

with them, and confirming the word with signs following." Mark 16: 20.

But the number of the Apostles was not large; and it was important, in order to the confirmation of Christianity amongst both Jews and Gentiles, that others should receive extraordinary spiritual gifts, and should be able to work miracles. To what extent such gifts were imparted, it is impossible to determine. Paul says—"To one is given, by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues." 1 Cor. 12: 8, 10. All these gifts were imparted for the confirmation of the Gospel, and for the edification of believers in an extraordinary state of the church, when the rites and ceremonies of the former Dispensation were to be abolished, the New Dispensation with its ordinances to be introduced, the canon of scripture to be completed, and both Jews and Gentiles to be convinced. As these purposes were accomplished, the miraculous gifts of the Spirit gradually disappeared from the Church, as is evident from its history.

Miracles were not wrought, at any time, for the purpose of distinguishing the true Christian Church from heretical bodies claiming the Christian name. We have God's word in our hands; and by its clear teachings we are to try the claims of every doctrine, and of every professed preacher of the Gospel. "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." We have evidence, clear and conclusive, of the truth of Christianity, and of the inspiration of the scriptures; and therein are all the truths of the Christian religion; taught with sufficient clearness. What need is there, then, of miracles? Are they necessary for the accomplishment of any one purpose for which they were wrought in the apostolic age? Does the Church need an immediate divine interposition for the purpose of confirming any truth of Christianity? If not, are we to expect the laws of nature, established by the Creator, to be interrupted?

Those who claim for the Church the power to work miracles, ought, to be consistent, to claim all the other supernatural gifts which were imparted in the first ages of Christianity, for they are equally needed, and some of them, as the gift of tongues, more; and the scriptures give as much reason to expect the continuance of all, as of any one.

Papists have argued, that the Reformers of the 16th century ought to have wrought miracles, if they were true reformers; and so they ought, if they had proposed to add anything to the word of God, or to establish any new ordinance in the Church. But it is certainly not necessary that men should work miracles, who only preach that word which has already been confirmed by abundant evidence. The true Church is not the Church that works miracles, but the Church whose faith and practice accord most nearly with the word of God—the Church that is built on Christ crucified.—*Presbyterian of the West*

SABBATH SICKNESS.

Not long since, on hearing it related that a certain minister was accustomed in the stated exercises of the sanctuary to pray for the ungodly sick, who were able to labour hard through the week, but too ill to attend public worship on the Sabbath, our attention was specially directed to this suffering class of fellow-beings. And as the disease is far more prevalent than is generally imagined, and it is thought to be contagious, as whole families usually have it when the head is materially affected—and frightfully dangerous—it seems but an act of common humanity to give the alarm. From the development of its symptoms, for the sake of convenience, we have named it "Sabbath Sickness," or if any should prefer the term, they may call it Sunday ague.

The seat of the disease is said to be the heart, and through that organ the head and other parts of the system become affected. It is not, however, an enlargement of the heart, but rather an extreme contraction of that organ. Moreover, it is found that persons who have naturally small hearts, are predisposed to the disease, and on such remedial agents have less effect. Like other internal diseases, its approaches are insidious and stealthy; and although the subject constantly bears with him the elements of the malady, which may be seen by the careful observer, yet as the symptoms are remittent, and only develop themselves strongly on the return of the Sabbath, the patient has little or no apprehension of evil from this seventh-day ague.

But his apathy increases his danger. The most intelligent authors who have written upon it, are all agreed, without a remedy applied, it invariably terminates in death. And what may seem singular, it is said on the dawn of a future Sabbath, of which the present is only a figure or prelude, each and all of these subjects of Sabbath sickness will be found incurably sick—the whole head sick and the whole heart faint—and totally unfit for the services of the true tabernacle—and on the memorable Sabbath they will all die.

The premonitory symptoms of this disease are, during the week, inordinate love of the world, extreme devotion to the pursuit of its honours, its pleasures, and its profits, accompanied with a disrelish for secret prayer or pious meditation, and an apprehension of the want of time for reading the scriptures, and for family devotion. As the Sabbath morning dawns, the subject manifests great lassitude and debility; sighs, groans, complains of divers pains, becomes nervous, dreads especially a Sabbath fog, or a little rain, rises late, breakfasts on the greatest luxury the house affords, eats voraciously, and then begins to think about the services of the day.

If the attack is light, the weather fair, and all things favourable, he drags himself to the house of worship. But here the symptoms of Sabbath sickness in its mildest forms are often seen. The subject is seen to seat himself or herself in a convenient place—say in the corner of a pew, as he or she feels the premonitory symptoms coming on—The eyes look heavy, the eyelids drop, the muscles of the neck give way, his respiration appears asthmatic, and he drops into a death-like stupor. Towards the close of the exercises, the patient gives signs of life, gradually raises the head, and the red forehead and blinking eyes, as they gradually salute the light, plainly say that animal life is not extinct. By the time the benediction is pronounced, the paroxysm appears over, the subject has the hat or parasol ready, and with a countenance bright and beaming starts for home, rejoicing in the prospect of six more happy days before the return of the day of evil.

But if the Sabbath morning attack be severe, the sufferer is far too ill to attend church, and lounges away the whole forenoon. In the afternoon the symptoms abate, and the person is often seen about his fields salting his sheep or cattle, or otherwise devoting himself to the worship of mammon. As the evening comes on, he appears quite well. The plans of operation for the coming week are all made. The waggon is loaded for the mill or market, and the gloom and sorrows of the past are all forgotten in the prospect of to-morrow.

But the worst form in which this disease manifests itself, is that in which it so affects the head as to derange the judgment. The heart at first dreads the prescribed duties of the Sabbath, until through sympathy the judgment is perverted, and the subject is left to say and half believe that there are no duties peculiar to the Sabbath. In this state of delirium, the subject of Sabbath sickness seeks to drive off the disorder by sweating at hard labour, or by dissipation at the place of vain recreation. We sometimes see this class with their cradle, sickle, scythe, rake, or pitchfork, tugging and toiling to cure this troublesome disease, and to secure such blessings to themselves as Infinite Wisdom has overlooked, and Divine Providence cannot provide. They must work on the Sabbath or die of want?

But there is a remedy for this wide-spread contagious epidemic. Let the sufferer take daily a

proper dose of godly sorrow, combined with self-denial, mixed with precious faith, and exercise himself unto godliness; and in severe cases double the dose and take it, fasting on Sabbath morning, and the cure is sure. The seventh-day ague will disappear, and the Sabbath-dread no more trouble the poor invalid. The Sabbath will become his delight, and its duties his meat and his drink. And soon, very soon, for ever cured of Sabbath sickness, he shall enjoy that Sabbath of rest which only remains to the people of God. The prescription is safe for all, within the reach of all, and the author advertises, "No cure no pay." May all soon apply and be healed! In the meantime, we entreat the prayers of the whole church, with those of the ministers, in behalf of the ungodly sick.—*Baptist Register*.

A FACT FOR TEACHERS & SCHOLARS OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

"Be not weary in well doing, for in due time you shall reap."

Business of importance called me at one time to the great city, the London of America. I had spent the morning in viewing the great buildings—the City Hall, the great Custom House, Trinity Church, with its tall spire, then nearly completed, and many other public places so interesting to the stranger; and being much wearied with my morning's excursion, I sought my friend's house as a place of rest. While sitting at the dinner-table, a servant handed me a note that moment left at the door by some unknown person, which read as follows:

"DEAR SIR: Having seen your name announced as one of the speakers at the Sunday-school meeting, it would give me great pleasure to see you at No.—, Pearl Street, this afternoon at three o'clock. Do not disappoint me. Your friend,

"GEORGE S.—"

I hastened to comply with the invitation at the appointed hour. Crowding my way along through the multitude of people thronging the business streets, I arrived at last at the number mentioned in the note. I inquired of the clerk for the name, and to my surprise he introduced me to the proprietor of a large wholesale dry goods store, one of the first establishments in the city.

"Sir," said the merchant, "I believe I am not mistaken, this is Mr. M.—, the poor student of Mr. W., once my teacher in the Sabbath-school of W.—"

"I was a poor student and a teacher in the school you mentioned; but this cannot be little George S.—, the white-haired boy I owned as my scholar?"

"The same," answered the merchant, grasping my hand with the greatest joy, and a tear trickled down his cheek. "The same, only grown to manhood. You will pardon my hasty note and this abrupt meeting; but, sir, I thought that we should never, never meet again, and learning that you were in the city, I was anxious to offer you the hospitalities of my home, during your stay, if it is agreeable and consistent with other engagements: please order your trunk to be taken to my house. My house is yours while you remain. I cannot be denied."

Indeed I could not deny him. With joy I complied with his generous offer. And at his house I found a home indeed. Here it would be proper to give you a history of our first acquaintance.

While preparing for the ministry, it was the custom to hunt up poor children for the Sabbath-school. In one of my rambles, I found a little boy in the street, poorly clad, with his little bare feet in the cold snow, no hat, and in the most wretched condition. I called him to me, and proposed the following questions:

"What is your name, my little fellow?"

"My name is George S.—"

"Where do you live?"

"In the woods, by the old mill."

"What is your father's name?"

"I have no father (and burst into tears); my father was brought home dead about a year ago