

his servants, for I am not fit to touch the hem of his garment. I had a brother once, and he was a minister of God like you!"

She was weeping. The hearse passed before us. She said, "You can't see that?"

"No, what is it?"

"That is the pauper's carriage. Even we drunken paupers ride home in that when life ends."

"To what home?"

"The grave."

"Is the grave the sinner's home?"

"Would to God it were; then I could have a hope of rest at last."

"Have you no hope?"

"No hope! Their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched."

"But you *should* hope?"

"Why should I hope?"

"God is good!"

"But I have abused his goodness."

"God is merciful!"

"I have despised his mercy."

"But God is love!"

For a short time she was silent, and then resumed: "How can such a sinner as I have hope?"

"It is a faithful saying that Jesus Christ came to save sinners."

"But I am a *great sinner*."

"His blood cleanseth from all sin."

"I'm a lost sinner!"

"But he can save to the uttermost all that come to God by him. Now go and put this trembling hand into the hand of Jesus. At his feet confess your sins and ask for mercy, and you shall obtain it."

She wept aloud, and with a voice of agony exclaimed, "Oh! that I knew where I could find him. I would kneel at his feet and wash them with my tears, and never leave the place till the paupers' carriage came to bear me to the grave."

Here I parted with the despairing stranger, whom I had never met before; but, recently, when passing an unfrequented street, that same voice called, "God bless you, sir! God bless you! Let me help you over this broken way, for I have found him!"

"Found whom?"

"He that can save to the uttermost; and blessed be his holy name, for his blood cleanseth us from all sin."—*Congregationist*.

SPECULATIVE AND PRACTICAL THEOLOGIAN.

To the speculations of the cloistered thinker, on all spiritual questions, we attach but little value. His God is in danger of becoming a theory—salvation a theory, sin a theory—everything a theory. One single day's actual contact with the world as it is, and of real endeavour to raise it, or to chase its woes from its saddened heart, would explode the dreamy creation. It is like some theoretic machine with hidden flaw, which no sooner becomes embodied in steel than it is seen that it has not a lever which will lift nor a wheel that will revolve. And if we must take our theology from any man—which God forbid!—give us the village pastor who is living in intimate fellowship with God by prayer, and is instant in season and out of season in the preaching of the Word, and in the private ministration of its warnings and consolations to his flock, rather than the most learned professor, whose speculations and researches, carried on in seclusion from all the tests and checks and connections of actual life, may be as false as they are brilliant and as deceitful as they are profound. If, then, we would have strong faith let us not forget that this depends far more on spiritual sympathies than on intellectual penetration; that it is rather by prayer than by thinking that we rise into the light—that the culture of the affections and the conscience must not be accounted of less value, but rather of more, than that of the logical understanding, and that he alone who doeth the will of God can know of the doctrine. Give us a strong faith in the gospel, and a corresponding enthusiasm, and other qualifications, will grow out of these, in many cases, as their natural product. Possessing these a preacher will feel constrained to free himself as far as possible from every defect which impairs his usefulness, and to acquire every element that will increase it. He will not waste his time in collecting flowers of rhetoric, often faded or artificial, when the people are famishing for want of the living bread. He will not strain after an intellectualism which is neither intelligent nor intelligible, and which, instead of revealing profundity, betrays shallowness and conceit. He will know that the highest teacher is he who can simplify the great, and not he who obscures the little; that he who would hit the heart must not shoot above the head. A plain gospel, delivered to our people in plain English, with a plain purpose, will, with the benediction of Heaven, give us a ministry that will crowd the narrow way with pilgrims and fill our Redeemer's heart with joy.—*Rev. E. Mellor, Liverpool.*