

DANGER OF UNBELIEF.

A vessel, named the *Thetis*, was cruising in the Mediterranean, in search of a shoal, or bank, or something of that kind said to exist beneath the treacherous waters. The captain, after he had adopted all the means he thought necessary, having failed, abandoned the enterprise, declaring "that the reported danger was all a dream." An officer on board formed a different judgment, went out by himself on an expedition afterwards into the very same latitude and longitude, and there discovered a reef of rocks, which he reported at the Admiralty, and it was inserted in the charts, the discoverer being rewarded with a high appointment. The intelligence came to the captain's ears; he would not believe in the discovery. He was a shrewd, clever, practical man, but unscientific, incredulous, and obstinate. "The whole thing is a falsehood," he exclaimed, adding, "if ever I have the keel of the *Thetis* under me in those waters again, if I don't carry her clean over where the chart marks, a rock, call me a liar and no seaman."

Two years after, he was conveying in the same vessel the British ambassador to Naples; one windy night he and the master, were examining the chart on deck by the light of the lantern, when the latter pointed out the sunken rock on the map.

"What!" exclaimed the old seaman, "is this invention to meet me in the teeth again? No; I swore I would sail over that spot the first chance I had, and I'll do it." He went down into the cabin, merrily related the story to the company, and said, "Within five minutes we shall have passed the spot." There was a pause. Then taking out his watch, he said, "Oh, the time has passed. We have gone over the wonderful reef," But presently a grating touch was felt on the ship's keel, then a sudden shock, a tremendous crash—the ship had foundered.

Through great exertions most of the crew were saved, but the captain would not survive his own mad temerity, and the last seen of him was his white figure, dark-headed, and in his shirt, from the dark hull of the *Thetis*, as the foam burst round her bows and stem. He perished, a victim of unbelief. So perish multitudes.

Father Beckyx, the General of the Order of the Jesuits, has lately entered on his ninetieth year.

HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SERMON.

It is a very common inquiry, which is usually followed by criticism, faultfinding or commendation, as the case may be. Suppose we vary this question for once and ask:

"How did the sermon like you?"

For, while there may be sermons which are fit subjects for criticism, yet there are sometimes words uttered which first fell from the lips of Him who said:

"He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my word, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken the same shall judge him in the last day," John xii. 48.

The 26th of April was a red letter day in the history of the Presbytery of Halifax. On that day five young men, viz., G. S. Allen, D. Ferry, G. Fisher, W. Spencer, and Thomas Stewart, were duly licensed to preach the Gospel. A good deal of time was spent in hearing the exercises of these young men, and after being sustained they were very suitably addressed by Prof. Currie, the Moderator. The address was so well received by the licentiates, that they expressed a wish to have it published.

"Let no man's heart fail him," says Mr. Spurgeon, "for the prevalent scepticisms are but 'spectres of the mind.' Face them; and they fly. A great poet let fall the expression, 'Honest doubt.' How greedily it was clutched at? Modern unbelief is so short of the quality that it seized the label, and in season and out of season it has advertized itself as *honest doubt*. It was in dire need of a character. Feeble as our voice may be, we lift it on behalf of *honest faith*."

Home heathenism still abounds in these Maritime Provinces. Who would suppose that in one county of Nova Scotia not long since, fifty-one Protestant families should be found without a copy of the Word of God, and sad to tell one of these families living about ten rods from a church. Is there not still need for colportage and the faithful missionary.

Teach your young child to obey, and you give him the most precious lessons that can be given to a child. Obedience is the grandest thing in the world to begin with.—George Macdonald.