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## CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE.

BY REV. L. S. FINE, PARIS, ONEIDA COUNTY, N.Y.

"For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."—2 Tim. i. 12.

The keeping of the soul is of infinite importance, and mainly on two accounts:—first, because of the immense value of the soul, and second, because of the imminent danger to which it is exposed. The apostle Paul, fully aware of the value of his soul and the danger to which it was exposed, and conscious of his own inability to keep it, had entrusted it, with all its interests for time and eternity, to the guardianship of the Lord Jesus Christ; and such was his knowledge of the Lord Jesus, that he felt persuaded the sacred deposit was in his hands safe. "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." This is the language of strong assurance. Paul had been led by the Spirit of God to see that he needed a protector, and that Christ was just the protector which his necessities required; and having in the exercise of faith given himself up to the keeping of Christ, he had no fear in regard to the future. What though enemies many and powerful surrounded him, what though dangers the most fearful threatened him, what though he had to contend with the frailty and sin of his corrupt nature, he nevertheless not only believed but *knew* that the fountain of his life, the treasure of his soul, the citadel of his salvation, was *proof* against all these enemies, all these dangers, all these vicissitudes, for it was in the keeping of *Jesus*,—in the keeping of Him who possessed in the highest degree those attributes which ensured the *security* of whatever was entrusted to Him.

Brethren, we have a right to make our own the confident exultant language of the text. If we have committed our immortal interests to the guardianship of the great Mediator, we are perfectly safe, and with Paul may exclaim, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

We will better understand and appreciate

the meaning of the text, if I make two preliminary remarks by way of explanation.

1. Though Christ will keep the soul committed to him, yet he will not keep it as a senseless, inanimate thing is kept, as a rock or a tree, but as a *soul*,—as a rational, immortal, accountable being. He will not keep it as a watch placed upon a shelf, taken down at stated times, wound up, and then replaced, but as a *spirit*, and in a manner consonant with its own nature. He will keep it by making us do our part, as well as He doing his. We must make a diligent use of the means of grace, we must watch and pray, we must guard against temptation and resist sin, we must strive after holiness, we must put forth strenuous effort to make our calling and election sure. Even Paul, who uttered the text's strong language of assurance, has in another place declared, "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." In other words, Paul was persuaded that if he relaxed his efforts, if he were not constantly on his guard against sin, and did not use the means of divine appointment for his sanctification and salvation, God would *reject* him, notwithstanding his prominent position, his distinguished attainments, and the many tokens he had received of the divine acceptance—and

2. That act by which we commit our immortal interests to Christ, is an *act of faith*. It is the gift of the Holy Ghost; it is something which Christ makes us *willing* to do in the day of his power. It is entrusting our whole selves, body and soul, to the keeping of the Lord Jesus. It is coming to Christ and saying, "Lord help me, I perish!" "Lord, I am blind, give me sight! I am ignorant, give me knowledge! I am poor, make me rich!" It is stretching out the withered arm. It is saying, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean!" "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!" If we thus commit

ourselves to Jesus, we may rest assured He will keep us in a way consistent with *his* nature and *our* nature, and finally will crown us with immortal glory at the last great day.

The subject of the text, as thus explained, is simply this:—Christian assurance, founded on a knowledge of Christ.

This is not a picture drawn by a poet's fancy, or the dreaming impressions of an enthusiast, or the wild ravings of a fanatic, but the teaching of sound reason,—the language of truth and soberness,—for Christian assurance rests on a solid, immovable foundation, viz.: a personal and experimental knowledge of Christ, who and what He is. "I know *whom* I have believed."

The believer's knowledge of Christ is derived from three great sources:—the Word of God, the experience of others, and his own experience; and from these sources he learns who the Redeemer is, what he has promised, and what he has done as pledges that all his promises will be fulfilled.

Such was Paul's knowledge of Christ, that he felt certain Christ was both *able* and *willing* to preserve safe unto the day of his second coming that which was entrusted to his care. In what did Paul's idea of the *ability* of the Saviour consist? I answer, in a word, in the *Divinity* of the Saviour. He had no doubt in regard to this fundamental doctrine of the Bible. He was very far from committing his immortal interests to a mere man,—however great and good that man might be,—for he knew that his Saviour must be divine, or he could be no Saviour at all. When he committed his soul to Christ, he knew that his soul was safe, because he knew that Christ was the true God, and God over all blessed forever. Not only did he learn this from the teachings of the Old Testament, and from the testimony of the other apostles and disciples, but more especially from his experience of the Divinity of Christ in his own soul. When he was on his murderous errand to Damascus, and was struck down to the earth by a ray of the transcendent glory of Christ,—when he heard the authoritative voice saying to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" and tremblingly exclaimed, "who art thou, Lord?" and the voice replied, "I am Jesus of Nazareth

whom thou persecutest!"—when his whole nature was changed, the aim and purpose of his life completely reversed,—when the fierce, proud persecutor became the gentle, humble, devoted, self-sacrificing disciple and apostle, how could he *doubt* that he who had wrought this great change in him was *divine*,—was the Christ, the Messiah of whom the prophets spoke. And did he not, in this wonderful event, gain by experience a knowledge also of Christ's *willingness* to save him? What claim had he on Christ? What was there in him to win the Saviour's love, or merit his approbation? Was he not in arms against Him, doing all in his power to arrest the progress of his religion, bringing to prison and death his disciples? Was he not a fierce, terrible persecutor of the Lord Jesus? And yet Jesus met him in the midst of his sin and rebellion, suffered the beams of his countenance to irradiate his soul, threw around him the arms of his love, and by the blazing light of that love *burned up* the fiercer hate of his wicked heart, and kindled in its stead a flame of love and holiness like his own.

Surely in this one event of his life, Paul by *experience*, obtained such a knowledge of Christ's *character*, as to render it most reasonable for him to feel confident that whatever he had committed or should commit into Christ's hands, was *safe*.

Paul knew also what Christ had *promised*: "I give to all my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of my hand. He that believeth on me shall never perish, but I will raise him up at the last day. Where I am, there shall also my servant be. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. In my Father's house are many mansions,—I go to prepare a place for you. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father on his throne." These are a *few* of the many precious promises of Him who is "the Amen, the faithful and true witness;" and are they not sufficient to engender hope and confidence in the Christian's soul with regard to the future?

Paul knew what Christ had promised, and it made him confident that what he had committed to Christ was *safe*.

Paul knew also what Christ *had done*

and was doing for him, and this he justly regarded as a pledge of his faithfulness to fulfil all that was yet future. Christ had freed him from guilt and condemnation, by his justifying righteousness. Having become Paul's surety, and having rendered in his stead perfect obedience to the divine law, he had authorized him in humble faith to claim and plead that obedience in the room of his own disobedience. And clothed with the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, Paul stood accepted at the throne of God, as if he had never sinned,—even as if his life had been as holy as the Saviour's. Christ, as his surety and substitute, had also endured the punishment which Paul's sins justly deserved, for he suffered the just retribution and bruised for his iniquity. He bore Paul's sins in his own body on the tree, and surrendered his life that the life of Paul might be spared. Paul was therefore free from condemnation, "for," says an eminent writer,\* "from whence can a sentence of condemnation proceed, but from that very throne to which the once crucified Redeemer is now raised? And having entered into his glory, shall the indictment He nailed to the cross be taken down from thence and put in suit against those who, in obedience to his Father's command, have fled to him for refuge?" No, no, impossible. Paul knew that Christ ever lives to apply the merit of his sacrifice, and answer every charge that can be brought against his people; and therefore he boldly throws out the challenge, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Christ had also begun, and was carrying on in the soul of the apostle, the great work of sanctification. By the providence and Spirit of Christ, Paul was enabled daily to die unto sin and live unto righteousness. His motives were continually growing purer, his hatred of sin stronger, and his desire after complete conformity to the Saviour's image more intense and constant. He was by no means satisfied with his present attainments in the divine life, but was striving after greater. He forgot the things which were behind, and reached forth unto those things which were before, looking

ever unto Jesus as the author and finisher of his faith.

And Christ was also by his providence and Spirit, continually supporting Paul amid his many trials, temptations, and dangers. He imparted to him the Holy Spirit, to guide, instruct and comfort him. That Spirit was often to him as a light shining in a dark place, pointing out to him the way in which Christ would have him walk, and giving him the disposition to walk therein. That Spirit was in him also as "a well of water springing up to everlasting life," invigorating and strengthening him. That Spirit was in him also as a comforter; and his consolations were neither few nor small. But more especially did Christ support Paul in the midst of personal danger. Often did the apostle hear the voice, "fear not, Paul, no man shall set upon thee to hurt thee;" and so sure was Paul of this protection, that he said, "the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work; and shall preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom."

In view of all these considerations, in view of the knowledge which Paul had derived from the testimony of God, the testimony of others, and his own experience, in regard to the character of Christ, what he had promised and what he had done in his behalf,—was his confidence in the Saviour to keep that which he had committed to Him against the day of final decision, *weak or fanatical*? Was it not the most reasonable conclusion he could possibly draw from the premises brought to his mind? Surely there was no room for misgivings, or doubts, or fears;—and well might he exclaim, as he *did* exclaim, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

The knowledge of Christ which Paul possessed, who He was, what He had promised, and what He had done in his behalf, is knowledge which every Christian *does*, or *may*, and certainly *should* possess, in like manner, and in like degree. And is it possible to have Paul's *knowledge* of Christ, and not have his assurance? In many respects we are more highly favoured than the apostle, for the sources of knowledge we possess with regard to Christ are immensely enlarged. What a clear and full

\* Rev. Robert Walker.

delineation of the Saviour's character is given us in the Bible, especially in the New Testament. And how can any one beholding this delineation, *doubt* whether Christ is able and willing to save the soul committed to his care? *Omniscient*, He always knows the wisest course to pursue. *Omnipotent*, He can always execute what his wisdom suggests. *Immutable*, He never *wavers*, never changes his mind. Looking merely at these attributes of his character as they are presented in the Bible, have we not *reason* to trust Him? How can we doubt or fear? But look further;—behold the record of his *faithfulness*. Is not the signet of *truth* impressed upon all his words and actions? Did He ever fail to fulfil what He had promised? Did He ever disappoint an expectation which He Himself had created? Having declared his power and willingness to heal the sick, comfort the sorrowing, and relieve the needy, did He ever refuse? No, *never!* He was constantly going about doing good. The poor were fed by Him, the blind received their sight, the lame walked, the deaf heard, even the dead were raised to life. To all he proved a gentle, compassionate Saviour, not willing to break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax, ever ready to lift up those that were cast down, bind up the broken-hearted, and give the weary and heavy-laden rest. As for his *promises*, how can we enumerate them! They are like the sands upon the sea-shore,—like the stars in the heavens,—like the gifts and treasures of God,—infinite in number, infinite in beauty, infinite in value. And do you ask what He *has done* as a pledge that all these promises will be fulfilled? The Bible points you to Bethlehem, where He was born; to the wilderness, where He was tempted; to the garden of Gethsemane, where He agonized; to the cross of Calvary, where He died; to the sepulchre from whence He arose to a new and more glorious life; and to the Mount of Olives, from whence He ascended to the skies; and tells you, from *these* gather *pledges*, as many as you will, that He is *faithful* and will assuredly fulfil all that He has promised.

And how clear and definite the knowledge of Christ we derive from the experience of others! In this we have greatly the advantage of the apostle, for we have

the recorded experience of believers in every age, the spiritual experience of many centuries. Far back as we can look through the vista of the past, we see the way crowded with witnesses for Christ; and though of every nation and kindred and tongue under the whole heaven, they nevertheless, in reference to this, all speak the same language, all bear the same testimony. It is that *Jesus is faithful*. Not one has aught to say to the contrary. From one and all, through the many ages of the past, we hear uttered and echoed and re-echoed, the language of the text: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." If time allowed us, I might bring before you the testimony of many a worthy of the past, in regard to the faithfulness of the Saviour, as clear and strong as that of the apostle. I cannot forbear, however, to notice the bright testimony which has been left us by one who has recently gone to his heavenly home. I refer to that great and good man,—Dr. James W. Alexander, whose death, while it has been *his gain*, is the *whole church's loss*. A nobler specimen of the Christian, and the Christian minister, is seldom if ever found. He was one whose Christian character was singularly beautiful and symmetrical,—no one grace cultivated and exercised at the expense of another; but *all* found in him and in their fullness, clustering about his heart, shining forth from his face, giving lustre to his eye and eloquence to his lips. He was one in whom the spirit of his Master burned brightly; one who gave himself wholly to his office, and honoured that office by habitual gentleness, and humility, and industry, and earnestness, and perseverance; one whose very meat and drink it was to do his Father's will. Though a man of superior natural endowments and of eminent attainments, though occupying a commanding position and exerting an influence for good, which was not confined to his own people, or his own church, or his own city, but extended far and wide over all the land; yet that which distinguished him most of all, and which will embalm his memory the longest in the hearts of all who knew him, was his *piety*,—his deep, earnest, whole-souled consecration to the service of his heavenly Master. Called home in the rich

autumn of his life, he was busy in the field and in the harvest; the sheaves lay piled around him when he fell to sleep.

And what was the testimony *he* gave with regard to Christ? A little while before his death he uttered this memorable language: "If the curtain should drop at this moment and I were ushered into the presence of my Maker, what would be my feelings? They would be these:—First, I would prostrate myself in the dust in an unutterable sense of nothingness and guilt. Secondly, I would look up to my Redeemer with an inexpressible assurance of faith and love. There is a passage of scripture which best expresses my present feelings, and it is this: 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' This is all I have to say."

And what more could he have said to comfort his friends and strengthen the faith of God's people throughout the world? Those few words he uttered were enough; and we feel assured he is now rejoicing in the presence of that Saviour whom he so well knew and so well loved when upon the earth.

But however clear and definite the knowledge of Christ we derive from the experience of others, that knowledge is the most valuable which we derive from our *own* experience; and it is that which is more especially referred to in the text. Paul felt assured, from his own experience of Christ's faithfulness, that Christ would never desert him, and that whatever he had committed to his hands *was safe*.

Brethren, what has been our experience of Christ, and what is the knowledge we have derived therefrom? Shall I tell you? Our consciences were burdened by a sense of guilt; we applied to the blood of sprinkling, and in that blood found relief. We made trial of the grace of Christ, and *know* it is all-sufficient. We put his love and friendship to the test, and we know that He is a true friend and benefactor. And more than this, we have found that all the causes which led us to *fear* are removed *by* and *in* Christ. Did our souls fear the wrath of God? We found that Christ is our sacrifice and substitute; that He has removed the curse, having been made a curse for us. Did we fear on account of

the pollution of our sinful hearts? We found that Christ had purchased for us the Holy Ghost as a sanctifier and comforter. Did we fear on account of the malice and power of Satan? We found that Christ had conquered, not only for himself, but for us also, Satan and all our spiritual foes. We have found that every difficulty in the way of our salvation has been removed by Christ. How then can we doubt with regard to the future? Why need we be disturbed with the lightest apprehension of risk or peril? The Christian life is very commonly represented in the Bible as a warfare. We are ever engaged in conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil. In ourselves, we are unable to cope with these adversaries, but we are told that "Christ strengthening us, we can do all things," and the question simply is, whether this promise has been fulfilled in our experience. Has Christ shown Himself able and willing to help and succour us? I answer *unhesitatingly*, Christ has never failed a believer in his hour of trial. It is true we may sometimes have suffered defeat, may have fallen beneath the blow of the adversary, may for a time have been made a captive by the enemy, but the reason has been, not because Christ has refused his help or has given too little assistance, but solely because we did not appropriate and apply the help which was freely offered. But how often have we conquered when everything seemed against us! In the history of us all there have been hours of darkness—*black darkness*,—hours of despondency and gloom, unrelieved by any ray of hope, any gleam of comfort, when it seemed as if we must *sink* under the many burdens laid upon us, when it seemed as if it were *impossible* to accomplish what appeared to be our duty; but whenever we have persevered,—brethren, I appeal to you if it is not true,—whenever we have persevered in humble dependence on Christ's help, resolved that we would do our best and leave the consequences with Him, we have always found the burden growing lighter, the duties growing easier, the black clouds have been dissipated, and the pure, serene, holy light of heaven has cheered and strengthened our souls. We need not appeal to the experience of others in regard to the faithfulness of Christ, for we have the witness in ourselves. This is evidence

which can not be shaken. If we have felt in our own experience the preciousness of Christ and his gospel, that they have met our wants, and satisfied our desires, and removed our fears, can anything persuade us that all this is a *delusion*? You might as well attempt to persuade the man who has been cured of some terrible malady, that the physician and the medicine he prescribed are all a *myth*. It is to us a *matter of fact*, something of which we are certain. And this is the reason why we sometimes find the strongest believers among the poor and illiterate. They have experienced the renewing grace of God; they know that Christ is able and willing to save them, and that He will keep safe to the day of final account what they have committed to his hands, because they *know* Him, and know Him from their *experience*. Brethren, so far as we have made trial of Christ, can we not apply to ourselves the words of Joshua to Israel: "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spoke concerning you." And if our experience up to the present moment testifies that Christ has done for us all that He hath promised, are we not safe in believing that what remains unfulfilled will be accomplished with equal fidelity? Yes, yes, we are safe, we believe, we do not doubt. All our immortal interests which we have committed to the Lord Jesus are perfectly secure. We are not, and never will be brought under condemnation, for there is no more condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Our evil nature, though very corrupt, though a drag upon the soul when it would soar upwards, though very hard to slay, will never have the dominion over us. Though feeble, truly infantile as we are in comparison with those gigantic powers which go about seeking whom they may devour, yet with the grace of Christ, we *can* and *will* gain the victory over them all. We are safe also as regards our *bodies*; for though they will be placed in the grave and will crumble away to dust, and may perhaps be scattered to the ends of the earth, they nevertheless will be watched over by Jesus, as something precious, and will rise again, clothed with a new and wondrous beauty. When the voice of God shall shake the whole earth, and the heavens be rolled up as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat, we

will be safe, in the glowing furnace of the world's destruction. There will not even be the *smell* of fire upon our garments. Yes, yes, thank God, we know whom we have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day,—the day of *death*, when we hope to be with Him,—the day of the *resurrection*, when both body and soul will be glorified with Him,—the day of *judgment*, when the crown of righteousness will be received from his hands.

If what I have said be true, how *unreasonable* and how *sinful* it is for the Christian to *doubt*.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yes, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." O, brethren, do anything else, be guilty of any other sin, however great and aggravated, rather than distrust your Saviour.

From what I have said, we may learn also how important is a knowledge of Christ, not only to the impenitent to give them faith, but also to the Christian, to increase his faith and strengthen his confidence. Whence arise our doubts and fears, but from our living more upon our *frames* and *feelings* than upon the clear and full views of the truth, as it is in Jesus?

The subject we have been considering is a *glorious* subject for the Christian, but I fear it is a subject almost *unintelligible* to the impenitent. You can not express your confidence in the Saviour, for you do not *know* him. And yet, do you not *need* this confidence as much as we? To you, my friends, as well as to us, there will come the hour of *death*; and in that solemn moment when the world and all its illusions are fading from your sight, when *eternity* rises before you in all its magnitude, when the curtain is drawn back from the judgment-seat and you behold the dread realities which await you,—you will be willing to give *anything, aye, everything*, to have the apostle's, the Christian's confidence, and to say with them, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

You are never safe till you are within the fold. Christ is the door.

## DEATH ON THE LINE;

## OR, THE SABBATH EXCURSION TRAIN.

"OH, where is the place! Do show me the place!"

The demand, which was rather an entreaty, proceeded from an elderly woman, very respectably dressed. She was intensely excited. Tears were flowing down her cheeks, where time had already made its furrows. The same excitement was on every countenance. Evidently some great calamity had occurred. We followed the old woman and her guide into a large room, where a most awful and ghastly spectacle presented itself. Upon various tables lay *twenty-two corpses!* There were the old man and the infant; mothers, daughters, sons, and husbands; some of them almost crushed out of every appearance of humanity.

What was the cause of all this? No powder-mill had exploded, and sent forth its lurid flames. No ravaging army had spread slaughter and destruction around. It was a Sabbath morning. The bells were ringing merrily from every steeple, to welcome the day of rest.

A party of pleasure was on its way to London. Laughter and merriment were universal, when, in a moment—while the laugh was ringing in the ear, and the jest had scarce parted from the lip—the air was rent with shrieks and groans of mortal agony! A collision had taken place between two trains, and, without warning, twenty-two persons suddenly passed from time into eternity!

The old woman we have alluded to, passed from one mangled body to another, until her eye rested on that of a young man in the prime of life, frightfully disfigured. With a paroxysm of grief, she took the cold hand in hers, and seeing I looked sympathizingly at her, poured out her grief in heart-rending language.

"Oh, sir!" she said, "this poor lad is my son. He would go. I wanted him not. And now—you see. He was a good boy, sir."

"Do you think," said I, "that he had given his heart to God?"

I had doubts myself; for I thought a man that truly comes to Christ, would know the value of the Sabbath as a means of grace, and not spend it in his own pleasure. Still I was anxious to know if there had been any signs of repentance, for who knows but in that awful hour, God, who is *love*, may have heard the dying cry of some, who, in the hour of extremity, implored salvation in the Saviour's name.

"Why, sir," replied the woman, "he went to church sometimes; and he never swore nor got drunk."

"But did he pray?"

"Why yes, sir,—sometimes."

This was poor encouragement. Still I felt interested in the young man; and having directed the weeping mother to Him who himself wept at Lazarus' tomb, I promised to call on her.

On fulfilling my promise a day or two after, I found the history of the widow's son was as follows.

Thomas White was an only son. His mother petted him with a foolish fondness. She was blind to his faults until they forced themselves on her notice; and then her rebukes took no effect. His father had died when he was very young, leaving a small annuity to his widow. Out of this, Mrs. White apprenticed her son to an engineer. His master was a pious man, and frequently, in conversation with his apprentices, urged them to give their hearts to the Lord.—Young White felt softened and resolved to do so. It was the early strivings of the Holy Spirit, whose "viewless way" is seen in every good thought and holy emotion. For a time he regularly attended the house of God, and seemed earnest about his soul. But in an evil hour he formed the acquaintance of a young man, who was light-hearted, gay, and dissipated. He ridiculed White so intensely that he led him to avoid all mention of religion, while he assiduously



strove to draw him from its influences. If they do not assist us heavenward, they aid in our ruin.

Young White was fascinated by his friend's society, and he gradually yielded himself entirely to his influence. The first strivings of conscience were quenched.— Sunday evening was spent in strolling about and smoking. One day he and several others were out bathing. Ever fond of adventure, White sought the deepest part of the pond. He had swam some time, when he felt the cramp; and before he had time to cry out, he sank. Presently one of his companions called out, "Where is White?" An alarm was raised; the pond was dragged; and he was recovered. For a time he hung between life and death.— With returning consciousness, came a resolve once more to turn to God. In an agony of soul he sought for pardon through Christ. Several weeks passed. Every one who visited him, believed him a changed man. In course of time he recovered; and while walking out one day, he encountered his old companion. White had resolved he would shun him; but it was in his own strength his resloution was made.

"So I hear you've turned a saint again, Tom," he said. "I didn't believe it, for I thought you had too much good sense for that; but I heard the parson declare you were really converted."

Tom was silent.

"Is it true, old fellow? No, I see it is not. So come to my lodgings, and we'll have a bottle together—it will do you good."

With an accusing conscience, but unable to resist, White consented. He listened to the ribald scorn heaped upon religion, and the blasphemous infidelity of his companion, and he felt himself a partner in sin. Despair seized on his soul. In vain did poor Thomas White try to drown the voice of conscience in sin—it still made itself heard.

In due time Mrs. White removed to Brighton. Here Tom's evil companion led him into still greater dissipation. All this time conscience kept urging him to return to God. Yet still the same plea was urged, "I will by-and-by." It is one of the most marvellous things in existence, that *God's patience is so great*. We think if we give a man a trial twice, or even thrice, and he does not amend, that he has no further

claim on our sympathies. But just think of the numberless times the Lord deigns to try us. He knocks at the closed door.— He knocks again and again, and still waits, long after human patience would have been exhausted.

About this time a storm occurred at Brighton. It was one of the severest ever known. The wind, which was almost a hurricane, howled along the deserted streets, bringing down frail tenements and chimneys in every direction. The sea lashed to fury by the tempest, threatened to wash away the securely-built parade. One man was actually blown down by the fury of the wind. Young White and his profligate acquaintances were returning home on this memorable night. That storm made no impression on their minds. Just, however as they were turning the corner of a street, a chimney-pot was thrown from a tall house, and a fragment, in its fall, struck White, and he fell senseless to the earth.— He was carried home to his wretched mother, and this time all hopes were given up. In a terror not to be described, his conscience awoke at the sight of an impending eternity,

"O God," he cried, "have pity on me! But there's no pity for me. I have sinned too much. There's nothing but hell for me." In vain did friends reason with him on the infinite love of Christ, willing, at all times, to save to the uttermost. Satan urged his repeated backslidings, and despair seemed settled on his heart. By slow degrees, after much prayer, his mind grew calmer. He seemed to be in a more hopeful condition. But it was only a transient beam of light. His soul was unrenewed. The impression was not lasting. In his heart of hearts, he longed to return to the sins that he loved, and hoped, *by-and-by*, he should yet be saved!

Thomas White recovered. His heart was not grateful. He thought not of the mercy that had hitherto spared him. He not only returned to his old companions, but formed an acquaintance with a young female of dissolute morals. To supply this new friend with money, extortionate demands were made on the mother, who still hoping, even against hope, in her son's future reclamation, gave him all she had. It was Saturday night previous to the accident. White and the female were having

alluded to were spending what they called a gay evening at a public-house. The former was much the worse for liquor, and before he left her, promised to take her to London on the morrow. When the morning came, he rose and dressed himself with care.

"Where are you going!" asked his mother.

"To London."

"Don't go, Tom," said she imploringly; "stay at home with me, and take me to Church. You're never at home now."

"No: I must go, mother; and if I stayed, I shouldn't go to church."

"Oh! Tom, you haven't been since you got better. What will become of you?"

He seemed staggered by the question, but tried to laugh it off by saying—

"You're very dull to-day; but never mind, you'll see I shall become quite a religious man by-and-by."

She saw him depart, despite her entreaties; and with a heavy heart she returned to her room, where she indulged in a flood of tears.

At the station he met his wicked companion.

"Come along," he said in high glee.—

"I mean to have a jolly day. The old lady tried to keep me at home to go to Church; but it was no go." And with an irreverent laugh they entered the carriage.

A few hours later, their mangled corpses were brought back, and the frightful intelligence of the catastrophe conveyed to their homes.

Reader, does not this sad story proclaim, as with a voice of thunder, "*Stifle not your conscience! Trifle not with sin!*"

"TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart."

### A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

It is said of the Icelanders, that they scrupulously observe the usage of reading the sacred Scriptures every morning, the whole family joining in singing and prayers. When the Icelanders awake he salutes no person until he has saluted God. He usually hastens to the door, adores there the author of Nature and Providence, then steps back into the dwelling, saying to his family, "God grant you a good day!" What a beautiful illustration is this of the Christian obligation on the part of households, to recognize and worship God! Let us learn wisdom from the example of the Icelanders.

### "REVIVAL OF TRADE."

A Bill thus headed, put up in our manufacturing towns and villages, would immediately draw crowds to read it. "Aye," says the weaver, "we have much need of it; we have but little to do, and as little for it; it cannot come too soon, for trade is very bad indeed." If the bill were headed, "Revival of Religion," very few would beat the pains to read it. Whatever desire there may be for the revival of trade, there is but little for the revival of religion. "There goes your revivalist," contemptuously cry a group of idlers at the door, to a young woman hurrying to a place of prayer. "I don't like your revivalist," says a steady church-goer, "he seems to think no one right but himself." "I object to the term," says a third, who is addressing an audience on a religious subject, "true religion should need no revival." Thus people speak; so between the professor and the profane the revivalist has but a poor time of it.

But let me tell all who speak after this fashion, that they know little of God or his ways. There is no such thing as continuous action either in nature or grace; and they who speak against the revival of religion speak against the ordinary way, in which God works. Religion in times past, it is true, has been progressive, but not steadily progressive. It has been by fits and starts of repeated revivals. Every Bible reader knows this. Great deadness succeeded by new life. And what is true of the Church is quite as true of the Christian; nor, indeed, is any Christian so full of religion as to need no revival of it in his soul.

The same thing holds true of God in nature as of God in grace. We have summer and winter, day and night, not constant summer or constant day; we have sunshine and tempest, not constant sunshine; our blood flows from the heart in pulses, not in a steady stream; light and sound come to us in a steady wave, as the waves of the sea; we sleep and wake, work and rest, and it must be so. Interruptedly, and not continuously, is the manner in which God usually acts; and the objector to religious revivals only shows his ignorance of natural and divine things.

"But there are so much extravagance,

and folly mixed up with the movement," say some. Grant it; but what good thing ever came yet without such like company! The Reformation had its Anabaptists, and they reform its riots; and if we wait till a revival be perfect ere we approve of it, we will wait till the quick and the dead hear the archangel's call.

Reader, art THOU an objector? an anti-revivalist? Then let me ask you, —What is the state of religion in YOUR OWN SOUL? Art THOU a child of God by the new birth? If not, then no wonder you cannot understand or approve of the movement. That cannot be revived which does not exist: one cannot blow into a flame an extinct fire. Cry to God for the fire from Heaven to kindle your *dead soul* into the new life, and then, assuredly, will you strive and pray for the Revival of Religion.—*A Scotch Physician.*

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### MY WORDS SHALL NOT RETURN UNTO ME VOID.

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This is at once a pleasing and an awful thought. It is *pleasing* when we reflect on the encouragement which it gives, carefully, regularly, and prayerfully to peruse the sacred page, and to meditate on its contents, as well as to circulate it at home and abroad, and to endeavour to impress its blessed truths on the minds of others; for it affords us a full assurance that, wheresoever it is rightly used, it will be productive of unspeakable benefit to the soul through faith in Christ Jesus, whom it reveals as the only Way of Salvation. And it is strange and marvellous, that those who profess to believe in it as the very Word of the God of heaven, to show unto us the way of life and peace, do not value it more highly, use it more frequently, and make greater efforts to communicate it to others. And all the more extraordinary, as every genuine disciple must have often felt its preciousness in his own heart, as well as seen and heard of its beneficial effects upon others. We lately were informed of a remarkable instance of the latter. An operative in a village in the south of France one day took up an old tattered volume which had long lain in his house disregarded. On reading a small portion of its con-

tents, he was so struck with its wonderful statements that he read on. Again and again at different times he had recourse to it, and always to be more deeply impressed. At last, unable to conceal his anxiety, he spoke of it to a fellow-workman who, like himself, was a Roman Catholic. This man told him that he understood there was a sect of religionists in the neighboring town of P., who took that book as their guide, and that a M. B. was their *priest*. After a period of anxiety and hesitation, he went and searched for M. B. until he found him, and told him about the book and his state of mind. M. B. informed him that this wondrous book was God's Holy Word, which showed unto lost sinners the only way of salvation; and that he and his flock, as well as other Protestants, regarded it as the standard of their faith and practice. Through the instrumentality of this good pastor, the poor Papist became, by the aid of the Divine Spirit operating by the Truth, a convert of Protestantism, and is now a zealous and active colporteur in the neighbourhood, disseminating the good seed which has produced such good fruits in his own soul. It may also be mentioned as strikingly illustrative of the ways of Providence, that this man's ancestors had been Protestants and fallen away from their faith; but the Bible, like its great Author, had remained unchanged, and in an after generation manifested its power.

But while such results of the perusal of the inspired volume are at once pleasing and instructive, it must not be forgotten that there are other effects which fill the mind with solemn awe. It never returns to the Lord *void*, but invariably in every case is productive of evil, if not of good.—It darkens, if it does not enlighten the mind—hardens where it does not soften the heart. If it does not elevate and purify the soul, and lead to Jesus, bliss, and heaven; it increases the reader's responsibility, ensures his condemnation, and aggravates his misery. A precious blessing to the believer; the ungodly turn it into a curse. To the one it proves a savour of life unto life; to the other the savour of death unto death: a fearful thought, which may well teach us to read with humble, prayerful earnestness, and to take heed how we hear!

## SHALL THE WORLD PERISH!

SON OF GOD SHALL THE WORLD PERISH?

"No! Oh, no! not so. If my poverty can enrich it, I will become poor for its sake. If my blood can atone for its guilt, its guilt shall be taken away. If my death can procure it life, I will die. If my being made a curse will impart to it the blessing, I will be made a curse for its sake. If my enduring the pains of hell will raise sinners to the mansions of everlasting bliss and felicity, those pains will I endure!

O matchless Son of God! To man, thy grace is like thyself, infinite. Couldst thou not enjoy thy throne and thy heaven, except man shared it with thee! To raise him thither, wouldst thou stoop below an angel's place, and take a giddy sinner's crimes and punishment? And shall we say that we have thy spirit—"now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his"—if our only concern be to get to heaven ourselves? If to bring others there also we are making no effort, no sacrifice of ease influence or property?

O cursed religion, that hardens, instead of softens—that contracts, instead of expands the heart—that leaves a world to perish and go to hell, while possessing the means to assist in its salvation—and when one half-penny per day, from each member of the Church of Christ, would be far more than sufficient to send the Gospel all over the world, and publish it to every creature!

HOLY APOSTLES, SHALL THE WORLD PERISH?

"No! Oh, No! God forbid. It shall not, if our forsaking houses and lands, wife and children, yea, and our lives, also, can save it."

Holy men, deep have you drank of your Master's spirit. To save the world, you took your lives in your hands, and went everywhere, preaching the Gospel to every creature. All, all you forsook, to save a perishing world. For ease, you chose tribulation; for riches, poverty; for fulness of bread, hunger and want; for clothing, nakedness; for fame, reproach and contempt; for reward, stripes, imprisonment and martyrdom. All these you welcomed, and counted for honour, that you might be permitted to assist in the world's salvation. Nothing—not even your own lives—you held dear, that it might be saved!

DEVOTED SELF-DENYING MARTYRS, SHALL THE WORLD PERISH?

"No! Oh, no! Not if our lives, self-denying example, holy preaching, and patient sufferings can save it. We will rather go to prison and to judgment for its sake. We will cheerfully submit to be banished from our friends and from our homes; to endure trials of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments. We

will be stoned, sawn asunder, tempted, slain with the sword. We will wander about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth; rather than that the world should perish!"

CHURCHES OF CHRIST; CHRISTIANS OF THE PRESENT TIMES, SHALL THE WORLD PERISH?

To save it, you have no cross like the Son of God to endure—no sacrifices like the holy Apostles' to make—no trials of cruel mockings, imprisonments, and death, like those of the Martyrs of God to suffer. You have not to leave a throne of glory to suffer, bleed, and die on an accursed tree—to forsake houses and lands, and wife and children, and life itself—to submit to banishment, imprisonment, and a martyr's death. No, blessed be God, no! Yours is an easier task, and a smoother road to glory, honour, immortality and eternal life. Your all is not asked, not needed. But your prayers, your talents, your influence, and your means are asked, and must be given—given cheerfully, prayerfully, constantly, systematically, unremittingly—or you have no claim to the name of Christian or of Churches of Christ, nor of being the successors of the holy apostles and devoted Martyrs.

Nearly, if not wholly, six hundred millions of heathens perish for lack of knowledge—of that knowledge which you possess and could impart.

Churches of Christ, where are your bowels of compassion? Ah! it is nothing to you that myriads should be wailing in hell, while you hope to be singing the song of Moses and the Lamb in heaven? Every member of the Church of Christ can send them the means of salvation and eternal life.

Say, Churches of Christ—Christians each, and Christians all, say, with the Son of God, with holy Apostles and devoted Martyrs, No! Oh no! God forbid. They shall not perish without the knowledge of salvation. We will arise—we will now rise—we will all now arise, and aid by our prayers, pains, and contributions, in sending to them the word of eternal life. Amen. Hallelujah!

## I LIVE NOT ALONE FOR MYSELF.

"I live not alone for myself," said a beautiful flower one fair morning, as it lifted to the sun its crest sparkling with dewdrops. "I live not alone for myself. Mortals come and gaze on me, and breathe my fragrance, and go away better than they came, for I minister to their perceptions of the beautiful. I give to the bee his honey, and to the insect his food; I help to clothe the earth in beauty."

"I live not alone for myself," said a wide-spreading tree. "I give a happy home to a hundred living beings. I grant support to the living tendrils of the vine; I absorb the soil-

ous vapours in the air: I spread a welcome shadow for man and beast; and I too help to make the earth beautiful."

"I live not alone for myself," said a laughing mountain streamlet. "I know that my tribute to the ocean is small, but still I am hastening to carry it there. And I try to do all the good I can on my way. The tree and the flower love my bank, for I give them life and nourishment; and even the grass, which feels my influence, has a greener hue. The minnows find life and happiness in my waters, though I glide onward, only a silver thread; men and animals seek my brink to assuage their thirst, and enjoy the shadow of the trees which I nourish. I live not alone for myself."

"I live not alone for myself," said a bright-hued bird, as he soared upward into the air. "My songs are a blessing to man. I have seen the poor man sad and desponding as he went home from his daily work, for he knew not how to obtain food for his little ones.— Then I tuned one of my sweetest lays for his ear, and he looked upward, saying, 'Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet my heavenly Father feedeth them. Am I not better than they?' and the look of gloom changed to one of cheerfulness and hope. I live not wholly for myself."

"I live not alone for myself," should be the language of every thinking, reflecting mind. It is the language of duty, guiding to the only paths of happiness on earth, and preparing the soul for unalloyed bliss throughout "the measureless, enduring of eternity."

#### THE SIMPLE FAITH OF A CHILD.

"In one of the narrow streets of the Marche St. Honore," says the *Union*, (Paris) "resides a poor working family who have been labouring under great distress. The wife has been for some time ill, and the husband has just met with an accident which has prevented him from following his usual occupation, so that his family of five children often suffered from hunger. Among the children was a little intelligent girl who every day attended the charity school, but who has been lately obliged to stop at home to attend, as best she could, to her little brothers. She had been taught at school that those in distress ought to address themselves to God, and the idea entered her mind that if she sent a letter to God, relief would follow. She, therefore, got pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the letter asking for health for her parents, and bread for herself and brothers. Thinking that the poor box, which she had seen in the Church of Saint Roch

was the letter-box of God, she took an opportunity of stealing quietly out of the room and running off to the Church. While looking round to see that no one was near, an elderly lady noticed her movements, and thinking she was at some mischief, stopped her and inquired what she was doing. After some hesitation, the child confessed the object of her visit to the Church and showed the letter. The lady took it and promised the child that she would take care that it should reach its destination, asking at the same time to what address the answer must be sent, which the child gave, and returned home with a light heart. On the following morning, on opening the door of the room, she found a large basket filled with different articles of wearing apparel, sugar, money, etc., the whole packed up with a direction card, on which was written '*Reponse de bon Dieu.*' Some hours after a medical man also came to give advice."

#### THE BOY THE FATHER OF THE M A N.

Solomon said, many centuries ago, "Even a child is known by his doing whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary, an observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it is a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking out for themselves, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he may some day be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never prays, I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

When I see a boy obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great future blessings from Almighty God.

When I see a child fond of the Bible, and well acquainted with it, I think it a sign he will be a pious and happy man.

And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.

## WHAT DOES IT SIGNIFY?

"Well, I shall decide on taking *this* dress. What does it signify though *it is* five or ten shillings dearer than the other? And this ribbon!—I cannot resist it, it is so pretty, and will look so well with the dress. I won't grudge it, although it is really too expensive. I must have gloves to match too. I wonder how long these are to be three shillings a pair?—but one can't do without clean gloves, you know."

"Is it really time for another subscription? I could not have believed it was a year since I gave the last. I see most of the other ladies only give half a-crown.—I don't know why I should give five shillings. Besides, I cannot afford it. I dare say it is a very worthy object, but there are so many of them. I will give you another half-crown for the dying woman you were speaking to me about; and then you must not ask me for any more, for indeed I can't afford it."

"It rains, does it? Well, of course I shall have a cab. Stay at home!—certainly not. I promised to go, and my friends expect me; and what does rain or cab-hire signify compared to disappointing myself and them?"

"Well, friend, pardon me. You know it was only last night you declined going to the prayer-meeting because it was a wet evening. Our minister expected you and many others who were not present, and your vacant places, instead of a full congregation, saddened and disappointed him. Your fellow-worshippers also were chilled by your absence, and their social feelings depressed by the sight of so many empty pews; and, above all, you were missed by One who has engaged to be present in every meeting of his people. Was He not wounded last night, think you, in the house of his friends, when so many slighted and despised his presence and blessing, by suffering such a trifling matter to hinder them from gathering together in his name?"

"How late it is!—nearly midnight!—Never mind; what does it signify now and then? What with good music and agreeable society, the evening has passed away so quick I could not have believed it was much past ten."

"It is too bad of our minister to have

kept us so long to-night. He promised not to detain us more than an hour, and it is very often nearly an hour and a half before we are dismissed. Half-past nine is far too late to be out! I believe I shall cease to attend if this is to be the way of it. I cannot afford to have an evening so broken up, especially when I am so much engaged as at present."

Reader! these are true, literal speeches, of so-called Christian people. Have you never heard any similar? Have you ever yourself spoken such? *What do they signify?* Much, very much. Are they not fearfully significant of a heart loving the world and the things of the world, far, far more than the things of God! Are they not significant of money, time, affections, freely bestowed on carnal self, the world's things and company, and grudgingly withheld, or more grudgingly given to God and to the cause of God? Are they not like little straws floating on the surface of the stream, deeply significant of the direction in which the current of the heart is flowing—*away from God, not towards him?* On-lookers clearly perceive this; the children of God with pain and grief—the world's children, quick to see through vain profession, with a sneer. What do such think of themselves? Are they never struck by the inconsistent nature of their own valuations—one value affixed to the world's things, another to the things of the sanctuary? Does it never give them a glimpse into the true state of their heart and affections? If their fellow-creatures see through them, how much more does the heart searching God! They are trying to do an impossible thing—to serve God and mammon; and when the heart is so divided, we know it is really cleaving to *idols*; for the Lord will have nothing short of the *whole* heart. Where the treasure is, there will the *heart* be also," and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth" unconsciously "speaketh." "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?" "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "Purify your hearts, ye double-minded."—*Family Treasury*.

Be not proud of riches but afraid of them, lest they be as silver bars to cross the way to heaven.

# THE GOOD NEWS.

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1862.

## THE POETRY OF THE GRAVE.

The above title has been selected for the following article, not only because most of the epitaphs to be set before the reader are in verse, but from a conviction that Sterne spoke truth when he said,—"There's nothing more truly eloquent and sublime than the solemn silence of the grave." That there is such a thing as the poetry of the grave, Blair and Hervey have already shown; and Augustus Hare, in his little work entitled, "Epitaphs for Country Church Yards," gives a number in poetry, but he indulges chiefly in those of a comic nature. Many such have come under our notice since first we entertained the idea of making a collection of them, but here they will be as far as possible suppressed. In all languages we have poems unsung, wrapt up in the very words indicating the last resting-place of man. The Germans call the church-yard by two very expressive terms, *Gottes-acker* i. e. God's acre, or God's field, and *Friedhof* the peace yard. Our words *Cemetery* and *Necropolis*, are from the Greek, the former signifies the sleeping ground, and the latter the city of the dead. The customs of all nations also go to help our argument. The Greeks and Romans paid their tribute of poetry at the tomb, by strewing flowers and fragrant evergreens before the funeral procession, and by planting these over the graves of the departed. In England and Wales this custom was once very common, and in many parts it still lingers. It is in allusion to these rites that a youth, deploring the loss of one to whom his soul was knit, thus sings:—

"I'll deck her tomb with flowers,  
The rarest ever seen,  
And with my tears as showers,  
I'll keep them fresh and green."

The testimony of Washington Irvine is, "There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the

living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error,—covers every defect,—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunction throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!" Some of the finest images of poetry are woven around man's demise, and his entrance into the dark and noisome grave. It has been compared to the fading grass, the falling leaf, the withering flower, the crossing of a deep flowing river, a thread cut off by the weaver, and to the swift ships. The Christian idea of the grave invests it with the truest poetry; to him it is "Nature's resting-place in Nature's bosom," where, after life's fitful fever is over, he shall lie down until the great getting up morning when, as his Redeemer rose, he shall come forth robed in immortal youth. It would be easy to dwell upon the grave as the common end of all the sunny memories of earth. The prattling infant that now lives with the seraphs above, and in a mother's heart below, sleeps there. The little girl with the fair hair and the mild blue eyes rests there. The silver-haired parent is there. Ten thousand endearments are there, drawing towards them the sorrows of ten thousand hearts; for

"Death takes the man outworn with cares,  
The youthful in his prime,  
The infant also in his snares,  
At the appointed time."

It is aside from our design to moralize. Our plan is simply to conduct the reader through some of the church-yards it has been ours to visit; giving an exhibition of those inscriptions on the tomb-stones, that seem worthy of record. Each one might form a fit subject for criticism; for from epitaphs, short though they often are, we can frequently gather up the creeds of the living, as well as the record of the birth, death and virtues of the dead. But, seeing that the state of the dead is now fixed where it cannot be reviewed, we prefer simply to let the epitaphs speak for themselves.

Having premised thus far, let us now enter the beautiful and sequestered Cemetery of Detroit, a cemetery covering about 90 acres of

land. Here, beneath the shade of the old towering elms, which give it the name of "Elmwood Cemetery," are now sleeping in silence, those who once peopled the city. The mild breath of spring blows gently across the grave of youth and beauty, the gorgeous summer lingers around them in her pride, and the winds of autumn sigh drearily as they scatter the sear, yellow leaves amid the tombstones of those who have fallen in the fullness of years, and winter in its time clasps all in its icy grasp like death itself. But pass along the gravel walks and read the short, mournful tales of bereavement.

"Our Frankie has gone to her sister."

To the memory of W. ARMSTRONG, who died  
April 14, 1858, aged 25.

"Brother rest from sin and sorrow,  
Death is o'er and life is won,  
On thy slumbers dawns no morrow;  
Rest; thine earthly race is run.

JOHN MONTGOMERY, died Nov. 13, 1855,  
aged 33 years.

"In God we trust."

The grave of MARY, wife of Richard Jelly,  
who died March 27, 1844, aged 27 years.

"And Mary hath chosen that good part which  
shall never be taken away."

"Rest, slumbering dust,  
Till God shall bid thee rise,  
Awake at the last trump,  
To meet him in the skies."

OUR ONLY DAUGHTER.

"Serenely on her fall  
The mantle of the missioned one of heaven."

LESLIE EMMA, only child of H. A. and J. L.  
Barstow, died May 6, 1852, aged  
3 months and 28 days.

"She has gone to meet her mother in heaven."

On the tombstone of her mother, who died at  
the age of 17, is written—

"Tell them that he saved me."

HIRMAN M., died October 28, 1856, aged  
1 month and 11 days. And by his  
side sleeps our lovely Bell, who  
died at the age of 2 years.

"Death may the bonds of life unloose,  
But can't dissolve our love."

HANNAH, wife of the Rev. L. D. Price,  
fell asleep, July 12, 1852, aged 29 years.

"When will the morning come?"

POOR ALEXANDER,  
son of James Fraser Saginaw,  
died March 30, 1850, aged 16 years and  
6 months.

"LITTLE CHARLEY has gone to his mother."

MY WIFE.

"There is a land of pure delight."

In memory of JAS. H. MULLOCH.

When the trumpet sounds may he be ready.

This stone was placed here to his memory  
by his numerous friends.

NANCY BISSELL, wife of J. Watkins, died  
Jan. 6, 1853, aged 53 years.

Asleep in Jesus.

SILAS SOWERSBY, died June 9th, aged 18 years.

"Yes, thou art gone, and the friends that have loved thee  
Can know thee no more till the trumpet shall sound,  
Yet Jesus thy Saviour has passed on before thee,  
E'en now 'mong his chosen thy presence is found.

I feel this earth could never be  
The native home of one like thee.  
Farewell; the early dews that fall  
Upon thy grass-grown bed,  
Are like the thoughts that now recall  
Thine image from the dead;  
A blessing hallow thy dark cell,  
I will not stay to weep. FAREWELL."

LITTLE NETTE.

"The Lord's will be done."

Here lies my sister JOSEPHINE. She left the  
earthly form September 12, 1852, aged  
28 years, 1 month, and 15 days.

To the memory of ORVILLE DANIELS, who  
departed this life Feb. 24, 1856,  
aged 54 years.

"He has plowed his last furrow,  
He has reap'd his last grain,  
No man shall awake him  
To labour again."



ISRAEL EVANS, died Jan. 6, 1851, aged 80.

1 Cor. xv. 22.

ABIGAIL EVANS, died Oct. 13, 1846, aged 64.

"My flesh shall slumber on the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's Image rise."

ROBERT SMITH, died Sept. 24, 1850, aged 32.

"Thou art gone to the grave, ah! yes, thou hast left us  
For a bright starry crown and a harp in the skies;  
Then why should we mourn since God hath bereft us,  
Why suffer one sigh in our bosoms to rise."

To the memory of WILLIAM BAKER, a native of  
the County of Cork, Ireland, who died  
Jan. 9, 1855, aged 81 years.

"In the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality  
through faith in Jesus Christ."

Our little pet,—

HAMILTON STEWART DAY,—  
is dead.

EBER WARD, died 1855, aged 73.

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
In bosom of his father and his God."

JOHN HANNAH sleeps.

JACOB DELAMATER, died Jan. 12, 1857, aged 42.

"Ye who, o'er a friend's low bier,  
Now shed the bitter drops like rain,  
Hope, for a brighter, happier sphere,  
Will give him back to you again."

Sacred to the memory of CORNELIA, wife of  
J. A. Barns, who died April 2,  
1833, aged 23 years.

"Cold and pale as marble block,  
That fair form lay at even,  
Her youthful heart, so gay at noon,  
Had fled from earth to heaven.  
Her form that was so fairy like,  
Now lies beneath the sod,  
Her heart that once was warm with love,  
Has gone from us to God."

JANE, wife of W. Phelps, who died Oct. 26,  
1841, aged 21 years.

"She has gone above us to heaven,  
Where spirits immortal do reign,  
And there do we hope to be given,  
To her fondest embraces again."

GEORGE B. THROOP, died Feb. 23, 1854,  
aged 61.

"The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

JOHN REATH, died Sept. 2, 1854, aged 31.

"Remember, friends, as you pass by,  
As you are now so once was I,  
As I am now you soon shall be,  
Prepare for death and follow me."

SUSAN GOODRICH, died May 1, 1849, aged  
15 years and 6 months.

"No sin, no grief, no pain,  
Safe in my heavenly home,  
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,  
My hour of happiness is come."

JANE R., wife of Wm. Breen, died April 15,  
1856, aged 21 years.

"Weep not for me, my friend most dear,  
I am not dead but sleeping here,  
Till the last trump shall bid me rise,  
To meet my Saviour in the skies."

KATE, wife of Thomas Armstrong, died  
Feb. 28, 1855, aged 28.

"A phantom form now stood beside her couch,  
With dart just poised to give the fatal blow,  
Held back as yet by love omnipotent,  
But hark! a voice divine commands,  
Strike now, and let her come to me,  
For thus my promise stands,  
'That where I am, there shall my followers be.'"

JOHN H. SKERRITH, a native of Melton-  
Mowbray, died Nov. 7, 1855, aged 40.

"Husband dear, we shall not part,  
Though dead thou livest in my heart,  
Below we mourn a loss sustained,  
Above they shout a triumph gained.  
Not death our golden links can sever,  
Though parted we are one for ever."

To the memory of HARRIET EMERR, wife of  
Captain Webb, who died Aug. 14,  
1824, aged 18 years.

"Some messenger from heaven to earth,  
Hath passed our door," said the beauteous flower.  
Transported, He gathered it in his bosom,  
Bore it to heaven rejoicing.

ISABELLA RALSTON, daughter of R. W. and  
J. Baird, died Jan. 29, 1856, aged 10.

"Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,  
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;  
O! why should we in anguish weep,  
She is not lost but gone before."

LANSING GAINE, died Feb. 16, 1848, in the  
19th year of his age.

"When we at death must part,  
How keen! how deep the pain!  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again."

"In the midst of life we are in death."

CLEVELAND CEMETERY.

This burying ground is beautifully laid out, and from the outside looks more like a splendid pleasure-ground for the living, than a resting-place for the dead. But as you enter its shady walks, you see a cypress stooping low here, an ash bending there, and a willow weeping yonder, each one whispering its own sad tale to the sighing breezes as they pass. But let us read these epitaphs on the tombstones with which it is so thickly dotted over:—

N. B.

In memory of NANCY, wife of Henry Balles,  
who died Sept. 30, 1829, in her 24th year.

"The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,  
No more disturbs her deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose."

Our children, HARIET, RICHARD, and JOSEPH,  
lie here.

"Sleep, dearest children, sleep, within your lonely bed,  
I have no rest for you, the tear is shed;  
We hope to meet you in that blissful shore,  
Where pain and sorrow are no more."

In memory of EDWIN, fifth son of A. and S.  
Barnum, who died July 31, 1836,  
aged 2 years and 2 months.

"Sleep, lovely babe, and take thy rest,  
God called thee home, he thought it best."

In memory of ELISHA DIBBLE, who died  
Oct. 8, 1813, aged 43 years.

"Kind angels, watch the sleeping dust,  
Till Jesus comes to raise the just,  
Then may he wake in sweet surprise,  
And in his Saviour's image rise."

In memory of POLLY DIBBLE, who died  
Jan. 17, 1814, aged 18.

"If thou art young, and fair, and gay,  
With hopes as bright as rising day,  
Bethink thee that an early doom,  
May lay all these within the tomb."

In memory of JANE, wife of Samuel Downing,  
who died October 26, 1813, in the  
24th year of her age.

"Here the cold earth and dismal shades,  
Doth clasp my dear companion round,  
That flesh that was so delicately fed,  
Lies cold and mouldering in the grave."

LEVIE and ELISHA WOODBRIDGE.

"Rest in hope till we meet again."

CHARLES MORTIMER, died 1850, aged 5 years.

"Gone to God."

"Be still, my heart, what could a mother's prayer,  
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven."

Sacred to the memory of the Rev. ELIJAH T.  
WILLEY, A.M., for many years a distin-  
guished minister of the Baptist Church, who  
departed this life, 16th Feb., 1841, aged 57.

"And now, beloved, I know that ye all among whom  
I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my  
face no more."

To the memory of HARVEY DERVEY, who  
died Aug. 3, 1827, aged 22.

"God is a King of power unknown,  
Firm are the orders of his throne,  
If he resolves who dare oppose,  
Or ask Him why or what He does."

THE DYING TESTIMONY OF A  
SCEPTIC.

Many years ago, having occasion to visit an aged minister in the country, as he was little able to go abroad himself, he asked me to call on one of his flock confined to the bed of sickness. The invalid referred to was rather a well-informed and reflecting man, but had been so far led away, in early life, by the writings of Paine, that he began to question the truth of Christianity, though he could not altogether get quit of its authority. He was happily one of those who have no difficulty in expressing their feelings and sentiments, as it is with such most easy to deal. He told me that when he felt his strength gradually declining, and when he had little hope of recovery, he took comfort from the thought, that though he had done many things he ought not to have done, he was not worse than others; that we had all to do with a merciful God; and if there was a future world, all would be safe, he trusted, in the prospect of eternity.— He added, "As I gradually grew weaker, the thought occurred to me that God is just as

well as *merciful*, and as both these are attributes of His character, what evidence have I that I shall be treated with mercy and not with justice?" concluding, in a tone peculiarly expressive, "if I am treated with justice, where am I?" I replied, that this was the very difficulty which was met by the gospel, that all the demands of justice being fully satisfied when Jesus appeared as our representative, the honour of Divine justice was now perfectly secured, and made quite consistent with the manifestation of Divine mercy to such as are willing to receive it. Having endeavoured as fully as I could to explain this subject, and pressing it upon his attention as the only ground on which, consistently with the Divine attributes, we could entertain the well-grounded hope of pardon, I left him.—One of the last expressions he used was, "Well, sir, I believe it must come to this: *I confess I here see a solid footing to rest on, which, on my former principles, I could never find.*" This testimony I consider as one of a most interesting character, in some respects more so than that of an experienced and decided Christian, because it was the testimony of one whose previous prejudices were all on the other side.—J. A. JAMES.

### HE MUST NEEDS GO THROUGH SAMARIA.

A dear old Christian, who finds her living in the houses of a few kind friends, having finished up her scrubbing and work for the day, was on her way home in the evening. She was stopped by a policeman, who charged her with begging. She said to him, I never need to beg, my Father has always given me plenty. He lifted up the lid of her basket, and saw some broken meat. Yes, yes, come away. She went with him quietly to the police-office. She was put in a cell where there were two fallen women. Our friend states, I felt only a change of place, but not of company, as she found Him whose name is called Wonderful, who is ever the same. I found Jesus, my very precious Saviour, just as he has said, Lo, I am with you always. She was not long in this place, when she felt her Saviour near, and filling her soul with the joy of salvation, as well as with a real sympathy and tenderness for the souls of her fellow-prisoners. The Lord laid them on her heart. She then told them of the love of God in sending his only and well-beloved Son to our sin-stricken world, who had both lived and died for miserable, hell-deserving sinners, such as she was. She was enabled to speak to them pointedly of the value of their souls, and pointed to Christ Jesus, her only Saviour, who had died for our sins, and was raised again for our justification, and who said, Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. Now, come to Christ at His own terms now, and just now, and just as you are; and take Jesus at His word for he is well worthy of being trusted. Dinna look in to your own heart, but out and up to the cross. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. After praying and pointing them to Jesus nearly all night, it was found by morning that one of them was trusting in Jesus.

### THE OCEAN AND ITS GOD:

Thou deep, thou wide, swift flowing sea,  
Whate'er's enslaved thou still art free.  
Man's puny arm can ne'er restrain  
The foaming, flashing, dashing main:  
Our mightiest ships of which we boast,  
Like straws amid thy waves are toss'd.  
The ocean's vast, but mightier he  
Who rules the raging of the sea.  
To him with all that in it teems,  
Small, small, as buckets drop it seems,  
'Tis but a plaything in His hand,  
Who threw it round the solid land,  
When first he scooped its rocky bed,  
And to its new abode it led,  
To deep ravines, to caves unknown,  
Allotted to it for its own.  
With strict command its bounds to keep,  
Although to heaven its waves doth sweep  
Roll on, old ocean roll away!  
Wave chasing wave in angry play;  
Thy frothy hands to heaven raise,  
Burst forth and hymn thy maker's praise  
Who taught thy tides to ebb and flow,  
'Neath solar light, and lunar glow,  
Who tuned at first the mournful sigh  
Thy breakers heave, when dancing high  
On world's fifth day he peopled thee,  
With all the finny tribes that be;  
Thy fluid then to one more rare  
Gave forth wing'd fowls to mount on air  
From out thy wave the feathered tribe  
Emerged, to God praise to ascribe.  
And as the sea-fowl leaves thy tide  
His bold wings there again to hide,  
So comes yon sun from sea at morn,  
And sinks at night, where it was born  
The stars look forth, the moon appears,  
In foam old ocean still uprears.  
Those flashing top waves brightest shine  
In darkest night upon the brine,  
These phosph'rus ridges, sparkling bright  
Proclaim God near, for "God is light!"  
No eye beholds his dreadful form,  
Yet still he walks the howling storm.  
Methinks these burning waves appear  
Where'er He plants His footsteps near,  
Or where his viewless car is hurled,  
Around the circling watery world.  
These mark His march across the deep  
Where watch and ward his angels keep  
No fabled Neptune trident sways,  
'Tis God alone the sea obeys:  
'Tis lashed to fury at his will  
And calms again at his "Be still!"

X. Y. Z.

Riches and prosperity will either kill with care, or surfeit with delight.

## LIFE THOUGHTS.

The man who, after having cast his care on Christ, goes to fretting and worrying himself about anything or anybody, is like one who, having purchased a through ticket from here to—anywhere, and receiving a check for his baggage, gets out of the car at the end of a mile or two, and, shouldering his trunks, starts to go the rest of the way alone. Christ never rolls back upon us burdens that we lay on Him; we take them back ourselves. What is a religion worth that will stay with a man in the sunshine, but clear out in a storm? The Christian has a right, and it is his duty, to be free from all care and anxiety. Let him lie on the promises and be at rest. "Oh, but," says the doubting, worrying disciple, "the promises are made to the righteous; and I am so full of imperfections I dare not claim them." Well, brother, if you wait for that righteousness which is by the law, you'll never be able to rest on the promises; but if you trust in Christ, that is counted to you for righteousness; and your right to the comfort of the promises is as good as though you were as holy as an angel. Christ's love sweeps away the unworthiness of all who sincerely love Him. God has undertaken for you; trust Him, though you know not where to get your next supply of bread.

That Christ does not hold men to proper and unselfish motives when they come to Him for healing, we may see by the cleansing of the nine selfish and ungrateful lepers. He knew their dispositions and motives as well before as after He had granted their prayer. God allows men to cry out to Him from selfish fear; and He never refuses to attend to an earnest cry. If He did not attend to such cries, or receive such persons, whom would He receive? Dare any man lift up his face and say, "When I cried unto God, I cried worthily, from pure and disinterested motives." The conditions are not, "Come with pure hearts and motives unto me;" they are, "Come, and your motives shall afterwards be made right." A true conversion will do that work. Nothing else will. If you are awake to your danger, if you see, at last, that your hope is in Jesus, don't stop to examine your motives, or His willingness to receive you just as you are. Rush to His feet at

this moment. All that you cannot do, He can and will do. All that you now have to do is heartily to come. Drop every hope and every dependence but Christ, and give your whole life and soul into His keeping. —Beecher's *Life Thoughts*.

Men often hunger and thirst after God when they don't know what ails them. There is cradled in every man's soul, though often nearly smothered, something which is the child of God, ever crying out for its Father. You may say, "I cast religion, priests, and churches overboard; I'll have no more to do with them, I've seen through them, and they are worthless." But you will have more to do with them, for when you have destroyed the outward forms, the living want will still be in you. Religion is not a thing of arbitrary requisitions, it is an inherent need of the soul. The Bible and ordinances are but evoked by man's necessities, to help him. You come to church, you think your cheeks are hard, and they are; you think your hearts are hard, and they are hard; you think you can resist the dogmas, and so you can; therefore I shall not present them. I won't throw pearls before swine, but, being crafty I catch you with guile. Many of you are ashamed that you want to come here; some of you go out cursing because your hearts are touched. But you come again and again. You are what is called gospel-hardened; but in reality you are word-hardened. You have heard the same things presented in the same way so long that you are tired of them; therefore I go out of my way to get new forms in which to present old truths. For your sakes I forsake all set rules of sermonising, and strike direct at that within you, which I know will echo to my words. I know that in man's bosom there is that which at times longs for something better and purer than he is. At your interior consciousness I aim my thrust, I strike my blow. Those old bells in you, I will make them ring. You may turn out the sexton, you may cut off the rope. I'll throw stones and hit your bells, if I can do nothing more. To the truth they shall peal out, and your soul shall tremble at the peal.—Beecher's *Life Thoughts*.

## THE MEASURE OF GOD'S LOVE.

*By the Rev. James Gall, Edinburgh.*

God is love! Astronomers tell us that when they point their telescopes to any of the fixed stars, they have never been able to discover anything but light. No disc is visible by which they are able to discover their forms or estimate their magnitude; and just as to the naked eye they are only twinkling points of light, so to every added power of the telescope they are still only light—but more light.

And so it is with God. The infinite minuteness of the stars shadows forth the infinite immensity of the Deity, and rising from the feeble-eyed contemplation of sense up to the highest vision of the seraphim, our latest and most dazzling discovery will amount always to this, that God is yet more gloriously *Love*. His wisdom, His justice and power, His holiness, mercy, and truth, are each and all of them bright, iridescent rays which we may contemplate singly and in turn, streaming from the great fountain; but their glory and their value consist chiefly in this, that they are the constituent parts of the divine character as a whole, and that it is their harmonious combination, each in the proportion of infinity, that constitutes the divinity of love.

The measure of the love of God is the measure of the sacrifice which it provided.—“God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” It was a sacrifice of infinite value, and therefore the love that gave it must have been infinite—infinite whether measured by the person or the Son, or the love of the Father towards the Son, or the infinity of the humiliation to which He gave that Son for our sakes. There was but one sacrifice which He was not prepared to make, and that was the sacrifice of His justice. He could give up His Son, His only and well-beloved Son, to a life of humiliation and shame, and to all the horrors of Gethsemane and Calvary, but He could not permit one spot of shame to sully the garment of His holiness, by letting the sinner go free without punishing his sin.

It is impossible that we can ever fully understand the love of God, because we cannot understand either the Father's love to the Son, or the depth of the suffering to which He subjected Him for our sake. But He has given us, in the history of Abraham, a faint representation of the Father's sacrifice.—“Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him a burnt-offering on a mountain which I will shew thee.”—

There never was, perhaps, such a trial of faith as this was to the loving heart of a father whose every hope and comfort was centred in his son. Gladly would he have laid down his life for his sake; but when called on to lift the knife and plunge it into the heart of the son of his love, he must have experienced all the tortures of which a father's heart is susceptible, not the least of which was that it was his own hand that was to strike the blow. Had he loved or prized him less, or had it been a slave instead of a son that he was to kill, the anguish would not have been so keen, because it was the greatness of his love that intensified the pang; and it is this thought that lifts us to the contemplation of the greatness of the sacrifice, when God gave his Son to die, that “whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

But the greatness of God's love to sinners is to be measured not only by the love which He bore to His Son, but also by the depth of the suffering to which He subjected Him; and here, again, we are lost in the immensity of the infinite. Even if the knife of Abraham had really been plunged into the breast of Isaac, the death-pang would not have been very great, neither would it have been very long. But who can tell the anguish of Gethsemane, or the horrors of the three silent hours of darkness on the cross of Calvary? On the head of the blessed Jesus were heaped the curses of a broken law, and the guilt of every sin that was or ever will be committed by a ransomed soul. On that devoted head, the justice of God found the drunkenness of Noah, the adultery of David, the murders of Manasseh, and the blasphemies of Peter, and into His quivering soul the wrath-sword of Jehovah was plunged to the very hilt, because He could by no means clear the guilty, though the victim was His very Son. If the least guilty of His ransomed ones owed to Divine justice an eternity of pain, and earned for itself the death of the worm that never dies, and the fire that is never quenched, what must have been the accumulated torments that consumed His soul when He drained to the dregs the very fiercest wrath that would have been the doom of those giants in wickedness whom He rescued from the very lowest hell? This is the doom to which the Father gave up the Son—the concentrated essence of an eternity of woe—“that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth, was there ever love like this?

Modesty promotes worth, but conceals it; just as leaves aid the growth of fruit and hide it from view.

## TEMPERANCE.

Unquestionably drunkenness is a social evil, which every one would rejoice to see rooted up out of the land. But the question arises, how is this to be done? I have less faith in Temperance Societies than I once had. One thing is certain, they have never yet been crowned with long success anywhere; and perhaps the reason is, that God is not honoured in them as he should. Temperance societies are good enough when kept in their proper places, but many make attendance upon these almost equivalent to attendance upon God's ordinances. They pledge themselves to abstain from intoxicating liquors, and think they are safe; and, as might be expected, the end of many such is as miserable as that of Herod of old, who gave not God the glory. God never said "Be not drunk with wine, but pledge yourselves to abstain." His words are "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be ye filled with the spirit."—To be filled with the spirit is God's remedy, and I believe the only infallible remedy.—Temperance societies cannot reform the world; but the gospel can do it. Intemperance has Satan working with it, and it is thus stronger than all human combinations, but it is not stronger than the spirit of God. That spirit laid hold of the madman among the tombs of Gergesa, and it brought him to his senses. And that spirit is as powerful to-day as it was then. All other aids to reformation ought ever to be subordinate to this, yet how many temperance lecturers never even dream of such a cure. They ridicule the drunkard by relating amusing anecdotes, by which they tickle the ear and obtain a livelihood, but by which they will never raise society a step higher than it is at the present. If people would meet together to pray for the outpouring of God's spirit as frequently as they meet in their halls to do nothing, what reformation would soon ensue. We would not require to carry up petitions to Parliament to put a stop to the traffic, if we would only send up petitions to Heaven; and, let me remind your readers that this is the cheapest of all remedies. There are no dues to pay, all may have access to this, the world's Grand Lodge. "Knock and it shall be opened." Christ is the pass-word—God the Grand Master—Angels the Con-

ductors—the gifts of the Spirit the benefits that accrue—and no one was ever black-balled who came with Christ the pass-word as his only plea. But some may ask, is this all that you propose doing with an evil so gigantic—an evil overspreading society, numbering such countless victims—an evil so deadly and polluting! Have you nothing but the old simple story of the cross with which to meet so giant an evil? We answer that it is because the evil is so great that we despair of any other remedy than that which is divine. Earthly instrumentality has been tried, and what has it done? Has it cured the disease? Our newspapers, our country, and our world, answer No! And the reason seems to me to be because they begin at the wrong end. They try to reform a man first, and then they go to him with the gospel, which alone can change him. They cast discredit upon God's means, and He leaves them to find out for themselves, seeing they will not believe his word, that "vain is the help of man." But it is not so with the help of God. "The Gospel is the power of God, and the wisdom of God, unto salvation (from all sin, drunkenness included) unto every one that believeth." Anything that is not based upon God's word, and does not set the Gospel forth as the sword that smites, should not be encouraged. Agencies in harmony with God's plan, and which give him all the honor, cannot fail to do good; but all others will prove, as they have ever done miserable failures. X. Y. Z.

## "ENLARGING THEIR SPHERE."

Women, mothers even, talk of *enlarging their sphere*. And how, we ask by any possibility, can it be enlarged? They may step out of it into another; but when it embraces the noblest influences of a world, how can it be extended? Has not the mother her hand upon the very springs of being? Has she not the opportunity of moulding every living soul upon this broad earth to her own taste and fashion? Take, now, man's acknowledged public superiority, and woman's imperceptible but universal influence, and which, O proud, aspiring, discontented woman, would you choose, for extent or perpetuity? What true woman will not exult in her position? Though hampered, and driven, and

cramped by ten thousand whirling, crushing, opposing circumstances, would she exchange her post with any man? Name the pre-eminent for intellect, learning, fame, and heroism, and he is but one, and can do but the work of one. But let a mother—electrified with the same aspiration after true greatness, and laying her hands upon the hands of four, six or eight children—impart the godlike influence to them, and send them forth into the world, and she has, by so many, multiplied her greatness. If she may not send forth men, let her train daughters, who in their turn, shall transmit the inextinguishable fire of heaven, and she has done more to bless and purify the world, than any single individual can possibly accomplish. Talk not of an enlarged and noble sphere. It is large enough already. It overwhelms one, who thinks of it at all, with its inconceivable, unutterable vastness. Let us quietly, humbly, hopefully fall back into our retired, unobtrusive place, and patiently labour on, as the coral insects toil to build up the beautiful reefs of the Pacific. By and by what we have builded will rise before the universe in one imposing view; and while angels and men admire, and our Father graciously commends, we will fall and cry, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory."—*Mrs. Stowe.*

### THE TIME WHEN A MAN NEEDS FAITH.

If, then, there be those that are in trying circumstances; that are tried in property; that are tried to know what they shall do for the year to come, how they shall bear the burden of their debts, and perplexities of their business, and how they shall endure their afflictions; tried in any way; if there be those that God has been shutting up that he might try them, the devil will attempt to destroy their confidence in that One in whom alone there is security. You have suffered a great deal, and lost a great deal; but that, the loss of which will be the greatest loss of all, is just before you—your hope; and it will be taken from you if you are not careful. That is the rod and staff that God has given you. There it stands in the house; but you do not often use it, when your path is rugged and thorny. When

men are prosperous they do not want a staff, and they are apt to set God's rod and staff in the corner, and say, "Stand there! I am in health and vigor, and I do not want you." And yet, there is wonderful power in it. It is full of subtle, secret strength. And when the times grow dark, when there is danger prowling around the house, and when the way is rough, then it is that a man needs a staff, both as a rod of defence and as something to lean upon. That is the time when the adversary of the soul comes to a man and urges him to give up, to throw away, that which is to be his sustaining force. I beseech of you, therefore, cast not away your confidence in the time of disaster and trouble. If you have lost everything else, lose not the comfort of your confidence in God.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

### "MOVE ON."

"Move on," said a policeman the other day to a group of idlers, who were standing on the pavement: "Move on and allow the people to pass."—"Move on," said the master of a shop to one of his apprentices whom he had caught gazing in a window, when he should have been going on an errand. "Now move on, what do you think the world would come to if every one, like you, kept standing still and never moved forward?"

"Dear me," said a schoolmaster to a pupil, "how could you be so stupid; look here, you have got 5 from 9—3, when will you know better? For the last three months you have been trying to learn subtraction, and now do not know any more about it than when you first began. Instead of progressing, you are at a stand-still. Why don't you move on!"

"Look Bill, look at Jim, yonder, he must be getting on, new coat, new trousers. 'Why I declare! a new suit altogether; where can he get his money from? he has no more wages than we have, but he looks much more respectable—how is it? It puzzles me. 'Why, just this, Dick, when we're spending our money at the Black Bear, he is 'moving on.' His garden is full of fruit; ours are full of weeds; he is happy; we are miserable; and I, from this time, mean to try to 'move on.'"

"Move on," said a minister to his hearers "move on in religion, faith, and charity. 'Move on,' let it not be said that you are behindhand in religion; keep faithful to the end, and although ever moving, be ever firm, so that when you arrive at thy appointed resting-place you will be ready to exchange mortality for immortality."

"Move on" is a good maxim when rightly applied.

You young men of business, "move on;" move with a spirit that neither can nor will be checked; persevere in your endeavours; throw indolence and extravagance far behind, always keeping in mind the proverb, "He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings."

**Sabbath School Lesson.**

September 14th, 1862.

**THE PASSOVER.—EXOD. XII. 1.**

**1 The Paschal lamb.**

*This month shall be unto you the beginning of months*—the first month of the year, as the Sabbath is the first day of the week.—This month was called by the Hebrews Abib or Nisan, and commenced about the latter part of March or beginning of April. *Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel.*—Moses had probably gradually gathered the people together, who had been but lately dispersed. *A lamb for an house*, the oblation of the lamb was at first a family duty; after the settlement of the Israelites in Canaan, it was sacrificed by the priest only. *Your lamb shall be without blemish*, it was typical of Christ our passover, 1 Cor. 5. 7, in Him was no sin. He was the lamb without blemish and without spot; Jno. i. 29; 1 Pet. i. 19; Rev. v. 6. It was to be a male of the first year, denoting the power and sufficiency of Christ. By being set apart for four days, it was to be consecrated to God.

**2. The mode in which the passover was to be observed.**

*Strike the blood on the door-posts.* This intimates that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins; Heb. ix. 22.—*Roast with fire*—fire is emblematical of purity; it may also have typified the wrath of God and the sufferings of our Lord, who was made a curse for us. *Let nothing of it remain until the morning*—that it should not see corruption, indicating our Saviour's power over death and the grave; Ps. xvi. 10. *Eat it with unleavened bread*—with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth; 1 Cor. 5. 8. *With better herbs*—with true repentance—sorrow for, and hatred of, sin. *Thus shall ye eat it*—with every preparation for sudden departure. When we believe savingly in Christ, we depart from sin; we commence our pilgrimage Zion-ward; we take up our cross and follow Jesus; Matt. xvi. 24. *In haste*—the gospel requires our immediate obedience—we must not defer; 2 Cor. vi. 2. *Ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance.* This ordinance remained unchanged till the death of our Lord, when it passed into the Lord's supper. The passover was a memorial of the deliverance of the Israelites from the judgment which befell the Egyptians; the Lord's supper is a memorial of the death and sufferings of Jesus. In the passover, as in the Eucharist, Christ and his benefits were represented, sealed, and applied to the worthy recipients. The passover is the same sacrament

which is now observed by the church; but in a different form.

Lessons.—1. *We must do what God commands.* The Israelites who wished to escape the awful judgment about to come upon the Egyptians had to obey implicitly the directions of Moses. It is in vain to expect salvation by ways of our own devising.

2. *That without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins.* The children of Israel were naturally as guilty in the sight of God as the Egyptians. Nothing but the sprinkled blood could save them. And it is only through faith in the blood of Christ that we can hope to be saved.

3. *Each one of us must believe in Christ for himself.* It was not enough that the lamb was slain, each member of the family had to partake of it.

4. *We must embrace Christ in all his offices, if we would be partakers of his salvation.* No part of the paschal lamb was to be left; v. 10. We must receive Christ as our prophet to direct us by his word and Spirit—as our priest in his having offered up himself a sacrifice to God for our sins, and in his continual and effectual intercession for us—and as our king to rule over and defend us. If we would gain the victory, we must fight the battle, we must bear the cross if we would wear the crown.

5. *True faith is accompanied; 1. By repentance.* The lamb was to be eaten with bitter herbs. *2. By sincere obedience.* It was to be eaten with unleavened bread.

6. *That family religion is a duty*—the passover was observed by every family.

7. *That we should be mindful of God's mercies;* Ps. ciii. 2.

September 21st, 1862.

**THE TEMPEST STILLED.**

MATT. VIII. 18—27.

The incidents recorded in the present lesson are supposed to belong to a time in our Lord's life later than is indicated by the place which Matthew has given them. They come after the parables recorded Matt. xiii. Luke records a narrative similar to that in ver. 19—22; much later, Luke ix. 57—60. There may have been, however, two circumstances of this kind. Jesus was in Galilee, at Capernaum, on the north-west corner of the lake Tiberias, where he had delivered the parables, Matt. xiii. He wished to go to the east side of the lake.

WORDS AND PHRASES OF THE LESSON EXPLAINED.

Ver. 19. *A certain scribe*—The scribes often spoken of in the gospel narratives were



the persons among the Jews who were employed in copying out the law of Moses, and expounding it. Books could not then be multiplied by printing, so that the business of transcribing would employ many persons; and the more so, for that to copy the law was deemed a work of merit. Perhaps this scribe had an eye to his worldly interests, in his thought of becoming a follower of Jesus; but if his father was living he perhaps desired, by postponing his so declaring himself, to escape the loss of any share in the father's property, of which, if he did follow Jesus, he might be deprived. Hence the reply the Saviour gave to his proposal.

Ver. 20. *The Son of man*—a title often used by Jesus Christ of himself. It is used only three times in the New Testament besides the gospels; Acts vii. 56; Rev. i. 13; xiv. 14. The phrase is very often used of the ancient prophets, in addresses by God to those inspired men. Sometimes the phrase in the New Testament is of the same import as *Messiah*, John i. 51; xii. 34; but probably Christ used it to indicate his relation to man, and the interest he felt in man's welfare.

Ver. 22. *Dead bury their dead*—This word *dead* is used in two senses. The first signifies those who are dead spiritually, or who have no interest in Christ and who are not engaged in his service; the second, those who are dead naturally. Christ gave this reply, perhaps, because he knew that the man was not hearty in his proposal, and that a visit to his home again would make him hesitate in his avowed purpose, perhaps defeat it altogether.

Ver. 23. The ship mentioned in this verse was probably a small, open boat, with sails, such as were commonly used on the lake of Galilee.

Ver. 24. *Great tempest*—a sudden storm of wind, to which the lake was very subject.

#### THE FACTS AND THE TEACHING.

##### First. THE STORM.

Jesus wished to go to the east side of the Jordan, and though he might easily have gone thither by land, he chose to cross the lake, where he intended to manifest his power in controlling the elements. The boat had not proceeded far ere the sky became dark, the wind rushed down upon the lake from between the mountains, and the waters raged furiously, threatening destruction to all on board.

Jesus could doubtless have ordered a calm and pleasant passage, but then one proof of his greatness and power, which his disciples had an opportunity of witnessing, would not have been exhibited. The history may show us that, in guiding those who serve him, Christ sometimes permits them to encounter

difficulties and dangers, that he may more effectually display his power and goodness on their behalf.

##### Secondly. THE ALARM.

No wonder the disciples were frightened.—Instant death seemed inevitable. Boats in a similar situation often perished. Their fear was natural, *Psa. cvii. 28. 29.*

They indeed had no reason to be afraid of what would come after death. Christ was their friend. They had devoted themselves to him. If they did perish in the storm, their souls were safe; and probably this was not what awakened their alarm. We naturally shrink from death, especially from a sudden and violent death.

There is cause enough to be afraid if Christ be not our friend and Saviour, for the death of the body does but precede everlasting death—the misery of the soul for ever. And it is on this account usually that alarm is felt, not only in storms at sea, but at the prospect of death in other circumstances also.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—John Wesley, in a voyage to America, was in company with a number of godly Germans and their families, and several ungodly English sailors and passengers. A storm arose in their passage, and Mr. W. could not but observe the tranquillity and ease with which the Germans met the danger. During one of their religious services, a wave broke over the ship, doing considerable damage, and threatening to sink her.—The English screamed terribly, but the Germans continued their singing. Mr. W. asked one of them afterwards whether he was not afraid. "I thank God, no," said the man. "But were not your women and children afraid?" "No," said the man, "our women and children are not afraid to die."

On board an East Indiaman there was a pious boatswain, whom the crew regarded as a strange kind of man. In a storm, after every effort to save the vessel had been made, the captain at length said, "All that could be done had been done; it was impossible the ship could weather it." The men were filled with alarm. Some fell on their knees; others, with horror, clung to the rigging. All thought the ship would founder.—The boatswain was unalarmed. Looking up, at a moment when the peril seemed most imminent, he said, with a smile, "Blessed be God, all is right," and began to sing. The storm afterwards abated, and the vessel was saved.

"I bless God," said Dr. Watts, "I can lie down with comfort to-night, not being anxious whether I awake in this world or in another."

Often while the ungodly are in health and security, they do not think of death. Eternity is not in prospect; therefore the absence of alarm. But let the scene change—let affliction, or accident, or storm, bring death apparently near,—and people tremble. What would they not give for the continuance of life a little longer!

As death may overtake us at any moment, it is of the utmost consequence that we should be always ready for its approach. And we may be ready. Faith in Christ; the pardon

## MRS DWIGHT.

BY DR. STEEL.

of sin vouchsafed through him; acceptance with God; and the hope which the gospel affords, will make us thus ready.

**Thirdly. THE DELIVERANCE.**

In the hinder part of the vessel, on a pillow asleep, Mark iv. 38, lay the Master whose power had often been displayed in the presence of the disciples. It was night; Jesus was probably weary. He apprehended no danger, and therefore he slept calmly. The terrified disciples awoke him. They could do nothing for their own rescue, and did not know what he would do. Still they evidently expected he would do something. Hence their cry, *Lord, save us: we perish.*

To that cry he listened, reproving, indeed, their alarm. They seemed to doubt his care, his love, and his power. Their faith should have been stronger. Having so reproved them, he spoke to the winds and the sea, and they obeyed him.

The change was wonderful. The blustering wind became in a moment silent, the raging waves calm; the boat, which had been tossed and threatened with destruction, was at once in smooth water. *The men marvelled.* And well they might marvel. Jesus showed himself to be more than man. Nothing could resist his power, or refuse to obey his word.

## APPLICATION.

1. *In danger seek protection and rescue from Christ.* This was the course taken by the disciples, though they doubted. They had seen in many acts of his how able he was to protect and deliver; they knew something of his kindness. In like manner we have evidence in his word of his power and goodness. We have no reason to expect a miracle, but we may feel that Christ always knows where we are and what we want; and he will never refuse our cry. Seek his kindness without doubting; Psa. l. 15; xxxiv. 6—8

2. *Death will be terrible, without an interest in Christ's power, and grace, and love!* There will be no comfort, no safety, no promise, no hope. The sailors in the ship with Jonah cried in vain to their idol gods; Jon. i. 5. Sinners who have neglected Christ will in vain look for safety in the last storm; Prov. i. 24—28.—*Union S. S. Lessons.*

## Thoughts.

Ill thoughts (says Sibbes) are as little thieves, which, creeping in at the window, open the door to greater. Thoughts are seeds of actions. These, especially when they are helped forward by Satan, make the life of many good Christians almost a martyrdom.

It was a maxim of Mrs Wesley, the mother of the eminent and useful man, "whose praise is in the gospel throughout all the churches," that she sought to have "only one will in her house, and that was the will of God." The law of home is the Word of God. When God gave His Word, He specified the close relation in which the family was to stand to Him, and throughout all its pages there is a domestic influence. Those mothers who have been early instructed in God's Word and filled with His Spirit, have earnestly sought to mould their homes and guide their children by the precepts of revelation. When God counselled His people of old in reference to family education, He uttered these words: "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.— And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thine house, and on thy gates," (Deut. vi. 4—9.) These expressions declare very plainly that personal piety was to be constantly associated with family piety, and the former was to appear in the latter. It is thus clearly the duty of every Christian mother to let her devotion to the Lord shine in the presence of her children, to let her knowledge of the Lord, be her conversation with her children, that they may grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

The mother of the well-known theologian, the Rev. Dr. Dwight, illustrated what we have here stated. She was the third daughter of Jonathan Edwards, and possessed, in a very high degree, those powers of mind and graces of character which distinguished her parents. She was well trained in an excellent home, and though a wife, and even a mother, at eighteen years of age, she made the principles that ruled her father's house the standard of her own. She had a numerous family, but no cares or temporal concerns were permitted to interfere with her Christian instruction and training of her children. In earliest years she commenced instruction, and sought to awaken and direct the conscience. Her son Timothy was a precious child, and seemed adapted to give the most striking illustration to all his mother's views. He could read the Bible at her knee when he was four years old, and he received, while in the nursery with his mother, the most

solemn impressions which influenced all his life and usefulness.

His mother gave him lessons twice a day before he was sent to school, and encouraged him to read; so that when he went to a regular teacher he was prepared for taking full advantage of his opportunity. He was much with his mother in the nursery, and was called to assist her by rocking the cradle and pleasing the other children. She was then wont to talk with him about what he read, and about what she was doing, so that his mind was early strengthened and formed for agreeable intercourse. It has been said of him that "this domestic education rendered him fond of home, of the company of his parents, and of the conversation of those who were older than himself." These are very great things in the training of the young, and give the mother the most potent and most lasting influence over a young man's mind.

Timothy Dwight retained these early impressions, and they grew with his growth.—When his mother became a widow, he assisted in the support and education of his younger brothers and sisters. For this he gave up his own share of the family property, and laboured with much diligence for five years. Mrs Dwight saw fully in him, and in his conduct towards her and her orphan charge, all that she could desire. Before her death, she declared that "she did not know the instance in which he ever disobeyed a parental command, or failed in the performance of a filial duty." She often acknowledged, with gratitude to God, his "kindness, faithfulness, and honourable generosity to her and her children."

His own character was the result, under God, of her faithful and pious training, and it was meet that its finest traits should be developed in filial gratitude and love. Were mothers to set the high standard of the Word of God before them, and to evidence their personal obedience to its precepts in the presence of their families, we are persuaded children would grow up to respect and love the word of God, and to copy such a healthful piety as they saw manifested. It is only in this way that the model home can be imitated and reproduced. The scriptural idea can only be realized by the scriptural rule.

Mothers, be persuaded to make the homes of the Bible your domestic models. The blessing of the Lord will then descend upon your offspring, and they will be marked as the children whom the Lord hath blessed.

You know not how soon you may be removed from your children. What, then, is to be the memory which they will bear—and always bear—of you? Will it be of a decided piety and earnest effort to lead them to Jesus? Or will it be of carelessness to the ways of God, to the solemnity of the Sabbath, and to the Word of inspiration?—

An eternity of happiness or misery to your children may depend on the issue.

Be persuaded to care personally for the Christian instruction of your children.—This was what Mrs Dwight did, and she had her reward. This cannot be committed to any other. If a devoted teacher be the substitute, your children may have an ever-lasting gratitude to God for the privilege; but you have lost an immense influence by the delegation. Your word cannot have such authority or such impression as it would have had, provided you had been faithful. But if your child miss the spiritual training altogether, at whose door will the guilt be laid? Tremble, O mother, for the issue!

### "HE IS ABLE."

"I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him."

See this man. He is sure he shall be saved. But why? Paul! art thou sure that thou canst keep thyself? "No," says he, "I have nothing to do with that." And yet thou art sure of thy salvation! "Yes," saith he, "I am!" How is it, then? Why, I am persuaded that *he* is able to keep me. Christ, to whom I commit myself, I know hath power enough to hold me to the end. Martin Luther Luther was bold enough to exclaim, "Let him that died for my soul, see to the salvation of it." Let us catechize the apostle for a few minutes, and see if we cannot shake his confidence.

Paul! thou hast many trials, and thou wilt have many more. What if thou shouldst be subject to pangs of hunger, combined with those of thirst? If not a mouthful of bread should pass thy mouth to nourish thy body, nor a drop of water should comfort thee, will not thy faith fail thee then? If provisions be offered thee, on condition of the denial of thy faith, dost thou not imagine that thou wilt be vanquished, and that the pangs of nature will overpower thee? "No," says Paul, "famines shall not quench my faith; for the keeping of my faith is in the hands of Christ."

But what if, combined with this, the whole world should rise against thee, and scoff thee! What if hunger within should echo to the shout of scorn without? Wouldst thou not then deny thy faith? If, like Demas, every other Christian should turn to the silver of this world, and deny the Master, wouldst not thou go with them? "No," saith the apostle, "my soul is not in my keeping, else might I soon apostatize; it is in the hands of Christ; though all men should leave me, yet will he keep me."

But what, O apostle, if thou shouldst be chained to the stake, and the flames should kindle, and thy flesh should begin to burn!

## Religious Intelligence.

Among the day cabmen of London, their missionaries have again this year been labouring with much encouragement. There are now more cabs not used on the Sunday than ever before. The number on May 5th was 1760, which is nearly a third of the entire number licensed,—a very large proportion to be attained to. And one of the three missionaries states, that in his division of London he now meets with hundreds of cabmen who are staunch total abstainers from intoxicating drink, and who would not break the pledge on any account, no matter what the inducement, which, as he remarks, "to the cabman is a great safeguard, as he is exposed at all times and in all seasons, to great temptations; and when it is remembered what the cabman used to be, such a fact is very remarkable." "During the year," writes another of the cab-missionaries, "I have not had twenty tracts refused when offered for acceptance, while by many cabmen they are highly esteemed, carried home, and carefully preserved." In proof of this, he proceeds to mention that recently, on visiting a sick cabman, he noticed a handsomely bound volume, which on taking up, he found was composed wholly of tracts. "Ah," exclaimed the cabman, "that book is made from the tracts you and others have given me. I gave 4s. to have them bound up, and I am saving, and I have nearly got enough for a second volume." A fourth cab missionary has this year been appointed, who devotes himself entirely to the visitation of the night cabmen, who are an almost entirely distinct class of men from the day men, and who, from the fact of their being only to be met with at night, had been wholly or almost wholly passed over by the other cab missionaries, while being old men, or of lower character than the day men, as well as exposed to more temptations, they more urgently than the others required religious visitation. The missionary was appointed to them in the middle of last summer, and he has since pursued his labour among them with considerable success, commencing it when other persons are retiring to rest, and concluding it when they are rising for the duties of the day. And the committee are thankful to add that the health of this missionary has in no way suffered from his work being pursued at such unnatural hours. The number of night cabmen exceeds 1000, about a third of whom are immediately connected with bad women, and haunt the Haymarket, Cremorne Gardens, casinos, and like places. Another third are old men, who for the latter years of their life are driven to this branch of their trade, while the remaining third are out by day or by night as they can obtain employment. When the missionary, on his appointment, told these men that kind friends had interested themselves in their welfare, and had sent him to visit them, in health and sickness, it was most gratifying to witness their thankfulness. "God Almighty bless them," were the words of many of them. Their busy hours were when the theatres and the Houses of parliament closed, and gay parties of pleasure break up, and when the early morning trains arrive at the railway stations. But between these two periods they are ordinarily less employed, and are to be found in large numbers at the night public-houses and coffee-shops, mixed with the worst of company, especially females. The scenes recorded by the missionary, as witnessed by him at these places, are fearful in the extreme. But the missionary is enabled to deliver his message even in these re-

when thy beard is singed, and thy cheeks are black, wilt thou then hold him fast? "Yea," saith the apostle, "he will then hold me fast." And I think I hear him, as he stops in the midst of our catechizing, and replies, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Paul, Paul, suppose the world should tempt you in another way. If a kingdom were offered you—if the pomps and pleasures of this world should be laid at your feet, provided you would deny your Master, would your faith maintain its hold then? "Yea," saith the apostle, "Jesus would even then uphold my faith, for my soul is not in my keeping, but in his, and empires upon empires could not tempt him to renounce that soul of which he has become the guardian and the keeper. Temptation might soon overcome me, but it could not overcome him. The world's blandishments might soon move me to renounce my own soul; but they could not for one moment move Jesus to give me up." And so the apostle continues his confidence.

But Paul, when thou shalt come to die, wilt thou not fear and tremble! "Nay," saith he, "he will be with me there, for my soul shall not die; that will be still in the hand of him who is immortality and life."

But what will become of thee when thy soul is separated from thy body? Canst thou trust him in a separate state, in the unknown world which visions cannot paint? In the time of God's mighty thunder, when earth shall shake and earth shall reel. Canst thou trust him then? "Yea," saith the apostle, "until that day when all these tempests shall die away into eternal calm, and when the moving earth shall settle into a stable land in which there shall be no more sea, even then can I trust him."

"I know that safe with him remains,  
Protected by his power,  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour."

O poor sinner! come and put thy soul into the hands of Jesus. Attempt not to take care of it thyself; and then thy life shall be hidden in heaven, and kept there by the almighty power of God, where none can destroy it, and none can rob thee of it. "Whosoever believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved."

—C. H. Spurgeon.

There wants nothing but a believing prayer to turn a promise into a performance.

sorts. "I am thankful to report," he writes, "that I have free access to the night cabmen, and have now gained their confidence, so that they look on me as their friend. Frequently do I see a tear run down their weather-beaten cheeks while I speak to them of God's love in the gift of his Son to die for them. 160 of them have been supplied (chiefly from private sources) with Testaments, and there has not been a man who has refused a tract. As a class, they are as teachable as children." Such entries as the following occur in this missionary's journal, which will show the temptations to which these poor men must be exposed: "Visited one of the night public-houses from 1 till 3 this morning. Present, 9 fallen women, 21 cabmen, 9 prize-fighters, 5 niggers, 7 thieves, 4 theatricals, and 10 homeless outcasts. My presence among them at first was as if a bombshell had fallen in the room from the enemy's camp. But there was a general attention while I brought before them the truths of the Gospel. One of the thieves told me he had been twelve times in prison. And one of the niggers said that one of his comrades had just died, who on his deathbed had besought him to change his life. A theatrical said he had been educated at Cambridge University. One man told me that he had a religious sister in the country, who was often writing him religious letters. And another even encouraged me to persevere in my work, saying, 'If you do but do good to one of us in a month, it will well reward you for all your trouble.' Then said another, 'We do not see who can be offended, for it is clear enough that you mean well to us,' while even the barman shook me by the hand, and with emphasis said, 'May God bless your work, you shall have my prayers.'" The missionary adds, "It is but fair to the publicans to say, that from them generally I receive the greatest kindness, and they even protect me from insults," while as to the company, he remarks,—"Nothing could be more accessible, or offer a better field of usefulness than these houses. I meet with no Pharisee here: None attempt to justify their conduct. All I have to do is to direct them to Him who came into the world especially to seek and to save the lost." He writes also as to the night coffee-houses, twenty-six in number, regularly visited by him: "I have free access to every one of them. The proprietors offer me every facility for visiting their customers, frequently even invite me to take tea or coffee free of charge, and are ready to put any religious publications on their tables with which I may supply them. About twenty of them have even hung up Scripture texts in their shops on card-board, with which a kind lady has furnished me, such as, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' So that the wicked and the vain have only to lift up their eyes, and on the walls of the shop some solemn portion of God's Word stares them in the face, calculated to convey a serious impression to the mind and conscience."

**MADAGASCAR.**—The alleged envoy of the King of Madagascar, M. Lambert, a Frenchman, has returned home in a government (French) steam frigate, taking with him fifteen French priests, "to instruct the inhabitants of Madagascar in the principles of Christian civilization." These men go out, no doubt, as zealous Popish propagandists, and they will receive toleration from the King; but *he*, there is reason to believe, is an

enlightened Bible Christian, and is not likely to smile upon these semi-political and intriguing busy-bodies, who bring in a new form of idolatry amongst his people. The London Missionary Society has sent out its contingent, too; and with the Rev. W. Ellis, their pioneer at the capital, the personal friend of the King, with a glorious band of Christians, baptized in the fires of a long protracted persecution, from which they have come forth like gold, and with that Word of God in the native tongue, which when the English missionaries were banished by the heathen Queen, increased from 500 to 5,000; the disciples of Christ—let us not be afraid of Jesuit artifices, or doubt but that, as at Tahiti, they will find themselves persecuted and powerless.

## THERE IS ROOM FOR YOU.

*Tune.*—"Rest for the Weary."

In my Father's house in glory  
Countless ransom'd sinners stand.  
Clothed in robes of shining beauty,  
Palms of triumph in their hand.

*Chorus.*—In the happy land of Canaan,  
In the bright land of Canaan,  
Where the Saviour reigns in glory,  
There is room for you.  
There is yet room for many,  
There is yet room for many,  
There is yet room for many,  
There is room for you.

I am going on my journey  
To the land of light and love;  
And my Saviour's presence cheers me,  
As in faith I onward move.

Will you come with me to glory?  
Come, dear sinner, come away;  
Come, for Jesus now invites you;  
And will pardon you to-day.

Come for many now are coming,  
And are finding Jesus true;  
Think not this would be presuming,  
There is room enough for you.

Jesus calls,—'Come all, ye weary;  
Heavy-laden sinners, come.'  
He will give you rest, and guide you  
Safe to heaven, the Christian's home.

"NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

The babe wept:  
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,  
And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms.  
The babe slept.

Again weeps:  
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,  
From present pain, and future, unknown harms.  
And it sleeps.