

Others scoff and jest as they pass. Many hear indifferently and pass on. Some halt for a time between two opinions, and drift on. But some hearken to the message of love and mercy, heed the warning and turn to the right. Numbers enter the King's Highway and flee to the City of Refuge. The beautiful city, the heavenly city, whose wall is of jasper; whose gates are of pearl; whose streets are of gold, and whose light is the glory of God and of the Lamb; where he that overcometh shall inherit all things and the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of; where there shall in nowise enter into it anything defileth, or worketh abomination or maketh a lie. Millions have reached that blessed abode; and millions more are on the road. Will you go?

D. M. McDUGALL.

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IMMORTALITY.

As it respects the Deity, is life eternal and unchangeable; with reference to all created beings, it is life continued at the will of God, and when it is violated a change ensues which ends in a separation and terminates in death. This I learn from both the old and the new scriptures which teach what is known of both his existence and character; nature reveals only God's power; vain philosophy attempts to reveal his other attributes which only can be known as God makes them apparent to any of his creatures. How deeply man is indebted to revelation which declares the fact, "That God hath spoken unto the Fathers by the prophets, and in these last days by his Son," who has manifested his Father more distinctly than any earthly son could have shown the likeness of a parent. The Record, as given by Moses, and generally accepted, declaring God's will towards men, informs one how a change in the mutual intercourse, once had between God and Man, has occurred, also its consequences, suffering and death. What was the violation? Why a departure from the testimony of God, "eat not of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil." They did eat and mortality ensued. Now, is not Adam's race yet eating of that tree; is not the fruit unbelief yet keeping a separation. Yes, and only a return, by confidence in what God has spoken, as to the way which he wills that the mutual intercourse can be restored, through his only Son; of whom it testified, that He is the Author of Eternal Life unto all who obey Him. Why obedience to Him? Because, He is the only Mediator in the breach between the offender and the offended; by his one offering, the sacrifice of himself, can the mutual intercourse be had, and it can be only had in accordance to his order, as given to the Apostles, with whom it was intrusted, and they have faithfully declared it. Read carefully the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, as recorded by the pen of St. Luke; and let not the evil fruit of unbelief, with its alluring, seductive influences, deter you from the simple compliance required; refuse not Him who speaketh from Heaven, which make the path plain; refuse and a judicial condemnation follows. Remember, that the one transgression only can be removed by terms declared in the narration. The "many offences" are included in the Mediatorial character of Christ; a full salvation is centred in the relation expressed by being immersed into Christ, whereby the earthly position is changed to a heavenly one, so that the carnal mindings become changed into spiritual, as it is written: "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die, but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Hence, we die to sin; and being buried by immersion, and rising to newness of life, through faith in the Son of God, we enter the relation of children of God, and if children, we are constituted heirs with Christ to an eternal inheritance which shall be had at the

resurrection of the just, when our Lord Jesus Christ shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom.

Well, the delightful day will come,
When our dear Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face,
Then with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

J. V.

KEMPT.

The second Lord's day of October was a sad day for us all. We were passing through the dark shadow of death. A few days before, three men attempting to cross the lake in a canoe, were drowned. One of them belonged in this vicinity; the others were from Annapolis. Two have been found, the other still remains in the lake. On Lord's day about all the men in the neighboring towns were at the lake seeking for the lost bodies, consequently our meetings were not large. We were disappointed at not seeing more at church, still the seeming failure of our meetings was mitigated by the interest the friends felt for the lost ones. This unselfish interest in the welfare of others is an admirable feature of the human heart. In such labor there is not the hope of personal reward, that inspires action, but the ready, natural interest that one heart has for another.

When tidings reach us that some one is in danger and wants help we instinctively rush to their rescue regardless of who or what they are or without any remunerative incentive whatever. This manifested mercy of mankind is good for sore hearts, especially to those who are compelled to open their eyes upon so much that is selfish.

In connection with this thought is another not so pleasing, but rather surprising and even alarming, i. e., that so many who believe in the lost condition of the impenitent and disobedient, take so little interest in their salvation. We must admit that the loss of this present life bears no comparison to the loss of the soul, and yet in the face of this terrible fact that many are being lost, how few seek their interest; hardly an expression of interest either in word or act is manifested in their behalf. While, we say, it is grandly true that we will sacrifice our own interest and hazard our lives to save a man from drowning or even his house from burning, it is as sadly true that our friends around us who are under the condemnation of eternal death, a death that outlasts and outweighs the death of this body—a death not measured by the eternal flight of years; are not receiving our warnings and our earnest entreaties, to escape the danger.

To explain this condition of indifference on the part of believers, and to reconcile it at all favorably would be an impossibility. It must be a wonderful stretch of the imagination to suppose that the servant of God who refuses to constrain his fellow-men to come into the feast of God's love is any the less under the condemnation of the just judgments of God, than he who refuses the invitations of the gospel of mercy. It is just as obligatory for him who has heard to say come as it is for him who hears to come.

The Master says to his servants "go out into the hedges and highways and compel them to come in." The last commission of our Saviour bids his disciples to "go and preach the gospel to every creature." Here is a command that is as binding and important as any command found in the Bible. He who will reject this command closes the gate of mercy against himself.

None need plead their inability to preach the gospel. The spirit of this command to carry the gospel to others is brought within the reach of every one. We all can work for the salvation of others. If we can't preach we can hold up the hands of those who are preaching. And by one, faithful earnest Christian life can cultivate the seed

sown. Paul may plant but Apollos must water before God gives the increase. The work of cultivating is as necessary as the sowing. Every servant of God, by his active, consistent life can speak in language too plain to be misunderstood. There is no language so well understood as the "living epistle." There is power in a Christian act that will carry conviction to the hearts of others. We need to exalt the all-important plea of the church—this spirit of going to others. You take the go out of the religion of Christ and what is its worth? Says the angel to Gideon, "The Lord is with thee, go in this thy might and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the enemy."

H. MURRAY.

THE FAMILY.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year.
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the groves, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow,
But on the hill the golden rod and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from clear cold Heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still;
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill:
The South wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood, and by the stream no more.

—W. C. Bryant.

"HE WAS ALWAYS A GOOD LAD TO HIS MOTHER!"

A gentleman was walking not long ago with a friend in one of the noted business streets of London, when the latter suddenly stopped, and pointing to a massive building, said: "Look at that noble building, please. There is a pleasant history attached to it and its occupants. When the present principal was under fifteen years of age, his worthy father suddenly died. Neither the widow nor the executors were able to carry on the business, and there seemed no alternative but to dispose of it at a serious loss. 'Let me try, if you please, to carry it on for the benefit of my mother and brothers and sisters,' said this eldest boy. The executors shook their heads. The widowed mother smiled, and said, 'God bless you, my boy, but that is beyond your power.' The youth pleaded so earnestly for 'a three months' trial,' that at last it was agreed