to all deserters. They publicly proclaimed, that if those who had deserted from the navy would return, they would be received, and nothing would be said concerning their desertion. That is, if they would go and deliver themselves up to the Government, they would be pardoned. I saw those proposals, and believing them to be offered in good faith, I went down to the navy office, confessed that I was a deserter, and offered to re-enlist. I was at once received, and nothing was ever said to me about my desertion."

Now, my hearers, we have, all of us, deserted God; we have abandoned his service; justice is after us; a price is set upon our souls. But terms of forgiveness are offered us. If we will return, throw ourselves upon the mercy of God, and enter his service, he will forgive us on account of what Christ has done for us. We must *voluntarily deliver ourselves up to the Government*, and then we shall be pardoned."

A SMALL DWELLING.—Ariosto's inscription over his door, in Ferrara, was:—

"Small, but sufficient for me."

Moderation in secular affairs is a Scriptural injunction: "Let your conversation be without covetous-

ness, and be content with such things as ye have." The prophet's residence was similar to the above: "A room on the wall containing a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick." How rare the jewel of Christian contentment! Alas! what immense sums of money are expended for elegant houses and expensive furniture, while the claims of the Saviour are forgotten or disregarded. How few reflect on the small house to which the body must soon be committed. Let us learn to moderate our desires respecting earthly grandeur, and let the great, the constant inquiry be, "how shall I best glorify God and benefit my fellow-men?" Soon will the voice be heard: "give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayst be no longer steward!"

DEATH BED OF DR. JOHNSON.

We find an impressive account of the last scenes of Dr. Johnson's life, in Mrs. Knight's new Memoir of Hannah More. Our readers will be interested in the extract.

How august and solemn are the closing scenes of this dying man! He is styled the Moralist. Justice, truth, virtue—rough, unheavened, without chisel or polish,—were the pillars of his character. At all times, and in all places, he was loyal to his convictions of duty, generous, yet plain spoken to his fellows, reverent toward God. Rich in knowledge, he abused it not; rich in thought, he scattered his treasures like dew-drops; rich in speech it was like the golden harvest; in the wide grasp of his clear, calm, comprehensive mind, he everywhere discovered a moral government, and recognized a righteous governor: his conscience, unseared by passion or self-indulgence, spoke solemnly, and was heard: the fear of God was upon him: but now, as the curtains of death close around his brave heart and unclouded intellect, he lies helpless, wrestling for hope, panting for peace, raising his eyes, with a fearful looking for of judgment, into the eternal world.

"The approach of death is dreadful," he exclaims. "I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is in vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had, yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day, may live to-morrow. No wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is going into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation; for however unhappy any man's existence may be, yet he would rather have it than not exist at all. No; there is no rational principle by which a man can die contented, but a trust in the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ."

And yet, when one said to him in an hour of gloomy despondency. "You forget the merits of your Redeemer,"

He replied with deep solemnity, "I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer, but my Redeemer has said *He will set some on his right hand, and some on his left.*"

"What man," he asks, with mournful distrust, "can say that his obedience has been such as he could approve of in another, or that his repentance has not been such as to require being repented of?"

"Remember what you have done by your writings in defence of virtue and truth," urged his friends.

"Admitting all you say to be true," answered the dying hero, "how can I tell when I have done enough?"

An awful question who can answer it? • •

At last he described the kind of clergyman he wished to see. Mr Winstanly was named, and a note was despatched requesting his attendance to the sick man's chamber. Through ill-health and nervous apprehension, the clergyman could reply only in writing. "Permit me, therefore," ran the note, "to write what I should wish to say, were I present. I can easily conceive what would be the subjects of your inquiry. I can conceive that the

views of yourself have changed with your condition, and that on the near approach of death, what you considered mere peccadilloes, have risen into mountains of guilt, while your best actions have dwindled into nothing. On which-soever side you look, you see only positive transgression, or defective obedience; and hence, in self-despair, are eagerly asking, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I say to you in the language of the Baptist, 'Behold the Lamb of God.'"

"Does he say so?" exclaimed the anxious listener. "Read it again, Sir John." Upon the second reading, Dr. Johnson declared, "I must see that man; write again to him."

A second letter was the reply, enlarging and enforcing upon the subject of the first: "These, together with the conversation of a pious friend, Mr. Latrobe, appear to have been blessed of God." continues one in a letter to Hannah More, "in bringing this great man to a renunciation of self, and a simple reliance on Jesus as his Saviour; thus also communicating to him that peace which he found the world could not give, and which, when earthly things were fading from his view, was to fill the void, and dissipate the gloom even of the shadow of death. The man whose intellectual powers had awed all around him, was in turn made to tremble, when the period arrived, when all knowledge is useless and vanishes away, except the knowledge of the true God and of Jesus Christ whom he has sent. To attain this knowledge, this giant in knowledge must become a little child. The man looked up to as a prodigy of wisdom, must become a fool, that he might be wise."

"For some time before his death, all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith and his trust in the merit and propitiation of Jesus Christ," testifies Dr. Brocklesby.

"My dear doctor, believe a dying man," exclaimed Johnson, "there is no salvation, but in the Lamb of God."

"How delighted should I be," said Hannah More, "to hear the dying discourse of this great and good man, especially now that faith has subdued his fears."

EVERY CHRISTIAN SHOULD LABOUR.—Dr. WAYLAND, speaking of the Christians who were dispersed by the first persecution of the Church of Jerusalem, says, "This little band of disciples accomplished more for the conversion of the world than all the Christians of the present day, united have done." Does any one ask why? "Because," says he, "every individual felt that the conversion of the world was the work to which *he himself*, and not an abstraction, called the church, was responsible. Instead of relying on man for aid, every man looked directly up to God to forward the work. God was thus exalted, his power was confessed; and very soon, in a few years, the standard of the cross was carried to the remotest extreme of the then known world."

MARRIED:

In Charlotteville, C. W., on the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. Abram Duncan, Mr. Samuel Ray, of Middleton, to Ann Craig, of Charlotteville.

In Vittoria, C. W., on the 16th ultimo, by the same, Mr. William Marr, of Woodhouse, to Miss Malissa Clark, of Woodhouse.

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