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# THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

## GOD'S PRESENCE WITH HIS CHURCH.

A SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. A. A. DRUMMOND, SHAKESPEARE, MODERATOR OF THE U. P. SYNOD, IN THE U. P. CHURCH, MONTREAL, AT THE OPENING OF THE LATE SYNOD.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. And he said unto Him, If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."—Exod. xxxiii. 14-15.

Go forward is the command of God to his people. Follow where duty leads; shrink not from it, because it is arduous, nor keep back because there are difficulties in the way. "He sendeth no man at any time at his own charges." He accompanies the command with the promise,—my presence shall go with thee. It was thus he spake to the children of Israel, when journeying to Canaan; it is thus he speaks to his people still, when engaged in any special enterprize for the glory of God, or when performing the grand work of the Christian life.

We do not stay to review the occasion, interesting though it be, on which these words were first spoken. We appropriate the language to the true Israel in all ages. The presence of God with his people is a prominent feature of the New Testament Church—more enlarged, and enriching and abiding, than under former dispensations, and therefore our text may, with great propriety, be applied to the Church of God and her work in the present age, and we at once proceed to examine it in this light.

The presence of God with his Church—the Church's estimate of his presence—the church's desire for its continued enjoyment—the church's guarantee that this desire will be gratified and his promised presence, a pledge and foretaste of future rest, are the main topics suggested by our text and may His presence aid and direct us, to a clear understanding and proper improve-

ment of them, while we endeavour, in humble dependance on his help, to examine the important truths, thus presented for our consideration.

### I. THE PRESENCE OF GOD WITH HIS CHURCH.

Omnipresence is a grand attribute of Jehovah. He is present in every part of the universe—in heaven—on earth—in hell, with angels and with devils, with saints and with sinners. The psalmist enquires, "whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? if I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." But it is not in respect of his essence, we now view this expression, there is another sense in which it is understood—as implying a special privilege, enjoyed by His people and by none else. God gave two sensible manifestations of Himself to ancient Israel, in the pillar of fire and of cloud, that went before them in their journeyings; and the Shekinah that overshadowed the mercy seat; but these were only temporary accommodations and were by and by discontinued, so that the Jews must regard this promised presence in a higher sense, than any outward and visible manifestations. While it included his special providential dispensations toward

them,—such as providing for their wants—defending them from enemies—delivering them out of danger and directing them in difficulty, it referred particularly to his peculiar love to them in owning them as his people and in making all things work together for their good. In our Lord's valedictory discourse as recorded by John in the xvi. chap. of his gospel, this presence is explained of the Holy Spirit. He assured his disciples, that "he would pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter, that he may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him, for he dwelleth in you and shall be in you," "he that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him. Judas said unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not to the world; Jesus answered and said unto him, if a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." The promised presence of God, then, is not bodily, material, or visible; it is spiritual, felt and enjoyed in the soul. Yet it is not without its manifestations; the rich blessings it imparts tell where it is—the peace and joy—the comfort and encouragement—the support and succour, in a word all that distinguishes God's people from the men of the world, are pleasing evidences of his presence. "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God."

Wherever this spiritual presence is realized, the soul feels as if inspired and sees God, wise, good and glorious is all around; in the dew drop that sparkles in the morning sun and in the snowflake that falls so softly on the grave of autumn—in the gentle breeze and in the furious storm—in the clear blue sky and in the dark and lurid cloud—in the tiny flower and tender herb and stately tree—in the insect of the breeze, and bird upon the wing, and the ranger of the forest—in all he sees God revealed, as he never had before: nor are only things around thus seen differently; the Bible is like another book, its truths

are clearer, richer, holier, happier than before. The glory of God fills the soul, sanctifying every feeling and faculty. "A growing likeness to the Holy One manifests itself in his heart and life, and verifies the declaration of the Saviour, "I in them and they in me." What a blessing! God dwelling with man on earth in very deed. We cannot yet, until our work is done, ascend up to Heaven, to his holy habitation there, but he graciously condescends and comes down to dwell with us here, and if when an earthly prince visits the distant part of his dominion and there sojourns for a night, nothing is heard, but one loud, and united and enthusiastic burst of loyalty, shall God himself come down and dwell in our midst by his Spirit—*dwell*, I say, not pay a transient visit, but take up his abode with us, and the honor conferred be lost sight of and the blessing not highly prized.

## II. THE CHURCH'S ESTIMATE OF GOD'S PRESENCE.

If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence. This is not to be understood as a hypothetical statement, as if the speaker had any doubts on the subject, after God had promised, but rather as a very strong way of expressing the truth, that he regarded God's presence as absolutely necessary to success.

1. His presence, indeed, is regarded as necessary to the very vitality of the Church. In Eden he fashioned man from the dust of the earth, but until he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, he was not a living soul: the body may be gorgeously robed and decked with sparkling jewels, but these do not impart life; so a collection of people without the presence of God is not the Church; they may be numerous, united and wealthy, but unless God be in their midst, they cannot be regarded his people; his presence alone can impart life.

2. His presence is regarded as necessary to success in any undertaking. Moses would not take one step alone; he felt that God must go with him; and this has ever been regarded the true secret of success.

Except the Lord do build the house,

The builders lose their pain;

Except the Lord the city keep,

The watchmen watch in vain.

This is significantly acknowledged in the

earnest and continued prayers of his people for divine aid. Prayer precedes and accompanies all the efforts put forth by a prosperous church. When the first missionaries, Barnabas and Saul, were sent forth, God's presence was invoked; they were recommended to the grace of God for their work, and when they had returned and were giving a report of their labors, they rehearsed all that *God had done* with them, and how *He* had opened a door of faith unto the Gentiles. In going forth against the enemy and seeking to rescue the heathen from their degradation and misery, they knew that the work was too great for man, no human might, nor power was able for it, God's spirit alone could give the needed blessing—they might plant and water, but the increase must come from the Lord. And this necessity is recognised by the people of God; everywhere and always they regard the continued presence of God as the grand essential to success in all their labors for the advancement of Messiah's kingdom.—While this high estimate of God's presence with his church is founded upon the sure word of God, yet it is pleasingly confirmed by the experience of his people in the past. When He is with her, she prospers, strengthens her stakes and lengthens her cords, and shoots forth to the right hand and to the left. Look for example, at that branch of the church with which it is our privilege to be connected, (and we select it, not because the same may not be found in other branches, but because you may not be more familiar with its history.) Witnessing against error, the four brethren came out from the Established Church of Scotland and formed themselves in a separate and distinct association. They trusted in God and he was with them, and soon gave unmistakable proof of his presence. Others beholding it, joined their ranks, saying "we will go with you for we know that God is with you," until in the present day, the Church numbers about 550 congregations. And what hath the Lord enabled her to accomplish? She hath borne noble testimony to the truth in the land of her birth, and she hath sent forth the gospel to other parts. Before the commencement of the present century, she had sent at least 50 ministers to the United States of America; and since then, she

hath planted the standard of the Cross in Nova Scotia, Jamaica, Trinidad, Persia, Caffraria, Old Calabar, Australia, India, besides labouring for the conversion of the Jews and aiding other societies that were similarly occupied. And it becomes us gratefully to acknowledge her early care for Canada, in planting and fostering and strengthening the United Presbyterian Church in this land. And hath not God been with us as with the parent Church? Twenty-nine winters have come and gone since the first band of missionaries landed in Montreal: within a month, one of their number was removed by death; another after many years of arduous toil in the Master's work—preaching from the pulpit, writing through the press, and teaching from the professorial chair—has finished his course and gone to his reward: and the last of the band remains with us to this day, the beloved pastor of a numerous people and the honored father of the Church. Other labours followed from year to year, and young men were trained up in the country, until at present there are over 100 congregations and between 80 and 90 ministers and preachers. What has the Lord done for us? Surely, it well becomes us, ere we lose our separate existence and unite with the sister church, to make mention of the goodness of God, and trace all our past success to his gracious presence. Here, where first our church lifted up her voice in this land, she is brought again, not by her own plans, but by the leadings of His providence, that she might review what things God has done for her, since she entered the country and shall we not now and here erect our *Ebenezer* and enscribe on it, "hitherto hath the Lord helped us." And when we leave this city, a larger, more influential and I trust still a *united body*, shall we not cause it to be known, throughout the length and breadth of the land, that God's presence hath blessed us in the past and is with us still?

### III. THE CHURCH'S DESIRE FOR GOD'S PRESENCE.

If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence. Whatever else these words imply, they undoubtedly express a very strong desire for the presence of God; so strong, indeed, that if not granted, he has no heart to go forward.—

It is an expression like that of Jacob, when wrestling with the angel, "I will not let thee go, until thou bless me." While others may be enquiring, who will show us any good? God's people are praying, "Lord, lift thou upon us the light of thy countenance—thy favor is life and thy loving kindness is better than life." This desire they express, when from day to day they observe his ordinances and delight in doing his will, for well they know, that they need not expect his continued presence if they do not seek him in the means of his own appointing, or if they continue in a course dishonoring to him. If we sincerely respect and wish to gratify our friend, we will not thwart his well known wishes, that would be to insult him, we will not undermine his character, or injure his worldly interests,—that would be to repel him, much more will the people of God carefully avoid any thing that would grieve the Holy Spirit and drive him from them, and so carefully observe the well-known pleasure of the Lord. The poor mendicant often tells his wants before he has spoke a single word, his tattered garments and his haggard features plead significantly for him; but he is not satisfied with this, in plaintive tones he tells his story, and asks relief in words that melt another's heart and gain for him assistance. And so God's people are not content with appearing before the Lord, who beholds their defilement and guilt, but they cry to him for help, their daily prayer is, "abide with us. "O cast me not away from thy presence, take not thy Holy Spirit from me." The ancient Romans were wont to consult their oracles, before entering on any great enterprize, and they had their household gods, whose favor they might daily seek, and surely a Christian people shall not be outdone by pagans; they will not fail to acknowledge the hearer of prayer, "Acknowledge the Lord in all thy ways and he will direct thy steps." He has blessings in store, he has made ample provisions for all their wants, still he says, "For all this, I will yet be enquired of, by the house of Israel to do it for them."—And when God's people cherish this strong desire, they always find the good they seek—their prayer is as good as answered. In the nursery tales, there is a pleasing story about a wishing cap, whoever puts it on

procures whatever he is pleased to ask; in the christian religion, there is also a wishing cap, and the christian who wears it well, receive exceeding abundantly, above all that he asks or thinks; and these blessings are enjoyed so long as desired and enjoyed the more, the stronger they are desired.

#### IV. THE CHURCH'S GUARANTEE THAT THIS DESIRE WILL BE GRATIFIED.

My presence shall go with thee. How often does disappointment darken our sky—frequently our best laid schemes prove abortive—our fondest hopes dashed to the ground—warmest friends grow cold—nearest relatives are snatched from us—the merchant fails—the farmer's crops are blasted—the sailor is wrecked—the soldier is left on the battle-field—the politician is defeated—aye and the nation itself is brought into deep waters, but the Church is safe—the bush burns and is not consumed. God is with his people. His promise is sufficient guarantee. When our first parents dwelt in Eden, they were allured from the path of duty by a promise and who of all their offspring has not been allured in a similar way, but this was the promise of the father of lies. God is the faithful promise, has he said it and shall he not do it, has he promised and shall he not fulfill, heaven and earth shall pass away, but his word shall not pass away. He is able and he is ready to fulfil all his promises, and this one is oft repeated, sometimes in simplest language that the child may understand it, sentences in prophetic language to shew its absolute certainty. Where two or three are met together in my name there am I in their midst, lo, I am with you always even to the end of the world—no one shall pluck my people out of my hand—the gates of hell shall not prevail against my church.

Difficulties may arise; his people may be subjected to persecution; they may have to flee for lives or immured in the dungeon for their faith, and yet God is with them. When the covenanters were hunted like partridges over the mountains of Scotland, were they denied this promised presence? See them on the Sabbath morn as they meet together in the retired glen, with some limpid stream gurgling along as if delighted with their presence, or on the hill side, with the blue sky for their canopy and the blooming heather for their seats and

when a Cameron, or a Renwick preached the glorious Gospel, and every heart is gushing with warmest love to Jesus and every voice joins in the song of praise to some favorite tune, making the spot a perfect paradise. Tell us, ye men of God, of whom the world was not worthy, what was the secret of your joy—the source of your happiness? Do you lead us to the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezar and bid us look and behold one with the three Hebrew youths like to the Son of man—do you take us to the goal at Phillippi—to the inner dungeon there and bid us listen to the song of Paul and Silas? and was their God your God—he supports and comforts you as he did them! O, what encouragement! Christian brethren you want no surer pledge than the word of the faithful promise. The cherub may unfurl her banners and fight against sin and satan, ever relying on his promised presence. She may enter more largely on Home missionary operations and send the Gospel to every nook and corner of the land, until the French speaking Canadian shall hear the story of the cross in his own tongue and the wandering Indian shall be taught to know and love and obey the Great Good Spirit, and the degraded African who has tossed his fetters from him when he landed on our shore and hugged freedom to his breast; a long sought boon, has heard his voice who maketh free indeed and the hardy settler of the forest shall hear from the living voice the tidings of love and mercy. She may unfurl the banners and send her missionaries to other lands and take her place with the other churches in forwarding the good tidings through all lands, until the whole earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

#### V. GOD'S PRESENCE A PLEDGE AND FORETASTE OF FUTURE REST.

And I will give the rest, on this part of our subject we cannot enlarge; your time forbids me doing more than merely indicate the train of thought we would have followed, had time permitted. In its primary application this promise may be understood as synonymous with the promise of his presence, when the church enjoys God's presence she at the very same time enjoys rest; happy is that people whose God is the Lord." Or this promise may

refer to the termination of their journey and to the enjoyment that awakened them then. And the language of Joshua 1. 13, 16-21, 43, 44 would countenance this interpretation. But taking a more enlarged view of the subject, you will at once agree with me in saying, that this promise can only be regarded as receiving its grand fulfillment when the church militant becomes the church triumphant. Heaven is peculiarly a place of rest—rest from sin, and sorrow, from trouble and toil, from anxiety and distress—rest in the bosom of the beloved. Sweet is pleasure after pain. The presence of God with his people on earth is the greatest good they can enjoy here—but there is a greater good in Heaven; in thy presence is fullness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for ever more. So that what is enjoyed below may be viewed as a foretaste of the rest that remaineth for the people of God. It is also a pledge of it, when this pilot undertakes to steer the vessel, she will not split upon the rocks, nor run upon the sands, nor yield before the storm, he will see her safely into the haven of rest. God will bring his ransomed home. He will finish the good he has begun. Fear not little lock it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

Goodness and mercy all thy day, shall follow me

And in God's house for ever more, my dwelling place shall be.

In conclusion—fathers and brethren, the position we now occupy as a church is peculiarly interesting. We look back and from the small beginning we mark her onward progress to the present time. Surely God has fulfilled his promise, his presence has been with us.

We look back over the years of negotiation with the Sister Church and think of the difficulties that have been surmounted—the obstacles that have been removed—the heart-burnings and jealousies and strifes, that have been exchanged for mutual love and confidence. Surely God has fulfilled his promise, and his presence has been with us.

We look into the relationship, so close and gratifying and helpful, that has subsisted between us and the mother church for over a quarter of a century, which will, to a certain extent, be broken up and we

might regret the action that leads to this result, did we not feel assured that the Church in Scotland will heartily rejoice over the union and regard it, as another reward of her missionary enterprise.

And we look forward to the work still to be done in this country and note the hindrances in the way, arising from the carelessness and worldli-mindedness and skepticism of the age; and we cannot but rejoice at the prospect of having our hands greatly strengthened and our hearts encouraged and a new impetus given to ministerial and missionary zeal. O, for his presence to direct and animate us. Lord, send now prosperity.

O Saviour, let thy glory shine  
And fill thy dwellings here,  
Till life and love and joy divine  
Make earth like Heaven appear.

### ONE THING

“ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED OF THE LORD.”

It is strange how much more wisely we judge in temporal than in spiritual things. If we should see a man trying to be a lawyer, a doctor, and a minister, all at once, we should say without hesitation, “That man will come to nothing; he will not succeed in being any thing.” We know very well that a man must stick and serve *one thing*, if he hopes to make money, or get fame, or do good. But how seldom do we witness this concentration of purpose and effort in matters of the soul! It is so common to see men trying to be at the same time good Christians and men of the world—good Christian and yet party politicians—good Christians and yet seekers of mammon—that no one is surprised at it. No one thinks of saying, That man will not succeed.

Or if we are sharp-sighted enough to discover the mistake in another, we never see it in ourselves. Instead of being able to say, with David, “*One thing* have I desired of the Lord,” we might probably be described more correctly in our Lord’s words, “Careful and troubled about *many things*.”

Sometimes indeed, for a few ours or a few moments, a light breaks in upon us, and we stand confounded at our own folly and in consistency. By the bedside or the grave of a dear friend, this will be very likely to happen. Through the reus made by

grief light will enter. Reflection, so long shut out, will force itself in, and we see the truth of christ’s declaration, *No man can serve two masters*. Oh, that the salutary lesson might be so deeply printed as never to be effaced! That the clear, searching light might continue to shine! that the “many things” might never regain their false lustre!

At least, my soul, be thou resolved.—Halt no longer between two opinions. Indecision is the worst of evils. No single promise of the Bible is addressed to him who wavers in his choice. Oh! for a visit from the blessed Comforter, to fix and charm my wondering sight! Nay not a visit only, but a life-long inhabitation, which should exclude from my soul every unhallowed guest, and make it indeed a temple of the Lord.

TWO ALTERNATIVES.—One thing is certain. You will either bear the image of Christ, or the image of Satan. You will be developed every one of you, sirs. Either those eyes will develop, till they are the very eyes of fiends, and roll with the hellish leer of blasphemy; that mouth will be developed till it gnashes its teeth in diabolic scorn; that hand will be developed till it lifts itself as though it were iron, and dares to defy the eternal; that soul will be developed till it becomes a living hell, a hell as full of pain as hell itself is full of demons; or else—and God grant that you may not have the last alternative!—or else those eyes will shine till they become like the eyes of Christ, which are the flames of fire; that face will be transformed till it becomes like the face of Christ, as though it glowed with heaven itself; that heart will be developed till it becomes a heaven as full of songs as heaven itself is full of music. By faith in Christ, of unbelief, your destiny may be known. Dost thou believe in Christ? Thou art predestinated to be like him. Art thou an unbeliever? Then if thou diest so, thou shalt be transformed into the image of darkness. God save thee! Christ help thee! “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,” for, “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.”—*Spurgeon*.

## SELF CONQUEST.

BY THE REV. RICHARD ROBERTS, LONDON.

Man is a creature of emotion deep and strong, but he has superior faculties, to which the emotional nature must be subject. To invest the emotions or passions with the regal power would be perilous to our peace. The man who is controlled by feeling is wild, fanatical, volatile, impulsive, and never to be trusted in an emergency. He deserts you when you most need him. He forsakes the cause he espoused, just at a moment when his ardour and zeal, rightly directed, would have made it triumphant. If you offend him, his hatred becomes as hot as his former love. "I'll have my revenge," he cries, "for revenge is sweet."—Sweet it may be for the moment while in the height of frenzy and of passion.—Sweet it may be to a depraved and fiendish taste; but it will not bear reflection. Reason, in moments of calm, condemns it, and conscience will reproach him with it when the frenzy is past, and the revengeful blow irrevocably struck. When a man indulges in angry passions, he becomes at once conscious of losing self-respect, and he cannot therefore complain if he lose the respect of others. When a man storms and rages, and adds oaths and curses to his anger, he thinks his godless rhetoric gives him power, whereas, if he understood human nature better, he would know that it is weakness and not power—a weakness which brings him into absolute contempt. Judge of the feelings of others by your own. With what emotions do you look upon a man who gives way to violent and ungoverned tempers? However highly you respected him before, yet, now that he roars, and raves, and threatens, all respect departs, and you learn to despise him.—Nor should you, therefore, complain if others despise you when unfortunate enough to betray the same folly. If, in a discussion, you allow your combatant to irritate you, and to provoke you to anger, you may be assured that he has gained a point, and is far advanced towards victory. You are weak in your irritability; he is strong in his calmness, and fortified in his self-possession.

Our emotions or passions, although liable to abuse, are nevertheless useful and

necessary. By their subjugation we do not mean their extirpation. They are not to be destroyed, but sanctified and regulated. We are no advocates for an unfeeling humanity, for the stoical philosophy which seeks to convert men into mere icicles, which, bright and transparent though they be, are nevertheless cold as death, and chill as the grave. We love the man that can feel, and weep, and rejoice. We love to feel the warm grasp of friendship's hand, and to behold the fires of the heart's affection lighting up the eye. Now-a-days there are not a few intellectuals who pride themselves on living high up *there*, in the clouds, far beyond the fluctuations to which we are subject, and who pour contempt on us poor mortals on account of the ebb and flow of our feelings. *They* dwell in a world of mind, in regions of lofty thought, and do not allow themselves to be touched by the tides of emotion which ever and anon swell the bosoms of ordinary mortals. Well, it may be a weakness, but we are bold to confess it, that we had rather live down here, where there is a little warmth, than be frost bitten up there among those floating mental stars which unith with their brightness a deathly coldness.

Christianity, while it teaches us to regulate our emotional nature, presents ample scope for the exercise and development of feeling. There are not wanting men who maintain, that religion is a matter for the exercise and development of feeling.—There are not wanting men who maintain, that religion is a matter for the intellect and reason, and not for the heart, and that it consists in a true creed, an enlightened judgment, and a mind well furnished with the evidences of Christianity. But this is far too cold for a creature of feeling like man. If you would meet the demand of his entire nature, you must give him a religion that affects his feelings, that will touch him at all points, and on all sides, and that will address itself to his moral as well as his mental nature, to his heart and conscience as well as his intellect. God demands the service of our passions in the first and great commandment—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul." You cannot love with your intellect. Love lives deeper down in the depths of our being. It grows and flourishes in the genial soil of

the heart. The want of holy passion in the religion of the Laodicean church rendered her displeasing and offensive to God. The complaint lodged against her was, that she was neither cold nor hot. There was no fervour, no passion, no soul-fire, no bright ascending flame on the heart's altar, nothing but the ashes, the embers of what was once a vehement and spreading flame. Young men, our message is to you.—Christianity calls forth the love of your deepest heart. It supplies scope for the exercise of all your ardour and energy. It presents you with an object worthy of adoring gratitude and supreme affection. It can inspire you with the highest hopes and purest joys. It can touch and move the springs of your deepest sympathies. It bids you not to check or destroy that genial flow of feeling which gushes warmly through your youthful soul, but it teaches you to control and regulate it, by giving it an upward and heavenward direction. Search out your dominant passion, and tell us what it is. Is it *Ambition*?—Then let it be the ambition to possess an immovable throne and a fadeless crown, which shall abide when the glittering objects that worldly aspirants pursue have faded and for ever disappeared. Is it *Covetousness*? Then, covet nothing less than the treasures which cannot fade, the inheritance which corruption can never touch, which the spoiler can never reach, and which death can never alienate. Is it *Love of Fame*? Then, seek the honour of having your name enrolled among the principalities and powers of heaven, and to be a member of God's own aristocracy; for that is a nobility that will abide when the paltry distinctions which now divide society are entirely forgotten and unknown. Is it *Lust of Power*? Covet then the power which prevails with God, and to which even the Almighty yields, the power which places the resources of the universe at your command, and which cries, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me."

At this stage of our proceedings the question will naturally arise in many minds: **HOW CAN THIS DIFFICULT WORK OF SELF-SUBJUGATION BE ACHIEVED?** To this important inquiry we now propose to address ourselves.

One suggestion which we would have

you remember is, that *self-knowledge must almost go before self-conquest*. When the commander of an army contemplates meeting a formidable adversary in the battle field, his first grand stroke of policy is to ascertain, as far as possible, the resources and hiding-place of the enemy. He studies a map of the country, masters its geography, ascertains the rivers to be crossed, the wilderness to be pierced, and the mountains to be traversed. He carefully observes the most accessible part of the country, the easiest and safest route, and the most vulnerable points in the enemy's strongholds. No man skilled in warfare would hazard his reputation, the lives of his men, and the honour of his country, until he had first of all striven to master these subjects. To him a knowledge of them is paramount. Ignorance may bring ruin, defeat, and degradation. This was Napoleon's policy, and the policy of all distinguished generals. This must also be the policy of the man who addresses himself to the difficult task of self-conquest. He must know, what is most difficult to be known, his own deceitful heart, where hostile forces are marshalled in dread array. He must carefully spread before him the map of the heart, study its deformities, ascertain the declivities that need levelling, the valleys that need uplifting, the ruggednesses that need smoothing, and the ghastly forms of evil which, ever and anon, flit to and fro across the scene, and which must be allayed by some process of spiritual necromancy. No knowledge more essential, none more difficult, and yet none more neglected, than self-knowledge. Men, without any forcible arguments to persuade, will explore with unwearied diligence the wonders of science, and joyfully bask in the sunshine of philosophy, and soar on the wing of poetry; but men are every where reluctant to dive into their own hearts, to explore the hidden avenues of the soul, and to study the secrets of their inner nature. The reason of this is obvious. Men are suspicious that this self-hood will not bear inspection, and that a severe scrutiny will serve only to discover unwelcome truths that must humble and mortify. Our proud nature dislikes to be humbled by a revelation of its evils; and as we all have a lingering suspicion that a deeper

acquaintance with the heart will only annoy, if not disgust, we shrink with horror from the unwelcome task of self-scrutiny. We must rid ourselves of this reluctance to look in, else we shall never know what there is in us that needs combating and subduing. There must be not only a willingness to look in, but a firm determination to know the worst of ourselves. We must look at our foes and know them, before we venture to assail them; and having measured their strength, we shall find that we must bring a resolute heart to the fight. The foe is stubborn and subtle, as well as strong, and in order to overcome we must have time, and courage, and a firm, unbending will, and above all, implicit confidence in Him who spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly.

(To be Continued.)

### MARTHAS.

I suppose that we "Marthas" are rather a numerous body of women, scattered though we be throughout the length and breadth of the land. And I trust we all have sufficient humility to acknowledge the fitness of this name as applied to us. God grant that of each one of us it may be said, by our beloved Master, that we have also the distinguishing characteristics of Mary.

The leading traits which mark us as "Marthas" are two—first, a sincere love to Jesus, with an earnest desire to do something actively for him—and, secondly, a care and trouble about "many things."

I must acknowledge that I have always felt a secret sympathy for Martha. I think how much more pleasant and easy it would have been for, too, to sit at her Saviour's feet and listen, having no care for household matters.

But, as He who can read all hearts and never errs, drew a comparison favourable to Mary, we must conclude that he saw more than the mere "necessity" of labour and trouble in Martha's occupations.

However that may be, I think I know many "Marthas" now, who would gladly leave all, and hasten to Mary's blessed seat.

This may not be.  
And it just now occurs to me that the

reason for our Saviour's gentle reproof to Martha, may have been the same as that given in another place—"Me ye have not always," and may only have been applicable while he was personally on earth. I hope to be able to convince you that we, who have all these earthly cares imposed upon us, can be diligent in business, and, at the same time, be ever at the Master's feet, learning of him.

Turn we then to our Guide Book, and let us see what promises, encouragements, and directions we find there.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."

"For he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

"I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

These precious promises were made by our beloved Saviour just before his death. How strong the language!—how full of meaning! They were intended to comfort his disciples then—they will do so now. Let us apply them.

We are wives, mothers, housekeepers. After a broken night's rest, we are awakened at dawn by a restless infant, whom we cannot coax into slumber again—and thus the day's work is commenced; and often and often the hours pass by, and we cannot find the moment for a literal retirement to a literal "closet."

Many a clergyman, with his uninterrupted hours in his quiet study—many another active Christian, whose busy hours are numerous, but to whom the leisure time comes at last—will doubt this. Few mothers will. A mother's work is never done.

How precious then to know that, if we cannot retire to a closet to meet our Saviour, he is willing to come to us in our nurseries, our kitchens, our parlours, and everywhere our occupations call us. He will "abide with" us, will "dwell in" us. Can we not, then, turn to Him every moment as fresh occasions occur, demanding grace and strength?

A child is exacting and petulant—another disobedient and perverse—another sick and weary—or, perhaps, all are quarrelsome; the very hour we had set apart to

go away for private prayer for the grace we so much need, is consumed in our endeavours to attend to each—to all. We think, perhaps, "How can I grow in the Christian life?" Ah! this is just the place—just the mode—and here close at hand is the Teacher. Let us ask him. He will apply the lesson, will give the patience, the strength, the wisdom requisite to calm all these discordant elements, and, at the same time, carry us forward and upward, higher in the heavenly road, than the same hour passed in the closet could have done.

Let us only realize how near he is, walk with him every moment, and accustom ourselves to turn to him the moment our attention is disengaged from other subjects, as the flower, pressed down by the careless step, springs up elastic the instant the pressure is withdrawn.

To a Christian, the thought that God is near, and sees every action and motive, is only one of delight. Let us cherish and comfort ourselves with it. Let us make our every room a "closet," our every hour his especial one—so shall not our cares, however numerous or pressing, keep us from him, or hinder us in our race.

We may, if we will, sit at his feet with our children in our arms, our occupations in our hands, and he will teach us as he taught Mary.

If we love him and keep his commandments, he will love us, "come unto us," "dwell in us," and "abide for ever."

But our Guide Book has also some plain directions, which seem intended especially for you and me, dear sister Martha.

Here are two or three:

"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

"Giving thanks always for all things."

"In his name shall they rejoice all the day long."

"Shall they rejoice?" Dear sisters, that means us. It certainly means you and me, if we are truly "daughters of the Lord God Almighty."

Do we obey and fulfil these directions? Do let us be cheerful Christians! I do not say cheerful women merely—there are many such, I say cheerful, rejoicing Christians. Let us be the light of our households.

Nothing spreads such a gloom over a family [excepting her absence] as a downcast wife and mother. The youngest child will notice it and ask the reason. I know, and you know, how wearied we often become with the ceaseless questions, the boisterous mirth, the petulant replies, the demands for amusement of our little ones—added to the weight of care, and press of work, and the hundred other annoyances to which we are liable. When to this we add the nervous depression and irritation caused by feeble health, we can truly say that none but ourselves can estimate the demands upon temper and cheerfulness to which we "Marthas" are subject.

But this is the very reason that we should strive for that Christian "joy" which "no man taketh from us," and ours is the very place in which to "fight the good fight" with ourselves in order to obtain it. Could we grow half so fast in this grace had we no hindrances?

Yes, let us be cheerful. When all things seem most distracting and wearying, think joyously of the "Rest that remaineth."

When our children are ungrateful and disobedient, think thankfully how He bears with our disobedience and ingratitude.

When a friend, a sister, a husband, annoys or hurts us by an ill-timed or unkind remark, let us either bear with them as brethren in Christ, or compassionate them as strangers to our deep joy.

Above all, when our sins and shortcomings weigh us down to the very dust, let us think of Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and let us rise to the contemplation of that glorious state when "they sin no more." Surely, surely, the thought that Christ has died for us, that He has chosen us, that He loves us, dwells with us, is joy enough to make the countenance always cheerful, and external circumstances may be more than balanced by the well-spring of happiness in the heart.

The truth is, that we all love to sit down and indulge in thinking over our peculiar trials, principally to justify ourselves in feeling so worried and annoyed. But let us not cherish the habit. The instant we can recover ourselves, let us turn to thoughts of Him—let us assist ourselves in forgetting troubles by singing some of those

"psalms or hymns" spoken of above, making melody in our hearts to the Lord. Or let us recall some comforting text, and thus encourage every impulse to look on the bright side. What an effect would your daily life, thus manifestly cheered and sustained by a Heavenly Presence, have on your children and all about you!

Thus may we rejoice always, and give thanks for *all things*.

### THE MAN CHRIST JESUS.

"This world never saw but one character in whom all the varieties of intellectual and moral greatness centred; blending in that divine and ravishing harmony, which may be termed the music of the soul. There never was but one who reconciled the extremes of universal excellence; in whom the vastest intellect and the tenderest sensibility, the calmest judgment and the keenest feelings, co-existed, without disturbing one another; in whom magnanimity was not tinged with pride; in whom humility was never meanness; whose charity was never consumed by the fierce fire of zeal, nor an honest zeal damped by the excess of charity; whose pity for the wretched never mitigated abhorrence of vice, nor the sternest regard for the majesty of truth diminished the most touching compassion for human frailty; in a word, in whom greatness and lowliness, courage and fortitude, zeal and patience, incorruptible truth and more than human gentleness, and a thousand opposite virtues more, were divinely attempered; uniting the various rays of moral excellence in one glorious emanation of wisdom and of love. That character was Jesus Christ, in whom dwelt, indeed, all the fullness of the godhead; and whose humanity was but a veil through which streamed, in softened radiance, the otherwise insufferable effulgence of Deity. Any merely human character approximates towards perfection, just as he approaches or recedes from this great example; and by it we may safely take the measurement and proportions of any given specimen of human excellence."—Henry Rogers.

### Come to Jesus.

THAT YOU MAY ENTER HEAVEN—COME.

As there is a place of punishment for the wicked, so there is a heaven of glory for all who come to Jesus. God, in his great love to sinners, sent his Son not only to deliver them from hell, but to make them happy and glorious with him for ever. When a believer dies, though his body decays, his soul is at once with Jesus, which is "far better." How delightful is the description the Bible gives of heaven. We are told that sickness, sorrow, and death never enter there; that cares, fears, and anxieties are never felt there; that poverty, privation, unkindness, and disappointment are never known there. The body that will rise from the grave will be "incorruptible," and will never experience pain, weariness, or decay. Old age will never enfeeble, for there will be perpetual youth; and death will never snatch away those we love, for death itself shall be destroyed. What is still better, there will be no more sin, but all hearts will be full of holy love to God, and to one another. Every one will rejoice in the society and happiness of every one else, and God himself will dwell among them. All the good men of former ages will be there—the martyrs, and apostles, and prophets. There, too, we shall meet with angels and archangels; and more than all, we shall behold Jesus in his glorified human body—we shall see his face, and ever be with the Lord. To show how glorious heaven is, it is compared to a city with streets of gold, gates of pearl, and walls of jasper and emerald; to a paradise with a river clear as crystal, and the tree of life with healing leaves; to a place of rest after labor; to a father's house, a happy home. "They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Everlasting joy shall be upon their heads. In his presence is fulness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for evermore." The best joys of earth are soon gone. Riches fly, health decays, friends depart, death is written on all things. But the joys of heaven are for ever, and for ever, and for ever.—Reader, this heaven may be thine. Jesus keeps the door, but he has opened it wide for all sinners to enter. If you will not come to Jesus, you cannot enter heaven; for he is the door, the only door. But he invites you to come. Yes, however guilty and vile you are, heaven may, and certainly will be yours, if you come to Jesus. "To you is the word of this salvation sent." O then for heavenly bliss, come to Jesus.

See John 14: 1-6; 1 Cor. 15; 2 Cor. 4: 17-18; 5: 1-4; Rev. 21-22.—[Come to Jesus.

**"Stand Like an Anvil."**

"Stand like an anvil!" when the strokes  
Of stalwart strength fall fierce and fast;  
Storms but more deeply root the oaks,  
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the sparks  
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;  
Virtue and truth must still be marks  
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the bar  
Lies red and glowing on its breast;  
Duty shall be life's leading star,  
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the sound  
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;  
Thine be the still and stern rebound  
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

"Stand like an anvil!" noise and heat  
Are born of earth and die with time;  
The soul, like God, its source and seat,  
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

—*Bishop Doane.*

**A BULLET IN A MISSIONARY  
COLLECTION.**

On a recent occasion, when the contributions of a congregation were emptied on a table for counting, among the gifts to the cause of missions, there was a bullet. What was the purpose of the donor of that bullet? Do missions and bullets coincide? We have heard that in the times of the early settlement of Kentucky, while the fires of hate and strife yet raged between the settlers and the Indian tribes, that an appeal was made for missions and the box sent round, when man after man deposited a bullet, bullet after bullet; thus telling plainly the spirit these men cherished, and how they stood prepared to act. There could however be no feeling like this at work in the case we mention. It was alone, a solitary bullet. Thank God, that as an emblem of hatred and a threat of death, that bullet had no voice. It has spoken nevertheless. There are sermons in stones,

and why not in bullets? Probably it found its way into the Lord's treasury, because its owner did not wish to appear to give nothing. To keep up appearances in this world men do strange things. This has full sway in the fashionable circles, but the principle rules far and near; hence comes the disgraceful practice of placing in a missionary box pieces of tobacco, buttons, marbles, and such like, anything that is at hand, to save appearances. It would be a more manly action by far, if in an extremity a collector be allowed to pass, than thus to disgrace a good cause for which liberality is asked, and blunt and wound our own sense of propriety. The spirit in which we give requires close watching. To be seen of men is the moving cause of many an action which may seem fair at the time, but the day of reckoning comes, when every secret thing shall be revealed. The Master's eye rests now on the gifts cast into his treasury, while each has his blessing or his frown, according to the spirit which animated the giver.

We have not done with that bullet. It is so cold. What fitter emblem of many a heart—as cold as lead! If any theme rouses into action the tenderest sympathies, it is surely the perishing condition of men. The sinking and desolate state of the world may well move to ardent feeling; leading to action and prayer. The Saviour's heart was filled with love. That love was crowned in his death. There was no coldness there to the necessities of sinners. Love fired his heart, and made him choose to die. Up then, O redeemed of the Lord, to help forward the great cause of saving a world. The mighty result of bringing the nations to the feet of Jesus, can never be reached by cold words, cold prayers, cold gifts, cold deeds. An all-consuming fire of zeal, and love for the souls of men, must take the place of leaden insensibility, before the shout of victory is heard—"the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ."

Every one knows that lead is heavy, but it is dead-weight in a missionary collection. We have listened to denunciations of copper, as having done much evil, with which we cannot sympathise, inasmuch as it may be the widow's mite, or the child's first property dedication to the Lord. The smile of Jesus rests on the smallest gift coming from a generous heart. There is too, from

combination, a "power of titles" which has wrought great issues in the funds of all our missionary and benevolent associations. God bless the child's penny!

"A penny is a little thing,  
Which even the poor man's child may fling  
Into the treasury of heaven,  
And make it worth as much as seven.  
As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,  
And that increased a million fold.  
For lo! a penny tract, if well  
Applied, may save a soul from hell.  
'That soul can scarce be saved alone:  
It must, it will, its bliss make known.  
'Come,' it will cry, 'and you shall see  
What great things God has done for me.'  
Hundreds that joyful sound may hear—  
Hear with their heart as well as ear;  
And these to thousands more proclaim  
Salvation in the 'Only Name.'"

Thus hath the poet sung—we ask whence cometh the inspiration that can cast a solitary genial ray around a leaden contribution? We fear that it must remain "unhonored and unsung." The wheels of the missionary enterprise, are however to an amazing extent encumbered by dead-weights. Individuals destitute of godliness, but remaining members of churches will operate as dead-weights on God's cause. Retarding the progress of the gospel by their leaden dullness and cold formality, their influence sinks every hopeful movement. You might as well expect to move under a mountain of lead, as look for the ethereal and god-like spirit that gives birth to missions and vigorously sustains them, in the cold regions of a slumbering church. Nothing save a leaden lustre shines in their works. Never can they shine as stars in the firmament, from having turned many to righteousness.

Kind readers, we have done, and should our words implant a higher principle and diffuse or strengthen a generous sentiment in connection with giving for the Lord's work, our labour as suggested by that bullet will not be in vain.

### A JUST REBUKE.

Dr. Howe's report upon the sanitary condition of the Massachusetts troops at Washington contains the following incident:

"There will be many captains like one whom I could name in the Massachusetts

Fifth—the stalwart man, every inch of whose six feet is of soldier stamp; the captain who eschews hotel dinners, and takes every meal with his men, eating only what they eat; who is their resolute and rigid commander when on duty, but their kind and faithful companion and friend when off duty; who lies down with them on the bare ground or floor, and if there are not blankets enough for all, refuses to use one himself; who often gets up in the night and draws the blankets over any half-covered sleeper, and carries water to any one who may be feverish and thirsty; the man who is like a father as well as a captain of his soldiers.

"He is the man who administered that stern rebuke the other day to the upstart West Point Cadet sent to drill the company. The first day the Cadet interlarded his orders with oaths—his commands with curses. The men complained to their captain. 'I'll stop that to-morrow,' says he. The next day's drill begins, and the Cadet begins to swear at the soldiers. 'Please not swear at my men, sir,' says the Captain. 'What do you know about the drill?' says the Cadet. 'And what can you do about my swearing?' 'Sir,' says the Captain sternly, 'I know it, and you ought to know it—swearing is forbidden by the army regulations, if you continue to break the rules, I'll order my men to march off the ground, and they'll obey me, and leave you to swear alone.' The Cadet took the rebuke, and swore no more at that company."

### WHAT A BOY CAN DO

"Sir," said a boy, going up to the counter of a gin-hop, "I want to ask you never to sell my father another glass of grog. He's a kind father as ever was when he's sober, but gin tigers him."

"What right have I to refuse him more than any other man?" asked the gin-seller.

"You may tell him Bob begged you, for our sakes and for his own sake, *not to do it*," said the boy. "If you give it to him he'll kill my mother, and *you'll* be the murderer."

"Woe unto the man that giveth his neighbour drink!" Hab. II. 15.

### The Tender Solicitude.

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered."—Matt. x. 30.

What a "word" is this! All that befalls you, to the very numbering of your hairs, is known to God! Nothing can happen by accident or chance. Nothing can elude His inspection. The fall of the forest leaf—the fluttering of the insect—the waving of the angel's wing—the annihilation of a world,—all are equally noted by Him. Man speaks of great things and small things—God knows no such distinction.

How especially comforting to think of this tender solicitude with reference to His own covenant people—that he meets out their joys and their sorrows! Every sweet, every bitter, is ordained by Him. Even 'wearisome nights' are 'appointed.' Not a pang I feel, not a tear I shed, but is known to him. What are called "dark dealings" are the ordinations of undeviating faithfulness. Man *may* err—his ways are often crooked; "but as for God, *His* way is perfect!" He puts my tears into his bottle. Every moment the everlasting arms are underneath and around me. He keeps me, "as the apple of His eye." He bears me "as a man bears his own son!"

Do I look to the future? Is there much of uncertainty and mystery hanging over it? It may be much premonitory of evil. Trust Him. All is marked out for me.—Dangers will be averted; bewildering mazes will show themselves to be interlaced and interweaved with mercy. "He keepeth the feet of His saints." A hair of their head will not be touched. He leads sometimes sorrowfully; most frequently by cross and circuitous ways we ourselves would not have chosen; but *always* wisely, *always* tenderly. With all its mazy windings and turnings, its roughness and ruggedness, the believer's is not only a right way, but **THE** right way—the best which covenant love and wisdom could select.

"Nothing," says Jeremy Taylor, "does so establish the mind amidst the rollings and turbulence of present things, as doth a look above them and a look beyond them;

above them, to the steady and good hand by which they are ruled; and beyond them to the sweet and beautiful end to which, by that hand, they will be brought." "The great Councillor," says Thomas Brooks, "puts clouds and darkness round about Him, bidding us follow at His beck through the cloud, promising an eternal and uninterrupted sunshine on the other side." On that 'other side' we shall see how every apparent rough blast has been hastening our barks nearer the desired haven!

Well may I commit the keeping of my soul to Jesus in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator. He gave *Himself* for me.—This transcendent pledge of love is the guarantee for the bestowment of every other needed blessing. Oh, blessed thought! my sorrows numbered by the Man of Sorrows; my tears counted by Him who shed first His tears and then His blood for me. He will impose no needless burden. and exact no unnecessary sacrifice. There was no redundant drop in the cup of His own sufferings; neither will there be in that of His people. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—*Words of Jesus.*

WORTH REMEMBERING.—The Rev. Dr. Julius Wood is reported to have said, when submitting his annual statement on "Religion and Morals," before the Free Church Assembly:—"I cannot help observing that one great means of awakening seems to have been the communicating of intelligence of what the Lord had done in other places. I find in almost all the reports, that this was done with the most blessed results. The information interested the people, and brought the thing home to them; they felt that it was a reality; and it excited a desire to partake of the benefit, and led them to use the means God has appointed for obtaining the benefit.

### The Loss of the Soul.

From the intrinsic value of the soul, we may know how serious is its loss. The soul is a thing worth ten thousand worlds, in fact, a thing which worlds on worlds heaped together, like sand upon the sea-shore, could not buy. It is more precious than if the ocean had each drop of itself turned into a golden globe, for all that, wealth could not buy a soul. The soul is an everlasting thing; God has gifted it with immortality; and hence it is precious. To lose it, then, how fearful!

The soul is precious on account of its capabilities. There is a paradise which eye hath not seen, which outvieth dreams, and which imagination could not picture; but if the soul be lost, that is lost.

We see many lost things advertised. Now if a man's soul be lost, let me advertise what he has lost.

He has lost a crown, he has lost a throne, he has lost a heaven, he has lost eternity. When I consider the happiness the soul is capable, it appears a tremendous thing for it to be lost, even though it should gain a world; in fact I cannot set the world in contrast; it is as though I should measure the Alps by a mole-hill. I cannot tell you what size the world is, if you give me for its standard a grain of dust; nor can I tell you heaven's worth, if you only allow me to value it by a world. Oh! because the soul is capable of heaven, its loss is a dreadful and terrific thing.  
—*Spurgeon.*

### THE MISSIONARY-BOX.

A lady was one day overtaken by a shower of rain, and took shelter in the cottage of a poor man. Seeing a money-box, she offered one of the boys half-a-crown to put into it. He looked much pleased, and told her it was their missionary-box.—The lady was not a truly christian woman, —she had not learned to love the Saviour and to wish to obey his commandments, and she wondered that these poor people liked to give away money which they seemed to need, so she said,—  
“Can you really think it a duty to deny yourselves for such a purpose?”

The boy looked surprised, but answered, “after all that God has done for us, ma'am, don't you think that we ought to try to do something for him?”

The lady could not forget the answer of the Christian boy. It led her to think as she had never done before, and the end was that she was led to give herself to Christ, and to labour earnestly to do all the little she could for Him who had done so much for her. She became a zealous supporter of missions, and took pleasure in all good works; and the next time she visited the cottage it was to gladden the hearts of the pious cottagers, by telling them that she earnestly wished to give them all the help she could, and that she hoped to have missionary meetings and a missionary society in the village.

### ASHAMED OF JESUS.

“Thou art fairer than the children of men”—  
PSAL. xiv. 2.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise  
Whose glory shines through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star!  
He sheds his beams of light divine  
On this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,  
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,  
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend!  
No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No fears to quell, no good to crave,  
And no immortal soul to save.

Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—  
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;  
And, O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

*Bonar's Bible Hymn Book.*

## THE GOOD NEWS.

July 1st, 1861.

### POSTAGE.

We are sorry to say to our subscribers that the Postmaster General has ordered our publications to be rated for postage.— We are of opinion that they are exempt according to law; but the Postmaster General differs from us, and consequently our subscribers are obliged to submit.

The postage is one cent per copy, or 12½ cents per annum when paid in advance.

### THE UNION.

We had the privilege of witnessing the consummation of the Union between the Presbyterian Church of Canada, and the United Presbyterian Church, which took place in the Wesleyan Methodist Church Montreal, on the 6th of June. It was the most important ecclesiastical event that Canada has seen for many a day, and it rather added to the interest, that it took place in the large edifice so kindly placed at the disposal of the Presbyterians by the Wesleyan brethren. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in Unity,—Psal cxxxii. 1."

The people began to gather about half past six in the evening, and by the time the members of the respective synods arrived, at a few minutes past seven, the number assembled was large. The reserved seats were filled by members of both Synods alternately seated. The platform was filled by the Moderators and former Moderators of both Synods, and the whole assemblage was one of the most interesting sights we have seen in Canada.

The Meeting was opened by Rev. Dr. Thornton, of Whitby, giving out a part of the CII. Psalm, which was sung by the great assemblage standing. The CXXXII. Psalm was then read, and prayer

was offered by Dr. Thornton. The U. P. and Free Church Synod rolls were then read by the Synod Clerks, most of the members answering to their names.

The Clerk of the U. P. Synod then read a report to the effect that the Union of the two Churches had been decided upon after mature deliberation and submission to all the Church courts, and that they now met to complete the said Union. The Clerk of the Free Church Synod read a similar report of resolutions passed by the Free Church. The articles of Union were then read, the members of both Synods standing. The respective Moderators then formally declared the Union consummated, and in token thereof shook hands, which was the signal for a general shaking of hands, between the members of both Synods on the platform and through the body of the Church. This ceremony was performed in a hearty and cordial manner.

Dr. Thornton then declared the first Synod of the Canada Presbyterian Church constituted. After which on the motion of the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Quebec, the Rev. Dr. Taylor was appointed first Moderator of the United Synod.

The speeches which followed from the Moderator, the Rev. Mr. Ure, of Streetsville, the Rev. Dr. Ormiston of Hamilton, and the Rev. Dr. Burns of Toronto were excellent, worthy of the occasion and calculated not only to interest the hearers, but to impress upon them the most solemn truths. We would have favored our readers with an epitome of them, but expect to have it in our power to give some of them in full in this or next issue.

We congratulate the members of the United Church on the completion of their hope after the difficulties and delays which for some years hindered them. We trust and pray that it may prove for the advancement of the Kingdom of God in Canada. We have no doubt this object was the motive that prompted the efforts of

those who were desirous of Union, and they will not be disappointed if the United Church is careful to base its decisions on scriptural principles, rather than on expediency and so called philosophy.

### Speaking Lightly of Death.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear persons speaking of death, as "kicking the bucket," "going to the kingdom come," &c. This is a most striking proof of depravity. Death is a thing too awful to be spoken of lightly. This is true, even if we consider merely its effects on the body. Look at a corpse, there it lies as unable to move, itself as a stone. The most beautiful sight cannot charm its eye. The voice of flattery, and of censure alike, fall powerless on its ear. It may be mangled, or burned, but it feels not. It has

"—no share in all that's done,  
Beneath the circuit of the sun."

At length it becomes a mass of putrefaction, and afterwards mingles with the earth from which it was taken.

But death appears more awful, when we consider that it thwarts man's plans, and disappoints his hopes for this world, and sunders the nearest and dearest of natural ties. "Man's breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." He may lay plans for many years. He may say in his heart, "I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: \* \* \* I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High." (Isaiah xiv. 13, 14). He may say to his soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." (Luke xii. 19.) But, ah! at death, all his purposes and hopes are swept away like a spider's web,—they disappear like the rich tracery which the frost has formed on the windows, when you breathe upon it—they become as a dream

when one awaketh. "The grim tyrant," also, separates from each other, parent and child, husband and wife, brother and sister, friend and friend, heedless of the sorrows with which he thereby pierces the hearts of the survivors.

It is, however, when considered in relation to the other world, that death appears most awful. Were it an eternal sleep, as many profess to believe, even then it would be very unbecoming to speak lightly of death. But the doctrine referred to is a dream. Man, though mortal, is also immortal. There is a world beyond the grave in which he shall be, either happy or miserable *for ever*. Now, at death, the character and the state of man are fixed beyond the slightest possibility of change. He who is holy then, shall be holy still. He on whom the light of God's countenance then shines, shall for ever walk in it. On him with whom God is then angry, shall his wrath abide for ever.

Surely then, to speak of death in any other than a most solemn manner, manifests depravity—yea, great depravity. It may be said, that far the greater number of those who use such expressions as have already been quoted, do so thoughtlessly. I admit it. I do not suppose that there are many who can deliberately make a mock at "the King of Terrors." Still, what I have stated is true, even in regard to those for whom the excuse is made. The fact that they give so little heed to a thing so awful as death, is a clear proof of depravity. The Christian who can say that to him, death is gain, never contemplates it without the deepest awe. He regards it as in itself an enemy.

Perhaps these lines will meet the eye of some one who is guilty of the sin of which this article treats. To such, I would say:—Think, dear reader, think. Lay your own death to heart.

"Can you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting woe?"

This is what you are at present doing. The slender thread of life is the only thing which keeps you out of Hell. The time draws nigh when it shall be broken. In a few years at the longest, your pilgrimage on earth shall come to a close; and Heaven or Hell shall be your endless portion. Nothing can be more certain than this, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." But, there is nothing more uncertain, than the time when you shall die.—"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." In a moment, in a twinkling of an eye, God may change your countenance, and send you away. Oh! then, "Acquaint thyself with Him and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." Go to Him who is the resurrection and the life. Live every day as if you knew that it was the last on earth. Thus, though you should be removed from this earthly scene without a moment's warning, you shall not be unprepared; and the day of your death shall be to you better than the day of your birth. Strive also, as far as in you lies, to stir up the careless around you, to give earnest heed to the solemn realities of death, judgment, and eternity.

Vaughan, C. W.

T. F.

### PRAYER:

Encouraged by the wonderful answers to prayer, which have in many places rebuked our unbelief, does it not become the children of God to awake to the importance of being found unitedly supplicating the living God, led by the one Spirit to make one request to our gracious Father; not as though we could by union of numbers, prevail upon God to deviate from what He had purposed before the foundation of the world to do for His own glory, but in obedience to the words of Christ, "whatsoever you shall ask in My name, I will do it." (John xiv, 13, 14).

In treating of prayer, I believe we have to ask two questions: 1st. How are we to pray? 2nd. What are we to pray for?

First—If we are not answered, it is because we do not pray in the name of Christ. What? Does not every Christian pray in the name of Jesus? Do we pray in any other name? We know that we cannot be heard in any other name, and we always mention that name in our prayers; but let God be true; "whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, I will do it;" if we were really asking in the name of Jesus, we should be answered. And here I confess there are several ways in which I do not pray in the name of Jesus. Christ yielded up his own will; but I am anxious that the work of God should be done according to my way. Again Christ sought not his glory, but the glory of Him that sent Him; whereas I am anxious to be honoured of God in the conversion of sinners, and to see numbers added to those who assemble with me; I also pray with a desire that others may approve of my prayers. Now if I, in spite of my own selfish feelings, am conscious that my prayers are so far from being truly in the name of Jesus; must not the eye of God detect in us all, much that hinders our prayers? Oh how precious then is the intercession of Jesus?

Secondly—Our dear Saviour tells us that the prayer of two who are agreed shall be effectual; not, if I understand it, that two will have more influence with our gracious Father than one will have; but in this scene of Satan's power, I believe that two cannot be agreed in the divine sense, unless they are led into unity of desire by the Spirit of God; and the agreement is a mark that the request is according to the Spirit; two may thus be agreed without either of them knowing that the other is making the same request, or indeed without either knowing of the other's existence. God alone knows when we are truly of one mind; because we often believe that not only two but many are agreed to ask of our God, and yet the requests are not granted; and as Christ's words must be true, it is evident that God sees that we are not agreed though we think we are.

Now in the word of God we read of "one body;" and do we not find that the Lord is awakening in His people a great desire after united effort? Do we not perceive as one of the most remarkable features of revivals, that denominational dis-

unctions have in a great measure been lost sight of for the time being, as though the Lord was showing that His family is but one! And would it not be well to seek by prayer that the Lord would show us whether He does not really disapprove of the divisions which separate His Church, and whether the word really contains principles which would unite us? For this is the only divine unity. If we come together and endeavour to devise some mode of bringing about unity, we shall find the task too difficult.

Thirdly—In order that our prayers should be answered, they must be dictated by the Spirit of God which has been given them to abide with us forever (John xiv, 16), to dwell with us and be in us, (v, 17), to be the seal of our inheritance with the redemption of the purchased possession (Eph. i, 13, 14). And here again I confess that I deviate from the instruction of scripture; for I often depend more on my own supposed knowledge of what is to be prayed for, than on the leading of the Spirit of God, upon which I am directed to cast myself, not knowing what I ought to ask for (Rom. viii, 26, 27); and thus my prayer to-day is in a great measure a copy of my prayer yesterday; and being retained in the memory, whether I have been grieving the Spirit or not, I can still give utterance to certain requests with much earnestness of expression. If then my prayers are so far from what they ought to be, am I to suppose that I am not a Christian at all? No, I think not; for much as I have grieved the Spirit of God, He still witnesses with my Spirit that I am a child of God, though a disobedient one. But though this Spirit dwells abidingly in the believer, yet if we do not walk in the Spirit that is if we do not think, speak, and act according to the leading of this blessed comforter, how can we force an intimacy with this Spirit at a time of prayer when we have been grieving our Heavenly Companion by a sinful walk? And what is sin? Whatsoever is not of faith is sin. This is, I believe, the secret of our unanswered prayers; and I believe the secret of having our prayers answered does not consist in the numbers engaged in making the request, or in the earnestness with which those requests are offered; but in the prayer themselves being dictated by the Spirit

of God; and then we have no right to doubt their fulfilment. Prayer in the Spirit is always deeply earnest; but it is not heard for its earnestness, but because it is according to the mind of God.

And now having dwelt a little on the three answers to the first question, I would offer a suggestion in answer to the second question "what are we to pray for?" While Christians are labouring and praying for the conversion of the world, I am led to believe that it would be well earnestly to seek the mind of God on the means which the word indicates as introducing the fulfilment of the prophecy "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ" (Rev. xi, 15). Is not this blessed scene introduced by one of terror (v. 13); and does not verse (18) show that in order to introduce His gentle rule, the Lamb will come in vengeance on the nations of the earth? Does not Rev. xix, 19, 20, show that fearful vengeance will precede the happy rule of the King of Kings described in ch. xx, 1-4? does not that King himself tell us that as the flood came on the ungodly, and as fire came on Sodom, so shall His coming break on the world (Matt. xxiv, 37-39)? and does not He say "when the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" Are we then to give the world up to this fearful fate, and make no effort for its conversion? The nearer the approach of the day of wrath, the more instant we should be in season, and out of season, to witness for Jesus as the only refuge from what is coming, and coming on the earth. And this I believe to be the united testimony of prophetic scripture, both in the old and new testaments.

Should not the burden of our prayer then be that we may be found in separation from the principles of this poor world, witnessing to them of the coming wrath and present Love of the Lamb, exhibiting by a holy blameless walk the reality of that kingdom into which the believer is already introduced (Col. i, 13), and content to suffer anything at their hands, if we can only be instrumental in pulling out of the fire those whom Satan has drugged to intoxication, and who are sleeping to be aroused only by the dead trump of the angry Jesus, unless awakened now by His voice of Love.

J. S.

## THE PRISON CHAPLAIN.

On the Sabbath morning there was a stir among the men as the new chaplain entered. It was not without a shudder that he walked through gloomy halls, over stone flags; heard the ponderous keys turn in the locks; the slamming to of the mighty iron doors; watched here and there a scowling face looking out from behind the bars. His heart had sunk down, down, till it felt more like a leaden weight than anything warm and human. But, as he thought, what must these poor creatures feel, who, though they are sinful, and perhaps hardened, are yet *men*—he said to himself, "I will try to cheer them. I will teach them that Christ is ready to make their prison a paradise, if they will only open the doors of their hearts and let Him in."

What an assembly it was! Ferocious faces disfigured with beards, and the wicked light of ill-gleaming eyes; the sensual lip, the malignant sneer, the contemptuous smile—he took them all in. And yet, among these evil faces looked forth a fair and generous countenance now and then. That was scarcely more than a boy seated before him, whose mild blue eyes seemed never to have looked with unholy longing upon any of the lures of the wicked world. O to save him! He could not be old in wickedness.

A simple gospel sermon was that which he preached. No particular reference was made to their peculiar condition; the fact that *all* men were sinners, and under condemnation, was broadly stated, and the remedy fully explained. "Have I done any good?" thought he, as he sat down after giving out the closing hymn. "Thou, Lord, knowest. Let me be satisfied that thou wilt apply thine own truth as thou seest meet to these poor, wayward hearts."

As he went out there were many calls for the chaplain.

"Do as you please about going, sir," said the jailer; "they have all hard stories to tell about some fancied grievance or other."

"I will go, as I have leisure," replied the young man, anxious to learn the routine of a prison life. "First I will visit the old man I saw in the chapel."

"Very well, sir," said the jailer, and

flung open the door of a cell on the first floor.

"O, sir, I am sick and miserable," groaned the prisoner, as the chaplain seated himself on the hard bed. "I ought not to be in prison; I've been here long enough; but here I must stay till I die, I suppose."

"What is your crime?" asked the chaplain.

"I'm in for murder—should have been hanged, but was reprieved. I've been here twenty-one years."

Twenty-one dreary years! Poor old man! Twenty-one dreary years, and no light save that which shone through the high grated windows in the prison passage.

"I've often wished I'd been put out of the way," muttered the old man. "I was drunk, and he was my enemy. He raised his hand to take my life, perhaps. I only struck him once on the temple. I've been sorry, and suffered enough, and now I want to see the fields once more before I die. Can't you help me, sir?"

The face was stamped upon the chaplain's heart—the voice rang in his ear.—Miserable old man! Gently and kindly he pointed him to the Saviour, but the old man grew restless. That was not his theme—liberty, personal liberty. He could only think of that—nothing else.

The next prisoner was the youth he had seen. He wished a letter written to his parents. He suffered with a sore hand, and could not write.

"What shall I tell them?" asked the pastor.

"Tell them you saw me here, and—and I am well, that I—I send my love, especially to Jenny." He stopped one moment, tempted to go on, but, instead, burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"My poor boy," said the chaplain, inexpressibly affected, "what was your crime?"

"Forging, they say, sir, but I didn't know it; I was drunk, drugged, and some vile persons used me so that they need not suffer. O, sir, I've got a respectable father, and a mother such as few boys have, and yet here I am."

The chaplain soothed him with kind words, encouraged him to be gentle and obedient, spoke to him of Jesus, and left him calmer, and with a promise that he would soon see him again.

The next convict was a young coloured man, the worst case in the penitentiary, the keeper said. He also wished the chaplain to write for him, but he would hear nothing about religion; and instead of expressing contrition for the crime he had been guilty of, he seemed to glory in it, and said he would do it again if he could. Enough for one day. The chaplain spent nearly a year in the prison, and then left for another sphere. But his first day's work followed him.

Years after, he paid a pleasant visit to the home of the poor youth above referred to. He had interested himself in the case, and now he found him a prosperous merchant, with wife and children walking in the fear of the Lord and in the joy of the Holy Ghost.

Years again after this, when in deep trouble, as he was walking along the street of a certain city, he felt some one touch his arm. He turned, and a well dressed black man, whom he did not remember, stood beside him.

"You have forgotten me, sir, I see," he said.

"Your face is somewhat familiar," was the reply.

"Do you remember Black Bob of the W. Penitentiary?"

"Certainly I do. Can this be he?"

"Yes, sir; and I want to thank you for your kind teachings. I was a bad man, sir, no mistake; but after you went away I thought of what you said, of your kindness and politeness to us wicked men, and I sought the Lord, as you told me to.—The consequence is, I behaved so well they pardoned me out. I got into business, prospered, married, and now I own my house, and have three boys, all getting a good education, sir; and, blessed be God, I owe it all to religion, sir, and I thank God that I ever saw you.

How the heart of the worn man leaped for joy!

"And what of poor old Summers?" he asked much affected.

"He died in prison, sir, but he went rejoicing in his Saviour. His death, sir, was the means of blessing six of the men; and most of 'em, indeed, all but one, are good members of society to-day."—[Watchman and Reflector.

## PREACHING TO THE FEELINGS.

The great apostle declared that his aim was to commend the truth to every man's conscience. All experience, from his day down to our own, shows that this is the only way of accomplishing the great end of preaching. Yet how many aim at enlisting the feelings, as if this were enough.

An authentic incident, related by the Rev. Mr. S——, of W——, well illustrates the folly of such a course. A clergyman in —— once preached on the death and sufferings of Christ. He was a man of lively fancy and deep sensibility, and he depicted so vividly the sufferings of Christ, that the Saviour was almost visibly crucified before that people. His own heart was moved—he wept—and, in sympathy with him the audience wept also. He thanked God that he had been enabled to plead so for his Master. He believed that great good would result from that sermon. As he left his pulpit, and was passing out of his Church, a young lady met him, and with tears in her eyes, taking him by the hand, she said: "Oh, I was never more delighted in my life!—not even in a theatre!" The minister had been preaching to the imagination—had aroused the tender sympathies of the lady; he preached to his heart and conscience.

What does this fact teach? Portray to those unconscious of their guilt and peril the love of Christ in dying for their salvation, and the more faithfully you portray it, the more, indeed, you may arouse their sensibilities, but the whole may only be to them a thing of tragic interest. They will listen and be moved, and they will come again to hear similar exhibitions of truth, that they may be "delighted, even when they weep." The truth is, if we would have a man appreciate the love of Jesus, and feel its power in his heart, we must first convince him that he is a sinner, in peril of perdition—that Jesus must save him, or he is lost.—[Family Treasury.

## Sabbath School Lesson.

July 7th, 1861.

### ABRAHAM AND MELCHIZEDEK.— GEN. 14. 1-24.

1. This is the most ancient war of which we have any authentic account, but doubtless it would not have been recorded in the volume of inspiration had it not contained something prophetic for edification. It was a war caused by oppression to which certain nations submitted for 12 years. V. 2, 3. In the thirteenth year they rebelled. In the 14th year this king returned and chastised them. The chastisement was very complete, v. 10, 11 and among these who suffered was Lot.

2. Lot soon began to suffer the consequence of the choice he made to dwell among sinners. Avarice prompted him to choose for himself the fruitful plains of Sodom, after which he went to reside in that wicked city, the inhabitants of which were sinners before the Lord exceedingly. The wealth of the inhabitants excited the cupidity of plunderers who soon stripped Lot of all his property and he was carried captive. Had not Lot been taken the robbers might have got off. But though some calamity might have been expected to overtake Lot, God would not allow him to be reduced to slavery.

3. Abraham is called *the Hebrew* † 13, probably from the name of Eber his ancestor. Mame is the name of the word from whom the plain was called, v. 13. Abraham became confederate with him, and his brother for mutual defence amidst all the violence and depredation. When Abraham heard of his Nephew's condition, without shrinking from the dangerous enterprise but with courage and resolution he marshalled his men and went forth to the fight. He feared not a numerous and victorious force. He feared not the combination of Kings. But having so good a cause as the relief of his brother, he depended on God and went forth to the engagement. He succeeded in recovering his brother-in-law, and the spoils that had been taken. But notwithstanding the chastisement Lot had already received, he returned to dwell in the plains of Sodom.

4. Melchizedek was the King of Salem, v. 18. Salem was probably the city afterwards called Jerusalem and distinguished in pagan writers by the name Solyma. He was evidently an aged person, venerable for sanctity who ruled over his subjects in righteousness, while they under his mild and equitable reign lived in peace. He also kept up the worship of the true God, and though a king, he officiated as His priest. In these things and many others he was a remarkable type of Christ,

and in reference to his age, rank, piety and priestly character Abram showed him great honour, received his benediction and gave him 'tithes of all his spoils. Bread and wine constituted a suitable refreshment for Abraham's weary followers, and it is remarkable that Christ hath appointed the same as the memorial of his body and blood which are meat and drink indeed.

Melchizedek is the only person expressly spoken of as the priest of the true God before the institution of the Aaramic priesthood.

Learn 1. That the tenth of our income can be regarded as only a reasonable amount for an offering to the Lord. v. 20. ch. 28, 22.

2. That oaths should be taken with great solemnity. Gen. 14, 22.

3. That Christianity is adorned by disinterestedness. Abram went to help his nephew without seeking his own end. v. 23.

4. Melchizedek as king and priest ought to lead us to think of Christ as our king and priest who is a priest after the order of Melchizedek. Heb 5-10.

July 14th, 1861.

### THE MONEY CHANGERS IN THE TEMPLE. John. 2, 13-25.

1. Where do we find Jesus now? v. 12. Who accompanied him? How long did they abide? There is no mention of Joseph, v. 2, 12, as in Luke ii, 41, 51. Although Jesus had formed new connections, and had entered upon his public work, he never forgot his mother, now likely a widow. He watched over her to the last, xix. 26. If Mary had other children, which is likely, Matt. xii. 46; Mark vi. 3, here is an example to the eldest son of a family. To what place do we now find Jesus going? v. 13. What was the attraction there at the time? When young, he showed his love to the courts of the Lord, Luke ii. 42. Now, having entered on his public ministry, he goes as a matter of delightful choice, v. 13, 23; Luke iv. 16. The motive of his youth, Luke ii. 49, and of his opening ministry, Matt. iii. 15, burned in him to the end, xiv. 31.

2. The "merchandise" was the sale of cattle used in sacrifice, Luke ii. 52, 41; and the "changers of money" were those who gave current for foreign coin. This being inconsistent with the sacred purposes for which the temple had been erected, and therefore being an insult to his Father, awakened the zeal of Jesus. This earnestness for the purity of his Father's house, like love to his law, ever burned in him, v. 16, 17, with Matt. xxi. 13. Love cannot bear to see its object insulted. Jesus must have had an humble aspect, Isa. liii. 2; Mark vi. 3, yet the mercenary men promptly

## WHO IS THE ROBBER?

One Sunday a gentleman was going to church. On his way he saw a number of boys playing on the common. He wanted very much to show them how wrong it was for them to be so doing; but he knew that if he began to reprove them they wouldn't listen to him. So he walked leisurely up to them, and sat down on the grass. Presently, in a pleasant, familiar tone, he said, "Boys I want to tell you a story."

Directly they all gathered unsuspectingly around him, and he began as follows:—

"There was once a good man who was noted for his kindness and liberality. At the time of which I speak he was on a journey. As he was pursuing his way along a lonely road, he met a man who represented himself as having suffered a great loss, in consequence of which he was in deep distress. With his usual kindness the good man instantly drew out his purse, and after examining it, he said, 'I have only seven pounds with me; but I think that with one pound I can get to the end of my journey, and you shall have the rest.' With this he handed the man the six pounds. Wasn't that generous?—Wouldn't you have thought that the beggar must have gone off feeling very grateful and contented? Certainly, we should have expected this. But he did no such thing. He was not a beggar, but a robber; and seeing that the good man had still one pound in his purse, he knocked him down with a club, and stole his last pound from him."

The boys were very indignant on hearing this. They all cried out against the shameful conduct of the robber. One of them went so far as to say he didn't think anybody could be found quite so wicked as that.

"Now, stop," said the gentleman; "let me tell you, boys, this is just what *you* are doing. God has given you freely six days out of the seven for your own use.—He has kept only *one* for himself, to be kept holy, and spent in worshipping him; and yet you are so mean as to rob him even of that!"

The boys hung down their heads. They had not a word to say, but broke up their play and went off.—[The King's Highway

submitted to his authority. His actions, like his words, were with power, indicating whose son he was, v. 16; vii. 46; Matt. vii. 29. Besides, they must have *felt they were wrong*, and were therefore easily made to fear, Pro. xviii. 1; Acts xxiv. 25; Matt. xiv. 2.

3. The disciples studied the Old Testament i. 45; all who do so shall partake of their joy, when they see its meaning unfolded, v. 17. This is the work of the Spirit v. 22; and confirms the faith and increases the joy of true inquirers. It is a high luxury to see that "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy," Rev. xix. 10; Luke xxiv. 27-44. When the Jews asked a 'sign' for his authority to do such things in the temple, what was his answer? What temple did they suppose he meant? In what manner, therefore, did they receive the saying? In what terms? But what 'temple' did he mean? Why, call his body the temple? It was a type of him;

"God was in Christ," as in the temple of old, Col. i. 19; 2 Cor. v. 19; 1 Kings viii. 11; Exod. xxv. 22. What was the sign? His resurrection by his own power. When did his disciples understand the saying? Why then, and not now? vii. 39; xiv. 26. When did the sign come to pass? What effect had it upon them? xii. 16; Luke xxiv. 7, 8. What use did his enemies afterwards make of this saying? Matt. xxvi. 61; xxvii. 40. The same truth that is blessed to one is abused by another, 2 Cor. ii. 16.

4. How did Jesus employ himself at the Passover? v. 23; iii. 2. Why did he not commit himself to men? v. 24; vi. 66, 15; xx. 9; Matt. xvi. 21, 22. He knew that many were insincere, and that those who did love him did not know the nature of his kingdom. "He knew what was in man," Matt ix. 4; Jer xvii. 10. Then he was Divine. We should fear to deceive him. Surely we may trust in Him as the Saviour, viii, 24, 25. Our souls should be the temples of the Holy Ghost. Let us desire that he may purge us from whatever is offensive, 2 Cor. vi. 16.—From Glasgow Sabbath School Magazine.

CHRIST ON THE CROSS.—"Meditate much and often on the sufferings of your Lord. You may thus need less personal suffering to teach you to hate the sin that caused them. In all His afflictions be thou afflicted. Be not estranged in sympathy from the best friend of your soul. Live only to be like Him. Let the first desire of your heart be fixed on the attainment of holiness."

## GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS BY REGINALD RADCLIFFE, ESQ.

Dear Friend—Are you *unsaved*? To you I would address the angel's words—*Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.* One says, I have broken God's law in being a drunkard: Fear not! Another—I have been a liar: Fear not! The same word is to every sinner now as was addressed to the trembling shepherds near the town Bethlehem when Jesus was born into our world—Fear not! Whatever your sins may be—"evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousnesses, wickednesses, deceit, lasciviousnesses, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness,"—Fear not! "Why not fear when I am such a sinner, and God is 'of purer eyes than to behold evil' and cannot 'look on iniquity'?" The reason is this: Christ Jesus has come into the world to save sinners; "for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." "For unto us is born a Saviour who is Christ the Lord." Bring before me the most abandoned profligate, whose sins are like "crimson" and "scarlet," and I can say to him, "Fear not," "only believe" in this Saviour, and you, even you, shall be saved upon the spot where you stand.

Some may say, "Stop! you are going too far. We know that man's character better than you do. He is one of the worst of sinners—a lost, abandoned wretch." I do not care how bad he has been; I now come right up to him with God's blessed truth and say even to him, "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." God's gospel is to ALL, and if the blackest sinner receive the "good tidings" and believe on the incarnate Saviour, he shall be saved. The "good tidings," blessed be God, are "to all people"—to the liar, the drunkard, the thief, fornicator, the murderer, the blasphemer, the persecutor—yes, even to that sinner of sinners who has gone careless and unconverted to the holy table of the Lord.

Oh, let me entreat you, men and women, who make a profession of being Christians and are not, to receive the "good tidings"

and be saved. I offer you "salvation with eternal glory" in Christ. I entreat you to be reconciled to God. Am I asking you to do as many have done—be strict Sabbath-keepers, moral, benevolent, charitable, and holy, and thereby endeavour to ingratiate yourselves with God and get His "mercy to pardon?" No! I warn all against such self-righteous and self-deceiving ways, and tell them that if they continue to hang by this rope it will by and by break, and they'll descend right down to the pit of hell! Why, I bring you the "good tidings of great joy" that having come here "dead in trespasses and sins," you may return "quickened together with Christ"—guilty, you may return justified—polluted, you may return holy! How? By endeavouring to be good and please God? No! Only by listening to the "good tidings" about Jesus, who says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me; and him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

Jesus is the way to the Father. He does not say prayers are the way—repentance is the way—eating the sacramental bread and drinking the wine is the way. No! "I am the way, the truth, and the life." We tell you about the blessed Jesus a present Saviour, and ask you simply to come to Him that you may be saved. To go in any other direction than that of the cross of our Lord Jesus is like the woman with the issue of blood going year after year from doctor to doctor and getting no cure, but rather growing worse. One faith's touch of Jesus brought virtue out of Him, and she was healed at once. Now this Christ Jesus—this Living One who was dead—this One who is full of love to sinners—full of healing balm for wounded, dying souls is before you, and the "good tidings of great joy" we bring you are that He is willing and able to save to the uttermost of guilt, pollution, and wrath, "for His blood cleanseth us from all sin."

Jesus can meet the case of the most sinful and hell-deserving one—and Jesus only. Your best religious performances are useless unless you get Him as your Saviour, life, and righteousness. The Scripture does not say your dishonesty is as filthy rags, nor your uncleanness, nor your profanity,

but your "righteousness are as filthy rags"—that is your benevolence, amiability, honesty, alms-giving, and so forth! Ah, take care lest in your mistaken religiousness you go to God in the self-righteous spirit, which if translated into language would read thus—Receive me, O Lord, for I have a good character and a desirable frame of mind, I am very sorry for my sins, I attend the ordinances of grace, I read the Word and pray in my family and in my closet, I give to the poor, and make sacrifices to send the gospel to the heathen—and many other such like things I do: for all that, without Christ, is reckoned by God mere rags—"filthy rags."

Turn your back upon all your own doings. Have no confidence in the flesh. Say, "None but Christ, none but Christ!" and you will make a good beginning. We are not redeemed by tears of penitence—by earnest prayers—by church attendance or benevolent praiseworthy deeds; "but with the precious blood of Jesus Christ." Wherefore listen to the "good tidings" of a Saviour born into our nature that He might die for our sins, and you will be "born again" into His, be saved from all your sins, and have everlasting life.

May 1861.

### "I HAVE NO TIME."

I was talking to a poor woman on a sick-bed, and her husband happened to come in. He was a man who looks after horses for the omnibuses; and I was very glad to get hold of him, to speak to him about his soul. He said, "O, sir! I never have a Sunday. I am all day long on Sunday, and all the week long, so busy, that I cannot attend to these things; I have not any time." "Now," I said, "my good friend, listen to me: suppose, if you were to make twenty minutes more every day of your life, I were to promise at the end of the year to give you a thousand pounds; I ask you to tell me honestly whether you would not contrive to do it?" The man said at once, "Yes, sir, no doubt I should."

Now, there was an honest confession;

the man saw the force of it; he admitted it; it went home to his conscience. Though he had all his time thus filled up, and he was as weary as he could be when he lay down at night, he felt he could get his ten minutes in the morning, and his ten minutes at night, if I would only promise to give him a thousand pounds when the year was over. And, my dear brethren, are there not many of you that would do that; but would not give ten minutes in the morning and ten minutes at night for the sake of a soul that can never die, for the sake of that precious soul within you that wants salvation? And I ask you whether any of you can reply to that? whether there is not some inducement that would lead you to *make* time, however busy you may be.

You that are dressmakers, you that are milliners, you that are shopmen, and you that are operatives; all of you who say you are so busy that you have no time for ten minutes of prayer, and for ten minutes of reading the word of God—I ask of every one of you whether there is not some inducement that should make you give that ten minutes or twenty minutes morning and night? And if there is any inducement in the whole world that can do it, then is there any that can be compared for one instant with the preciousness of the never-dying soul, with your duty to obey the command of your God, your duty earnestly, diligently, without delay, to seek the Lord while he may be found, and to call upon him while he is near?—*Rev. C. J. Goodhart.*

### COUNSEL TO THE YOUNG

Never be cast down at trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.

Troubles never last for ever,  
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

## A FAULTY LINK.

"I can't see it so; and it can't be so," said the blacksmith. He was leaning at his ease against his forge chimney, for it was past six o'clock, and he had knocked off work for the day. His shirt sleeves were still tucked up; however, and his arms were folded carelessly over his broad chest. He was strong of limb and voice; and the words he had just uttered had rolled out in firm, deep tones. Parsons the blacksmith was not by any means an ill-tempered man, but he was positive in a slight degree; perhaps his consciousness of superior power made him peremptory.

"But it is so, Parsons," said the carpenter, who also had finished his work, and looked in at the blacksmith's shop about a job he wanted done on the morrow; "you can't go against Scripture any how."

"I should think not," interposed the village shoemaker, who had brought in his tea-kettle to boil his water for tea at the yet unextinguished forge fire, seeing that it was summertime, and his own kitchen fire was unlighted. "It would be as bad as being an infidel at once to contradict what the Bible says."

"Ah, but," added Everest the tailor, who, seeing Wicks the carpenter entering the blacksmith's shop and Rands the shoemaker following him, had determined to make one of the party, and, nimbly leaping off his board, had stepped across the road in time to join in the good-natured argument. The carpenter had set it on foot, and it took its rise from a sermon they had all heard on the previous Sunday. It may be premised that the tailor liked to side with the blacksmith, if possible, in all disputes; as if he had a feeling of security in going with the stout and firm Parsons. "Ah, but," said Everest, "there are different ways of looking at a thing, and various interpretations of Scripture."

"I don't know," rejoined Mr. Wicks, "we are told, you remember, that no Scripture is of private interpretation."

"Which does not mean that we are to have no thoughts about the Bible for ourselves, I suppose, neighbour Wicks; and that we are to leave it all to ministers to put what interpretation they like upon different parts of it, and we to have ne'er a voice of our own in that matter. Why, man," the blacksmith went on, "that's just like the Roman Catholics. If the priests in England let the people read the Bible (because in a free country they can't very well hinder their doing it), they take care to say, 'Don't think about what you read, good folks; we'll do all that sort of thing for you.'"

"Well, well, I don't hold with that either," said Mr. Rands, hurriedly. "Free inquiry is

every man's birthright—every Englishman's at any rate."

"And so it brings me back to what I said," continued the blacksmith; "I can't see it in the light that Mr. Gresham does. Why he made out, or tried to make out, that a man might be next to an angel."

"Stop, Parsons: he didn't say that a man might be, exactly; he said, if it were possible for a man to be so and so," interposed the carpenter.

"It comes to the same thing, Wicks; but put it your way if you will that if it were possible for a man to be perfect in everything, and yet should commit one sin in all his life, he would be on the same level with the terriblest sinner as ever lived and breathed on the earth. Wasn't that it?"

"Yes, pretty near it, Parsons. On the same level, he said, as wanting salvation by grace, and not earning heaven by works. I think these are pretty nearly Mr. Gresham's own words," replied Wicks.

"Uncommon hard lines, though," cried the tailor: and so, because a man makes a slip or two as he goes along, he is to be put down with the biggest rogues. This may suit Mr. Gresham, but—"

"But what does the Bible say, Everest?" demanded the shoemaker, in some haste.

"You know, Mr. Gresham is not the preacher to say anything at random, without having Scripture to back it; and you remember the texts he brought out to prove his words, such as, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them;' and, 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.' You can't say that Mr. Gresham said more than this, anyhow."

"That's all very well, Rands; I know the Bible says that, and I don't mean to go against the Bible; but to my way of thinking, those texts must have a different sort of meaning than he puts upon them. It does not stand to reason that—" and then the blacksmith repeated the objection he had before urged, in pretty nearly the same words.

"I don't see, however," said the carpenter, in reply, "that it makes much difference to us, Parsons; because I fancy we are not among the almost perfect ones who don't need salvation by grace, as you seem to think. May be the whole don't need a physician, but only such as are sick, as the Lord Jesus Christ said; but then we aren't whole you know."

"That's neither here nor there, Wicks; I am standing up for the principle of the thing—and, according to my views, there's a hitch somewhere."

"And what is the hitch, friend Parsons?" The voice was a grave, pleasant voice; and when the disputant looked round, behold, Mr.

Gresham himself was at the open door. The men looked rather confused at first; they did not know, while they were engrossed with their dispute, that the living subject of it was so near them.

"May be you have heard what we were talking about, sir," said the blacksmith, rather suspiciously.

"Not a word of it, my friend, till you said, 'There's a hitch.' I should not have heard that but for your strong voice, Parsons."

"I beg your pardon, I am sure, sir," returned the blacksmith, apologetically; "I did not suppose you had been intentionally listening."

"Thank you for your good opinion of me. I certainly was not listening; I came about my well-chain. Shall you be able to make a job of it?"

"Yes, sir, there is very little the matter with it; there's only one link defective. It will be ready to-morrow, sir."

"And quite safe, then, you think, for the man going down the well to venture his life upon it?"

"I'll warrant it to bear the weight of three men when that link is set right," replied the blacksmith. "But about this hitch, sir; if you would not mind spending five minutes," added Parsons, who was, after all, partial to his minister, and knew that though he was the sextor of the parish, Mr. Gresham had no pride about him, as he often said, and would as readily stop to give a word of counsel or advice or comfort or instruction to a poor man or woman, or even a child, on the highway, as to inquire this, or Lady that in their drawing-rooms.

So, in short, Mr. Gresham stepped freely into the blacksmith's shed, and heard all about the "hitch" plainly and manfully stated by the doubter.

"You have done me great honour and kindness by speaking so freely to me about my sermon," said Mr. Gresham, when the explanation was finished. "If hearers would do that oftener, and in the kind spirit you have shown, ministers would often be the better for it, and they would very likely preach better sermons into the bargain. Well, now about this 'hitch.' But, first of all, I want a few more words with you respecting my well-chain. Business first, you know," and he smiled pleasantly.

The blacksmith was all attention.

"You say you have examined it, Parsons?"

"Yes, sir, link by link."

"You see, it is necessary for Diver to go down the well to clean it out; and, being a reckless sort of man, I determined to have the chain well examined before he ventures his life upon it."

"A good thing you thought of it, sir; for the faulty link was almost asunder; and the

weight of such a man as Diver would have finished it."

"And only one link in the whole chain is faulty, you say, Mr. Parsons?"

"Only one, sir; I'll warrant all the rest to be sound."

"Is it not singular?"

"There is no accounting for such things, sir," said the blacksmith, speaking confidently on a matter connected with his daily calling: "it is seldom that a chain like this"—and he putting his foot on a huge coil on the floor—"is of the same quality of iron throughout. There are mostly some links weaker than others, and that wear out first, or may be break when there is too much stress upon it. The wonder is that in a chain of this length there are not more faulty links than one."

"True; it is a long chain; and my well is a deep well."

"Two hundred feet or more, sir; I ought to know, for I have plumbed it, and been down to the bottom of it before now, sir, into the bargain."

"And how many links to a foot, Parsons?" Mr. Gresham asked.

"The blacksmith took out his rule and measured. "Eight, sir."

"There will be sixteen hundred links in the chain then," replied Mr. Gresham, who seemed absorbed by this matter of business with the blacksmith, while the three other men stood looking on.

"Over sixteen hundred, sir; nearer eighteen, sir."

"True, I had forgotten. Well; and every one of those sixteen or eighteen hundred links is perfect, Mr. Parsons? You are quite sure."

"All but one, sir, as I said before. Yes, sir, as sure as can be."

"You will be kind enough, then, to send the chain back to-morrow."

"Yes, sir; as soon as I have taken out the faulty link, and made the chain safe."

"Oh, never mind about one link being faulty, Parsons," said Mr. Gresham.

"Sir!"

"What is one link? What can it signify that one link in sixteen or eighteen hundred is wrong, if all the rest are right?"

The blacksmith rubbed his head. He saw the drift of Mr. Gresham's question, but he did not like to own it. "I should think it would make all the difference, sir, if I were in Diver's place, and had to trust my life to the chain."

"Do you mean that you would not go down my well at the end of a chain that had, let us say, 1799 strong, sound, and trust-worthy links in it, capable, as you said just now, of

bearing the weight of three such men as you in safety?"

"Not if there was one weak link in it, sir, that I felt sure would not bear my weight: as well all be faulty as one, every bit sir, for any safety there would be in the chain."

"Do you really think so?"

"I certainly do, sir."

"Well, being sure of it, you may as well set the chain to rights. And now, to change the subject, we will go back to this hitch of yours, my friends, if you please."

The carpenter smiled; the shoemaker rubbed his hands; the tailor put his into his pockets; the blacksmith rubbed his forehead; and then he said, in a subdued tone, "You have beat me, sir. I see what you mean; and looking at it in the light you put it in, there's not any hitch, sir, that I can see."

"Ah, I fancied you would say so," replied Mr. Gresham, kindly; "and I think you can understand how it must be that though we may keep the whole law of God—the good and perfect law—seventeen hundred and ninety-nine times, or seventeen million times, and fail once, we cannot depend on our uniform obedience for eternal safety; but, if we are saved, it must be by grace alone, as much as though every link in the chain of obedience were rotten throughout."

"I see it, sir; I see it now," said the blacksmith.

"And yet," said Mr. Gresham, "the two cases do not agree in all points, as generally happens when people try to illustrate great truths in figurative language. Do you see where the difference is, either of you?"

"I think I do partly, sir; but I would rather you should say where it is," said the carpenter.

"Well, our friend Parsons can repair the defect in my well-chain, and make it as good as ever; but one single transgression of the Divine law cannot be repaired. The link is broken, and the poor soul depending on that faithless chain, is already falling—falling."

"I see, sir," said the blacksmith, almost with a shudder as the idea presented itself to his mind of a man falling down a well. He had been down a well, and could realize the horror of such a situation.

"But then the almighty arm of Divine mercy plunges down, reaches to the lowest depths of human misery and hopelessness. But perhaps you would not lay hold on that gracious hand, my friend, seeing that only one link had broken, while all the rest were sound?"

"Wouldn't I, sir? wouldn't I grip it? Yes, sir; and you have beat me out and out," said

the honest, hearty blacksmith—"and I see now that salvation must be of grace."

"And 'not of works, lest any man should boast," added Mr. Gresham; and then the little group thoughtfully dispersed.—*Tract Magazine.*

### A SCRAP FROM GOUGH.

I was lecturing in a small town once, and when the lecture was over, many persons came up to sign the pledge. A number of young ladies were standing by, and were looking at the signers with interest. Directly some of them came to me, 'Mr. Gough, go out there at the door and get Joe to sign the pledge.' 'Why, I don't know Joe.' 'Well, he is standing out by the door.' Out I went, and standing there was a poor fellow, with an old tattered cap on his head, torn shirt, dirty clothes, old boots, and a woe-begone look. Says I to myself this must be Joe, 'How do you do Joe?' said I. 'How do you do, sir.' 'Joe I want you to sign the pledge.' 'What for?' 'Why, Joe, those ladies there sent me after you.' 'What, who? why I didn't think that I had a friend in the world.' 'Come on, Joe, come on,' said I. He stopped, and said, 'Look here, some fellows told me to bring a bottle of liquor in the meeting to-night, and get up and say, here's to your health! They said they would give fifty cents if I did. Them's 'em all long the gallery up there; there they are. I ain't going to do it.' He went to the door, and we heard him smash the bottle on the steps. He came in and went up to the table and commenced to write his name, but he could not do it; so he braced himself and caught hold of his arm, but he could not. Says he, 'Look here, that's my mark.'

Then the ladies came up and shook hands with him, but he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and now and then he wiped a tear away. 'Stick to it, Joe,' says one. 'All right, Joe, all right.'

Some three years after that I was in the same place, and while going along the street I saw a gentleman coming along dressed in a good suit—nice black hat, boots cleaned, and a nice shirt collar, with a lady on his arm. I knew it was Joe. Says I, 'You stuck to it, didn't you?' 'Yes sir, I stick to that pledge, and the girls have stuck to me ever since.'

Some people think when they have persuaded a drunkard to sign the pledge they have done. It's a mistake; its then he wants your help. He is at the bottom of the hill, lower than the common level; he must climb; it's hard work; he commences tremulously, feebly, doubtingly; he raises his feet, he gets a little way, and becomes faint; you see he is about to give way; run up and put a little peg right under his feet; there, see he rests, he's tired; he starts again, fearing as he goes higher, he gazes around him and looks wearied; he has worked hard and stops; put another peg under his feet; he rests; help him up; peg him right up; and when he gets up, he'll look and see those little pegs all along, and he will not forget them, but bless and remember you.

‘I Could not go without Jesus.’

Captain R—, of the Sailor's Home, was recently speaking of a pious sailor, one of their boarders, who spent much time in trying to do good to his brother seamen in their boarding houses and other places. One morning he noticed him coming out of his room and going forth into the streets, shortly after he returned to his chamber, and after remaining there some time he again came down to go out. Captain R. having observed something peculiar in his manner, inquired after the reason of his movements. He replied, “After I got out I found Jesus was not with me; I could not go without Jesus, so I went back to find him. Now he is with me, and I can go.

How simple and beatiful the lesson!

Minister of Christ! do you feel that Jesus is with you when you issue from your study to enter your pulpit or to visit your people or neighbors at their homes? If not, do you feel that you cannot go without him.

Labourer for Jesus! how is it with you when you go to your class, or to hold your prayer-meeting, or visit your district? Is it ever said after such meetings with them, or with each other, “Did not our heart burn within us while HE talked with us by the way, while he opened to us the Scriptures?”

THE MEANS OF AWAKENING SINNERS.

Do we fully use the awakening means?—The testimony of Jesus is our quickening power. Is Christ, then, the pulse of our whole teaching—Christ uplifted in the majesty of his person—the glories of his office—the beauty of his grace—the tenderness of his love—the unchangeableness of his purpose—the completeness of his work—the omnipotence of his might—the all-sufficiency of his merits—the prevalence of his intercession—the perfection of his righteousness—the preciousness of his promises! The gospel nobly preached is the main channel of the Spirit's entrance. If we open these sluice-gates, heavenly floods descend. If we close them, no Spirit helps, and no work is done. A pastorate, not rich in Christ, leaves parishes devoid of life.

But if teaching be pure, it is enforced by saintliness of walk? Example helps or hinders mightily. If Paul in the pulpit becomes Demas in the parish, Demas may be followed—Paul ignored. Vain, that the lip sows well, if the hand plucks up.

Next, the mercy-seat offers supplies of strength; do we draw near, and largely take? If prayer be rare, its gain is small. If it be faithless, it has no ascending wing. Often the pastor's saddest loss is from his unbending knee.

But when in all points the ministry is exact and faithful, still too many in our parishes slumber. Is it not then time to ask, Can new modes be used to rouse them? When salvation is concerned, no zeal can be excessive. All within power should be done—decently, indeed, and in order—with the sobriety of heavenly wisdom—in the calmness of sound mind—in accordance with Scriptural rule—in the dignity of devout solemnity; but all within power should be done. If, then, the stereotyped performances are too narrow, shall not their boundaries be enlarged? All, who have hears, assent.

In the warmth of this feeling, much new action has recently been tried. Special services have broken long continued calm. Heralds of the Lord have sought the out-casts in highways and hedges. Assemblies have been convened for frequent prayer. Thus, during the last year, unwonted

energy has besieged heaven and stormed earth. We wait the result. And while we wait, let not efforts wax faint.

Especially let the effort be continued of united prayer. But in urging this, let me add the warning, that scrupulous discretion should guide such meetings, now so general, large, and influential. Satan watches—trembles—and will strive to mar. He can work mischief through praying, as through preaching, lips. Platforms of prayer, then, even as pulpits, must be most wisely guarded.

Let united prayer bring down the Spirit on our people. The first result will be, the crowded sanctuary. Next, Christian activity will animate each walk of life.—When we ask for men and means to spread the gospel, we shall no longer mourn a cold response. Spiritual men live only to serve Christ. All they are, and all they have, points to one polar star. Tell them of fellow men, unrescued from nature's wreck, and they hasten to push forth the missionary life-boat. Tell them of Satan ruling undisturbed, and their hands grasp the Christian sword. Tell them of their Lord without a witness, and they cannot sit still.

Gain, then, by unfainting cries, the Spirit's vivifying presence, and then wilderness-parishes will bloom as lovely gardens of godly zeal. They will quicken to the fight of faith—to the mortification of self—to the luxury of doing good—to heroism in storming sin's strongholds—to the delight of hastening the Redeemer's kingdom.

Brethren, would you see this? Think then more highly of what you may achieve. Labour for these full results.—Remember what promises are yours, and whose presence is your pledged support. But above all, seek the Holy Ghost, as your arm of power.—[Archdeacon Law.

“The turning which constitutes salvation is, supremely, all God's gift, and subordinately, doing all the of man. From the spring-head in the heart, to the outermost streams of life, He makes all things new; and yet the man himself must, at God's bidding, turn from all iniquity.”—[Rev. W. Arnot, “Illustrations of the Book of Proverbs.”

### Scraps of Good News.

The London religious anniversaries of the present year have been of fair average interest. Several of the societies had to report a slight decrease of income, but others had increased. A considerable advance having been made in the revenue of all foreign missionary societies after the Mutiny of 1857 in India, it is satisfactory to observe that the advance is likely to be maintained. The liberality is still far from proportionate to the work to be done. The great number of new openings on the Continent and in China demand a scale of Christian giving greater than has yet been approached. We hope next year to see a large increase reported, especially for all societies conducting operations on the Continent of Europe. The harvest is plenteous, and the labourers are, in many instances, to be had, but the means are wanting to equip them for the journey. We are accustomed to represent our missionary contributions as large.—They are so, when compared with the penuriousness of the past, but when considered in the light of the requirements of the age and of the spirit of the gospel, they are still miserably small. We are glad to see that a new movement is in progress for drawing attention to this subject. A breakfast and evening meeting for the encouragement of a systematic system of giving to Christian purposes, took place among the other Christian gatherings of the year.

The London Missionary Society's meeting was of special though melancholy interest. No such harrowing tale of missionary trials and martyrdom has been recorded since the death of Mr. Williams on the shores of Erromanga. The majority of the little band sent up into the centre of Africa have perished by either poison or disease. The details given by Mr. Price, one of the survivors, are most touching.—A heroic Christian spirit seems to have characterized all the sufferers to the last. Their bodies have been laid in the graves of the desert—a security that the country of the Makololo shall yet be taken possession of by their Lord. Mr. Price and his companions are willing to return, but the

Directors will probably defer for a time the renewal of their recent attempt.

The state of affairs in Romish countries of the Continent is encouraging. A little tract has been circulated rapidly through Paris, and other parts of France, written in a plain, forcible style, treating the power of the Pope with contempt, and calling attention to the simplicity of apostolic religion. It is not, as supposed by the *Times* connived at by the Government, but it has circulated very largely in defiance of the attempt of the Government to put it down. The writing of such tracts is the true method of going to work. A few of the same kind adapted to present circumstances, and written in such a way as to catch the ear of the people, might be probably circulated in millions in Italy.—[News of the Churches.

### Revival Intelligence.

The Rev. Mr. Gailey, of Annan, in relating the progress of the Revival Movement in Annan, made these instructive statements:—"I must now mention that there was a little prayer meeting got up by a very dear Christian friend, known to most of the brethren who have visited us—a woman full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost. Longing and praying she had been for years, lying on her sick bed, for an outpouring of God's Spirit. She invited a few Christian friends to meet with her once a fortnight, which was as much as her strength could bear; and so far as prayer going before is concerned, we are able to trace the blessing to a large extent to that little fortnightly prayer meeting. It just shows to what a small rill our great rivers can be traced, and gives encouragement to a believing heart by showing to any one laid on a sick bed, far from the world, what a power they may be able to wield when they can go to God in believing prayer.

I was going to speak of an aged man who was called on to tell what the Lord had done for him. Here was my old friend sitting under the pulpit for seven or eight years, and if I had been asked to point out one of the truly Christian members of my Church, I would have named him among them—a man who was never absent from the Lord's table. I have had conversation after conversation with him, and it was a

case of being born again; it was his first saving conversion to the Lord Jesus. And oh! he is a delightful specimen; and God has given him his whole family. One of his daughters—he is a man in humble life—carries joy on her very countenance. In passing your eye over the multitude in the gallery, you could not pass her face when you came to it, without seeing the ray of heavenly light there. I was called on unexpectedly to be present at the coffining of a child. When waiting for the coffin to come in, as usual I was speaking very personally to those present, trying to improve the event. I was pointing out as plainly as I could the way of peace with God—the A B C of peace with God. I thought the spiritual state of some required it. When I paused and looked up, the father was leaning forward, his face brightened, and he said to me—oh! how instructively—Oh, sir, I am beyond that stage. He told me that his mind had been deeply stirred before on the subject of personal religion, and that he attended the meetings, and had conversations with ministers and others—myself among them, though I did not recollect of it—and being in the field one day labouring with four companions, he turned up a sod of clay, and turned up with it, a penny. He stooped down to grasp it, just, as he said, because he attached a certain value to it, though not a greater value than it was worth. The thought then immediately occurred to him—Do you set any value on Jesus and on peace with God, as you set a certain value on the various things of the world? That Sir, he said, was the making of me for eternity; I was enabled to lay my soul on Jesus, and I have not had a day of darkness, or distrust, or distress of soul since. And what a change that makes now, he said. Had this stroke come upon me in the days of my darkness, it would have crushed me to the ground. But, oh! now, sir, I not only know that God is wise in the doing of that thing, but I feel that God is kind in the doing of it.

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