

[For OUR MISSION.]

The Rejected One.

BY KATIE.

He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.—John 1: 11.

OH! be ye open wide ye portals of the soul,
To the blessed King of glory, who is standing
knocking there,

He will pardon all transgression,

Oh! bid Him take possession,

Withdraw the iron bolt of doubt, by Faith's prevailing
prayer.

Oh! keep Him not there waiting, the time is swiftly flying,
One by one the golden moments forever pass away—

Fling open wide the portal,

And the Lord of life immortal,

Shall enter in, and shed abroad the glorious light of day.

He gives the PEACE of pardon, a full, entire salvation,
A "perfect peace," the foretaste here of bliss without
alloy—

Peace like a river flowing,

Beyond earth's power of knowing,

That Jesus Christ alone can give, and nothing can destroy.

He gives the JOY of working—the privilege of telling
The great redemption message, "Salvation free to all,"

To tell the grand, old story,

While the angel choir in glory

Rejoice with us o'er sinners, who hear the Master's call.

He gives us REST when weary—when heavy storm clouds
gather;

In sickness, pain, or sorrow, He will keep us safe from
harm,

For us He "ever liveth,"

Eternal rest He giveth,

A safe abiding place of rest, encircled by His arm.

He gives us LOVE, His own love, the precious gift of all,
Though earth and earth friends may fail us, His care will
never end,

In sowing or in reaping—

In waiting or in weeping—

He loves with everlasting love, the sinner's changeless
Friend.

Faithful Words.

A SERIES of able articles from the pen of Rev. Dr. Brookes, has recently been published in "The Truth," of which he is Editor. In those articles he has been dealing with subjects prominently brought before the public in the present day, such as, Annihilation, Restoration, &c. Dr. Brookes gives no uncertain sound in his testimony against these damning errors, and we trust that the papers may be put into a shape for reaching thousands in our land who are being led astray by the specious arguments of men, able we admit, but whose teachings are for that very reason, the more dangerous. In his article on Restoration, he says:—

"Canon Farrar becomes indignant at the doctrine

of endless retribution, and impeaches it in the name of terrified humanity; but one has a right to become still more indignant at his theory of restoration, and to exclaim, I impeach it in the name of God, whose laws it defies; I impeach it in the name of Christ, whose death it degrades; I impeach it in the name of the Holy Spirit, whose strivings it disregards; I impeach it in the name of the Bible, whose testimony it despises; I impeach it in the name of the church, whose purity it defiles; I impeach it in the name of dying men and women and children, whose souls it destroys. No fouler dishonor has ever been done to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost as revealed in connection with the stupendous work of salvation, no more fatal injury has ever been inflicted upon the Redeemer's cause, than by the invention of these wretched theories of annihilation and restoration, which encourage the sinner to continue in sin, with the assurance that he will escape the righteous penalty of his disobedience."

"There, You've Gone Right Over It."

ONE Sunday morning an old gentleman was on his way to church. He was a happy, cheerful Christian, who had a very great respect for the Sabbath. He was, however, somewhat singular in his manner of giving reproof. As he was going along, he met a man driving a heavily-laden cart through the town.

When the old gentleman came opposite the cart he suddenly stopped, and, lifting up both hands, as if in alarm, he exclaimed, as he gazed under the cart,—

"There, there you *are* going over it; you have gone right over it!"

The driver was frightened, and instantly cried out, "Whoa, whoa!" and brought his horse to a stand. He then looked under the wheels, expecting to see the mangled remains of some innocent child, or, at least, some poor dog or cat that had been crushed to death.

But after gazing about and not seeing any thing under the wheels, he looked at the gentleman who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked, "What have I gone over, sir?"

"Over the FOURTH COMMANDMENT, my friend: 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'" was the slow reply of the aged friend.

OF the 42,972 new members who came into the Presbyterian Churches of the U. S. last year on confession of their faith in Christ, 20,778, or nearly one-half, were from the Sabbath Schools of the Church.

CHRISTIANITY is protected in Madagascar. The best authorities place the number of Protestants there at 350,000, and Roman Catholics 35,000. Education is compulsory. One district alone makes a return of 100,000 pupils in the schools.