

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |

MORNING HOURS.

BEGINNING THE DAY WITH GOD.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

A man of average duration of life (thirty years) sees about ten thousand mornings in the course of his existence.—He begins ten thousand days; and, as the after-issues and conduct of the day depend so much upon the beginnings, we wish to say a few practical words on beginning every day with God. Morning piety has much to do with household piety and with the whole current of one's everyday religion.

1. Every morning gives us (in a limited sense, of course) a new birth and commencement of life afresh. Sleep is the twin-sister of death. We lie for hours mute, motionless, and irresponsible. The outward world is a blank; the mind is virtually a silent chamber, through which incoherent dreams sometimes flit to and fro; life is suspended as to thought, action, and moral agency.

After a few hours of deep slumber—practically as devoid of activity as a sleep in the grave would be—the rosy finger of the morning touches us, as the divine Restorer touched the motionless form of the dead maiden in Jairus' house, and says, *Arise!* In an instant life sets its wheels again in motion. We leap up from that temporary tomb, our bed. We awake refreshed, restored, made anew for a fresh start on the life journey. Was yesterday a sick day? Sleep, like a good doctor, has made us well. We left our aches and pains in the vale of dreams. Was yesterday a sad day? Sleep has blunted the edge of our grief and soothed the agitated nerves. Was it (like too many of its predecessors) a *test* day? Then our merciful Father puts us on a new probation, and gives us a chance to *save* this new-born day for Him and for the holy purposes of our existence.

Do we lose the *morning*, either by long sleep, indolence, or aimlessness? Then we commonly lose the day. One hour of the morning is worth two at the sun-setting. The best hours for study, for in-

vention, for plans, and for labour, are the *first hours* which the mind and the body have after their resurrection from the couch of slumber. Napoleon—who, above all generals, knew the value of time—seized the early dawn. Walter Scott wrote nearly all his Waverley romances before breakfast, and achieved a literary immortality while his guests were sleeping. The numerous and erudite commentaries of Albert Barnes are monuments to early rising; they will ever attest how much a man can accomplish who gets at his work by “four o'clock in the morning.” To the student, to the artist, to the merchant, to the day-labourer, the most useful hours are reached before the sun climbs to the meridian. I am well aware that a vast deal of traditional stuff has come down to us about the “midnight lamp.” But I have generally found that those who use most the “midnight lamp,” either for study or dissipation, burn their own lamp of life out the soonest. While good men are most active in the morning, the “children of darkness,” knaves, rouses, and debauchees, are most busy at the midnight. Make it a rule, then, that he who would begin the day aright must seize and save its earliest hours. How often do we see some poor, careless, dilatory fellow rushing in blundering haste through the whole day, in a vain chase after the hour he lost in the morning!

2. Every day should be commenced with God and upon the knees. “In the *morning* will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up,” said that man who “was after God's own heart.” He begins the day unwisely who leaves his chamber without a secret conference with Christ, his best friend. The true Christian goes into his closet for his armour; before night he will need the whole panoply. He goes to his closet for his spiritual “rations” for the day's march. As the eastern traveller sets out for the sultry journey over torrid sands by loading up his camel under the palm-tree's shade, and by filling his water-flasks

from the cool fountain that sparkles at its roots, so doth God's wayfarer draw his morning supplies from the unexhausted spring. Morning is the golden hour for devotion. The mind is fresh. The mercies of the night provoke to thankfulness. The buoyant heart, that is in love with God, makes its earliest flight, like the lark, toward the gates of heaven. Gratitude, dependence, love, faith, all prompt to early interviews with Him who, never sleeping and never slumbering himself, waits on his throne for our morning orisons. We all remember Bunyan's beautiful description of his pilgrim who "awoke and sang" in the *Chamber of Peace*, which looked toward the sun-rising. If stony Egyptian *Memnon* made music when the first rays of the light kindled on his flinty brow, a living Christian heart should not be mute when God causes the outgoings of his mornings to rejoice.

3. Closet devotions are the precursor to family worship. Family religion underlies the commonwealth and the church of Christ. No Christian government—no healthy public conscience—no Bible-philanthropies—no godly church-life, can exist without their roots beneath Christian hearth-stones and family altars. The "*tutamen et decus*" [the defence and adornment] of dear old Scotland is found in those scenes of fireside worship which Burns has so sweetly pictured:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

No prelude to the day is so fitting, so impressive, so powerful in its sacred influence, as the union of household hearts around the throne of grace. When a cheerful morning hymn is sung, even the "wee bairnies" can join their carol; and what might be tortured into a penance is transformed into a delight. Morning worship at the family altar is a "strong seam" well stitched on the border of the day, to keep it from raveling out into irreligion, indolence, contention, and sin.—Wise is that Christian parent who hems every morning with the Word of God and fervent prayer!

4. When the early devotions of the day are over, and a distinct plan of useful labour laid out, then let us shoulder up

the day's load *cheerfully*. God will make the load light if we ask him. And the happiness and serenity of the whole day depend much upon a cheerful start. The man who leaves his home with a scowl on his brow, with a snap at his children, and a tart speech to his wife, is not likely to be a very pleasant companion for any one through the day, or to return home at night less acid than a vinegar-cruet. But more than cheerfulness is needed for some days, whose advancing hours come loaded with unexpected sorrows. For such days let us make ready *every* morning by putting ourselves under the wing of a Saviour's loving care. We know not how soon the last sunrise may light us on our way, nor how soon we shall hear on earth the last "good morning."

THE MESSAGE UPON THE THORN.

ONE day a lady called at a cottage in a retired village of Devonshire, seeking for Bible-subscribers. She was a stranger there, and the dwelling looked poor, and unpromising enough for her object. A cheerful "Come in, ma'am," however, encouraged her to state the object of her visit; but she was not prepared for the earnestness which met her application.

"Want a Bible! To be sure we do! one with big letters. 'Tis the very thing we have been talking about, and asking for, these years!"

"You are able to read, then?" asked the lady. Reading in those days, when Sunday schools were new inventions, was not so common as now, when each little one may learn, "without money and without price," to read for himself the wonderful works of God in the Scriptures of truth.

"Well, ma'am, he can't see to read now at all. His sight is gone with old age; but I can."

The person intended in her reply was an old man in bed, in a sheltered, but dark nook of the draughty dwelling. "I can't read to him, but now I can't see so well as I did, and the print in our Bible is too small. We was just saying, ma'am, we could spare a penny or twopence a week out of our parish to pay, for a big Bible, if only somebody would come and get it rag'lar, like. Somehow, when we keeps it ourselves, it melts away in a bit of tea and sugar."

"I am glad you are willing to deny yourselves these for the sake of a Bible. You seem to love it."

"Yes, ma'am. We couldn't do no less."

"Twas a message to us, direct, you see."

"Of course the Bible is a message to us all."

"I know that, ma'am; but ours was a special message. I'll tell you how it was."

Here the old woman took out of a broken teapot, a small paper parcel; opened it, unfolded and unfolded again, cerement after cerement, till at last there appeared a small, soiled piece of paper, on which the visitor read these words "Learn to read your Bible."

"That's it! that's the message, ma'am. You see I could do no less than I did."

"Where did you meet with this message?"

"In Rew's-alley Lane, ma'am—one day when I was coming back from the Collumpton Road. There was no leaves on the trees, for 'twas winter time, and they make a bower, like, over the road. Well, I saw a piece of paper sticking upon a thorn in the hedge, it was high up, and hard to reach, but I managed to come by it; for I felt sure it was something meant for me, and I took it home to my old man, for I could not read the words on it myself no more than a baby; but he did, and told me that it said—'Learn to read your Bible.' Now was not that a message, ma'am?"

"I dare say it was. But how did you learn?"

"I teased he, over there in bed, till he taught me: first the letters, then the little words. He was a scholar, you see, ma'am. Av! but it was weary work for us both. 'Nancy,' he often said, 'you're too old to learn.' 'Remember, 'tis a message, John,' I used to tell him; and then he'd try me again. It was years afore we got on much; but I knew all the time it was a message, and so I would not give in. At last the words began to come easier, and to put together, like stringing daisy-chains when I was a girl. He used to get out of patience too, and call me a dunce, but he was glad enough afterwards; for now he's blind, and I can read to him. But, ma'am, we sadly want a bigger print than this."

Here she showed the visitor a well-thumbed, small volume, wherein the early part of the Gospel of John was well nigh rubbed

out by the friction of the aged people's fingers—let alone some blurred passages where a tear may have fallen when the old schoolmaster had been more than usually impatient, or the scholar more than commonly slow.

"And now, ma'am, don't you see that I could not help learning to read this book, when God himself sent a message to tell me?"

When the carefully re-folded paper was again reverentially and affectionately restored to its simple casket, the visitor could not but confess that it had been, truly, a message of mercy hung upon a thorn.

And are there not many of God's children to whom such messages have been sent! The leaves of flourishing prosperity have fallen, to disclose the thorn on which such messages have hung. They have gathered it with trembling hand; they have asked to have it deciphered for them, because it was a mystery to themselves. They have heard the word, and set themselves to learn, and to obey. The lesson had been hard, and tearful, and prolonged; but the peaceable fruit has come at last, and the obeyed message has endeared the very thorn on which it hung.

"I AM THE WAY."

"I am the way," not "I was the way for the thief on the cross," but "I am the way for you to-night;" not "I will be the way when you feel you need more, and when you have worked yourselves into a better state;" but "I am, sinner, I am the way just now. I am the way for thee, just as thou art; to all that thou wantest I am the way." We sometimes see railways approaching towns, but they do not bring them right into the heart of the place, and then you must take a cab or an omnibus to finish the journey. But this way runs right from the heart of manhood's depravity into the very centre of glory, and there is no need to take anything to complete the road. You recollect what good Richard Weaver said on that platform, there, when he was illustrating the fact of Christ saving sinners, and saving them just now. He told us a story of his friend in Dublin who took him a first-class ticket for Liverpool, as he said, "All the way through," and

you will remember how he illustrated this by saying that when he came to Christ he put his trust in him, and had a first-class ticket to heaven all the way through. "I did not get out to get a new ticket," said he; "no fear that my ticket would be exhausted half-way, for it was a ticket all the way through. I paid nothing," said Richard, "but that didn't matter; my ticket was enough; the guards came and looked in and said, 'Show your tickets, gentlemen;' they didn't say, 'Show yourselves,' but 'Show your tickets;' and they didn't come to the door and say, 'Now, Mr. Weaver, you have no business in that first-class carriage; you are only a poor man; you must come out; you are not dressed smart enough;' no, as soon as ever he saw my ticket, the ticket all the way through, that was enough and so"—well said that man of God—"when the devil comes to me and says, 'Richard Weaver, how do you hope to get to heaven?' I show him the ticket; he says, 'Look at your self;' no, I say, that I am not going to do; I look at my ticket. My doubts and fears say, 'Look at what you are;' ah! never mind what I am; I look to what Christ gave me, and which he bought and paid for himself, that ticket of faith which will surely carry me all the way through."—Well, that is about the end of the journey, you see, and so the ticket will run you to the end. Christ is the way to the end, too, but I want, to-night, to show you that he is the way to your end as well as to God's end. Christ has run the railroad right into heaven, but now does it run from where I am? because if not, if there is a space between me and where that railway stops, how am I to get there? I will not have a cab of Morality, for the axle is broken. I shall not get up into the great omnibus of Ceremonies, for the driver has lost his badge, and I am sure there will be mischief come of that. How, then, am I to get there? I cannot get there at all unless the road comes right here to where I am. Well, glory be to God, it does come to just where you are to-night, sinner. There wants no addition of yours—no preparing for Christ—no meeting Jesus Christ half-way—no cleaning yourselves, to let him give you the finishing stroke—no mending your garments, that he may afterwards make them superfine—no, but,

just as you are; Christ says, "I am the Way." But you say, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" "Do?" saith he; "do? nothing but believe on me—trust me—trust me now." Did I hear one up in those boxes in the top gallery say, "When I get home to-night I'll pray?" I hope you will, but that is not the Gospel. The Gospel is, trust Jesus Christ now; Christ is the way now—not from your chamber to heaven, but from this place, from the very spot where now you are, to heaven. I do say again, dear brethren, that I abhor from my very heart that new kind of legality which is preached by some ministers, who will have it that we must not tell the sinner to believe on Christ now, but that he must undergo a preparatory process of conviction, and the like. This is Popery back again, for it hath the very essence of Popery within it. Instead of that, I uplift my Master's cross before the dying and the dead—before the blind, the ruined, and the filthy. Trust Jesus Christ, and you are saved. Trust him now, and depend on him from this good hour. "But I have many sins"—he had many drops of blood. "But I am a great sinner"—he is a great Saviour. "But I am so black"—his blood is so efficacious it can make you white as snow. "But I am so old"—yes, but he can make you to be born again. "But I have rejected him so often"—he will not reject you. "O! but I am the last person in the world to be saved"—then that is where Christ begins; he always begins at the last man. "But I cannot believe that—" Cannot believe what? What did I ask you to believe? "I cannot believe—" Cannot believe what, I say again? My Master is the Lord from heaven, that cannot lie; and you tell me you cannot believe him! My Master never lied to angel or to men, and he cannot, for he is truth itself, and this is what he says, that whosoever among you will trust him to-night he will save you; and if you say you cannot believe him you make God a liar, because you believe not on his Son Jesus Christ. I charge you, by the day of judgment and by the flaming worlds, say not that the God who made you will lie with you. Sinner, there shall never be found in hell a spirit that could say, "I trusted Christ, and was deceived; I rested on the cross, and its rotten timbers cracked;

I looked to the blood of Jesus, and it could not cleanse; I cried to heaven, but heaven would not hear; I took Jesus in my arms to be my Mediator, and yet I was driven from the gate of mercy; there was no pity for me." Never, never shall there be such a case. O! I would to God—I was about to say—that I were not preaching to depraved men, and yet to whom else should we go! because this is the sorrowful reflection, that so many of you will turn on your heel and say, "O! there is nothing in it." And who are the men who will look to Christ? Why, those whom God has chosen, in whom the Spirit, as the result of Divine election, will effectually work, and who shall be the real trophies of the Redeemer's passion. But, mark you, you have all heard the Gospel to-night; and when you and I meet face to face—while the trumpet of judgment is ringing in every human ear—when this solid earth shall shake—when the heavens shall blow, and the stars shall pale their feeble light, I will bear this witness, that I told you plainly the way of salvation; and in that great day I shall be able to say of each one of you, if you perish your blood lieth not at my door. Is there one who has not understood me? Is there one who thinks still that he is shut out, and that he cannot be saved? To you, sir, yes, to you, I add this extra word, "He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him;" and though thou be black with robbery, or red with blood, or stained with lust up to the very elbows, he is able still to save; and trusting him, with all thy heart trusting him, thou shalt find that he will surely bring thee to the place where he shall see thee with delight, having washed thee in his blood.

O! Lord, add thy blessing, and bring the strangers in; O! God, send home the Word, for Jesus' sake. Amen.—*Spurgeon.*

PRIDE (of all others the most dangerous fault)
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought,
 The men who labour and digest things most,
 Will be much apter to despond than boast;
 For if your author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

THE HEALING TOUCH.

"Could I but touch His garment's hem,"
 The woe-worn mourner said;
 "The act my secret plague would stem,
 And yield me instant aid!"
 She touched, and in her inmost soul,
 She felt herself at once made whole.

Long had she sought for help in vain,
 From earthly care and skill;
 No ease, no respite could she gain,
 But grew in weakness still;
 And now she has but touched the Lord,
 And lo! her health's at once restored.

O woman! matchless was thy faith,
 And wondrous was its power;
 It saved thy sinking frame from death,
 And healed thee in an hour;
 And more, far more, a hope it gave
 Of endless life beyond the grave!

Thy case was mine. A fell disease
 Had seized me from the womb;
 Which sapped my strength by slow degrees,
 And wrapped my days in gloom;
 A deadly plague, which gnawed within,—
 The foul, corroding plague of sin!

I asked my friends to ease my woe,
 But all in vain they tried;
 I bade the world its help bestow,
 The world its help denied;
 Its children laughed my griefs to scorn,
 And left my soul still more forlorn.

I turned from their reproaches loud,
 Their taunts and sneers I braved;
 I sought the Saviour in the crowd,
 I touched, and I was saved!
 My plague was stemmed, my wound was healed,
 My everlasting pardon sealed!

Then glory, glory, to that grace,
 Whose streams as freely flow
 For us, as for lost Israel's race
 Two thousand years ago;
 And still shall flow, till time shall end,
 And Jesus as the Judge descend!

Dr Huie.

A WELL SPENT HALF CROWN.

At a meeting held a few nights since, in London, a well known minister of religion, and a warm advocate of total abstinence, related the following anecdote:—

"There was a young man who held a good situation in a house of business, where his salary was sufficiently good to enable him to enjoy [as it is called] every species of dissipation to which young men too often incline. He accustomed himself to places where the entertainment is profes-

sedly given without charge, only the visitor is expected to spend money in liquor.

"It was at the time of the Temperance Convention held in London that I met him, and gave him a half crown ticket to attend the meeting. He took it, readily enough, and promised to attend.

"He was a capital mimic, and he promised himself some amusement in imitating the "originals" whom he expected to hear held forth on the occasion.

"There were some excellent speeches delivered; undeniable testimony was rendered to the efficacy of total abstinence from a physiological point of view; and the young man became so much interested that he forgot his original purpose. He was about to take part in a swimming match, and the idea occurred to him that if what all these authorities said, from experience, of the effect of abstinence upon bodily strength and vigor was true, it would be worth while for him to try it, in anticipation of the coming match.

"He did so, withstood the jeers and persuasion of his companions, and abstained from all alcoholic stimulants during the period he was training himself for the contest. The match came off; he was victor and did not fail to ascribe his success to the increased bodily health and strength which he felt was owing to the new practice he had adopted.

"So thoroughly convinced did he feel of this fact, that he resolved on adopting it henceforth and forever.

"He held to his purpose, though he still continued for a time, to accompany his friends to their various places of amusement; but he soon found that he was not the same man as heretofore. The filthy songs, the foolish talk, the purposeless, unmeaning jests, which had sufficed to amuse him when under the influence of a glass or two of spirits, were now wholly disgusting and repulsive. He found no merit in the scenes which had formerly appeared so seductive; his mind hungered for better things; his intelligence revolted at the waste of time and purpose thus bestowed. His boon companions soon ceased to desire his company; they felt his sobriety a check upon them.

"His memory, meanwhile, was recalling old scenes and recollections—the advice of his mother, the reading in the Bible at

home, the old church he had attended in his youth. Conscience, which had been deadened by intemperate habits, was awakened, and would not be still. He quitted all the haunts of vice and folly; he signed the pledge, and at once entered on a course of usefulness. He became a regular attendant at religious worship, and a zealous promoter of the Temperance cause. He got up a band of hope; and day by day the sphere of his labours increases, and the change which has been wrought in him brings forth fresh fruit.

"When I tell you that man is my own brother, you will readily believe that I agree with him in what he often tells me—"You never spent half a crown better than that which sent me to the meeting of the Temperance Convention."

BE HONEST WITH GOD.

Men should be honest with their fellow men: much more should they be honest with God. They should be honest in their confessions of sin. Some use language in confession which does not express their feelings. They call themselves utterly vile; but they do not so regard themselves. If those who hear them were to take them at their word, they would be greatly offended. Is it a small matter to make to God statements respecting ourselves, which we do not believe?

Men should be honest in their prayers. They should not ask for things which they do not desire. Many do this. One asks for deadness to the world; but there is nothing that he clings to more earnestly than to the world. Another asks for a spirit of self-denial; but it is plain he does not desire it; for he constantly cherishes the spirit of self-indulgence.—Men pray for things which it is usual to pray for; when, in reality, they do not desire them. That is not being honest with God.

Men should be honest with God in regard to their professions. One may say, "I gave myself to thee: I make an entire consecration of soul and body to thy service," when no such consecration is made. Perhaps the real state of mind was a desire thus to consecrate one's self, or a sense of obligation to do so.—The language should express the true state of the soul. Be not deceived. God is not mocked.—*Observer.*

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE BARREL.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah."—1 Kings xvii. 16.

I do not know whether I have made what I intended to state sufficiently clear; but what I wanted to bring out is this:—Just as God sent his prophet Elijah out of pure sovereignty to a woman who deserved nothing at his hands, and just as he sent a prophet to her in the time of her greatest misery and sorrow, so is the word of God sent to you, my hearer, this morning, if you are in a similar condition.

II. Now, I come to the second point: THE GRACE OF GOD IN ITS DEALINGS.

I would have you notice first of all, that the love of God towards this woman in its dealings was of the most singular character. You will notice that the first word this poor woman heard from the God of Israel was one which rather robbed her than made her rich. It was this: "Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink." It was taking something from that already much-diminished store. And then on the heels of that there came another: "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand." This was rather demanding than bestowing. And yet singular it is, this is just the way sovereign mercy deals with men. It is an apparent demand rather than an open gift. For what does God say to us when first he speaks? He says this: "Repent and be converted every one of you, in the name of the Lord Jesus." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." But saith the soul, "I cannot repent, it is beyond my power; I cannot believe—I would that I could believe—but this is beyond my reach.—And has God asked me to exert a strength which I have not? Does he demand that of me which I cannot give? I thought that he gave; I did not know that he asked of me." Ay, but soul, notice what this woman did in obedience to the command. She went and fetched the water, and she brought the morsel of bread; and the water was not diminished by what she gave, and the bread itself was increased in

the spending of it. When God saith to the sinner, "Believe," if that sinner believeth, it is not by his own power, but by grace which goes with the command. But the sinner does not know that at first. He thinks that *he* believes; he thinks that *he* repents. Why, I do not believe that the meal which the woman brought to the prophet was any meal of hers: it was meal taken out of her store, and yet not taken out of it; it was meal given her by miracle—the first instalment of miraculous provision. And so if thou believest, thou wilt say, "I have believed." Yes, it was taken out of your barrel, but still it was not your believing, it was an act of faith wrought in you. Here is a poor man with a withered arm; he wants to have that restored. Now, you will imagine that the first thing Christ will say to him will be, "Man, I will make thy withered arm alive; I will once more nerve it so that thou shalt have power to lift it." Nay, he does not say any such thing. But before he gives the man the power he says to him, "Stretch out thy hand!" Suppose he had cried out, "Sir, I cannot;" his withered arm would have hung dangling at his side till he died. But instead of that the command came; the man had the will to obey, and suddenly he had the power, for he stretched out his withered hand. What! say you, did he stretch out that hand of his own might? No, and yet he was commanded to do it. And so if you are willing to believe, if now your hearts say, "I would believe, I would repent," the power shall come with the will and the withered hand shall be stretched out.

I do preach continually the exhortation and the command. I am not ashamed to say with the prophet Ezekiel, "Ye dry bones live! ye dead souls live." If that is esteemed unsound doctrine, I shall be yet more heretical. "Man cannot do it; why tell him to do it?" Why simply as an exercise of faith. If I tell a man to do what he can do, anybody can tell him that; but God's servant tells him to do what he cannot do, and the man does it; for God honours the command of his servant, and gives the strength with the command. To sinners dead in sin the cry is given this morning: "Do you want salvation? Believe on Christ. Would you

have your sins forgiven? Look to him." Oh! do not answer, "I cannot believe, I cannot look." Instead thereof, may the Spirit of God incline your mind, so that you may say, "I will believe," and then you will believe. O may you say, "I will repent," and then you will repent.— And though it be not your own strength, it will be a strength given so instantly upon the moment, that you for a time will not know whether it is your strength or God's strength, until you get further advanced in the divine life, and then you will discover that all the strength from first to last is of God. I say that the dealings of divine grace with this woman are to be looked upon as extremely singular in that light. And yet they are but the type and the model of the dealings of God with all whom he saves.

3. Now, the next point. The dealings of love with this poor woman were not only singular, but exceedingly *trying*.— The first thing she hears is a trial: Give away some of that water which thy son and thyself so much require! Give away a portion of that last little cake which ye intended to eat and die! Nay, all through the piece it was a matter of trial, for there never were two handfuls there at a time. To the very last there was nothing but just a little oil in the cruse. Whenever she looked at it, there was only a little glazing of oil to spread upon the meal cakes. The cruse was never full; there was not a drop more in it than there was at first. So that this woman, the first time she had eaten the meal out of the barrel, might have thought to herself, "Well, I have breakfasted in a most extraordinary manner, but where shall I find food at noon." But when she went there was just one handful more. She took that out and prepared it, and unbelief would have whispered, "But there will be none at eventide." But, however, when night came there was just enough for the hour. The barrel never filled, and yet it never emptied. The store was little, but it was always sufficient for the day.

Now, if God saves us it will be a trying matter. All the way to heaven, we shall only get there by the skin of our teeth.— We shall not go to heaven sailing along with sails swelling to the breeze, like sea birds with their fair white wings winged,

but we shall proceed full often with *sails rent to ribbons, with masts creaking, and the ship's pumps at work both by night and day.* We shall reach the city at the shutting of the gate, but not an hour before. O believer, thy Lord will bring thee safe to the end of thy pilgrimage; but mark, thou wilt never have one particle of strength to waste in wantonness upon the road. There will be enough to get thee up the hill of Difficulty, but only enough then by climbing on your hands and knees. You will have strength enough to fight Apollyon, but when the battle is over your arm will have no strength remaining. Your trials will be so many, that if you had only one trial more, it would be like the last ounce that breaks the camel's back. But, nevertheless, though God's love should thus try you all the journey through, your faith will bear the trying, for while God dashes you down to the earth with one hand in providence, he will lift you up with the other in grace. You will have consolation and affliction weighed out in equal degree, ounce for ounce, and grain for grain; you will be like the Israelite in the wilderness, if you gather much manna, you will have nothing over; while blessed be God, if you gather little you shall have no lack. You shall have daily grace for daily trials.

From this interesting topic, I turn to another that is not less so. Although the Lord's dealings with this woman of Sarepta were very trying, yet they were very wise. Ye ask me—Why did not God give her a granary full of meal at once, and a vat full of oil instanter? I will tell you. It was not merely because of God's intent to try her, but there was wisdom here. Suppose he had given her a granary full of meal, how much of it would have been left by the next day? I question whether any would have remained. For in days of famine men are sharp of scent, and it would soon have been noised about the city, "The old widow woman who lives in such-and-such a street, has a great store of food." Why, they would have caused a riot, and robbed the house, and perhaps, have killed the woman and her son. She would have been despoiled of her treasure, and in four and twenty hours the barrel of meal would have been as empty as it was at first, and the cruse of oil would have

been spilled upon the ground. What has that to do with us? Just this: if the Lord should give us more grace than we want for the day, we should have all the devils in hell trying to rob us. We have enough to do, as it is, to fight with Satan. But what an uproar there would be! We should have tens of thousands of enemies pouncing upon our stock of grace, and we should have to defend our stock against all these assailants. Now, I think while it is good for us to have a little ready money on hand, to let our real, sterling property remain in the hands of our great Banker above. Should thieves break in, as they often do, and steal my evidences and take away my comforts—they only take a few loose coppers, that I have in the house for convenience, they cannot steal my real treasure, for it is secured in a golden casket, the key of which swings at the girdle of the Lord Jesus Christ. Better for you to have an inheritance preserved in heaven for you, than to have it given to you to take care of yourself; for you would soon lose it and become as poor as ever.

Besides, there was another reason why this woman had not her meal given to her all at once. Any meal-man knows that meal will not keep in great quantities. It soon breeds a peculiar kind of worm, and after a little while it grows musty, and no person would think of eating it. Now, grace is just of the same character. If you have a stock of grace, it breeds a worm called pride. Perhaps you may have seen that worm. It is a very prolific one. I find whenever I have a little extra stock of gifts, or grace, that this worm is sure to breed in the meal, and then soon it begins to smell musty, and is only fit for the dunghill. If we had more grace than we want, it would be like the manna of old, which when it was laid up, bred worms and stank. Besides, how much better it would be, even if it would keep, to have it fresh and fresh every day. Oh, to have the bread of heaven hot from heaven's oven every day! To have the water out of the rock, not as sailors have it in the casks for a long sea voyage, where the sweetest water ferments, and passes through many stages of decay; but oh, to have it every hour trickling through the divine rock! to have it fresh from the

divine fountain every moment, this is to have a happy life indeed!

This woman need never regret having nothing but a handful on hand, for she had thus the greater inducement to be frequent in her pleadings with God. After she had taken out a handful of meal, I think I see her lifting up her streaming eyes and saying, "Great God, it is now two years since for the first time I put the hand of faith into this barrel, and now every morning, and every noon, and every night, I have done the same, and I have never lacked. Glory be unto the God of Israel!" I think I see her praying as she went:—"Oh, Lord, shut not up the bowels of compassion. Thou hast dealt well with thy poor servant, and fed her this many a year. Grant that the barrel may not fail me now, for I have no stock in hand; grant that there may be a handful still to spare—always enough, always all that my necessities can require." Do you not see that she was thus brought into constant contact with God. She had more reasons for prayer, and more reasons for gratitude, than if she had received the blessing at once. This is one reason why God does not give you grace to spare. He will have you come to him every day, nay, every hour. Are you not glad of the plea? You can say each time you come, "Lord, here's a needy beggar at the door, it is not an idle man that is giving a runaway knock at the door of prayer, but, Lord, I am a needy soul: I want a blessing, and I come."

I repeat it, the daily journey to the well of mercy is good for us. The hand of faith is blessed by the exercise of knocking at the gate. "Give us this day our daily bread" is a right good prayer; O for grace to use it daily with our Father who is in heaven!

Now, what is the drift of all this? Just this: among the thousands of letters that I continually receive from my congregation, I meet with this very common question:—"Oh, Sir, I feel such little faith, such little life, such little grace in my heart, that I am inclined to think I shall never hold out to the end; and sometimes I am afraid I am not a child of God at all." Now, my dear friend, if you want an explanation of this it is to be found in the text.—You shall have just enough faith to carry

you through your trials, but you shall have no faith to spare. You shall have just enough grace in your heart to keep you living day after day in the fear of God, but you shall have none to sacrifice to your boasting and yield to your own pride. I am glad to hear you say that you feel your spiritual poverty; for when we know ourselves to be poor, then we are rich, but when we think that we are rich and increased in goods, then we are naked, and poor, and miserable, and are in a sad plight indeed. Oh, I want you to remember for your comfort, that though you have never two handfuls of meal in the barrel at a time, yet there will never be less than one handful; that though you will never have a double quantity of oil at one time, yet there will always be the requisite quantity. There will be nothing over, but there shall be none lacking. So take this for your comfort, as your days so shall your strength be; as your needs so shall your grace be; as the demands of your necessity, such shall be the supply of God's mercy. The cup shall be full if it does not flow over, and the stream shall always run, even though it is not always brimming the banks.

III. I conclude by bringing you to the point upon which I shall dwell but briefly—for I pray that your life may be a far fuller sermon on this text than I can hope to preach—THE FAITHFULNESS OF DIVINE LOVE. "The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah." You will observe that this woman had daily necessities. She had three mouths to feed; she had herself, her son, and the prophet Elijah. But though the need was threefold, yet the supply of meal wasted not. Boys have large appetites, and no doubt her son very speedily devoured that first little cake.—As for Elijah himself, he had walked no less a distance than one hundred miles; all weary with his journey, you may consider that he had a considerable appetite also; whilst she herself, having been long subjected to starvation, would doubtless feed to the full. But though their necessities were very great at the first, yet the barrel of meal wasted not. Each day she made calls upon it, but yet each day it remained the same. Now brethren, you have daily

necessities. Because they come so frequently—because your trials are so many, your troubles so innumerable, you are apt to conceive that the barrel of meal will one day be empty, and the cruse of oil will fail you. But rest assured that according to the Word of God this shall not be the case. Each day, though it bring its trouble shall bring its help; though it bring its temptation it shall bring its succour; though it bring its need it shall bring its supply; and though day come after day, if you should live to outnumber the years of Methuselah, and though troubles come after troubles till your tribulations are like the waves of the sea, yet shall God's grace and mercy last through all your necessities, and you shall never know a lack. For three long years the heavens never saw a cloud, and the stars never wept the holy tears of dew upon the wicked earth; for three long years the women fainted in the streets, and devoured their own offspring for straitness of bread; for three long years the mourners went about the streets, wan and weary, like skeletons following corpses to the tomb; but this woman never was hungry, never knew a lack; always supplied, always joyful in abundance. So shall it be with you. You shall see the sinner die, for he trusts his native strength; you shall see the proud Pharisee totter, for he builds his hope upon the sand; you shall see even your own schemes blasted and withered, but you yourself shall find that your place of defence shall be the munition of rocks; your bread shall be given you, and your water shall be sure. The staff on which you lean shall never break; the arm on which you repose shall never be palsied; the eye that looks on you shall never wax dim; the heart that loves you shall never grow weary; and the hand that supplies you shall never be weak. Do you not remember a time in your experience, not long ago, when you came to your wife's end. You said, "I shall surely fall by the hands of the enemy." Have you fallen? Are you not still preserved? Look back I pray you. It is not many months ago since business was running so dead against you, that you said, "I must give it up; ever since I have known the Lord I have had more trials than ever I had before." Have you given it up? You have gone

through fires; let me ask you, have you been burnt? has there been a hair of your head singed? You have waded through waters—and deep waters have they been—have you been drowned? You said you should be, but have you? Have the water floods overflowed you? When all God's waves and God's billows have rolled over you, were you destroyed? Did they wash out your hope? Did your confidence give way? You once went down, as it were, into a very sea of trouble, and you thought you would have been drowned therein like Egypt of old. Did not the waterfloods divide before you? did not the depths stand upright as a heap, and were not the floods congealed in the heart of the sea? You have had high mountains in your path, and you have said, "I can never traverse this road, the mountains are too steep." But have you not climbed them, and let me ask you have you not been benefitted by the climb? When you have stood upon their hoary summit, has not the view of your knowledge become wider? has not the breath of your prayer become purer, and freer? Say ye, have not your visits to the cold mountains of affliction strengthened you, and braced you for more glorious efforts than before? Now, then, let the past console the future. Snatch a torch from the altars of the past, and re-ignite the dying embers of to-day. He that has been with you in time past, will not leave you in time to come. He is God; he changeth not, he will not forsake you. He is God; he lieth not, he cannot leave you. He has sworn by himself, because he can swear by no greater, so that by two immutable things—his oath and his promise—we might have strong consolation, who have fled to the refuge to lay hold of the hope that is set before us. Though the barrel of meal hold but a scanty supply, though the cruse of oil contain but a drop, that meal shall last thee to the end, that cruse of oil, miraculously multiplied, hour by hour, shall be sufficient until thou shalt gather up thy feet in the bed, and with good old Jacob, end thy life with a song, praising and blessing the angel that hath redeemed thee out of all evil.

Now, having thus addressed myself to the children of God, I hope to their comfort, I wish to say just a word or two to

those whom I have come here with the hope of blessing this morning—those of you who know nothing of the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. What would you think of the condition of the man who can say, and say truly too, without a blush or a stammer, "I know that I am the object of God's eternal love; I know that he has put all my sins behind his back, and that I stand before him as accepted and as much beloved as if I had never sinned." What would you say if that man could confidently add, "I know that this shall be my position in time and in eternity. God so loves me that he cannot cease to love me. He will preserve me whatever be my troubles or temptations, and I shall see his face, and shall rejoice in his love eternally." Why, you answer, "If I could say that I would give all that I am worth; if I were worth a thousand worlds I would give them all to say that." Is it, then, an unattainable thing? Is it so high beyond your reach? I tell you and the witness that I bear is true, there are tens of thousands of men on the face of God's earth that enjoy this state. Not always can they say as much, but still they enjoy it year after year continually. There are some of us that know what it is to have no doubt as to our eternal state. At times we tremble, but at other times we can say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him unto that day." Again I hear you say, "Would to God I could say that." Well my dear hearer, it is possible that thou shalt say it ere long; nay, to-night it may be, ere sleep shall close thy eyelids, thou mayst be among the happy men. "No," saith one, "but I am the chief of sinners." Yes, but Christ is the Saviour of the chief of sinners. "Nay," says another, "but my character is so bad my disposition is so evil." The Holy Ghost can change your disposition, can renew your will, and make you a new man in Christ. "Well," says a third, "I can understand that I may be pardoned," but I cannot think that I shall ever know it." That is the glory of the religion of Christ, that he not only forgives, but he tells you so; he sheds abroad in your heart a sweet consciousness of acceptance in him; so that you know better than if an angel could tell you, that

you are now one of the family of God, that all your sins are gone, and that every good thing is yours by an eternal covenant. Again, saith a fourth, "I would that I could have it." Well, sinner, it is in thy way. Dost thou feel and know thyself to be undeserving, ill-deserving, and hell-deserving? Then all that is asked of thee is that thou wouldst simply confess thy sin to God; acknowledge that thou hast been guilty, and then cast thyself flat on thy face before the cross of Christ. He is able to save thee, sinner, for he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him.

May God the Holy Spirit now send the word home, and may some who have been poor as the widow of Sarepta, now find a miraculous supply of grace through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen.

PERSONALITY OF GOD.

It is from the intense consciousness of our own real existence as Persons, that the conception of reality takes its rise in our minds, it is through that consciousness alone that we can raise ourselves to the faintest image of the supreme reality of God.—What is reality, and what is appearance, is the riddle which philosophy has put forth from the birthday of human thought; and the only approach to an answer has been a voice from the depth of the personal consciousness: 'I think; therefore I am.' In the antithesis between the thinker and the object of his thought,—between myself and that which is related to me,—we find the type and the source of the universal contrast between the one and the many, the permanent and the changeable, the real and the apparent.—That which I see, that which I hear, that which I think, that which I feel, changes and passes away with each moment of my varied existence: I who see, and hear, and think, and feel, am the one continuous self, whose existence gives unity and connection to the whole. Personality comprises all that we know of that which exists; relation to personality comprises all that we know of that which seems to exist. And when, from the little world of man's consciousness and its objects, we would lift up our eyes to the inexhaustible universe beyond, and ask, to whom all this is rela-

ted, the highest existence is still the highest personality; and the Source of all being reveals Himself by His name, I AM.

If there is one dream of godless philosophy to which, beyond all others, every moment our consciousness gives the lie, it is that which subordinates the individual to the universal, the person to the species; which deifies kinds and realizes classification; which sees Being in generalization, and Appearance in limitation; which regards the living and conscious man as a wave on the ocean of the unconscious infinite; his life a momentary tossing to and fro on the shifting tide; his destiny, to be swallowed up in the formless and boundless universe. The final conclusion of this philosophy, in direct antagonism to the voice of consciousness, is, 'I think, therefore I am not.' When men look around them in bewilderment for that which lies within them; when they talk of the enduring species and the perishing individual, and would find, in the abstraction which their own minds have made, a higher and truer existence than in the mind which made them; they seek for that which they know, and know not that for which they seek. They fail would lift up the curtain of their own being, to view the picture which it conceals. Like the painter of old, they know not that the curtain is the picture.—*Mansel.*

THE DAY-STAR.

We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts," (2 Pet. i. 19.)

If we are true Christians, "the day-star" has already arisen in our hearts, and no Christian heart is "a dark place;" we do not look forward to a future time when that day-star will arise in our hearts, but to the arising of Him who is the Day-Star in His personal glory on this dark world. What, then, can be the meaning of the verse?

I think that the learned orientalist, Dr. Tregelles, has pointed out the true way of explaining it, by suggesting that part of the verse should be read as a parenthesis—thus:—

"We have also the prophetic word more confirmed, [i. e., by the transfiguration of

'our Lord;] whereunto do ye well that ye take heed (as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise) in your hearts."

This connects "in your hearts" with "heed," and indicates the heart-heed, or thorough and loving attention that ought to be paid by us to the word of prophecy.

A similar parenthesis is found in 1 Pet. iii. 21, and is quite in accordance with that apostle's mode of writing.

The Lord Jesus is Himself the day-star, (Rev. xxii. 16;) He himself said, when rebuking Peter for standing in the way of His humbling himself to the death of the cross, (Matt. xvi. 22, 23,) "The Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels;" and till then the prophetic word is to instruct and guide us as a light shining in "the darkness of this world;" and its teaching we ought to lay up and ponder "in our hearts," like Mary and others mentioned in the second chapter of Luke. "Ye do well that ye take heed in your hearts to that word until the day dawn, and the day-star arise." "And unto them that look for him [the word is look with *loving desire and expectancy*] shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation," (Heb. ix. 28;) and "at that day" "a crown of righteousness" shall be given, not only to apostles, "but unto all *them also that love His appearing,*" (2 Tim. iv. 8.)

Dear reader, is the prophetic word that tells of the coming of Jesus "in power and great glory" attended to by you *with all your heart*? And is "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" regarded by you as an object of *loving, longing, and joyous expectancy*?—If not, *why not*?

A man who takes proper care of himself, and indulges in plenty of air, exercise, and, above all, recreation, ought to be in a high range of health and strength from twenty-four years to sixty-five.

A fountain overflowing with sparkling water, pure, free, constant, priceless; no wonder the prophet Zechariah likened the best thing the world ever had to one. The salvation brought us by Christ is called a "fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness"—a "fountain of living waters." Oh, may we bathe in it and be cleansed; may we drink of it and never thirst,

OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN.

"As a traveller, returning

To his home from some far land,
Thinks of it with bosom yearning,
Ere his feet has touch'd the strand;
So, amid the noisy pleasures
Of the world, the heart oft sighs
For the nobler, higher treasures
Laid up for us in the skies.

"All our wish and our endeavour
Is to love, and please, and choose
Him, who loves us, nor will ever
What is for our good refuse.
When the soul, without distraction,
Sits and listens at His feet,
Then she finds true satisfaction,
And a happiness complete.

"Jesus, like the magnet, raises
Our dull spirits to the skies,
And we seem, in prayer and praises,
As on eagles' wings to raise.
Why we feel this strong attraction,
Why we wait for His command
In each thought, and word, and action,
Can the world not understand.

"Should our enemies asperse us,
Our dear Lord, who loves us so,
Bids us bless e'en them who curse us,
And to love our greatest foe.
He who died for our salvation,
And on us hath heaven bestow'd,
Wills, that by our conversation,
We should glorify our God,

"Can we have our hearts in heaven,
And yet earthly-minded live?
Can we, who have been forgiven,
Not forget and not forgive?
Can we hate an erring brother,
Only love when we are loved,
And not bear with one another,
By Christ's Holy Spirit moved!

"Ah! no hater, or blasphemer,
None who slander and defame,
Can be one with the Redeemer,
Who was gentle as a lamb.
Love will cause assimilation
With the object of our love;
Love will work a transformation,
And renewal from above.

"None, O Lord, who are unholy,
Shall Thy perfect beauty see;
Teach me to be meek and lowly,
Teach me to resemble Thee.
Keep me from the world unspotted,
That I may not only be
To Thy service here devoted,
But abide in heaven with Thee."

Lyra Domestica.

F.

Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me.—Ps. lv. 4.

Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine,—Isa. xliii. 1.

THE GOOD NEWS. PICTURES FOR THE CHILDREN.

MAY, 1st, 1863.

REST AT HOME.

(Translated from "*Le Journal des Enfants.*")

Yeddi, an old negro in America, whom the preaching of the Gospel led to believe in Jesus Christ, accompanied a minister one night through a large swamp. The minister, weary and wet, stood still a moment to take breath after a long walk. The negro with childlike simplicity, tried to cheer him by constantly saying, "You will find rest at home."

Ten years afterwards, the same minister stood by the bed of a dying man—the noble Yeddi, his old guide through the swamp.

"Do you still remember the night we went through the swamp, Yeddi?" asked the minister. "That I do, I have never forgotten it," answered the dying man gasping for breath. "Well!" continued the minister, "your pilgrimage is nearly ended, and I can say to you in my turn,—you will find rest at home," Yeddi.

The old and faithful servant had not forgotten these words. Light beamed in his dying eye, and he answered in broken sentences, "Yes, praise the Lord, O my soul!—I shall soon be at home—I a poor, old servant, weary, very weary.—But I'm going home—home."

Tears of joy and gratitude ran down his black and wasted cheeks, and showed more plainly than his words, the working of his soul. When he had almost lost his speech, he still endeavoured to give utterance to his feelings. His last words were—"Home rest."

T. F.

METIS C.E.

DANIEL AND HIS MOTHER.

Many children think they are too young to serve God, but it is Satan who whispers this in their ears. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God perfects praise. King Josiah served God with acceptance when he was eight years old. And the little boy Samuel, in his day, was the only high priest God recognized in Israel, and his service of carrying Eli's lamp was as acceptable to God as the hewing asunder of Agag in after years. Look for a moment at this little servant of God.—He is preferred to old Eli, sitting attired in his sacerdotal robes, in his dotage, and to his two sons who are doing iniquity in the outer court. Young as you, dress in a clean linen ephod, he ministers before the Lord. Last night God talked with Samuel, not long after Samuel had done talking with God! For when Samuel had said his prayers, and was just falling asleep, he hears his name called, "Samuel," "Samuel." "Here am I," cries Samuel, and up he gets and runs to Eli, for he loved to serve the old man, whom he thought had called him. Eli, probably thinking the little priest had been dreaming, tells him to lie down again. The child obeys, but is no sooner in his rest, than a voice cries "Samuel," "Samuel." "Here am I," cries Samuel, and runs to old Eli again, and says "Here am I," again for thou didst call me." Eli with a considerate look, says, "No myson, I did not, lie down again." The little boy gets into bed again, but has scarcely covered himself, when he hears the strange voice, "Samuel," "Samuel." Ever ready with his "Here am I," he runs again to his aged master. But Eli assures him that he had not called him at all and tells him to lie down again, for undoubtedly it was God, who was calling to him out of heaven, and if he called him again, he should say "speak Lord, for thy servant heareth."—He wraps himself up in his night rug again, but the words "Samuel," "Samuel," are heard breaking the silence as aforesaid. Samuel answers as directed, "speak for thy servant heareth." And children may well look astonished, but it is nevertheless true; the Lord of

angels and of men, makes free with a little child, and tells him all that he was about to do to Eli's house. Samtel's heart throbs at the intelligence. He thinks it over and over with himself, until sleep overcomes him. In the morning it all comes fresh into his mind, as he kneels down to pray, but he is afraid to tell Eli the trouble, which awaited him, and his household. He is seen opening the doors of the tabernacle, as if nothing had happened. But when requested by Eli, not to hide the thing that the Lord had said. He hides it not, neither does he falsify in the matter. For see him standing before the kind, old priest, who is all ear, with sparkling eyes, blushing cheeks, and his little hand uplifted to heaven, with reverence repeating the words of the Great God. Eli trembles all over, and brushing the trickling tears from his eyes, falters out the memorable words, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."—Samuel was a truthful boy, else God would not have entrusted him with his message, and all who would wish to be good or great must like him ever tell the truth. Every mother, no doubt, would be proud of a Samuel. And why is it, that there are so few Samuels?—Perhaps it is, because there are few Hannahs. Samuel was asked by God. And Hannah was not selfish. All she asked was the privilege of nursing a son for God. Glorious privilege! For when mothers sent up their offerings to Shiloh, to redeem their first born sons, Hannah sent up her offering, and her son too. No wonder that many children prove curses to their parents, for some alas! do not even thank God for their little ones. Surely what is worth taking is worth asking, and what is worth asking is worth being thankful for.

X.Y.Z.

The Moravian Missions have 31 stations in British colonies, with 83 ministers, and 11,000 communicants. In Danish colonies they have 26 stations, with 102 ministers, and 6,800 communicants and elsewhere, 25 stations, 132 ministers, and 3,450 communicants. About 78,000 persons altogether are under their religious care and instruction.

ENOCH.

While thousands the dark valley trod,
As thousands do to-day,
Enoch, the good, walked past with God,
To lasting bliss away.

Along the pathway of the sky,
From star, to star he sped,
Unto Jerusalem on high,
By great Jehovah led.

With eye far reaching down the blue,
An holy watcher spied,
On wings of Zephyrs wafted through,
The man who never died:

And quick the signal blast was given,
"Ye shining ranks prepare
To serenade him into heaven:
The first of earth, so fair."

The Porter oped the beryl gate,
And sung a welcome sweet.
As Heaven's first man walked in, in state,
And up the golden street.

"All welcome to the fields of green,"
Was chorused loud and long;
"Where flesh and blood hath never been"
Thus ran the angel song.

"A soul and body free from sin,
As Adam's was of old,
The holy City safe within,"
From rank to rank 'tis told.

Like odour sweet, on morning air,
The music floated round:
When Abel's spirit entered there,
Their joy was less profound.

Enoch, before the throne, amazed,
Stood 'mid the gathering crowd,
Of bright seraphic hosts, who gazed,
And tuned their harps aloud.

He found himself in glory bright,
Unutterably grand,
Arrayed in glistening robes of white,
With golden harp in hand.

Joining in praises of the Lamb,
Ere Earth's foundation slain,
That man might wave the victor's palm,
In heaven's high domain.

Since then, with angels far afield,
Amid the works of God,
Where trees of life their blossoms yield,
Has Enoch walked abroad.

X.Y.Z.

*For thy name sake, O Lord, pardon
mine iniquity; for it is great.—Ps. xxv. 11.*

Your sins are forgiven you, for his
name's sake.—1 John ii. 12.

'THE OILED FEATHER.'

BY REV. P. B. POWER, M. A.,

Incumbent of Christ Church, Worthing.

CHAPTER I.

In the village of ——— lived two neighbours named Joseph Irons and Samuel Parsons. Joseph Irons went by the name of "Rusty Joe," and Samuel Parsons by that of "Polished Sam." The names were characteristic of the men, Joseph Irons being a short tart kind of man in his dealings with his fellow creatures; and Samuel Parsons being on the other hand genial and civil. Joseph Irons wouldn't put his hand to his hat for any man, not he! he wouldn't waste his time with palavering people with fine words, no, not he! if folk didn't like his goods, they may leave them; and if they didn't like his answers, they needn't ask him any questions; in a word, "Rusty Joe," though very honest, and very decent living, was disliked by almost everybody, and in truth no one could be surprised.

On the other hand, Samuel Parsons was a general favourite; he had a salute for every one that came in the way; he didn't think himself a bit the worse man because he put his hand to his hat to the parson and the squire, as well as bobbed his head to the old apple woman at the corner of the street. As to civil words, Sam's theory was, that they were quite as little trouble to speak as gruff ones; and they certainly slipped out more pleasant-like out of one's mouth; and so it came to pass that everybody liked Sam Parsons, and we may wind up this paragraph, just as we did the last, by saying, and in truth, no one could be surprised.

"Polished Sam" and "Rusty Joe" might have lived on to the end of the world, for aught that we have to do with them, were it not that they afford us some very useful lessons, which will teach us, if we learn them, how to avoid a great deal of unpleasantness, in this rusty, crusty world of ours. The world is full of Rusty Joes, and Rusty Joes' wives too and folk make no small part of their own misery by bumping and thumping against one another, when the road is wide for all; and by being grumpy

and growly when a wee bit of civility would answer the purpose quite as well.—Folk should remember the great mechanical law that "action and re-action are equal and contrary;" that is, put in plain words; if you throw a ball against a wall, the wall will hit the ball, as hard as the ball hits the wall, only in an opposite direction; or if you like to put it into the language of daily life, it will read thus: "If you thump me I'll thump you; and moreover I'll thump you as hard as you thump me." Of course we consider this an un-Christian way of going through life; all we say is that it is a very common one.

Well, we are to see how "Rusty Joe" and "Polished Sam" got through one day of their existence; one day will be quite enough.

"Come, bring the oil flask, there's a pet," said Samuel Parsons to his wife, as he finished screwing on a new lock on his front door. Sam, of course, needn't have said, "there's a pet" unless he liked; but he used to think it was a great shame that women were called all sorts of pretty names before they were married, but none afterwards. "I say," says Sam, "many of the poor creatures are cheated with them there pretty names; poor folk! they think they'll always get them; but they become mighty scarce after they finger the ring." We don't mean to tell all the names Sam called his wife, before they were married; but now he called her pet; and as soon as she heard the loving word she threw down the duster on the chair, and sped off to the kitchen for the flask.—The flask had a feather in it, as such flasks generally have and Sam taking the said feather between his forefinger and thumb, oiled the key of the street door right well, and then locked it and unlocked it a dozen times; at first it went stiff and required some strength of wrist to turn it, but as it was worked to and fro, and the oil began to make its way into the wards, it worked more and more easily, until at last, Tommy, Sam's little son, who was standing by, was able to turn it almost with a touch, and then Sam pronounced that it would do.

This operation finished, Sam thought he'd just give his knife a touch of the end of the feather; less than a drop out of the flask would do; just a mere touch, that

was all it wanted; and presently, to young Tommy's great delight, his father made the blade go up and down, click, click.— Tommy evidently approved of the result, for he began to click click with his tongue and the roof of his mouth in imitation; and how long he might have delayed his father we can't tell; if it were not that Mrs Parsons caught him up in her arms, and made off with him; she calling Tommy a "saucy rogue," and kissing him all the way; and he on his part click clicking, as though his mouth were a cutler's shop, and you were opening and shutting every knife in it.

Some folk might think that Sam Parsons had done enough in the oiling line for one day, but there was one thing more to do, and then he would be quite ready to take his potatoes to market.— One or two of the wheels of his waggon had been a trifle creeky, and so he took the greese-pot, and gave them a touch of its contents; you could have rolled all he put upon them into the size of a couple of marbles, but 'twas quite enough; the wheels gave over creeking, and if the old proverb be true, that "Silence gives consent!" no doubt they highly approved of what Sam had done.

"Now, then, I'm off to market," said Sam. "Good bye, Jenny, pet." Oh that little word, "pet;" didn't the cunning fellow oil his wife's temper, and even almost her very joints, for her day's work, when he called her that little name. "Good bye, Tommy, my darling." Oh you cunning man! there you are with your oiled feather again; for when Tommy was naughty, and his mother reminded him that she must tell his father, when he came home, and "father would be sore grieved if his darling was naughty?" wasn't Tommy good, for child though he was, he was able to reason thus much in his mind: Tommy is father's darling, and he wont vex him: darlings ought not to vex those who love them, Never mind, good reader if there's a flaw in the logic; nursery logic is sometimes very funny reasoning, but it answered the purpose; naughty Tommy became good and clicked clicked about the house as merry as a sunbeam, instead of sprawling and brawling on the ground; and all because his father happened to call him a darling before he went out.

"I say, Polly," said Sam Parsons to the one servant maid, as he left the house, "don't forget to clean up those irons, if you can manage it, there's a good lass; you'll find the oil flask hanging up behind the kitchen door;" and so with a cheerful smile on his countenance, Sam Parsons took his departure for market. Ah! cunning Sam; before he went he oiled his wife and child, and now he oiled the servant maid; and when he turned his back upon his own door, he left smiling faces and glad hearts behind him, and I warrant he found them all smiling to receive him when he came home.

CHAPTER II.

"Rusty Joe" shall have a chapter to himself, we won't mix him up with "Polished Sam" on any account; acid and sweet make a very good drink when mixed together; and we dare say Joe and Sam must meet before our story's done, and if they do, we hope it will be to do the reader good; but they must keep asunder for awhile. "Rusty Joe" had an idea that it was rather letting one's self down to be civil; he could not see the distinction between being sneaking, and cringing, and time serving in one's conduct, and being civil and pleasant; he prided himself on being blunt, and honest, and upright, aye, and downright too; but he forgot that he was often rude, and surly, and morose.

Now on this very morning, "Rusty Joe" was going to market also! and it so happened that he ought to have done what his neighbour "Polished Sam" had done: but he was above attending to such little things and provided a thing could be done at all, he did not if it were by main force; a pull and bang knock one's temper about a great deal: this however "Rusty Joe" did not take into account.

Before it was time for Joseph Irons to leave his house on this eventful day, he had as much misery as would fall to his neighbor "Polished Sam" in a week. In the first place he had neglected to grease his boots after last market day, which had been very wet; and now, when he went to put on these same boots, for the day promised to be wet again, they were so hard and stiff that he pulled, and kicked, and knocked, and stamped in vain. A very little of this work will try a man's temper,

and at last Joe was about to give up in despair, when with a final pull and kick he knocked one foot into a boot; and seeing that it would be almost as hard to pull out the leg, once it was in, as to get in the other; he knocked and kicked away until the second got in also. Bad temper is always bad for a man's digestion, and sometimes it will make him quarrel even with his meat, hence we need not be surprised to hear that nothing was right that morning at breakfast. The eggs were too hard and the bread was too soft, the bacon dish was too hot, and the teapot was too cold; and who can wonder, when Joe's two boots, as hard and stiff as if they had been frozen, were pinching his heels, just as if they had been ten wicked fingers with long claws on them. Ah! Joseph Irons you should have greased your boots, or put the least drop in the world of linseed oil upon them, and you would have agreed much better with your breakfast; aye, and your breakfast would have agreed much better with you.

When Joseph Irons had bolted his breakfast, he got up and went to the street door to go out; but no loving word did he speak to his wife Betsy, who if the truth were known, was by no means sorry to get rid of him and his tempers for awhile. True Joseph never abused his wife; but he was exacting, and unsympathizing, and gave very few kind words; and the consequence was, she just creaked along through life's duties; she did not run smoothly and swiftly like the wheels of Sam Parson's wagon; nor had she any spring in her like his well oiled penknife; nor did she move about comfortably through the ins and outs of life, as Sam Parson's oiled key did though the wards of his lock; she was a poor downhearted creature, who never basked in the sunshine of a little love; who never heard the music of an affectionate word; had indeed all the machinery of a woman's heart, with all its great capacity of doing wondrous things; but there was just something wanted to set it a-going—it was a little love. "Mind you have my shirt finished to-night," said Joe Irons, as he laid his hand on the street door, "for I may go to Pitbank to-morrow and I don't want to go to the Squire's in this old concern;" and with this direction to his wife, Mr. Irons took himself off.

But if Joe Irons met with trouble from want of a little oil, even before he got to his street door, he met with more when he got to the door itself. The door was stiff in its hinges, and stiff, in the lock, aye, as stiff, as if it had the rheumatics for twenty years. After a little difficulty, Joe Irons opened his door but he could not shut it with as little trouble again. That door seemed to have a will of its own; and unfortunately it was not just now the same as Joe Irons' will—perhaps it might have thought that the house, which smelt a little fusty, might be the better for some ventilation; or, may be it was simply obstinate and wouldn't shut but so it was, that Joe gave it five or six pulls without success. Now it was no new thing to Joseph Irons to pull that door; he despised such a small thing as a drop of oil; the door had hitherto yielded to main force, and his strength was in no wise abated, so, "here goes," said he and he gave it a bang with all his might.—There was no resisting such an appeal as this; so the door was shut with a bang loud enough to rouse the whole neighbourhood; but alas! my poor friend, Joe, you don't know what harm you did; you actually shook the house, and broke a glass shade upon the chimney piece in the parlor. That glass shade was part of the only ornament in the room, it covered two or three foreign birds, which Mrs. Irons' brother, who had been a mate in a vessel, brought her home from foreign parts; and Mrs Irons was very much vexed.—Had her husband spoken a kind word or two to her before leaving, she would in all probability have put up with the loss for his sake; but he had done nothing of the kind; and the consequence was when the glass came tumbling down she felt very irritated and sore.

This, then was the way that "Rusty Joe," started forth to market; he met with trouble before he went to his street door; and when he arrived at it; and as we shall presently see, with plenty more before he returned to it again.

The market town of _____ was full ten miles from the village where "Rusty Joe" and "Polished Sam" lived; and there was a good deal of up-hill road on the way thither. The road was moreover heavy, for recent rain had fallen, and there seem-

ed to be a prospect of more, Already had "Rusty Joe" lost some time over his boots and over his door; and it behoved him to make as much speed as he could, in order to reach the market in time; of this he was well aware, and so he smacked his whip frequently as he cleared the bounds of the village, and the long road lay before him. But Joe's troubles still lay thick before him; he soon found himself a poor limping creature, and every step he took seemed to have a corresponding pinch belonging to it; presently he began to feel conscious that he would be late for market unless he could get a little faster, and accordingly, at any hazard to his unfortunate ten toes, he smacked his whip, and jee-hopped to his horses; but he soon found that they could not make much more way than himself.— What was the matter? Was the load heavier? No, but "Rusty Joe" had not greased the wheels of his waggon for a long time, and now the vehicle went on creak, creak, as though it would come to pieces every moment. Main force was Joe's resource on all occasions, so he whipped the horses, and they pulled with all their might, but at the Blackford hill, they found the waggon so hard to move, that they had to stop over and over again.

Instead of making allowances for the poor beasts, which were really doing their best, our friend "Rusty Joe" determined to make them pull the waggon up the hill accordingly he pulled a piece of whipcord out of his pocket, and his knife also, and while the horses stood puffing, and panting and blowing, with their exertions, he prepared to fit on a new lash. "I'll tickle you my lads," said "Rusty Joe," and so saying, he applied his thumb nail to the knife, to open the blade to cut the cord. The knife was stiff; in fact the hinge was rusted; but the angry man would not lose any time over it; he made a tremendous effort: force with him, would do everything, and with a tremendous effort, he half opened the blade, but in doing so, he broke his nail down to the quick, and the pain soon made itself plainly felt. Still the angry man was not to be put off; he cut the whipcord; he put on a new lash; and with a crack, crack, crack, he tried to start the horses with the creaking waggon up hill; but force will not do everything

in the world: the horses made such a plunge, under the influence of the smarting lash, that the harness broke, and there stood "Rusty Joe," in a sad plight, neither able to go on nor to return. Joe! you should have greased your boots, and you would not have been late. Joe! you should have oiled your door, and you would not have lost your temper. Joe! you should have oiled your waggon wheels, and then your horses could have pulled it up the hill. Joe! you should have oiled your penknife, and you would not have torn your nail. Joe! you should have oiled your harness, and the leather would not have become rotten, and broken as it has now done, in your time of need; and we must leave you there, Joe, upon the roadside, to meditate upon these things for awhile; sorry, no doubt, that you are in such trouble, but hoping that you will come out of it, perhaps a sadder, but still a wiser man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE KISSES OF HIS MOUTH.

"Has the pain gone, Mary dear?" said a sorely tried mother, as she hung over the dying bed of her only daughter. It was a case of consumption; and the agonies of the last days were great. Mary had never known a father's care; but the tender mother, toiling with her own hands, had reared the child and supported herself.— The worst seemed over, for Mary was blooming into womanhood. Her labour was now sufficient to meet her own wants, and her only remaining parent's burden was so much the lighter. A good hope in Jesus the daughter had got besides, and the mother could not but be "exceeding glad," as Jonah was of his gourd.

The Lord had need of Mary in the Eden above; and by removing the lovely plant, he meant to draw the mother's heart more fully towards himself.

With long-enduring energy, such as only a mother can show, she tended her sinking child. On the day of which we have spoken, Mary's agony was at times very great; but in one of the deepest paroxysms, the sufferer's face was suddenly lighted up, as if a sunbeam had shone upon it. The instantaneous change from

suffering to joy led the mother to ask, "Has the pain gone?"

"No, mother, it has not gone," said Mary; "but just now the promise, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' came into my mind with such wonderful power and sweetness, that I would willingly bear more of the pain to enjoy more of the promise."

Next day she entered into rest; and we learned the incident from the bereaved mother's lips.

As Jesus cheered Mary, so he supports his humble loving children in the hour of distress. Holden was thus, they can glory in tribulation. The word of promise brought home by the power of the Spirit fills the soul with the peace and joy of heaven.

Dear reader, do you know anything by experience of these tokens of affection which blessed Jesus ministers? If you have tasted them, you will crave for repetition. More or less he gives all who welcome him into their hearts to know the sweetness of his precious promises. He tells them to ask, and they shall receive, that their joy may be full; and thus the Bride prays in the Song, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine."

W. K. H.

EDWARD ROBINSON.

This able scholar, and, while he lived, the first authority upon Biblical geography, died at New York on the 27th of January, aged sixty-nine. His death will be lamented as much in Europe as America; his writings commanded the respect of Biblical scholars over the globe. It is through the New World not the Old that the Palestine of the past has been rescued for the present, and whatever Biblical topography may do to elucidate the Bible, will be greatly owed to the eminent and simple-minded American Professor. He was the son of an Independent minister, and born at Southington, Connecticut, in 1794. During his childhood his father moved into the State of New York. He graduated with the highest honours at Hamilton College in 1816, and during the next year was college tutor. In 1821, he removed to Andover with a high reputation for Greek, and the intention of bringing out an edition of the *Iliad*. Here he learned theology, and pursued his philo-

gical studies under Professor Stuart with so much success that in Stuart's absence he took charge of the Hebrew class, and was afterwards appointed Assistant Professor. He was united with Stuart in his literary labours of that time, and after five years sailed for Europe, where he resided, chiefly in Germany. Returning to Andover in 1830 he was appointed Extraordinary Professor of Sacred Literature, and three years later went to Boston, where he engaged in literary work. In 1837, the year after the Union a Theological seminary was founded in New York, he was appointed its Professor of Sacred Literature, and before entering on the duties of the chair, he paid a long-projected visit to the East, in company with his friend Dr. Eli Smith.—The result of this tour was soon after made public by his well known work, *Biblical researches*, which appeared simultaneously in America, England, and Germany, and at once established its author's reputation. The faculties at his disposal were few, the difficulties infinitely greater than they are now. But he had enthusiasm and courage, scholarly accuracy and unwearied perseverance; and after great labour and pains he was able to make a complete survey of Palestine. After a short residence in Germany to prepare his book, he entered in 1840, upon the duties of his Professorship, which he held until his death, a period of twenty-six years. He paid a second visit to the Holy Land, the results of which were embodied in an additional volume of *The researches*. Last summer he passed in Germany in declining health. His disease was not checked, and though his death was sudden it was scarcely unexpected. He was twice married; about 1817 to a sister of President Kirkland, of Harvard College, and in 1828 to a daughter of Professor von Jacob, of Halle. His second wife, who with two children, survives him, was an accomplished woman, and a frequent writer under the signature of *Talvi*. Though ordained to the work of the ministry he was never a pastor; his gifts led him to another department of Christian teaching, where they signally served him. Besides his great work he wrote a translation of Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon; His own Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament; a Harmony of the Four Gospels; a Translation of Butmann's Greek Grammar; and an abridgment of Calmet's Biblical Dictionary. He was one of the *Biblical Repository* and the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, and contributed no little to the reputation of both those Journals. He was a member of most of the learned societies, and was presented by the Royal Geographical Society with their Gold medal. Two unfinished works remain to bear witness of his unflinching industry; on *Obscure Passages of the Bible* and on *Sacred Geography*. To the

after he had addressed himself after his first journey to Palestine; he considered it as the work of his life, to which the others were all preparatory. Should it not be far enough advanced for publication the loss of Biblical science will be irreparable. He was a man of great modesty and shyness; of the strongest rectitude; of indomitable perseverance, and of generous feelings. He was a constant contributor to the *New York Observer*, but instead of receiving payment desired the editor to give the sum to such indigent students as he should send to receive it. His mind was solid, his judgment masculine, penetrating, and sound. He was a thorough and accomplished theologian; and a man of a calm and firm piety. He has left a name that will be remembered with honour by scholars—that will be endeared to every student of the Bible.

LYMAN BEECHER.

On the 10th January died the Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., at the advanced age of 87 years. He was one of the most distinguished preachers of the United States in the present century. A native of New Haven, Connecticut, he was educated at Yale College, which is one of the most renowned literary institutions of America, was first settled as a pastor, eleven years, at East Hampton, on Long Island, N.Y.; then sixteen years at Litchfield, Connecticut; next six years at Boston; afterwards, he was for twenty years Professor of Theology in Lane Seminary, at Cincinnati, Ohio. The last ten years of his life were passed at Boston and Brooklyn, without pastoral charge, but he preached as often as his strength would permit. In the last-named place, and near to his favourite son, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, he spent his last years; his powers of body and mind gradually wasting away, till the flickering flame died in the socket. Rather below than above the medium height, and having a person that had nothing striking about it, save an eye of singular depth, size, and brilliancy, and possessing no particular advantages of voice, Dr. Beecher, by the *penetrating* nature of his mind, by the richness of his imagination, and a ready command of language—but not with great nicety of pronunciation—was a most effective speaker both in the pulpit and on the platform. He was a great preacher in his best days, especially among a New England people; sensible, well-educated, and acute.—No man ever did more to break down the stronghold of Unitarianism in Boston than he did during the short period of five or six years which he spent there—building up three new and strong Churches in that short period. No man understood better than he, how to

blend the rigour of logic with the most tender and melting appeals to the affections. His *manner* was altogether his own—at least until some of his sons, and a few others, almost robbed him of it. He had seven sons and four daughters. All of his sons became ministers of the Gospel, and all but one are still living, as are all the daughters. Of the sons, Edward and Henry Ward have made their mark both as writers and speakers; of the daughters, Harriet (Mrs. Stowe) has achieved a renown that equals, if it does not even eclipse, that of her distinguished brothers. Dr. Beecher's Published Lectures on Theology, Sermons before Ecclesiastical and Missionary bodies, and on other great occasions, Essays, etc., make several volumes. His Six Sermons on Intemperance, delivered many years ago, did much to give an impulse to the Temperance Reformation with us. His sermon on Duelling, occasioned by the death of General Hamilton by the hand of Colonel Burr, almost sixty years ago, was one of the most remarkable he ever delivered, and produced a great effect on the public mind, especially in the Northern States, and takes rank with those which that memorable occasion called forth from the pens of Drs. John M. Mason, Eliphalet Nott, Timothy Dwight, and other distinguished men of that day.

The funeral services were held in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn (of which the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is the pastor), on the 14th January, when a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, Connecticut, to an immense congregation that filled that large edifice to overflowing. The text was: 'Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory;' (1 Cor. xv. 57.) The discourse was worthy of the occasion and the subject. It contained not only a just and discriminating portraiture of Dr. Beecher's moral, religious, and intellectual character, but also set forth the chief events and labours of his life. The next day his remains were carried to New Haven, and buried by the side of the late Dr. Taylor, according to his dying injunction. In due time we may expect an extended biography of this remarkable man; and if it should contain all the wonderful things said or done, which have been attributed to him, it will indeed be a most extraordinary book.

NOT NOW!

"Not Now!" Oh! why, dying sinner, why not seek the Lord *now*? Death is gliding with rapid steps along your pathway, and will soon, very soon, strike you with his unflinching dart. Eternity stares you in the face. The Judgment-seat is near at hand. Hell yawns

but a few paces before you. An offended God—a slighted Saviour—a broken law—how can you meet these. Oh! *See!*—“Escape for your life. Go to Jesus.

“Not now!” When can you go better?—Not when disease racks your body with anguish, and enfeebles your mind. Not when added sins shall have made your heart harder. Not when the Holy Spirit grieved and God’s arm of mercy withdrawn. You will NEVER—aye, meditate well on the import of this word—NEVER have a more convenient season.”

“Not now!” So said a young lady who, during a season of special religious interest, was urged to give her heart to Christ at once. A week passed by; she sickened; reason deserted its throne; and she died without hope, and—

“Not now!” *When*, then dying sinner, will you seek the Lord in earnest? If you ever become a Christian, you must sometime resolve to begin *now*. Hell is thronged this moment with lost spirits who once were almost persuaded to yield to Jesus. They said “Not now,” and the caverns of despair are echoing with their anguished shrieks.

“Not now!” God says, *now!* The Holy Spirit says, *Now!* Jesus says, *now!* The whole Bible rings out the same pressing truth. “Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation.”

JOINING THE CHURCH.

“Mother,” whispered a little girl, slipping her head through her mother’s arm and resting it on her mother’s shoulder, “mother may I join the Church?”

“You, my child! you are too young,” said the mother, surprised into a reply she would not otherwise have made perhaps. The child blushed, and a tear started in her eye.

“Did not my Saviour die for me, mother?” asked she presently. “Yes, Lucy.” “I know it,” said Lucy, “and I pray to him, and I love him, and I say to myself over and over again,

‘Jesus, I would follow thee,
I thy little lamb would be.’

and mother, he wont *shoo* me off, will he?”

“Oh, no,” cried the mother, clasping her child in her arms, lest she might be thought doing so.

“Mother,” continued the child, “didn’t the minister last Sunday call the church Jesus’ fold; and isn’t it better for me to be

inside! for if I stay outside, I might stray off and be lost; and then, mother, all the dear, good, pious people will be watching me, Oh, *mayn’t* I join them and get closer to Jesus?”

The child’s plea deeply touched the mother’s heart. She prayed for her conversion; and yet when she found her one of Christ’s little ones, pressing into the same company of believers with herself, she was so surprised that God had answered her prayers, and so backward too in encouraging her to follow.

The minister and the elder’s daughter, too, whom she consulted, were afraid lest she was too young to know what she was about.

“Then,” said Lucy, sorrowfully, “If I die and go to Jesus, and he asks me why I did not ‘do this in remembrance of me,’ Shall I tell him you and the minister wouldn’t let me, mother?” and a solemn inquiry it was.

Did not Christ make the conditions of the discipleship so simple that the humblest and the little ones might understand and perform them? The church is a “household of faith;” and ought we not to bring believing children into its sacred fellowships and holy responsibilities, thus giving them all the helps to a holy training in the Lord?

Lucy joined the church at eleven, and grew up a lovely Christian woman.

‘YET LACKEST THOU ONE THING.’

St. Matt. xviii. 22.—A peasant from the province of Dalecarlie, in Sweden, worked under a rich proprietor who resided in the neighbourhood of Stockholm. The master, while one day walking with his labourer, entered into conversation with him, and asked whether he knew to whom this or that property belonged. The Dalecarian replied to each question in the negative, and his employer always informed him “I belongs to me.” “Yes,” proceeded the master, “all that the eye can perceive from the spot where we stand, is mine.” The peasant stood for a moment silent; then struck his spade in the earth, raised his cap, and pointing upwards, said earnestly, “I perceive Heaven above us; is that also thine?”—L. S. *Translated from the German.*

Sabbath School Lessons.

May 10th.

KORAH, DATHAN, AND ABIRAM.

NUM. xvi. 23, 50.

1. THE GAINSAYERS' DOOM.

The tabernacle of Korah, &c. Korah was the leader of a party of Levites, who aimed at wresting from Aaron the priestly office, and co-operated with Dathan and Abiram, who as descendants of Reuben, the eldest son of Jacob, aimed at supplanting Moses in the government. On the earnest entreaty of Moses, the people stood apart from the head-quarters of the rebels. Moses, acting under the divine direction, announces the impending judgment of the gainsayers. As soon as he had spoken, the earth opening, swallowed up Dathan and Abiram with their families and property, while fire from the Lord, consumed Korah and the 250 princes who would have usurped the office of Aaron. Korah's children were saved. Chap. xxvi. 11.

2. THE PLAGUE.

The people of the Lord.—Terror cannot change the heart. Next day the people renewed the contest. They had the daring effrontery to say that the men who had perished were the servants of the Lord. The plague was immediately sent upon them. At the intercession of Aaron, the very man whom they had sought to injure, it was stayed. How rapidly the plague spread—14,700 died ere Aaron had made the required atonement!

LEARN 1. *Not to reject God's High Priest, Jesus Christ.* Aaron was typical of Christ, and if they perished so fearfully who rejected the type, how shall we escape if we neglect the great antitype? Heb. ii. 3.

2 *We must separate ourselves from sinners or perish with them.* The congregation of Israel had to separate themselves immediately from those wicked men or share their doom. So Lot had to flee from Sodom. It is not, however, a physical but a moral separation from sinners, which Christ requires of his disciples. While we are in the world, we cannot but mingle with the ungodly, but we must keep far from their sins; Jas. xvii. 15, 3.

3. *God will certainly punish sin.* The awful doom of Korah and his followers, as well as all the instances recorded in Scripture of sin being punished, all indicate God's abhorrence of sin and the eternal punishment which awaits the finally impenitent.

4. *We should take warning from the ruin of others.* The censers were preserved

as a covering for the altar: to be a conspicuous memorial unto the children of Israel; and "these things were written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world have come."

5. *All God's creatures fight against God's enemies.* The ground they tread on is ready, at God's bidding, to devour the ungodly, the lightning to consume them, the very air they breathe may become a minister of vengeance against them.

May 17th.

THE FOUR THOUSAND FED.

MATT. xv. 29, 38.

1. Christ the great Physician.

Went up into a mountain. Jesus loved solitude but never complained when it was disturbed. *Great multitudes.* The poor sought Jesus. They loved his preaching, and experienced the benefit of his miracles. We can imagine how, in connexion with his miracles, he would have preached the gospel as sight to the blind, feet to the lame, and speech to the dumb. *Glorified the God of Israel.* The glory of God was the great end of Christ's teaching: it should be ours.

2. Christ feeds the multitude.

I have compassion on the multitude. How considerate was the love of Jesus! He did not wait till the multitude complained. *Whence should we have so much bread.* Surely they had forgotten the feeding of the five thousand.

Learn. 1. *To bring all your ailments whether of body or spirit, to Jesus.* Bodily diseases are sent by Christ, Matt. viii. 8. Seek his blessing on the medicines you may use, for he alone, who commanded the sickness to come, can command it to go. Are you spiritually sick? Are you mourning your impotency to do good, your proneness to do evil, your guilt, your misery. Then come to Jesus, he alone is the physician of souls.

1. *For every good thing which you have received, to give God the glory.* From a state of sickness have you been restored to health? then look above and beyond the means to the God who blessed those means. Have you been brought from spiritual darkness into light? then give God the glory; Col. i. 12. Give thanks by serving Christ; Ps. cxvi. 12.

3. *The Divinity of Christ.* This miracle showed his omnipotence. Omnipotence is an attribute of God only; therefore Christ is God.

4. *The compassion of Christ.* He had compassion on the multitude before they had expressed to him their want. None can feel

for you like Jesus. The compassion of the most tender mother cannot compare with his. He sympathizes with his disciples in all their troubles, and will withhold no really good thing from them; Psal. xxxiv. 10.

5. *Christ is the bread of life.* The whole story beautifully illustrates spiritual things—the wants of the multitude, the apparently inadequate supply—the free, full, satisfying provision in Christ; Isa. lv. 1, 2; John iv. 14.

6. *Christ's disciples grow rich by giving.* After feasting the multitude, the disciples found their stock greatly increased; in blessing others the servant of the Lord is blessed himself; Prov. xi. 24; 2 Cor. ix. 6.

EARNEST FOR THY SOUL.

The human soul, what can equal it in value! Ten thousand worlds could not buy it—could not redeem it from sin and hell. It will out-live sun and stars, and it will out-shine them too if it be in glory. But how many will lose their souls! They neglect their claims—they mock at their real wants—they neglect the only salvation provided for them. How strange the delusion!

Most men have some sense at times, of the greatness and dignity of their souls, and they resolve to provide for their wants. Their wants they feel, but often only half resolve to seek the means of their salvation. They know and feel that the world cannot save them, or satisfy them, but yet they cling to it, and often perish with it in their embrace, but it brings no solace in a dying hour.

Some darling idol is clinging to them, or they are clinging to it, conscious that it cannot save their souls; and yet they have not force of character enough to let go of it, and cast it from them. Some indulgence is hanging about them, they know it is warring against their souls, and will cause them to perish if it is not forsaken, but alas! they are not in earnest. The way is narrow and the gate is strait, which leads to eternal life, and few go in thereat. It costs effort—it takes an earnest soul to go to heaven. Paul ran, and wrestled, and fought, and kept his body in subjection, lest he should prove a castaway.

Earnestness, is one of the great essentials to obtaining an interest in the Saviour at first, and it is an essential element to progress in religion. Half-heartedness has ruined thousands of souls, and it will cheat many more out of heaven and a crown of glory.

“Earnest for heaven,” then should be our motto. Earnest to save our souls from eternal death;—earnest to overcome the world, and to reign with Christ in glory. How many who read those lines are vacillating,

balting between two opinions, calculating, at last to reach heaven, but making no earnest effort for it. Men are earnest on almost every other question, but the salvation of the soul. Earnest for property—earnest for reputation—earnest for friends and country, but for their souls' eternal safety are indifferent and neglectful. But what is wealth—what is reputation—what are friends and country compared with thy soul? O then strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many will indifferently seek to enter in, but will not be able.—*Witness.*

THE PENTATEUCH.

Referring to Bishop Colenso's attack upon the Five Books of Moses, Mr Spurgeon, in a sermon lately preached in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has the following sensible and reasonable remarks:

What will be the result, do you suppose, of the recent attack upon Christianity?—Why, the result of it will be, that we shall have the richest spoil we have had for years. The Pentateuch, the blessed old Pentateuch, which was the only Bible, you remember, David ever had to read, the book which David used to spell over, and say, blessed was the man who searched it day and night—that old-fashioned Pentateuch—why, we had almost forgotten it! People said, “Ah, yes, all very well to preach on the Gospels, and sometimes on the Epistles, but the Pentateuch is an old-fashioned book of little importance.”—Consequently there are very few comments upon the Pentateuch, which is, perhaps, the most neglected part of all inspired writ. And what will be the effect of this new galley with oars [Bishop Colenso's book]? Why, that we shall all read the Pentateuch more.

I believe that the Pentateuch is the text of all the Bible, that the Pentateuch is the law, the statute, *the* book; and if any part of Scripture has the preeminence, it is the five books of Moses. We shall look over those five books again. “In this law we will begin to meditate both day and night;” and then there will be comments written, there will be sermons preached, and even those who are the feeblest in our Zion, even the little children, will get some of the spoil; we shall gather some of the rich and rare treasures that have been hidden in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. We shall have to say,

"Thank God that ever the 'galley with oars' came here, for the spoil is very great, and we are all made rich thereby." I wish they would attack some other part of Scripture. Let some other portion of Scripture be attacked, and as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times, so shall the Word of God be. Wherever I see the devil's black finger I am obliged to him, for I am inclined to think there must be something there that is good, or else he would not have pointed it out as an object of attack to his followers.

PEACE PROCLAIMED!

At the close of the last war with Great Britain, I was in the city of New York.—The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth; and as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single-handed. Our harbours were blockaded. Communication coast-wise between our ports was cut off. Our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security. Our immense annual products were mouldering in our warehouses. The sources of profitable labour were dried up. Our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. The extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other, and differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household. The credit of the government was exhausted. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could much longer be protracted.

It happened that on a Sunday evening in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a vessel bringing home our commissioners at Ghent, from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city.—Expectation became painfully intense as the hours of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell, rushed in breathless haste

into the city, to repeat them to their friends, shouting as they ran through the streets, "Peace! Peace! Peace!" Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting, like madmen, "Peace! Peace! Peace!" When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fireside, beguiling the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agony of war was over, and that a worn-out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, *every one becoming a herald*, the news soon reached every man, woman, and child in the city; and in this sense, the city was evangelized.

And now, my brethren, when Jehovah has offered to our world a treaty of peace—when men, doomed to hell, may be raised to seats at the right-hand of God—is there not to be a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Are men to perish around us, and no one ever personally to offer to them salvation through the crucified Redeemer?—*Rev Dr. Wardlaw.*

THE PASSIONATE BULL.

There was a bull which belonged to a farmer who lived in Wales. He was a very quarrelsome, ferocious sort of a fellow, and no one dared to go into the field where he was kept. The field happened to be close by a railway, and nothing made him so angry as the trains which ran rapidly by. Often he would stand at the fence, bellowing at them with all his might.

One day, as a train came past, he was more than usually savage, and broke through the fence! Away he dashed; but the train was too fast for him and he only just touched the last carriage with his horn.

Annoyed and sulky, he returned into the field, and gave way to his anger by trying to upset a telegraph post.

Later in the day another train appeared. He saw it in the distance, and away he galloped over the field to meet it. Again,

he dashed through the fence, and this time met it in full view. The Engine-driver blew his whistle, but all to no effect. With head down, tail in the air, and eyes closed, he madly charged the engine.

Alas! rage, be it ever so great, will do nothing against a power greater than ourselves. The animal was caught by the buffer of the engine, and sent spinning through the fence back into his field.—There he lay moaning most piteously, greatly hurt, while the train went on its way, nothing worse. He never went near a train again!

I thought, when I heard this, what a lesson it teaches to angry, passionate children. Are they not often like this bull, rushing violently at what will only injure them? In fact, when I was at school, I remember a boy, who, when he had worked himself up into a passion, would actually go and dash his head against the wall. You hurt yourselves more than any one else when you get into a passion.—God is angry with you, and keeps your heart very unhappy. Other people look on, and think how foolish you are. Oh for that meek and quiet spirit of Jesus, which is never angry, violent, or passionate! — *Band of Hope Review.*

THE TIDE OF GRACE.

Reader.—Let me now urge on you the advantage and duty of improving to the utmost every season of heavenly visitation. There are seasons more favourable and full of grace than others. In this there is nothing surprising, but much that is in harmony with the common dispensations of Providence.

Does not the success of the farmer, seaman, merchant—of men in many other circumstances—chiefly depend on their seizing opportunities which come and go like showers—which flow and ebb like the tides of ocean?

The sea is not always full. Twice a day she deserts her shores, and leaves the vessels high and dry upon the beach; so that they who would sail must wait and watch, and take the tide; and larger ships can only get afloat, or, if afloat, get across the bar and into the harbour, when, through a favourable conjunction of celestial influ-

ences, the sea swells in stream or spring tides beyond her common bounds.

The seaman has his spring tides; the husbandman his spring time; and those showers, and soft winds, and sunny hours, on the prompt and diligent improvement of which the state of the barn and barnyard depends.

If the season of heavenly visitation be improved, who can tell but it may be with you as with one well known to us. She was a fair enough professor, but had been living a careless, Godless, Christless life.—She awoke one morning, and, most strange and unaccountable, her waking feeling was a strong desire to pray. She wondered. It was early dawn, and what more natural than that she should say, there is time enough—meanwhile “a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep?” As she was sinking back again into unconsciousness, suddenly, with the brightness and power of lightning, a thought flashed into her mind, filling her with alarm—this desire may have come from God; this may be the hour of my destiny, this the tide of salvation, which, if neglected, may never return.—She rose, and flung herself on her knees.—The chamber was changed into a Peniel and when the morning sun looked in at her window, he found her wrestling with God in prayer; and, like one from a sepulchre, she came forth that day at the call of Jesus, to follow him henceforth, and in her future life to walk this world with God.—*Dr Guthrie.*

INTRODUCTIONS IN HEAVEN.

‘I think, my brethren,’ said a preacher, ‘I think when a Bible-reading Christian gets to heaven, he will need no introductions. Like going to a camp-meeting, so it will be. We know the leading saints, and shake hands about the altar, as though we had been acquainted all our lives—heard of them before—knew their standing in the church. The fame of their piety had gone abroad and met us, and at first sight we say, ‘This must be brother such a one.’ The communion of saints, my brethren, is peculiar to Christianity.—I feel like if I was to die, and to be received up there, I would not ask any angel to take me by the hand and lead me

about, and say, 'This is Abraham, or Paul, or John.' My thoughts have been so much with them and about them, and my Bible tells me so many things of them, I believe I should know them at sight."

Something in that Bible biography is various in incident and rich in lesson. It is a gallery for devout study. Beyond mere interest, it has use; hence so much of the Bible is made up of living as well as teaching. Conceptions of abstract doctrines are thereby corrected. Imagination is restrained by facts. That Christian is not "thoroughly furnished" who has not studied the characters of men and women, as portrayed in his Bible. His theology may be systematic, but it lacks the practical touch.

Then how desire after the heavenly state is strengthened by forming acquaintance here with whom the world was not worthy; patriarchs and prophets, saints and martyrs. Even a heathen, Socrates, when dying, solaced himself by calling to mind the noble companions death would join him to.

A Bible Christian goes no stranger to heaven. Besides that central and glorious One, whom having not seen yet he has loved, there are spirits of just men made perfect he has long been in sympathy with; companions ready for him. Their example has stimulated him, and by considering their trials he has better endured his own.

How with him who has neglected the Bible? There are glorious careers and characters in it he is a stranger to. Are there not Christians, old and respectable, who have never read their Bibles through? Plenty of them! Much need they will have of introductions. They will be slow at entering into the joys of their fellows.—There are truths and revelations in their books—great, precious, wonderful things, that would be news to them in heaven! For the first time they will hear of them, and have shameful need to be taught, when now they ought to be teachers, as well as judges of angels. Neglecters, despisers of the word! But let the preacher tell it:—

"Now just suppose one of this sort, as by fire or the skin of his teeth, gets into heaven. He has smattering of scripture, just enough to blunder on; goes up to a

'shining one,' Elisha, and essays to commune with him:—

"You are the brother that went up in a chariot and horses of fire?"

"No; that was Elijah."

"Oh, ah; I didn't know there was but one of you—names very much alike."

"Had you not a Bible to read?"

"Yes, one of the best morocco bound, with gilt clasps."

"I dare say, brethren," continued the preacher, "he would then see a difference between having it and reading it. A plain one would have better fitted him for heaven."

"But he goes blundering on; and comes up with one called Judas, and is sure he can't be mistaken this time:—

"Ah, can you be here? You that betrayed your Master and committed suicide? Can this be heaven, where such as you are? Avaunt!"

"Not so fast, friend. There was a 'Judas, not Iscariot;' hast not heard of him? One of the twelve—brother of James and our Lord. Had you no Bible? Perhaps you could not read, or lived before printing was invented, when it took the wages of a labouring man thirteen years to get a copy of the Holy Scriptures. Friend, of what century?"

"Of the nineteenth century on the earth, in the time of the Bible Society. I often gave liberally to send the Bible to the heathen, for Bibles were cheap, and the heathens were said to need them."

"What, friend!—sent all your Bibles to the heathen, and kept none for yourself and family? That was doubtful charity."

"O yes—had a splendid one at home; the old family Bible that lay on the stand."

"Yes," said the preacher, "it did lay on the stand, that was the misery of it.—Just think of a Christian going from this land and age so ignorant that he shies one of the apostles! Better quit, O Christian of the nineteenth century. You are out of place, and ought to be ashamed. You that sent the Bible to others, and had half a dozen in one shape or other about your house, and yet find yourself cut off, as by a gulf of ignorance, from communion with choicest spirits. As very a stranger as though you had come up from Central Africa!"

"But he stumbles on. Encounters on

the banks of the river a spirit small in stature, but none the less glorious for that; thinks he can't be mistaken, for he overheard the name. Makes boldly up;—

“You must have felt awful when the angel met you in the temple, and made you dumb.”

“I was a great sinner once, but never dumb.”

“Am I not speaking to the father of John the Baptist? Pardon me.”

“No; his name was Zacharias; mine Zaccheus.”

“O, ah, yes. Zach—something. O yes, you are the brother that climbed the sycamore-tree.”

“Right at last, and for once,” said the preacher, “and that on a matter of no great consequence. Brethren,” he added in solemn conclusion, “I only suppose such a poor, Bible-ignorant soul in heaven; and have spoken not irreverently or lightly of heavenly things, but only in keeping with the extraordinary supposition. How unfit for the companionship of heaven would any such be! The gulf between Dives and Lazarus is hardly wider than that between such Bible-ignorant souls and those who delighted in God's word, and meditated on it. In the case of infants, and heathen, and idiots, and those who followed the best lights they had, I can conceive God's goodness using means to bring them up to their company; but can those who neglected the appointed means of heavenly knowledge expect preternatural helps to remedy the defects of mundane indolence?”

Begin to read up, brethren! Get ready for the company as well as the place you profess to be going to. Saints have communion there as well as here.—*American Paper.*

YOUR SINS.

Our Lord Jesus said, “If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins: and whither I go ye cannot come.” (John viii. 21–24.)

Dear reader! What an awful thing it would be for you to die in your sins—to come before the bar of God in your sins—to have the wrath of God abiding on you for ever, because of your sins. Now God will pardon your sins, if you believe

in Jesus crucified, risen, and exalted at God's right hand; for “to Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name *whosoever* believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.” (Acts x. 43.)

Happy, indeed, eternally happy you lot, dear reader, if you believe in Jesus.—“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.” But only think of the eternal misery that awaits you, if you die in your sins. “Whither I go,” said Christ, “ye cannot come”—shut out for ever from the Redeemer and the redeemed, and banished from the presence of God; and shut in for ever with the devil and his angels, in outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Reader I beseech you, solemnly, to consider these eternal realities!

SAVE A MOTHER'S TEAR.

Not long ago, two friends were sitting together engaged in letter-writing. One was a young man from India. The other a female friend, part of whose family resides in that far-off-land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When his letter was finished, his friend offered to enclose it in hers, to save postage.—This he politely declined, saying, “If it be sent separately it will reach her sooner than if sent through a friend, and *perhaps it may save her a tear.*” His friend was touched with his tender regard for his mother's feelings, and felt, with him, that it was worth paying the postage to save his mother a tear!

Would that every boy and girl, every young man, and every young woman, were equally saving of a mother's tears.

ONE DROP AT A TIME—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot or more in length. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our character are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.