

he pulls a slip of bamboo out of the bundle; see how cunningly the fortune teller looks at the character on it, and then how rapidly he runs over the description of it, as if he had it all by heart. Now he takes his pencil and scribbles it down on the board before him as quick as lightning. He has got a history for every stroke, and you would think he could see in these few lines all that was to happen to his customer during the rest of his life. Now he takes his cloth and wipes it all out, receives his three cash and is ready for the next simpleton that comes. You see he has got a number of dirty books lying on his stall, that, he pretends, help him to see what is to happen to any one; but what is that little book that he is taking up now? I think I have seen it before. Why that is one of our tracts; it is the tenth chapter of John's Gospel. See, he reads it now, and praises it: he says it is good doctrine; but how little does he understand it! Let us pray that God would help him and all the poor people round about us, who are worshipping wooden images, to find the Door of the sheep-fold and to enter in at it. You know in that chapter, Jesus Christ tells us He is the Door. Let us praise His name that we have been brought to Him, and that He watches over us as a shepherd does over his sheep.

I am just going to call at a shop here, where a man is doing some work for me, and then, as it is getting late, we must hurry home without stopping to look at anything, and, if you like, we will take a walk another day.

CHINA.—A letter from Shanghai gives an account of the opening of a new church in the very midst of the Chinese city:—"It was on Sunday last—the first Sunday in 1850. For hours before the appointed time numbers of people were waiting about the gateways, and, when the doors were opened the crowd was such that there was difficulty in getting them seated. The people seemed to be very much struck with the whole of this service; and, if you consider that this was done in the midst of a city of 200,000 inhabitants, all hitherto given to idolatry, and that one of the most frequented shrines or temples was actually within hearing of our voices, you may judge of the striking novelty of the scene."

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB.

How sweet is the evening, when shadows are long!

How fresh is the morning, when daylight is strong?

How good is the lesson, for dawning and dark—
Lie down with the lamb, and arise with the lark!

The lamb is an emblem of Him that I praise;
The lark may instruct me my music to raise.
Whatever the business which you may embark,
Lie down with the lamb, and arise with the lark.

Lie down in sweet lowliness, simple and meek;
Arise with devotion, Christ's praises to speak;
But resting or rising, this maxim remark.
Lie down with the lamb, and arise with the lark.

Thus lamb-like and lark-like my days I would spend,

All peaceful and joyful till all my days end;
If then you have ears for my parable—hark
Lie down with the lamb, and arise with the lark.

EXTRACT.

The ensuing earnest and impressive appeal to the careless and indifferent is extracted from the Edinburgh Christian Treasury.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

"BETTER late than never!" True; but not better *too late* than never. With heaven or hell before a man, it is a fearful risk to tamper with

a single hour. Now is late enough; next hour may be too late.

Reader, you must have noticed the utter indifference to surrounding objects, ay, even to what in ordinary circumstances would be obstacles, manifested by the man who is pressing earnestly on—to gratify some absorbing desire, or to relieve some pressing want. When thinking of this, there arises before me a scene witnessed by me last summer, common enough, I dare say, but which interested me, because I knew the principal actor therein, and his motives. There is seen leaping from the omnibus flying between Edinburgh and Leith, one fine sunny Saturday afternoon, a passenger, who rushes with almost frantic steps along the shore, and across the drawbridge. Coachman, cab, and fellow-passengers halloo in vain that he is leaving his luggage behind. He hears as if he heard them not. He is off to the Hamburg steamer, and her hour for sailing is long since past. He finds that she has moved, her steam is up, she is getting out of dock. There is little hope for him; boys surround and jeer him; the rough boatmen mark his anxiety, and the passers-by hardly suppress the laugh at his anxious perplexity. But what is all this to him? It affects him not—but the steamer has got out. To his heels again, the rabble rout following and shouting—yelping curs join the race; the busy porters lay down their half-lifted load, and, still stooping, look on him with growing wonder. He heeds them not: he makes for the pier; the stately vessel but once comes close to the edge: amidst the shouts of the bellowing crowd he leaps aboard; safe on the deck, he wipes his streaming brow; and looks joyfully on shore. His luggage! he cares not for that; he is safe on his way to friend and fortune. Delay would have ruined him as it was; he was on the verge of ruin, and he was very near *too late*. But because he was at last in earnest, and despised all obstructions, he is safe; and what to him are the hootings of a drivelling generation?

If I am bound for Heaven, why should any one jeer or flout me, or try to stop me? It is a mad world this in which we live; but in nothing is man's madness more apparent than his express avowed contempt of those who are bent on attaining eternal happiness. Yes, there is one degree of madness which is even worse. It is that of the poor wretch who will not leave the City of Destruction, because the fools that are in it will laugh at him. Oh! is it not a melancholy spectacle to see a miserable soul, now cowering under the curse of an angry conscience, and the darkness of God's estrangement, wretched and tempest-tost, seeking rest and finding none, almost persuaded to put on Christ and be safe: and now pushing into rebellion against Heaven, because he cannot bear to be laughed at, or looked down on by man, whom he knows in his heart of hearts to be vile and worthless? Why, even as to the worldly standard, what is our notion of a man—a real man? It is one who is earnest, determined to secure some object worthy of the name of man. Be it learning, or honour, or the regaining of a lost family inheritance, round which his name has been for centuries emblazoned; the world calls him a man who shows that he *will* gain that at which he aims, and at all hazards. What is your approbation or disapprobation to such a one? It is not *that* he is seeking. Let him gain his object, and he can afford to smile at your paltry opposition. And the world honours such a man, for they can appreciate strength of purpose which bears up against obstacles and difficulties.

Poor timid sinner! will you not understand your real interest? If this world is all, then follow the world. Its followers, if in earnest, generally have their reward. In the great majority of cases let a man set his heart upon the wealth and honour of the world, and with self-denial and self-absorption seek them continuously and manfully, and he will get them, and no more. Does not this seem just? If a man laboriously work for a certain object, and gain it, no greater reward seems due to him. He cannot complain,

that he has been defrauded. And you need not be surprised that, if you sow to the flesh, of the flesh also you will reap corruption. Think for a little. You followed to the grave last week the remains of an old companion. You have stood by the bed-side of a dear friend—your mother, perhaps, who bore you, or the father, whose brows were early furrowed by care on your behalf—and you have wept away the dank dew, as it rose in drops on the dear forehead which you have oft and fondly and reverently kissed—and you have seen death approach and lay his hand on his victim's heart, and all was still. You know then that death is really coming. It is no fancy. You have seen it: you know it. Were ten thousand men to preach to you that death is a delusion, you would not believe it. Every man mocks you that either wishes you believe that you must die, or to disbelieve that you must die, or to laugh at death. This world then is not all. You and I must leave it. Then, surely, we should not live as if we were never to go away. If I live in a house of my own, from which I have no intention of removing, I devise a hundred plans and put myself to great expense, that I may be permanently comfortable. But, if I am only to be in my house for a few days, I will not concern myself, or be over-anxious, or spend much time on my temporary accommodation. We have agreed that death is real—my death, your death, is real. As sure as I am writing—as sure as you are reading this page—will this hand and that eye wither and dim, death-stricken. Have you made any provision, then? Christ—ever blessed be the name of comfort and hope to a dying world!—Christ has told you that in His Father's house are many mansions; one for you, if you will. Yonder is Calvary—the rich man's grave—the guard of angels—the linen clothes lying—the mount of Christ—the ascending Jesus; through death, glory; through the grave, Heaven; through the Cross, the crown. Death, then, is very awful; you know that, for you have stood and felt the very breath of his whisper as he summoned hence the friend of your heart;—but he is not terrible. At least he is not terrible to Christ's friends. These he only summons home. Are you one of Christ's friends? Death, then, is not your Master; not your master, but your servant. True, he comes not at your bidding, for you are yet a minor—you are at school. But he is not the less your servant. He comes, when your Father bids him, to summon you to your home. And there and then his commission as to you ends for ever—over such as you Death has no further power. How comes it that Christ's enemies are so often careless about death? Are you out of Christ? If you were to die now, would you find in your Judge a rejected Saviour? Do you neglect His services? Do you wilfully break His commandments, spurn from you His offers, and laugh to scorn His melting accents of pity and forgiveness? And do you not fear death? Come, and let us reason together. The rich man in the next square, whose smart equipage and countless comforts you used to envy, although you knew that he neither feared God nor honoured his Sabbaths, is dead. That you know, for you saw his funeral pass with the gay chariot empty—its former occupant was in another vehicle. The gay companion, whose song added fresh joy to the cup of drunkenness, who had jests and lewd tales at will, is hushed in endless silence. They, and many more whom you have known regardless of death, are dead. You cannot doubt that death will come to you. Be careless, if carelessness will save you from the fangs of the destroyer. But, if not—do you really think it will?—have mercy on yourself, and enlist under the banner of Him who hath already conquered Death. This is true manliness—the conduct becoming a *man*, an immortal being, to whom death and eternity are realities. It is very just, that for an eternal body, with the same eternal wants and wishes as it has now, you should manfully strive to provide eternal gratification. But, my friend, you know that such a