

"Do it Now."

FOR SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

There is, perhaps, a scholar missing from your class. One of your little flock has been absent once, or it may be, twice. You have inquired about him, and learned nothing satisfactory. Go after him. He may be burning with fever, and longing to see your face. He may be battling with temptation, and greatly needing a word from you to strengthen him. Or he may be in difficulty, and want your counsel.—Go after your wanderer, and, as much oftentimes hangs upon a moment—"do it now."

Have you not seen, for some time past, that one of your scholars has worn a sad countenance? There is trouble in his home. The father of the family, it may be, is a drunkard. His mother and himself share in the abuse and the cruel blows showered upon them by the inebriate.—Have you gone to that household, and thus showed them that they had friends left yet in this desolate world? Have you encouraged them to bear and forbear, and to pray for him who was so despitely using them? If not, turn your footsteps thitherward, and as good cannot be done too soon, "do it now."

There is one in your class whom you have marked for some time as an anxious listener to your words. Formerly, he was careless or indifferent, now he gazes into your face as you speak, or sit absorbed in the reading of the holy Book. Have you ever spoken to him directly, and alone, about the salvation of his soul? Have you pointed him lovingly to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world?" Will you not do it? and, as youthful impressions are oftentimes "as the morning cloud and the early dew, let me add—"do it now."

Do you pray for your class—for each of its members, earnestly, constantly, and in the belief that God will grant you and them a blessing? If not—"do it now," do it ALWAYS.

THE WORSHIP OF GOLD.

We must be blind to many of the commercial and industrial phenomena of our streets, if we do not perceive reason for caution, if not for serious apprehension. If care be not taken, danger will arise from a source little dreaded—the exaggerated and unreasonable value which is attached to wealth. It is as true now as in the days of the wise man, that "money answereth all things." Not only does it command the comforts and luxuries of life; it purchases nearly every social distinction; it presides in public assemblies; it gains access to the most exclusive circles; it procures patents of nobility; it is honored with public ovations; eloquence is hired to eulogise it; the pen of the ready writer runs freely in its praise; heads are uncovered as it rolls through the street; its appearance on the platform elicits bursts of applause; and being so generally honoured, it is scarcely to be wondered at if, in her present imperfect state, it attains to office in the Church of Christ. It transforms the dunce into an oracle, the scoldish man into a hero, the clown into a gentleman, and the scoundrel into a saint. There are many names which illustrate the old proverb, "Money makes the man."

It is natural that what is so immensely valued should be intently pursued; and the danger is, that in the eagerness of the pursuit, something more valuable may be sacrificed for its sake. The fact is seldom recognised—but it is a fact notwithstanding—that, viewed as a moral and spiritual being, the mere worldling is as much lost as the liar or the thief. Although men say he is doing well, and see only cause for congratulation in his progress; and although there is nothing commercially or socially wrong in the means by which he acquires riches—though he neither lies nor swindles—he is nevertheless morally and spiritually ruined. He succeeds because he is an excellent man of business, attentive to his duties, indefatigable in his efforts, and faithful to his engagements; but he is nothing more; he might as well not have a soul in possession, or an eternity in prospect. They say, "He is doing well," "He is getting on prosperously," "He has been singularly fortunate, and he deserves to be." Ah! "doing well," is he? I think he is doing well for the devil! He is "getting on prosperously,"—but it is toward perdition. He is doing a profitable trade—very: he is bartering his soul for the world! He is "singularly fortunate," you say. I hear another saying, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—[Rev. W. Lancelots in Exeter Hall, Lecture on the "Lessons of the Streets."