

PRAYER HEARD.

On Thursday, the 22d of January, I attended the funeral of De Witt Hunt, of the New York University, "the only son of his mother, who, the preceding week, had buried her other son—and much people of the city with her," entered the place where she and her children had been accustomed to worship, and there Jesus met her, and said to her, "Weep not;" and, in the sweet persuasion that her children *lived*, her bleeding heart was stanch'd, and her tears dried.

De Witt Hunt was a son of the late Rev. Christopher Hunt, pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in Franklin Street, of pleasant memory. His mother is the sister of a veteran missionary, the Rev. Dr. Scudder, now of Madras. During the funeral services, the officiating pastor held in his hand and read from a letter written by Dr. Scudder, November 12, 1851, in which he says:

"My Dear Nephew:—Harriet received your letter by the last steamer. I have not the least evidence from that letter that you love the Saviour, for you do not even refer to him. On this account, I may perhaps be warranted in coming to the conclusion that He is not much in our thoughts. Be this, however, as it may, I have become so much alarmed about your spiritual condition as to make you a special subject of prayer—as to set you apart for this purpose, and I design, God willing, to pray for you in a special manner, until about the time this letter should reach you—that is, about two months. After that, I can make you no promises that I shall pray for you any further than I may pray for my friends in general. I have now set apart a little season to pray for you, and to write to you.

Do you wonder at this? Has it never occurred to you as a very strange thing, that others should be so much concerned for you, while you are unconcerned for yourself? I can explain the mystery. It is this. Your pious friends have seen you, and your uncle, among the rest, has seen you walking over the pit of destruction on a rotten covering, as it were, liable at every moment to fall through it and drop into everlasting burnings. This you have not seen, and therefore you have remained so careless and indifferent. Whether this carelessness and indifference will continue, of course I know not. All that I can say is, that I am greatly alarmed about you. It is no small matter for you to trample under foot the blood of Christ for eighteen years. It is no small thing to spend eighteen years in rebellion against God. Justly might the Saviour say of you, as he said of the people of old, "Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone." Your treatment of the blessed Saviour is what grieves me to the heart. What has he not done to save you? Were you to fall into a well, and a stranger should run to your help and take you out, that stranger would, forever afterwards, be esteemed as your best friend.—Nothing could be too much for you to do for him. Of nothing would you be more cautious than of grieving him. And has Christ come down from heaven to save you? Has he died for you? Has he shed his very blood for you, in order that you might be delivered from the worm that dieth not, and in the fire that is never quenched? And can you be so ungrateful, so wicked, as not to love him? My dear nephew, this will not do, it must not do. You must alter your course. But I will stop writing for a moment, and kneel down and entreat God's mercy for you. I will endeavor to present the sacrifice of my Redeemer at the throne of grace, and see if I cannot, for this sacrifice's sake, call down the blessing of the Holy Spirit of God upon you."

"This youth, always of correct deportment, studious habits, dutiful and affectionate," added the pastor, "on the 27th of November, called on me under concern of mind, and opened up the feelings of his heart. Gradually, and after no small conflict, he found peace, professed the

Saviour's name, and before his departure, in the house of God, took his place at the table of his Lord, and over the emblems of his love commemorated his death."

The last days of his life were perfect peace. He sleeps in Jesus. Thus, while the man of God wrote and prayed in Madras, the Spirit descended upon this dear youth in New York, and at the end of the two months of special prayer, he needed prayer no longer. Can we help explain this? "It is not a vain thing to call upon God."

THE WAY TO BE SAVED.

"When convinced persons in the apostles' day cried out, What shall we do to be saved? the answer was, *Believe*, and you shall be saved. To believe in Christ and in the remission of sin by his blood, is the first thing that convinced sinners are called to. They are not directed first to assure their souls that they are born again, and then afterward believe; but they are first to believe that the remission of sin is tendered to them in the blood of Christ, and that by him they may be justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law. Nor is it the duty of men to question whether they have faith or not, but actually to believe; and faith in its operation will evidence itself. See Acts 13: 38, 39. Suppose, then, that you do not know that you are born of God, that you have no prevailing, refreshing evidence of it; should this hinder you? Should this discourage you from believing forgiveness, from closing with the promises, and thereby obtaining in yourselves an interest in forgiveness with God? Not at all; say, this ought exceedingly to excite and stir you up to your duty hereon. For, suppose that you are indeed yet in the state of sin, and are only brought under the power of light and conviction, this is the way for a translation into a state of spiritual life and grace. If you delay the exercise of faith in forgiveness until you are regenerate, you may, and probably you will come short of both forgiveness and regeneration. Here lay your foundation, and then your building will go on. This will open the door to you, and give you an entrance into the kingdom of God. *Christ is the door*. Do not think to climb over the wall. Enter by him, or you will be kept out."—*Owen*.

CONSCIENCE.

A little boy called Jem Roberts, having been set to weed in a gentleman's garden, observing some very beautiful peaches on a tree which grew upon a wall, was strongly tempted to pluck one.

"If it tastes but half as nice as it looks," thought he, "how delightful it must be!" He stood for an instant gazing on the tree, while his mother's words—"Touch nothing that does not belong to you," came vividly to his mind. He withdrew his eyes from the tempting object, and with great diligence pursued his occupation. The fruit was forgotten, and with pleasure he now perceived that he had nearly reached the end of the bed he was ordered to clear. Collecting in his hands the heap of weeds he had laid beside him, he returned to deposit them in the wheelbarrow which stood near the peach tree. Again the glowing fruit met his eye, more beautiful and more tempting than ever, for he was hot and thirsty. He stood still, his heart beat, his mother's command was heard no more, his resolution was gone! He looked around; there was no one in the garden. "They can never miss one out of so many," said he to himself. He made a step, only one; he was now within reach of his prize, he darted forth his hand to seize it, when, at the very moment, a sparrow from a neighbouring tree, calling to his companion, seemed to his startled ear to say, "Jem, Jem." He sprang back to the wall, his hand fell to his side, his whole frame shook, and no sooner had he recovered himself than he fled from the spot.

In a short time afterwards, he began thus to

reason with himself:—"If a sparrow could frighten me thus, I may be sure that what I was going to do was very wicked."

And now he worked with greater diligence than ever, nor once again trusted himself to gaze on the fruit which had so nearly led him to commit so great a fault. The sparrows chirped again as he was leaving the garden, but he no longer fled at the sound.

"You may cry 'Jem, Jem,'" said he, looking steadily at the tree in which several were perched "as you like, I do not care for you now; but this I will say, I will never forget how good a friend one of you has been to me, and I will rob none of your nests again."—*Holiday Week and other Sketches*.

HENRIANA.

1. We burn our Master's candles; (the sun, moon, and stars,) but mind not our Master's work.
2. The Scriptures were written, not to make us astronomers, but to lead us to God.
3. The best way of ruling is by doing good.
4. God's time to perform his promise usually is, when it's fulfillment labours under the greatest improbabilities.
5. Before doing a thing, better take time to consider beforehand, than find time to repent afterwards.
6. After much advancement, lest we be puffed up, we must expect something to humble us.
7. Those who keep a good conscience, may cheerfully trust God with the keeping of their good names;—and have reason to hope, that He will clear up, not only their integrity, but their honour, as the sun at noon.
8. Had our censures and judgments more of deliberation, there would be more of mercy and moderation in them.
9. The rigour of law is sometimes the height of injustice.
10. Necessary censures should be managed without noise and strife.
11. God will guide the *thoughtful*, not the *unthinking*.
12. God's time to instruct his people, is when they are non-plussed, and at a stand.
13. Christ came to save his people, not *in their sins*, but *from their sins*; to purchase for them not a liberty to sin, but a freedom from sin.
14. By the light of nature we see God, as a God above us; by the light of the law, as a God against us; but by the light of the Gospel, as Immanuel; God with us,—in our own nature, and (what is more,) in our interest.
15. What is conceived in grace, will undoubtedly be brought forth in glory.

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.—A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be so beautiful? Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer how earnest; in joy how sparkling; in sympathy how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower; without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of your religion; of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love of some one you fear will not love you in return: it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thoughts; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feelings, which is your feeling for the hour.—*Mrs. Norton*.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.—A question which has often arisen—namely, Why the good so often die young?—is answered thus: that God foresees that