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THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE SOUL.

BY THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii. 20.

This, in the highly figurative language of the Apocalypse, is a representation of the Human Soul and of Christ's endeavor in its behalf. It is a favorite method of Scripture to represent man by the figure of a mansion, or building. Sometimes it is a temple. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" As nothing was more criminal than to desecrate temples by bringing into them evil things, so it is criminal in the sight of God to desecrate that temple which he has made of man, by bringing into the mind thoughts and feelings that are corrupt and depraved.— Sometimes the human soul is a tabernacle, or a tent. Man is represented as a tenant, or a dweller in a tabernacle; and death is the striking of the tent—the taking down of the tabernacle that the occupant may go free. Christ employed the same representation when he said: "If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." This is as if one were to offer to take rooms in the soul, and to become a dweller therein, as people take rooms in a house and abide in it. All those passages of Scripture which speak of *indwelling*, represent the same idea. A modification of it is found in the apostle's figure of building, and of the master-builder. This manner of speaking pervades the Bible, and the figure is appropriate and instructive.

The soul is a dwelling of many apart-

ments. Each sense, affection, sentiment, faculty, may be regarded as a separate room. And in one regard all men are alike; they have the same number of rooms. No one has a single room less or more than another. In a material building, one man may have one room, another two, and another a score; but, in the soul-house, all men have just exactly the same number of apartments. Yet there is a great difference between one man and another, in the size and furnishing, or in other words, in the contents, of these apartments. Some men are built like pyramids, exceeding broad at the base—or on the earthy side, and narrow and tapering as they go up—or heavenward. Their rooms are very large at the bottom of the house, but very small at the top. Other men are built substantially alike, from bottom to top, like a tower which is just as broad at its summit as at its foundation.

But there is, in general, a great part of the structure of every man that is not used, and remains locked up. And usually the best apartments are the ones neglected. Those that have a glorious outlook, that stand up to sun and air, from whose windows one may look clear across Jordan, and see the fields and hills of the Promised Land—into these men seldom go. They choose rather to live in that part of the soul-house that looks into the back-yard, where nothing but rubbish is gathered and

kept. Many men live in one or two rooms, out of thirty or forty in the soul.

If you should take a candle—that is, God's Word, which is as a lighted candle—and go into these soul-houses, and explore them, you would find them, generally, very dark. The halls and passage-ways, the stairs of ascent, the vast and noble ranges of apartments—all are stumbling dark. There, for example, is the apartment, or faculty, called Benevolence. You can tell by the way the door grates, that it is seldom opened. But if you were to thrust in a light, you would see that the room is a most stately place. The ceilings are frescoed with angels. The sides and panels are filled with the most exquisite adornments. The whole saloon is most inviting to every sense. Seats there are, delightful to press, and the niches are filled with things enticing to the eye. But spiders cover over with their webs the angels of the ceiling. Dust blackens the ornaments. The hall is silent, the chambers are neglected. The man of the house does not live in this room!

Turn to another; it is called Conscience. It is an apartment wonderfully constructed. It seems to be central. It is connected with every other apartment in the dwelling. On examination, however, it will be found that, for the most part, the doors are all locked. The floor is thick with dust. The dust is its carpet. The room is very dark. The windows are glazed over with webbed dirt. The light is shut out, and the whole apartment is dismal. The man who owns the house does not frequent this room!

There is another chamber called Hope—if haply you can see the inscription over the door. It has two sides, and two windows. From one of these you may see the stars, the heaven beyond, the Holy City, the Angels of God, the General Assembly and Church of the First-born.—This is shut! The other window looks out into the World's Highway, and sees men, caravans, artificers, miners, artisans, engineers, builders, bankers, brokers, pleasure-mongers. That window stands wide open, and is much used!

The room called Faith is shut, and the lock rusted. It is lifted up above all others and rests, like a crystal-dome observatory, upon the top of the dwelling. But its

telescope is unmounted—its implements all gone to waste! The chamber of Worship is silent, unused, unvisited, dark and cheerless.

Indeed, in these upper and noble apartments, on which the sun rests all the day long, from which all sweet and pleasant prospects rise, to which are wafted the sweetest sounds that ever charm the ear, and the sweetest odors that ever fall from celestial gardens, around about which angels are hovering—these are, in most soul-houses, all shut and desolate!

But if you go into the lower ranges, you shall find occupancy there, yet with various degrees of inconvenience and misery. If you listen, you shall hear in some rioting and wassail. The passions never hold Lent; they always celebrate carnival! In others, you shall hear sighs and murmurs. The dwellers therein are disappointed, restless desires, crippled and suffering wishes, bed-ridden ambitions!—In others you shall hear weepings and pinings; in others, storms and scoldings; in others, there are sleep and stupidity; in others, toil and trouble; in others, weariness and disgust of life.

You would be apt, from these sights and sounds, to think that you were in an ill-kept hospital. The wards are filled with sad cases. Here and there, if you enter unadvisedly, you shall find awful filth.—You shall even come upon stark corpses—for there is not a soul that does not number, among its many chambers, at least one for a charnel-house in which Darkness and Death abide! It is a dreadful thing for a man to be enlightened so as to see his feelings, passions, sins, crimes, thoughts and desires, motives and imaginations, as God sees them! It is a dreadful thing to go about from room to room, and see what a place the soul is! How unlighted and gloomy! How waste and unused! How shut and locked! And where it is open and used, how desecrated and filthy!

Now, it is to the door of such a house—to the human soul with such passages and chambers—that Christ comes! To such a dwelling, he comes and knocks for entrance! We can imagine the steps of a good man coming to houses that are nothing but habitations of wretchedness to places of misery and infamy, to jails

and houses of correction. But none of these can convey a lively impression of the grace and condescension of God, in coming to the doors of the soul-houses of men, and knocking to be admitted into their darkness, squalidness and misery! For it is not because they are beautiful that God comes, or because he is mistaken about their condition, or thinks them better than they are. It is because He knows the darkness and the emptiness of some; the abuses and misery in others; the rioting and desecration in others. And to all he comes to bring light for darkness, cleansing for foulness, furniture for emptiness, and order for confusion! He comes to turn the rusted locks, and to open the closed doors of every chamber—to let men up into every part of themselves—and to fill the whole dwelling of the soul, from foundation to dome, with light and gladness, with music and singing, with joy and rejoicing!

“Behold I stand at the door and knock.” Christ comes to the soul-house, and stands there and knocks. On getting no answer, he goes away only to come and knock again. He waits at the door, and listens for a voice within, and goes away. He comes again, and waits, and goes away!—He knocks, not at one door, but goes round to every door, and waits for an answer. As one who returns to his dwelling in the night, after a journey, and finding it locked, knocks at the accustomed door of entrance in the front, and getting no answer goes to the door in the rear, then to the side door—if there be one—and then to every other door, in order, if possible, to get into his house; so Christ, who longs to enter into the soul, goes to every door in succession, and knocks, and listens for an invitation to come in, and leaves not one chamber in the soul-house unsought, or one door untried! He knocks at the door of Reason; at the door of Fear; at the door of Hope; at the door of Imagination and Taste, of Benevolence and Love, of Conscience, of memory and Gratitude! He does not neglect a single one!

Beginning at the upper and the noblest, where he ought to come in as a King of Glory, through gates of triumph, he comes round and down to the last and lowest, and retreats wistfully and reluctantly, return-

ing often—morning, noon and night—continually seeking entrance, with marvellous patience, accepting no refusal, repulsed by no indifference to his presence, and no neglect of his message!

If he be admitted, joy unspeakable is in the house, and shall be henceforth. The dreary dwelling is filled with light from the brightness of his countenance, and every chamber is perfumed from the fragrance of his garments. Peace and hope, love and joy, abide together in the house—for Christ himself takes up his abode therein. But if, after his long knocking at the door and patient waiting for entrance, his solicitation be refused or neglected, by and by there shall come a time when you who have denied him, shall be denied of him. For when you shall knock at the gate of heaven for admittance into the mansions which he has prepared from the foundation of the world, he will say unto you, as you said unto him, Depart! But that dreadful day has not yet come, and he still stands at the door—his locks wet with the dews of the morning—and waits to be invited into the chamber of your soul. Hear his voice once more, and yield to its gentle persuasion: “Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me!”

A Caution

If You would not fall short of the kingdom of heaven, take heed of inordinate passion. Some care not what they say in their passion; they will censure, slander, wish evil to others; but how can Christ be in the heart, when the devil hath taken possession of the tongue? Water, when it is hot, soon boils over; so, when the heart is heated with anger, it soon boils over in fiery passionate speeches. Some curse others in their passion; they whose tongues are set on fire, let them take heed that they do not one day in hell desire a drop of water to cool their tongues. O, if you would not miss of the heavenly kingdom, beware of giving way to your unbridled passions!—Rev. Thos. Watson,

THINGS HOPED FOR.

These are the crowns that we shall wear,
When all thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

Far off as yet, reserved in heaven,
Above that veiling sky,
They sparkle, like the stars of even,
To hope's far-piercing eye.

These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which then we shall put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

That city with the jewelled crest,
Like some new-lighted sun;
A blaze of burning amethyst—
Ten thousand orbs in one;—

That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-sand.

These are the everlasting hills,
With summits bathed in day:
The slopes down which the living rills,
Soft-lapsing, take their way.

Fair vision! how thy distant gleam
Brightens time's saddest hue;
Far fairer than the fairest dream,
And yet so strangely true!

Fair vision! how thou liftest up
The drooping brow and eye;
With the calm joy of thy sure hope
Fixing our souls on high.

Thy light makes even the darkest page
In memory's scroll grow fair;
Blanching the lines which tears and age
Had only deepened there.

With thee in view, the rugged slope
Becomes a level way,
Smoothed by the magic of thy hope,
And gladdened by thy ray.

With thee in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles;
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
And vain hell's varied wiles.

Time's glory fades; its beauty now
Has ceased to lure or blind;
Each gay enchantment here below
Has lost its power to bind.

Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

Come crown and throne, come robe and
palm!
Burst forth glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

When shall the clouds that veil thy rays
Forever be withdrawn?
Why dost thou tarry, day of days?
When shall thy gladness dawn?
Bonar.

THE PIOUS SEAMAN AND THE UN- GODLY OFFICER.

Once, not long ago, a fine large ship, with a great many people on board, was returning to England from India. Amongst the passengers was a fine young officer, returning home, after he had been a long time away. He was very impatient to see his friends once more; to behold the green fields; to go back to the dear old country house where he and his sisters were born, and where they passed their happy childhood. But more than all he longed to see his dear father, and the churchyard where his mother was buried. His father's hair must be white now; it had been black and glossy when the young officer left England, and his sisters must be grown tall women, though he had left them little girls.

When the ship was still some way from England, on the wide sea, the air grew snappy, the sun shone brightly, the wind ceased to blow, the large sails hung down, and the ship did not appear to get any nearer to the land. For six days she lay still on the top of the water, and never seemed to move at all. Then the young officer used to walk up and down the deck. Sometimes he would get so impatient, that he would swear at the ship, the sea, and at everybody; sometimes he would play at chess, or at some game, to pass away the time. One day he was walking that part of the ship where the sailors sit, and seeing one of them under the shade of the sail, reaching very attentively, he asked him what he was doing so in order to kill the time.

"No, sir?" said the man, "not to get rid of it, but to make the most of it."

The officer, surprised asked him what he meant. The sailor answered, he was reading a precious book, for it was the Bible, and that he read it whenever he had a spare moment, as his time was very precious; for he knew not when God would give him another time to read. Then the officer laughed at him for thinking that time precious which he thought so long.

But the sailor did not care for being laughed at, and he told him the time might yet come when he would gladly buy one moment of time, and that he would not be able to do so. A little boy, a midshipman, was standing near the officer and the pious sailor whilst they were talking, and some weeks after this he had a good reason for remembering all they had said about time. After six days, the wind blew again, and filled the white sails; and every day the ship got nearer to England, and the people could see the land at a distance, and the white cliffs; and the young officer, in high spirits, kept saying what he would do when he got home; and the sailor, too, thought of his cottage, and his wife and little children, for whom he had so often prayed to his God.

But, alas! just when they thought themselves quite safe, and that it would only take a few hours to sail up the River Thames to London, a great storm came on. The wind blew, and tore the sails; one of the masts broke; and the large waves, with white foam, came dashing over the ship. Some of the people were very much afraid; for they knew that they were near some dangerous sands, and that if the ship went on them, she would be wrecked, and they might be drowned.—their hands and prayed to God, some wrung their hands and cried, some called to the captain, to know if they must be lost. As night came on, the wind roared, the waves rose higher, and the captain fired guns slowly, so that they could be heard on shore, to let the people know they were in distress; but not even the brave boatman of Deal could go off to try and save the poor people in the ship. In the middle of the night, that fine ship struck on the sands, a hole was made in her side, and she soon filled with water. Some of the people were drowned as she sank deeper in the sand; some were washed overboard; some threw themselves into the sea, in hopes of saving themselves; but all perished, except these.

When the sun rose the next morning, the waves were still high; but the Deal boat-men

determined to go off to the ship in boats, to try and save as many of the crew as they could; but when they sought for that fine ship, they could only see the top of two masts, and three persons clinging to them. Then they put up the sails of their boat, and made haste to get to the ship. Who do you think the three people were? They were the officer, the sailor, and the little midshipman. The officer still thought of home, and hoped and prayed that a boat might come and save him. The sailor, too, thought of home, and prayed that, if he were drowned, God would forgive him his sins for Jesus Christ's sake, and that his soul might go to heaven, and that God would take care of his wife and children.

The midshipman kept watching the boat in the distance coming to save them; but as the tide got higher and higher, the waves kept dashing over them, and nearly swept them off the masts. They knew if the tide got quite high before the boat reached them they must be lost. Nearer it came, and near; but higher the waves, too, rose, and higher. Then the officer shouted to the men in the boat to make as much haste as they could, or they would be drowned; and the boatmen put up all the sail they could, but they could not make their way. Then the sailor turned to the officer, and said quietly and calmly, "Nothing now, I think, can save us; the sea will cover us in five minutes, and that boat cannot reach us, I fear, in less than ten."

When the young officer heard this, he gave one loud cry, calling on God to save him—to grant him a few moments more, and he should be saved—the boat would reach him. The precious moments God had formerly given him he had wasted, and now God would not give him any more. The sailor, who had spent his time in reading of Jesus, was ready to die. He looked up to the sky, dark clouds were there; he looked on the sea, covered with white foam, and said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Hardly had he said this, when one large wave swept over the masts, and all three were washed into the sea. The boatmen picked up the midshipman before he was drowned, but the bodies of the officer and the poor sailor were never found—they had sunk to the bottom of the deep sea, but their souls God would judge at the last day. One had wasted his precious moments; the other had employed them in praising God, and I trust the sailor is happy forever.—*Happy Sundays.*

SELF CONQUEST.

BY THE REV. RICHARD ROBERTS, LONDON.

If you would suppress anger, revenge, and malice, together with other similar passions, cultivate the habit of putting the best possible construction on the actions and motives of those who may injure you. Provocation you will have. While men are so differently constituted, and while so many evil influences are abroad, it is folly to expect exemption. Our hearts are naturally suspicious and distrustful, displaying a strong tendency to put uncharitable constructions on the doings of others, and especially when those doings relate to ourselves. But, however fierce the temptation, none of us need become the prey of circumstances, or the unresisting victims of provocation. We have the power of resistance so as to roll back from us the revengeful spirit. There is no evil we are more disposed to palliate, and over which we more readily throw the cloak of charity, than the indulgence of evil tempers. When a man is provoked into a fierce passion, there will not be wanting friends to vindicate him, or at least to extenuate his faults by arguing—"Consider the irritability of his temper, that his property, person, or character has been injured without a cause; remember that he is of high descent, and that the man who insulted him is mean and despicable; and you will cease to wonder that he was betrayed into anger." Men who reason thus, assume, that unruly passions are necessary evils for which there is no remedy, and which, therefore, are perfectly excusable. But the very supposition is an insult to the provisions of Redemption, and to Him who emphatically declares to every struggling spirit, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Let us suppose a case. A neighbour inflicts an injury upon you, either in your person, reputation, or property. The first tendency of your heart is, to hasten, without any investigation, to the conclusion, that he has been actuated by malign and envious motives, that the injury you have received is the fruit of his secret animosity and jealousy, and that, therefore, he should at once be visited with retribution. Foster these thoughts, revolve them in your brain, let them float before your mental vision, and your heart will

soon be fraught with diabolical revenge. The fuel being supplied, the fire will blaze forth with destructive fury. To quench it will be a work of no ordinary difficulty. Fierce impulses will hurry you onward, and no mind can conceive what diabolical act you may perpetrate before the spirit of revenge is glutted. But suppose you adopt a different course. Call charity to your aid in judging of the motives of him who has injured you. Put the most favourable construction you possibly can, in harmony with truth, on those motives. Cherish the hope, that the wrong he has done you was incidental and not intentional, that it was the fruit of thoughtlessness rather than malice, and you will find, that such thoughts enable you to quell the hostility, to extinguish the fiery anger, and to bridle the impetuosity of a revengeful temper, and thus, imitating the example of Him who when he suffered, threatened not, and who when he was reviled, reviled not again, you will reap the blessedness of self-conquest.

One thing is certain, that the great work is hopeless if you attempt it in your own strength. The evil nature is too strong for every power but the grace of God. You may bring to it a resolute will, a well disciplined mind, and an unbending purpose; but without divine aid fruitless must all your efforts be. Some of the noble philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome dreamt and spoke in wondrous strains of lofty virtue, and high moral attainments, but neither they nor their disciples ever realized all the excellencies they conceived. Their theory of virtue was in some cases sublime, but they lacked the power to reduce that theory into practice. They could impart noble virtue and robe her in perfect beauty and majesty, and make her flash with gems of purest lustre; they could, and did, urge their disciples to resemble that impersonation of virtue, but they could not teach one to obtain the resemblance. The power of conformity was wanting. They could tell men *what* they ought to be, but they could not teach them *how* to become what they ought. They could expatiate in glowing strains on the excellencies of a perfect character, but they could impart no power to their disciples to form their character after that model. They might, and did, cry to their followers—"Excelsior, Excelsior, Up, Up, to those regions of purity and per-

lection where you may live undisturbed by the grievances and vicissitudes of the world;" but they could give them neither feet to walk nor wings to fly thither. They spoke of virtues which they never possessed, and dreamt and sang of excellencies which, with all strivings, they never obtained. Their lessons of wisdom and virtue were admirable, but they were wanting in power to act upon them. The secret of their failure was in their ignorance. They knew not that the resources of their power were in the grace of God, and not in themselves. They sought to make themselves great and perfect, independent of grace, and hence their failure. Christianity differs from philosophy inasmuch as it enables us to be what philosophy only imagined. Christianity not only points to perfection, but gives power to reach it. It not only discovers moral heights which it bids us climb, but it also supplies the power to effect the noble ascent. It speaks to the timorous and feeble, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Many a noble youth untainted in his morals, has left the parental roof, launched out upon the world with a full determination to maintain his virtue and to battle manfully with the corrupting influences; he has had confidence in his courage and in the strength of his resolutions, but, unhappily, the temptations were more bewitching than he had suspected, so that the arm of flesh in which he trusted proved inadequate for the emergency, and he himself became the victim of temptations, and the prey of the evil habits, the very thought of which, at the outset of his career, appalled him. Young men, we warn you, have no confidence in your strength of mind, in the firmness of your purpose, or the might of your resolution. We do not say to you—do not purpose, do not resolve; but we do say, do not trust in that purpose alone. Trust in the mighty power of divine grace, which alone can make you victorious. Stronger men than you have turned craven on this battle field, because they trusted their native strength. If you would succeed in this deadly strife, you must have foreign aid, help from above, you must be sustained and shielded by the in-

visible, but Almighty arm of your God.

And now that we have given you an idea of the work to be performed, and how to perform it, of the battle you have to wage, and how to fight it, we would stimulate you to the enterprise by giving you an idea of its grandeur, and of the VAST SUPERIORITY OF THIS MORAL TRIUMPH OVER THE MOST SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENTS OF MILITARY SKILL AND PROWESS. This victory over self, little as it may be thought of, and insignificant as it may appear to the superficial observer, is nevertheless a noble achievement—far nobler than taking cities, or subduing nations, or conquering embattled hosts.

It is nobler in *Itself*, and in its *Results*. It is nobler in *Itself*. In this battle with the heart's evils, there will be wanting the stimulants which are so amply supplied to the soldier on his battle field. *There*, martial strains fall in exciting tones on the ear; banners float from citadel and tower; the polished trappings of rank behind rank gleam and glitter in the sunshine; the shout of battle, the neighing and prancing of war-horses, echo over the plain. But in this great moral strife with yourself, there are none of these glittering glories, or stimulating scenes, or exciting sounds to urge you onward. You will have to pursue it alone and unobserved. No human power can aid you, no human eye can behold the foes you combat; but there is One above all others, who has specially promised to be with you, and arm you for the fight. His arm alone can sustain, and His presence alone can cheer.

In human warfare the worst passions of the heart are developed. Hatred, malice, revenge, barbarity, lust or power, and thirst for blood become the law of the battle-field. All that is malignant in human nature is commonly let loose unchecked and unrestrained. In the battle of the heart these passions are to be subdued, and brought into entire subjection to truth, right, and purity. The foes with which you have to contend are of no mean order, for they are the very passions and principles which make men formidable and terrible on the field of battle. Skill and science have wrought wonders. The world stands amazed at their achievements. They have tamed fierce beasts of prey, and

brought even the elements of nature into subjection. They have spanned the ocean, annihilated distance, joined remote continents given life to steam, a tongue to the wire, and a voice to the lightning. But there are passions in the human heart more fierce than beasts of prey, and disturbing forces more tumultuous than nature's stormy winds and tempests, and more difficult of control than the subtle but omnipotent element of electricity. No mere human skill can master these. Christian science—the science taught in the school of Christ—alone can enable you to obtain the mastery here. Let the man who sneers at the moral triumph of which we speak, only address himself to the task of vanquishing his ambition, avarice, pride, lust of power, or love of fame, or whatever else may be his dominant passion, and he will find himself a weaker man than he suspected, and his foe far mightier than he apprehended, and the victory a far more difficult achievement than he ever imagined. "Many who have, with unflinching fidelity, and with iron hearts, started up as the martial drum has summoned them to battle, have fallen like infants at the soft tones of a siren. It is on the arena of the soul, in the moral conflict for right, that the greatest magnanimity is required, and the greatest heroism is displayed." Napoleon, whose name struck terror into tens of thousands of hearts, and beneath whose leaden foot-tread whole continents trembled, never learnt the art of mastering himself. Wellington, England's Iron Duke, was not his only master. There were terrible passions in Napoleon's own soul,—ambition, thirst for power and territory—that hurried him onward with a scourge far more terrific than that which drives the galley slave. His name is renowned for splendid triumphs, but the tumultuous foes within him, he never quelled. They were master of him, and not he of them. He might boast of having a vast and well-disciplined army under his command, and every man waiting to do his bidding; but legions of unholy passions within him swayed an iron sceptre, and wielded over him a despotic power. He was the mere slave of these passions, and they were his cruel oppressors. From childhood we have been familiar with the name of Alexander the Great, and with his march of triumphs.

Great as he might be when leading forth his hosts to battle, he was a man of vile temper, and in the retirement of his home he was often almost martyred by fits of demon passions. Illustrious he might be as a conqueror, but his own vile passions made a coward of him. Samson was great and mighty when he defeated the Philistines, but he showed himself feeble, and the helpless victim of his own base lust, when he suffered himself to be subdued by the wanton smiles of Delilah. The giant with ease bears away, up a steep and rugged hill, the ponderous gates of Gaza, and wrenches from their solid base the massive pillars which support Dagon's temple, but he sinks under the weight of his own sensuality. Give him an outward foe to grapple with, something that he can grasp and wrestle with, and his might astonishes you, but let him face his inner foe, his lust, and he is feeble than a newborn infant, and cowardly sinks beneath the more than giant-might of the siren. The withs of his passions have woven round him a web of steel his gigantic strength and muscles of which can never shiver. Hercules, boasting of his strength, is said to have sought highway robbers to combat with, and to have challenged monsters to battle, that he might show how easily he could vanquish them, but impurity thoroughly mastered him. In the presence of his lust his herculean strength became weakness. The monuments of antiquity represent him carrying an infant on his shoulder as an emblem of voluptuousness, and beneath that unworthy burden the giant stoops and bends, and lets his frightful club fall from his hand. He may be a hero in the presence of monsters, but he is a craven in the presence of his lust. There have been men who could discipline and control armed legions in the most perilous encounters, but who never learnt the art of self-control. They knew nothing of fear in the most deadly strifes, when the slain around them were numbered by thousands, but they have cowardly shrunk from the contest with self. They have manfully fought for the liberties and honour of their country, but they have been the meanest slaves in the inner world of the heart. Hosts of vile passions like ghastly spectres peopled their souls, and they have never dared to look them in the face, or to take one of them as a prisoner of war. In-

stead of dragging them to the altar and slaying them like deadly foes before the Lord, they have succumbed to them, nay more, treacherous to their highest and best interests, they have cherished and fostered them. Bold as they may have been elsewhere, they proved themselves too craven-hearted to assault these internal enemies, or to chase them away from the field of the heart. It is a lamentable fact, nevertheless a fact, that some of earth's greatest heroes have been the basest of moral cowards. As the reward of their victories they have been adorned with robes of office, their breasts have been decked with stars, and made to flash with gems. And well they might, for beneath that glittering robe there was a heart stained with foulest blots and infamous crimes. The gems, in many cases, were all outside. Not a single star of virtue studded the heart or beautified the soul. Within, like their own field of carnage, was full of dead men's bones, moral putrefaction and death.

The enemies we invite you to combat, are not external but internal, they are not in the material world without, but in the inner world of the heart. They are not visible and tangible, but lurk secretly in the hidden avenues of the soul. They lie in ambush, ready to fall upon you unawares when temptation is nigh, and you off your guard, and unsuspecting of danger. He who takes a city assaults an avowed and armed foe, but he who conquers the heart assaults himself. Look at the man who contemplates suicide. How weak and tremulous his hand when it touches the sword that is to be plunged into his own bosom; and yet, that is what you are in a moral sense required to do. You are to turn your weapons inward upon yourself, and with a vigorous hand, thrust out from the citadel of the heart those vile usurpers of Jehovah's rights, which have long nestled and even enthroned themselves within. Or, in the language of that Old Book which we all venerate, we are to crucify ourselves; we are to fasten to an ignominious cross our rebellious and sinful nature. Our own hand must drive the nail and fasten the victim. It requires a bolder man to do this than to climb the heights of Alma under the fire of a Russian host, or to rush over the plains of Balaklava through bristling spears.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Father Glorified.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

—John xv. 8.

WHEN surveying the boundless ocean of covenant mercy—every wave chiming, "God is love!" does the thought never present itself, "What can I do for this great Being who hath done so much for me?" Recompense, I cannot! No more can my purest services add one iota to His underived glory, than the tiny taper can add to the blaze of the sun at noonday, or a drop of water to the boundless ocean. Yet, wondrous thought! from this worthless soul of mine there may roll in a revenue of glory, which He who loves the broken and contrite spirit will "not despise." *"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."*

Reader! are you a fruit-bearer in your Lord's vinyard? Are you seeking to make life one grand act of consecration to his glory—one thank offering for His unmerited love? You may be unable to exhibit much fruit in the eye of the world. Your circumstances and position in life may forbid you to point to any splendid services, or laborious and imposing efforts in the cause of God. It matters not. It is often those fruits that are unseen and unknown to man, ripening in seclusion, that he values most;—the quiet, lowly walk—patience and submission—gentleness and humility—putting yourself unreservedly in His hands—willing to be led by him even in darkness—saying, Not "*my* will," but "*Thy* will":—the unselfish spirit, the meek bearing of an injury, the unostentatious kindness,—these are some of the "fruits" which your Heavenly Father loves, and by which he is glorified.

Perchance it may be with you the season of trial, the chamber of protracted sickness, the time of desolating bereavement, some furnace seven times heated. Herein, too, you may sweetly glorify your God. Never is your Heavenly Father *more* glorified by His children on earth, than when, in the midst of these furnace-fires, He listens to nothing but the gentle breathings of confiding faith and love—"Let him do what seemeth good unto Him." Yes you can there glorify him in a way which angels cannot do in a world where no trial is.

They can glorify God only with the *crown* ; you can glorify Him with the *cross* and the prospect of the *crown* together ! Ah, if He be dealing severely with you—if He, as the Great Husbandman, be pruning His vines, lopping their boughs, stripping off their luxuriant branches and “beautiful rods !”—remember the end !—“He purgeth it, that it may bring forth *more* fruit,” and “*Herein* is my Father glorified !”

Be it yours to lie passive in His hands, saying in murmuring resignation, Father, glorify Thy name ! Glorify Thyself, whether by giving or taking, filling my cup or “emptying me from vessel !” Let me know no will but Thine. Angels possess no higher honour and privilege than glorifying God before whom they cast their crowns. How blessed to be able thus to claim brotherhood with the spirits in the upper sanctuary ! nay more to be associated with the Saviour Himself is the theme of His own exalted joy, when he said, “*I have glorified* Thee on earth !”—*Words of Jesus.*

A DREAM FOR SLEEPING SOULS.

One night I dreamt, and in my dream I stood on the bank of a broad river.—And as I stood, three men ran swiftly down the hill behind towards the water. they seemed in great anxiety, for they were followed by a fearful enemy whom I could not see, he being still on the other side of the hill ; but they feared that he would speedily overtake and kill them. When they came to the water they looked about in great perplexity, for they thought to cross hastily over ; but there was neither bridge nor ferry. Now there was some fishermen standing close by, whom the three fleeing ones entreated to help them. They pointed to a small narrow raft that was fastened to the shore by a rope, and said ; “This little boat may carry you over ; but it is a perilous venture, for the boat is certain to upset if you make ever so slight a blunder in paddling it.”

While the three men looked at the raft and doubted much if they would risk it, I saw a strong man approaching with a royal crown on his head, and of noble countenance. And when he drew near, I saw that he was moved with much compassion for these poor people ; and he said,

“I will take you across if you will trust yourselves to me. Climb upon my back, and clasp your arms around my neck, and I will swim you over one at a time.”

“Are you so strong a swimmer that you can do that ?” “Oh cried the fishermen, in one voice, he is the strong hero of this country ; he has carried over many a one before you, and none was ever lost ; you may be thankful that he offers to help you, and had better take him at his word.”

“No, no, said one “I have no courage for that, I will try the raft.”

So, without more ado, he unfastened the moorings and set off. He floated away smoothly enough and it seemed that he might make the voyage safe ; but it was not a moment till, by a wrong stroke, the raft upset, and sank to the bottom never to rise.

When the second saw the evil fate of his companion, he said, “I am a good swimmer, and the water is smooth,—I am sure I can swim across.”

So he jumped into the water, and swam off some yards, but then the waves rose upon him, and after many struggles, he, too, sank, never to rise.

Then the third cried to the royal prince, “Have pity upon me, and take me over ; I will do whatever you tell me.”

“With all my heart !” said this kingly man ; “but remember that when you are on my back, you must not try to swim yourself. All you have to do is to keep tight hold, and not to let me go.”

“Of course replied the other ; “I cannot swim a stroke, I shall not let you go, you may depend upon it.”

Then the royal swimmer took him upon his back, and plunged into the river.

The first hundred yards where the water was smooth, all went on fairly. I wondered at the incredible swiftness with which the strong man cleft the current. I heard the poor fugitive sing a joyful song. But as they approached the middle of the river, where the waves ran high, I saw that the water came up to his lips, and sometimes over his head, so that he was frightened, and began to cry aloud. Then the swimmer who noticed his anxiety, cheered him up, and said, “Be not afraid ! I shall not let you go ; only hold by me !”

But it appeared that these kind words had no effect, for I saw the poor man strik-

ing out his arms in spasmodic efforts to keep himself above the water. At the same moment he sunk out my sight, and I began weeping, for I thought that he was lost like his two fellows. But the swimmer dived down, caught hold of him, and having brought him up, replaced him on his former position.

"Why did you not heed what I said?" quoth he, in a tone of gentle rebuke. 'Now, do not let me go again.'

And I saw that the rescued man was very happy, and clasped his arms tightly around the swimmer's neck. And I heard him sing a song as he did at first. But in a few minutes he uttered a shriek, and sunk for the second time. His faithful friend, however, did not forsake him, but brought him up again. And this happened successively, and I heard the man alternately sing and cry. But at length I saw that he grew less frightened, although the waves rose and were very vehement. It seemed that he became familiar with the vicissitudes of the strange voyage, and I saw him clinging firmly to his deliverer, though his head was often buried in foam. So they went on with great speed, and at length I heard him utter a loud hallelujah; and when I looked closely I saw him standing on the opposite bank, and the royal swimmer stood beside him. Then the fishermen loudly praised the swimmer, and tears of joy came into my eyes.

Now while I wondered what the meaning of all this might be, a man in shining garments stood by my side, and he said: "Son of man here is the interpretation of what you have seen. First observe that a man cannot possibly be saved by the law; for the laws a good and perfect vessel, but man is a bad sailor. Again observe that a sinner cannot save himself by his own virtue, for he cannot withstand the force of this world. You have seen, too, that as long as man does not despair of helping himself, he is unwilling to trust to a Saviour, though recommended with one voice with credible witnesses. Furthermore, you have seen that if a man is to be saved he needs a Saviour, and one who is as mighty to save as he is willing. Then, you have seen that it belongs to the Saviour, not to man, to do what is required for salvation, and that it is man's business only to cling to him with heart and soul. Observe, also, that

the moment a man gives himself up to the Saviour, is the *close* of an old and the *beginning* of a new strife. The old strife was the hopeless struggle to get out of danger into salvation; the new strife is the care not to fall back again from salvation into danger. But this strife is not hopeless, for your Saviour does not allow you to sink to the bottom, like the man that fell from the raft. You are greatly mistaken if you think that henceforth all will go smoothly. But you are not less mistaken if you believe that you shall perish when such a Saviour is near. The great secret of salvation through faith in an almighty Saviour, is to learn to be still, and to let him work."

But this is a hard lesson for such a proud, self-willed and self-righteous nature as man's. Very much experience, often bitter and painful, is required to teach him that lesson well. But however often and deep you fall, if you continue with that Saviour, you will learn the lesson better and truer, and you will find that after all he brings you safe to shore.—*Good Words.*

"HE SHALL BE SAVED."

"I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—this sums up the whole matter. There is no word so commonly used with so little apprehension of its full meaning as this word, *salvation*. It expresses something more than rescue from a terrible doom. We must know what we lose in losing heaven, before we comprehend it. One might be saved from woe, and this be only a negative blessing.— Sometimes men's lives are saved, when life is hardly worth saving. But there is no middle destiny for the soul. If it does not suffer, it must rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. If it does not rejoice, it must endure such a sense of infinite loss, such positive pain, as no words can paint. If there were no heaven, hell might be endurable. The bitterest regret in the world of spirits will be excited by the sense of what has been lost. "If I had not rejected Christ, and wasted my probation, what a glorious destiny I might have had to all eternity!" This is the thought that will sting the sinner with the keenest agony. "If I had sown to the flesh, what a harvest of blessedness I might have reaped!"

THE RENEWAL OF THE VOW.

"Thy vows are upon me, Oh God! I will render praises unto thee."—Ps. lvi. 12.

THERE is an exquisite plaintiveness in the super-scription of this psalm, in which David describes himself as a dumb dove among strangers, and pours out to the chief musician a song of his secret, written probably, when fleeing from the roused jealousy of the infuriate Saul; he had taken refuge at the Court of Achish, and found himself an object of not unnatural suspicion, and beset with perils, by which he escaped only by simulating madness. If he had been a vassal of circumstance, surely now despair had seized him, for he was hunted like a hart upon the mountains, a cloud hung darkly over the future, and he, who had been a companion of princes, wandered homeless, and without a friend. But his faith waxed the stronger as the occasion of his trial came, just as there are brave sea-birds, which hold their healthiest play amid the storm; and in these seasons of apparent helplessness his harp thrilled out some of its most rapturous doxologies, and some of the most sublime expressions of its confidence in God. In the psalm before us, though he commences by bewailing his evil estate, and imploring succour, it is not the cry of despondency, but of confidence,—it is not the shriek of the shipwrecked, drowned by the louder howling of the tempest, which refuses cruelly to carry it to human ears,—it is the cry of the child, frightened by some real or imaginary danger, but he who knows that in the next room there is its father, and that he will be loving to pity and powerful to help. He knows himself the victim of conspiracy, slandered by the evil tongues of perverse and unreasonable men, and yet he rests in the confidence that there is an eye which marks his flight, and a chalice which holds his tears; and in the warmth of his gratitude he sings of escape in the very jaws of danger, as if from the caged lark were to burst the wood-notes wild" with which he was wont to give greeting at Heaven's gate in the light and freedom of the morning. There are hearts among us which answer to this history. We have felt ourselves compassed round by enemies, the more formidable because invisible to human eye—because

the light of the living glanced upon no shining steel. In our hearts there has been all the bitterness of tears, or that far dreaded bitterness which is vainly covetous of tears, we have been sure that our steps were dogged as by unfriendly watchers, and that, in our strife against opposing evil, there was no moment in which it was safe for us to unlace the corslet, and lay down the sword. And, more painful memories than these, we have been conscious of our own waywardness and compromise; we have been haunted by the ghosts of broken vows; we have trembled like the guilty things we were, as we trod amongst the fractures of covenant shattered by our shortcoming, and by our sin. But we are called to sing notwithstanding the concluding verses of this psalm. Though half the year has gone from us, and we have hardly redeemed a promise of the thousand into which we entered at its beginning, yet not heedless of the irreparable past, but hopeful for the advancing future, there is cause for our melody to-day.—Though the months have witnessed our failure, their recurrence has deepened our obligation. The grateful feeling which rejoices over forbearance from judgment, and the humbled feeling which mourns its own defective service, and the startled feeling which anticipates impending danger, and the hopeful feeling which dreams of a more lively future, all combine to urge our consecration again.

The "vows" which were upon the Psalmist were not limited, but comprehensive. The vows which we are called upon to make, include the sacrifice of every sin and the consecration of every faculty. God claims both ours and us. We are called to forsake the service of evil, and to guard both mind, and hands, and tongue from entertainment or dalliance with sin. We are called to yield ourselves to him in living sacrifice. We are called to present our adoring homage to the Divine perfections, to live in the spirit of prayer, to attend diligently to the cultivation of the heart, and to maintain that continual looking unto Jesus which grows into the beauty on which it gazes. We are called to exhibit among men that we are thoroughly in earnest, and that we are graciously transformed; to maintain a consistency as blameless in things secular as in things spiritual; to

be as godly in the home as in the temple; as spotless in the shop and on 'change as when we breathe the sanctuary air. We are called to display no affected superiority, no glozing Pharisee smile, but in a gentle lovingness, which the sense of Christ's love makes tenderer, to watch for the hopeless, that we may succour them; to listen to the cry of the needy, and to fold the hapless straying in the pastures where the good Shepherd dwells. Now, this is the substance of the vow which we are called upon to make unto the Lord. The summons comes to us, the men and women of the present; not the hermits, in cowardly retreat from the world's perils; not the worn-out, used-up pensioners upon the shreds of a plenty whose ample store we have no power to exhaust; but to us, in all the glow of our opportunities, and in all the vigour of our manliness, to us who have power to work and light to work in, in whom the palsy has not seized upon the frame, for whom the golden sun has not gone down: the summons is to us. We are called to offer the fullness of a life; its wealth, its sparkle, its music, all the summer of it; things that it would cost something for flesh and blood commonly to surrender; these are to be the offerings, cast with a glad heart and with a free will upon the altar of the Lord.—Are we ready for it? Have we the heart, or rather the grace—for it is of Divine bestowment—for such rare exquisite heroism? Then, in the secrecy of our communion-closets, and in the joyous fellowship of God's people, let us "take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

There are two funerals to-day close by each other, the one of the rich judge B—, and the other of an aged woman at the almshouse. The same midnight summons came to each, and the funerals, so unlike in everything else, are alike in the one great essential thing, the still presence of death. The luxury and the poverty that made their lives so different, make no difference now. It is death in the long almshouse kitchen, among the awe-struck poor, and it is death in the rich man's muffled parlours among his mourning heirs. Put the rich man into the pauper's grave and the pauper into the carved tomb, and

it would make no difference. The distinctions of the outward life are gone by.—Fame, friends, possessions, seem idle things to talk beside the dead. Yet they made the one life honourable, and for lack of them was the other despised. They perpetuate the memory of the one, while the unmarked grave of the other is soon forgotten.

Yet with all these differences in favor of the judge, there was one great difference in favor of his pauper neighbour.—True, she had no home but the almshouse, no friends but its infirm inmates, no learning to commend her to the world; her sole earthly possession was the legacy of the Prince of Peace; her only wisdom, in those things which are hid from the wise and the prudent, and revealed unto babes; her only treasure; "a treasure in the heavens that faileth not." The judge riding in his elegant carriage with his friends, did not notice the poor old woman hobbling close to the wall. One walked with her as her Friend whom he knew not. The world called him rich, and her poor, but the world never dreamt that she was richer in that priceless friendship, than he with all his toys of wealth. He has laid aside his toys now, but she stands face to face with her Friend—the Lord of Glory. So daily, and hourly comes to pass that which is written, "Many that are first shall be last and the last first."

Blessed gospel! hope of the lowly! how well may those who believe in thee be willing to be abased—to be nothing to the world that they may be dear to Christ! How calmly may the poor and oppressed among Thy followers, O, wayfaring Saviour count all things but loss for the excellency of Thee!—*Congregationalist*.

THE TRINITY.

There was a good and learned man once, who was very much perplexed by trying to explain to himself the doctrine of the Trinity. He wanted to understand how the Father is God, and the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God—while yet there are not three Gods, but one God.—"The reason why" this is so nobody can tell. God has not told us the reason, and no one can find it out. The Bible requires us to believe this; but it does not

require us to *understand* it. But the good man that I refer to, wanted to understand it, as well as believe it. He kept thinking about it all the time; and was very unhappy because he could not understand all about it. One day while still thinking very earnestly about this matter, he took a walk along the sea-shore. As he went on, he saw a little child, playing on the sand.—He stopped, when he came to the child, and watched its motions. The little thing had scooped out a hole in the sand, about as big as a quart bowl, and with a tiny shell, it was bailing the sea-water into the hole. "What are you doing, my child?" asked the man. The little thing looked up to him, and said I am trying to put the ocean into this hole, sir."

He thought of the immense ocean, miles in depth, and thousands of miles in breadth; then he looked at the very small hole before him, and said to himself, "Poor, foolish child!" But, as he walked on, he thought, "Well, what am I doing but just acting over again the part of this child. My mind is like the little hole the child has dug; while God is thousands of times greater than the ocean; and yet, like the child, I am trying to put the great ocean; into the little hole of my mind!"—[King's Highway.

The Precious Blood of Christ.

A little boy in Ireland had, during the Revival, been born again by the Holy Ghost, and had by faith seen Jesus Christ lifted up as the brazen serpent in the wilderness. In thus doing he found all his iniquities pardoned. When the priest heard of it he was very much vexed, but hoped, however, to influence the lad, and called on him for that purpose.

The priest suggested to his young friend that, on the next Lord's day, he should return to his usual place of worship. The boy declined to do so. This want of regard to his directions and rejection of his authority excited no small surprise on the part of the priest. He again suggested, but with a like result. He entreated; still the boy was immovable. The priest again and again endeavored to persuade, but all was in vain. At last, perceiving that such means were of no avail, he grew angry, and said, with great power of utter-

ance, "If you do not come back to the church I will curse you!—yes, I will curse you! I will bring the blood of Jesus Christ upon you! The moment he had heard mention of the blood of Jesus Christ, he jumped up and exclaimed, "Oh sir, that is just what I want! that is just what I want! 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'" That is just what I want!"

There is power in that Blood! No wonder then, that it was just what the boy wanted. He knew and had felt its power in having saved his soul from sin, judgment, and hell, which he had so lately seen in his mind and heart, and realized in his spirit.

There is LIFE in that Blood! No wonder, then, that he was so glad to hear mention of it. Only a few days since he was dead—dead in trespasses and sins, dead to God, dead to everything that concerned his eternal well-being, but when, by the grace of God, he was led to see all his sins washed away, all became changed. He found himself a new creature. Death had passed away, and life had taken its place. That which was dead is alive—alive to God—alive to things of God and of eternity. Yea, he is the possessor of eternal life; for "he that believeth hath everlasting life; and shall not come unto condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

There is PEACE in that Blood! We can easily understand why the boy was so much pleased when he heard of it. Formerly his heart was at war and enmity against God; but when he saw Jesus, the true Peace-maker—when he saw, by faith all his sins removed—he found that the enmity too had been entirely put away, that peace with God was established, and that he could now look up and call God, Abba, Father.

There is JUSTICE in that Blood! God's justice demanded that "the soul that sinneth it should die;" and that it should for ever and ever endure pain and wrath.—The sinner says that he wishes to escape this fearful condemnation, and that he would live forever, and not die. He cannot do both; that is an absolute impossibility. Seeing, then, that it is impossible for a soul to live for ever and die forever at one and the same time, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who knew no sin, came

forth from his throne of glory, and offered Himself a sacrifice for sin. God, an offended God, accepted this sacrifice, and on His only beloved Son He poured all the wrath due for sin, and on Him he hath laid the iniquity of us all. God's justice has been fully satisfied, so that, "whosoever believeth in Jesus should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Reader, can you say like the poor boy, that the blood of Jesus Christ is just what you want? If so, avail yourself of it by faith. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*E. C. Series of Clapham tracts.*

WHO IS JESUS?

This is a most important inquiry, because no one can rightly comply with the invitation, "Come to Jesus," without a correct knowledge of who he is. Much depends on the answer we give to the question, "What think ye of Christ?"

JESUS IS GOD.

Before he appeared on earth he had from eternity possessed all the perfections of Deity. As the Father is God, so also Jesus is God. This is a great mystery, but it is a great truth. The Bible clearly declares it. He is called "The Word;" and St. John tells us, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made." And, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." Speaking of himself, Jesus said, "Before Abraham was, I am." He referred to the "glory which he had with the Father before the world began;" and declared, "I and the Father are one." We are told that he is "the brightness of the Father's glory," "the image of the invisible God," "God manifest in the flesh;" that "he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and that "in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

Jesus, therefore, is God; and is perfect in power and wisdom and goodness. There is nothing he cannot do; and as he can never change, he will never be unfaithful to his promises. Now, poor sinner, this is just such a Saviour as you want. If you needed some protector from danger,

you would go to some one who was mighty. Who so mighty as Jesus? All that God can do, he can do. There are no difficulties, dangers, or foes he is unable to conquer for you. Whatever your weakness, his strength must be all-sufficient. It is not some frail fellow-man, it is not even an angel you are to trust in. It is one infinitely higher than all created beings—even the great God, mighty to save. We should have cause to fear, if any one inferior were our Saviour. But we may feel quite safe when he undertakes to save, who is the Lord of heaven and earth. Who can harm us, if He promises to help us? "If God be for us, who can be against us?" His power, wisdom, holiness, and goodness, are all employed on our behalf, as soon as we come to Jesus. With such a Saviour we "cannot" perish. "He is able to save to the uttermost."

See John 1: 1-3, 14; 8:58; 10:30; 17:5; Col. 1: 14-20; 2: 9; 1 Tim. 3: 16; Heb. 1: 7: 29: 28; 13:8.—*Come to Jesus.*

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL

It is related that, during the American revolution, the corporal of a little company was giving orders to those under him relative to a piece of timber which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little-great man was often heard, in regular vociferations of "heave away! There she goes! heave ho!" An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the non-commissioned officer why he did not take hold and render a little aid? The latter astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir I am a corporal." "You are, are you?" replied the officer, "I was not aware of that:" and, taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal and then dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The Corporal was thunderstruck! It was none other than WASHINGTON who thus addressed him.

THE GOOD NEWS.

July 15th, 1861.

THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARK.

Luke I. 57-80.

It has been often remarked that the darkness of night is never more intense, than just before the first faint streaks of day begin to appear. And as it is in the natural, so it is in the moral and spiritual world. In general, the moral darkness is never so intense, as just before the light of some great reformation breaks forth. Such was the case throughout Christendom, before the great reformation began in Germany. And probably, it is often the intensity of the darkness that impresses and alarms the minds of those, who have in them the light of truth, and stimulates them to make active exertions for dispelling the thickening gloom.

Notwithstanding the light of science, which, in our sense, illuminated the Roman world, before the advent of the Saviour, and the polish of civilization, which shed its dazzling lustre over the surface of society, there probably never was a period in earth's history, when the spiritual had been so completely expelled by the material; or in other words, when the true God was less recognised in his own world, and less regard paid by the professing church, to the spirit of the divine commandments; for the Pharisees, by their traditions, had made void the law of God.

But the darkness has now begun to give way. The first faint streaks of light have appeared in the Eastern sky. And now, the morning star is rising, bright herald of the glorious sun of righteousness, who is so soon to dawn upon the nations, with healing under his wings. In plain language, the time has now arrived,

when the Baptist is to be born; and Elizabeth brings forth her promised son, who was to prepare the way of the Lord, and make straight in the moral desert, a highway for our God.

This event, so extraordinary and unlooked for, considering the advanced age of Zacharias, and Elizabeth, excited great interest among their relatives and neighbours, who justly looked upon it as a special token of God's favour to them, and rejoiced with them in their joy.

According to the divinely prescribed practice of the Jewish church, preparation was made for the circumcision of the child, on the eighth day after his birth. On such occasions, it would seem, that the friends of the family used to assemble, probably that they might not only have the benefit of the religious services, with which the ceremony was accompanied, but that they might countenance and congratulate the family, and enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse, hallowed by religion, and heightened by what was calculated to evoke the warmest sympathies of the heart.

From the nature of the rite, circumcision was more conveniently, and becomingly performed at home. The ceremony, however, was sometimes performed in public, probably for the sake of greater solemnity; and that the witnesses of the act might be more numerous. From the fact that, among the Jews, circumcision was generally performed at home; and that it was thus practised in the house of Zacharias, a venerable priest, without any note of caution, or disapprobation in Scripture, I would argue, not for the propriety of private baptism, but for the allowableness of it; for if we appeal to infant circumcision, in justification of infant baptism, it is difficult to see why we may not appeal to private circumcision, in justification of private baptism. No doubt, a regard to

comfort, and convenience, and decency, might be pleaded in behalf of private *circumcision*, which cannot be alleged in behalf of private *baptism*; but though I do not hesitate to recommend public baptism, and think it in many respects vastly preferable, still notwithstanding the declarations of men, or the decrees of churches, it is my opinion that those, who absolutely refuse private baptism, except in extreme cases, have not a foot of scripture ground to rest upon.

It seems to have been a custom, as ancient as the rite itself, to give the child its name, when it was circumcised; for when Abram was circumcised, God gave him a new name, and called him Abraham; and it was no doubt from this, that the custom originated of formally giving the child its name, at the time of its baptism, and not naming it till that time. And hence M. Henry says,—“It is not unfit that they should be left *nameless*, till they are by name *given up* to God.” When the friends of Zacharias came to circumcise the child, they called him Zacharias, after the name of his father. But Elizabeth who had been made aware of the name selected by the angel, either through writing, by her husband, or by direct revelation, decidedly interfered, and insisted that he should be called John, which signifies the grace or favour of God, or the gracious one, either from the favour conferred on them in giving them a son; or with reference to the character of the son himself. And what name so appropriate for him, who heralded the gospel dispensation, in which God’s grace is so conspicuously displayed!

The company was surprised at Elizabeth’s determination, and said—“There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name,” from which remark it would appear that the custom of calling children by the name of the father, or some near relative,

or respected friend, had then been introduced. This, however, was an innovation, for I believe there is scarce an instance, in the Old Testament registers, of a child being called by the name of its father. In ancient times a name was generally imposed upon the child, expressive of some personal quality, or significant of something connected with him.

In order to settle the matter, they communicated with Zacharias by signs, who thus appears to have been deaf, as well as dumb; and from their not consulting him at first, it would seem as if he had been in such a state, as apparently to take no notice of what was going on. Having been made to understand the subject, in regard to which an appeal had been made to him, he asked by signs for a writing tablet, or writing board, which was an article that served the purpose of a slate among ourselves, and wrote upon it the words—“His name is John,” at which they were all astonished. No doubt, being ignorant that Zacharias and Elizabeth were directed by the same spirit, they were astonished that both should have agreed in fixing upon the same name, and one so very unexpected.

But how was their astonishment increased, when Zacharias’ long silence was suddenly broken. The period had now elapsed, during which the punishment inflicted on him for his unbelief was to continue, when his mouth was opened, and his tongue loosed, and the first accents of his ravished soul employed in proclaiming the praise of his God. He probably thanked God for his kindness and faithfulness, in giving him his promised son in his old age, acknowledged the justice of the rebuke administered for his want of faith, in the nine months dumbness with which he had been visited, and thanked God now for its removal. It is every way probable that the prophetic song recorded in the

following verses, was delivered at this time, and that he informed his friends, regarding the vision which he had had in the temple; and hence the fear which fell upon all present, and upon those also to whom these circumstances were communicated.

Not only did astonishment regarding these extraordinary events pervade the neighbourhood, but fear fell upon men's minds, such as they experience when they believe that they are in immediate contact with the spiritual. No wonder that great excitement was produced throughout the hill country of Judea, and that these events engrossed the conversation of the people. But the interest and excitement did not affect Jerusalem; and if the news of these remarkable events reached the ears of the chief priests, or leading Pharisees, they were neglected, as idle tales. "Thus without the Pharisees and doctors of the law having any idea of it, the mightiest events of the kingdom of God were preparing among the simple-minded," (Olshausen.)

No wonder that those who heard of these remarkable occurrences, treasured them up in their hearts, anticipating great things from this remarkable child. And we are told, that the hand of the Lord was with him; that is, he was a special object of God's providence and grace from his earliest years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I AM SO HAPPY!"

One week-night not long ago, I was leaving the house of God, where I had been conducting my usual service, I was met at the door by a young person who thus addressed me: "O sir can you tell me what must I do to be saved?" I replied, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved." She immediately answered,—"You have told me that before; but I feel such a great sinner, one who has sinned against so many warnings, that I cannot hope for pardon thus. I cannot believe that I am one for whom Christ died." "My dear friend," I said, "there is no sin too vile to

be cleansed by the blood of Jesus. No person who feels himself to be a sinner, and who casts himself on Jesus for mercy, but shall find that the Lord Jesus Christ is mighty to save."

Some few days after this conversation, I met this young friend again. "Well, how is it with you now?" I enquired. "Can you believe in Jesus yet?" She instantly replied, while her countenance glowed with pleasure, "Oh yes! He is my saviour.— I can believe now. I AM SO HAPPY!"

Dear reader are you happy! Has God for Christ's sake, forgiven your sins? If so, you *must* be happy; if not, you are a stranger to *real* happiness. "Joy unspeakable and full of glory" is within your reach.— Christ offers a full and free pardon for all your sins, if you will only trust your soul in his hands and rely wholly on his atoning mercy. He wants now to save you, and to give you, in all the scenes and circumstances of life, abiding joy, and lasting peace!

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

A young man being asked to join in a social game of cards, replied, "No, I cannot so dishonour my mother, nor do such violence to her pious teachings as to take part in these dangerous pastimes. I have yet to throw my first card, drain my first glass of any intoxicating beverage, and take my first step in the dance; and I owe it all to the early teachings of the faithful mother, whom I promised, on her death-bed, never to disobey. Thus far I have been true to her, and God blessing me, I will remain so till I meet her at His bar, to give an account for the seed sown by the hand of my pious mother."

God's help has been granted, and this noble vow been faithfully kept, and that young man is now a wealthy and prosperous merchant, an honoured husband and father, and a useful citizen; while most of those who in life's morning would have tempted him from the right path, have fallen victims to their degrading vices, and fill now the dishonoured grave of the drunkard and the gambler.

Who can estimate the power of a mother's pious teachings? and how rich will be the reward of both parent and child, in that day when he that soweth, and he that reapeth shall rejoice together!

UNBELIEF, THE RUIN OF THE SOUL.

He that believeth not—shall be DAMNED.
Mark xiv. 16. John iii. 18, 36.

These awful words are the warning voice of the Son of God, and they are addressed to every creature under heaven. "Go and preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark xiv. 15). Preach also "repentance," and "remission" of sins, beginning at *Jerusalem*; begin with my very murderers, that these, vile as they have been, that even they may be brought to repentance, and be saved—Acts iii. 14, 15, 19.

This portion is written expressly for those who, by the multitude and enormity of their sins, have been brought to the very verge of destruction and despair, as though it were impossible for God to have mercy upon such abandoned rebels;—but even for such as these there is hope.

Who can measure the distance between earth and heaven?—The east from the west:—the depth of the sea;—or the duration of eternity? Yet the mercy of God to repentant sinners far exceeds all these—for HE SO loved the world, [a world of sinners], that he gave his only begotten Son for its salvation.

Will he not then have mercy upon thee, thou poor polluted, self-condemned, despairing sinner? O yes, he surely will—for he delighteth in mercy; it is his darling attribute; therefore it is as impossible for you to be lost, as it is impossible for God to cease to exist, if you do but come in the right way; by *Jesus Christ*, the Sinner's friend, who is now pleading your cause before the throne of God.

Did he not plead for his very murderers? [Father, forgive them. Luke xxiii. 34]. And will he reject you? No, poor sinner—NEVER. John vi. 37 to 40, 47.

This address is not written to encourage you to think lightly of sin, but it is written, in the very spirit of the gospel, to display the greatness of the mercy of God towards poor trembling sinners, over whom

he yearns, with all the affection of a tender father, [Psalm ciii. 13], to do them good. O listen, then, to the voice of mercy;—and though your sins may have been like scarlet, cast yourself at the feet of JESUS, and receive the blessings of salvation, purchased with his dying blood. May the Lord grant you faith to "believe."

The Righteousness of Christ

The products of human skill look best at a distance but this fabric, like the clothing of the lily, is found to be more exquisite the more closely it is scrutinized. God clothes the lily, and its beauty is faultless; but the beauty Christ puts on His people is not perfect, it is His own. His righteousness is their righteousness. His comeliness is theirs. True, they carry with them to the last a body of sin; but with the everlasting righteousness on them, the law shall never find ground for their condemnation. Jesus says of them, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." The righteousness of Christ is the only one which will avail for a sinner's acceptance with God. Without it we cannot be saved. It is "the righteousness of God, which is unto all, and upon all them that believe." Through free grace it is imputed to the sinner, and it is received by faith alone.

Ah, Laodicean! away with that tattered mantle of forms and services in which you have so long trusted. Is it not written, "All our righteousness are as filthy rags!" Discard your treacherous confidence at once, and welcome in exchange, "the righteousness of God." Accept of the Great Merchantman's offer. Then shall your sins be all forgiven, and as a "Priest to God," attired in snowy folds, you shall "serve Him day and night in His temple."

Pleasant are the words of one who bought of the Great Merchantman:—"I want His fountain every day. His intercession every moment, and would not give a groat for the broadest fig-leaves or the brightest human rags to cover me. A robe I must have, of one whole piece, broad as the law, spotless as—the light, richer than an angel ever wore, the robe of Jesus." *Rev. A. N. Somerville.*

ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From the wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to the Cross I cling;
Naked come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Guilty, to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes are closed in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne:
Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPPLADY.

A THRILLING SKETCH

PARTURITION OF A VOLCANIC ISLAND.

The following narrative is asserted to be entirely true by its author:

It was a night of pitchy darkness. At four bells in the first watch, not a breath of air was moving, and the drenched sails wet by the afternoon and evenings rain, hung heavily from the yards, or flapped against the masts and rigging, as the ship rolled lazily on the long leaden swells of the Pacific Ocean. A number of days had passed without an observation of the sun or stars, and they had to run by dead reckoning, and were not, therefore, sure of their latitude or longitude. They might be nearer danger than they thought.

The captain had gone below at eight, and feeling troubled at the portentous appearance of the weather, was unable to sleep, and was on deck again, walking nervously fore and aft, now looking on this side and then on the other side of the quarter-deck looking anxiously out into the darkness, then aft, then at the compass, and then at the barometer which hung in the cabin gangway. Round and round

went the ship, heedless of her helm, and the mercury told the same tale it had told before. In vain did the eyes of anxious men peer into the darkness; only inky blackness met their straining gaze everywhere. Thus matters stood till six bells, when the mercury began to fall suddenly. The quick jerking voice of the captain was then heard.

"Mr. Smalley, you may take in the light sails."

"Ay, ay, sir;" and stepping to the mainmast, he called out:

"Forward, forward, sir. Stand by the top-gallant and jib halyards."

In a moment he heard the report, "Ready, sir."

"Let go the halyards and clew down; let go the sails and clew up; that'll do; belay all; now jump up and furl them; be lively lads."

While this was going on, the captain took another look at the barometer, and found the mercury still going down fast. Now thoroughly aroused, he caught his speaking-trumpet from the becket, and sang out:

"Hold on there! down from aloft, every man of you; call all hands."

Down came the men again.

"All hands ahoy," was called with great strength of voice, at both the cabin and the fore-castle gangways, and then followed one of those scenes which defy landsmen, but which any sailor understands. The topsails were close reefed, and a reef taken in the mainsails the jib and flying jib, and all the light sails were furled, and the ship made ready for the expected gale. But yet no breath of air had been felt moving, while an unnatural stillness and heaviness of the atmosphere was observed by all. Several of the seamen saw a dim, purple streak suddenly appear right ahead of the ship, and called out—

"Here it comes, sir."

"Where?" asked the captain.

"Right ahead, sir."

"Hard-a-port your helm."

"Hard-a-port it is, sir."

"Brace around the yards."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The yards then were braced around and the ship was got ready to receive the expected blast on the larboard side. The dreadful streak of cloud grew almost crimson; and there was heard what was thought was a heavy roar of the coming gale, and every man seemed to hold his breath awaiting the shock.— Good men and courageous sailors were on that ship's deck, but they shrank from the onslaught like frightened children. When God speaks in those storms his voice is awful to the ear, and many a strong man is quailed before it. And the storm itself is scarcely less trying to one's nerves than just before it strikes while men wait in dreadful suspense.

Thus those men waited to the minutes lengthened into hours, and the only change perceptible was in the deepening colour of that lowering cloud of crimson light. At length eight bells told that four o'clock had arrived, and daylight was looked for as those men with Paul looked for it when they "wished for day."

But the struggling light of day seemed only to reveal the thickness of the wandering vision. Just at daylight their ears were stunned with successive, quick reports, louder than a whole broadside from a hundred-gun ship, the whole heavens were lighted with a fiery red light—the ocean was stirred from her profound depths—great waves, without any visible cause, ran the most awful commotion, now striking together and throwing the white foam and spray into the air, then parting to meet again in fearful embrace as before; a school of sperm whales ran athwart the ship's bows, making every exertion to escape the troubled waters; within a few cable-lengths of the ship an immense column of water was thrown a mast-head high, and fell back again with a roar like Niagara; a deep mournful noise, like the echo of thunder among mountain caverns, was constantly heard, but none could tell from whence it came; the noble ship was tossed and shattered like a plaything.

"Great God have mercy on us!" cried officers and men. "What is this? What is coming next? It is the day of judgment! The royal Psalmist describes them accurately:—"They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end." Soon the mystery was solved, when right before their eyes, about one league from them, there arose the rough sides of a mountain out of the yielding water, and reared its high head in the air; then from its summit flames burst forth, and melted lava ran like a river down the declivity, and fell like a cascade of flame into the seething ocean. It was a birth-throe of nature, and an island was born that was miles in circumference.

Two years afterwards I sailed right over that place, but the placid water gave intimation that an island had been there, yet no man has said that he saw the death and burial of that land whose birth I have just chronicled. "They that go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters; those see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

SYSTEMATIC BENEFICENCE.—'I think,' said the Rev. John Brown of Haddington, 'this having a distinct purse for the Lord, is one of the most effectual means for making one rich. I have sometimes disposed of more this way than it could be thought I was capable of, and yet I never found myself poorer against the year's end.'

THE WORLDLY-MINDED PROFESSOR.

"He blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth."—Psalm x. 3.

If we go back to Gen. xiii. 5-13, we shall find two instructive sights; for we shall see one man uninjured by worldly prosperity, and another wounded almost unto death thereby. The one is Abraham the other is Lot, his nephew. You see Abraham, the uncle, nobly superior to worldly considerations and concerned about the cause of God, yielding up to Lot the rights of seniority, the honour of choice, and the advantage of independent action. You see Lot so overshadowed by the world and overmastered by it for a time, that to gain a little more he leaves godly society, and God's altar, to go into a region of rampant heathenism and unbridled lust! It was a pleasant region, no doubt; Zoar, and its river-watered plain from north to south, was like an Eden. Fulness of bread was there; there they planted and builded, and ate and drank; they took every enjoyment, any thing without scruple; and they were many in number, each helping the other, and all at ease and merry—a joyous spot truly! But "the men were sinners before the Lord exceedingly."

Professing Christian, do you let your thoughts and wishes go out towards the *plains of Sodom*, when you are resting on your bed, or walking on an evening, or casting your eye on a newspaper? Are your thoughts set on schemes for gaining more of the world? and for enjoying it deeper?

Does it seem to you easy to live amid the worldly? Do you see no great difficulty in accommodating yourself to their ways? Could you contrive to live in Sodom?

Are you often more vexed at the failure of a scheme, or at the loss of some money, than at being parted from the company of the godly? Lot was able to part with Abraham.

Do you sympathise with, and see great force in the arguments of, those who make excuses for going far into the world? Lot very likely said: "My family must be put on a good footing. There is no insurmountable barrier between wealth in Sodom and my salvation!"

Professing Christian, be afraid that you are following Lot, not Abraham, if you are grasping at more and more, always adding, and wishing to feel yourself rich and great.

If you are unwilling to diminish your abundance, though thereby you would escape great temptation and snares. Think, this was Lot's path's!

Are you ingenious in meeting the objections that godly friends advance, when they would fain persuade you to give away of your money and means to missions at home and abroad? Lot was no doubt an ingenious arguer, and skilful in repelling objections.

Do you choose a situation for yourself or any of your family without taking into account its spiritual advantages or disadvantages? Is it wages only you think upon? Do you make no inquiry as to the worship of God in the place? no question as to the companionship? This was the way of Lot! Alas! masters engage servants in this unprincipled way, and servants agree with masters, caring only for the body, not the soul, for this life, not the life to come. It is all the Plains of Sodom! the Plains of Sodom! Merchants send off their sons to India, South America, any heathen land on the face of the earth, if only they can thereby get gain! It is the Plains of Sodom all over!

You are in Lot's way if you never practise self-denial. If you do only what you like, if you undertake only such duty as does not interfere with your comforts, if you give away only what you can easily spare, and speak about the "widow's mite" being accepted [when the truth is, she gave what cost her much], if you grudge doing or giving that which yields no present, visible return, you are on Lot's path.

Lot never grew in grace from that day. Lot was "vexed from day to day." Lot's family became loose, and were soon ruined, two of his daughters marrying Sodomites, and the other two acting like Sodomites, and his wife perishing with the Sodomites. Lot lost all his property, and reputation, and honour too. See him in yonder cave! cowering in terror! a lightning-struck tree, or blasted trunk on the hill-top, barely living!

Can you live thus, and yet use the blood of Jesus? Can you live thus and yet glo-

ry in Christ's righteousness? Can you live, and stand before the cross at the same time? Can you so live, and lean on the Beloved? Can you enjoy fellowship with the Holy One? Can you sing His praises? Can you meditate on His law day and night? Can you follow fully Him who had no where to lay his head? Can you be living with your conversation in Heaven whence we look for the Saviour? Can you be crying—"Come quickly, Lord Jesus?" Nay, nay; a worldly-minded professor cannot articulate an affirmative answer to any of these questions. Awake, then! return! Sell all, and buy the One Pearl now at last. Cut off that right hand, pluck out that right eye, and enter the kingdom of heaven!

CHRIST EVER PRESENT.

"Lo! I am with you!" That farewell saying has lost none of its comfort. "I am"—that little word embraced every one of us! I am—Jesus looked down the vista of eighteen centuries. His eye, perhaps, was on some lone spirit left to the mercy of the storm, and still he says, "O, thou of little faith, wherefore art thou cast down?—dry thy tears, dispel thy misgivings. Lo! I am with you."

'Tis a blessed assurance amid much that is changing here! Heart and flesh do faint and fail! Often our cisterns are scarcely filled when they break in pieces; our suns have scarcely climbed the meridian, when they set in weeping clouds; our fondest schemes are blown upon—our most cherished gourds withered. We seat ourselves in our homes, but there are blanks there; vacant seats tell the too truthful tale of severed links, and blighted hopes, and early graves. As age creeps on, we look around us, but the late companions of our pilgrimage are gone; noble forest trees, one by one, have bowed to the axe: the place that once knew them, knows them no more. But there is one surviving the wreck and ruin of all sublunary joys, changeless among the changeable—"Lo, I am with you"—and the "wilderness and the solitary places" are by that presence made glad.

Amid sacred musings over departed friends, when visions of "the loved and lost" come fitting before us like shadows

on the wall, how often do we indulge the pleasing imagination of their still mingling with us in mysterious intercourse, their wings of light and smiles of love hovering over us; delighting to frequent with us hallowed haunts, and reparticipate with our spirits in hallowed joys. This may, perchance, be but a fond delusion regarding others, but it is *sublimely true regarding Jesus*. When the gates of the morning are opened, swifter than the arrowy light. His footstep of love is at our threshold, and His voice of love is heard saying, "Lo! I am with you."

When the glow of health has left our cheek, and the dim night lamp casts its thickening gleam on our pillow, His unslumbering eye is watching us, and His lips gently whisper, "Lo! I am with you." When amid the awful stillness of the death chamber, gazing on the shroud which covers the hope of our hearts and the pride of our lives; oh! amid that prostration of earthly hopes, when unable to glance one thought on a dark future, when the stricken spirit, like a wounded bird, lies struggling in the dust with broken wing and wailing cry, longing only for pinions to fly away from a weary world to the quiet rest of the grave; in that hour of earthly desolation, He who has the keys of death at His girdle, nay, who has tasted death himself, and better still, who hath *conquered* it, draws near in touching tenderness, saying, "Lo! I am with you." I will come in the place of your loved ones. I am with you to cheer you, to comfort you, to support and sustain you. I, who once wept at a grave, am here to weep with you; I will be at your side in all that trying future, will make my grace sufficient for you, and my promises precious to you, and my love better than all earthly affection. The one is changeable, I am unchangeable—the one must perish, I am the strength of your heart and your portion forever—*Memories of Genesaret.*

"Come, Ye Blessed."

THERE is one word in this invitation, which gives new sweetness to all the rest. It is the word that begins it, "Come." Were our blessed Master when He calls us to heaven, about to take his own departure to some other world, who would not say, "O let me follow Him! I will joyfully give him up that splendid inheritance, and all my brethren and companions there, so that I may go and be with Him." Happy to some of us are the moments we spend now in his presence. The Wondering Jacob could talk at Bethel of "the house of God and the gate of heaven;" and cannot we do the same, brethren, wherever we are, when we feel that Christ is near us? If we really love Him, our heart's first desire is to see Him and be with him, and this He knows. The first word we shall hear from Him on His throne, will tell us that He knows it. He will say to us, "Come." And it will be from the fullness of His own heart that He will say it. No one in that multitude will so long to draw near to Christ, as Christ will long to have him near. He will lead His redeemed to their glory with greater joy than they will follow Him there. He goes to one world, and send them to another? No; He would mar His own happiness as well as theirs, if He did. He will go with them to the kingdom prepared for them, and there, as He sits down on His throne, He will say, "I will never leave you again. I told you that I would come again and receive you unto myself; and now farewell forever to all distance and separation between us. Where I am, there ye shall be also. We suffered together in that world which is perished; we will be glorified together in this. You know how that world treated me. I still bear in my body the marks of its treatment, and I rejoice to bear them for they will serve to remind you forever how I have loved you. And I know how it treated you. It was not worthy of you, but it cast you aside as the offscouring of all things. Here, at last we are where we are known. Here we shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of our Father."—*Rev. Charles Bradley*

Sabbath School Lessons.

July 21st, 1861.

ABRAHAM'S DREAM.—GEN. xiv.—1. 18.

1. The circumstances referred to in this lesson, occurred after the battle referred to in the previous chapter. See v 1. *The word of the Lord.* This is the first time this expression is used in scripture, and some suppose that Christ the word of God is meant. *In a vision.* We are not told exactly, what is the nature of the vision. "The prophets, when they received revelations of the divine will in a vision, seem generally to have had the exercise of their senses on outward objects suspended; though they were not asleep, yet the circumstances of the vision here recorded, do not indicate that this was the case with Abram, for the whole is related as a real transaction." *Fear not.* Doubtless, Abram was suffering from fear, fearing, probably, that the enemies whom he had exasperated might return with increased force and take vengeance. *Thy shield,* to protect thee against all thy enemies, be they ever so strong and numerous. *Thy exceeding great reward.* Who would compensate thee for thy disinterested contempt of wealth. But all temporal advantage seems to Abram of small consideration without children.

2. *The promise of children.* v 4, 5. It is evident that Abram was led forth early in the morning before the stars disappeared. From v 17, it is also evident that he spent the whole day till after sunset in religious duties, in receiving divine revelations and assurances. The number of his posterity was to be great, numerous as the stars. Glorious also as them. 1 Cor. xv. 40. Abram's faith in God's word, strengthened by past experience of God's faithfulness, grasped also at this promise. He was led to regard long delays as not denials. His faith was counted for righteousness, or in other words, reckoned for justification. Rom. iv. 3. Gal. iii. 6.

3. *To the promise of Canaan.* v. 7.—Abram asked for a sign, an external evidence that he would get it. This indicates want of faith in the simple word. God was pleased to prescribe a solemn sacrifice as the desired token. Certain animals were appointed, and as the ratification of a covenant between the Lord and his servant was intended, the animals were divided except the birds, (v, 10), because the form of covenanting required that the persons should pass between the part of the sacrifice. After Abram had prepared the sacrifices, he spent the rest of the day in watching them, and when the birds of prey attempted to devour them, he drove them away.

4. *The deep sleep.* Abram patiently waited on the Lord, and about sunset he was cast into a supernatural sleep. In the sleep he received important prophetic information concerning the future condition of his posterity.

The hour of *great darkness* was doubtless emblematic of their affliction and bondage in Egypt, and many of their subsequent calamities. The departure of the children of Israel is supposed to have been 430 years from the call of Abraham, but the birth of Isaac was 25 years later, and the prediction relates especially to him and his posterity. v 16.

5. *The furnace and lamp.* v 17. The smoking furnace and burning lamps represent the severe trials of Israel in Egypt, and their joyful deliverances. The Lord attested his acceptance of Abraham's sacrifices by the symbols of his presence passing between the parts of them. v. 17. In this manner God confirmed the promise of Canaan to the seed of Abraham, by a solemn covenant.

Learn 1. If a man has abundance of this world's goods, yet lacks one thing on which his heart is set, that lack neutralizes enjoyment. v. 2, 3.

2. That God will either grant the desire of them that fear him, or take the desire away v. 4, 5.

3. That God is a covenant keeping God.

July 28th, 1861.

OUR LORDS' DISCOURSE WITH NICODEMUS.—JOHN I 3.

1. NICODEMUS.—He was a Pharisee. v. 1. One of the members of the Sanhedrim v. 1. He must have been impressed by what he heard concerning Christ. v. 2. Afraid to commit himself, he went to Jesus by night. v. 2. The result of the interview referred to in this lesson, may be seen from his standing up for Jesus in the Council. John vii. 1. And in rendering the last honours to the body of the Crucified Redeemer. John xix. 39. He seems to have had too strong an appreciation of the world's good opinions, and not sufficiently decided to suffer for Christ.

In the opening of the interview, he said, *We know,* showing that he spoke for others also. *Thou art a Teacher.* He was ready to recognize Christ as a Teacher, but not further as King, neither as a prophet but only as an instructor divinely sent.

2. THE NEW BIRTH.—Nicodemus went to Jesus for instruction, and the first lesson taught was the necessity of being born again. v. 3. It was necessary to understanding the truths, or principles of the kingdom of God. v. 5. It was necessary further to entering the kingdom of God. v 5. He tells him that

It is not learning but life that entitles a man, to enter heaven, and that a man cannot learn till he lives. The Jews called the proselytes new-born who were received by baptism into the church into the Messiah's kingdom, as they claimed their church to be. True regeneration, however, lies not in any outward rite, but in a new birth. We are dead by nature. We can be alive only by being born again.

Of water and of the spirit. Baptism was the outward sign of embracing the religion of Christ, and where practical a condition of entering heaven. The baptism of the spirit was the great vital matter. True believers are born not of the flesh, (see Gen. viii. 21), but of God. v. 13. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? No man only the spirit of God can create a new spirit in us. Ps li. Eph. ii, 3.

3. *The necessity of a New Birth.*—Ye must. v. 7. The term for must, is literally.—*It is necessary.* This was a matter of wonder to Nicodemus. v. 7. It seemed so mysterious, so incomprehensible that he marvelled. Yet there are mysteries of wind, and weather, and climate as mysterious, as inexplicable to us. As the breeze bloweth where it pleaseth, not regulated or controlled by man, so the spirit of God is free. Philosophers say that a simple movement, such as the lifting of the hand causes vibration in the air which never end. If it be so, how can we understand the millions of secret influences that affect the wind, and in like manner how can we understand the time and manner of the spirit's influences.

The necessity of the new birth must be believed and experienced ere it can be understood. Nicodemus wanted to understand before he believed. v. 10. Jesus gave him his word alone as authority, v. 1. 12. Upon that he was expected to believe. The personal experience of a teacher or preacher, has, or ought to have considerable weight in enforcing the truths he advances.

Learn 1. That it is not enough to be connected by baptism or the Lord's Supper merely, we must be born again.

2. That it will not do to stop and ask how this and that can be. We must take God's word upon trust.

3. That the Spirit alone can recreate a soul, and there is a personal necessity to seek the Spirit's operation.

"It is not strength of body, natural courage, liberal education, bright parts, or sparkling genius, that can make a truly great man. Hence this seeming contradiction, yet sterling truth, *great men are not always great.*"—[Solitude Sweetened.

CHRIST IS ALL.

My heart is sick, my spirit faint,
My tongue speaks out in sore complaint,
My head, my feet, my eyes, my heart;
Unsoundness dwells in every part.

I rack my brain about some plan
To save the world and rescue man;
My wisdom fails—Heaven's light is shed;
I see the plan, Christ is the head.

Relentless poverty demands
The constant labour of my hands,
New sorrows still my plans defeat.
But Christ is strong; his work complete.

A doubtful path I tread, I groan,
To feel the snares around me thrown;
My eyes are dim, O sweet surprise!
My path is plain; Christ is my eyes.

Up yonder hill a path appears,
Which leads beyond the flow of tears,
My feet are lame, must I sit still?
Christ gives me feet; I'll climb the hill.

My head, my heart, my feet, my hands,
Can now respond to God's commands;
My tongue, once dumb to love and praise
Can sing redeeming love and grace.

GREAT INFLUENCE OF LITTLE THINGS.—
The man who wrote the four simple lines beginning with "Now I lay me down to sleep," seemed to do a very small thing. He wrote four lines for his little child. His name has not come down to us, but he has done more for the good of his race than if he had commanded the victorious army at Waterloo. The little fires which the good man kindles here and there, on the shores of time, never go out; but ever and anon they flame up and throw a light upon the pilgrim's path. There is hardly any thing so fearful, to my mind, as the mind reaching down into the coming ages, and writing itself upon the minds of unborn generations. We know not whose hand held the pen that wrote the Arabian Nights; but what a book! How few are the children who have not sat spellbound at the feet of that enchanter!—
Dr. Todd.

THE CRY OF DIVINE WISDOM.

BY BROWNLOW NORTH, ESQ.

Prov. i. 20-38.

These, my friends are the words of Him who so loved us that, when He was His Father's delight before the worlds were made, He rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth, and His delights were with the sons of men. When as yet there were no "worlds" and no "sons of men," He, foreseeing all that the sin, rebellion, and ingratitude of men would cost Him, was so full of love to our race, that "His delights were with the sons of men."

And this love of the Lord Jesus Christ was not the love of mere emotion; it was love "in deed and in truth," for it induced Him to leave the bosom of His Father to die for the objects of it; and that same love sends this message of warning and entreaty to "simple," "scorning," "foolish" men—He first addresses.

THE SIMPLE.—*How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?* Esau, who sold his birthright for "a mess of pottage," was a very "simple" person. Do you not think so? Have you never thought—"I would not have done what he did?" Have you not also frequently thought—"If I had been in the place of the Jews, I would not have crucified the Lord Jesus Christ?" But if you consider that Esau was very "simple" to sell his birthright, and the Jews very wicked to demand the crucifixion of Jesus, what do you think of those (perhaps yourselves) whose hearts tell them that they have hitherto been loathing and rejecting Jesus, and selling their eternal inheritance for that which will appear to them at death and the judgment-seat of Christ as paltry, little, and unimportant as Esau's "mess of pottage?" It is surely remarkably "simple" to barter your soul's everlasting welfare for the evanescent vanities of this "present evil world." Have you not been "simple" with respect to your eternal welfare, seeing that up to this hour you are unprepared to meet your God?—And were you to die to-night, what would all your worldly comforts, pleasures, and riches avail you?

Well, my dear friends, if any of you will confess to God, who sees the heart, hat hitherto you have been "simple" about

"spiritual things," I have a message from God to you: "How long, ye *simple ones*, will ye love *simplicity?*" The Incarnate Wisdom addresses you, and entreats you to believe in Him and become "wise unto salvation."

THE SCORNERS are also addressed. How long will "the *scorners* delight in their scorning?" How strange that any of us should dare to be "scorners" of the God of holiness and love, who made us, has preserved us, sent His Son Jesus to redeem us, and who shall one day call us into judgment! We are all immortal beings; and as surely as we shall be standing face to face with our great Judge at the last day! Oh that the good Spirit would even now enable you to realise these things, and to believe that God has sent a loving message to you! You have heard it many times, and, when earnestly implored to accept it, you have "scorned" in your hearts, if you did not venture to do so with your lips.—You have said in your heart that you could not bear the humbling terms of salvation, and you would not give up all for Jesus, and come out from the world and live entirely for the glory of God. You "scorned" the message of love. You wish to be delivered from hell; but you scorn a message which comes to you in these expressive words, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for *he shall save his people from their sins;*" or, in these world-crucifying words, "Who gave himself for our sins, *that he might deliver us from this present evil world,* according to the will of God and our Father." O dear brothers and sisters, if to do these things is "scorning," are there not many of you "scorners?" God tells you that you are, and yet He sends you a message of love, mercy, and forgiveness.

FOOLS are also included in the call of Wisdom—*How long will fools hate knowledge?* I would not dare to call anybody a fool; for Jesus has said that he who does so is in danger of hell-fire; but God himself, who knows all men, has frequently spoken of men as *fools*. He says, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Are you the person whom God calls a *fool*? Have you not often forgotten there was a God when you were committing sins? Does not all sinning proceed from a heart-attachment to the atheistic

creed, *There is no God?* Some of you may have committed sins before the all-seeing God which you would not have dared to commit with the eyes of a mere child resting on you; and, having acted thus, surely you are "the fools" who "hate knowledge," for, when sinning, "all your thoughts were, *There is no God.*"—There are some who would not have their "secret sins" exposed for a thousand worlds; and yet what "fools" to commit them! for "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." Were Jesus the Judge of all now to come to judgment, as come He will some day, you can only escape if the Bible is not true!

But mark again, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool;" and how many there are who do so! "A deceived heart hath turned them aside." Our hearts may have led us all different ways; but they have all been at one in this, that they have led us *away from God*. If we go on following the dictates of our own corrupt hearts to the end of life, what will it profit us though we should gain the whole world, when it is at the expense of losing our own souls?

You remember the rich fool in the gospel—the man who said to his soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry?" I believe that man was not so avaricious as many I have seen in the present day. I see men advanced in life so intent upon getting gain, that they will not now take as much time from business, for God and themselves, as in the days of their youth, when they had their fortunes to make, they took for their pleasures and their lusts. Now, what is said by Jesus of that rich and prosperous proprietor? "*Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?*" "So is he"—a God-pronounced fool—"that layeth up treasures for himself, and is not rich towards God." Are you "rich towards God?" Is the "Pearl of great price" your treasure? Is your treasure in heaven? Have you faith in God in opposition to the teaching of your own heart? Were you to die to-night, would you pass away rejoicing in Christ Jesus and exulting in the prospect of treasure in heaven,

or would you die in despair with God's brand of *Thou fool* burned into your awakened conscience? The words of Jesus are true, and He has said that every one is a fool who layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God.

But may not the message refer also to the *backslider!* Art thou not a fool? Yes, and yet God sends the message to you. He mentions you by your name.—It has happened to you according to the true proverb—"The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." But in Prov. xxvi. 11, I read it thus: "As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly." In mercy to you God still continues to call you by His gospel. He speaks in such loving messages as these—"Return, thou backsliding one, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful. Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you, Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings."

But, in close connexion with this class, there is another which is even more hopeless. Read Prov. xxvi. 12, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of the backsliding "fool" of ver. 11, than of the man of character, decency, religious profession, and sound creed; but of such an unsound heart that he thanks God that he is not as other men are, and regards himself as fortunate in having so clearly hit upon the golden mean between fanaticism and indifference, that he can go on comfortably serving God and mammon! The most hopelessly lost man upon God's earth is the man who is so "*wise in his own conceit*" that when God calls him to come to Jesus and get his "crimson" sins washed away in His blood, he refuses the invitation upon the self-righteous plea that he is not so bad as his neighbours!

Now, dear friends, you know perfectly well what sort of persons you are. You can have no difficulty in knowing your class. Whether, then, are you simple, scornful, foolish, backsliding, self-conceited, or real believers in Jesus Christ—men who are born again and become new creatures? Are you willing to count all things but loss and dung for the excellency of Christ Jesus your Lord? Are you willing to be-

come new creatures? Are you willing to become a *fool* that you may be wise?—Dear friend, you are truly rich if you feel your own worthlessness and the all-sufficiency of Christ. It is not natural for a good-living man to put himself on a level with publicans and harlots, and believe that he and they must be saved exactly in the same way—by the righteousness of Jesus—not by their own. But if any be “wise in his own conceit” in this matter, he must take God’s way, and become a fool that he may be wise. I am greatly afraid that thousands of respectable, decent, religious people will get an awful surprise at last when they plunge into the lake of fire; for millions are now saying, “Lord, Lord,” on the first day of the week, and worshipping the god of business all the remaining six days. Many a quiet, respectable man, who rather likes religion, but likes the world fully better, when he comes to die, will wish that he had loved and served the Lord Jesus Christ with as much fidelity as he had served his own god, for then he would have expired in the hope of going to his treasures of “durable riches,” instead of being obliged to leave all and enter eternity as a bankrupt. I long to speak an earnest word of warning in the ear of the worldly self-deceiver, that he may be saved. The man to whom I now address myself does not love to go into his chamber alone; he does not shut his door and go down on his knees before God; he does not realise that God is ever near to him; he does not say, “Search me and see if there be any wicked way in me,” and then, getting up from his knees, determine to follow the teaching of the Holy Spirit, though it should lead to the cutting off of a right hand and the plucking out of a right eye—yea, even to the loss of life itself, believing in the promise of God’s Word. My brother, you are full of the leprosy of sin, diseased from head to foot, and yet you are not aware of your loathsome condition; but to you my God says, “If any man among you seemeth to be wise, let him become a fool that he may be wise.”

The gracious word of Divine Wisdom to every class of sinners, as well as to every individual, is, “Turn you at my reproof;” and if you have any wish to do so, mark what encouragement He gives you when

He says, “I will pour out my Spirit unto you; I will make known my words unto you.” Then, turn now, if you have not yet turned, and God will have mercy upon you, and blot out all your sins for Jesus Christ’s sake.

May, 1861.

RIGHTLY DIVIDING THE WORD OF GOD.

The following from Spurgeon’s first sermon in his new tabernacle, contains thoughts worth considering:

It is an old and trite saying that the ministers of the gospel may be divided three kinds—the doctrinal, the experimental, and the practical. The saying is so often repeated that very few would contradict it. But it betrays at once, if it be true, the absence and lack of a something essentially necessary for the church’s success. Where is the preacher of Christ out of these? I propound this, that if a man be found a preacher of Christ, he is doctrinal, experimental, and practical. The doctrinal preacher generally has a limited range. He is useful, exceedingly useful; God constitutes him a barrier against the innovations of the times; he preaches upon his subjects so frequently, that he is well versed in them, and becomes one of the armed men about the bed of Solomon.—But suppose the doctrinal preacher should have it all his own way, and there should be none others at all, what would be the effect? See it in our Baptist churches about one hundred and fifty years ago. They were all *sound* and sound asleep. Those doctrines had preached them into a lethargy, and had it not been for some few who started up and proposed the missions for the heathen, and who found but little sympathy at first, the church would have been utterly inactive. Now, I would not be hard with any, but there are some men still whose preaching might justly be summed up as being doctrinal, and what is the effect of their ministry? Bitterness. They learn to contend not only earnestly for their faith, but savagely for it. Certainly we admire their earnestness, and we thank God for their soundness, but we wish there were mingled with their doctrine a somewhat else which might tone down their severity and make them seek the unity and fellow-

ship of the saints more than the division and the discord which they labor to create.

Again, I will refer you to the next class of preachers, the experimental. How delightful it is to sit under an experimental preacher! Perhaps of all ministers, this one is the most useful—he who preaches the doubts, and fears, the joys and ecstasies of the people of God. How often do the saints see the footsteps of the flock, and then they find the shepherd under the experimental minister, purely so—I mean, when all else is put aside to make room for experience? There is one school of divines always preaching the corruption of the human heart. This is their style. "Except thou be slayed alive by the law, except thou art daily feeling the utter rottenness of thine heart; except thou art a stranger to full assurance," and dost always doubt and fear—"Except thou abidest on the dunghill and dost scrape thyself with a potsherd, thou art no child of God." Who told you that? This has been the preaching of some experimental preachers and the effect has been just this. Men have come to think the deformity of God's people, to be their beauty. They are like certain courtiers of the reign of Richard III., who is said by history to have had a hump upon his back, and his admirers stuffed their backs that they might have a graceful hump too. And there be many who, because a minister preaches of doubts and fears, feel they must doubt and fear too; and then that which is both uncomfortable to themselves and dishonouring to God, comes to the mark of God's people. This is the tendency of experimental preaching, however judiciously managed. When ministers harp on that string and that alone, the tendency is either to preach the people into a soft and savoury state, in which there is not a bit of manliness or might, or else into that dead and rotten state in which corruption outswells communion, and the savour is not the perfume of the king's ointments, but the stench of a corrupt and filthy heart.

Take also the practical preacher; who would say a word against this good man? He stirs the people up, excites the children of God to holy duties, promotes every excellent object, and is in this way an admirable supplement to the two other kinds of ministers. But sit under the preacher; sit

under him all the year round, and listen to his people as they come out. There is one who says "The same thing over again, do, do, do, nothing but do." There is a poor sinner yonder just gone down the front steps. Follow him. "Oh" says he, "I came here to find out what Christ could do for me, and I have only been told that I must do for myself." Now this is a great evil, and persons who sit under such a minister become lean, starveling things. I would that practical preachers would listen to our farmers, who say it is better to put the whip in the manger than upon the horse's back. Let them feed the people with food convenient for them, and they will be practical enough; but all practice and promise, all exhortation and no sound doctrine, will never make the man of God perfect and zealous for good works.

But what am I driving at in bringing up these three sorts of ministers? Why, just this, to show you that there is one minister who can preach all this, without the dangers of the others, but with the excellence of the whole. And who is he? Why, any man in the world who preaches Christ.

The Price of a Soul.

There is a buyer in the markets of the world, whose name is never in the newspapers, and whose bids are never in the "prices current." Nevertheless, his business is widely extended, and pursued with ceaseless activity. He bargains in the open street. He walks boldly upon 'change—He glides into the dimness of the counting-house. He steps into the work-shop. He goes out upon the farm. The theatre, the ball-room, the race course, and the tavern, are all peculiarly the scenes of his most successful transactions. IT IS THE BUYER OF SOULS.

He has various prices in his infernal traffic. He bought a soul, in one case, for thirty-pieces of silver. He has bought some, we fear, for less. But for a larger price, for countless riches, for heaps that will shine and glitter in men's eyes, O how many have exchanged their souls. How many more for fame and applause, and the noisy breath of the multitude? And oh, how many more for guilty and transient,

unsatisfying pleasure; and for the sleep and dreams of wordliness.

We remember hearing the history of one exchange. Some years since, the writer sat in the midst of a deeply moved congregation. It was the middle of the week, but the Spirit of God was upon the hearts of the people, and they came willingly to the sanctuary of God. It was solemn without the walls of the church, for an ancient forest waved around it, and hard by the dust of our fathers was sleeping; and solemn, within, for God's spirit brooded over the vast assembly. A servant of Christ was addressing them, and well do I remember how the hearts of all were thrilled at the following narration:—

"A few years ago," said he, "there was living in one of our large cities, a young lady who was the only child of wealthy and worldly parents. She was fond of the gay pleasures of the city, and plunged into them with all the enthusiasm of youth.— Her gait, youth, and wealth were sure passports in the highest circles of fashion, and there she lived as though there was no higher world.

"While thus living in pleasure, she was asked one evening by a female friend to accompany her to the weekly prayer-meeting in a church in the city. There the spirit of God met her, convinced her of sin, and bowed down her heart in anguish at thought of her guilt. Her heaviness of spirit was soon discovered at home, and her parents were in consternation lest their beautiful daughter should leave the circles of pleasure for the service of God. They besought and commanded her to return to the gay world. They surrounded her with her fashionable friends. But there was a power above theirs at work, and she was stricken in heart. At last, those parents, actually bribed her to attend a large party of pleasure, by the gift of the richest dress that could be purchased in the city. Love of dress had been her besetting weakness. Caught in the snare of the devil, she consented—went to the festival, and returned without one trace of religious emotions. She had put out the light of grace.

"But the joy of the miserable parents was short. In another week their daughter was at the point of death, and the

physicians they summoned, in their alarm could only tell them there was no hope.

"When this was made known to the dying girl, she lay for a few minutes in perfect silence: Her soul seemed to be surveying the past, and looking into the future. Then rousing herself, she ordered a servant to bring the dress and hang it upon her bed. She next sent for her father and mother. In a few minutes they stood weeping at her side. She looked upon each of them for a time, and then lifting up her hand and pointing to the dress, said to each of them distinctly, and with a terrible calmness of despair, 'Father, Mother, there is the price of my soul!'"

Oh, how mad an exchange was that!— A precious soul for a dress! How infatuated those guilty parents! How full of fearful danger is the strife against the Holy Ghost.

Reader is there no danger, lest you, too, should be found in the end, to have followed the same course and should "die as a fool dieth?"

Are you bent more on the making of money than on the securing of your salvation, so that you give the exertion of days and weeks to the one, while you bestow scarcely a moment's thought upon the other? Then the money which thou makest or seekest to make, is the price for which thou art parting with thy soul!

Are you indisposed to seek after God, lest the doing so should deprive you of those worldly pleasures in which you take most delight, or should break the spiritual slumber which is your defence against unwelcome fears and equally unwelcome duties? Then, these pleasures,—that short sleep,—are the price of your soul!

Are you afraid to throw off your slavery to the world, and avow yourself as a disciple of the Lord Jesus, lest neighbors should mock, or ungodly friends should persecute you? Oh, tremble, lest in your unbelieving and suicidal weakness you should make the keeping of their favor THE PRICE OF YOUR SOUL!

“WE SHALL BE CHANGED.”

On one of our autumn days, during what we call our Indian summer, when the beaver and musk-rat do their last work on their winter homes, when the birds seem to be getting ready to wing themselves away to milder climates, when the sun spreads a warm haze over all the fields, a little child went out into his father's home-lot. There he saw a little worm creeping towards a small bush. It was a rough, red, and ugly looking thing. But he crept slowly and patiently along, as if he felt that he was a poor, unsightly creature.

“Little worm,” said the child, “where are you going?”

“I am going to that little bush yonder, and there I am going to weave my shroud and die. Nobody will be sorry, and that will be the end of me.”

“No, no, little worm! My father says that you won't *always* die. He says you will be ‘changed,’ though I don't know what that means.”

“Neither do I,” says the worm. “But I know, for I feel, that I am dying, and I must hasten and get ready; so good-bye, little child! We shall never meet again!”

The worm moves on, climbs up the bush, and there weaves a sort of shroud all around himself. There it hangs on the bush, and the little creature dies. The child goes home, and forgets all about it. The cold winter comes, and there hangs the worm, frozen through and through, all dead and buried. Will it ever “live again?” Will it ever be changed? Who would think it?

The storms, the snows, and the cold of winter go past. The warm, bright spring returns. The buds swell, the bee begins to hum, and the grass to grow green and beautiful.

The little child walks out again, with his father, and says:

“Father, on that little bush hangs the nest or house of a poor little worm. It must be dead now. But you said, one day, that such worms would ‘be changed.’ What did you mean? I don't see any change?”

“I will show you in a few days,” said the father. He then carefully cuts off the small limb on which the worm hangs, and carries it home. It looks like a little brown ball, or cone, about as large as a robin's egg. The father hangs it up in the warm

window of the south room, where the sun may shine on it. The child wonders what it all means! Sure enough, in a few days, hanging in the warm sun, the little tomb begins to swell, and then it bursts open, and out it comes, *not* the poor, unsightly worm that was buried in it, but a beautiful butterfly! How it spreads out its gorgeous wings! The little child comes into the room, and claps his hands, and cries:

“Oh! it is changed! it is changed! The worm is ‘changed’ into a beautiful butterfly! Oh, father, how could it be done?”

“I don't know, my child. I only know that the power of God did it. And here you see how and why we believe his promise, that we all shall be raised from the dead! The Bible says, it does not yet appear what we shall be; but we shall be ‘changed.’ And we know that God, who can change the poor little worm into that beautiful creature—no more to creep on the ground—can change us, our ‘vile bodies,’ and make them ‘like Christ's own glorious body.’ Does my little boy understand me?”

“Yes, father.”—*Rev. Dr. Todd, in S. S. Times.*

IF I AM LOST, I WILL SERVE GOD.—A Minister of the gospel had once, from intense mental application, lost his reason. Such was the delicate organization of that noble intellect that its powers for the time gave way, and his mind was shrouded in darkness.

Sitting one day with a beloved brother in the ministry, bowed down in gloom and despair, “I am lost!” he exclaimed in a hollow, mournful tone, “I am lost. I am going down to hell brother E——.” But presently a light shot a cross that darkened face. His eye brightened; he jumped from his chair. “What if I am lost; what if I do go to hell? *I will serve God there.* I will preach *Christ* to the lost spirits in hell.”

He had gained the victory. He had found *Christ*, and the power of the prince of darkness was destroyed. He is now again labouring earnestly and successfully in the vineyard of his Master, and a rich harvest of souls has been recently gathered through his instrumentality, to be, as we trust, his eternal crown of rejoicing.

Let us *forget self, live for Christ*, and leave the result to Him.

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