

Who is he that thus awaits you? His eye moist with pity, but his features pallid as one risen from the dead. And in his outstretched hand the eye of faith can discern something shining, something precious, something priceless: not the glare of gold or silver, or the sparkle of invaluable gems, but something wet with tears and stained with blood. And the blood still oozes from that stricken heart. It is the purchase of your life; it is the ransom of your soul; it is the price which you could never pay which men and angels could not have paid for you; in default of which, you had resigned yourself to perish. See, he holds it out; he presses it upon you; and the turning point is, can you reject it? If you can, Oh let your lips be sealed forever from all mention of the penalty of God's law, as deterring you from mercy; for as you plunge into the gulf of self destruction, the last sound from above that reaches you may be the dripping of that blood, one touch of which would have sufficed to cancel your vast debt for ever.—*Dr. Alexander's Sermons.*

Family Reading.

A WORKER TOGETHER WITH GOD.

Biographical sketches are the fashion, and have happily taken the place of idle tales. Nevertheless, the reader sometimes asks, at the close of the story of a life, if he has learnt much out of it? and why was it worth while to write it? Biography ought to be a record of God's dealings with man—facts marking the providences by which He guides and prepares each object of His care for his destined work on earth, and for a blessed eternity. In the origin of the Coast Mission, we shall not need to enquire why the life of Rosie was written. The author has wisely depicted the preparation of the first missionary, and shown how his enjoyment among boats and sailors in boy-hood, on the storm-swept coast of Ronaldshay, was fitting him to guide his barque in after years, laden with the message of peace, among the rocks and shoals of the Hebrides; while his conversion from outward and formal religious observance to a genuine devotion of heart to his Saviour, when he had reached the age of sixteen, fitted him to explain that message to those who were the objects of his mission.

To have one great object, be it secular or spiritual, and to give the mind to it entirely, is nearly sure to succeed. Rosie's object was to win souls, that he might glorify his gracious Saviour. His own struggle into spiritual life, as narrated in his unvarnished words, will best exhibit him as a man prepared for some work:—

Up to the time of my father's death, though I was obliged to keep up the outward performance of duty, there was in my heart a great dislike to all that is good. My mind was set on folly, on the pleasures and profits of the world, and other such things. I was quite sensible I was doing wrong; but I always resolved to put off a little longer the work of turning unto God. Yet the conviction of sin and danger became stronger and stronger, and the question forced itself on my mind, "What shall I do to be saved?" Many a long day and night did this question recur, and all the while I knew the answer, *but did not understand it*. For a considerable time, I thought that the way of coming to the Saviour was by giving up my sins, and living in the practice of every duty, and then God would accept me. I tried this way, but *found I could not succeed*; I never could arrive at that state which I thought God would be inclined to look on with favor. During all this time, I never once *really* prayed to God. At length one day, feeling much alarmed lest I should die in my present state, the thought struck me that I should pray to God. I immediately went into a room, and knelt to pray; but I could not utter a word. I wept bitterly, and rose from my knees, not feeling