

friends, however, was soon relieved by his re-appearance, with the confession that he had been so wicked as to give way to his temper, and was not fit to be with them, but now God had forgiven him, and he could join them once more. He was never known to do wrong; but at times his dejected look, and bowed head, and unwonted silence, gave intimation that there was a conflict within. His prayers were wonderful. Those who heard them seemed lifted, with him, quite above the world, into a more spiritual atmosphere, as, with simple eloquence, he poured out his soul before his Maker and Redeemer. To all who had known his former condition every prayer was a miracle. His voice, naturally unmusical, swelled into harmony as it rose into words of thanksgiving, or breathed in pathetic entreaty to his Heavenly Father. No one could pray among the people like Ichabod, and their meetings were always more edifying and devout when he took part in them. "When I was a child," said one, "I stood in awe of him; he seemed to me a holy being." His memory, useless for all practical purposes, accurately retained passages of Scripture read to him in private (for he did not know a letter), or heard from the lips of his minister, and his prompt ability to apply them always silenced those who, either in scepticism or levity, assailed the religion or doctrines he loved and exemplified. He became regular and industrious in his habits, and kind Christian friends supplied him with abundant wood-chopping, from which he derived a good living. The passing villager often heard his voice rising in prayer, out in the woods and in other secluded places. After the death of his parents, his wages, carefully kept for him by one of his townsmen, were invested in a small farm in the town of Sodus, near his former home. Here he lived until about 45 years of age, with a sister for his companion and housekeeper. He was faithful to the end, for God had given him "an understanding heart," and, when called suddenly away by his Master and Saviour, we cannot doubt that he entered that blessed home, where, with perfected faculties, he shall forever "go on to know the Lord."

### The Whole Heart.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

A few years ago, a distinguished American Naturalist was discovered—by one of our vessels—wandering alone on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. He was strolling by the water side on a sharp search for specimens of natural history for the cabinet of Harvard University. Five thousand long miles separated him from his comfortable Boston home. But what were privations, or loneliness, or scanty fare, or the absence of loved

faces to him? Was not his whole soul embarked in the search for rare flowers such as flame on Californian plains, and for the cunning shells that the Pacific waves cast up on the pebbly strand? His *heart* was invested in the enterprise; he was a self-devoted missionary of science.

This was the secret of Newton's imperial success. He gave his days and nights to physical science. And when his magnificent discoveries had been achieved, and the heavens had yielded their hidden secrets to his telescope—when the solid globe had been weighed by him as in a balance—then the Genius of Truth crowned his honored head with the benediction, "Thou hast sought me, and found me, for thou didst search for me with *all the heart*."

Show me the effective Christian, too, and I will show you a man whose whole heart is in love with Jesus. The will to serve God (implanted by the converting Spirit) is at no loss to find ten thousand ways to do it. He is "always abounding in the work of the Lord." On the Sabbath he always manages to get to church, however fiercely the sun streams down its fire, or however violently the rain cloud pours its deluge upon the pavements. His heart so aches for the poor waifs gathered into his mission school class, that a headache is no hindrance to him. When the Wednesday night comes it finds him weary with a long day's work; but the bell rings for the weekly lecture, and a *heart-bell* within responds to the welcome music. He says, "I cannot afford to miss my soul's food to-night;" no more can his pastor afford to have him absent. It is soon the night for the prayer-gathering. He will be missed if he takes counsel with tired limbs or sleepy eyes. His soul will miss the meeting too, and be the leaner for the loss. So he fires up the engine once more, and with a wide-awake heart in a weary body, he sallies off to the prayer-circle. The neighbour who dropped in to discuss the war, or to inquire about stocks, or to take a game of chess, does not detain him. His *heart* is with Jesus and the disciples in the prayer meeting already—and his body "follows suit." Does a lover ever find the night too cold, too stormy, or too dark for him to venture off to find her "in whom his soul delighteth?"

Such service of Christ is downright enjoyment. It is a daily luxury. It is none the less enjoyable because it entails some hardships and self-denial—because it sometimes sends a head wind of unpopularity into his face—because it requires him to wear an old coat the longer in order to have a few extra dollars for a work of charity—or because it involves some sacrifices of money getting or of social comfort. He turns work into play. His soul lives in a constant sunshine; and all the aches, the pains, the rheu-