

learn and preach the gospel, he would preach it as well, and with as much effect on the people, as preachers now do who are unimpressed by the truth.

Another cause exists among the people who hear, as well as among the preachers who preach. They have become generally partial sceptics, and therefore reject the truth when addressed to them. The reason is obvious. They hear so many contradictory doctrines, all claiming to be the word of God—they see so many wrangling parties, all claiming to be the church of Christ—they see so much debate, contention, and strife among those who profess the faith of Christ—they see in professors so little brotherly love and piety, so little kindness and good feeling, so much worldly-mindedness and selfishness, so much carnality and pride—that they half conclude there is no reality in religion. The sects become a stumbling-block to the men of the world—instead of giving them light to guide them in the way of life, they exhibit darkness—instead of healing and preserving, they corrupt them. Till churches reform we may not expect to see a reformation among the men of the world. They are to be the light of the world, the salt of the earth.

Within the churches we find a great deal of unbelief, bordering on scepticism, and this is a cause also of the little effect produced by preaching the gospel. How many run well for a while, and afterward fall away—how many have only a name to live, and are dead—how many have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof—how many are loud and zealous to promote a party and defend their party doctrines, who have no zeal for practical religion no engagedness to promote it, no delight in prayer, nor in the ordinances of God's house. What is all this? Whence do these things proceed? Surely, from unbelief in that gospel and Saviour they profess. This unbelief long continued, becomes more and more sceptical, till they plunge with a groan of despair into eternity. All this is seen by the discerning world, and hardens them against the reception of truth.

Y. P.—I am alarmed at the picture you have drawn, am awfully afraid for the preachers—for the church, and for the world. Oh! what must be done?

O. P.—We must pray God to effect the union, and leave the means with himself. He can do it: this should satisfy us. We must not only pray, but do. We should be co-workers with God—every one should be engaged, and as large bodies move slowly, let each one begin in himself and correct his own errors. Labor after the character of the pioneers of Christ's church—act as they acted, and say not of your brother, "Lord, and what shall this man do? What is that to thee? follow thou me, said Jesus." From small beginnings great effects have followed. You, my son, may be the instrument which the Lord may use to effectuate his purpose. Be often on your knees before him—

plead fervently and diligently—read the Word with prayerful attention, and be instant in season and out of season. "God is love."

Y. P.—Oh, for the spirit of grace and supplication! I desire to be in relation to God as clay in the hand of the potter. Oh, that he would deign to make me a vessel of honour to his glory!

O. P.—Amen!

B. W. STONE.

LOVE TO JESUS.

I love Jesus!—who can blame me,
For his love was great to me,
When to earth he came to save me,
Died upon the accursed tree.
Think what wond'rous love and mercy
And I know you'll love him too;
There he died, what condescension,
Died for sinners such as you.
See him prostrate in the garden;
See him nailed upon the tree;
'Twas for guilt, to purchase pardon
And from endless woe to free.
Now before his Father's throne,
All the angels him adore;
See the Saviour, pleading stands,
Pleads for sinners evermore.
See him next, he comes in glory,
'Tis the last, the judgment day;
Then before his glorious presence
Heaven and earth shall flee away.
Where!—oh, my soul! shalt thou be found
When the Judge of earth shall come?
At the right hand or the left,
What shall be thy endless doom!
But I hope through Jesus' merit,
Then to hear his gracious word;
Come ye blessed, come inherit
All the glory of your Lord.

ISABELLA J. MILLS.

Ayr, C. W.

MY CHURCH.*

Well, reader, I have at last completed my house; and now it is done, how sensibly do I feel that it is all of the earth earthly. Having now finished it I am a little at a loss to know how best to dispose of it. Upon the whole I have decided to make a present of it to a congregation of Christians who live in the city where I have built it, but who as yet have no house of worship to meet in. These Christians are a peculiar people, being zealous of good works; they refuse to be known by any other names than those worn by the primitive Christians; and strange as it may appear to you, they have no

* A good man who does not give his name, has been building not a castle but a church in the air—that is, a meeting house which he calls a church. Having completed his building he comes across a sort of model congregation to which he presents it. The above is a fragment of his description of said congregation.—Ed. B. M. H.