

upon the waste, beheld by one who though a youth went forth to labor with Apostolic firmness, patience, and success:—

“Where rolled Ohio’s stream, Missouri’s floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods;
The red man roamed,—a hunter, warrior wild,—
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled;
His soul was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renewed;
The wild, base, savage nature’s harshest clod,
Rose from the earth the image of his God.”

That self-sacrificing, devoted, unwearied servant of God has left a name immortal in both worlds,—the Rev. Charles Elliott.

Unsanctified civilization will vitiate this grace were it possible, and will turn the attention of professors to anything beside,—church rituals, architecture, laws, order, science, literature; but it spurns the degradation, and with a slight subordinate regard—if these things may contribute to aid its heavenly mission and wing of fire—turns away engrossed by Christ’s peculiar work, speaking in impartial voice from one of its living temples; the apostle of the most laborious and diffusive church of modern times, “throws aside all the libraries in the world to save souls.”

“I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,—
To spend and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known.
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breath to breathe His love.”

—J. H. BOYD.

WANT OF ASSURANCE A HINDRANCE TO THE CHRISTIAN.—“Take for an illustration of this, two English emigrants, and suppose them set down side by side in New Zealand or Australia. Give each of them a piece of land to clear and cultivate. Let the portions allotted to them be the same both in quantity and quality. Secure that land to them by every needful legal instrument; let it be conveyed as freehold to them and theirs for ever; let the conveyance be publicly registered, and the property made sure to them by every deed and security that man’s ingenuity can devise. Suppose, then, that one of them shall set to work to bring his land into cultivation, and labor at it day after day without intermission or cessation. Suppose, in the meanwhile, that the other be continually leaving his work and going repeatedly to the public registry to ask whether the land is really his own, whether there is not some mistake,—whether, after all, there is not some flaw in the legal instrument which conveyed it to him. The one shall never doubt his title but just work diligently on. The other shall hardly ever feel sure of his title, and spend half his time in going to Sydney or Auckland with needless inquiries about it. Which, now, of these two men will have made most progress in a year’s time? Who will have done the most for his land, got the greatest breadth of soil under tillage, have the best crops to show, be altogether the most prosperous? You all know as well as I do. I need not supply an answer. There can only be one reply. Undivided attention will always attain the greatest success.”—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*