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THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

A good old New England deacon once said, "Brethren, I should like to make a few remarks before I begin:" and I should like to make a remark or two before I begin, before informing you that, if you had not been twice disappointed, I should have hesitated very much in coming before you, labouring under so severe and tough a cold as has almost prostrated me to-night. I am having the cold of the season just now: we generally have one or two in the course of the year that are very special, and I have one upon me now.

I come to you to-night, not with stores of learning, not with power to interest you in the literature of the country, or in science; but, if a heart that is warm towards the Young Men's Christian Association—if an intense desire to benefit the young men of this Association, of which I feel myself honored in being a member—if that will compensate for the want of other abilities—I stand on this platform second to no man. I wonder if all the lecturers before this Association have received as many communications as I have about their lectures. It would be very amusing if I should read to you the letters that I have received within the past month in reference to this address. Some are fearful that I shall give a teetotal speech; now I do not think a little teetotalism would do you any harm; and some are afraid that I shall not give a teetotal speech; now I consider there are some matters fully as important as teetotalism. But if I should follow the suggestions of all the letter-writers in reference to this speech, I should soon be nowhere at all. This afternoon I took a bit of paper, and I attempted to jot down some headings, but I came away and forgot them; but I do not know that if I had them they would do me any good; for the first time I ever attempted to use notes, before I had spoken five minutes, I so crushed them in my fingers, it was impossible to decipher them at all.—A gentleman seeing my name on your list, and reading the subject, "Power of

Example," said, "Why, what can you make of that? Why don't you take some other subject? Everybody knows that example is better than precept, and all you can do is to reiterate the same old story that everybody knows. It is better to say, 'do as I do,' than 'do as I say.' Now," he said, "What can you make of it?" I confess, that in undertaking a lecture on this subject, I can do but little more than illustrate a truth with which you are all familiar. It will be well for me to throw aside all idea of making a speech or giving a lecture, and say that which I believe is calculated to benefit young men; and just endeavour, by God's grace, to glorify Him by addressing you as a man to his fellow-men on an important and practical subject.

I speak to the Young Men's Christian Association. I do not know what writer it is—for I am not so well acquainted with literature as I might be—who says, "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" but it is a sentence which is often quoted, and quoted as being a very fine one. Now, if we mean honesty in the common acceptance of that term, it is not true; an honest man—a merely honest man in the common acceptance of the term—is not the noblest work of God; but the man who is honest towards God, and towards his fellow-men—in short, a Christian man—is the noblest work of God. I speak, I say, to Christian young men, and I believe that many of us are too much in the habit of looking at the duties of a Christian as confined to mere religious ordinances, and forget, or lose sight of, the fact that man is a social being, and that his religion does not render him less a social being. In the Bible, duties, commendations, promises constantly refer to the social life, walking with God and before God, as having to live with and before men in all the necessary associations of life, family relations, business relations, the social compact in which the Christian is not to be a mere cypher, but to bring into society a new

element, a power, leaven, salt, "Ye are the salt of the earth." As Christian men we are bound to make our religion the active governing principle of life, carrying it with us in the workshop, in the daily employment, in the social circle, in our politics, wherever we are called in the Providence of God to move or to act—being "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

I am to speak to-night more particularly of the example of Christian men, and of the power of that example. Now, there are some persons who, if we talk to them about their influence, will tell us, "I have no influence." I have heard men say, "I do not think I have any influence; if I thought I had any influence, I would do thus and so." Now, the idea of any man or woman without influence is an absurdity. You exert an influence, and you cannot help it. If you stand still, fold your arms, shut your eyes, close your lips—you exert an influence by the position you occupy—you cannot help it. Some persons have an idea that to exert an influence they must make a great noise, or they must do some great thing. We read in the Bible of Andrew, and when we read that when Jesus called Andrew, he followed him; but we do not read of many things that Andrew did. We do not read that he preached long sermons, or gave magnificent speeches, or gathered large crowds about him; but we read of one thing he did, "Andrew went and called Peter," and Peter stood up, and three thousand were converted in one day. I remember hearing that on the lake of Geneva they placed a bell on the surface of the Lake, close to the water's edge, for some experiment, and at every stroke of the bell there was a ripple and a vibration on the other side of the lake. Just so it is with you. There is a moral electricity connecting heart with heart, as the electric wire connects island with island. You cannot make a motion without exerting an influence. It is not, I say, the noisiest of us who exert the most influence; it is not those who are the most prominent that exert the most influence; there have been silent quiet influences that have told more than all the force and power that could be put forth. Professor Horsford tells us that the granite pile on Bunker's Hill, on a cloudy day, stands

solid, upright, and immovable; but on a bright sunny day, by the expansive power of the light, that mighty monument moves. It moves slightly, but it moves sufficiently to be detected by the sweep of a pendulum hanging from the inner centre of its apex to the stone floors, something over 200 feet below. Now I think we may use that as an illustration of your influence—quiet, silent influence, like the soft rays of light, will do that which a thousand men with heavy ropes, pulling and hauling with a great noise, never would have been able to accomplish. We, I say again, cannot live without exerting an influence upon our fellow-men every day; and to exert a good influence, or set a right example, there must be Christian consistency. The world expects it—the world looks for it; and while it may despise your religion, honors those who are consistent in the practice of that which they profess. In the United States, in some portions of the West, on the steamboats, and at hotels, they reduce the charge upon ministers of the gospel.—Ministers who are travelling will go to the captain, sometimes, and say, "I am a minister of the gospel," and they either refund his fare, or take something from it.—At the wayside inns, he will say, "I am a minister of the gospel," and they will make him pay accordingly. One minister, travelling, put up at a wayside inn, and when he came to pay his bill in the morning, he said to the landlord, "I am a minister of the gospel." "What!" he said, "a minister of the gospel!" "Yes," he said, "I am." "Well," he said, "when you sat down to your food, you gave no sign of being a Christian; when you went to your bedroom, I waited to take away the candle, and you gave no sign of being a Christian. No, my friend you eat like a heathen, you have drank like a heathen, you have slept like a heathen—now pay like a heathen. Now I say that the world likes consistency, and when it does not find it, to all the hatred and bitterness against the principle is added a contempt for the professor. A young man, an infidel, was travelling in the western part of the United States with a very large sum of money upon him, and he was conveying it from one town to another, across a very desolate district. He was in hopes of reaching a certain town before

night;—night came on when he was five miles away. He saw a light, and went to a log hut, and asked if he could find shelter for the night. A woman came, and said she guessed he could, that her old man was away, but that if he would put his horse up on the lee-side of the cabin he might come in. He came in, looked about him, was very suspicious—thought of his money—“What a place to rob me in!—what a place to murder me, and nobody to be the wiser of it.” And he sat there very uneasy, till the man came in, a rough-looking woodsman, a pioneer, or trapper. He gave him a sort of rough welcome; but looking, as these men will, furtively out of the corner of his eye, he seemed to take the measure of the young chap, and then talked with him, and gave him something to eat. He ate in fear and trembling, kept his hand on his treasure, very nervous, very anxious, very tremulous. The man said to him, “I will show you where you can sleep, sir.” He rose, all timid and trembling; he did not like the looks of it. “What a place that would be to murder a man! Oh dear!—my money and my life are in danger.” So he came and sat by the fire, and made up his mind that he would not go to bed that night.—The man urged him to retire. “It’s time to go to bed.” “Ah!” he thought, “time for you, but not for me.” He was going to sit up all night. “Very well,” said he, “young man, if you choose to sit here all night I shall not, and you certainly will have no objection to my doing that which I have been accustomed to do for many years, reading a psalm out of the best of all books, and asking God’s blessing upon us.” That very moment, infidel as he was, his fears were gone; he went to bed, and never thought of his money. And he was so impressed with it, that he wrote a letter to the newspapers renouncing his infidelity, because of the power of Christian example upon him on that occasion.

No amount of eloquence, talent, or profession will compensate for the want of a good example. Now I find a great many persons who engage in reforms, and consider that they are engaging in them heartily—but if you watch them, you will find that they go into these reforms just so far as it does not touch them personally. Now, we will take, if you please, the Sabbath

question. There are those who are in favor of upholding the sanctity of the Sabbath day. But some of these men—Christian men, too—seem to me sometimes to be preparing—or you will allow me, if you please, to illustrate what I mean, by an anecdote of a negro—and we get some of our best illustrations from homely life. A negro was hired by a Christian man as an assistant on his farm. This man was one of those who are always in favor of keeping the Sabbath, except when works of necessity demanded that there should be something done, and then he always quoted Scripture. But it was noticed that he was always preparing for Sunday work; and in haying time, he would always cut down a lot of grass on Saturday night, so that he could have an excuse for tossing the hay about in the morning, and shaking the dew off it. So he called this negro one Sunday morning, “Come, Cato, get up!” “Don’t want to get up, Sunday morning, massa; always lay a-bed Sunday morning.” “But get up, and get your breakfast.” “Don’t want no breakfast on Sunday morning, massa; rather lay a-bed than breakfast.” “But you must get up and help us to shake the dew off the grass.” “Don’t do no work on Sundays, massa; I didn’t hire out to work Sundays.” “Oh, but this is a work of necessity.” “Don’t see that, massa, at all; don’t see that it’s no work of no necessity.” “Well, but would you not pull your ox out of the pit on the Sabbath day?” “Oh, yes, massa; but not if I shoved him in on Saturday night.” You know I am very much afraid there is a good deal of this shoving in on the Saturday night. And let me tell you, young men of the Christian Association, the world looks at this, and the world makes its comments upon it. Are there none of you who would speak out bravely against that man’s using an excursion train to go into the fields on the Sabbath day, while you use the same agency to go from your own place of worship to hear a popular preacher? Now, is that consistent? You will oppose the general use of cabs on the Sabbath day; and yet you will take a cabman from one end of the city to the other, to hear a favorite preacher. Is this consistent?

You are opposed to Sunday trading.—So am I. I have just signed a petition to

Parliament to stop Sunday trading. But I only wish that instead of stopping that poor girl from selling her oranges—and I saw one of them last night, poor thing! just as I came out of Edith Grove; she was crying very bitterly; she had spread her oranges out, and was wiping the tears from her eyes—you know it was bitter cold last night. As I passed her I thought to myself, "There is trouble;" so I turned and said, "Well, my girl, what is the matter?" She said, "I have lost eightpence, and it is all that I have taken to-day." I said, "How much do you take, generally?" "Sometimes I take half-a-crown; last Saturday I was out from nine o'clock in the morning till ten at night, and I took two and fourpence half-penny." I said, "How much did you make?" "I made sevenpence, sir." I said, "Do you make a shilling a day?" "O sir, I wish I did; a shilling a day, sir! I do not make sixpence a day." I said, "It is rather a hard case—how did you lose your money?" She told me, and a very natural way it was. I gave her half-a-crown, and I said, "Have you had any dinner?" she said, "I never have any dinner; I never get anything to eat from the time I go out till the time I come home; but I will have some dinner to-day," although it was about seven o'clock in the evening. Now here is a girl twelve years of age, cold, shivering, and half naked, selling her oranges, buying them at three shillings a hundred, and selling them at two for three half-pence, and a half-penny or a penny apiece. Now, shall we sweep these poor creatures out of the streets on Sunday, while we do nothing to stop the traffic of the dram-shops, the gin shops, and the beer-shops on Sunday? Now, to be consistent, if we would crush the one we would seek, with all the power we have, to crush out the other.

I was riding in an omnibus from Edinburgh to Dunfermline one day, and a city missionary took his seat by my side. I said to him, "Now please don't say anything to me—please don't talk to me, for I am tired; I spoke in Edinburgh last night, and I have to speak in Dunfermline to-night—please don't talk to me or introduce me to anybody." A Frenchman came in; it was no use to tell him not to talk. So he began, and his conversation

was about religion, and I saw at once that he was a sceptic. The missionary said, "But you must acknowledge that now we are emphatically in a religious country."—"Yes," he said, "there is very much religion, very much religion, but very little Christianity." "Why, what do you mean by that?" "Oh! I will tell you, sare.—You have associations, you have ragged-school—very good! You have missionary associations—very good! You have association for the better observance of the Lord's day. Oh! now, sare, I go to the meeting for the better observance of the Lord's day, and there was one very big large gentleman there, very big large he was, and he make one very big large speech, sare; and I will tell you what he said," and I saw the Frenchman began to get excited—"he said, 'ladies and gentlemen, look at France! Now France is my country, sare, and what for he tell the people, look at France! He said, 'Look at France; God has trod France under his foot,'—what for he say that? He say he have trod him under his foot, sare—what for he say that? because he say France have trod under his foot the Sabbath day. I know very well the people of Paris go for their amusement; they go for their recreation, they go to theatre, to ball, to Versailles, and go into the garden; they go to dance, they go to have their grand amusement and enjoyment sare. I know that; but what business had that man to tell the people that because the Frenchman seek his enjoyment on Sunday, that God had cursed him, sare; when that very man that say that keeps twelve men to work in his distillery all day Sunday? You may call that man very religious, but I do not understand it; in my opinion, sare, he is one very large hypocrite. Because he says it may be very bad to go into the fields on Sunday; it may be very bad to go to the theatre; but which is the worst, to take God's beautiful grain, what he gives us for nourishment, and kill him, and take all the good out of him, and make him all rotten, and then when he putrefy, make an agency, sare, that burns men's bodies and souls? Sare, I am not a teetotaler, I drinks my wine; but whisky!—and he makes whisky on Sunday—any man that do that, and tell the people that France is trod under foot because it does

not keep the Sunday is, in my opinion, a very great hypocrite." Now the world will judge of these things; what we want then, as Christian men, is consistency.

There is one point that I should like to bring before young men; it is just this (my address will be a very desultory one)—As Christian men we should be careful that we use no levity in speaking of the word of God: the world expects that the Christian man will treat the word of God with reverence, and all jesting and joking on passages of scripture are exerting an influence that will work perhaps when you have forgotten all about them. When I was a boy I remember this. I was thrown in the society of those who I won't say ridiculed the Bible, but who related such comical stories and made such curious conundrums out of the Bible, that there are many passages to-day that I cannot read without the whole thing being brought before me, and making me feel uneasy and annoyed at it. If the Bible is God's revelation to man, let us handle it reverently, let us handle it tenderly. Young men, whatever you may do, treat not the word of God with levity, nor make a joke on sacred things. (This point is only just as it might be by the way.)

My address was to be, as you know, upon the power of example, and you may say, perhaps, "Well, you have not spoken much about that, you have been talking to us about the power of our influence. Well, it is the power of influence, or the influence of example, that I would speak upon. Who is the hero? Who in trouble, in disaster, is the hero? It is the Christian man; and there his example shines out with honor and with radiance. It is the Christian man. In the steamer "Atlantic," plying between Norwich and New York, whilst tossed about that long night between Norwich and New London, with the steam chest exploded, and all in confusion, the rudder ropes burnt away, and she drifting without a particle of sail on board, or anything to help her—there were sceptical men there: there were ungodly men there; there were men of business there: wealthy men were there, and some of them were offering thousands and thousands of dollars to any who would save their life—they gave no comfort to any; they gave no strength to any; but there

was one grey-haired man there, a feeble man, Dr. Armstrong, of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and while he worked with all his might when there was any hope, when they felt that they must drive on shore and the ship must go to pieces, that grey-haired man looked calm and quiet, not like a Stoic, but with the strong faith of the Christian. And they came to him for comfort; every eye was fixed on him; he was the example; they clung to him in that hour of danger, and when he said, "Let us pray," women sobbed, and strong men bowed themselves while the Christian hero, who had been first in working for safety while hope remained, lifted up his voice in prayer, and then, as a noble example of an heroic faith and confidence, waited the dread result with the patient quietness of a Christian. It is the Christian man that the infidel looks to in time of trouble or in time of distress. It is he—ay, look to him; he becomes the hero. Why?—by the power and force of his example.

Let us suppose a shipwreck; a terrific sea, a mighty hurricane; and those in the village are full of alarm; they hear the gun that tells of the distress; they go down to the beach, it is an awful night—it is a terrific night; they see the blue lights that reveal to them the ship in distress, with men clinging to the masts and to the shrouds, and hear the cry of passengers upon the deck. They bring down the boat, but it is such a terrific surf that no one will venture: one thinks of his wife and children, another of his old mother, another thinks of his brothers and sisters. There is the boat—there is the wreck—no one dares to launch that boat, there is so much danger. Another gun—another blue light—there! there! It is too much for them; one young man steps forward and leaps into the boat. "I will go—who will follow me?" At that moment there is a press forward, and every man is ready to take the oar. Who is leader of those men? The volunteer. The volunteer by the tacit consent of all stands at the helm; he orders them to pull at the starboard oars and at the larboard oars; his eye is fixed upon the wreck. He is the master of the expedition, and when the passengers are safe, and all brought ashore again, he, the hero in that fearful strife

with the elements, is the most modest man of the company. Just so with the Christian man; he is the hero in the struggle, he is the modest man when earthly rewards are to be showered upon those who have done services for their fellow-men.

(To be continued.)

"THE TABLE OF THE HEART."

At places of public resort, such as the summit of a lofty mountain, or the site of some famous monument, you may see tables of wood or stone or level turf. All over them inscriptions have been chiselled so thickly, that you could not now find an unoccupied spot to plant a letter on. The characters are various: some old, some new, some well-formed, some irregular scrawls, some mere scratches on the surface, which a winter's storm will wash out, some so deep that they will be legible for ages. As to matter, some are records of personal ambition, others a spurt of thoughtless jollity, others the date of some great event; some are profane, and some obscene. The table lies there, the helpless recipient of ideas, good or bad, that stray comers may choose to impress on it.

I have thought, as I looked on the Babel-like confusion, that the heart of man, which the Bible calls a "table," is like one of these common public receptacles. In youth it is particularly soft, and affords an inviting material for every adventurous sculptor to try his hand upon. It often lies exposed, and receives the accidental impressions of every passer by. Many legends of mere emptiness have been written on it, and were thought innocent; but there they are, at life's latest day, taking up room, and doing no good. Some impure lines have been early carved in, and now they will not out, even where the possessor has been renewed, and learned to loathe them.

Parents, set a fence round your children; youth, set a fence round yourselves. Perhaps you may have seen one of these monumental tablets suddenly enclosed, and a notice exhibited over the gateway, doing all men to wit that, "whereas some evil disposed persons have imprinted vain and wicked words on this table, it has been surrounded by a strong fence, and hence-

forth no person shall be admitted to write thereon except the owner and his friends. Go thou and do likewise. Warn, ward the intruders off. Reserve that precious tablet for the use of the King its owner, and those who will help to occupy it with His character and laws.

The duty of parents is clear, and their encouragements are great. Watch the young. Stand beside that soft receptive tablet. Keep trespassers away. Insert many truths. Busily, fill the space with good, and that too in attractive forms. This is the work laid to your hand. Work in your own subordinate place, and the Lord from above will send you the blessing down.—*Arnot.*

"NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING WIN."

To the timid and hesitating, who should, though at some risk, be up and doing, we say, "Nothing venture, nothing win." For if there is, in the concerns of this life, a presumptuous rashness, there is also an unwise caution. Every merchant and trader, however cautious and careful, must risk something in order to carry on his business, or acquire a fortune. Though the speculation be reckoned quite safe and good, there is always some hazard attending it, often more than is suspected.

But in dealing with Christ, and accepting Him as a Saviour, there is neither loss nor risk of loss. The sinner is called to venture his all on Jesus, and to win salvation. If he makes no such venture, so far from winning anything good, his loss will be certain and dreadful. Then let him, in this matter of life and death, act wisely and trust in Christ for everything. "I just *lippen* to Him," said an old Scotch woman, speaking of her trust in the Saviour. So should the sinner, in danger of utter bankruptcy and eternal ruin, venture his soul upon the word of Jesus, trusting that Saviour for everything, and counting upon the unspeakable gain of eternal life.—By believing in Christ he loses nothing, but wins everything.

Here, then, sinner, is a venture which is infinitely the best in this world, which it is your duty and should be your happiness to make. Make it at once, and heaven is your gain; trust in Christ, and win salvation. But remember that there is no heaven, no salvation, without true faith, without a venture of the right kind. In this highest matter, as in others of less moment, we may say, "Nothing venture, nothing win."

A POOR BOY'S HISTORY.

"Tom, I have known you some time, and long to hear your history," said a kind-hearted Sunday-School teacher to one of his scholars.

"Well, sir, I was born in Glasgow some eighteen years ago. I am a soldier's son; disease abroad killed my father, and the cholera took away my mother. In one year my three sisters and I were made orphans, without a penny, and scarcely a friend. My sisters found employment in the neighbourhood where we lived. I went to live with an uncle—a man without a heart. Oh, sir, he was ill, ill to me! After a few years I saddened, and sickened under his care, and at last ran away.

"With a companion, Charlie Brunton, I resolved to visit England. We set out, meeting our expenses by working from town to town. After six months, we found ourselves within fifty miles from London. Here I separated from Charlie, who found regular employment, and I did not. On the day we parted, we spent the afternoon and evening together, and separated at midnight, under a tree, in silence.

"Ah! Charlie, before you and I meet again," I said, "we'll know both sides of a shilling." Our arms were round each other; we stood speechless, and tore ourselves asunder.

"So ragged and wo-begone was I now that I was refused work. As I passed along the road, people stared and whispered; I felt I was suspected. Worst of all, sir, I was reduced from working and travelling to begging and travelling. My spirits, like lead, sank to the bottom of my heart. Well do I remember sitting under a hedge to eat the crust I had not earned, calling upon death to finish the ball. I knew enough of my Bible to believe suicide was sin, and that the rope and the river were not always the shortest cuts to happiness. My conscience would not let me murder myself; and at that time, to me the cross of Christ was unknown. I was pained at the heart, and I seemed to move in thick darkness. I was in despair, with only courage and reason enough left to finish the twelve miles between me and London.

"After a sleepless night, without one bit of cheer, one ray of hope, I took the road, believing that in the evening body and soul would finish their acquaintance on the pavement of the city. I arrived late in the evening at the west end of Oxford-street, and I spent the night out of doors. I was forced to beg, so as to get a crust and a few coppers, and was able to pay three pence for a night's lodging in one of our cheap lodging-houses. May God keep me, sir, out of those dens all

the rest of my life. They are worse, these places, than you can conceive; they would make the wickedest worse than they are. Men and women lying all of a heap, drinking, swearing, and snoring in all directions; two or three tallow candles stuck in bottles at intervals round the room; and the walls glittering with moisture. My circumstances were now dreadful. I saw I must become a thief if I remained there and have any peace. Sir, I have fallen into many sins in my time, but I am not a thief—never was."

Here his manner and aspect commanded the deepest respect, and almost instant belief.

"Such an assembly met there one night, sir, that I rose from the fire and walked out; the street, sir, was heaven to it. I stayed out all night and caught cold, and was seized with ague. I thought I must surely die. In this condition I crawled down to London Bridge; I sat and trembled in a corner; I asked nothing; the crowd passed on. Towards five in the afternoon, a gentleman turned aside, asked me a few questions, and gave me a shilling. He took out his card, and wrote the address of the school you found me in on the back of it. There I was received and sheltered for a day or two.

"I gradually got better, and took to street work again, and was able to earn a little—enough to keep me in bread and humble lodgings. That gentleman's card let daylight in upon me. I now became a regular attendant in Miss L——'s Sunday class, and much good I have gotten there. The sour feelings towards men, and the harsh ones towards God's providence, which sprang up in me during my trials, wore away; I felt happier, somehow. It's hard to hate, sir. It makes one miserable—just like having a live coal in the palm of your hand. Yet I was no holier in my heart. All that dear lady used to tell us of Jesus did not move me; and I am sure of a Sunday night she used to drag her whole class to the very foot of the cross.

"I again turned ill, was unable to work, and was once more out of a home. I was so ill, that I was again compelled to ask for shelter beside the school stove. That very night you came on a visit to it. That was a night of nights to me. At that school stove I was joined by a companion—one of my Sabbath-class fellows. We sat together: he was sad, and I was sadder. That night, however, he seemed softer in his manner than he used to be, and spoke often of the Bible. We bewailed our fate. I said I was becoming hopeless and heartless; he made no reply, and I stared into the fire. At length, looking me full in the face, and laying his hand on my shoulder, he said—

" 'Tom, do you know I intend to put God to his word to-morrow?'

" I did not understand him. He said—

" 'Do you remember that Lesson of Miss L——'s two Sundays ago, about prayer? I can't get it out of my mind. She said so often and so earnestly, and looked at us so, "Lads, God hears and answers prayer." Now we have been nearly this whole day without bread; and she said the very ravens, when hungry, asked, and got answers, too. Now, if I live, Tom, I'll pray to God to-morrow.—Do you pray?'

" I was silent; but my conscience answered, No. Here he looked earnestly up in my face, and said—

" 'Will you join me?'

" So sincere did he look, for my life I could not say, No. After a little more talk, we stretched ourselves upon the bench, and fell asleep. The morning bell rung: we started up, washed, and were turned out for the day. When we reached the bottom of the stairs, the morning was raw, cold and very dark.

" 'Now, Tom, do you remember your promise?' whispered a voice beside me. 'You said you would.' My companion was at my side.

" I demurred. '*There was no place.*'

" Pointing to one of the dry arches, 'This will do, Tom; come on,' he said. In he went, and I followed. Having reached the far end, he fell on his knees and burst into prayer.—The exact words I can't remember, but it came from his heart. The burden of it was, BREAD, WORK, AND PARDON.

" We both came out; we wiped our eyes; we had been crying. I had not opened my mouth, but I remember saying, as I grasped his hand, 'Now for it.' We turned down the street in the dark, and at the bottom took our stand, hungry, quiet, and waiting. We felt as if watching an experiment. Time wore on; there was nothing on the move.

" 'I fear,' said I, 'we are two bad uns; we are not to be heard.'

" My companion replied, 'Wait, Tom, wait; we cannot command God.'

" This shut my mouth; we stood in silence. An hour had passed away. But, Sir, I was wrong; God *does* hear and answer prayer. A little man, in great haste, came up to us, and said, 'Carry this bag for me to Euston station,' and laid it down. My companion shouldered it, and I supported it from behind. We arrived at the station, he threw down two shillings and disappeared. We grasped each other's hand, we looked each other in the face, and not a word we spoke. At last I said—

" What fools are we to be running at men's

heels and cringing for coppers, when God is so liberal. I'll doubt his word no more.'

" We spent the day by ourselves; that day Jesus tied our hearts to himself. And now, sir, this day I am here; from that hour I have had bread, a coat, and a home. I believe it will be so to the end."

Mr. Fergusson, who narrates the circumstance in his interesting work, entitled "Life's Byeways," says, in closing, "They both now adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour.—Tom is at the *head* of the warehousemen of the firm to which I introduced him. His companion is a shoemaker in a neighbouring village."

The kind word, the shilling, and the card of the school, were the means, in the providence of God of bringing this youth to Christ, and of saving him from ruin. Let us employ similar means, and God may bless us with similar results.

APOSTLES PETER AND JOHN.

Altogether, there is surely more congeniality of natural temperament between Peter and John, as well as more agreement in their spiritual experience, and in the progress of their faith and love, than is often supposed. For there is a vague notion respecting John, that a certain unmingled sweetness and mild amiability of character, distinguished him as the disciple whom Jesus loved. He is regarded very generally as a man of soft and sentimental, and almost feminine tenderness, having in his composition something of what David, as we have seen, attributes in his lamentation to Jonathan, when he says—"Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." That John should even be compared with Peter, or placed on the same footing, may seem to some offensive; so much are they accustomed to conceive of Peter as a hard, common-place, every-day sort of character, the very opposite of the refined, and somewhat romantic, ethereal, and transcendental quietism which they are pleased to ascribe to the gentle spirit of John. There is an idea, also, that the writings of John, like himself, breathe only mildness, suavity, and serenity; those of Peter being comparatively rugged and harsh.

Now, we are far from denying that there was a real difference between them. It is brought out both in their manner of acting, and in their style of writing. Peter evidently was a man of a more practical understanding and active temperament than John; inquisitive alert, hasty; expert in the use of argu-

ments: prompt in deciding and speaking; ready for emergencies, and fertile in expedients. John, again, was of a deeper and calmer, and perhaps slower, mood; swayed more by inward emotional feeling, than by mere reason or external impulse; deliberate, therefore, rather than abrupt, and not fluctuating, but uniform and consistent. Still, there is in both the same under-current strong and clear, of warm and even passionate devotion; frank, unselfish, single-eyed;—only it seems as if, in the one, the stream met with more eddies, rocks, and cross currents—while, in the other it ran in a less broken channel.

Their respective writings, if carefully studied together, might bear out this comparison. John, indeed, in his epistles, seems to know no theme but love, and in his gospel he opens the very heart of the loving Saviour; while Peter's letters turn more on the business of the Christian life;—its hard work and its rude trials. But where, in all the Bible, are there more enthusiastic outbursts of tenderness than that of Peter;—"Whom, not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory?"—(1 Peter, i. 8.) Nor is this a solitary example, for many other similar instances of sublimity might be quoted. And as to John, if severity, wrath, and terror are to be found anywhere in God's word, let the beloved disciple's writings be searched for such qualities.—Not Peter's sword cutting off the ear of the high priest's servant is sharper than John's rebuke, when he indignantly denounces the pre-eminence-loving Diotrophes, and debars every heretic from the house and home of a believer, and forbids any to pray for the unpardonable sin.—(3 John 10; 2 John 10; 1 John v. 16.)

The truth is, there is a fallacy abroad, and an ingenious self-deception is practised by certain minds, in the distinction they would fain draw between the milder and more amiable apostle, and him whom they put aside as "made of sterner stuff." It is like the preference some affect to give to the gospels above the epistles, or the New Testament above the Old, or the gentleness of James above the hard sayings of Paul. It is like what we sometimes see in common life;—a worldly man attempting to set off the meekness of a retiring saint against the fire and fervour of a hard-fighting soldier in Christ's host. He is partial, it seems, to what is serene and sweet. He loves repose, and dislikes all that looks like haste, or hurry, or violence. If Christianity were all modelled after the pattern of a weeping Magdalene or a mystical Madonna, it might be tolerable. But your

men of rude speech and action break the spell and dissolve all the charm.

It is a most suspicious compliment, however, that these would be Christians pay to the devotees they profess to admire. For themselves, they are but seeking, like those of whom the children in the market-place complained, to cast the blame of their rejection of the Gospel on something wrong in the manner of presenting it, and not on what they are conscious is the real cause—its deep distastefulness to their own evil hearts of unbelief. And, as regards the style of piety which they pretend to honour at the expense of what really disturbs them more—they little understand how entirely at heart Peter and John understand and sympathise with each other, and are in everything at one. For surely, if there be in Peter any of the uncompromising, rugged, stubborn, sternness, which his name of the rock might indicate; there is a fire in John's bosom, and a bolt in his hand, that amply justify his appellation of a son of thunder.—*Dr. Candlish.*

GREAT RESULTS OF PRAYER.

Benjamin Scott, Esq., the excellent chamberlain of London, in an impressive address at the opening of the week of prayer, grouped together some of the occurrences since the setting apart in 1860 of the opening week of the year for the united prayer of Christians throughout the world. He stated that "for the amelioration of the condition of the human race, for the removal of obstacles and hindrances to its elevation and progress, for the opening of doors of usefulness and evangelization there have been no such three years since the world began as the years which have witnessed so much united and intercessory prayer." In proof of this encouraging statement, he refers to the fact that China, hitherto hermetically sealed, has unexpectedly been opened to foreign ambassadors, to trade, travellers, and missions; that Russia has unexpectedly emancipated her serfs; that Austria has broken the concordat with the Pope, and extended toleration to her Protestant subjects; that a large portion of Italy has been set politically free, and now enjoys free worship, a free Bible, free schools, free colportage; that the slaves in the Dutch colonies have been emancipated; that the laws against the slave trade have been enforced in the United States; and

that Christianity in Madagascar, so long persecuted, has risen to a fresh and glorious life.

Such a catalogue of blessed results may well encourage the faith of christians in the readiness of their prayer-hearing God to fulfil his promise. "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it," while it should keep them on the earnest watch for his gracious answers to their prayers. It may be true, as Mr. Scott says, that the church "has treated prayer too much as a duty to be practised, a form to be observed, a privilege to be enjoyed in bringing the believer nearer in communion to God. It has not yet risen to the fact that prayer is an infallible divinely appointed conductor to the church and the world.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

This love of God, giving Himself, giving Himself first, giving Himself without reserve, you will see it everywhere, and always, if you have eyes to see; but would you see it perfectly manifested? Follow the apostle of love to Golgotha; for before the cross he wrote what I have read to you.

Some one has said: "In creation, God reveals His hand; in redemption, He gives us His heart." Without doubt this antithesis is somewhat forced; I claim more in favor of the human soul, in the beatings of the maternal heart, in the precious fruit of the fruitful seasons, even in the satisfied hunger of the little birds. The Saviour God is no other than the Creator God, and redemption could lavish upon us no more love than the creation held enclosed from the beginning. But it is very true that the manifestations of God's love in creation pale before those which we have in redemption, as the stars veil themselves during the light of day, without in reality yielding to it.

If we only look upon everything with the eye of a Christian, all will speak to us of the love of God. We shall then comprehend, in its highest sense, that beautiful maxim of the "Imitation:" "All creatures will teach you how to live, if you have a right heart. They will be to you a book, in which you will find only holy lessons."
—*Adolph Monod.*

PLAINNESS IN THE PULPIT.

A man who cannot make things plain, is not qualified to fill a pulpit. First of all, let the preacher think out his subject so thoroughly, that his ideas shall lie clear and distinct, like crystals, in his own mind; and then let him remember that a "straight line is the shortest distance between two points," and speak accordingly. What right has he to use an involved and tortuous manner, when declaring the great things of God—"darkening counsel by words without knowledge?" What right has he to come before plain people in a strait-jacket of professional dignity, and talk of "volition," instead of will, "intellectual processes," instead of thinking, and "moral obligation," instead of duty and the like, as if the very use of language were, as Talleyrand suggests, "to conceal one's thoughts?" What right has he to give his hearers the hard stone of metaphysics, when they are dying for the bread of heaven? What right has he to bring forward profound disquisitions and curious speculations, when the command is, "Preach the preaching I bid thee?" And what right has he to hide that Christ whom he is to make known amid flowers of rhetoric, as Verelst, in his portrait of James II., virtually hid his majesty in a profusion of sunflowers and tulips? When the late young preacher, Erskine Hawes, was dying, he said, "I wish to live to preach the Gospel more simply." How many at death's door have felt as he felt!
—*Dr. H. C. Fish.*

MEANS OF SUCCESS.

There is much of instruction in the following brief statement. In the present cry after able ministers, there is fear lest there be neglect of those spiritual gifts without which learning, philosophy, and eloquence are but sounding brass or tinkling cymbal:

Shepherd was greatly distinguished for his success in preaching. When, on his deathbed, he said to some young ministers who were present, "The secret of my success is in these three things:

"1. The studying of my sermons very frequently cost me tears.

"2. Before I preached a sermon to others I derived good from it myself.

"3. I have always gone into the pulpit as if I were immediately after to render an account to my Master."

CRYING PRAYER.

Oh the power of crying prayer! "He cried the more a great deal. Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me." "And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called." Yes, yes, crying prayer stops Jesus on a journey. "He stood still."— Ah, such prayers are sweeter to his ear and compassionating heart than songs of angels. To listen to them, he stands still.

What a sight is here: a waiting Saviour, and an excited, running, suppliant beggar! Jesus, God, stands still to hear the request of the way-side beggar. At this moment what feelings of hope, desire, and anxiety were the beggar's and what sympathy and compassion were the Saviour's, "Such a High-Priest become us." O, love divine, that gave to man such a Saviour! And to the crowd what a moment of intense anxiety was this. Jesus standing still to hear the crying prayer of a way-side beggar, while he anxiously pressed his way through the throng to Jesus. What a moment of suspense to the beggar, the crowd, and to the angels, was this. What thoughts were theirs.— Earth and Heaven sympathized in the scene, and waited in breathless anxiety to know the end, when the compassionating voice of Jesus fell on their ears in the inquiry made of the beggar, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" The answer was ready: "Lord that I may receive my sight." The cure was at hand and immediate: "Jesus said unto him, Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole; and immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way."

The Saviour put a blank into the beggar's hand to fill up. What wilt thou?— Write, speak, ask what thou wilt, and it shall be done unto thee. My love, my pity, my compassion and my power, myself are at thy command. What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? Amazing grace! What a Christ is ours! How will he sustain his title "mighty to save." For such a Saviour, to God what debtors are we!

Nor has he changed since then, but to-day is the same, ready to hear and able

to help all who offer him crying prayer. Cry aloud. Press forward, nearer, nearer, on, on to his feet, his side, all ye who are ready to perish; already ye possess the pity of his heart. "Arise, he calleth thee," to receive blessings greater far than this beggar asked of him: pardon and eternal life, sonship of God. a throne in heaven, a crown of glory. "Arise, he calleth thee."—*Am. Messenger.*

 "GREAT THINKERS,"

(SO CALLED.)

Philosophy and wisdom are not always convertible terms. And I must confess there are few things that have of late annoyed me more, on account of its mischievous tendency on the minds of young inquirers after truth, than our having men characterized, and held up to admiration, as "the greatest thinkers of their own or of any age," whose thinking has only served to conduct them into the twilight of scepticism, or into the thick darkness of Atheism. A great thinker ought surely to be a wise thinker. And how can he be, as a thinker, either wise or great, who is thus conducted by his thinking into what the wisdom of the Allwise has stamped with the deepest impress of folly? It is true, indeed, sadly true, that we not seldom see splendid genius in union with infidel sentiments and irreligious character. How much soever we may mourn over such union, there is no reason, it may be alleged, why we should not admire the genius, and give expression to the admiration. I grant it. But the cases are not altogether parallel. The genius, in such cases, is not in general that which is actually expended in proving divine revelation false, or directly inculcating principles of impiety. Such may be the indirect tendency of its productions. But the productions themselves pertain to other departments. It is genius displayed in the departments of poetry, or history, or science, or romance, or some other sphere of literary reputation. But as to thinking, the man who is extolled as a thinker surely cannot be regarded as entitled to the applause bestowed upon him, unless he thinks

wisely and well. With all its seeming profundity, the thinking cannot be really deep that is not sound. There is no real depth but in truth. There may be much that is unintelligible; and what a man finds he cannot comprehend, he may conclude, being unwilling to rate his own understanding low, to be wonderfully profound; seeing it is so profound that even the line of his intellect, which he has not been wont to regard as specially defective in length, is unable to sound it. Yet, after all, there may be more of depth in the words than in the sense. Extraordinary terms are employed, invented for the purpose; and the use of these gives the inconsiderate reader the impression of a meaning underlying them such as none of the existing terms of language were adequate to convey. This is always suspicious. It ever excites the surmise of an affectation of originality and profundity of thought, where, could the terms be understood, it would be found but surface-work after all. There are subjects, moreover, on which nothing is easier than for a man to get out of his own depth, and so to draw others after him out of theirs. But it does not follow, from his having got out of his depth, that he is really profound. If a man really dives deep into the abysses of thought, the proof of this should be his bringing up wisdom from those abysses. If the abyss is one of truth, such wisdom must, in its perfection, be found at the bottom. What are we, then, to think or say of the man who pretends to have dived to the very deepest of the depths of thought, and comes up with folly? Are we not driven to the conclusion, that the depths which he has been penetrating and exploring have not been depths of wisdom? That, if he brings up falsehood, they have not been depths of truths? that, so far as wisdom and truth are concerned (the only articles worth finding as the result of thought), the depths have been imaginary rather than real.—Such is the conclusion to which, I do freely confess, I am constrained to come, as to those “great thinkers,” who, having plunged into the unfathomable depths further under the surface than any of their predecessors in the diving line, have come up with the discovery (under various forms, but essentially the same) that there is no God!—*Dr. Wardlaw.*

THE OLD HERB WOMAN.

ALICE found her one day resting under the cooling shade of a tree outside the garden gate.

“Do you want something?” asked Alice.

“Yes, dear child,” she answered; “I want a new dress.”

“A pretty calico?” asked Alice.

“That will too soon fade,” answered the poor herb woman.

“A black woollen?” asked Alice.

“That will too soon wear out,” answered she.

“A silk?” asked Alice.

“I have nothing fit to wear with it,” answered the herb woman, and Alice thought as much.

“A plaid, a beautiful plaid?” asked the child.

“That will too soon go out of fashion,” answered the herb woman.

“Do you care much about the fashion?” asked Alice.

“I want the dress to last me a thousand years or more!” said the old woman.

“Oh!” exclaimed Alice, drawing back, for she half thought the poor woman was crazy, “do you expect to live so long? A thousand years is a great, great while, and you are pretty old now.”

“I shall live longer than that!” said she.

“I will ask my mother,” said the little girl, much puzzled, “if she knows what dress would suit you; and perhaps she’ll buy it for you.”

“Your mother is not rich enough to buy it dear child,” said the old woman.

“My father is rich,” said she.

“Not rich enough to buy me the dress I want,” answered the old woman.

“Do you want to dress like a queen?” asked Alice.

“No; but I want to be dressed like a King’s daughter!”

“The old herb woman is crazy,” thought Alice to herself; “she talks so queer. I don’t know where you will get such a dress,” said she, aloud; “something that will never fade, never wear out, never go out of fashion.”

“And never get soiled or spoiled,” added the old herb woman; “wear it when

and where you may, it will always keep white and shining!"

"Oh!" was all Alice could say. Then she added, "I should like such a one, I am sure. Could a little girl have one? But a little girl would outgrow hers."

"No," said the herb-woman; "the dress would let itself out so as to suit you always!"

The child was lost in wonder. "Will you please tell me what it is, and where I can get one?" she asked.

"It is the garment of salvation, the robe of righteousness, which Jesus Christ has wrought out for you and for me, dear child," said the old woman, tenderly. "Christ came to take away the poor rags of our sins, and to put on us his pure white robe, and make us fit to be the children of God, the great King, and live in his palace for ever. Should you not like to, dear child?"

"Yes," answered the child, "I do want to be one of God's children. I always wanted to. Will he give me a heavenly dress, do you think?"

NO USE IN THAT COUNTRY.

A great statesman received some high mark of royal favour as he lay on his dying bed. With a cold glance he gazed upon it, and only remarked. "This is a mighty fine thing in this country, but I am just going to a country where it will be of no service to me." Oh! what vanities are these earthly distinctions, "in that day when God shall take away the soul." "Flattery" then has no power "to soothe the dull ear of death."

The life-long dream of the gallant Gen. Niel had been to obtain the little ribbon and baton of Marshal of France. He could not sleep after seeing it bestowed on McMahon. On the eve of the next engagement, he told his friends that this time he would win the honor he so much desired. When the battle was over, he was found on the field almost crushed beneath his dying war horse, himself mortally wounded. The Emperor was sent for, and with his own hand placed the badge of marshal of France on his follower's bosom. One moment the dying eye lighted, and throwing his arms about the neck of his sovereign,

he died in the act of expressing his gratitude. It was of no use in that country he was going to. And we are all bound to the same eternal shores. No matter how widely diverse the paths are, they will all lead to the same country from which there is no return. How we distract our souls from the great purpose of life to follow phantoms, which when our greedy hands do clutch, we find only empty shadows!

But Jesus Christ holds out to us a crown which fadeth not away. He offers us a glorious place in his father's house, which will more than satisfy our soul's hunger. There is no disappointment, no satiety in the joys of his heavenly mansion. Christ has paid for them a priceless sum, so that he may offer them to us without price.

"And now, Douglas," said the dying heir to a dukedom, to his younger brother, "to-morrow you will be a duke, but I shall be a king." He did not grieve for the possessions he was leaving; he had a better one across the floods. Have you an inheritance there?—*S. S. Times.*

"THEY PART MY GARMENTS AMONG THEM,
AND CAST LOTS UPON MY VESTURE.

Ps. 22. 18

It appears, from the Gospel history, that there were four soldiers more immediately concerned in the act of Christ's crucifixion (John xix. 23, 24). Though it was customary to strip the victim naked before placing him upon the cross, yet it was not till after he had expired that the executioners of the dreadful sentence were entitled to receive their wonted perquisite. When therefore Jesus was crucified, the soldiers parted equally amongst themselves his upper garments; and because they perceived the superior value of his seamless robe, they determined to cast lots, in order to decide who should be its future possessor. In all this they were guided by the influence of their own feelings, and were altogether unconscious of any agency acting upon them, save the dictates of their own rational minds. But who does not perceive that they were chosen instruments of God for the fulfillment of Scripture? and though they were ignorant of it, they were verifying that sure and unerring word of prophecy, the minutest part of which shall in no wise pass till all be fulfilled.

THE GOOD NEWS.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1863.

LOVEST THOU ME?

JOHN 21. 15.

It is told of a French veteran, who belonged to the old Napoleonic army, that being wounded in the battle, when the surgeon was searching for the bullet among his ribs, he exclaimed, a little deeper and you will find the Emperor. The Emperor had the chief seat in the veteran's soul, and he expressed the depth of his affection in that forcible manner. So is it in the case of those who love the Lord Jesus Christ. He has the chief seat in their affections. Around him their thoughts and feelings converge, for him they live and labour, and in him their hopes for the future are concentrated.

This question, as is well known, was addressed by our Lord to the Apostle Peter. It was addressed three times, and in answer he appealed to the Lord's omniscience. "Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." Reader, this question is now addressed to you. Some are able to put their hand on their heart, look up to heaven, and say in the language of Peter, "Thou knowest that I love thee." Others may be in doubt, and disposed to say in the language of Newton—

" 'Tis a point I long to know :
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not?"

Whether the Lord is loved or not may be found in answer to the following questions :—

I.—DO YOU REGARD THE WORD OF CHRIST?

A few years ago the writer visited an acquaintance in Scotland, whose husband had been in Australia for several years. A few days previous to our visit she had received a letter from him. It was a long letter, and she had read it over so often that the paper was much soiled, and so worn that it would scarcely hold together. Our visit was made an occasion for reading it again, and at those portions of the letter which referred to her

husband or the love he still preserved for her it afforded her intense delight. Every woman can understand how precious such a letter would be from a husband they love. Every one can conceive how such a missive would be regarded as a choicest treasure, to be read over and over when alone. This is the way with those who love the Lord Jesus Christ. He is far away in a distant land, preparing a place for them. He thinketh upon them, and while he is far away he hath sent his Word as a love letter for them to peruse. This letter is full about himself. It is Christ in the beginning and Christ in the end. It is Christ in the precepts and Christ in the promises; and those who love him delight to sit over the Bible and pluck precious fruits from its pages, which is sweet unto the taste. A good old woman had her Bible marked frequently on the margin with the letters P. T. P. Her Pastor visited her one day, and taking the Bible to read from, he enquired the meaning of these marks. "The one," she said, "stood for *precious*; the other was *tried* and *proved*." Such thumbed and much marked BIBLES are an excellent evidence that the owners thereof love Jesus.

2.—DO YOU REGARD HIS HOUSE?

When the psalmist was by adversity driven away to the wilderness of Judah, he longed to see the courts of the Lord's house: "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is, to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary." In another place he says: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek to obtain, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, and may inquire in his temple." Such is the language of God's saints whenever they are placed by circumstances, in such a situation that they are far from the house of God. When the Sabbath comes round, and the sound of the wonted Sabbath bell is not heard, when the courts of Zion are not within their reach, and when they cannot draw out of the wells of Salvation, they look back with regret on the privileges they once so richly enjoyed, and long for the time when they shall enjoy them again. Till then they feel that they are doubly exiled. They

feel that not only are they away from God's house in heaven but are away from his house on earth, and they cannot sing so sweetly the songs of Zion.

It is said that when the Jews were removing from one place to another, they would not settle down where a synagogue was not. They valued the worship of God so highly on their own and on their children's account. It would be well if Christians imitated their example in this respect. It would be well in making our arrangements for removal, to look at this important thing, for through its neglect thousands in this newly settled country have had their spirituality stunted. But still it is not always possible to have our tent pitched beside the house of God. The lines of providence, over which we have no control, sometimes so drive a saint that he finds himself far away from the haunts of men, and the centres of civilization. Sometimes he is the only light in a large dark place of surrounding heathendom, where the name of God is not heard except in cursing, and where the songs of revelry usurp the place of praise.— Under these circumstances the Christian must make his light to shine before his fellow-men, and as soon as circumstances allow, the two or the three that can plead the promises of God's presence in such assemblies, are obliged to unite and establish an altar to their God.— It is a blessed thing that in these days we are not confined to Jerusalem or Mount Gerizim as a place for worshipping God; but wherever there is a worshipping spirit, there God may be worshipped.

3. DO YOU ESTEEM CHRIST'S FOLLOWERS IN SO FAR AS THEY RESEMBLE CHRIST.

We all know the value of photographic likenesses of those we sincerely and deeply love, especially if they dwell in a foreign land. The likeness we value next to a sight of the original and the more correct and faithful the representation, we value it all the more.— Sometimes wearing it near our heart or placing it beneath our pillow. Now Christians are so to speak living photographs of the Lord Jesus Christ, and we are required to love them as representatives of Christ, in so far as we can discover the manifestation of him in them.

But just as it is in the case of photographic likenesses, that through various causes the representation of the original is imperfect so it is in the living representatives of Christ. Some are more like Christ than others, but all even the best are imperfect. We have the cross-crabbed Christians. The unhappy murmuring Christians. The violent, passionate and fanatical Christian, and many others well known to every reader. These terms are in themselves contradictory. A Christian like Christ, should not be cross or crabbed, unhappy or murmuring, violent or passionate. These things belong to the old man which should be put off by the new, but still we find them more or less among the followers of Jesus, and though we cannot expect to love the defects we will if we love Christ, love all that resemble Him.

This test of discipleship is perhaps the most satisfactory one of any. It is not only founded in human nature, but is referred to in Scripture. It need hardly be remarked that to love Christians because they resemble Christ is a different thing from the love of those who belong to the same denomination as themselves. It is possible for a man to love Episcopalians because he himself is one, and hate a Congregationalist with a perfect hatred and the reverse. It is possible for a Presbyterian for the same reason to hate a Methodist, and the Methodist to return the compliment; but the one who loves the Lord Jesus loves His image in whomsoever it may be found. He gives the right hand of fellowship to those that wear it by whatsoever name they are named; feeling that

Souls, by love together knit,

Cemented, mixed in one.

One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice

'Tis heaven on earth begun.

Reader, these are but a few criterions by which you may judge whether you love Jesus or not. Examine yourselves by them, and if you find but faint traces of love to Christ within your hearts, look much to Christ.— Think much about Him. Talk much concerning Him. Read His word and pray unto Him, then shall the grace of love grow and be made manifest to all around.—EDITOR.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

Oh! mother! such a dream as I have had to-night:
Such fields, such flowers, such bright array, and
such a heavenly light!

Methought as slumbering on my bed, a mighty
angel came—

His eyes were stars, his vest was gold, his wings
were tipped with flame!

He hung above me, mother—yes, as once my father
did.

Before they bore him far away, beneath the coffin lid;
And tender were the words he spoke, and beauteous
every flower

He bound around my burning brow in that enraptur-
ated hour.

Oh, mother! once methought his face looked like my
father dear;

But when the tears crept to my eyes, that were
before so clear—

“Up Lillias, up,” he softly said, and far away, we
flew,

By clouds, and stars, and rosy bowers, all silvered
o'er with dew.

And up, and up he went, and still the stars were
everywhere,

And mild and murmuring music rolled along the
balmy air:

And oh! I wist not of the change, so sudden and so
bright,

But mother dear, I stood before a throne of burning
light.

And angel forms, in thousands, stood in robes of
brilliant sheen,—

Sweet hymns and songs of joy they sung, and struck
their harps between;

And then, methought that angel bright, did beckon
me away,

To where there sat a little child, as lovely as the day.

And mother! 'twas our little one, for which you wept
so much!

I ran to clasp him in my arms, but could not feel
his touch;

His cheeks were like the blooming rose, his hair was
silver bright,

His lips were rubies, set in pearls magnificently
white.

He said, why does my mother stay so long away
from me;

Here is my sire, and thou art here,—but where, oh!
where, is she?

I turned to see my father's face, but he had soared
away;

My brother, too, was gone, and I upon my pillow
lay.

Now, mother, ponder well my dream, the meaning
tell to me,

And I will be a loving child, and tender unto thee.

Alas! the weeping mother said, thy dream I will
may know—

All, all are gone, save thee alone, and now, thou
too, must go.

And so it was, that gentle child pined, sickened,
drooped, and died;

They laid her in her brother's grave: her lonely
mother's pride:—

And oft the mother's waking hours, renew that
solemn theme,

And prayers are sighed, and tears are shed, upon
her infant's dream.

'THE BELOVED CITY.'

REV. XX. 9.

BY MRS COUSIN, FREE CHURCH MANSE MELROSE,
AUTHOR OF THE “LAST WORDS OF RUTHERFORD.”

I.

Oh, the Beloved City!
How fair it beams from far!
With light more bright than jasper gem,
Than morn or even star.
For it the parched pilgrims pine,
For it they thirst and sigh;
All crystalline its glories shine
Before their wistful eye.
Hail to the Holy City!
No cloud its lustre taints;—
The bright, eternal City,
The City of the saints!

II.

Oh, the Beloved City!
With goodly stones 'tis laid;
With emerald, and amethyst,
And sardine, ruddy-ray'd;
With jacinth and with jasper white,
Sapphire and chalcedon;
With beryl bright, and crysolite,
Topaz and onyx stone.
Hail to the Holy City!
There life's fair names are graved;
The glory-gleaming City—
The City of the Saved.

III.

Oh, the Beloved City!
It hath twelve pearly gates,
And at each gate an angel fair,
A shining warder, waits.
Blessed are they whose robes are white,
Washed pure from soil of sin;
To homes of light, where comes no night
Those watchers let them in.
Hail to the Holy City!
Its day is never done;
The crystal-crested City—
The City of the Sun!

IV.

By the Beloved City,
A flood of gladness flows,
A place of rivers and broad streams,
A sea of deep repose.

No gallant war-ship there doth go;
 There plies no slavish oar;
 But soft winds blow the homeward prow
 To haven ever more.
 Hail to the Holy City!
 There gladness hath abode,—
 The peace-abounding City—
 The City of our God.

v.

In the Beloved City
 The healing life-tree grows;
 And every month, with twelfefold fruit,
 All richly, ripely glows.
 And amaranth, and evergreen,
 Is every flower and palm; [sheen,
 Fresh smiles the scene with dawnbright
 Breathes soft with eve-like calm.
 Hail to the Holy City!
 It ravisheth all eyes;—
 The fair, immortal City—
 God's glorious paradise.

vi.

Thro' the Beloved City
 There swells a sound of song,
 Of harpers harping with their harps,
 In chorus sweet and strong,
 The note of a victorious psalm,
 In high triumphant tones;
 The song of Moses and the Lamb,
 And of the Sealed ones.
 Hail to the Holy City!
 City of ceaseless lays;
 The glad—the jubilant City—
 City whose gates are praise.

vii.

In the Beloved City
 Is many a golden street,
 Where, travel past, the tried and true
 Of all the ages meet.
 'Tis the place of palmy palaces,
 The many-mansion'd home,
 Of blissful ease and prosp'rous peace,
 Where all the crown'd ones come.
 Hail to the Holy City!
 The gathering-place of love—
 The long'd for, sigh'd for City—
 Jerusalem above!

viii.

In the Beloved City
 Is heard the voice of health;
 'Tis there the pardon'd people dwell,
 The righteous common wealth.
 There, in their resurrection might,
 Dwell they who cannot die;
 They of the white transfigured light,
 They of the tearless eye.

Hail to the Holy City!
 Home of perpetual youth!
 The undefiled City
 Of them that keep the truth.

ix.

In the Beloved City
 The banquet never ends;
 It is the Prince's nuptial feast—
 His gladness with His friends.
 From mirth and song they never rest
 Within those joyous walls;
 Each royal guest, in priestly vest,
 Treads free the festal halls.
 Hail to the Holy City!
 How all its echoes ring!
 The old imperial City—
 The City of the King.

x.

From the Beloved City
 No wand'ring step departs;
 It is the Heav'nly Father's House,
 The home of yearning hearts.
 There are the solitary set
 In flock-like families;
 There are all met; no fond regret
 Bedews love's radiant eyes.
 Hail to the Holy City!
 The home-sick child's dear goal;
 The exile's native City,
 The haven of the soul!

xi.

Oh, the Beloved City!
 How populous its homes!
 Ten thousand times ten thousand dwell
 Beneath its echoing domes.
 Like dew-drops that the fields adorn,
 Like blades of grass they gem—
 Those sons of morn, the heaven-born,
 No man can number them.
 Hail to the Holy City!
 Sun of the golden years!
 The myriad-peopled City—
 Metropolis of the Spheres.

xii.

In the Beloved City
 The glory doth abide;
 'Tis aye the summer of the year—
 The height of summer tide.
 It is the long-lost Eden-clime
 Whose beauty doth not die;
 The palmy prime and flower of time,
 Touch'd with eternity.
 Hail to the Holy City!
 Seat of celestial calm!
 The love-illuminated City—
 The City of the Lamb!

XIII.

O'er the Beloved City,
 New heavens unveil their face;
 There the great Sun of glory shines,
 Glass'd in the sea of peace.
 Up silvery spaces, wonder-strown,
 Winds many a starry stair;
 A sun-bright moon—a seven fold noon,
 Make eve and morning there.
 Hail to the Holy City!
 No change its skies can mar;
 The heaven-descended City,
 Bride of the morning star!

XIV.

O'er the Beloved City,
 No temple towers arise;
 For those who there adore their God,
 Behold Him with their eyes.
 No veil is in the Holy Place,
 No shrine obscures the light;
 But for One face of radiant grace,
 Ev'n glory were not bright.
 Hail to the Holy City,
 Where the God-Man is adored—
 The Royal, Sacred City—
 The City of the Lord!

XV.

Oh, the Beloved City,
 That peace and justice bless!
 City of our solemnities!
 Mountain of holiness!
 The Zion of the lofty one—
 The Light of Beulah's Land—
 There David's throne and flowering crown
 Shall thro' the ages stand!
 Hail to the Holy City,
 Passing the Patmos dream!
 The soul-desired City—
 The New Jerusalem.

THE PIPE AND THE MISSIONARY BOX.

A poor labouring man, residing in Warwickshire, was induced some time ago, to attend one of the meetings of the Church Missionary Society, held in his native village.

So interested did he become in the proceedings of the Society, and so impressed with the responsibility that lay upon every individual to spread the Gospel, that, on returning home, he consulted with his wife how he might do something to benefit the Missionary Cause.

Having a large family of young children, he found it impossible to do with less food or clothes, for his wages were barely able to supply them with the necessaries of life. At last he said to his wife, "I spend fourpence a week in tobacco. I'll give up smoking, and give that sum weekly towards sending the Gospel to the heathen. I know I shall feel it hard to do without tobacco, but, with the blessing of God, 'I'll try.'" He lost no time in going to the clergyman of the parish, and in asking for a Missionary Box, which, of course, was readily granted; and every Saturday night he put a fourpenny-piece into it. His children, seeing how interested their father was in the cause of Missions, soon became interested themselves, and put into the box their odd halfpence and farthings which they got for opening a gate, or going errands. At the end of the year, this poor labouring man was thus able to add a sovereign to the funds of this valuable society.

R. C.

THE ECHO.

A little boy knew nothing about an echo; but one day he cried out as he jumped about in the grass, "Ho! H-o-p!" and immediately from a little wall close at hand he heard, "Ho! H-o-p!" Astonished he called out: "Who are *you?*?" The voice at once answered: "Who are *you?*?" "You're a stupid little fool!" cried the boy, beginning to be angry. "Stupid little fool!" came back from the wall.

The boy grew enraged, and in his passion shouted all manner of abusive names; the wall gave them all faithfully back again.—Then the child searched all over for the mocking boy, that he might take vengeance on him; but no creature could he find but a harmless pussy hunting sparrows.

Indignant and surprised, the child ran home and complained bitterly how a wicked boy, hidden somewhere behind the old wall, had been calling him hard names.

"There!" said his mother, "you have betrayed yourself! You heard only your own words reflected from the wall, as you have seen your own face, sometimes, reflected from a glass. If you had given kind tones and friendly words, kind tones and friendly words would have returned to you again. And so it always is; the conduct of others is but the echo of your own. If we treat others kindly and considerately, they will treat us kindly and considerately in return; but if we are rough and rude to them, we must expect nothing more ourselves."

“SIN IS HEAVY.”

So said one, when speaking to a friend, after the close of a solemn religious meeting. The hall where it had been filled with a large and serious audience, and as the person was long accustomed to estimate the weight of iron in the ore, and when smelted, the query arose which he first stated, “How many tons weights has this room contained, this evening?” He had probably thought whether the strength of the subjacent timbers of the chamber could be safely trusted with the pressure of so great a weight. Whether the mathematical calculation had been carried out in his mind is not known; but conscience prompted a more momentous thought, “Sin is heavy.” Pregnant truth! But by how few is it seen and felt. How strange the fact, that by the ungodly multitudes, sin is regarded and treated as a very light thing, a mere trifle. In ten thousand forms it is the theme of jest and sport. It revels in their thoughts, gives play to their tongues, and prompts them to ceaseless activity through all the days and years of their probation; yet it seems no burden, it neither encumbers nor retards them. On they go, in the turmoil of business, in the career of gaiety, in the song and dance, in the free gratification of unholy passion and appetite, till death closes the scene. Sin urges them down a descending plane, but they realise no pressure nor burden, for they move only in the direction, and with the speed which their inclination dictates; and while they pause not to consider their ways, they think not how fast they are going downward to the dark chambers of everlasting death.

Yet sin is heavy when weighed in the divine balance. How heavy, none can tell. The first transgressors on earth felt its weight, as it bore them down to darkness and everlasting chains, to await the judgment of the great day. The first transgressors on earth fell under its burden, into guilt, and shame, and condemnation, to sink with their race into utter despair, had not the arm of redeeming grace been interposed for their rescue. Sin was heavy on the antediluvians when they sunk in the billows of the deluge—upon the cities of the plain when overthrown, consumed,

submerged set forth as an example, enduring the vengeance of eternal fire—heavy upon Korah and his company, when the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up. So has it been—so will it ever be. Sin is heavy; it has sunk and cast down the noble, pure happy nature of man from its exalted standing of peace and communion with God, into complete moral debasement and perversion of its powers, bringing guilt, and a fearful looking for of judgment.

Sin is heavy *upon the conscience*, when awakened and enlightened by the Spirit of Truth. “The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?” How pathetically does the Psalmist exclaim, “My sins are gone over my head as a heavy burden; they are too heavy for me.” Great, too, was the burden upon the poor publican’s conscience, when, with downcast eye and smitten heart, he cried, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” Such, too, was sin to Paul, convicted by the law,—“Sin revived, and I died.”

Sin is heavy *upon the heart*. It depresses spiritual desires by the overbalancing weight of those that are carnal and earthly. It gives gold preponderance over “the exceeding weight of glory” reserved for saints in heaven. Sin ruling the heart sinks into darkness all well-grounded hope of eternal life, and gives fearful premonition of coming despair. And more, in its progress, and aggravations it augments its own weight upon the joys and peace of the heart, and foreshadows “the wrath to come”—“wrath” for ever “to come.”

Sin lies heavy upon all the impenitent dead. They have taken it upon themselves to bear through their day of probation, and now they “lie down in sorrow,” where mercy never speaks, and their character and doom are eternally sealed. “Let him that is filthy be filthy still.” Who, then, will make light of sin, of his own sins?—They cost the atoning blood of Christ, and only by beholding with brokenness of heart soul-relying faith the Lamb of God, can the poor guilty sinner be delivered from its mighty burden. Who is borne down with the criminality and guilt of his sins, grieved and ashamed, and self-condemned for them, and yet lifts the agonising cry of his stricken heart, “For thy name’s sake, par-

don mine iniquity, for it is great," to him cries a voice, full of love, full of pity, "come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

HONOUR TO PARENTS.

MATT. XV. 4. For God commanded saying Honour thy Father and Mother.

The employment of Napoleon's confidential secretaries was, of all kinds of slavery, the least supportable. Day and night it was necessary to be on the spot. Sleep, meals, health, fatigue, nothing was regarded. A minute's absence would have been a crime. Friends, pleasures, public amusements, promenades, rest, all must be given up. The Baron de Maineval and the Baron Fain knew this by hard experience; but at the same time they enjoyed his boundless confidence, the most implicit reliance on their discretion, and a truly royal liberality; they both deserved that confidence. One day, at two o'clock, the Emperor went out to hunt. "He will probably, as usual, be absent four hours," Maineval calculates. It is his father's birthday; he may surely venture to leave the place for a short time. He has bought a little villa, and is desirous to present it to his beloved father, and to give him the title deeds.

He sets out; the whole family is collected; he is warmly greeted—they see him so seldom. The present is given; the joy increased; dinner is ready, and he is pressed to stop; he refuses. "The Emperor may return and ask for me." "Oh, he won't be angry; you are never away."—The entreaties redouble; at last he yields, and time flies swiftly when we are surrounded by those we love. In the meantime the Emperor returns, even sooner than usual.

He enters the cabinet. "Maineval! let him be called." They seek in vain. Napoleon grows impatient. "Well, Maineval!" They fear to tell him that he is absent, but at last it is impossible to conceal it. At length Maineval returns.—"The Emperor has inquired for you; he is angry." "All is lost," said Maineval to himself. He makes up his mind, however, and presents himself; his reception was terrible. "Where do you come from. Go about your business," exclaimed Napoleon;

"I do not want men who neglect their duty." Maineval, agitated, retires; he did not sleep all night; he saw his prospects cut off, his services useless, his fortune ruined; it was a dreadful night. Day at length came; he reflected. "He did not give me a formal dismission." He dressed himself, and at the usual hour went to the Emperor's cabinet. Some minutes after Napoleon enters, looks at him without speaking, writes a note, rises, and walks about. Maineval continues the task he has in hand without lifting up his eyes. Napoleon, with his hand behind his back, stops before him, and abruptly asks, "What ails you? Are you ill?" "No, sire," timidly replies Maineval, rising up to answer. "Sit down; you are ill; I don't like people to tell me falsehoods; I insist on knowing." "Sir, the fear of having forfeited the kindness of your Majesty deprived me of sleep." "Where were you, then, yesterday?" Maineval told him the motive of his absence. "I thought this little property would gratify my father." "And where did you get the money to buy this house?" "Sire, I had saved it out of the salary your Majesty is good enough to assign me." Napoleon, after having looked at him steadily for a few minutes, said, "Take a slip of paper, and write, 'The treasurer of my civil list will pay the bearer the sum of 80,000 francs!'" He took the draft and signed it. "There, put that in your pocket, and now let us set about our regular business."

LACKED YE ANYTHING.

The Lord will always provide for his own people, who keep his company, do his will, and aim at his glory. If he send us, though he chooses to carry the poor, our bread shall be given, and our water shall be sure. The disciples went out unfurnished, but then Jesus commanded, them; they returned and confessed that they lacked nothing, the God of providence supplied them. If we are in the Lord's way, we must rest assured that we shall meet the Lord's messengers bringing our supply. They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing. He notices our wants, remembers his promises, times his mercies, and proves himself a faithful God.

Have you lacked anything for body! for soul? He who has supplied the past will provide for the future. Jesus is full of grace; go and receive, that your joy may be full. Jesus is the God of providence; look to him, trust in him, plead with him, and you shall never be destitute. Believe his word, he can never deny himself; trust in his faithfulness, and he will put honour upon thy faith, fulfilling his own word. "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure."

REJECTING CHRIST.

THERE are degrees in sin as there are degrees in holiness. The sin of taking another man's property without his leave, is not the same sin as murdering a man; so the guilt of taking a man's property, and of murdering him at the same time, is greater than either, alone. The sin of breaking the Sabbath is a great sin, but it is not so great as that of rejecting Christ. Men somehow feel that they have a right to accept or refuse Christ as their Saviour—that if they do not embrace Him it will be with them about as though no Saviour had been provided for them; that is, they simply will not be saved. This is a fatal error.

The gift of Jesus Christ to the world, is God's highest, greatest gift. Hence, he has commanded all men to believe on his Son. And it becomes to the sinner not only a condition of life, but, *not* to do it, becomes a condition of the most terrible divine displeasure. "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Thus the reception of Christ is attended with the greatest blessings the infinite God has to bestow upon man. It is pardon—it is salvation—it is joy unspeakable and full of glory;—it is more—it is everlasting life.

But reject Christ, and you lose everything. You have no pardon for your sins—you have no salvation for your souls—you have none of the sweets of redeeming love, or the joys of communion with God. And this is loss enough to ruin your souls forever; but it is far from being all your loss. You lose an eternal weight of glory, and you incur an eternal weight of divine

wrath. For you have rejected God's own Son, and set at nought his plan of infinite mercy. The plan by which he proposes to save you, has cost him more than all the universe besides. And, yet, you who do not receive Christ by a cordial love and faith, set at nought this great gift, this proffer of infinite mercy for your souls.

Better if possible, violate every other command of God;—better trample every other gift of your heavenly Father under your feet, than be guilty of rejecting his Son, or of trampling under your feet the "blood of the everlasting covenant."

He that rejecteth Christ, rejecteth the only Saviour of his soul. There is no other name or power by which he can be saved. All, without Christ, to the sinner is blackness and darkness. Guilt is upon his soul, the guilt of blood not of a fellow-man, but of the Son of God.—And wrath O, what wrath, must rest upon the soul which has spurned from his heart the Son of God!

CHRISTIAN INTERCESSION.

(Translated from the German of Tholuck)

Our prayers are too short and disconnected. We do not live in an atmosphere of divine grace. We do not wait for God, until he is ready to bless us. A vessel must be held still when it is to be filled. We do not hold our souls in waiting attitude. It is true, the soul can live an eternity in a moment, and hence, as life is not to be measured by length of years, so neither can we estimate the fulness and power of prayer by the length of time we thus spend. Christ expressly warned us against vain repetitions. He gave us the Lord's Prayer, that we might learn from it how one can pray much in a few words. But on the other hand, did not our Saviour, in the intercessory prayer of his soul, pour out his heart before God in many words? Did he not pray upon the mount until the eternal light filled his soul, and, piercing even through the veil of the flesh, transfigured him? Did he not spend whole nights in prayer? Against what, then, would he warn us?—against much praying, or against many words, which are merely words? The Lord's Prayer is short; but what new depths of meaning each single petition discloses, when I begin to be possessed by its spirit! I pray, "Thy kingdom come;" then I think of all that in my heart, and in my house, and in the whole world, is opposed to God's rule: these thoughts alone—are they not as a great sea, to which I can find no

bounds? I pray, "Lead me not into temptation:" then I think of my wicked heart, of the temptations I find, in my sorrows, in my joys, in my friends, until I know not where to stop. Yes, Christ shows us in the Lord's Prayer how to pray much in a few words, and in this very way makes us realise how much spirituality is needed to offer these petitions aright. There are souls who, amid the business of life, need but a moment's preparation to draw near to God with their whole hearts; but to one such soul, how many hundreds, how many thousands are there, who, ere they can pray, need much time to withdraw their thoughts from worldly things! Oh, your short, hurried petitions do not take you beyond the portals of the sanctuary—to say nothing of the holy of holies! And can such prayers avail much with God? Not once an Amen! Are such petitions heard? What do you know of that peculiar sanctuary of prayer—I mean that exalted moment when, during prayer, the eternal God pronounces, Amen? David, in the deepest anguish of soul, cried out, "Lord have mercy upon me; for I am weak. My soul is sore vexed; but thou, O Lord, how long?" But in the midst of his prayer he exclaimed, rejoicing, "Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping." Do you understand that? At the time the Diet of Nuremberg was held, Luther was earnestly praying in his own dwelling; and at the very hour when the edict, granting free toleration to all Protestants, was issued, he ran out of his house, crying out, "We have gained the victory." Do you understand that? O ye who do not understand this Amen, which God whispers to the praying soul after its deepest conflicts, you may be sure that you have not learned to pray earnestly,—that you do not know the meaning of persevering prayer.

Many have begun earnestly to implore strength for this or that good work, for a victory over this or that sin, for light upon a question of duty. Twice, ten times, days, weeks, I will say, they have prayed; then they become weary, and turn their thoughts to something else. How different was it with those old heroes of prayer—with a David! Listen to him: "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me? I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with tears." Do you understand that? Are there such petitioners here? O ye who are not strangers to such prayers, ye whom a long experience upon the bed of sickness has taught just to pray—you, even though you may be the poorest apple-woman, the humblest tradesman—you are the princes, you are the heroes in God's kingdom.

When we pray for another, do we not recog-

nise his deepest nature, his true dignity? The man for whom I pray stands before mine eyes as an object of the love and care of the Lord of heaven and earth. Then I realise the relation that exists between him and God. How sacred is my union with one for whom I have in secret prayed! I have rendered him a long-service, an entirely unselfish love-service, one of which he is himself ignorant, which no one knows, but He who seeth in secret. It is as if there were a holy secret between God, him, and myself. We feel the most passionate interest in a person to whom we have rendered this love-service. It is a spiritual service, a holy interest. The influence of our petitions is felt in the daily intercourse of life. Can I feel hard towards the man for whom I have implored God's compassion? Can I withdraw my hand from one for whom I have asked a blessing from God's hand? That for which we pray is brought nearer to us, seems to belong to us. Christian intercession makes the heart rich and warm.

THE CHILD AND THE QUEEN.

How strikingly true is the Bible declaration, illustrated by the following incident that out of the mouth of babes is ordained praise:—

"Befurchte (gardener to Elizabeth, consort of Frederick II.) had one little daughter, with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age the Queen saw her one day while visiting the Royal Gardens at Shonhausen, and was so much pleased with her, that, a week afterwards, she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father accordingly brought his artless child to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. She approached the Queen with untaught courtesy, kissed her robe, and modestly took the seat which had been placed for her by the Queen's order near her own person. From this position she could overlook the table at which the Queen was dining with the ladies of her Court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendor on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the guests, the gold and porcelain on the table, and the pomp with which all was conducted; and then folding her hands, she sung with a clear childish voice, these words:

"Jesus! thy blood and righteousness,
Are all my ornament and dress;
Fearless with these pure garments on,
I'll view the splendors of Thy throne!"

"All the assembly were struck with surprise at seeing so much feeling, penetration, and piety in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the Queen exclaimed, Ah! happy child! how far are we below you!"

Sabbath School Lessons.

September 13th, 1863.

RAHAB.—Joshua 2. 1-16.

Connection.—Israel lay encamped to the east of Jordan, nearly opposite Jericho.—The Valley of Shittim must have been there.

1. Rahab hides the Spies, ver. 1-7.

Joshua sent two spies. It was nearly forty years since Israel had sent out the twelve spies to traverse the land. Many changes might have taken place; and Joshua sent these two, not to see what kind of land it was, but to report to him if their way was clear; only two were faithful formerly. *Jericho could not be above twenty or twenty-five miles off. An harlot's house, named Rahab.*—Doubtless Rahab repented of her former sinful life. God's hand guided the spies to her. The message from the king to deliver up the spies shows how narrowly Israel was watched. Rahab's lie, told to secure the safety of the men, seems unjustifiable. *The roof of her house.* The roofs were flat; and flax, from which linen is made, exposed there would be soon dried by the heat of the sun.

II. Rahab assists the Spies to escape, v. 8. 16. *Before they were laid down among the flax, she tells—*

1. *What they had heard—the Red Sea had been dried up—Sihon and Og had been destroyed—near neighbours to Jericho.

2. What she knew about God—that He was the true God of heaven and earth, ver. 11—that He had given the land to Israel.

3. What state they were in—their hearts did melt, and they had no courage to fight.

4. She solicits a promise of safety, when they would be conquerors, for herself and her father's house.

5. They promise, and she let them down outside the wall, using some scarlet cord—probably belonging to some curtain hangings—to assist their descent; this she was to bind

in the window, when she saw Jericho besieged by Israel's armies. Her faith is shown in speaking and acting with the perfect conviction that what God said would come to pass.

APPLICATION.

1. *Faith teaches us to sacrifice the present to the future.* Rahab did so at the risk of her life, ver. 3, 4. The young care only for the present. If their parents did not provide for to-morrow, how sadly they would suffer.—All the great and good care for the future more than the present. Abraham, Heb. xi. 8; Moses, Heb. xi. 24; Daniel, Dan. i. 8. Work now and you will rest then. Suffer now and you will rejoice afterwards. So spend time as to gain eternity, Luke xvi. 9. Evils of improvidence—Savings Banks—The ant—The Bees.

2. *Faith makes the future secure.*—Rahab was safe amid death. Noah in the flood. Joseph in famine. Every Christian in death.

3. *Faith makes us act.* True faith always works. Rahab's did so, James ii. 25, 26. If it had not it would not have saved her; nor will such faith save any. As she showed the *scarlet cord*, we must show our *works* in the day of judgment, Matt. xxv.—What does your faith make you do? "A child is known by his doings."

4. *Think and act for yourself.* Rahab was the only one in Jericho who did so; her neighbours feared, yet did nothing. Some think, but never act; some act, but never think; *do both*, Psal. cxix. 59. You must answer for yourself alone.

5. *The hearts of God's enemies will melt*—some time; either under the love of Christ or under the fear of God's wrath, Rev. xvi. 16. So ver. 12. Has your heart been softened?

6. *Seek to save those dear to you.* Rahab did so, ver. 13. Pray for your parents or friends. So Abraham prayed for Sodom.—So Lot sought to save his married daughters.

7. *God never bids any one to tell a lie.*—He does not require lies to help his cause.—See the effect of David's lie to Abimelech.

September 20th, 1863.

THE TEN LEPEERS CLEANSED.

LUKE 17. 11-19.

The usual road in travelling from the north of Palestine to Jerusalem would be through Galilee first, and then through Samaria. In the lesson it is said, v. 11., "That he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee." The most probable explanation is, that our Lord travelled along the boundary between Samaria and Galilee to the river Jordan, and then followed the course of that river down to Jericho, at which city we find him in the following chapter.

The Lepers *which stood afar off*, v. 12.—By the law of Moses (Lev. 13. 46.) lepers were cast off from all society, and regarded as outcasts, who might not dwell with others.

"*Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.*" Probably these lepers knew our Lord only as a worker of mighty miracles of healing, whose fame was spread over the land.

"*Show yourselves to the priests.*" The priests were specially appointed by God to be the judges of all leprous cases and to decide whether the leper was clean or unclean, cured or uncured. See Lev. 13 and 14 chapters.—Deut. 14. 8.

"*One of them turned back,*" v. 15.—The nine others were already healed and hastening to the priests, that they might be restored to the society of men, and their life in the world: but the first thoughts of the Samaritan are turned to his deliverer. He had forgotten all in the sense of God's mercy and of his own unworthiness.

"*He was a Samaritan,*" v. 16. Though he was a Samaritan, this man had been allowed to associate with Jewish lepers. Affliction, misfortune, and persecution, drive men together and make them forget points of difference, which in time of prosperity and ease are thought very different.

"*Thy faith hath made thee whole,*" v. 19. The making whole of the nine was merely the beholding of the brazen serpent with the outward eye. He beheld with the eye of inward faith. This faith saved him;—not only healed his body, but his soul.

Learn 1, How earnestly men can cry for help when they feel their need of it.—Those lepers were afflicted with a disease—They lifted up their voice and cried.—And the Lord heard them.

Learn 2. That when we obey a command, *help meets man in the path of obedience.* Our Lord told those men to go and show themselves to the priests. "It came to pass that as they went they were cleansed." This fact shows us the wisdom of simple, child-like obedience to every word which comes from the mouth of Christ.

Learn 3. What a rare thing is thankfulness. Of the ten lepers that were healed, only one turned back and gave Him thanks. We are all more ready to pray than to praise: and more disposed to ask God for what we have not, than to thank Him for what we have.

September 27th, 1863.

THE PASSAGE OF JORDAN.

JOSHUA 3. 1-17.

I. The First Proclamation, ver. 1-5.

They removed from Shittim to the banks of the Jordan, and encamped there three days, gazing on the Promised Land. The officers proclaimed to the people—*1st*, To be ready on the morrow, when the ark moved, to follow it; *2nd*, That the ark might be seen by all, 2000 cubits, or more than half a mile, were to be kept between the ark and its followers; *3rd*, They were called to sanctify themselves by washings and purifications.—*Ye have not passed this way heretofore*—referred to the wondrous manner of the passage not merely that it was yet untroudden. Imagine the excitement of the camp—all the promises of 4000 years were about to be fulfilled!

II. The Second Proclamation, ver. 6-13.

The morning came—"the tenth day of the first month." Joshua early receives his message from God, verse 7 and 8. *This day will I magnify thee, &c.* Moses was honoured at the passage of the Red Sea—so Joshua here. His greatness consists in God being with him

Joshua then tells the people—*1st*, That the living God, the God of the whole earth, would give them this day a pledge that Canaan should be theirs, v. 10; *2nd*, That twelve men were chosen to go to the place where the priests stood, and carry thence twelve stones to set up at Gilgal; *3rd*, Tells them what the pledge would be—Jordan was to be driven back.

III. The passage over Jordan, ver. 14–17.

The feet were dipped. Jordan, like the Red Sea, only yielded to the step of faith.—*Jordan overfloweth, &c.* Harvest—that is barley harvest—took place in March and April (in Abib, the first month). These early heats melted Lebanon's snows, and flooded Jordan. *The waters rose.* Did not overflow the country along the passage, but gathered and swelled like a mountain ridge far up the river's course.

The Salt Sea—the Dead Sea. *Bethabara*—"the house of the passage"—was the name given to the place: here John baptized.

APPLICATION.

1. *God will remove difficulties* when they lie in the path of duty. Trust Him; only be sure you are in the right way. So Israel marched up to the Red Sea; the Hebrew children to the fiery furnace; Daniel to the lion's den; and God made the way plain.—Doubtless, Jordan, deep, wide, rapid, seemed impassable to those on its banks. Trust God with little difficulties. Abraham's servant, Gen. xxiv. 27. Peter, Acts xii. 7.

2. *Christ leads His people to the Heavenly Canaan.* He is the ark—the good shepherd—His sheep follow Him, John x. 27. His footsteps have traced the path for you. He became a child—a boy—a man—"the Man of Sorrows"—that you might be like Him.—As many children crossed Jordan after the ark that day, so many have followed Christ to heaven. Will you? Matt. xix. 14. Caleb Num. xiv. 24.

3. *Christ has "destroyed death."* As Jordan was dried up, so Christ has overcome the last enemy, Death. Those who follow Him can say, "O Death, where is thy sting?" *Elijah—Lazarus—Jairus' daughter.*

4. *God will bring his people safe to heaven*—that better country, Heb. xi. 14–16. He

has promised. It may look long ere the promise is fulfilled. It may be through hunger and thirst—through sin and sorrow—through foes and fears—doubts and difficulties—yet, as Israel at last stood safe on Canaan, so will God's people all reach heaven. *You will if you are one of them,* John x. 28.

5. *Is that promise-keeping, wonder-working God with us?* He is not changed. It was His presence that did and secured all to Israel. Have you sought it for yourself, as Moses did? Exod. xxxiii. 15. Value it as the disciples did, John xvi. 6.

HINTS TO PREACHERS.

BY FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D.

It is a common remark, that preachers employ a worse delivery than any other men who address their fellow-citizens in public. How far this is just, it may be hard to determine. Suppose, however, a lawyer at the bar should read his plea, or the speaker at a political meeting should read his speech, as ministers often read their sermons, would they be at all endured? Or, suppose that, in an ordinary evening party, any one should attempt to converse in the precise tones of voice which men use in the pulpit, would not the whole company stand amazed?—When men preach without notes, it is not commonly as bad, but here there is commonly some evil habit or other which very much detracts from the effectiveness of the discourse. One speaks so rapidly that it is difficult to follow him,—another draws,—another has a solemn ministerial tone, to which all his sentences are subjected,—one is unmoved while uttering the most solemn truth, or speaks so low that but few can hear him,—another is boisterous from beginning to end, and as much moved while uttering the most common, plain remark, as in delivering the most solemn announcement. Now all this is unfortunate. Whoever attempts to improve a brother minister, should pay special attention to these defects, and labour assiduously and faithfully to correct them.

The great defect in all our speaking is the want of naturalness. When we become confined to written discourses, this is almost inevitable. Men cannot read as they speak: the excitement of thought in extemporary speaking awakens the natural tones of emotions, and it is these natural tones which send the sentiment home to the heart of the hearer. Any one must be impressed with this fact, who attends a meeting of clergymen during an interesting debate. There is no

lack of speakers on such occasions, and no one complains that he cannot speak without notes. It is also remarkable that they all speak well, for they speak in earnest, and they speak naturally. We have sometimes thought, if these very brethren would speak in the same manner from the pulpit, how much more effective preachers they would become. In the pulpit we tend to a solemn monotony, which is very grave, very proper, very ministerial,—but it is as wearisome to the vocal organs of the speaker, as to the ear of the hearer, and its tendency is decidedly soporific. We frequently hear a discourse delivered even with a good deal of earnestness, and not a single word has been uttered with a natural tone of the voice.

The tones which lie at the foundation of all good speaking are the tones of earnest conversation. Here we never drawl, or fall into tone, or sing-song, but speak out what we mean, with the pauses and emphasis which most readily convey the sense, modifying every sentence by the feelings of our own hearts, and the impression we desire to produce upon the hearer. This is the basis of all good speaking. If a man could carry these tones into the pulpit, rendering them somewhat more grave, as become the solemnity of the subject, speaking more slowly, as he must do, if he would be heard by a large assembly, abating somewhat of the suddenness of transitions, and rising, when the occasion demands it, to an impassioned and sustained earnestness, he could not fail to be a most attractive preacher. This, then, should be the great object of a preacher, to cultivate the natural tones of emotion, and learn to address an assembly in the tones and the manner which he would use in earnest conversation. If we can only attain this excellence, every other will follow as a matter of course. If he once learns to stand up before an audience, and speak to them freely, without embarrassment on the one hand or pompousness on the other, simply as any man might arise and address his fellow-men on a subject of common importance, he may proceed from this to the highest efforts of eloquence, or at least to as high efforts as has been granted to his particular endowment. In order to impressiveness of delivery, however, it is essential that man aim at *immediate* effect. No man can be eloquent if he be affirming truth which may be of use some ten years hence. He thus excludes all use of the emotions, for there is nothing for emotion to do. His discourse becomes a mere abstract discussion, addressed to the intellect, and having no bearing on present action. When Demosthenes closed one of his orations, the whole audience burst into a unanimous shout, uttering simultaneously the words, "Let us march against Philip."—If he had contented himself with discussing matters and things in general, telling them what might be necessary to be done some

time or other, they would have gone away quietly, remarking upon the beauty of his sentences, and the melody of his voice, and have complimented him upon "the success of his effort." Three days afterwards, hardly any man in Athens would have been able to give an intelligible account of his discourse.

A word may be said respecting the length of sermons. Cecil remarks, that a written sermon should not exceed thirty, and an unwritten sermon forty-five minutes. This is probably a judicious direction. As sermons are of frequent occurrence, and as they had better be confined to a single topic, or to a phase of a topic, the length of time which they occupy may profitably be confined within these limits. It is of small benefit to an audience to be wearied out of patience with the length of a sermon. A preacher should always bear this in mind, and by no means continue his discourse after his hearers have lost the power of attention. Sinners are rarely converted or saints edified when they are half asleep.

The nature of the sermon governs all other exercises of public worship. The object of the preacher is to produce a single impression. We all know how difficult it is to fix a religious truth in the mind of a man, especially when the reception of that truth imposes the necessity of corresponding action. We all know how easily the mind is diverted from the subject of discourse to every passing trifle, how soon a train of association arises and leads the mind far away from the words which are falling upon the ear. Now, of this the preacher should be aware. He should have every other part of the service so ordered as to co-operate with the sermon in producing one effect; and every source of distraction should be carefully avoided.

If we adhere to these principles, we shall of course select such scriptures for reading as are conducive to the main design. The psalms or hymns should prepare the mind for the subject that is to follow. The tunes should express the emotion uttered in the words. For this purpose the old psalms, enriched by innumerable solemn associations, are greatly to be preferred. The more directly everything bears upon the point to be attained, the greater will be the effect. And, on the contrary, every thing is to be avoided which would lead the minds of the audience in a different, especially an opposite direction. Music which expresses no sentiment, but only exhibits the skill of the performer, especially music and music performers that awaken association of the opera or theatre, are sufficient to destroy the effect of the most solemn discourse,—if indeed, solemn discourses are ever found in such company. Notices, if they must be made a part of the service of God, should be put as far out of the way as possible, that they may not in-

terfere with the unity of design which should govern a religious service.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

The world's a room of sickness, where each heart
Knows its own anguish and unrest;
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,
Is theirs who skill of comfort best;
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
Enfeebled spirits own.
And love to raise the languid eye,
When like an angel's wing, they feel them fleeting
by—

Warm'd underneath the Comforter's safe wing
They spread the endearing warmth around:
Mourners, speed here your broken hearts to bring,
Here healing dews and balms abound:
Here are soft hands that cannot bless in vain,
By trial taught your pain:
Here, loving hearts, that daily know
The heavenly consolations they on you bestow.

There is a pleasant story told of a man living on the borders of an African desert who carried daily a pitcher of cold water to the dusty thoroughfare, and left it for any thirsty travellers who might pass that way. And our Saviour said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." But cups of cold water are not given in Africa deserts alone. A spiritual Sahara spreads over the whole earth, and to its fainting travellers many a ready hand holds forth the grateful "cup."

A lady called to ask me if I would tell her of some poor and sick persons to whom she could be of service in furnishing good books. The names of two were given; and the Testament, in large type, which shortly found its way to the old man's abode, also the green tea and white sugar—rare luxuries—for the feeble woman in the cellar kitchen, and the half-crown slipped into her hand at parting—were they not "cups of cold water?"

A poor Scotch comb-makers wife, whose generous heart is larger than her purse, gave me fifteen combs, asking, in a half doubting way, if I thought some poor children who had none, would not like them. And so fifteen young hearts were made glad! By what? Surely by "cups of cold water," in no wise to lose their reward.

Several young girls met in the early part of the season to sew for poor children.—From time to time they have come together, playing busy fingers with happy hearts. And we have sixty-two garments as a result.—Sixty-two "cups of cold water!" How the heavenly inventory runs up!

A pious German woman, herself an inva-

lid, heard that her neighbour, living next door, was yet more feeble. The bottle of wine, provided for her at the doctor's suggestion, would surely do that neighbour good. And so, nimble little feet are soon at the widow's door, a bright face looks in, and, with a "Mother sent you this," the little flask stands upon the table. Wine to the sick woman it may be; but the divine chemistry, which years ago changed water into wine, can show this also to be a "cup of cold water!"

Late one Saturday evening, a pious widow in humble circumstances, who had not walked, save from one chamber to another, for years, sent me a loaf of bread, with the message, "The Lord sent it to me for some poor woman." The lateness of the hour, and our Lord's saying that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day, determined me to leave it until the morning, when I took it where I thought it would be welcome.—"The Lord has sent you a loaf bread, Mrs. S.," I remarked, as I went in. Lifting up her hands towards heaven, her eyes filling with tears, she exclaimed, "The Lord be praised." Then pointing to the neatly spread table, with its scanty breakfast, she said, "There is all we had for to-day."—Was it strange that the ringing of the church bells made glad music in my ear that morning? And may we not believe new notes of joy were heard above, as the heavenly chronicler noted down, in that wondrous book, another "cup of cold water in the name of a disciple?"

And so streams of refreshing flow through the parched desert. So to fainting his lips is pressed, by loving hands, the overflowing "cup."

"Yes like the fragrance that wanders in freshness
When the flowers that it came from are closed
up and gone.

So will they be to this world's weary dwellers
Only remembered by what they have done.

"Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done."

NEVER TEMPT A MAN TO BREAK A GOOD RESOLUTION.

The Mohegans were an excellent tribe of Indians. They had a long line of kings in the family of Uncas. One of the last was Zachary; but he was a great drunkard. But a sense of the dignity of his office came before him, and he resolved he would drink no more. Just before the annual election, he was accustomed to go every year to Lebanon, and dine with his brother governor, the first Governor Turnbull. One of the governor's sons

heard old Zachary's story, and thought he would try him and see if he would adhere to his beverage of cold water. At table the young man said to the old chief, "Zachary, this beer is excellent, will you taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with stern intensity of expression; his large animated eyes, sparkling with indignation, were fixed on him. "John," he exclaimed, "You do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil. I tell you that I am an Indian, I tell you that I am; and that if I should taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to ruin, and become again the drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never tempt a man to break a good resolution." Let us remember the wise adage, "The best method to avoid falling down a precipice is not to approach the edge."

FLIES AND SPIDERS.

Some children once went with their grandmother to see a spider's web; they thought it very curious, and they talked a great deal about it, though they could not see the use of such things, nor why there should be such creatures as flies or spiders at all.

Their grandmother replied, "My dear children, I cannot tell you just now all the reasons why the all-wise God created and sustains the various creatures which we see around us, though we may be sure there is some good end to be served but I will tell you a pretty story, which may at least help us to think upon the subject.

"A young prince used often to wonder for what purpose God had made flies and spiders; as he could not see, he said, what use they were to men, and if he had the power to kill them all, he would. One day, after a battle, he was obliged to hide from his enemies; and wandering about in a wood, he lay down beneath a tree, and fell asleep. A soldier passing by, who belonged to the enemy, was quietly drawing near with his sword to kill the prince, when suddenly a fly stung his lip and awoke him. Seeing his danger, he sprang to his feet, and escaped!

"That night the prince again hid himself in a cave in the same wood, and during the night a spider wove her web across the entrance. Two soldiers belonging to the army which had defeated him, and who were looking for the prince, passed the cave in the morning, and the prince heard their conversation, 'Look, cried one of them, 'he is surely concealed in this cave.' 'No,' replied the other, 'that is impossible; for if he had gone in there, he would have brushed down the spider's web at the entrance.' When they had gone away, the prince raised his hands and his eyes to

heaven, and thanked God for yesterday saving his life by means of a fly, and now again by a spider, and acknowledged that the ways and works of God are perfectly good and wise.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

"Sir Fowell Buxton writes as follows; When I am out of heart, I follow David's example, and fly for refuge to prayer; and he furnishes me with a store of prayer. I am bound to acknowledge, that I have always found that my prayers have been heard and answered. In almost every instance I have received that I have asked for. Hence I feel permitted to offer up my prayers for everything that concerns me. I am inclined to imagine that there are no *little* things with God. His hand is as manifest in the feathers of a butterfly's wing, in the eye of an insect, in the folding and backing of a blossom, in the curious aqueducts by which a leaf is nourished, as in the creation of a world, and in the laws by which planets move. I understand literally the injunction 'in everything make your requests known unto God;' and I cannot but notice how amply these prayers have been met."

Again, writing to his daughter on the subject of a division in the House of Commons, in the conflict for Great Indian Emancipation, he says:

"What led to that division? If ever there was a subject which occupied our prayers, it was this. Do you remember how we desired that God would give me his Spirit in that emergency—how we quoted the promise, 'He that lacketh wisdom, let him ask it of the Lord, and it shall be given him—and how I kept open that passage in the Old Testament, in which it is said, "We have no might against this great company that cometh against us, neither know we what to do, but our eyes are upon thee—the Spirit of the Lord replying, 'Be not afraid or dismayed, by reason of this great multitude, for the battle is not yours, but God's?' If you want to see the passage open my Bible it will turn of itself to the place. I sincerely believe that prayer was the cause of that division; and I am confirmed in this, by knowing that we by no means calculated on the effect. The course we took appeared to be right, and we followed it blindly."