

to repent, a day of righteous judgment would come;—Jesus would be the judge; and His resurrection from the dead was the certain proof of it, or, as the word means, made faith possible, by bringing the fact near. At the doctrine of the resurrection they began to mock, as many do to this day. Others were disposed to hear him again. A few believed, among whom was Dionysius, one of the court—an Areopagite, and no doubt a distinguished man. The legends say he became bishop of Athens, and died a martyr. Of Damaris nothing more is known. 1 Tim. ii. 5 is the memory text, and expresses much that Paul said here.

HYMNS FOR HEAVEN.

"And they sung a new song."—Rev. v. 9.

ONE of the ministers of Leicester, in relating some pleasing incidents in connection with his pastoral work, gives the following:

On visiting one of the courts of the town, I was requested by one of the poor people to call on an old woman who had been bedridden for some years, and who lived in the neighbourhood. On reaching the cottage, and finding no response to my knocking at the door, I walked in, and went to the foot of the stairs, when I soon heard a faint voice requesting whoever it was to come up. In a small room at the top there lay an aged but cheerful invalid. I told her that I had been requested to call, and that I was a minister of the Gospel. She replied, "Well, then, you are just the visitor I want, and you are come at the right time." And taking up her hymn-book, which lay upon her bed, said, "Now, I have been searching for a long time to see if I can find a hymn that will do to sing in heaven, and I cannot. Now, can you?" I took the book, and found

"There is a land of pure delight."

"Surely that will do." "Well go on," she said; "read the hymn through." Presently I came to

"Death like a narrow sea divides."

"Ah," she said, "that won't do." I then mentioned

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

"Go on," she said. I read the last verse—

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,

I'll sing Thy power to save,

When this poor lisping, stammering tongue

Lies silent in the grave."

"That won't do," she said, smilingly: "mine shan't be a poor, lisping, stammering tongue there." I found others, but all to no purpose. "No, no, dear sir, shut the book; there will have to be a new one made." "And they sung a new song."

THE PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF SABBATH.

SABBATH is God's special present to the working-man and one of his chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it works like a compensation fund; it replenishes the spirit, the elasticity and vigour, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence it answers the same purpose as in the economy of income is answered by a savings bank. The frugal man, who puts away a pound to-day and another next month, and who in a quiet way is putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pound back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of his existence every week—who, instead of allowing Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it up—the Lord of Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days the halo of age gives it back with usury. The savings-bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.

THE SINNER'S WORK.

ONE sinner destroys much good." How much, no tongue can tell. By the force of his evil example, by his sinful and bitter words, by open acts of iniquity, and by secret efforts to lead men astray, he destroys and ruins souls on every hand. Especially is this the case when the "one sinner" wears the garb of saintliness, and professes to stand among the followers of the Lord. His pious life is an elaborate sham and cheat. He brings reproach upon the cause of the heavenly Master, whom he dishonours while professing to serve Him, and he not only does

positive evil himself, but hinders others in the accomplishment of good.

How many sacred causes and holy enterprises have been crippled, hindered, and ruined by the interference of some sinner, who aspired to lead, but who continually led in the wrong direction; and who would have the pre-eminence, though he was pre-eminent in nothing but stubbornness, selfishness, ignorance and sin. Well might the apostle desire the prayers of God's people that he might be "delivered from unreasonable and wicked men"; and well may we seek the same deliverance, and pray that the little good we do, may not be destroyed by the unholy hands of sinners, who lie in wait to subvert the work that godly men have done.

I beseech you to treasure up in your hearts these my parting words: Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.—*Horace Mann.*