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THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

THE HARVEST.

BY THE REV. THOMAS FENWICK, OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA.

He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest.—Jer v. 24.

In compliance with the request of His Excellency the Administrator of the government, the 6th of December was observed throughout the Province as a season of public thanksgiving to the Father of mercies for the plentiful harvest with which He last year blessed us. This was a very becoming act. As it is the duty not only of *individuals*, but also of *families*, to humble themselves before God, and cry for mercy when he visits them with affliction, and to give praise and thanks to him when he bestows blessings upon them, so it is the duty of *nations* to do likewise in similar circumstances. The time thus spent is not misspent. "Them that honour me I will honour," is a promise to *societies* as well as to *individuals*. But let us now turn our thoughts to some of the lessons we may learn from the harvest,

I. The harvest is an illustration of the goodness of God. As our bodies are formed of the earth, so also from the same source we receive the food by which they are nourished. An honourable calling, therefore, is that of the husbandman. On his labours we are all dependent for the "staff of life." Even the hand which always the sceptre is indebted to that which guides the plough. "The profit of the earth is for all; the king himself is served by the field" (Eccles v. 9.) How terrible is Death when he comes in the form of gaunt Famine! What will men not do to allay the pangs of hunger! During the

Famine in Samaria, when that city was besieged by Ben-hadad, two women made an agreement to slay each her son in turn, to save their own lives, one of whom actually performed her part. During the siege of Jerusalem, the Jewish historian Josephus, tells us that the wretched inhabitants were so pressed by hunger that they devoured the most disgusting substances. Often would one pluck the food out of another's mouth. Yea, in one instance a woman slew the child at her breast, and ate a part of it. In this, and in the other referred to, was fulfilled the prophecy of Moses (Deut. xxviii. 53-57.) In the extremity of hunger men have sometimes eaten even their own flesh. How great therefore, the goodness of God to us last year, in giving us a fruitful season, filling our hearts with food and gladness! What reason for gratitude on our part? Even if we had remained in our original state of innocence, it would have been our duty to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, for nourishing our bodies with the bounties of His Providence. But how much more does it become us who are sinners, to do so! May we not well say that we are less than the least of all his mercies? Might not he justly take from us the stay of bread and give us cleanness of teeth for our portion! But how differently does he deal with us! He feeds us from day to day, and that too, not with the coarsest fare, but "the finest of the wheat." O! let us

not be like those of whom the prophet speaks in the passage from which our motto is taken, but let all that is within us be stirred up to bless God for the bountiful harvest which he has lately given us; and let us manifest our gratitude by devoting to his service the strength which we receive from the bounties of this life. But, we stand as much in need of daily food for our souls (our nobler part) as for our bodies. Let us rejoice that he is as able to bestow the one as the other. Let us pray that he would give us each day the bread which cometh down from heaven, as well as that which cometh out of the earth.

II. The harvest is *an illustration of the faithfulness of God*. When Noah offered a sacrifice on coming out of the ark, we are told that the Lord smelled a sweet savor, and said in his heart that he would not curse the ground any more for man's sake, and that while the earth remained seed time and harvest, as well as cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night, should not cease (Gen. viii. 22). Has he not been always faithful to his promise?—Has there ever been a year in which the earth did not yield her increase! True, in some places there may have been at times, great and long continued dearth, like that in the land of Egypt, which lasted 7 years and that in the land of Israel, which lasted 3½. But the earth brought forth plentifully in other places. The promise of God has, therefore, not failed, for it has reference to the earth at large. He may, in perfect harmony with it, punish a people by smiting their land with barrenness. What he has hitherto done he will continue to do. As long as the earth stands, we know that the sun shall be for a light by day, and the ordinance of the moon and the stars for light by night. As surely while the earth stands, it shall bring forth, and “the joy of harvests,” fill the heart of the husbandman. Here then, we have in the natural world an evidence of the faithfulness of God. By it let us be encouraged to trust in all his promises. What exceeding great and precious promises bestud the pages of Holy Writ. Yet how much are our weak hearts disposed to doubt them. There we are assured of eternal life, if we receive and rest in Christ as our only Saviour.—But we think that something on our part

is essential. We are assured that they that fear the Lord shall not lack any good thing; yet how often are we troubled with fears of the morrow! We are assured that if we ask we shall receive, if we seek we shall find, if we knock it shall be opened to us; yet, if our prayers do not appear to be answered we are ready to faint. We are assured that if we resist the Devil he will flee from us; yet how ready are we to loose sight of this! We are exhorted to be unwearied in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not; yet when we do not see any good result from our labours in his service we are disposed to exclaim, “We have laboured in vain and spent our strength for nought.” We are exhorted to be faithful unto death, with the promise of a crown of life; yet how often do we conform to the world to gain its favor, or avoid its scorn or wrath! We are told that all things work together for good to them that love God; yet how ready are we to despise the chastening of the Lord, or to faint when we are rebuked of him!—Now every sheaf says to us as truly as in words, “O, ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt? Behold in me a proof of your Heavenly Father's faithfulness to his promise.” Let us, therefore, shake off all our doubts and fears, and trusting in his word, go on our way rejoicing. We shall find that none who trusts in him are ever ashamed.

III. The harvest is *an illustration of the connection of man's labour on one hand, and God's blessing on the other*.—The corn does not grow like the weeds. The husbandman must labour before he partakes of the fruits. The earth must first be broken up by the plough. If the soil be poor, manure must be employed to enrich it. Then the seed must be cast into it and covered by the harrow. There man's labour ends. The increase is with God. He must cause the showers to come down in their season and the sun to shed his light and heat, else the seed will rot under the clod. Man however, must do his part, otherwise there will be no harvest. God never does what it is within the power of man to do. This is a truth of great importance which is very often overlooked. God does not prepare the ground, cast in the seed, and cover it. Man is able to do this. But he makes the seed grow, for

man cannot. It is therefore equally foolish to neglect the use of means, and to trust wholly in them. Both are also alike sinful. The one is *presumption*—the other *atheism*. Now the same principle holds good in respect of spiritual things. God has given us what is termed “the means of grace,” such as His Word, the sacraments, and prayer. We have no warrant whatever, to expect any saving blessing except in connection with the use of these. How great, then, the folly, the sin, and the danger of those who despise them; yet without the blessing of the Holy Ghost, they can profit us nothing. In like manner, we must do what within us lies for the conversion of the ungodly. If we do not, shall we be free of the blood of those who perish? We are nowhere in the Word of God warranted to expect that sinners shall be converted without our efforts, yet when good is done by us, we must say, “Not unto us, not unto us, but unto God be all the praise.”

IV. The harvest is an illustration of the importance of improving present opportunities. “To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. * * * A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted.” (Eccies. iii, 1–2.) It is, therefore, vain for any one to sow in the time of harvest. He who would do so, would justly be looked on as a madman. But ah! madness of a more awful kind they manifest who put off attending to the things which belong to their eternal peace to a dying hour. Now, dear reader, is the seed time. Let us improve it, for it is fast passing away for ever. The good husbandman is not only careful to sow at the proper time, but also to sow good seed, knowing that the crop corresponds to what is sown. How careful then, should we be over our hearts and lives!—“Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth unto his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.” (Galat. vi. 7–8.) What is reaped is greater in amount than what is sown. It is the same with regard to the future state. The miseries of the lost shall far exceed in greatness the pleasure which sin

gave them on earth; while all that the righteous have done and suffered for Christ here, shall be nothing in comparison with the fullness of joy and pleasure for evermore which will be their portion hereafter.—“What art thou sowing?” Reader! remember that thou art not either sowing or not sowing. *Thou art always sowing* either to the flesh or to the spirit.

V. The harvest is an emblem of the resurrection. From the resemblance which they bear to one another, the burying ground is very appropriately termed in German, “God’s acre.” The Apostle Paul in I Corinthians, xv., likens the resurrection of the body to the growth of the seed.—The grain which is put into the earth rots and seems to perish. But at length the blade shoots up through the earth, then the ear is formed, then the full corn in the ear. So, in like manner by the same Almighty power which works this wonderful change, shall the body be brought to life which may for ages have been mingled with its mother earth. On this subject many questions may be asked which cannot be answered. Let us rest assured that what the mouth of the Lord hath spoken shall come to pass, though we do not know how it shall do so. The body which shall come from the earth at the last day, shall be a raised body, not one created anew. What shall take place on the bodies of the wicked we are not told, but we learn from the Word of God that those of the saints shall undergo a glorious change. How much more glorious is the perfect plant than the seed from which it sprung! This is, however, but a most imperfect emblem of the change which shall take place on the bodies of the saints at the resurrection.—They “are sown in corruption,” they “are raised in incorruption,” &c. (Corin. xv. 42–44.) Reader, art thou a believer? If thou art, thy vile body shall be one day changed and fashioned like unto Christ’s glorious body. Is not this a delightful thought? Never shall thou need food and drink to nourish and refresh thee. Like the keeper of Israel, thou shalt never slumber nor sleep. Never shalt thou be laid on a bed of languishing, having wearisome nights appointed thee. Never shall age make the keepers of thy house tremble, and thy strong men bow themselves. Never shall it bedim thine eye, nor make thine ear

heavy, nor whiten thy locks, nor furrow thy brow, nor rob thy cheek of its bloom. Never shalt thou say to corruption, 'Thou art my father,' and to the worm, 'thou art my mother and my sister.' When Moses came down from the mount, his face shone so brightly that the children of Israel could not look at him. When Christ was transfigured his face shone as the sun; and his raiment was as white as the light. Behold a faint manifestation of the glorious change which shall take place on the frail clay tabernacle in which the soul now dwells.

Under the old Testament the first fruits of the harvest were offered to God, which decided a blessing on the rest. In allusion to this circumstance, Paul tells us that 'Christ is risen from the dead, and becomes the first fruits of them that slept,' (I Corinthians, xv- 20.) He has finished the work which the father gave him to do.—The Father has accepted it, of which he has given evidence by raising him from the dead, and setting him at his own right hand in the heavenly places. As surely, then as the Head is risen, so surely shall his people rise and reign with him. Blessed are they who shall have part in the resurrection of the just! But we must be Christ's, else we shall never be of that number. We must receive him on his own terms, and trust in him alone for salvation. We must also present ourselves to him as a living sacrifice. "Here, Lord, we give ourselves away, 'tis all that we can do," must be the language of our hearts. Reader! if thou hast not come to Christ, come *now*. He waits to be gracious. He says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. He has no pleasure in thy death. He is unwilling to make thee as Sodom and Gomorrah, as Admah and Zeboim. If thou perish it will be because thou wouldst not come to him that thou mightest have life. O! come to him and it shall be well with thee at the great harvest day—the end of the world, when he shall send forth his angels to gather the wheat into the barn, but to burn up the tares with unquenchable fire.

Arran, C. W., Jan'y 1861.

WILL YOU BUY A PIE?

BY ANCIENT SIMON.

Years ago, no matter how many—I was returning home from business one bleak-cold winter's evening, when I stopped for a minute or two to gaze at the attractive display in a stationer and printseller's shop window.

At that time the speculative spirit of the age had not developed itself in the establishment of these brilliant penny pie shops now so common in our leading thoroughfares.

These choice commodities (the pies) were not then in great demand. There was a popular, but, very likely, unjust suspicion, that they sometimes contained the flesh of smaller quadrupeds than oxen and sheep, and hence the sales was limited, almost the only vendors being a few men, who carried them round in baskets, and made the streets resound with their cries of "Hot pies! Pies all hot!"

As I stood looking in at the window, this familiar cry fell upon my ear, and presently the proprietor of the voice and of the pies came by.

Just as he passed me he was met by another man, apparently a mechanic, who recognized him, and accosting him by name, expressed his sorrow at finding him reduced from the position in which he had formerly known him, and obliged to earn his livelihood in this way; and was proceeding to say how greatly he pitied him, when he was somewhat brusquely interrupted by the pie-man, who broke in with, "Ah; as to that, pity be bothered! Will you buy a pie?" "Well, I don't care if I do," replied the other; "let's have a two-penny one."

Often and often since then have the words of this pie-man recurred to my mind. "Pity be bothered! Will you buy a pie."

As I have listened to some noisy platform-orators deploring the ignorance, wretchedness, and vice in which many of the poor subsist, and enunciating some panacea which should remove, or greatly ameliorate these evils, I have said to myself, "Will you buy a pie?" and have wondered if he would do anything personally towards accomplishing the object he was advocating, or whether he would only talk about it.

I have heard wealthy landowners describing, in terms of commiseration, the wretched condition of labourer's dwellings, in agricultural districts, and the query, 'Will you buy a pie?' is immediately suggested itself, especially when, as in some instances I have known that they need not go beyond the boundaries of their own estates, to find opportunity of proving the sincerity of their convictions.

This inquiry might often with advantage be addressed to the advocates of philanthropic and benevolent movements, who would not unfrequently render more valuable assistance to the cause they espouse by practical co-operation than by their appeals to the sympathies of others.

But my object now, is to give the inquiry a personal application,

There is in the present day a very strong tendency, to let our sympathies evaporate in words, rather than to mould them into deeds; a great profusion of talk, with a very disproportionate amount of work; many expressions of interest, soon after to subside into indifference; large promises, far exceeding the subsequent performances; much pity, very little help.

Societies and institutions are now expected to undertake nearly every branch of benevolent enterprise, and very many suppose that because their names are recorded as subscribers or donors on the reports of one or more societies, that therefore, they done all that is required of them, and complacently cancel the claims of charity by deputing others to be the almoners of their bounty.

Obviously the organization and machinery of Societies enable them, by combining the efforts of many, to effect results, and carry on operations, which isolated individual labours could never accomplish, and on that account they merit our countenance and support; but there still remains much, very much to be done, that must be left to *individual efforts*; and no amount of talk, or mere pecuniary aid to societies, can release us from the responsibility which rests upon us, each in our own sphere, to "do good, and to communicate."

That this duty is so much neglected arises mainly from the fact that we want to "do good" on a large scale.

Neglecting or overlooking the many opportunities which offer immediately around

we are many of us waiting till some special occasion arises; these are but "little things," we are on the lookout for some nobler enterprise, which alas! with many will never come.

I once heard the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, when speaking upon this subject, observe that "there are many young men whose hearts glow with an earnest desire to carry the glad tidings of the cross to distant lands, when they have never spoken of the Saviour to the old apple-woman who sits at the corner of the street they live in, though she is as great a heathen, and as ignorant of the way of salvation, as they would meet with beyond the sea."

Even so there is no lack of work to be where willing hearts and hands are ready.

I remember, when some eight or ten years old, whilst watching my mother make some jellies, which she intended to take to a young woman who was very ill, and needed such nourishing food, I began to lament that I could not do something for her, when my mother inquired,—

'Are you sure you cannot do anything?'

'Me, mother! why, what can such a little fellow as I am do? I cannot make jellies and other nice things as you do.'

'No, but there are other things you can do. You can read?'

'Yes.'

'Well, now, would you like to go and ask Miss E., if you shall come and read to her for an hour twice a week?'

'Just the very thing!' and with a kiss for the suggestion, I was soon on my way with a book under my arm, which my fond mother selected as suitable; and for many weeks afterwards some hours of my holidays were spent in that sick chamber, much to my own profit, and, I think, not without pleasure to the invalid.

The influence of that lesson abides with me still,—it has taught me none are too young to give practical help to those who need it, and that opportunities are soon found when looked for.

Reader, will *you* buy a pie? Will you *do* what you can to brighten the path and diminish the cares of those around you?—What the pie-man wanted was not mere pity, but a purchase: and he did not ask his friend to buy his whole stock, but only a single pie. Take the hint; instead of condoling with some Widow Brown, who

is trying to support herself and her little children by keeping a little shop, which needs more attention than she can give it, run in for an hour occasionally, and offer to mind the children which she devotes her undivided attention to the claims of business. There are others for whom you may do a little needle-work, fetch an errand, write a letter, nurse a child, read to the aged, attend the sick, teach the ignorant, speak "a word in season" to those who are "out of the way" help the hungry to get bread, the unemployed to obtain work, the destitute to find succour; be a friend to the friendless, a brother to those in adversity; remembering, for your encouragement, the gracious declaration of our Saviour, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

A Refreshing Incident.

A man whose locks were slightly tinged with gray, was waiting at the junction of two railways for the train that was to take him to the place he desired to visit. As he sat in the waiting-room, he noticed that a gentlemanly man came more than once to the door of the room and eyed him with attention. As it was not a countenance that he recognized as that of an acquaintance he thought no more of the matter. Wearied with waiting, he rose and determined to take a short walk, as the train would not be due short of an hour. He had proceeded but a few steps when the gentleman above noticed overtook him and said "I beg your pardon—is not this Mr. C——, formerly Mr. W——?"

"That is my name," said Mr. C.

"You do not remember me, but I shall remember you forever. You used to see me many years ago when I was a boy in Mr. M——'s grocery."

"I presume I saw you there, but I do not remember it."

"You remember holding some prayer-meetings there fourteen years ago."

"I do."

"So do I; for that were the occasion, as

I trust, of my conversion to God. I was a thoughtless wicked boy then. I went out of curiosity to one of your meetings, and your remarks interested me, and I went again. I wanted to tell my feeling at the time, but I lacked courage. Soon after the last meeting, I indulged a hope of pardon, which hope I have held on to ever since. I have tried to do some good. I have always wished to tell you what obligations I have felt myself under to you."

Mr. C—— made some inquiries respecting his place of residence, and subsequently learned that he was a man of wealth and standing in the community, and was regarded as the most decided and most efficient Christian layman in the place.

The prayer-meetings Mr. C—— had always regarded as a failure. They were not well attended, and never before had he any evidence that any good was done. He now saw that he had not labored in vain. And so it may be with many labourers in the Lord's Vineyard—with many faithful Sunday School teachers. Among the children they have taught, there may be here and there efficient Christian men and women who were converted through their instrumentality, though not till after the relation of teacher and pupil may have ceased between them and who have never been able to express to them their sense of obligation. In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper.—*Sunday School Times.*

ALWAYS AT HAND.

You need not write to Jesus; He can hear you speaking—aye, thinking. A little boy in Germany once wrote a prayer and put it into the post-office, addressed to Lord Jesus Christ. He thought, in his simplicity, that was the way to get it sent to heaven. Dear child, his prayer was there before he folded his letter. Christ saw him write, and knew his very wishes. He knows yours, and tells you to speak them out to his ear. You do so when you pray. You send up a pleading look to heaven. This you can do when there is no light to see by. There are cloudy days when you cannot see the sun, and dark, stormy nights when no star appears; but you can always by prayer send up a look to Jesus. *The Children's Church at Home*, by Rev. Edmond.

As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be.

When distressed by pain and cares,
Overwhelmed with gloomy fears;
Waves of sorrow beating round,
Where, oh! where shall peace be found?
Here, for He hath said to *me*,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.

“Hath said” it, 'tis the word
Of an *all-performing* Lord;
He who “spake and it was done.”—
He who loved, and gave His Son,
Man to save,—He says to *me*,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.

He who dwells in dazzling light,
Mid the ranks of angels bright;
Seraphim and Cherubim
Veil their faces before Him,—
Him who sweetly says to *me*,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.

Now, if anxious thought arise,
Up to Him I lift mine eyes,
Casting on His mighty arm
All my care, so *naught can harm*:
I am safe,—He says to *me*,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

Rise, my spirit, and adore
Him who all thy sorrows bore;
Till the heaven's gained at length,
Lean upon his arm of strength;
Life's last morning reached, to thee,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

When wilt thou before Him come?
Dwell with Him in that bright home?
Gaze forever on His face,
Learn the riches of His grace?
Leave it, *this* enough for thee,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

CLEMENTHE.

“An admirer of Jesus Christ.”

Years ago, after I had delivered a public lecture, a man rose in the assembly and began a speech in these words—‘I am an admirer of Jesus Christ.’ The words sounded very suspiciously. — They seemed to mean—‘I am not a believer in Jesus Christ, but still I am an admirer of him.’

And I soon found that such was their real import. I availed myself of the opportunity then furnished to show how the unquestionable beauty of Christ's character constrained his very enemies to profess admiration for it, but how admiration, if intelligent and sincere, must, to be consistent, lead a man on step by step till it ripens into faith. The following fact which is recorded in the life of the late Dr. Joseph Fletcher, of Stepney, illustrates this argument.

Called on one occasion to visit a dying sceptic, on entering the chamber he beheld the wasted form of one who had been a tall, athletic man, struggling under the ravages of a disease at once most painful and incurable. Dr. Fletcher commenced by some kind inquiries respecting his disease, and, after suggesting some little things calculated to soothe his pain, he alluded to the sufferings of Christ, who died for us, and gave himself a ransom for sinners; who, equal with the Father, and one with him, humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, that through his blood we might have peace with God. Hearing this the dying man said, ‘Sir, I don't believe that; I wish I could, as my dear wife does there: she believes all you say.’

‘Well,’ said Dr. F., ‘but you say you wish you could, and that is a great point towards attaining it, if you are sincere.—What do you believe concerning Jesus Christ?’

‘Why,’ said he, ‘I believe that such a man once lived, and that he was a very good, sincere man; but that is all.’

‘You believe that Jesus Christ was a good man—a sincere man. Now, do you think that a good man would wish to deceive others, or a sincere man use language which must mislead?’

‘Certainly not, sir.’

‘Then how do you reconcile your admission that he was a good man with his saying to the Jews, ‘I and my Father are one.’ When they took up stones to kill him, because he had made himself equal with the Father, he did not undeceive them, but used language confirmatory of his Godhead; and he further said, ‘My sheep hear my voice,’ and they follow me, and I know them; and I give unto them eternal life.’ Now, could any mere man say, ‘I give

unto them eternal life? could any angel even?"

'Stop!' cried the dying man, with an excited voice, stop, sir! 'I never saw this before: a new light breaks in upon me—stop, sir!' Holding up his emaciated hand, as if fearing that a breath might obscure the new light breaking in upon his benighted soul, and with a countenance lighted up with a sort of preternatural expression, quite indescribable, but with eyes intently fixed upon Dr. Fletcher, after a short but most solemn pause, he exclaimed, the big tears rolling down his almost transparent face, 'Sir, you are a messenger of mercy sent by God himself to save my poor soul. Yes, Christ is God, and he died to save sinners—yes, even me.'

His feelings were so excited as to be almost too much for the poor wasted body; and Dr. Fletcher was so affected as to be only able to conclude this interview by prayer, and a promise to return next day; referring him, before he left, to some portions of Scripture on which to rest his faith and hope. The next day he found him propped up in bed, literally, to all appearance, 'a new man,' with all the eagerness of a hungry man seeking to be fed with 'the bread of life,' and yet with all the simplicity of a child trusting in the promises of God, which are 'yea and amen in Christ Jesus.'

He confessed, that though he had rejected the gospel as unworthy of credit, he had never read it; which Dr. Fletcher had found to be often the case with infidel objectors.

THINK FOR AN HOUR.

During a season of religious interests among my people in C—, there was a class of young persons who remained careless and unconcerned about their soul's salvation. At a prayer-meeting, where many of them were present, they were exhorted to consider their ways and be wise. When about to leave the house of prayer, which was solemn as the house of death, those young persons were kindly asked to go home and think for *one hour* of their soul's salvation. One thoughtless and profane young man resolved that he would regard the request, and consider it for one hour before retiring for the night. After

reflecting for an hour on his lost and guilty condition, and on God's mercy to him, his heart relented and, he began to pray earnestly for the pardon of his sins. Nor did he stop thinking and praying when his hour closed, but continued even to the break of day to think of his life of transgressions, and pray for forgiveness of God,—neither did he find rest to his spirit, until he submitted his heart to God, and found joy and peace in believing in Jesus. To my great surprise, on the next day the young man who had been so careless, so thoughtless, and reckless, came to my room to tell me what the Lord had done for his soul. At first I thought it was too good news to be true, for it seemed, if true, like a resurrection from the dead; but on conversing with him concerning his spiritual state I found him a changed man. He said to me, "I went home from the meeting last night, and thought, as you requested me, for one hour about seeking the salvation of my soul, and I did not sleep till I gave my heart to the Saviour, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus." The news of this conversion spread like wildfire through the village and town, and some of his thoughtless and wicked companions were influenced by his example, to seek and secure the Lord.

This led me to ask, why is it that so many of our youth and so many of our young men neglect their soul's salvation, and live in impenitence in this Christian land? From the testimony of this young man that was converted to God, I am led to believe it is because they do not think upon their ways. The impenitent youth do not think for one hour of their depraved and guilty condition and of what Jesus Christ has done to save sinners even the chief. The sin of inconsideration is the great and crying sin of the majority of the youth of our land. In view of it I cannot help exclaiming, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, and that they would consider their latter end. Oh that they would think for one hour." Reader, will you alone with God, think for one hour about your soul, and ask yourself solemnly if it is well with you for Eternity!

A LESSON FOR BOYS.

Davie Hall, a poor sick boy, got up early one morning to work in his garden, for the weeds were beginning to thrive among his flowers and vegetables. He did not leave his chamber until he had knelt before God and given himself to Him for that day.

Davie was feeling very happy, and he could not restrain from singing merry songs that blended with the joyous carolling of the birds. The sky was so blue and smiling the air so bland and fragrant, and the dewy flowers so profuse of perfume, that Davie forgot his aching head, and thought only of the good God who had made everything so fair and beautiful, and him so happy. Suddenly his singing ceased. What was the matter?

His pet cherry-tree, that stood in the centre of the garden, and which but the night before had been burdened with its luscious black fruit, was nearly stripped, and several fine limbs broken off. The cucumber vines beneath the tree were torn up and trampled upon. Davie uttered a loud exclamation of surprise, and dropping his shoes, ran into the house to tell the bad news to his mother.

"Oh, mother! mother!" he cried out so sorrowfully, "they have stolen my cherries, besides spoiling my cucumber vines! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

His mother said but little until she had fully examined the premises, and ascertained, by the footprints in the soft ground, that the thieves were two boys—one bare-footed and the other wearing shoes.

"I only wish I really knew who it was," said Davie, with a flushed cheek.

"I have but little doubt, who did it, as I saw Eugene Hart and Jack Raymond hanging around the garden fence yesterday afternoon. Yet we must not rely upon our suspicions."

"I know it was they," said Davie vehemently. "Who else could it be? There is no one in the village to do such a mean thing but them."

"But where is Fido? I wonder he didn't bark last night, for he was out of doors you know."

Davie went to look for his little dog, but after calling him through garden and cot-

tage, and he did not come, he gave up.—Alas! his pet was stolen also.

Eugene Hart and Jack Raymond everybody called the worst boys in the village. They well deserved the name, for there was scarcely a garden they had not robbed, or child they had not tormented in some way. They could be seen prowling around the streets together, using coarse jests and profane words, and mingling freely in dog-fights and street disturbances of every kind. They did not attend school, as they had been expelled in disgrace from the only free one in the place. They never went to church or Sunday-school, and fine peach orchards and attractive gardens were especially guarded upon that day from their depredations.

Jack was the worst boy of the two.—He was the ringleader of all the bad boys in the village. He was about sixteen years old and the son of the tavern-keeper who was a very wicked and intemperate man. It was in the smoky bar-room of his house, where Jack had been allowed to be ever since he could remember, the most dissolute men of the town congregated; and about the first words that Jack could say, were oaths that his drunken father taught him, and that drunken men laughed to hear him repeat. And his mother—ah, if she had been a good woman, she might, perhaps, with the help of God, have saved that little child from the sin around and before him—was coarse and ignorant, knowing nothing of Christ, except to sneer at those who professed to love Him.

It was a little better with Eugene.—His father was a very intemperate man, one of the frequenters of the tavern, seldom bestowing any attention upon his children but harsh words and harsher blows. They had grown up to fear and almost hate him—if the heart of a child can turn against his father. He did little or nothing for the support of his family, and his broken-hearted wife, the mother of six children, of whom Eugene was the eldest, went out washing to earn their daily bread.

Davie, felt his loss keenly; but when urged to inform upon the two robbers, and get them taken up and punished, he replied, "No, that would only make them hate me ever after. I must try to do them good." Having learned that his little

dog was to be taken to a neighbouring town next day and sold, he resolved to write a kind letter to Eugene, telling him that he knew about the robbery, and promising to forgive and love him. At the same time earnestly entreating him to send Fido home. Eugene was surprised at the tone of the letter; and when he thought of the poor injured boy so freely forgiving him, tears ran down his cheeks, and he stole away to the old barn where Fido was hidden, and at once carried him to where he would find his way home. Davie, after much labour, and many kind acts, got Eugene to leave off his bad companions, and attend the Sabbath school; and from that time the pest of the village became another boy. The same kind treatment was tried upon Jack Raymond, but he resisted it, became daily worse, and at last, having robbed his father, ran off to sea.

* * * * *

Let twenty years go by; much may be done in twenty years, you know. Here we are in Davie's native village again, and in the place he loved most of all to frequent—the little grey stone church.

Do you know the face of the minister who has preached so impressive a sermon, bringing tears to the eyes of his hearers? It is a missionary from the West: one who is doing a great work in his Master's vineyard. He has come to visit his old home once more, and to show his wife and little ones where he was born and brought up, where his best friends lived, where Davie's house and garden were, and where Davie lay buried.

Oh, it is Eugene Hart, that very Eugene Hart, who when a boy ran around these streets with Jack Raymond, plundering gardens and doing all sorts of mischief.—Everybody said he would come to a bad end, as, perhaps, he would long ago, had not Davie Hall, a poor little sick boy, led him, with a kind word and gentle hand, to the better, the holier path, that reached where he now stands, yes, and stretches beyond to the courts of heaven.

Yes, the drunkard's boy! There he stands, a preacher of Christ crucified—to win at last, we hope, the crown of those who turn many to righteousness.

Eugene remained in his native village several weeks, and while there a sad thing

took place which it will interest you to know. He was sitting in Harry Spencer's parlour one evening, listening to his wife singing at the piano, when he was summoned to the almshouse by a messenger in great haste. A poor man was dying, and begging to see Mr. Hart. It was a dark and stormy night, and the road was a very unpleasant one, and Eugene had but little time to question his companion about the person he was to meet. He learned that he arrived at the almshouse a fortnight or more before, in a most deplorable condition as he was scarcely covered by rags and was broken down with excessive drinking. He had not seemed to be in his right mind any of the time he had been there; but from his incoherent talk they had concluded him to be a former resident of the village, who had long been on the sea, and exposed to hardship and privation. That day some one chanced to say in his hearing that Eugene Hart was in the village, and so urgently had he begged of them to bring him to his bedside, they had finally consented to do so.

The matron met them at the door.—“He is dead,” said she; “it is a pity to have troubled you so for nothing.”

“Will you let me see the corpse?” asked Eugene. “May-be it is really some one that formerly knew me.”

They led him up into the little chamber where the dead man was. His hair was thin and grey, and his bloated face wrinkled and brown. It was a fearful sight, so awful was the expression upon that dead face—so full of horror and distress.—Eugene went close to the bed, and looked earnestly upon it. Twenty years, and such as that face had met, could not baffle his recognition. It was Jack Raymond.

And such was the end of his life. And as Eugene tarried by his bed, memory bore him back to the time when he stood side by side with Jack, walking in the same wicked path, even towards this dreadful end. And looking back, he saw that kind hand that was held out to them both and wept bitterly for him who, in his blindness, flung it scornfully away.

ABRIDGE, FROM “THE BOY MISSIONARY.”

BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like a
queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as
they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said as he worked with his saw on
a log,
"I wish I was rich aud could ride."

The man in his carriage remarked to his
wife—
"One thing would I give if I could—
I would give all my wealth for the
strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

The Gospel to be Embraced.

It is not the *shedding* of Christ's blood, but the *application* of it, which saves.—Neither physicians, nor apothecaries, nor druggists, have any remedies for human diseases which can cure on any other terms. The inhabitants of South Africa have a remedy for the poison of snakes, under the title of 'Tincture of Life;' but unless they keep it always in possession for immediate application after the snake's bite, this valuable remedy is powerless. The blood of Christ is the great 'Tincture of Life,' but unless it is applied to the soul by faith, it is vain to expect that it can expel the poison of sin. A South African farmer might stand with his 'tincture of life' in his hand at the door of his house, and shout ever so loud in favor of its virtues, and still not cure his bitten shepherd, unless he consented to its application; and the minister of Christ may proclaim the Gospel, and yet the Gospel of Christ will never cure the evils that afflict the soul unless men carry it with them, and apply it on all occasions. A noble vessel lately left our southern shores for distant colonies, with a rich freight and numerous passengers, the voyage was little more than commenced when the fire bell broke the stillness of the night,

and awakened the passengers to die. Now one of the remarkable discoveries of modern times is a fire exterminator, which by some chemical agency, capable of employment on ships, destroys fire. In the case alluded to, their new invention may or may not have been on board, but it was not applied.—The consequence was that the vessel was destroyed.

It was not the *slaying* of the Pascal lamb that saved the Israelites, but the *sprinkling* of the blood upon the door-posts of the houses. And again, I repeat, that it is not the *shedding* of Christ's blood on Mount Calvary which saves, but the *sprinkling* of that blood by faith on our sin-polluted souls. Christ is set forth to be a propitiation *through faith* in his blood.'

That Whosoever Believeth.

O glorious word 'whosoever.' You cannot escape from it. Wherever you fly it follows you. It expostulates with you. In the darkest corner of the dungeon of despair it whispers in your ear. 'Whosoever!' It is heaven's great bell, summoning all men to the feast of salvation.—*Whosoever! Whosoever!* Its boom swells throughout the whole earth, and breaks in as a reply to all your objections. 'I have many doubts.' *Whosoever!* 'I'm a victim of necessity.' *Whosoever!* 'I'm a creature of circumstances.' *Whosoever!* 'I'm not one of the elect.' *Whosoever!* 'I fear Christ did not die for me.' *Whosoever!* 'I was never struck down with sorrow for sin.' *Whosoever!* 'I've been the greatest of sinners.' *Whosoever!*—'I've been a drunkard.' *Whosoever!*—'An adulterer.' *Whosoever!* 'A scorner of religion.' *Whosoever!* 'A thief and a murderer.' *Whosoever!* 'I've quenched the spirit.' *Whosoever!* 'I've crucified the Son of God afresh.' *Whosoever!* *Whosoever!* Heaven and earth shall pass away but this word of Jesus shall not pass away. *Whosoever!* O then, 'seek righteousness, seek meekness, it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger.'—*Plain Truths*, by Newman Hall.

THE SAFETY-LAMP.

I should not like any one that I loved to go down into a coal-mine without a safety-lamp. And I would fain persuade all young men who read this address, to use a safety-lamp in this dark and dangerous world. There is one ready for all who will use it. That safety-lamp is the Bible.

The Bible is God's merciful provision for sinful man's soul,—the map by which he must steer his course, if he would obtain eternal life. All that we need to know in order to make us peaceful, holy, or happy, is there richly contained. If a young man would know how to begin life well, let him hear what David says:—"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word." (Psal. cxix. 9.)

Young men, I charge you to make a habit of reading the Bible and not let the habit be broken. Let not the laughter of companions,—let not the bad customs of the family you may live in,—let none of these things prevent your doing it. Determine that you will not only *have* a Bible, but also make time to *read* it too. Suffer no man to persuade you it is only a book for Sunday-school children and old women.—It is the book from which King David got wisdom and understanding. It is the book which young Timothy knew from his childhood. Never be ashamed of reading it. Do not "despise the word." (Prov. xiii. 13.)

Read it *with prayer* for the Spirit's grace, to make you understand it. Bishop Beveridge says well, "A man may as soon read the letter of Scripture without eyes, as understand the Scripture without grace."

Read it *reverently*, as the word of God, not of man—believing implicitly that what it approves is right, and what it condemns is wrong. Be very sure that every *doctrine* which will not stand the test of Scripture is false. This will keep you from being tossed to and fro, and carried about by the dangerous opinions of the latter days. Be very sure that every *practice* in your life which is contrary to Scripture, is sinful, and must be given up. This will settle many a question of conscience, and cut the knot of many a doubt.

And read it *regularly*. This is the only way to become "mighty in the Scriptures." A hasty glance at the Bible now and then does little good. At that rate you will never become familiar with its treasures, or feel the sword of the Spirit fitted to your hand in the hour of conflict. But get your mind stored with Scripture, by diligent reading, and you will soon discover its value and power. Texts will rise up in your hearts in the moment of temptation. Commands will suggest themselves in seasons of doubt. Promises will come across your thoughts in the time of discouragement. And thus you will experience the truth of David's words, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee" (Psal. cxix. 11); and of Solomon's words, "When thou goest, it shall lead thee: when thou sleepest it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest it shall talk with thee." (Prov. vi. 22.)

I dwell on these things more because this is an age of reading. Of making many books there seems no end, though few of them are really profitable. There seems a rage for cheap printing and publishing. Newspapers of every sort abound, and the tone of some, which have the widest circulation, tells badly for the taste of the age. Amidst the flood of dangerous reading, I plead for my Master's Book,—I call upon you not to forget the book of the soul. Let not newspapers, novels, and romances be read, while the Prophets and Apostles lie despised.—Let not the exciting and licentious swallow up your attention, while the edifying and sanctifying can find no place in your mind.—*Ryle*.

A FORMALIST.

Some time ago, writes a Christian minister, I was called to visit a poor man on his death-bed, who had long been in the habit of attending the house of God with great regularity, and apparently with great attention. I found him very near his end. Disease had reduced his strength, and emaciated his once athletic frame. I entered without delay on the great object of my visit.

"How long, my friend, have you been in the habit of attending the worship of God?" "Thirty years, sir." "And have you ever felt the reality and importance of religion, on the

services of which you have attended?" With a look which seemed to indicate the feelings of despair, he answered in a tone of the utmost earnestness, "No!" "What! can it indeed be possible that you have been favoured with the devotional services and the holy instructions of God's house for thirty years, and never have felt that religion was true or necessary?" "Ah! sir, mine has been a sad life, and one of my greatest sins has been my neglect of the service of God. I will give you my history.—

"My father and mother were free from the grosser vices of the world, and regularly attended their church. When I was apprenticed, far from home, they charged me never to neglect a place of worship, and I have kept the promise I made them, that I never would: but I now find that all my outward attendance on the good duties of religion has done me no good."

"How so?"

"Oh! sir, I supposed that I had nothing more to do than present myself before God, and appear in the act of worship. I never felt that I was a sinner, and that the curse of God rested upon me; that therefore I ought to humble myself before him, and seek for his mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ; but now I feel I am going to die, and I am sure that such a religion as this cannot take me to heaven. My conscience does not reproach me with neglecting my duties to my fellow creatures; but, oh! I have sinned against God. I forget, what I now feel, that He looks at the state of the heart, and that we cannot worship Him if that is not engaged. I have no hope!" "But there is hope in Jesus," said I, "for the very vilest of sinners." "But, sir, I have insulted God by solemn mockery. I have professed to hear his word, but I know nothing of it; I professed to pray, but never did so in reality. My neighbors, I dare say, took me for a Christian, but the great Searcher of hearts knows I have been a hypocrite. Sir, I have no hope of happiness after death."

"Truly the case was an awful one, but I felt it to be my duty to direct the sufferer at once to Him who has promised to cast out none who come to him; his reply was indeed emphatic, 'Sir, I have despised his counsel, and would have none of his reproof. I must be lost!' 'Yet still, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" "I have heard that passage of Scripture," said he, "repeated scores of times, but it does not now belong to me; God will not always be trifled with; I have abused every opportunity of obtaining salvation for thirty years, and now He has left me to take the consequences of my sins."

I endeavored, with the utmost simplicity and

affection, to place before him the way of salvation, through the Lord Jesus Christ! with what effect must remain for the disclosure of the last great day, as certainly little could be inferred from anything which took place, during his short continuance in the present world, after the conversation the substance of which I have recorded.

'When will it be To-Morrow?'

This question was asked by a very little girl, so little that her father could not make her understand how it is that to-morrow is always one day forward, and we can never overtake it. But the children who read this paper understand this.— You know that TO-MORROW is all the while changing to TO-DAY, and TO-DAY is all the while slipping away into YESTERDAY. The time will never come when you can say, "Now it is to-morrow." It is like running upon your shadow that lies on the ground before you; it moves on just as fast as you move, and keeps just so far off. Or it is like going to the end of the rainbow: as soon as you are there, you see the rainbow in another place, as far off from you as it was before. They used to tell me "if I would go to the end of the rainbow I would find a bag of money." They knew I could never go to the end of it. I could never reach the gate that opened for me TO-MORROW

Just so, you can never overtake TO-MORROW. As soon as you come to it, it will be TO-DAY, and then what is to-day will be yesterday. Children, the time to do any thing is not to-morrow, nor yesterday, but to-day. We can make no use of time except "while it is called to-day." Think how fast to-day is slipping by, how soon it will be gone and you will call it yesterday. When it has become yesterday, you can put no more good deeds into it. Be quick and put them into to-day. Fill it full of them. Fill every to-day with kindness, and prayer, and study, and love, and duty, and then every yesterday will be pleasant to look back upon, and then no matter how fast the TO-MORROW come.

THE SURE PILOT.

He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
And he is strong to save;
He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
And guides each drifting wave.

Though loud around the vessel's prow
The waves may toss and break,
Yet at his word they sink to rest,
As on a tranquil lake.

He sitteth o'er the waterfloods
When waves of sorrow rise,
And while he holds the bitter cup
He wipes the tearful eyes.

He knows how long the wilful heart
Requires the chastening grief,
And soon as sorrow's work is done
'Tis he who sends relief.

He sitteth o'er the waterfloods
As in the days of old,
When o'er the Saviour's sinless head
The waves and billows rolled.

Yea, *all* the billows passed o'er him
Our sins—they bore him down;
For us he met the crushing storm—
He met the Almighty frown.

He sitteth o'er the waterfloods;
Then doubt and fear no more,
For he who passed through all the storms
Has reached the heavenly shore.

And every tempest driven bark,
With Jesus for its guide,
Will soon be moored in harbour calm
In glory to abide.

Songs of the Night.

Reclamation of Fallen Women:

It is now about seven months since public attention was drawn to the movement for the Reclamation of Fallen Women commenced in the Lyceum Rooms. The midnight meetings have long been abandoned, simply because the spontaneous applications made to the lady who originated and still indefatigably conducts the

movement have been more numerous than it has been possible to meet. The results up to the close of the year were as follows: Employed in mills, warehouses, sewing etc, 110; sent to service 18; and restored to parents, 35. Of these 163, only 20, so far as it is known, relapsed; and of these 20 several returned in bitter penitence.— During the month just elapsed, about forty more have been provided for and upwards of 50 new cases taken on hand; but the applications have been much more numerous; and this week alone 12 applications from young women, evidently anxious to escape their living death, have been refused simply from want of funds to meet them. It would be observed from the recent meeting of the subscribers to the Lock Hospital, that the directors bear warm testimony to the wonderful work the lady who conducts this movement has been enabled to carry through in that institution. It still continues, and through its means 23 women from the higher-class dens of infamy, hitherto deemed inaccessible, have been rescued. Not one of them has fallen back; and several of them by their walk and conversation furnish every outward evidence of a change of heart. One of them is at this moment dying, and dying happy—able to state clearly the ground of the hope in which she dies. But for the wonders of grace with which we are now being made familiar, the manifestations of the workings of the Spirit by which this movement has been accompanied would be so amazing as to be hardly credible. And this is quite from the evidences of sincerity in abandoning their career. All of the girls appeal for help with a distinct understanding that they are only to be assisted toward finding opportunity to maintain themselves by their own industry; and the intense eagerness with which they embrace the opportunity when offered is occasionally most affecting. But they all seem to feel that their first want is that of a

mother. Some have applied for aid who have been able, by disposing of their jewelry, etc., to maintain themselves, and pay the premium necessary to learn dress-making. The aid they want is simply that of motherly guidance and protection; and how much the protection is needed may be judged from the fact that every means is employed by the Glasgow gentlemen, by whom they were acquainted, to bring them again into the slough from which they have been rescued.

But, of course, in the great majority of cases, considerable expense has to be incurred in maintaining the girls till they be fitted for employment; nor is it felt desirable that they should pass too soon out of the hands of their benefactress; for they are, as might be expected, almost uniformly in a state of deepest and most deplorable ignorance. During their weeks of pupilage they regularly attended Bible classes and prayer-meetings, besides being otherwise instructed. Great care is taken that the leads of the humble household in which they are lodged be God-fearing persons, and a system of visitation is kept up by which, while the most perfect freedom is allowed, it becomes impossible that any of the patients—for morally they are patients—can get into danger without its being known. The visitors by whom the lady is aided in this system of kindly and affectionate supervision, are humble working people by whom she has been heartily aided since the commencement of the work, and without whose aid it would have been morally and physically impossible that her philanthropic ideas should have been realized.

As we have said the funds, owing to the heavy demands on them, are exhausted; and we submit to the Christian public that there would be moral disgrace and moral disaster in the arrest from such a cause, of a work which has been signally blessed.—We are glad to know that partly in consequence of our former allusions to the matter, the lady has been provided with funds in some measure adequate to her bygone wants; but nearly the whole of these supplies have been obtained through the canvassing of her personal friends; and we need not say that this is a resort that soon fails. We submit, therefore, to the Christian community, that there is here a call in Provi-

dence, that should speak to both heart and conscience. The money and effort that have been expended, hitherto, are yielding compound interest. The bread cast on the waters are already returning, in some instances with tenfold increase. Take an instance—that of a home in which strong drink and debauchery were supreme. The father was a confirmed drunkard; and the fireside a perpetual scene of squalor, brutality and despair. The grown up daughter was driven to the streets; this benevolent lady got hold of her, and enabled her to take a house for her mother, her little brother and sister. By her industry she had nearly succeeded in providing for them all single-handed, when the father made his appearance, found himself in a changed house, and has himself become a changed man. So that now a virtuous, happy or thriving homestead has been erected out of materials that had become a sink of impurity and a source of moral pestilence in our midst. The family relationship which had become a curse, dragging the whole homestead as with a cart-rope, into the depths of misery and crime, is being blessed as a means of a mutual elevation, encouragement, and strength. Other poor victims of vice who were mourned over by relatives—deeply blameworthy many of them, but still affectionate—as worse than lost have been restored; received back with touching kindness, and now know their life of shame only as a bitter memory which they must carry with them to their graves. At present there are about 60 being maintained; and as the factories are for the time over stocked with hands, more difficulty than usual is experienced in finding employment. The girls, however, are learning the use of the sewing-machine. When we mention that for want of funds girls are being sent back to their dens of infamy who would gladly be helped out of the mire, we feel that it is impossible to say anything stronger in the way of appeal to Christian charity. The question is no longer whether we shall seek out victims and persuade them to abandon their career; but whether we shall shut the door of hope against those who are imploring help, in many cases in an agony of anguish, and who are willing to submit to any test of their sincerity.—*Glasgow Guardian.*

THE GOOD NEWS.

March 1st, 1861.

THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARK.

Luke I. 1-4.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

Thus the Evangelists, Mark and Luke, though not themselves Apostles, had the assistance of the most illustrious of the apostles, in preparing their histories. But they had an assistance infinitely better.—They spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. By Him they were guided into all necessary truth, and had everything needful brought to their remembrance, and were effectually kept from all error. But though they thus enjoyed the inspiration of the Spirit of God, this did not supersede their own diligence, in collecting and arranging materials, or the exercise of their own faculties, in expressing the ideas which were suggested to them.

The gospel of Matthew was written first in Hebrew, for the use of the Jewish Christians, and published at Jerusalem, probably not more than eight years after the ascension; the apostles thus in writing, as well as preaching the gospel, conforming to our Saviour's instructions—"Beginning at Jerusalem."

It is impossible even to guess at the precise period, when Mark's gospel was written. We have no reason to doubt, however, that it made its appearance before that of Luke, as its place in the canon indicates; and most probably at Alexandria in Egypt. It is probable enough that Mark may have read the gospel by Matthew; but it is an egregious mistake to suppose with some, that his gospel is merely an abridgement of that of Matthews.

It is obviously an independent history. It is true, he omits all account of Christ's miraculous conception, and birth, and infancy, and commences at once with the official life, or public ministry of Jesus.—It is true, that some of the public discourses of Christ, so fully reported by Matthew, Mark does not give at length, (simply because there was no occasion); but the miracles are often described more graphically by Mark, and sometimes with minuter details than by Matthew; and he records two miraculous cures, which are not to be found at all in Matthew.

Thus in the three first gospels, written by different men, in different places, and at different times, we have three independent testimonies to the great events recorded in the life of Jesus. It is true, slight diversities occur, in the statements given by the different Evangelists, just as they looked at the objects, and events which they describe, from different points of view; but this tends to confirm, rather than invalidate, their testimony. If the depositions of three witnesses examined on a jury trial agreed with one another, even in the minutest details; if they agreed in describing a great many objects, precisely from the same point of view, a suspicion would naturally be excited in the minds of the jury, that they were acting in collusion, and that they had agreed beforehand, as to the evidence which they should give. But if they agreed substantially, as to all leading points, a little variety in the details would, in the estimation of sensible men, confirm their testimony; for this variety would prove that their testimony was independent. And just so, the substantial agreement of the three first Evangelists, as to all matters of importance, with the slight diversity in matters of detail, just proves most satisfactorily the independence of their testimony, and confirms rather than invalidates it.

I have not spoken of the apostle John as a witness, for this simple reason, that it is an obvious principle in jurisprudence, that witnesses should not be permitted to hear the evidence of each other; and it is well known that the gospel of John was not written for more than thirty years after that of Luke, so that he must have been perfectly familiar with the statements of the other three. John's gospel indeed is to be regarded as a supplement to the other three; and especially as giving a fuller insight into the profounder truths of the gospel schemes. By combining the accounts of the four Evangelists, we have not indeed, a complete account of all that Christ did and said; "for if these should be written, every one, I suppose," says the apostle John, "that even the world itself could not contain the books, which should be written;" but we have enough to instruct us fully in the way of salvation, enough to make the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. "Irenæus," says Oldhausen, "very appositely calls the gospel collection a fourfold gospel, and describes it as a picture, portraying the same sublime objects from different aspects. The relation of the gospel's to each other, and to the remaining books of the New Testament, speaks for the correctness of this opinion. The gospels are supplemental to each other, in their accounts of the person of the Redeemer, and in the form of their portraiture. The life of Jesus presented such a fulness of the most varied appearances, and His discourses breathed so rich a stream of life upon the circle of His disciples, that single individuals were incapable of adequately comprehending the exceeding grandeur of His character. In Him there was revealed something that surpassed the power of single human individuals to apprehend; and hence there was need of several minds, which, as mirrors caught the rays that

proceeded from Him, as from the sun of the world of Spirits, and reflected the same image in different directions. The four gospels contain just such entirely different conceptions of our Lord, in His demeanor at once divine and human, as must be blended together in order to form a perfect delineation of Christ. But for God's providential arrangement, therefore, by which several persons, and those very different, have narrated the life of Jesus, either His human and natural, or His divine and supernatural behaviour, would be presented to us less carefully conceived, according as we are without the one, or the other aspect of this grand fourfold picture."

It must be obvious to all of you, that the verses, Luke i. 1-4, form the preface or introduction to Luke's gospel. From the first verse, it appears that many had, before this, attempted to compose histories of the life of Jesus. The miracles wrought by Him, and His resurrection from the dead, must have excited an extraordinary sensation throughout the land of Judea.— And this sensation, instead of subsiding, must have increased through the very means which were employed to suppress it. The persecution of the followers of Jesus only attracted to them more eagerly the attention of all; their constancy in the face of dangers and deaths, convinced multitudes of the truth of their doctrines, and their dispersion throughout the world, as they fled from their destroyers, only diffused their principles more widely. Thus the winds of persecution scattered the seed of the word not only throughout Judea, but all the neighboring countries. A great moral revolution had evidently begun, and was progressing apace. Hence an eager curiosity in the public mind, to become acquainted with the history of its great Author. We conceive that it was in part at least to gratify this curiosity, that the

many writers here spoken of, undertook their labours. We have no reason to believe that any of them were actuated by unfriendly motives, but it is sufficiently plain from Luke's conduct, if not from his words, that these histories were unauthorized and unsatisfactory.

It has appeared to many, that the second verse is meant to express the manner in which these writers had prosecuted their enquiries, and written their histories;—that they had written their accounts, even as those delivered them unto them, who, from the beginning, were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word; I am inclined, however, to think that the second verse should be connected only with the *last* clause of the first; and that it respects the authority on which the great truths of Christianity were believed, without any reference to these writers. As if he had said—Forasmuch as many have undertaken to set forth in order, a declaration of those things, which are most surely *believed* among us, according to the faithful and well attested reports of those, which, from the beginning were eye-witnesses and also ministers of the word. That is, some eye-witnesses, as Mary and others. Others again were not only eye-witnesses, but apostles and ministers of the gospel.

At the commencement of the third verse, the apostle states his resolution, "It seemed good to me also to engage in the important work of writing a biography of Christ." With great good feeling, he abstains from throwing any positive blame on the many, who had engaged in this work before; from which we may infer, that they were well meaning men, who had done their best; but having no call to this work, and not being possessed of the requisite powers, their works were soon superseded by the authentic, and divinely inspired gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke; and then, in a few years, they sank

into oblivion. But though no blame is expressly attached to these men, in a quiet way their inadequacy is implied, when Luke states to his friend Theophilus that his object in writing the gospel, was that he might *know* the certainty of those things in which he had been instructed.

The Evangelist next proceeds to state the principle on which he had acted, in preparing his work. And first, he had diligently traced up every thing to the very source, or in other words, he had diligently investigated every thing from the very first. Not content with giving simply a life of Christ, he avails himself of every thing which could throw light upon it; and so commences his work most appropriately, with an account of the remarkable circumstance, which preceded the birth of John the Baptist, the Messiah's forerunner. In this respect, the gospel of Luke differs even from the inspired narratives of the other Evangelists. It is proper to observe that the word corresponding to,—"*from the very first*,"—may be translated *from above*, as if he had said,—having had perfect understanding of all things from above.—And so, some suppose that the apostle here indicates the divine inspiration which he enjoyed. "He had received his intelligence," says M. Henry, "not only by tradition, as others had done; but by revelation, confirming that tradition, and securing him from every error, or mistake, in the recording of it." There is no doubt that this is true, that Luke diligently exercised his own faculties, in collecting information from those who had been eye-witnesses of the events which he describes, and that the Holy Spirit effectually preserved him from all error; but as to whether this account is contained in the expression which we are considering, is a matter that may be doubted.

He resolved to give a distinct, orderly, account of the events in the life of

Christ. The word, in our version, translated in order, does not refer to Chronological order. It does not imply that Luke intended to relate events strictly in chronological order, but rather to classify them, and thus give a distinct systematic account of them.

The individual to whom Luke dedicates his gospel, is the same person as *he*, to whom he inscribes his history of the Acts of the Apostles; and, indeed, it is mainly from the inscription of the two treatises, that we ascertain the authorship of the book of Acts. The word Theophilus signifies a lover of God, and was a common name among the Greeks and Romans.—History gives us no information with regard to the character or condition of this person. But it is evident from the title applied to him, Most Excellent, that he was a man of rank, probably the governor of some city or province. There are only two other individuals, to whom this title is applied in the New Testament. Felix, and Festus, governors of Judea. It seems to have been an official title, altogether irrespective of personal qualities, and employed somewhat in the same way, as the title of his Excellency is applied to the governor of this province. Thus we find both Claudius Lynas in his letter, and Tertullus, the advocate in his speech, apply the same term to the Roman Governor Felix. I say Tertullus employs the same term; for though in our version of the word as translated Most Noble, it is the same in the original, as that which is here translated, most excellent. Here then we find a divinely inspired Evangelist, writing for our instruction, employing the ordinary language of respect to a person of exalted rank; from which the obvious lesson is, that Christianity does not countenance rudeness, or the setting at naught the ordinary customs of civilized life. It is plain therefore, that those, who, from an affecta-

tion of superior sanctity, and regard to the word of God, refuse to employ the ordinary terms of respect, in the intercourse of life, not only act, without due authority from Scripture. but in opposition to it.

And now, dearly beloved, I would remark, in conclusion, that the blessing which we enjoy is unspeakable, in having in our possession, an account of the principal events in the life of Jesus, recorded for our instruction, and transmitted to our times with such an amount of evidence, as no events in history can claim.—Let us testify our appreciation of this blessing, by a diligent and prayerful perusal of these sacred records, and sure I am that in proportion as we study them with increasing diligence and prayerfulness, it will be, with increasing profit and delight. Finally, let us testify our gratitude to God for the unspeakable gift of His dear Son, by relying more simply and entirely on Jesus, than we have ever done, drawing more and more out of His infinite fulness, and testifying more and more our love to Him by the more faithful keeping of his commandments.

TRUE GAIN.

'Religion is a gainful thing;' and this is a compelling motive which becomes effectual upon all. Gain is the God whom the world worships. What will not men do, what will they not suffer for gain? What journeys do men take by land, what voyages by sea, through hot and cold, through fair and foul, through storm and shine, through day and night and all for gain! Now, there is no calling so gainful as this of religion; it is the most profitable employment we can take up. 'Godliness is profitable unto all things.' It is a great revenue. If it be closely followed, it brings in the greatest income. Indeed, some men are religious for the world's sake; such shall be sure not to gain; but they who are religious for religion's sake shall be sure not to lose, if heaven and earth can recompense them; for 'godliness hath the promise both of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'—*Mead.*

Sabbath School Lessons.

March 17th, 1861.

THE OLD WORLD.—GENESIS vi. 1-13.

The period at which this chapter opens was about 2448, B.C., or 1556, A.M. This date is ascertained by accepting the recognized chronology of the world as created, 4004, B. C., and calculating the ages of the respective patriarchs from Adam to Noah. The number of the inhabitants in the old world must have been considerable at this time.

1. "The sons of God" began to intermarry with the daughters of men, v. 2. "The sons of God" were the posterity of Seth. The pious are everywhere in the Bible called the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.—These Sethites were comparatively a pious race, numbers of their ancestors being conspicuous for their devotedness to the cause of God. By this time, however, there had been a sad deterioration among the Sethites, yet the distinctive appellation more strictly appropriate to their progenitors than to them, was still used. The "daughters of men," are so called in contra-distinction to the sons and daughters of God. They were of the Cainite instead of the Sethite stock. Were never transferred from their connection with a fallen and depraved ancestry, to a gracious connection with the Father of Spirits.

The daughters of men were "fair." This quality attracted the attention of the sons of God. This possession is often a snare to the possessor and to others, and it is often one which females covet.

The sons of God took their wives, according to their hearts desire, and as many of them as they chose, v. 2. This was very grievous in God's sight.—Deut. vii. 3-4. These mixed marriages were the immediate cause of the destruction of the old world.

2. God was grieved with the conduct of men. His spirit had been striving with them, on account of their gradual declension. The mixed marriages provoked him exceedingly, and he determined that His spirit should not always strive with man. For he was flesh, v. 3, Psal. lxxix. 39. "Yet his days shall be one hundred and twenty years." Commentators regard this 120 years as a term of respite, during which the ark was built and during which there was room for repentance.

4. The giants mentioned in v. 4. are, according to eminent critics, "Men of Violence;" men who beat down, oppressed, and plundered, the weak and defenceless. The term has no particular reference to stature. However, it

is not at all improbable that the men of the old world were both in stature and strength, superior to those of the present day

5. "God saw that the wickedness of man was great on the earth, &c.," v. 5. This language is intensive. It indicates not only a marvellous excess, but also a universality of wickedness. "The earth was corrupt before God—all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth."—Gen. vi. 11-12. 'If you picture to yourself everything unclean in taste and feeling, in conversation and conduct; universal in extent and enormous in measure, as to what is here averred, you will then have before you minds eye, some image of what is denoted by the language here used by the sacred writer.'

The earth was filled with violence, v. 11.—It was the order of the day. No security to anything valuable or precious—to reputation, chastity, property, personal, domestic, social or civil rights; or even to life itself.

6. It repented the Lord that he made man, &c., v. 6. God is unchangeable, He is also omniscient, and hence the language employed in this verse is hard to be understood at first, in view of these attributes. The language employed is in consideration of our weakness, and when it is said that God repents, it is meant that he changes his course of action.—'Mankind had not answered the great end for which they were made; had not deported themselves as the Lord had a right to expect, and he determines that his providential care and kindness shall not be exercised toward them as formerly. He will alter his dispensations; will change his course; deal differently toward them from what he had done.

7. Man's sin brought ruin upon his comfort. The beasts, the creeping things and the fowls of the air, were destroyed along with man.

8. Noah alone at the time found grace in God's sight. He was a just man and perfect in his generation, and walked with God. It is all the more a testimony to Noah's character that he stood singular, and conspicuous in a time of super-abounding iniquity.

Learn 1. The evil of ungodly marriages.—1 Cor. vii. 39. 2 Cor. vi. 14.

2nd. God's long suffering, v. 3, Jude 14.

3d. Though God bears long with sinners, He will punish sin.

Long suffering of God to the Inhabitants of the Old World.

And does the Lord hasten to the execution of his solemn and tremendous purpose? No.—The vessel itself which our patriarch was enjoined to make, could not be built in a day.—Not only was it to be a vast structure, but of so many compartments, and contrivances, and

conveniences, and so thoroughly constructed for safety, and with a view to the answering of the ends in full of its construction, as necessarily to require no little time to complete it. Even to provide the materials would consume a considerable season. But besides this, God has an attribute of *mercy* as well as of justice; he is long suffering and pitiful as well as holy and righteous. Notwithstanding the superfluity of naughtiness and the deluge of sin everywhere prevalent, and constituting a deep, dark flood—he holds back the deluge of water; stays the overflowing and angry flood—and for no less a period than one hundred and twenty years, (Gen. vi. 3.) And here we ought not to fail to notice the incidental corroboration afforded by this circumstance, to the duration, ascribed by the record, to human life before the flood. Dr. Kitto has called the attention of his readers to this point in his Biblical Illustrations, vol. 1. p. 138: "A hundred and twenty years," says he, "would have been too long, according to the present duration of life; for many who were not born when the judgment was first denounced would have died before it was accomplished; and so long a delay of judgement would have weakened the force of the denunciation, and would have allowed most people to view it as a thing not to happen in their time, and which therefore they would but lightly regard. But one hundred and twenty years was less than the eighth of the average duration of antediluvian life; and, in respect of warning, was not more to that generation than nine years would be to us. It was therefore an interval just long enough for effective warning, without being so long as to allow any man that lived, to deem that he might neglect that warning without danger."
—*Olmstead.*

March 24th 1861.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF JESUS:— LUKE II. 21-39.

1. The Circumcision of Jesus. This rite of circumcision was enjoined.—GEN. xvii. 11. And as God commanded this rite to be done on the eighth day, therefore, Jesus was circumcised. On occasion of the circumcision the name was given. v. 21. The name Jesus, which signifies Saviour, was named by the Angel.—Matt. i. 21. Jesus was circumcised because he was made under the law.—Gal. iv. 4., and therefore, was subject to all the requirements.

2. Jesus was brought to the Temple when forty days old. Lev. xii. 2-4. He was brought by his parents v. 22, in order that they might dedicate him to the Lord. v. 22. Because he was the first-born v 24.—Exod. xiii. 13. The

real reason of this journey to Jerusalem with him was that he might be redeemed. Numb. xviii. 15. He was redeemed by the offering mentioned v 24. This offering enjoined.—Lev. xii. 2, 6, 8. The fact that the parents carried out the injunction. Lev. xii. 8, shows their poverty and the low condition in which Christ was. It is affecting to think that he who "knew no sin," was as early treated as a sinner that he was redeemed. Gal. iv. 5.

3. Simeon appears to have been a resident in Jerusalem. He was a *just* man. i. e., in his transactions with his fellow man. He was *devout*, i. e., not only did he worship God in public but also in private. He *waited* for the consolation of Israel. i. e., for the coming of the Lord Jesus, who would give comfort to those who looked for him. He was a close walker with God. One evidently who wrestled with God in prayer, and especially relative to the coming of Christ. The Holy Spirit wrought the conviction in him that he should see Christ before he died.

The Holy spirit brought him into the Temple at the right time. v 27. There is always a harmony between the convictions wrought in the soul by the Spirit and the dispositions of Providence. The Author of faith is also the finisher. Heb. xii. 2.

4. Anna appears also to have been a resident of Jerusalem. She was a prophetess of great age, and remarkable for piety. v. 37.—She came into the temple at that instant.—Doubtless led by the Holy Ghost.

5. The prophecy concerning Christ.

1. It was God's Salvation, v. 30. God's wisdom devised it. God's love prompted it. God's power executed it.

2. He was a light to lighten the Gentiles and the Israelites. To enlighten them as to God and themselves. To show them a way to heaven.

3. He was set for the rise and fall of many. For a sign that would be spoken against. v. 34.

A Thought for the time of Trial

Does any one believe that he is a Christian; and yet is he grieved at trials through which he is called to pass? Why so? Would he be a dwarfed soul in heaven? His God and Redeemer, by these very trials, is designing to make him more glorious in that world than it was possible for him to have been without them; and can he think it unkindness toward him, that he is fitted for so high a glory.

THE SILENCE OF JESUS;

OR,

How to Meet False Accusations.

"But he answered him not to one word."—
Matth. xxvii. 14. (*Old Translation.*)

How expressive is silence—"the silence of old ocean resting after storms;" when its hoary heaving bosom is lulled to sleep, its boisterous pealing anthem hushed, and placid and quiet it spreads before the eye a striking picture of quiescent omnipotence and infinite repose. The silence of night, too, is not less potent in its influence; when the many strings of nature's harp cease their vibrations, and the stars looking down quietly upon us, so soft and subdued in their lustre, seem to invite us for a time to throw aside the depressive cerecloths of mortality, and join with them in sublime and silent awe to muse His praise who made them all. And we read also that there was once "silence in heaven about the space of half an hour;"—a period when even the orchestra of glory ceased to yield its notes, and angels' fingers faltered on the strings of harps which had never ceased to praise. That silence must have been felt: it was something new; the sudden stop in the garden chorus of heaven's vast choir, its myriad harps and voices; how impressive! The angelic tongues all mute; the holy worshippers filled with expectation, waiting to learn why *they* must suspend their sweet employ; what solemn mandate from the eternal throne is this? what does it mean? How heaven's vast silence must have startled them! But not the silence of the slumbering deep beneath its myriad waves, the voiceless night, or heaven's vast temple, is so affecting or instructive as the silence of Him of whom it is written, "*But He answered not a word.*" He had listened to *many*, and such words! He was pure, but they made Him vile; He was true, but they made Him false; He was God, but they made Him man. But He answered not a word! The charges cannot affect Him perhaps? He stands impeached for His life: should His accusers accomplish their purposes, His doom will be sealed; there are cruel men standing by, eager to buffet Him; there is a crown of thorns and a purple robe; a weary

journey and a heavy cross; the rugged nails, and a fearful death! Yet He utters not a word; perhaps He cannot speak—has no skill to plead? None so eloquent as He. Perhaps He knows not how to meet the rude falsehoods of hell? He is the wisdom of God. Then why is He silent? Does He not feel the indictment? More than words can express. Does He perceive His danger? More clearly than His persecutors. But He sees also what they do not—those words of His servant which they do not understand: "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is *dumb*, so He opened not His mouth."

It is this seals His lips; love has brought Him here to die; love will not let Him speak. In vain you taunt Him, cruel men; in vain you condemn Him, venal judge! His love will baffle all your efforts; you may threaten and reproach, hold up His name to scorn, and even rob Him of life; but you will hear no complaint, you will get no reply. He stands before you to suffer, for this he is prepared; He has counted the cost; He has come to plead through His deeds, but not for Himself; to give emphasis to His words, though not in the vindication of His fame, but in the salvation of His Church. He will speak for His people, but He has no words for Himself; He is dumb in His own cause, though so eloquent in theirs; and that His words may avail for them He will give His own blood. Hence, now, He will not speak, it is His intention to die. He knows the charges are untrue, but He has prepared no defence. He could defeat His accusers, but His Church must be saved.

Ah! this is why those lips, so eloquent to plead the sinner's cause, are silent now; the tongue of slander cannot make Him speak, for He will save His Church, and teach her how to stand unmoved amid the strife of tongues.

"*He uttered not a word.*"—Can we forget this? Yes, we can. But let us not: and when the fang of envy, anxious to wound, gives forth perpetually the poison of misrepresentation; when prejudice, intent to spy defects, pores over each act and word; when slander makes a target of

our reputation, her darling aim to hold us up to scorn, then let the silence of those lips which plead our cause admonish us; and let us strive to imitate Him, who, though falsely accused, uttered no angry word; let us seek for grace to keep, subdue, and guide; so shall our deeds be our defence, and form a shield malicious words shall never pierce. While in the ears of calumny, anxious for our ruin, we shall be proclaimed disciples of Him, "who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but submitted Himself to Him who judgeth righteously."

"Should envious tongues some malice frame,

To soil and tarnish your good name,
Live it down!

Grow not dishearten'd; 'tis the lot
Of all men, whether good or not.
Live it down!

Rail not in answer, but be calm;
For silence yields a rapid balm:
Live it down!

Go not among you friends and say,
Evil hath fallen on my way:
Live it down!

Far better thus yourself alone
To suffer, than with friends bemoan
The trouble that is all your own:
Live it down!

What though men *evil* call your *good*!
So CHRIST himself, misunderstood,
Was nail'd unto a cross of wood!
And now shall you, for lesser pain,
Your inmost soul for ever stain,
By rendering evil back again?
Live it down!

Oh! if you look to be forgiven,
Love your own foes, the bitterest even,
And love to you shall glide from heaven;
And when shall come the poison'd lie,
Swift from the bow of calumny,
If you would turn it harmless by,
And make the venom'd falsehood lie,
Live it down!"

Treat Them as Brethren.

Mr. McCheyne, whose memory is so fragrant in all the churches, when on his way to Palestine, met in France, with a Jew, with whom he communicated freely respecting the object of his journey. It will be remembered by those who are acquainted with his history, that he was sent by the Free Church of Scotland to make inquiries respecting the condition of the Jews in the East, with reference to missionary efforts in their behalf. The Jew above alluded to said, "One rule I will give you in dealing with Jews, *treat them as brethren.*"

The rule is one of very wide application. We should all act in accordance with it.—

We should observe it in our intercourse with members of churches differing from our own. Strange as it may seem, there seems sometimes to be a greater distance between Christians of different denominations than between Christians and those who make no profession of religion.— When this is the case, some one has failed to observe the rule. Let those who perceive break it down by applying the rule. A Calvinist met a professing Christian who held what is called Calvinism in abhorrence, They were travelling, and were to spend the day together. The Calvinist made a remark, which led his companion into the nature of his religious views. He was disposed to enter into controversy. But the other had no fondness for disputing. "Would it not be better," said he, "before we commence disputing about religion, to see whether we are professors of religion. This was assented to, and the facts determined. "Now," said he again, "before we dispute about religion," would it not be well to see whether we have any religion ourselves. In order to determine that, we must see what we think of Christ, and how we feel towards him.' No objection being made, he led the conversation to topics of deep personal interest to every converted soul, and so awakened the love of Christ in the heart of his brother, that they found it far more interesting to talk about the truths and objects which they agreed in loving, than about the doctrines in respect to which they differed.

Let go the Twig.

During the revival in Scotland, a lady was awakened, and went to a minister and told him how unhappy she was. He said he was glad to hear it. She was amazed and hurt, and told him how she had read and prayed, and yet could find no peace. He told her it was not by anything she could do, but by what Christ had done long ago, and finished on the cross she could be saved. Nothing relieved, she went to a recently converted friend and said, 'What have you done to get peace?' 'Done!' said her friend, 'I have done nothing. It is by what Christ has done I have peace with God.' In yet greater distress she went home, shut herself in her room, resolving not to rise from her knees until she had peace. Long she remained so, till worn out, her poor body fell into a slumber, and she dreamed she was falling over a frightful precipice, but had caught a twig by which she hung over the gulf.—'Oh save me,' she cried; and a voice from below, which in her dream she knew to be Christ's, said, 'Let go the twig and I will save you.' 'Lord save me,' again and again she cried, and again and again the same voice was returned, 'Let go the twig and I will save you.' She must perish, she thought, if she let go the twig. At length He said, in tones most solemn and tender, 'I cannot save you, unless you let go the twig.' She let it go, fell into the Saviour's arms, and in the joy of feeling herself safe, awoke. In her sleep she had learned the needed lesson. Her own doings were the twig. She saw she must let this go, and fall down into the arms of the Redeemer. She did so, and had peace.

Dear child—you are perhaps a little girl or boy at school, trying to be good in order to get God to love you and Christ to save you. 'Let go the twig.'

Learn *by heart* this hymn, and make the language of it your own:—

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

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

'I am not ready to Die.'

A young mother lay upon her couch, unconscious of the fact that the last threads were swiftly passing through the web of life, and that its gaudy colorings and rich scenery were soon to be rolled up and laid away, and that in a few brief hours it would be said of her part in life's gay drama, it is finished.

I had seen her in health, when husband and little ones tenderly encircled her, when promise of long life and domestic happiness lent enchantment to every plan, and vigour to every purpose. I had seen her preferring the festivities of the ball-room to quiet home joys, entrusting her children to the cold care of hirelings, while her own attention was engrossed with pleasure and fashion. I had seen her when the Spirit was teaching her the vanity of earthly pleasures, and opening before her darkened mind the reality and beauty of the heavenly world; when, in bitterness of spirit, she wept over her life of folly, but could not give up its fascinations: and when called still more loudly to reflection and deep sorrow by the death of a favourite child, she had resolved to lead a new life, and connect herself with the Church.

But, alas! her fears were like the shadows that flit along the plain. Her repentance was but the sudden grief of childhood, her pious resolutions like footprints upon the sand. She failed to outstep the delusive circles of that whirlpool on whose merry rounds she had loved to glide. She heard not its muffled roaring, sure omen of evil.

For a brief year I did not meet her.—

Then how changed the scene! The bell of a neighboring church was tolling the funeral knell. I joined in the service. At its close, a few in company with the mourners, were permitted to take a last view of the departed. There lay the young mother in the robes of death. Her life had not changed. Disease had smitten her violently, and reason slept. During a brief interval of delirium she earnestly inquired of her physician:

‘Am I in danger?’

Replying rather in the affirmative, she exclaimed in terror:

‘O, I am not ready to die! Save me, if you can! I am not ready to die!’

These were her last words. Delirium returned, giving her no opportunity of seeking that Saviour who had called and been refused, until his Spirit, had forever taken its flight. In a half hour’s time, she breathed her last.

O reader! There is an hour when the Spirit calls—calls too, for the last time.—You have received his gracious call. Have you listened? Have you obeyed? Or have you said, ‘Go thy way for this time; there surely will be a more convenient season?’ Be not surprised if the hearts to mourning friends be wrung with anguish by your last words, ‘O, I am not ready to die.’

THE PATH OF OBEDIENCE.

Israel of old were not allowed to have any plans of their own. Jehovah planned and arranged everything for them. He told them when and where they were to move and halt. At various intervals, He signified His sovereign pleasure to them by the movement of the cloud above their heads. “Whether it were two days, or a month, or a year that the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle, remaining thereon, the children of Israel abode in their tents, and journeyed not; but when it was taken up they journeyed. At the commandment of the Lord they rested in their tents, and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed,” (Num. ix. 22–23.)

Such was the happy condition of the Lord’s redeemed while passing from Egypt to Canaan. They never could have *their own way*, as regards their movements.—If an Israelite had refused to move when the cloud moved, or halt when it halted, *he would have been left to starve in the wilderness.* The rock and the manna followed them while they followed Jehovah; in other words food and refreshment were alone to be found in the path of simple obedience.

Just so it was with Elijah; he was not permitted to have a will of his own—he could not fix the time of his sojourn at Cherith, nor the time for his removal to Serephath; “The word of the Lord” settled all for him, and when he obeyed it he “found sustenance.”

What a lesson for the Christian in all this! The path of obedience is alone the path of happiness. If we were more successful in doing violence to self, our spiritual condition would be far more vigorous and healthy than it is. Nothing so ministers to health and vigour of soul as undeviating obedience; there is strength gained by the very effort to obey.

This is true in the case of all, but specially so as regards those who stand in the capacity of ministers of the Lord. Such must walk in the obedience if they would be used in the ministry. How could Elijah have said, as he afterwards did upon Mount Carmel, “If the Lord be God, *follow Him*,” if his own private path hath exhibited a wilful and rebellious spirit? Impossible.

The path of the servants must be the path of obedience, otherwise he ceases to be a servant. The word *servant* is an inseparable link with *obedience*, as is *work* with *workman*. “A servant,” as another has observed, “must move when the bell rings.” Would that we were all more alive to the sound of our Master’s bell, and more ready to run in the direction in which it summons us!

‘*Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.*’ Here is our proper language. Whether the word of the Lord summons us from our retirement into the midst of our brethren, or from thence into retirement again, may our language ever be, “speak Lord, for thy servant heareth.” The word of the Lord, and the attentive ear of a servant,

are all we need to carry us safely and happily onward.

Christians! cast on Him your load,
 'To your tower of refuge fly;
 Know He is the living God,
 Ever to his creatures nigh:
 Seek His ever-open door
 In your hours of utmost need;
 All your hearts before Him pour,
 He will send you help and speed

But hast thou some darling plan
 Cleaving to things of earth?
 Leanest thou for aid on man?
 Thou wilt find him nothing worth.
 Rather trust the One alone,
 Whose is endless power and love;
 And the help He gives His own
 Thou in very deed shalt prove.

A. H. FRANCKE, 1663-1724

THE VALUE OF CHRIST'S BLOOD.

In the conversations of Luther we read, that on one occasion, when the monk was beginning to grope his way among the truths of the gospel and the revelations of Scripture to the knowledge of Christ as the only Saviour, Satan appeared in the depth of the night, and addressed him in the following terms: "Luther, how dare you pretend to be a reformer of the church? Luther, let your memory do its duty—let your conscience do its duty: you have committed this sin—you have been guilty of that sin; you have omitted this duty; let your reform begin in your own bosom.—How dare you attempt to be a reformer of the church?" Luther, with the self-possession and magnanimity by which he was characterised, (whether it was a dream or a reality he himself professes not to decide,) said to Satan: "Take up the slate that lies on the table, and write down all the sins with which you now charge me; and if they be any additional, append them too." Satan rejoiced at having the opportunity of accusing, took up a pencil, and wrote a long and painful roll of the real or imputed sins of Luther. Luther said, "Have you written the whole?" Satan answered Yes; and a black and dark catalogue it is; and sufficient to deter you from making any attempt to reform others, till you have first purified and reformed yourself." Luther replied "Take up the slate and write as I dictate to you. My sins are many;

my transgressions in the sight of an infinite holy God are countless as the hairs of my head; in me there dwelleth no good thing; but, Satan after the last sin you have recorded write the announcement which I repeat from I John i. 7: "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from ALL sin" Luther in that text had peace; and Satan knowing the source of that peace, had no advantage against him.

LITTLE SINS.

What is feebler or lighter than a snow-flake? Yet you have seen a handful of them pressed together into a snow-ball. You have seen that snow-ball rolled along by a few boys, gathering more snow as it proceeded, till it became so large that it could no longer be moved, and at last it fell to pieces by its own weight. This is the history in brief, of little sins in many little children. Each sin looks light and little as a snow-flake. But mark the end! How swiftly they grow and gather! And the conclusion of the whole matter is ruin, destruction, and death.

One of the evils of little sins is, that they are unheeded. Here is their chief danger.—When a man catches an infectious fever, or is smitten down by cholera or any other deadly disease, he immediately takes to his bed, sends for a physician, and uses all precautions and remedies with the greatest care and constancy. If precautions are taken in time, and if proper remedies are employed, then he is likely to recover. But when a man catches a slight cold, he gives himself trouble about it. He says, 'It's only a cold; it will soon get better.' But the cough continues, and then it settles on the lungs; yet still he gives himself little trouble, and says, 'Its only a slight cough; it will soon get better.' But the cough speedily becomes consumption; the man wastes away daily, and dies a lingering death, as I have seen hundreds die, from neglecting a little matter. And it is thus that little sins kill a child's soul. The cold becomes a cough, the cough consumption, and the consumption ends in a coffin. The little sin fastens its fangs on the heart, conscience, and whole soul. Then, when sin is thus firmly rooted, it grows and spreads, becomes greater and greater, till the boy, if he lives to be a man, is a hardened sinner, with a conscience seared as with a hot iron.

A few little sins may destroy the soul just as effectually as a great sin. You do not see the effect of each of them. The misery is, that you only come to know how deadly they are when it is too late. A whole life is sometimes made up of little sins; and what a life

that is to live! how terrible is the death that such an one has to die! and what an eternity lies before so wretched an ending in this world! Blow after blow, constantly repeated, breaks the hardest stone at last. You do not see the effect of each blow, yet each blow added something to the breaking.

I remember having seen, long ago, a frightful accident. There was a railway train filled with goods, sheep, cattle, and market produce, standing at the top of a long-inclined plane.—The trains, at that place were lowered down by a rope. There were a great many other trains and carriages, both full and empty, standing at the top of the incline. The men were busily engaged, each with his own work. Some were adding a few empty carriages to the ends of the goods train, before it was let down the inclined plane. As each carriage was pushed slowly up, and joined to the others, it gave the train a blow. Each of these blows produced some effect. At last, as carriage after carriage was added behind, those in front began to move slowly, very slowly at first, down the incline. At each turn of the wheels they went faster and faster, and soon the motion became visible to every one. An outcry arose. Some ran to the brakes; others ran to try and fasten the long rope to the hindermost carriage,—but all in vain; the boldest were terrified; the speed increased; and soon, with a rumble like thunder and a speed like lightning, the whole train darted down the hill, and was smashed, with all its living freight, into splinters and atoms at the bottom.

This is too frequently the progress of little sins in the child's heart. If you do not take good heed, you may get fairly started, without brake or guard, down the inclined plane of sin; and the end of it is destruction and death, sure and certain. Nothing short of a miracle could have stopped that train when it was once fairly in motion; and nothing short of a miracle of grace can stop you when once you are fairly advanced in the full career of little sins. You are on the way to that end now, my dear young friend. The wheels are moving, more and yet more rapidly. Stop; stop now, while yet there is time. Trust to no miracle, but seek the Lord while he is near. Go no further from him than you are. Answer when he calls. To-day, while yet it is called to-day, hear his voice, and harden not your heart,—*Plain Paths for Youthful Runners*, by Rev. J. Alexander.

A PARABLE.

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects and said to him, 'What is your employment?' He said, 'I am a blacksmith.' 'Go home,' said he 'and make me a chain of such a length.' He went home; it occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the time he was making the chain, only the trouble and pain of making it.

Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said, 'Go and make it twice as long.' He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away. Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again, and the monarch said 'Go and make it longer still.'

Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still.—And when he brought it up at last, the monarch said, 'Take it, bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire.'—These were his wages for making the chain.

Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servant of the devil! Your master the devil is telling you to make a chain. Some of you have been fifty years welding the links of the chain; and he says, 'Go and make it longer still.' Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; next Sunday you will be drunk, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action; and so you will keep on making fresh links to this chain; and when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, 'More links on still!' And then, at last it will be, 'Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire.'—'For the wages of sin is death.'

There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet; but if God makes it profitable, it will do you good. You must have strong medicines sometimes, when the disease is bad, God apply it to your hearts!—*Spurgeon*.

Skating on Weak Ice.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

'Mother,' exclaimed Willy Temple, as he ran into her room one morning, where she was quietly engaged in sewing, rattling in his hand a pair of bright, new skates—'Mother, can't I go skating on the pond to-day? Tom, and Dick, and the other boys are waiting for me, and we are going to have a splendid time.'

'I'm afraid, Willy, that the ice isn't strong enough yet,' answered Mrs. Temple, looking up.

'Oh! yes it is, mother!' said Willy, eagerly. 'The boys were skating on it yesterday.'

'But you know, my son, the weather has been very warm for several days, and the ice cannot be very thick, so I think you had better wait a little longer before you take your new skates to the pond.— There will be plenty of cold weather before long, and there will be no danger on the ice. You must not go on the pond to-day.'

'But, mother,' pleaded Willy, with disappointed looks, 'can't I go down and see the boys skate? I'll promise not to go on the ice, if you will only let me go with them.'

'Well, Willy,' replied his mother, 'you can go if you will promise me that you will keep off the pond, and be back home before dark.'

'Yes, mother, I will,' answered Willy, as he ran joyfully to meet his companions, leaving his new skates behind him. They soon reached the pond, where they found a great many men and boys gliding to and fro on its smooth surface, some darting swiftly forward, others skating backwards, and some engaged in gracefully cutting figures on the ice, to the delight of the lookers-on who stood on the banks. The ice, however, was quite soft, and so weak that many were afraid to venture upon it; in many places there were wide cracks across its surface, and some portions of it were overflowed by water.

It was a gay and exciting scene to Willy, and as he stood on the bank, surveying it with satisfaction and pleasure, he forgot for a time his own disappointment in not being permitted to join the skaters: but when he saw the boys who had accompanied him buckling on their skates in great glee and gliding off in every direction, he began to think that his mother had been mistaken about the strength of the ice, and that if she had really known how strong it was, she would have given him permission to skate upon it. He was continually urged by the other boys to come on the pond.— They offered to lend him their skates, and assured him that the ice was strong enough, and that there was no danger, but Willy shook his head and remained on the bank.

How many boys would have yielded to the temptation!

Many would have reasoned thus:— "Mother thought perhaps there was danger, but she did not know how strong the ice is, and if she was here and could see how mistaken she is, she would certainly not object to my enjoying myself with the rest."

Suddenly, in the midst of the general enjoyment, the cry was heard that some one had broken in! Many, in their alarm, hastened to the shore, while others ran to the rescue. The ice in one spot had proved too weak. One of the skaters had broken through into water ten feet deep, and was now struggling in the midst of broken fragments of ice, and loudly calling for help.

It was one of Willy's companions, who had gone upon the ice against the express commands of his father. Some were pressing forward, and vainly endeavoring to rescue the drowning boy; but the ice gave way beneath their weight. Several were themselves precipitated into the water, and the danger of remaining on the pond was apparent.

The ice was breaking up. The panic became universal. The struggling boy was left, as each one sought to provide for his own safety.

Poor fellow! he sank at length for the last time, and his body was not recovered until the next day.

With a sad heart, Willy, who had witnessed this calamity from the shore, returned to his home, thankful that he had been kept out of danger, and had been able to resist temptation. Had he disobeyed his mother, the fate of his companion might have been his own.

'Honor thy father and thy mother,' by the strictest obedience to their will, and you will enjoy the reward not only in this world, but through eternity.

LENT, NOT GIVEN.

Children, relatives, friends, honours, houses, lands, and endowments, the goods of nature, and fortune, nay, even of grace itself, are only lent. It is our misfortune to fancy they are given. We start, therefore, and are angry when the loan is called in. We think ourselves masters when we are only stewards; and forget that to each of us will it one day be said, "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward."—[Bishop Horne.]

THE TOOTHACHE.

Good and bad thoughts are the seeds of good and bad words and deeds: they multiply, also, our joys and our sorrows.—Every day has its shine and its shade; and the same remark may be made of all our joys and all our griefs. Our pleasures are not exempt from inconvenience, nor are our pains unaccompanied with advantage. This ought to be borne in mind more constantly than it is.

No! no! It is not all shadow when we have the tooth-ache. Think of the luxurious feeling when the warm handkerchief, so wishfully regarded, as it hung airing at the fire, comes, at last, to be laid across your cheek, and tied in a becoming bow under your ear! Think of the liberty you enjoy, the cessation from all employment, the exemption from all complaints but your own, and the kind attention you receive.—No one requires from you the smallest service: while one stirs the fire to make the room warm, another runs to fetch a pillow; a third toasts the bread for your gruel; and a fourth asks if anything can be done to make you better? Then how tenderly every one in the house speaks to you, and in what a subdued and soft tone of voice are you asked every ten minutes "How are you now?"

Say what you will of the tooth-ache, but these concomitants, these gentle alleviations, are dear to us all. We soon find the difference in our position when we get well again; and we know this, and are not always in haste to proclaim our convalescence. No sooner is it known that our malady has subsided, than the handkerchief is withdrawn, and we must set to work again.—No one assists us; no one speaks gently to us; and hardly any one takes notice of us. It is true that our tooth-ache is gone; but it is equally true that with it have disappeared a hundred sources of comfort and complacency.

Let us apply this to our afflictions generally, looking less at our bodily ailments, and more at the spiritual advantages that attend them. God's mercy can make even His judgments a blessing; and by wounding the body He can heal the soul: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment," may lay a weight of gloom on

our minds; but yet it may, by the blessing of our heavenly Father, "work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv. 17.—*Old Humphrey.*

Busy Hands and Holy Hearts.

It is a great fault to suppose that attention to one duty is an excuse for neglecting another. People who have their families or their business to attend to are very apt to say, "I am so busy, I have no time to think about religion." Sure enough, worldly business does sometimes put good thoughts out of our mind; and yet, if we try sincerely, we may generally find room to think of something good, without forgetting our common duties: indeed, plenty of work is a fine cure for idle and mischievous thoughts. One evil thought hinders religion more than ten busy thoughts.

A good old writer says, "The grand secret to prevent bad thoughts, is to have plenty of employment; an empty house is everybody's property; all the vagrants in the country will take up their quarters in it: always, therefore, have something to do, and then you will have something to think of." Besides, there are some things which we may do well, and quickly, without giving them all our thoughts. A weaver in his loom, a carpenter at his bench, a mother with her babe in her arms, or while sewing or knitting, will often sing a song without hindering their work.—Now the words of that song might as well express some sense as nonsense; and had much better be those of praise to God, than of profanity or indecency.

I knew a good shepherd who said he had always learned by heart a verse of the Bible at breakfast-time, which served him through the day; and so rich was the treasure thus laid up in his mind in the course of a long life, that the neighbours used to call him a walking Bible. One could scarcely name a passage of scripture but he could take it up, and go on with what followed, and that in such a way as proved that he not only recollected the words, but likewise he relished their sweetness.—In like manner, I knew a pious weaver who used to have a hymn-book or a Testament lying open on his loom, which afforded him many a refreshing thought. A poor shoemaker I have often with plea-

sure observed hearing his children their catechism and hymns, while sewing away at his last; and a mother of a family I remember, always kept in her pocket some good little book, which she could look at a minute or two while she was feeding her babe, or lulling it to sleep.

These examples show what may be done by trying; and, at least, no one should say he has no time for good thoughts, who can find time to admit a thought of vanity and folly. Even in the midst of bustle and noise, it is not quite impossible to raise a secret thought in prayer. Nehemiah, when handing the cup to the king at the royal feast, felt his heart full of care and distress, and said, "So I prayed to God of Heaven." We should imitate him. Or, like Zaccheus, we may climb the sycamore tree, and get a sight of Jesus. Prayer can find its way to God above the heads of the crowd. A penitent believing heart is always in a fit place and frame for prayer; and believing prayer is sure to turn the promises of God into performances.—The mind of man is never so ready to pray, but God is still more ready to give. Melancthon the great reformer, said, "Trouble and perplexity compel me to pray; and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble."

Cause of Barrenness.

[God will never give his glory to another, and however his servants may excel in ability and zeal, unless they recognize their dependence on his blessing, and cry humbly and fervently for the holy spirit to follow their efforts, and crown them with success, they need expect no good. The *American Messenger* illustrates this as follows:—]

'I don't see why there are no conversions in our Sabbath-school,' said Mr. Mills to his wife, as they sat with their little family around the tea-table one Sabbath evening.

'I am sure the school has never been more prosperous than since you took the charge of it,' she replied; 'it has nearly doubled its numbers, and you have secured a very capable set of teachers; and have given them the example of great punctuality in attendance.

'Well, I have not been absent from my post one Sabbath during the year. The teachers and scholars are faithful and prompt in their attendance; the lessons are well-studied; and to a stranger the school would appear all that could be wished.— But I cannot feel that we are realizing the results of our labor, unless we see the dear children and youth coming to Christ.— Good seed has been sown; but it does not spring up and bear fruit as I expected. I am puzzled to account for it.'

'Papa,' said little Charlie, who had listened only to the last sentence of the conversation, 'hasn't your seed come up?'

'No, my child.'

'Was the seed good, papa?'

'Yes, Charlie, the very best.'

'Was it sowed in the spring when the ground was tender, papa?'

'It certainly was, my son.'

Charlie paused a moment, and thought. He had a little garden which he called his own. His father had prepared the ground, and given him a few choice seeds, and told him how to take care of them. The little boy had followed his father's directions, and was now rejoicing in the success of his labor. Hence his earnest question and his thoughtful brow. But he was not long in solving the puzzle to his own satisfaction.

'O, papa,' at length he said, '*you have not watered enough.* When I planted my garden you told me my seed was good, and if I sowed it when the ground was tender, and watered it well, it would come up.— And when we had that dry time last June, you said I must water it every day, and I did. It must be, papa, that you haven't watered yours enough.'

'Charlie is right,' said his father, to whom the artless words of his little boy had brought a needed reproof; 'I have sown good seed in my garden, it is true; but I have relied too much upon the quality of the seed, and the favorable circumstances of the planting, and have sadly neglected to water it with tears of earnest supplication. Even the precious seed of divine truth, though sown in the spring time of life in the tender heart of childhood and youth, will not spring up unless watered by the Spirit in answer to fervent prayer. Henceforth, God helping me, I

will not labor less, but I will pray more.'

Is there not here a lesson for the parent, the Sabbath-school teacher, the minister of the gospel, and every worker in the vineyard of the Lord?

A REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

Some years ago, David Sands, and two other members of the Society of Friends, were travelling in the North of England; and as they were passing through a village, consisting of a few scattered houses, David Sands told his fellow-travellers, that it was impressed upon his mind to remain in that village to hold a meeting. They directed their course towards a small house; and requested accommodation.

When the people of the house were apprized of the design of their guests, they made every necessary preparation for the meeting. At the hour appointed, several attended, and David Sands arose and addressed the company. He informed his hearers, that it was impressed upon his mind, that a person among them had the *instruments of death* about him, and that the same person had prepared them for his own destruction. After thus pointing out the evil itself, he then exhorted the person to desist from his awful design, and warned him of the fatal consequences which would most assuredly follow such an attempt, and concluded with a suitable exhortation to the company at large, and left many under serious impressions. When the meeting was ended, a person who was observed to weep, came up to David Sands, and drew a brace of pistols from his pocket, told him he had prepared them for his own destruction, and that he intended to put an end to his existence that same night; but on hearing there would be a meeting of the Friends, he thought he would attend: and he also informed him, that as soon as the instruments of death were mentioned, he was struck with terror, and felt assured that his wicked intention must have been made known to the minister by a merciful interposition of Providence. I have the happiness to add, that the horrid deed of suicide was not only prevented, but the man was convinced of sin, and became a member of a Christian church.

J. E.

WHAT CAN MAKE A HEATHEN HAPPY.

A missionary in India, meeting one day with a native Christian female, one of his own flock, asked her how she felt. "Happy! happy!" she answered. "I have Christ here," laying her hand on the Bengalee Bible, "and Christ there," pointing towards heaven. Happy was she indeed, for to what ever part of the universe she might be removed, she was sure of having Christ with her. And how did she first learn of Christ? By the preaching of the missionaries. And so may every heathen man and woman on the globe be made happy in Christ the saviour, by the blessing of God on the preaching of the missionaries. Who of all the children that read this, would not like to confer this happiness on the heathen by helping to send out preachers of the gospel through all the world.—*Dayspring.*

In the year 1750, the proportion of the population of the United States to the members of the evangelical churches was thirteen to one. In 1775, before the commencement of the revolutionary war, when the entire population was about three millions, one to sixteen was connected with the churches. From the commencement of the war to 1792 the whole country was convulsed, and the number of professors at the latter period to the entire population was one to eighteen. In 1800 the population was 5,505,940 and by reason of the growth of French infidelity and Unitarianism the same proportion was preserved. About the year 1809, extensive and powerful revivals took place, and multitudes were gathered into the Church. This was soon felt, and in 1825 the population being 10,500,000, one out of fourteen was a professor of religion. In 1835, the population being then about 28,000,000, we have one professor of religion to six and three-eighths.—Within the last five years the accessions have been so great that the church members now number one to five and a half of the entire population.

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Reader, suppose in your locality, school-section, congregation, village or town, there are twenty, thirty or fifty families, or more, which you could conveniently visit once a month. If you wish to do them good, send to us for as many papers as there are families.—If there be fifty families, we will send fifty copies each month FREE. Take them round—hand them kindly to every one of the fifty who will receive them, no matter by what name they are named. When you hand them in, speak a word for Christ. It will be a good opportunity for you. If you are not able to do so, leave the Lord himself to speak through the paper.

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