

ward to these matters might cause worldly loss?

At all events, it is quite evident that the Gospel announced in such a way from the press, and by a corresponding class of ministers from the pulpit, differs widely from that preached by prophets, and by our Lord Himself and His apostles. In addition to a free offer of salvation, they declared without scruple the most profound and unpalatable doctrines, and denounced Divine wrath against every form of abounding iniquity. The "offence of the cross has ceased," of late years, just because many men are no more entitled to call and select portions of Scripture, according to our own taste or worldly convenience, and call these the Gospel, than the Papists are entitled to reject the Scriptures altogether. The Spirit of God, who is dishonored by having His word thus treated, cannot be expected to bless such unfaithful efforts. Hence we verily believe, amidst a great amount of effort and apparent circulation of truth, little real progress in scriptural knowledge is being made. Shallow sentiment is mistaken for solid progress—men's consciences are blunted to a sense of sin and duty—the everlasting distinctions of truth and falsehood are confounded—vile persons get off with impunity, if not with honour—those who testify boldly for the truth are misunderstood and derided, whilst infidelity and Popery practically rule the land. There is altogether a fault in this matter, and we suspect that a time of thorough sifting, which will prove who is really upon the Lord's side, cannot be far distant, and is absolutely necessary.—*Bulwark.*

THE VALUE OF A PENNY.

The son of a powerful Burmese chief was led to believe in the Saviour by means of a little tract. He had been paying a visit at the distance of two hundred and fifty miles from the place where he usually lived, and during this visit the wife of a missionary taught him to read; and the little tract which was his lesson book was also, by God's blessing, made the means of his conversion. When he returned home, he preached the gospel to all who would listen, and succeeded in bringing hundreds

of souls to Christ. His influence was very great, people came in crowds from all parts of the country to hear him, and, in the course of a year, fifteen hundred natives were baptized.

The origin of this was a little tract which cost only a penny. Who had given this penny? God alone knows. Perhaps it was the mite of some little girl. Perhaps it was the well-earned penny of some little boy. But by God's blessing it ~~was~~ made the means of bringing hundreds of men to the knowledge of their Saviour.—It was the means of casting down hundreds of heathen idols. Oh, how great is the value of a penny well employed with the blessing of God! Let no one say, "The little that I can give is too trifling to be of any use."

The Slave Singing at Midnight.

Loud he sang the psalm of David;
He a negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,—
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear.

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reach the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast,
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with deep emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon gates at night