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VICTORY.

BY RICHARD WEAVER.

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.—1 John, v. 4.

We are told in the 11th chapter, of the Hebrews, which I read to you just now, that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." If you ask many people at the present time who profess to be Christians whether they are saved, they say they hope they are. If you speak to them and say, "Well my dear friend," or "My dear brother," or "My dear sister, are you saved?" they say, "I hope I am; I think I am." Now I am told in God's Word that faith is the substance of things hoped for, and if a man has got a thing why doth he yet hope for that thing that he has got? "He that believeth on the Son hath (not shall have, but *hath*) everlasting life." We know there are a great many people who try to persuade us to believe different things from these, and they try to persuade us that it is not all of faith, but I believe that it is all of faith.

I know what some went and talked about the other night when I told the people they were not to go home to pray. But what I said then I rehearse again to-night. God Almighty has not said in his blessed Word that he that prays shall be saved, but whosoever believeth shall be saved.—I know and love prayer as well as you, or else I would not pray; but "without faith it is impossible to please God," and a man that is unconverted has not got faith, because faith is a taking God at his word; faith is a trusting in Christ. Christ is the foundation, and faith is the relying upon that foundation. Christ is the Saviour; faith is taking that Saviour to be my Saviour. Christ is life; faith is taking that life to be life. I believe that prayer is a fruit of faith, and if there is no faith there will be no prayer; and you might pray from now till next year if you like, but if you have no faith you will never be saved. It is thy faith that makes thee whole; not that thy faith saves thee, but it trusts in what Christ has done to save thee. It is not the gas-pipe that gives the light; it is

the gas; but then the gas-pipe brings the gas from the pipe in the street into the chapel, and so we get the light. Faith is not salvation, but faith is the channel, and then out of Christ, the salvation comes to us.

Christ for me; that is the language of my heart again to-night, and I say now what I told you last night, that I always feel that I must preach about Christ, and then if I preach about Him I shall have the victory. I may talk to you about the old saints, but if I do not talk about Christ our meeting will be of no good. It is Christ that saves poor sinners, and if it is a Christless sermon I am sure it will be a useless sermon, because if there is no Jesus there will be no salvation. God has said, "This is the record, that he hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." So that if we keep the Son out, there will be no life, it will be all death; but if Christ be here, we shall have the victory.

What a blessed word that is—victory! It often stimulates me amidst the trials and conflicts I have to contend with in this world—victory. It often animates my soul as I am plodding my way through this poor sin-blighted world—victory.—and if we were to stand on a battle-field where the bomb-shells and the balls were flying, and the spears were glittering, and the swords flashing before us, we should see men riding on their horses, and they would be cheered and animated by the thought of victory. Yes, and the Christian is on a battle-field, and the thing that cheers him is the thought of victory.—God commands us to war the good warfare, to fight the good fight, and to lay hold of eternal life, and then by-and-by we shall have the victory. Victory means getting above difficulty and perplexity, over all the difficulties we meet with in this evil world, and over the great enemy we have to fight with.

Victory means getting the conquest

over them all. And bless the Lord, people do get the victory, don't they? To be sure. We have seen it many times in our own houses. I have had to work in a coal-pit, and sometimes I have had to go to work in the morning without a bit of bread, and I have had to go and work hard, and then I have thought, "Oh, but I shall get the victory over poverty," and that has cheered me on. And you people here in business, you have been like that sometimes, haven't you? Circumstances have been bad with you sometimes, you could not see your way clear, everything seemed blocked up, your bills came in, and you trembled at everybody that came into the shop, lest it was somebody going to ask you to pay their bill. And then you have said, "Well if I could but get another quarter, or a little time, I could work round again and get the victory," And so shall we get the victory. Bless the Lord, we are determined to fight on. We don't believe in scepticism, or anything else of that sort; and, bless the Lord, we believe that we shall get the victory over it. Victory. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." May the Lord help us to think about it and rejoice in it.

If we begin to look at all the good old prophets and saints, and the men of God that ever trod on this sin-blighted world, if we begin to think about our good old forefathers, we shall see that they were all saved by faith, and that, bless the Lord, being justified by faith they had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Look at old Noah, who rode upon the billows of the mighty deep. What was it that saved him from being drowned? It was faith. God commanded him to do something, and it was believing God and taking God at his word that made him build the ark and ride safely on the bosom of the mighty deep. And I tell thee, my brother, that there is an ark now, the Ark of the everlasting covenant. It is not made of the gopher-wood, but, bless the Lord, it is made of a beam called Christ, and if thou gettest into it thou wilt be saved. The Lord help thee. We have all our ships, our Great Easterns and our Great Westerns, and I remember when I was at Liverpool going to see the Great Britain.— But they found the Great Britain would

not sail, and they had to take her to pieces and make her up again; but, bless the Lord, we have no call to do that with the Gospel ship, for she can carry all her passengers safe to the better country. Many of us are passengers, cabin passengers, or on deck, or somewhere. May the Lord help you to get on board.

Then take the case of Enoch; what a good man old Enoch must have been. Sometimes I think I should like to see him, and if I cannot see him here, why, I shall see him up yonder. What a good man he must have been, for it says he walked with God. To be sure, I believe in that sort of religion; talking and walking with God. If we have got a dear friend in this world we like to walk and talk with him. I have my dear partner down in Lancashire, and we talk to one another through the post, and if I do not get a letter from her I think there is something the matter with her down at Manchester. We can talk with God through the post of faith, and glory be to God, it doesn't take long to bring a letter backwards and forwards. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." Enoch must have been a happy man, and that is a happy man who walks with God. What a blessed thing it is to walk by faith like Enoch did; he even overcame death, didn't he? Thou wast a happy man, Enoch, to ride in a chariot to heaven. Glory be to God, he walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.

Then the case of old Gideon, he was down in a barn threshing; as he is threshing there in the barn and turning the straw over and over, a strange being comes in and looks at him. Gideon looks up at him, and he says, "What dost thou come here for? Dost thou want me to sell my wheat to thee, or what dost thou want?" "No, Gideon, the enemies of the Lord and of the most High are come up here, and I want thee to take a pitcher and a lamp and go out to battle." "Go to battle with a pitcher and a lamp! Let me go and get swords, and slings, and stones." "Nay, nay, Gideon; God saith He'll give thee the victory." "Then I'll go whether I have a pitcher and a lamp or not; if God will go with me I will go." And he did go and they that were with him; and when he and his host were there,

he cried, "Now, lads, let's break the pitchers;" and they did break the pitchers, and the enemies of God were defeated.— And glory be to God we can break the pitchers, and then the enemies of God will be defeated. May heaven help us. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." May God increase it to-night.

And then look at the good old Psalmist, David. His father's name was Jesse, and he was a keeper of sheep. Look at him as he stands there with his staff in his hand leading the sheep out, and then look at him as he is there playing on his harp in the fields of Palestine yonder. What is that he is going to do just now? A ravenous beast comes and takes hold of one of the sheep. David put by his harp, and up he gets and rushes after the old bear and says, "Stop, old bear; I come to thee in the name of the Lord, and I will hurl thee down." He takes the lamb out of his mouth and slays the bear. And he did the same with the lion. "Ah," he shouted, "there is a greater than thee; the Lion of the tribe of Judah can defeat thee." He comes up to him and catches him by the beard and slays him, and gets the victory over him. Yes, and we have the lion out of hell to contend with; but glory be to God we can conquer him, for the Lion of the tribe of Judah is greater than he, and we shall get the victory through faith, for "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith."— God help us to-night.

Then there is the grand story of Joshua and Caleb. You talk about valiant men and men of fame: but give me old Joshua and Caleb. They were brave men. The children of Israel begin to tremble, and Caleb looks to Joshua and says, "Joshua, is thy heart as my heart?" "Yes it is, Caleb." "Then we are alike, and if nobody else will go with us, be of good courage, and if the men there are as big again as what they are we will go up, and we will have the land." Yes, and they did go up, and then they went to Jericho, and then they knew that they were going to take the city, and that the walls would totter down. There were plenty of people at the time who would be ready to say, "Why, what are those fanatics going to do?" "Ah, we are going to take your city; we are but a few feeble men, and we

have no swords, and bayonets, and pike; we only have some rams'-horns." "Ah," says the people, as they come and stand on the wall, "what is it they have got? Only a few rams'-horns; there is not one single silver horn among them." "Yes, but come down from the wall or else you will fall and be crushed to death." But then the seventh day comes round, and the faint-hearted Israelites begin to look at poor Joshua, and they say, "We have gone round six days, and we can't see a breach in the wall yet." "Ah," said Joshua, "the Lord didn't tell us there would be, but he has commanded us to go round on the seventh day, and He has said that He will give the city into our hands." So the people went round again, and then the seventh time the people began to shout with a great shout, and they all blew their rams'-horns, and there was an Armstrong gun from heaven that smote the wall, and down it all tumbled in a heap, and then the children of Israel could say that victory was theirs. The Lord help you. Bless the Lord, I believe we shall have the victory just now. I believe that scepticism shall be tumbled down, and that God will be all in all. Oh, may heaven bring it down, and may the Lord help us.

And then look at the three lads. Bless the Lord, they were brave boys, and had good courage: and when they would not bow down to the king's image, he commanded that they should be cast into the fiery furnace. He told them to bow down to the image, but they would not. How is that? "Well," they say, "we must serve the Lord; and if we are to be burned for it we don't care, for God will come and support us." And then they carry them to the furnace. Look at those three poor boys yonder, and as they are carrying them to the furnace I think we can hear them talking to one another; and one says to the other, "Look up now, Shadrach, for this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith; the Lord will come with us, and help us." Aye, and poor Shadrach began to take heart, and then they got them close to the furnace, and they could not put them in at first because the flames burned the men that had them, but at last they are pushed in by others.— Ah, but they don't get burned, do they?

To be sure they don't; and when the old king comes and looks down into the furnace, he sees four there, and he says, "Did we cast three men into the furnace?" "We did, O king." "Lo now there are four, and the form of the fourth is like unto the Son of the living God." To be sure; and I tell thee, my dear brother, that thy faith will help thee out of thy fiery trials. "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you as if some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

Then take the case of poor old Daniel, too, when he went down into the den of lions. The old king had him put in there; and then when he came to look in, in the morning, he said, "Oh, Daniel, art thou there alive? I thought thou hadst been devoured." "Nay, O king, the God whom I serve is able to stop the mouths of these lions, and he sent and lockjawed them all." "But how is that, Daniel?" "Why the Lord sent his angel and locked all their mouths!" Ah, bless the Lord, Daniel used to pray three times a-day, didn't he? Ah, and we know something about this. We know what it is to have to do with the lion of the pit. But then we know that we have with us—

"The Lion of Judah who breaks every chain,
And gives us the victory again and again."

Bless the Lord, "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—May the Lord increase it to-night.

And then we can turn our attention to the men who first went about preaching the Gospel of Christ—Peter, and Paul, and John, who, with their grey hairs and furrowed cheeks, went out preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. And what did they preach? "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Yes, and sinners were converted and devils were defeated, and many cried out, "The blood of Christ has saved me." Oh, may his power be here to-night, and may the Lord help us while we talk about Christ!

And then we call to our remembrance the times of the Reformation. In travelling about from town to town I have come

into the places where our forefathers in the gospel used to preach, and I have felt glad to be there. I went to one place, called Kingswood, near Bristol, and I saw the place where Wesley and Whitfield had been, and before I went away a dear friend showed me where John Wesley used to be, a place called Kingswood College. When I went into one of the rooms I looked at a square of glass, and there I saw Mr. Wesley's own hand-writing, and as I looked at that dear man's writing I thought how I should like to buy the square of glass; but when I began to talk of that they said they would not take five pounds for it. When the lady knew it was the poor collier, she asked me to pray; and I knelt me down there and prayed on the very boards where Wesley used to pray. And after that, when I was going to preach, I thought of what I had heard about the colliers of Kingswood, and how the tears used to roll down their black faces when Whitfield was preaching to them. When I went to preach they set me on a form, and told me that that was the very spot where Whitfield used to preach; and as I stood there, I prayed for God to give me the same power that he had; and when I began to preach to hundreds of the people and to tell about the truth of God, and about Christ who died to redeem them, I saw the tears roll down the poor colliers' cheeks, and as they rolled down, the cry of the congregation was, "Lord save me!" I preached there two nights, and God blessed my labours, and the people said, "Richard Weaver, there has never been such days at Kingswood since the days of Wesley and Whitfield; the Lord has blessed your labours, and we can say that we have got the victory." Oh the Lord help us! "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith."

Luther would never have gone to Worms if he had not had Christ with him; but he did not care for all the popes and priests in the world, nor for all the devils in hell, because God was with him. He said that if there were as many devils as there were tiles upon the houses he would go; and he did go, and thank high heaven he overcame them all. Look at him as he stands yonder. I know the Papists don't like him much because he was their enemy. But he had the love of Christ in his

heart, and he knew what the victory was; he knew that this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith; and that being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

And then look at old Calvin. If you don't see eye to eye with him, yet he had the love of Christ, and he knew that Christ died for sinners, and that being justified by faith we have peace with God. And then look at yonder man in Scotland, with sorrow on his countenance, but with love in his heart. He stands before the Queen, and she trembles, and bless the Lord, Christ triumphed in Scotland, and triumphs yet. And when we begin to turn our attention to Wesley and Whitfield, and to our forefathers, we ask how it was they did such great things. Why, it was through their faith; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. And then we can remember poor old Richard Baxter, and how he went out into Kidderminster and shouted, "Sinners of Kidderminster, here is a poor sinner like yourselves, but I am washed in the blood;"—and he tells them of the love of Christ, and they cry, "Lord, save or I perish."—Yes, and we have men in the present day; there is Spurgeon, and there are others who are gathering in the thousands, and pointing them to Christ, who taketh away the sins of the world; and we are gaining the victory, and we shall gain it, my soul believes it, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. May God help us to go on, my friends. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." I don't care for all the sceptics in England. Bless the Lord, we have faith, and we believe that we shall conquer and get the victory. Bless the Lord, the gospel is preached, and sinners of all sorts are coming and finding liberty. May liberty come to your poor hearts to-night. The Lord help us to get the victory.

Some people want to go to heaven to see the Lord, but I like to bring God down amongst us. I do not want to go to heaven yet; I'd like to stop here and do all the good I can, and try to stop the harm the devil is doing, and when I have done fighting here, then I'll go to heaven to see the Lord there. The Lord help us to live to him, and to fight the good fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil,

and then, bless the Lord, we shall get the victory, for this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. We all have our fights and our trials. Experience tells us that we have to fight valiantly. Ah, and bless the Lord, that is the soldier He likes, isn't it—the valiant soldier? Oh! bless high heaven, we are to be like sentinels, and we are never to go to sleep.—You would not expect to go by Buckingham Palace and see the soldiers, who are always walking about there, asleep! I have not been about London much, but I remember going near St. James's Park, and seeing some men there with great high boots and white trousers, sitting on their horses; well, you would not expect to go there and find those men asleep. But how many Christians have fallen asleep who ought to be watching for souls; how many who profess to be believers have fallen asleep! May the Lord help us to keep awake. It is our duty to be awake and to stand on the watch for the enemy. You remember when the archangel was contending with the devil for the body of Moses, he said to the devil, "The Lord rebuke thee," and the devil was defeated at once. Yes, it is our duty to stand upon the watch-tower, watching for souls and watching against the enemy, with our swords ready drawn; ah, and the more the sword is dipped in the blood the better it will cut. May the Lord bless us and help us. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." May the Lord increase it to night.

If we have faith we shall have souls saved. People say to me, "How is it Weaver, that the Lord blesses your labours so?" Well, I don't know, except it is because I trust in God. There is nothing else. Bless the Lord, I believe He will work here to-night. Only believe on Christ and you will be saved. It depends upon what God has done, and not upon what we do. I tell you he has done it all, and that he can save you. If anybody had told me years ago that I should have been saved, and should have done what I have, I should not have believed him. When I say to my wife sometimes, "Well, lass, I do not know how it is that people come to hear me, and how it is the Lord blesses my labours" she says, "Well, you know, you ask for it; you know you trust in the

Lord, and that is how it is, and he that trusteth in the Lord shall never be confounded." Ah, may the Lord help us. We have been praying for God to make bare his arm in the present day, and I believe he will. Oh Lord, awake, awake; thine own immortal strength put on; with terror clothed hell's kingdom shake, and bring the foe with fury down in London to-night. May God shake him out of your hearts.

I say to you all, the blood can save you. You have been sitting here perhaps a poor degraded character; too bad to live, too bad to die, too bad to go to prison; too bad to go anywhere, but just not too bad to go to hell. The blood can save you. May the Lord bless you. I know a poor deluded drunkard, who blasphemed God's name, and ruined his family, and did everything that was bad. This man went home one night when his wife had been out washing: I think it was ten pence she had for her day's work, and the man said, "Give me that money." She said, "I want to buy my children some bread for to-morrow, when I am out washing." He said he would have it, and they began struggling, and then he began to beat her—and his little child came in and got between her father and mother, and looked at the father and said, "Oh father, don't beat my mother; beat me father, but don't beat my poor mother." The father looked at his little child, and pushed her out of the way, and struck her till the blood poured out of her little face, and she still cried to her father not to beat her mother, and then she said, "Lord save my father." I was sent for while they were quarrelling in that way, and when I went into the house the poor man seemed cowed down, and ashamed of the wrong he had done. I knew that the poor woman was a child of God, and that God had given her liberty. When I went in the little girl said, "Mr. Weaver, doesn't it say that whatever we ask in faith, believing, it shall be done?" "Yes, it does, my dear," said I. "Then let you, and my mother, and me, ask God to save my father," she said. "We love him, don't we mother?" "Yes, we do," said the poor mother. "Very well, then, Mr. Weaver," said the little girl, "let us pray for him." "That is right," I said. And the little girl knelt down and prayed,

and she said, "My friend Richard Weaver, and I, and my mother, agree to ask Thee to save my father: O Lord, save my father." She prayed, and then her mother prayed, and while they were praying I got up and talked to him, and while I was talking to him I saw the big tear begin to roll down his cheek, and he dropped the money out of his hands on to the floor, and at last he knelt down, too. I told him though he had been a bad and a wicked father, the blood could save him. He was there groaning for liberty, and prayed for ten or twenty minutes. At last the poor little girl put up her hands and she said, "Oh, my God, save my father this moment; save my father now." And as she prayed it pleased the Lord to set him free, and he jumped up and cried, "Glory be to God: I do believe; I do believe; I do believe." Ah, yes, "This is the victory that overcometh hell, even our faith." May the Lord help you to have faith to-night. The Lord save the transgressors. You that blaspheme his name, you that have lost your character, you that robbed your family to get drink, I tell you, have faith in Christ, and his blood will cleanse you. May God save thee, sinners.

From 2nd series of Weaver's addresses now preparing.

ROMISH ERRORS OF SALVATION.

Dr. Huntington well says that the one great heart of error in the system of Romanism is, that "*what man must do* is put as the ground of the sinner's justification, instead of what Christ has done and is ever doing. Confidence in man's obeying a commandment, and discharging his debt is put for faith in the Saviour dying once and living for evermore in the believer's heart. *Works done to procure salvation supersede works done as an offering of love and faith for salvation procured.* Penance crowds out penitence, in the Romanist's spiritual life, as it does in his translation of the New Testament. He payes the price of salvation—and loses a Saviour." But we may add that this "great heart of error" palpitates everywhere through the race, excepting where the "new heart" is wrought by the Divine Spirit.

ARE YOU FORGIVEN ?

Reader, do you see the question which stands at the head of this page? It is just possible you may not understand its meaning. Perhaps you may think, "Whom have I injured?—Whom have I defrauded?—Whom have I wronged? Whose confidence have I forfeited?—What need have I of forgiveness?"

I answer, it is not an earthly forgiveness I am asking about, but a heavenly one. I do not enquire whether you are forgiven in the sight of men, but whether you are forgiven in the sight of God. The question I desire to press home on your consciences is simply this, "Are you a pardoned soul?"

1. *Let me shew you, first, your need of forgiveness.*

All men need forgiveness, because all men are sinners. He that does not know this, knows nothing of religion. It is the very A B C of Christianity, that a man should know his right place, and understand his deserts.

We are *all great sinners*. Sinners we were born, and sinners we have been all our lives. We take to sin naturally from the very first. No child ever needs schooling and education to teach it to do wrong. No devil or bad companion ever leads us into such wickedness as our own hearts.—And the wages of sin is death. We must either be forgiven, or lost eternally.

We are *all guilty sinners* in the sight of God. We have broken his holy law.—We have transgressed His precepts. We have not done his will. There is not a commandment in all the ten which does not condemn us. If we have not broken it in deed, we have in word; if we have not broken it in word, we have in thought and imagination—and that continually.—Tried by the standard of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, there is not one of us that would be acquitted. And as it is appointed unto all men once to die, so after this comes the judgment. We must either be forgiven, or perish everlastingly.

Reader, you may not perhaps like what I am saying. I have no doubt such language as this sounds extravagant to some. You think I am going much too far. But mark well what I am about to say next, and then consider whether I have not used

the words of soberness and truth.

What, then, I ask, is *the life of the best Christian* amongst us all? What is it but one great career of shortcomings? "There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not." (Eccles. vii. 20.) "In many things (says the apostle James) we offend all." (James iii. 2.)

And *what is the best action* that is ever done by the very best of Christians?—What is it after all but an imperfect work, when tried on its own merits? The eyes of men may see no fault in it, but weighed in the balance of God it would be found wanting; and viewed in the light of heaven, it would prove full of flaws.

And then, *what is the Lord God*, whose eyes are on all our ways, and before whom we have one day to give account? "Holy, holy, holy," is the remarkable expression applied to Him by those who are nearest to Him (Isaiah vi. 3; Rev. iv. 8.) It sounds as if no word could express the intention of His holiness. One of his prophets says, "He is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity." (Habak. i. 13.) Reader, what is any of us but a miserable sinner in the sight of such a God as this?

Surely we ought all to cease from proud thoughts about ourselves. Surely there is but one conclusion to be arrived at—we are all great sinners, and we all need a great forgiveness.

Sin is a burden, and must be taken off, Sin is a mighty debt and must be paid. Sin is a mountain, standing between us and heaven, and must be removed. Happy is that mother's child amongst us that feels all this! The first step towards heaven is to see clearly that we *deserve hell*. There are but two alternatives before us—we must either be forgiven, or be miserable for ever.

See, too, how little many persons know of the design of Christianity, though they live in a Christian land. They fancy they are to go to church to learn their duty, and hear morality enforced, and for no other purpose. They have yet to learn that the leading mark of Christianity is the *remedy* it provides for sin. This is the glory and excellence of the gospel. It meets man as he really is. It takes him as it finds him. It goes down to the level to which sin has brought him, and offers

to raise him up. It tells him of a remedy equal to his disease—a great remedy for a great disease—a great forgiveness for great sinners.

Reader, I ask you to consider these things well, if you have not considered them before. It is no light matter whether you know your soul's necessities or not. It is a matter of life and death. Try, I beseech you, to become acquainted with your own heart. Sit down and think quietly what you are in the sight of God. Oh ! that you might learn to pray Job's prayer, "Make me to know my transgression and my sin. (Job xiii. 23.) Oh ! that you might see this great truth, that until you are *forgiven*, your Christianity has done nothing for you at all !

II. *Let me point out to you, in the second place, the way of forgiveness.*

Granting for a moment that you need pardon and forgiveness, what ought you to do? Whither will you go? Which way will you turn? Every thing hinges on the answer you give to this question.

Will you turn to *ministers*, and put your trust in them? They cannot give you pardon: they can only tell you where it is to be found.

Will you turn to *sacraments* and *ordinances*, and trust in them? They cannot supply you with forgiveness, however diligently you may use them. By sacraments faith is confirmed and grace increased, in all who rightly use them. But they cannot justify the sinner. They cannot put away transgressions. You may attend a daily service regularly, but if you think to establish a righteousness of your own by it, in the slightest degree, you are only getting further away from God every day.

Will you trust in your own *works and endeavours*, your virtues and your good deeds, your prayers and your alms? They will never buy for you an entrance into heaven. They will never pay your debt to God. They are all imperfect in themselves, and only increase your guilt. There is no merit or worthiness in them at the very best.

Will you trust in your own *repentance and amendment*? You are very sorry for the past. You hope to do better for the time to come. You hope God will be merciful. Alas ! if you lean on this, you have nothing beneath you but a broken

reed. The judge does not pardon the thief because he is sorry for what he did. To-day's sorrow will not wipe off the score of yesterday's sins.

Where, then, must a man go for pardon? Where is forgiveness to be found? Listen, reader, and by God's help I will tell you. There is a way both sure and plain, and unto that way I desire to guide every inquirer's feet.

That way is, simply to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, It is to cast your soul, with all its sins, unreservedly on Christ—to cease completely from any dependence on your own works or doings, either in whole or in part—and to rest on no other work but Christ's work, no other righteousness but Christ's righteousness, no other merit but Christ's merit, as your ground of hope. Take this course and you are a pardoned soul. "To Christ," says Peter, "give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts x, 43.) "Through this man," said Paul at Antioch, "is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things," (Act. xiii. 38.) "In him," writes Paul to the Colossians, "we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins— (Col. i. 14.)

The Lord Jesus Christ, in great love and compassion has made a full and complete satisfaction for sin, by his own death upon the cross. There he offered himself as a sacrifice for us, and allowed the wrath of God which we deserved, to fall on His own head. For our sins he gave himself, suffered, and died—the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty,—that he might deliver us from the curse of a broken law, and provide a complete pardon for all who are willing to receive it. And by so doing, as Isaiah says, He has *borne* our sins,—as John the Baptist says, He has *taken away* sin—as Paul says, He has *purged* our sins, and *put away* sin—and as Daniel says—He has *made an end of sin*, and *finished* transgression, (Isa. liii. 11; John i. 29; Heb. i. 3; ix. 26; Dan. ix. 24)

And now the Lord Jesus is sealed and appointed by God the Father to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give remission of sins to all who will have it. The keys of death and hell are put in His hand. The

government of the gate of heaven is laid on his shoulder. He Himself is the door, and by him all that enter in shall be saved, (Acts v. 31 ; Rev. i. 18 ; John x. 9.)

Christ, in one word, has purchased a full forgiveness, if you and I are willing to receive it. He has done all, paid all, suffered all that was needful to reconcile us to God. He has provided a garment of righteousness to clothe us. He has opened a fountain of living waters to cleanse us.—He has removed every barrier between us and God the Father, taken every obstacle out of the way, and made a road by which the vilest may return. All things are now ready, and the sinner has only to believe and be saved, to eat and be satisfied, to ask and receive, to wash and be clean.

And faith, simple faith, is the only thing required, in order that you and I may be forgiven. That we will come to Jesus as sinners with our sins—trust in Him—rest on Him—lean on Him—confide in him—commit our souls to Him—and *forsaking all other hope, cleave only to him*—this is all and everything that God asks for. Let a man only do this, and he shall be saved.

I know well that the natural heart dislikes this doctrine. It runs counter to man's notion of religion. It leaves him no room to boast. Man's idea is to come to Christ with a price in his hand—his regularity, his morality—his repentance—his goodness—and so, as it were, to buy his pardon and justification. The Spirit's teaching is quite different ; it is, first of all, to believe. Whosoever *believeth* shall not perish (John iii. 16.)

This is the only doctrine which will ever bring peace to an uneasy conscience, and to a troubled soul. A man may get on pretty well without it so long as he is asleep about his spiritual condition. But once let him awake from his slumber, and nothing will ever calm him but the blood of atonement, and the peace of Christ.

Reader, remember these things, and you will be wise. I have set before you the way of life. I have told you where pardon is to be found. Oh! beware, lest an offer being made you of free forgiveness, any of you should come short of it.

And now, let me put a question to

every one who reads this paper. It shall be short and plain, but it is all important ; —“ Are you forgiven ?”

Bring the whole subject to bear upon your own heart, and ask yourself, “ Am I forgiven? Either I am, or I am not,—Which of the two is it?”

You believe, perhaps, there is forgiveness of sins. You believe that Christ died for sinners, and that he offers a pardon to the most ungodly. But are you *forgiven yourself*? Have you, yourself, laid hold on Christ by faith, and found peace through His blood? What profit is there to you in forgiveness, except you get the benefit of it? Except you lay hold for your own soul, you will be as surely lost as if there was no forgiveness at all.

Reader, if ever your sins are to be forgiven, it must be now—now in this world, if they are to be found blotted out when Jesus comes again. There must be actual business between you and Christ. Your sins must be laid on him by faith. His righteousness must be laid on you. His blood must be applied to your conscience, or else your sins will meet you in the day of judgment, and sink you into hell. Oh! reader, how can you trifle when such things are at stake? How can you be content to leave it uncertain whether you are forgiven? Surely that a man can make his will, insure his life, give directions about his funeral, and yet leave his soul's affairs in uncertainty, is a wonderful thing indeed.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

THE COUNTRYMAN'S GOD.

A great and learned atheist once met a plain country man going to church. He asked him, “ Where are you going ?”

“ To church, Sir.”

“ What to do there ?”

“ To worship God.”

“ Pray whether is your God a great or a little God ?”

“ He is both, Sir.”

“ How can he be both ?”

“ He is so *great*, Sir, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, and so *little* that He can dwell in my poor heart.”

The atheist declared that this simple answer of the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes the learned doctors had written upon the subject.

BIBLE NOTES.

CHORAZIN.

MATT. xi. 21, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! For if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes."

The following remarks on Chorazin, by Dr. Keith, afford striking evidence of the truth of Scripture prophecy:—

"While at Tell-Hum, we asked an Arab soldier, who accompanied us from Tiberias, if there were similar ruins, or any others in the neighbourhood, and he at once mentioned Tell on the Jordan, and Chorazi. We then went to a Bedouin, whom we saw at a short distance, and put to him the same question. He immediately answered, 'At Ain Korazi,' and pointed towards it in the same direction. The one said it was an hour distant, the other an hour and a half. On reaching the ruins, three gipsies, whose low tents were at a short distance, came down with lebban, or sour milk, for sale. When questioned as to the name of the ruins in the midst of which we were, they answered with one voice, before the word was uttered in their hearing, *Korazi*; and when we interrogated anew, they repeated it emphatically, with visible expressions of surprise at our seeming doubts. There seemed to be no reason for questioning that *Korazi* is the Chorazin of Scripture, in which it is not said to stand on the shore of the Lake Tiberias, as Capernaum and Bethsaida are. We reached it in fifty-five minutes from the chief ruin Tell-Hum, from three to four miles distant. It lies almost directly to the west of the point where the Jordan flows into the lake. It retains the name; and is known by it still among the inhabitants of the country around, and as we repeatedly inquired, especially at Safed, by no other.—The name, as pronounced, was there written in Arabic, in the author's note-book, by an intelligent native of the country, *Korazi*.

"Not a house now stands there; the whole is a heap of ruins.

"It is a desolate place, and has a cheerless look. A small field of tobacco, amidst the ruins, was the only sign of industry about it; and though in a hilly region, a few poor tents were the only dwellings near it. Its ruins are at least a mile in circumference, possibly more; for, covered as they are with thistles, rank weeds, and a few wild figs—a token of times long past—its site, at a short distance is scarcely distinguishable from its desolate vicinity."

THE WIDOW OF NAIN'S SON.

LUKE vii. 12, "Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people of the city was with her,"

The description which the Rev. J. Hartley gives of a funeral procession amongst the Greeks will illustrate the carrying the dead in the East:—"Very frequently, whilst you are silently engaged in your apartment, the stillness of a Turkish town, where no rumbling of wheels is ever heard, is interrupted by the distant sound of the funeral chant by the Greek priests. As the voices grow more loud, you hasten to the window to behold the procession. The priests move first, bearing their burning tapers, and by their dark and flowing robes give an idea of mourning in harmony with the occasion. The corpse is always exhibited to full view. Dressed in the best and gayest garments possessed by the deceased, it is placed upon a bier, which is borne aloft upon the shoulders. I have sometimes seen a young female, who had departed in the bloom of life and beauty, adorned rather as a *bride to meet the bridegroom*, than as one who was to be the tenant of the chamber of corruption. The young man at Nain, who was restored to life by the command of our Saviour, was doubtless carried on a bier of this kind. When our Lord intimated the design of interposing in his favour, *they that bare him stood still*. And when the miraculous energy was exerted, *he that was dead sat up, and began to speak*."

EASTERN CEMETERIES.

LUKE vii. 12, "Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out."

It was the custom of the Jews to bury outside the towns, as this narrative implies. Dr. Shaw thus describes the Moorish cemeteries: "If we except a few persons, who are buried within the precincts of some sanctuary, the rest are carried out at a small distance from their cities and villages, where a great extent of ground is allotted for that purpose. Each family has a particular portion of it, walled in like a garden, where the bones of their ancestors have remained undisturbed for many generations. For in these enclosures the graves are all distinct and separate, having each of them a stone placed upright, both at the head and feet, inscribed with the name of the person who lies interred there; whilst the intermediate space is either planted with flowers, bordered round with stone, or paved all over with tiles. The graves of the principal citizens are further distinguished by some square

chambers or cupolas that are built over them. Now as all these different sorts of tombs and sepulchres, with the very walls likewise of the enclosures, are constantly kept clean, white-washed, and beautified, they continue to this day to be an excellent comment upon that expression of our Saviour, where He mentions the garnishing of the sepulchres; and again, where he describes the Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites to whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness."

THE PALM TREE.

PSA. xcii. 12, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree."

Dr. Thompson thus describes this beautiful tree;—"Look now at those stately palm trees, which stand here and there on the plain, like military sentinels, with feathery plumes, nodding gracefully on their proud heads. The stem, tall, slender, and erect as Rectitude herself, suggest to the Arab poets many a symbol for their lady-love; and Solomon long before them has sung, 'How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights! this thy stature is like a palm tree,' (Song of Sol. vii. 6, 7.) And Solomon further says, 'The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the house of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age,' (Psa. xcii. 12, 14.)

"The royal poet has derived more than one figure from the customs of men and the habits of this noble tree with which to adorn his sacred ode. The palm grows slowly but steadily, from century to century, uninfluenced by those alterations of the seasons which affect other trees. It does not rejoice overmuch in winter's copious rain, nor does it droop under the drought and the burning sun of summer. Neither heavy weights which men place upon its head, nor the important urgency of the wind, can sway it aside from perfect uprightness. There it stands, looking calmly down upon the world below, and patiently yielding its large clusters of golden fruit from generation to generation. They bring forth fruit in old age.—The allusion to being planted in the house of the Lord is probably drawn from the custom of planting beautiful and long-lived trees in the courts of temples and palaces, and in all 'high places' used for worship. This is still common; nearly every palace and mosque, and convent in the country has such trees in the courts, and being well protected there, they flourish exceedingly. Solomon covered all the walls of the 'holy of holies,' (1 Kings

vi. 29) round about with palm trees. They were thus planted, as it were, within the very house of the Lord; and their presence there was not only ornamental, but appropriate and highly suggestive; the very best emblem, not only of patience in well-doing, but of the reward of the righteous—a fat and flourishing old age, a peaceful end, a glorious immortality!"

MEMORIAL STONES.

GEN. xxviii. 22, "And this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."

(See also verses 18 to 21.)

The practice of setting up a stone in memorial of mercies received is still common in the East. Mr. Morier describes what he witnessed in ascending the rock of Istakhar, in Persia:—"We ascended on the north-west side, winding round the foot of the rock, and making our way through narrow and intricate paths. I remarked that our old guide every here and there placed a stone on a conspicuous bit of rock, or two stones one upon the other, at the same time uttering some words, which I learnt were a prayer for our safe return. This explained to me what I had frequently seen before in the East, and particularly on a high road leading to a great town, whence the town is first seen, and where the Eastern traveller sets up his stone accompanied by a devout exclamation, as it were in token of his safe arrival. The action of our guide appears to illustrate the vow which Jacob made when he travelled to Padaram, in token of which he placed a stone, and set it up for a pillar. A stone on the road, placed in this position, or one stone upon another, implies that some traveller has there made a vow or a thanksgiving. Nothing is so natural in a journey over a dreary country as for a solitary traveller to sit himself down fatigued, and to make the vow that Jacob did. 'If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, so that I reach my father's house in peace, then will I give so much in charity;' or again, that on first seeing the place which he has toiled so long to reach, the traveller should sit down and make a thanksgiving, in both cases setting up a stone as a memorial."

INGRATITUDE.

PROV. xvii. 13, "Whoso rewardeth evil for good, evil shall not depart from his house."

Humphrey Bannister and his father were both servants to the Duke of Buckingham, and had been born in his house, and brought up by him; and when the duke was put to

flight by an unfortunate accident befalling the army which he had raised against the usurper, Richard III., he, without footman or page, retired to Bannister's house, near Shrewsbury, as to a place where he had every reason in the world to look for security. Bannister, however, upon Richard's proclamation promising one thousand pounds reward to him that should apprehend the duke, betrayed his master to John Merton, high sheriff of Shropshire, who sent his Grace, under a strong guard to Salisbury, where Richard then was, and there, in the market-place, the unfortunate duke was beheaded to satiate the malice of the monarch. But divine vengeance pursued this traitor Bannister, for demanding the reward that was the price of his master's blood, the king, forgetting that we ought to keep faith even with a bad man, refused to pay the thousand pounds, saying, "He that would be false to so good a master ought not to be encouraged." Troubles followed rapidly upon this ungrateful man.—Bannister's eldest son ran mad, and died in a hogsty; his second son became deformed and lame; the third son was drowned in a small puddle of water; his eldest daughter was grievously injured for life by one of his carters; and his second was seized with a leprosy, whereof she died; and to complete these dreadful visitations, Bannister himself was hanged for manslaughter.—*The Quiver.*

THREE STEPS.

I have read of a boy who was rather looked down upon for his simplicity. His friends did not know that he possessed true wisdom. One day a friend wished to find out if he had any idea of religion; so he said to the boy, "It is hard work, is it not, to get to heaven?" The poor lad replied, "No; it is very easy; there are only three steps; the first, *out of self*; the second, *into Christ*; the third, *into Heaven*." Was not this a good reply? When I read it I thought of a French proverb, "It is only the first step that costs any trouble." It often costs a great deal to step out of self. We have seen a mother urging her little one to take its first step alone. She encourages it; she holds out her arms for it. The child fears and hesitates: it clings to a chair or a table; it dreads taking that first step. Thus it is with us. Our heavenly Father urges us to take our first step, the step out of self.—Like the child, we doubt, we hesitate, we cling to everything near us. Some lay

hold on an outward profession, some on self-righteousness, some cling to the pleasures of this world, some to its riches.—But, as the mother has patience with her child, so God has borne with us. With some he has dealt gently for years. Perhaps, as the mother has removed the chair or the table on which the child clings, so God has to deal with them. Riches, friends, health, any thing that has kept them from their first step, has to be taken away.—Then, with fear and trembling, they step out of self. The poor publican took that first step, when he prayed "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" and thousands more have fallen with the cry, "Lord, save me, I perish." They have stepped out of self, and found themselves free to take the second step into Christ, and then they are free indeed. And the third step is easy too; the death-bed has been made a scene of rejoicing; the grave has been stripped of its terrors. To poor sinners is the language of the Saviour addressed: "Come unto me," Do not delay. Take the first step "out of self;" now the second, "into Christ," will follow; and be sure, then, that the third step will be 'into heaven.'

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

Like crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are marked to fall:
The axe shall smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless have I seen;
I passed, and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,
With which I charge my page,—
A worm is in the bud or youth,
And at the root of age.

No present health can health secure
For yet an hour to come;
No medicine though it oft can cure,
Can always baulk the tomb.

Then let us fly, to Jesus fly
Whose powerful arm can save;
So shall our hopes ascend on high;
And triumph o'er the grave.

SPIRITUAL NERVOUSNESS.

There is much nervousness about spiritual, as well as physical health. There may be a too constant fixing of our attention upon our frames and feelings. It is true we must keep our heart with all diligence; it is true we must watch, but then watching to see what is the present state of our souls is not our only duty. We are to watch unto prayer and effort. He will never do anything physically whose whole soul is occupied with doubting whether his health will permit him to do a certain work. Nor will he do anything spiritually whose mind is occupied with doubting whether his soul is in a condition for performing duty.

A Christian must not be ignorant of his heart. He must not conceal from himself his manifold imperfections. But he is not to do nothing, but contemplate these imperfections. He must use the means of correcting them.

"Don't you feel discouraged when you get a view of your heart?" said a Christian to his neighbour.

"No," was the reply, "it makes me feel the greater need of lasting with it to Christ."

"IT SHUTS OUT THE WORLD."

A few years since, on visiting a mother in Israel, one who wrestled and prevailed in a retired part of her low-roofed dwelling, and showing me the hasp which fastened the door of that quiet retreat, said, "I often think that this little piece of iron is more than all the treasures of the rich in yonder city are to them; for this *'shuts out the world.'*"

It was a sacred spot that room of prayer. For more than fifty years had it been a Bethel to the soul of this aged disciple; and how many in that mountain village, ay, and in the world, are indebted to the prayers offered there, eternity alone will reveal. It seemed to me holy ground, hard by the very gate of heaven.

Reader, have you any bar, or bolt, or key, which when you enter your place of prayer, keeps away the intruding cares and perplexities of the world without? Alas! if the heart be not right the key will be worth

little. Alas! alas! how many weary, aching hearts, *burdened* with earthly treasures, would give all they possess for *something* which would "shut out the world," and give the sublime repose which he gives to "his beloved."

IS YOUR DEBT PAID?

Dear friend, have you come to any settlement yet with God about your soul? You know there is a long account standing, and every day is making it worse. Every sin that you commit is entered against you, and if God be true, you must pay the penalty. Do not think that because you are not made to pay now, you will not have to pay at last—your sins are all going before you to judgment, and will wait there till you appear yourself. God's long-suffering was meant to lead you to repentance, not boldness in sin.

But can you pay? If every sin deserves God's wrath and curse forever, how can you ever satisfy his justice or escape from hell? It is impossible. There is but one thing that can pay your debt, and that is the blood of Jesus. Blood must be paid—either yours or Christ's. Agony and torment must be paid—either yours or Christ's. God's wrath and curse must come down on your sins, and either you or Christ must bear it. Jesus bids you come to him, and lay your sins on him. How can you be so foolish, so mad as to delay for one moment to accept this offer.

God says, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just in forgiving us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," John i. 7-9.

Pray, saying, "Lord, I confess that I am a great sinner, but Jesus died to save me. Oh, save me by his death; for Jesus' sake. Amen."

WAITING.

Wait patiently on God. It is becoming of a dutiful child, when he hath not presently what he writes for to his father, to say, "My father is wiser than I; his own wisdom shall tell him what and when to send to me." O Christian, thy heavenly Father hath gracious reason which holds his hands for the present, or else thou hadst heard from him ere now.—*Gurnall*.

THE GOOD NEWS.

AUGUST 15th, 1863.

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

The Royal Preacher, in his admirable and instructive book, tells us that "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." Having laid down the general maxim, he proceeds to illustrate it by mentioning a large number of particulars. He says there is "a time to be born and a time to die;" and within the boundary of life every circumstance has its relative importance. Every event has its appointed time, and is subservient to a definite and determinate purpose.

The various particulars he names show that human life is a chequered and changeable thing. The sorrow and the joy—the sunshine and the shade—the desirable and the undesirable, are placed in strong antithetical contrast, checkmating the desire of the youthful heart to live in this world for ever, and showing that the journey of life must be full of ups and downs; now ascending the lofty hills of prosperity, and anon passing through the chill valley of adversity. At one time sailing with the genial gentle breeze over the calm sunny silvered sea; at another, tempest tossed and driven everywhere but where we want to go. This moment, as the wheel of events roll on, the spoke—now at the top gradually gives place to its successor, and in its turn proceeds to the bottom. Thus life becomes chequered;—now and then gay, but more frequently than either, presenting an infinite number of kaleidoscopic combinations, each differing from its predecessor.

Seeing that to everything there is a season, and that we cannot remedy or alter the order in which these events are

appointed to happen, we ought to be content with the order wherein God hath placed them. That order is different in the experience of different individuals, and generally contrary to the expectations or calculations of common sense. To some the joyful experience preponderate. To others the gloom of adversity hangs heavily upon their lot. And in the case of most, experiences of one character come in clusters, giving them a superabundance of joy or an overflowing of sorrows. We are apt to murmur, especially when these providences are painful; but as we are not aware of the design for which they are sent, we ought not to disquiet ourselves, but cheerfully take up with providences as they come.

Seeing that to everything there is a season, and but one season for it, it becomes us to do every duty when it occurs. God is too good and wise to lay upon us more than we are able to bear. Therefore he makes grace sufficient for the day, suiting the back to the burden, and the burden to the back. When we, on our part, discharge the duty of the day within the day, we find that life is comparatively smooth, easy and successful; but when we put off till to-morrow what we might conveniently do to-day, we lose much of the enjoyment and the success of life. The poet has said, there is a "tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flow, leads on to fortune."—This is often illustrated in the success of some and disappointment of others. Some allow no time to pass unimproved. A certain individual was once asked how he found time to do so much work as he did? He replied, "I do but one thing at a time, and never put off till to-morrow what I can do to-day." And if we would succeed for this life we must try to do the work of the hour within the hour, and not put it off till to-morrow.

"We may all command the present
If we act and never wait?
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late."

The diversified character of events that occur, and the vicissitudes that happen in our experience, are well calculated to exercise faith and patience. The events of our lot generally fall out very different from what we expect they should, and in the outset of life we think that the disagreeable ones are all against us. Time and patience show us that God's ways are not as ours, and that the things that seemed at first to be against us, are actually for us. Hence the wider our experience extends, the more our graces of faith and patience in our God is strengthened.

If to every thing there is a season, then every commanded duty has sufficient time accompanying the command. Therefore every such duty ought to be done in its time. But there are many so averse to their spiritual duties that the leading excuse they have for neglecting them is, "I have no time." God commands them to pray. "Oh," say they, "I am so busied that I have no time." God commands them to attend to their souls interest.—"They" say again, "I have no time, go away for this time, at a more convenient season I will send for thee." What a libel this on God, who hath appointed to every thing a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven.

EDITOR.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

This world of ours, with its attendant moon,
Wheels round the sun, with undiminished speed;
Man, its chief tenant, lives as he was wont
In ages past, as heedless now, as when
The deluge swept a wicked race away:
Still to himself he lives, and looks not for
That day, when things of time shall cease to be,
When the procession of events shall stop.

The merchant's with his merchandise engrossed;
The miser hordes with care the yellow dust;
The sons of fame are toiling hard, to have
Their names enrolled upon its closing page;

The worshippers of pleasure still pursue
Their mammons, and with pleasure drain the cup;
Whose sweetness passes with its pleasing draught;
The scoffers laughing loud, insulting smile.
"Where is the coming of that day," they cry,
"Behold all things are now, as e'er they were."
But while earth's giddy, thoughtless, hardened sons
With recklessness pursue their wonted ways,
The trumpet sounds, with mighty, thund'ring peal—
Through heaven high, and earth, and hell, all hear.
The very dead awakon from their sleep.
The living stand amazed and terror struck,
The devils tremble in their sad abodes,
All wistful gaze, in terrible suspense.
When lo! the gates of heaven asunder burst,
And heaven's king rides forth, enthroned on clouds,
Thousands of angels hov'ring round his path,
Ready to execute his high behests.
In solemn silence gather at his feet,
The countless tribes of earth, from ev'ry land,
For He has come! To Judgment he has come.
Before he came to bear our guilt and shame,
To expiate our sins upon the tree;
But now he comes, in regal state to judge
The young, the old, and all that are between.

All eyes intent are fastened on the judge.
The throne is set, the books are opened wide,
With awful majesty the scene proceeds.
The life of each, its ev'ry thought and act,
Is read aloud to angels and to all.
No listless hearer stands unheeding there,
Anxiety beams in ev'ry human eye.
For each must answer for himself alone;
The mother cannot plead her darling's cause,
Nor father speak, to clear his guilty son,
Proxy is altogether there unknown,
Excepting those united to the Lamb.
Their hearts can scarce contain their joy,
For in the judge they recognise their friend,
The glorious redeemer reigns for them,
For them he left the glory land above,
And in the form of man appeared on earth,
But now, as God, he comes to take them home,
Home! to the mansions which he has prepared.
But first their full acquittal he declares,
Before this vast assembled universe,
"Because, on earth, ye loved and served my name,
Relieved my friends, in their afflictions all,
Eternal joys for you I have in store,
Therefore to you the joyous welcome's given,
Ye blessed children of my Father come.
To that bright kingdom, which to you I give,
Secured before this world was hung in air,
There you shall reign, while I myself exist."
This said, the ransomed of the Lord arise,
To join the vast angelic host above.

But ah! the doomsday's business is not o'er,
A multitude with shrieks that rent the sky,
Are calling to the rocks, and hills, to fall
And hide them from the judge's piercing glance,
When first the thrilling trumpet peal was heard,
Their consciences, within, declared them vile,
And heaven's withering frown their ample due,
That punishment—eternal woe was theirs,
Yet still, though faint, of hope there was a spark,

When on the mercy of the judge they thought,
 But now, that they are left behind, hope's gone,
 In wild despair for mercy loud they shriek,
 "Lord have we not called on thy holy name,
 And in thy dreadful name done wondrous works."
 But all in vain they plead their empty worth,
 For with a voice, that enters like a dart
 Into each heart, the umpire calmly says,
 "Your holy deeds were insults to my cause,
 For 'neath the garb of godliness lay hid
 Hearts hypocritical, and vile with sin.
 I'm great in mercy, but in justice too,
 Infinite mercy never can surpass
 Infinite justice; for one infinite
 Another can't exceed; I have delayed,
 But now your solemn sentence must be told,
 Ye are my foes, with foes I cannot dwell,
 Therefore ye cursed ones from me depart,
 Depart to everlasting flames, prepared
 For all despisers of my name and law,
 With cursed fiends in hell your lot must be."

Thus, with this day is fixed the doom of all.
 Between the goats and sheep, the line is drawn
 Of broad distinction, and without delay
 To execute the sentence Christ proceeds,
 The wicked, now infuriated grown.
 To endless woe, like chaff are swept away,
 The righteous with him to his father's home
 Return, amid seraphic bursts of joy;
 As they approach the glorious keep of God,
 Its portals to receive them open fly.
 And heaven's king, and his triumphant train,
 March through the pearly gate, on streets of gold.

X. Y. Z.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

NUM. xxi. 4-10.

About three thousand years ago, a nation of slaves left Egypt for Canaan, God-guided, their every march is a miracle.—But human nature is never contented.—Hear then to the south of Hor, where Aaron is reposing in silence, murmuring at God. "The way is long, and rugged." "There's nothing to eat but light manna—a burning thirst with nothing to quench it." "Why have we been brought out of Egypt to die in this desert?" Such is their murmuring insolence. Perhaps they do not exactly think that they are in reality about to die; but the God who had led them, and fed them, can endure their unthankfulness no longer, and he takes

them at their word. Mercy is the habitation of his throne: but he is also a God, that taketh vengeance, and in wrath he comes out of his place, and sends forth deadly serpents, hissing through the air, and Israel becomes a dead, and a dying host, for the serpents commissioned to destroy, stop not to devour, but merely deposit their venom, and are gone to bite again—to increase their victims. Ah! see the murmurers now. Those whose complaint was loudest, was writhing in the coils of the serpents, which are dipping their fangs in their blood. They shriek—they stagger—they fall to earth, where they lie groaning in terrible anguish.—Thus thousands fall, and thus thousands lie. The desert breeze comes moaning as if from a battlefield. Childhood is expiring in a mother's arms, hoary age amid weeping sons. Youth and beauty are wrestling with death, upon the desert strand, from which they had been gathering "angels' food," as they went about grumbling at day-break. Like evil spirits, the serpents are flying to and fro, death following in their track. No one can stand before them, and the tent awning cannot keep them out. Israel had stood before Amalek; but who can stand before God, when his hand takes hold of justice. Fear seizes the offending host. "We have sinned," "we have sinned" is their despairing cry. Ever true! adversity drives man to his maker. To whom can the child go in trouble but to its father? To whom can the subject go but to his sovereign? and to whom can a people go but to their God? How they intreat Moses to supplicate God in their behalf, and he whose name is the Lord, the Lord God merciful and gracious, slow to anger and of great kindness, orders his servant Moses to make a serpent of brass, to set it upon a pole, and to tell every serpent bitten

to look and be cured. There was no virtue at all in this serpent, and probably it was for this very reason, that it was appointed as the means of cure by God. He is the true balm of Gilead, and he wished to show Israel, that their only source of relief was entire dependence upon him.— But mark the scene changes. Behold now how the glassy eyes of expiring thousands are turned to yon glittering thing on high. Fathers lift the heads of their dying children, from the desert sod, and turn them serpent-ward. Mothers raise their little ones in their arms, and lifting their drooping eyelids, bid them look and live. Moses and Eleazer stand by directing the dying to turn their eyes to the pole.— What a scene! Ten thousand glimmering eyes are striving to catch a glimpse of the serpent through the thickening mists of death. Wonderful change ensues! Soon as the serpent meets their view, the ebbing tide of life flows back, and courses with its wonted vigor in their veins. Those who erewhile were struggling with the last enemy, have stared him off with a look, and the tents of Israel are again filled with living men, who can defy the serpents of fire, so long as the erected remedy is nigh. Strange story this! But it is only a shadowy picture of one more strange, where a greater than Moses or his serpent comes into view. It is a fit emblem of sinners and their Saviour, for has not Jesus himself said, “as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life,” and every one who would take hold of the ways of life has to look to Jesus and to look for himself.

X.Y.Z.

In deep sorrow, let us go to ‘the friend that sticketh closer than a brother,’ and in gladness, let us rejoice in that God who ‘giveth us all things richly to enjoy.’

INSTANT IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.

One Sunday afternoon Mr. H—— sat alone in his pew in church. His family, by whom the large square seat was generally filled on such occasions, was absent in the country; and although it was his custom to join them in their sweet summer retreat, on the Saturday afternoons, he had been unexpectedly prevented the previous day from fulfilling his arrangement.

Mr. H—— was an eminent merchant in L——, whose life was one continuous and felt expression of love to God, and untiring effort for the good of his fellow-creatures.

One peculiar feature in his lovely and zealous Christian character, was the simple, yet faithful way in which he fulfilled the Divine precept, to be “instant in season, and out of season.” Without intruding his religion in any uncourteous manner, he yet rarely failed to seize the opportunity, as it presented itself, for dropping here and there a precious word, feeling that, while not responsible for the result, he was responsible for making the effort. God seemed signally to bless this single-eyed work of His devoted servant, and while his daily walk testified to the reality of his personal Christianity, and commended it to those around him, his actual endeavours on behalf of those with whom he was but casually brought into contact, yielded also their own golden harvest.

The single incident here related is but one of many which might be adduced in proof of this fact.

The service on the Sunday afternoon above mentioned was far advanced, when a lady entered the church, and, seeing there was accommodation in the pew where Mr. H—— sat, she glided noiselessly in.

She was strikingly handsome, and very fashionable in dress and air, yet as she sat there, so still and quiet, even a casual observer could not fail to be struck with the look of cold indifference which her beautiful countenance betrayed, and as he followed the glancing of her bright, sparkling eyes, as they flitted from pew to pew, the question must have forced itself to the

mind—For what purpose came you hither? The whole scene seemed to the beautiful stranger novel, or, at least very unfamiliar.

At last the sermon ended, and the closing hymn was given out.

As the organ pealed forth its rich full strains to the sacred song, her wandering thoughts seemed for the moment gathered in, and an expression of thoughtfulness overspread her countenance.

Mr. H——, who had observed her with interest, marked this, and, seeing, too, that she had no hymn-book, he politely drew near, and allowed her to read from his.—The concluding line of the last verse was in these words—

“My Saviour and my God.”

Quietly taking a pencil from his pocket, Mr. H—— underlined the word “My,” and drawing the lady’s attention to it, he whispered in her ear, “Can you say ‘He is my Saviour and my God?’”

The lady started with surprise, and her face was in a moment suffused with a deep flush, but she made no reply. The congregation dispersed, and along with his fellow-worshippers, Mr. H—— left the church. Just before stepping from the porch, he was abruptly joined by the lady, who said, “That was a strange question you asked me, sir. A very strange question. Pray tell me,” she added, eagerly, “can you say, ‘He is my Saviour and my God?’”

“Oh, yes,” replied Mr. H——, his whole face kindling with a bright, happy smile; “by God’s grace I can say it. *It is the only way to be safe—the only way to be happy.*”

“With whom have I this unexpected pleasure of speaking?” asked the lady.—Mr. H—— placed his card in her hand, and having assisted her to her carriage, which was waiting at the door, he bade, as he thought a first and final farewell to the interesting stranger.

Early next morning, as Mr. H—— sat in his library, a carriage stopped at the door of his house, and the next moment the beautiful stranger was ushered into the apartment, followed by a gentleman, whom she introduced to Mr. H—— as her husband, Sir Edward R——.

Sir Edward apologised for the liberty they had taken in intruding so unceremoniously upon Mr. H——; adding, “I could hardly restrain my wife, sir, from coming to you two hours ago. Your words of yesterday have had a most remarkable effect upon her; she has not closed her eyes all night, and her intense longing was to see you, sir.” And Sir Edward a noble-looking man in the prime and vigour of life, again apologised for their abrupt intrusion.

“Do not mention it,” said Mr. H—— warmly; “I am but too happy to have another opportunity of seeing one in whom I felt my interest truly excited.”

Lady R——, who sat trembling with emotion, now said, with a thrilling voice “Mr. H——, you said that to be able to say of God, He is my Saviour and my God, was the only way to be safe, and the only way to be happy. These words have haunted my poor agonised mind since hearing them, till every other idea and thought seems annihilated. And oh,” she added, with intense feeling, “I cannot say these words of God, for I have forgotten Him, and rebelled against Him all my life long, and I have come to pray you to help me, dear sir. What will become of me, and Edward too, and all?”

“I shall leave you, Adeline, alone with Mr. H——,” said her husband, who seemed much concerned at her distress. “I have tried in vain to comfort you. God grant that our kind friend here may be more successful. I shall return for you an hour hence.”

Left alone with Mr. H——, who had already won the trust and love of her confiding heart, Lady R—— told him all her tale. Young and beautiful, she was married early in life to the man of her heart’s choice, and a season of unbroken worldly prosperity had been for a time their lot. “Yet,” she continued, “my heart, in the midst of it all, yearns for something better—I know not what, but something still I lack; and such is also the experience of my beloved husband.”

She had yet to learn that such existence is not life, and that God’s Word fulfils itself in the literal history of all,

when it declares that "God's favour is life, and His loving-kindness is better than life."

"Often," said Lady R——, "when to outward appearance I had no thought but for the passing hour and the most frivolous scene, I have had an inward fear of danger—of coming death and eternity; and although I have striven to crush these thoughts in the bud, they have always, for the time, sent a deep shadow across my path. "Of late," she continued, "I have had more of such feeling than usual, and the question has arisen in my heart, *Where* shall I find rest and real happiness? Yet none have spoken to me on such subjects, and it really seemed as if no man cared for my soul. I adopted no means to aid my more serious reflections, and, but for our singular and most unlooked-for interview yesterday, and these direct words which you spoke to me, I believe I should have striven—and should I not have too surely succeeded?—in quenching all serious thought, and should have remained in my unsafe and indeed unhappy state."

"What induced you to come to church yesterday," asked Mr. H——, "if, as you say, it was not your usual custom?"

"A most frivolous and sinful reason," answered lady R——; I was driving in an open carriage on my way to see my sister, who lives a little way out of town, and a very heavy shower of rain coming on, the coachman seeing a church near, suggested that I should take shelter till the rain was past. Of course, I could not leave till the service was over; and oh, with what a host of changed and agitated feelings did I quit that church!—Your words seemed an answer to the inquiry which my heart had of late been putting so often, and the conviction forced itself irresistibly upon my mind that you were right. There was something, too, in your face and manner, that assured me you spoke from heart-felt and happy experience."

"Let us bless God for all His loving-kindness to you," said Mr. H——; "and when I seek to point out to you His faithfulness: and love towards every sinner that repenteth, may he make it saving and effectual to your precious soul!"

Earnestly and simply did Mr. H—— lay before Lady R—— God's plan of salvation; holding up to view God's record concerning His Son, for her faith to grasp. "Do not dwell," he added, "on your life, past or present, except as it all helps to shut you up to Christ. Keep your eye fixed on Him; think not of Him as a dead Christ, but rather as He is risen again. The apostle speaks of 'Him who liveth and *was dead*,' and is alive forevermore.' Do not seek merely peace, but seek Christ, and you shall find Him, and you shall also find that in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

Thankfully did Lady R—— listen to the words of heavenly teaching which fell from the revered lips of Mr. H——. And when, ere they parted, he knelt with her in prayer, and poured out his soul to God on her behalf, a sweet and holy calm seemed to steal over her spirit.

It is not our present purpose to follow this awakened soul in her various stages, from deep conviction to a true and saving conversion; nor to speak of the light and love which filled her heart, when she was enabled to give herself up to Christ, and lay down at His sacred feet her weary, burdened soul. It was a sight over which the angels in heaven rejoiced, and over which the hearts of many, redeemed from among men, leapt for gladness. Lady R—— sought and found the pearl of great price; and oh, how lightly did she then esteem earth's fairest gewgaws. She felt from her own experience that

"In vain the erring world inquires
For some substantial good;
While earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food.

"Illusive dreams of happiness
Their eager thoughts employ;
They wake convinced—the boasted bliss
Was visionary joy."

She set herself to bringing others to share her joy, to lead poor, wandering sheep, who are losing themselves on the world's dark mountains, to press closely to the Shepherd's side, that home of the soul, where

none can want, for He maketh His flock to lie down in green pastures and leadeth them beside the still waters.

Ere long she had the joy of knowing that her husband shared in her peace, and their grateful hearts could humbly, but confidently say, "He is my Saviour and my God." And now they are burning and shining lights, not hid under a bushel, but set on a hill, giving light to all around, and blessed of God in their turn to bring many sons and daughters unto Him.

Theirs is a holy and a happy home.—There God is loved, and served, and worshipped; and there in the glad experience of its members, is fulfilled the Divine promise, "Them that honour me, I will honour."

Dear reader, do you know anything of this working for God "in season, and out of season?" Has your heart ever beat with such emotions as filled the bosom of Mr. H—— as he listened to the tearful thanks of Sir Edward and Lady R——, and heard himself called by them their best and truest earthly friend, and the instrument of their souls' salvation? Reader, there are many around you, the language of whose heart is, "No man careth for my soul." Be concerned for such; and while mere words, without a consistent life, will be worse than useless, aim to combine the two.

Get your own heart filled with the redeeming love of Christ, and out of its very abundance it will well forth spontaneous streams of living water for thirsty souls.

Prayerfully, seek too, that your motive may be pure.

It is not enough merely to satisfy conscience, or in a legal spirit to discharge a duty, however binding. No, you must rise to higher aims—you must seek a single eye to the glory of your heavenly Father, and a loving, longing heart for the salvation of perishing souls. In the exercise of those principles and motives which so peculiarly characterised Mr. H—— in all his efforts, and were the secret of his successful labour, we say with all earnestness and affection, "Go thou and do likewise."—*B. Herald.*

J.W.C.

THE REASON WHY.

Why are we to lay by in store? "That there be no gathering when I come."—God's plans for the cultivation of Christian liberality demand not only thorough but also a reverential consideration. But with sorrow we are forced to admit that they do not get this from the great majority of our members. Few have given either days or hours to a calm and prayerful investigation of God's laws and Christian duties.

Anything will do in life's hurry and bustle, provided it only save our pockets; hence pompous benevolence, and not practical beneficence is the order of the day.—We have heard many able ministers and agents in this and in our fatherland appealing to Christian audiences in behalf of missionary and charitable objects, but we have never heard anything more than a mere passing reference to the simple and perpetually binding law of New Testament liberality before us. This is certainly beginning at the wrong end; why not take our stand and argument on the standard laws of Gospel charity, and then urge the permanent principle successfully home to the very heart of selfish Christendom.—The apostle does not say, wait till I come and lay before you the pressing necessities of the saints at Jerusalem, no; he does not say, wait till I thrill your minds with the account of their noble sacrifices in leaving all to follow Jesus, no; he does not say, wait till I cause you to weep and laugh by turns, by the story of my mission adventures, no; neither does he say, wait till I come and awaken gratitude by proclaiming the triumphs of the gospel in synagogue and forum, no. We cannot for one moment think that Paul would use any such miserable and worldly plans; and yet may not the very use of plans like these, be one reason why sensible men are often disgusted by pulpit and platform begging.

How often in many of the great English missionary gatherings, has not the cry of the audience been, "Where are the idols, where are the converts?" and if vulgar curiosity cannot be satisfied by a sight of these seen triumphs, then the growl is, the whole affair is a failure; and, as the au-

dience have often nothing to hear but platform eloquence, the net result may be seen in an easily counted collection.

Were this all the loss it would be a small matter, but many go away untouched either in conscience or in purse, some have been pleased or amused, some go away disgusted; while on the other hand this permanent rule of gospel giving has not been driven home to any heart, so that liberality as God hath prospered is next to an impossibility, either in the present, or in the future.

At the present moment the existence of many well known societies depends entirely upon their paid travelling agents; discontinue these, and only a mere fraction would continue to be contributed. But let every Christian have a stated season to lay by in store as God hath prospered; let conscience under the eye of God make this the law of life, and then, "you give to each conscience an agent's commission, a pulpit to occupy, a sermon to preach, and a collection to take up every Sabbath."—It is a simple law, any child can understand it; it is an effective law, for each conscience becomes a working agent, each man a conscientious treasurer; and it is a business like law, for every man will willingly and wisely give to each object in proportion to its importance. It is a miserable state of matters in any church when the members thereof never think of giving until they are driven to give some paltry sum by spasmodic lashing from some agent, or the minister; no wonder that to such members the very first symptoms of an appeal is the signal to tighten the purse string. Under the present make-shift practice, everything depends upon how the appeal is made, and the man who makes it; if the man is a popular speaker with full command over the feelings and passions of his audience, if he can tell a well painted tale of want, destitution, and misery, or if he can amuse people by a well told laughable story, then, judged by our common standard, the collection will be good.

So long as people wait to give until they are dunned, so long as people give because other people give, or because they have been amused into giving; so long will their giving be meagre, so long will it

be unfelt, yea, so long will it be unblest. But when every man gives at some stated time from principle, and the measure of that God given blessing; when we lay by in store to meet the claims of God and man as a privilege; when we give because not only it is right, but an imperative duty, then, the liberality of the age will be large, felt, and blessed alike to those giving and receiving; yea, then it will be worthy of reformed Protestant Christendom.

The Apostle wanted no man to give under the earnest influence of his eloquence; he did not wish any one to give a single cent because he was there; no! but he proclaims the law of God on the one hand, and the wants of his people on the other; and, having done so, he will not sink his ministry into a mere collectorship, but insists, and rightly, that "there be no gathering when I come." It is in such a way as this he would have conscience to scan, and to do its duty.

If men will give nothing until they are asked, this plan will make beggars; but, although in the present state of things many societies find it necessary to their very existence to have paid collecting agents, yet, there are two objections to the system: on the one hand, it is not the scriptural plan, and on the other, it absorbs, very often, a large per centage of the sum collected.

There has been too long, a false delicacy in speaking of consecration of means in many quarters; the fear of offending that covetousness which is idolatry, has been a snare to many. But we hold that it is the duty of every minister to give this subject some place in his system of ministrations: to unfold and enforce this and other laws of God bearing upon the subject, on the one hand, and on the other, to point out the various schemes in the church, and world, more especially demanding our sympathy and aid. And we further hold that this systematic giving, enjoined by the Apostle, is absolutely necessary to the very existence of any church which would seek a healthy and permanent existence: for, if the church gives not her sons, time, abilities and means to bless the world—if her religion does not master the world—then the world must curse and master her.

If effort, based on love, be the soul of success, then, to the churches of the age systematic consecration is a question of victory or death.

We have long been thoroughly disgusted with that selfish phase of religion which cannot bear to have money mentioned in the pulpit; for, if our religion is of God, it will have two sides—a Divine and a human—godliness, or due reverence upwards to God—brotherly kindness, or practical love downwards and outwards to man; and if this human side is worth one straw, it will systematically devise and carry out liberal things. Now we have one word to those who are perpetually grumbling at, what they call, ministerial begging: make this rule of the Apostle's your own, and then, instead of selfish annoyance, you will give largely and liberally,—yea, you will positively thank that man who will point out to you any way in which you can benefit your brother man.

Every congregation has its own plans to raise money for mission and other purposes. Some have collections; some have subscription lists—these monthly, quarterly or yearly. But the plan, which probably would come nearest to the apostolic law, would be to have a mission box in every church, in which every man might place his gathering, weekly or monthly; and these gifts a mission committee could easily distribute to every object according to its importance.

In the present state of things the plan may be Utopian; in most congregations it would likely produce less than the common plans; but, we believe that would be the simplest and the easiest plan; and were all the members of churches truly consecrated to God, it would, no doubt, be the most thoroughly effective plan. At the present moment, to carry the Gospel into the most remote backwood settlement, and sustain it there—to equip, send forth, and sustain an effective missionary staff in any foreign mission field—we need consecrated means more than ever—yea, true system in that consecration. With these we will go on and prosper; without these we will sink down into worldliness and death.

Finally, if the members of our church would seek a liberal, progressive and sanc-

tified Christianity, let them deeply and prayerfully ponder the New Testament law of action: "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gathering when I come."—*Home and Foreign Record of the Canada Presbyterian Church.*

UNSELFISHNESS.

But where will you find it? The earth certainly cannot claim to be overrun or overburdened with this species of plant. In some of its departments, however, it may be seen, and is seen, from day to day. What can be more unselfish than this earth itself, yielding her fruits for the sustenance of the animal kingdom? We can behold nothing selfish in this—no sordid gain to be derived. As far as we can see, the earth could get along just as well without us, and the lower animal kingdom, as with us. Then, again, the sun, and moon, and stars, and showers, and sunshine, are all unselfish, as far as our knowledge of them extends; and although we and the rest of animals generally, as well as the vegetable kingdom, could ill afford to dispense with these things, they could dispense with us without any serious detriment to themselves. We derive advantages, many and great, from them; but how they are benefitted in bestowing these advantages upon us is more than we can at present divine. Then, if we should descend still further into particulars, we might point out several species in the animal kingdom which are seemingly unselfish. Take the numerous feathered tribe which float in the atmosphere. Who pays the birds for their songs of gladness? It matters little to them whether their auditors be few or many, be rich or poor, large or small; they sing as sweetly and as freely to all. We might name others among this order of beings who equally exhibit this trait of unselfishness, but time will not allow. We wish to say, in conclusion, however, that while there may be many exceptions to this unselfish spirit, none is more noticeable than that formed by the human race. One of the prime and prominent elements of man in his degenerate state is selfishness. It obtrudes itself into almost every thing he does, says, or thinks. But even here there have been some happy exceptions. Jesus of Nazareth was one, and a perfect one too; Paul was another, though less perfect, yet far ahead of many others that might be named.

Sabbath School Lessons.

August 23rd, 1863.

THE CONDITION UPON WHICH SOME WOULD FOLLOW CHRIST.

Luke ix. 57-62.

In this lesson we have three individuals, one of whom is a volunteer follower of the Lord. 'Lord,' says he, "I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." This disciple was evidently a sincere and impulsive individual who did not sufficiently count the cost. The Lord Jesus told him to count the cost. "Foxes have holes," said he, "and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." It is not an easy thing to be a Christian. It is not attended with worldly enjoyments or comforts. It is often attended with hardship and great poverty. It was so in the case of our Lord Himself. The servant is not greater than his master, nor the disciple than his Lord."

Obs. Though the Lord desires followers, He wants those who would follow Him, to do so with their eyes open. He wants them not to be deceived as to what may be expected of them. He expects them to enter His service as good soldiers expecting to endure hardship.

Christ commanded a second to follow Him. The answer made to the command was a remarkable one, "Suffer me first to bury my father." There is probably more implied in the expression than at first sight appears. It means something more than merely attending the funeral of a deceased parent. Some think that it means to take care of a father until he is dead, "and that it implies a wish to attend upon an aged father during all the infirmities of his latter days, until he was released by death. Others think that there is a reference to the many tedious and superstitious practices of the Jews in connection with deaths and funerals, such as a seven days lamentation before the burial of a father, and a year's special mourning after his funeral.

There is some probability in both these opinions. Whichever view may be taken, the thing requested was in itself harmless, though the time at which it was made was unanswerable. Affairs of far greater importance than even a father's funeral demanded the man's immediate attention. There was at that moment a pressing want of labourers to do Christ's work in the world. Hence the solemn reply Let the dead bury the dead; but go thou and preach the Kingdom of God."

The learned man whom the Lord command-

ed to follow seemed willing to go; but he too interposed a request. His answer let me first go bid them farewell which are at home at my house showed plainly that the man's heart was not yet thoroughly engaged in Christ's service, and that therefore he was unfit to be a disciple. Jesus told him so; v. 62.

LEARN. I. That Christ's followers must deny themselves. They must give up their own will for Christ's.

II. That Christ was homeless and houseless. However poor our condition may be we ought to be humble, happy and thankful. Christ while on earth had not where to lay His head.

III. That we should beware of looking back. A heart that finds its pleasures away from Christ is not fit for heaven. Remember Lot's wife.

August, 30th, 1863.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Read *Deut.* xxxiv. 1-12.

CONNECTION.—Israel was still in the plains of Moab, when Moses was removed from their head.

This chapter must have been added to Moses' writings by some other inspired person.

I. Moses sees the Land of Promise, ver. 1-4.

Moses had just spent his last hours in counselling and blessing his beloved though wayward people (chap. xxxiii), when he received the command from God (chap. xxxii. 49). "Get thee up unto Mount Nebo, and behold the land of Canaan"—"and die" there, as Aaron died in Mount Hor. With a steady step, and without the breathlessness of age, the aged leader ascended the hill; but not like Aaron, with chosen friends—he was alone.—He trembled when he went up Mount Sinai, but not now.

And the Lord showed him all the Land.—Dan lay about 100 miles north—the utmost sea—the Mediterranean, 600 miles west, and Zoar nearly as far south. His natural eye, though undimmed, must have been aided by God. *I have caused thee to see it.*

But thou shalt not go over thither. See *Deut.* iii. 57-57. Once Moses had prayed that he might go over Jordan with his people; but he whose prayer had so often saved Israel, was refused this small and most natural request; *Num.* xx. 12.

II. Moses Dies, ver. 5-7.

So Moses died there. How brief! Moses assisted to unrobe his brother Aaron of his

priestly garments. At God's command, his spirit drops its robe of mortality. *The servant of the Lord.* How glorious a character! *He buried him*—not in Canaan. His tomb was concealed from Israel to avoid giving any additional stimulus to the almost idolatrous respect they afterwards paid Moses. Jude (9) is supposed to refer to Zech. iii. 1, "Michael" being another name for "the angel of the Lord," and "the body of Moses" a symbolical phrase for the Mosaic law and institutions.

Moses' age and vigour. He never knew decay—a remarkable fact. A soul and mind so healthful and vigorous would do much to sustain bodily vigour.

III. His Funeral services, ver. 8-12

The mourning.—*Israel wept*; like some children, they grieved him while alive, but they wept over him when dead.

His successor. It seems God intimated the death of Moses to Joshua. Josh. i. 1. Israel could not want a leader, and the spirit of wisdom descended to Joshua.

His epitaph.—*There arose not a prophet.* He had a successor, but no equal—(1.) In his closeness to God—*face to face*—who so knew God? (2.) In the power he displayed before Pharaoh and Israel.

APPLICATION.

1. *By faith you may see the promised land now.* Heaven is the promised land. While Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were sojourning in Canaan, heaven was the land they longed for, and saw by faith, Heb. xi. 9, 10, 14.—Moses had since his youth seen things invisible, Heb. xi. 27. As an exile longs for his native land, though it is unseen, so the Christian longs for his "Father's house," John xiv. 2. Without faith you cannot "see the kingdom of God," John iii. 3. Such a sight makes one ready to live, and ready and willing to die.

2. *See the death of the righteous.*

(1.) It can never be till his work here is over; he is immortal till then—Paul, Acts xxvii, 24. Jews, Gentiles; the viper, and the stormy sea, cannot touch him. So Moses—so Luther.

(2.) It is at the command of his God, as much as Moses' death was. Disease and death fulfil God's pleasure, Matt. viii. 9; John xiv. 3.

(3.) It is peace. He is at peace with God through Christ, whether he knows it fully or not. He often enjoys peace, Psal. xxxvii. 37. Old Simeon—Moses. How calmly, how cheerfully he ascends the mount *to die!* Martyrs and Sabbath-school scholars too have died so—often.

(4.) *It is the gate of heaven.* Moses entered heaven immediately—Elijah.

3. *See how the righteous live.*

(1.) They serve God. They do not serve or please themselves, or the world, or Satan, but they serve and please Christ alone. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" is their question. "Moses my servant," Josh. i. 2.

(2.) They know God—see His face in Christ. That may be written over their graves too. You must live as they live, if you want to die as they die—mere wishes, like Balaam's, are useless.

SUBORDINATE LESSONS.

1. God is more willing to grant great things, in answer to prayer, than little things—the soul's blessings always, the body's only sometimes. He gives Israel to Moses' prayer, but not a foot print in Canaan.

2. God hides the bodies of all His servants. He knows where to find them at the resurrection-morn.

3. Serve God from your youth if you would enjoy a good old age.

4. Love and obey those who would guide you right *now*, and you will have no bitter tears to shed when they are taken away.—Children forget this.

September 6th, 1863.

THE SEVENTY DISCIPLES.

Read Luke x. 1-20.

I. The Seventy sent out, ver. 1-12.

Christ had already sent out the twelve, Matt. x. 1. How much Christ must have done himself in visiting the places where all these forerunners went! He was overwhelmed with the number of ungathered souls. How Christ would pray himself for labourers!

Directions to the disciples—

They were to maintain the character of "lambs;" as the world in its hatred and cruelty would that of "wolves." Christ would provide for them what was necessary without their "purse or scrip." They were to be content; "Go not from house to house." They were to be like those on a message of life and death—"salute no man."

When received—they were to heal the sick, and preach "the kingdom of God," &c., meaning that God's grace was never so fully offered as now.

When rejected—they were to shake off the dust of their feet as a witness against them.

II. Christ's warning, ver. 13-16.

Christ seems just then to have remembered how some cities had already rejected him, and with deep emotion exclaimed, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin!" &c. It was a kind warning; the same voice will yet condemn in "judgment." He knows what the sentence will be. "Chorazin and Bethsaida" were cities near to the Sea of Galilee, in Christ's own country.—"Tyre and Sidon" were heathen cities, and very wicked.

III. The Seventy return, ver. 17-20

They mentioned specially that the devils were subject. Christ shared their joy, and saw in it a token of Satan's overthrow, ver. 18. Nothing can hurt *the souls* in Christ's hands: the bodies of his servants did suffer, ver. 19.

APPLICATION.

1. *Be like Christ in doing good to souls.* How His eye swept over the extent of "the harvest" of souls; how His heart felt its value, ver. 2. Do you ever think of the soul's around you? Try to bring them to Christ and make them holy. You can do something for them: pray and show a good example.—Andrew; Philip, John i. 41-45; Timothy's mother.

2. If you are doing what Christ bids you, then you should be—

Like lambs, ver. 3. Harmless, quiet, useful.

Earnest, ver. 4. Doing your work with all your might. No time to trifle; like one who runs a race, or fights a battle.

Content, ver. 7 with the provision Christ sends you. Remember how little He had when He was here.

A blessing to all near you, ver. 6; so Joseph was.

Trustful. Full of trust in Christ; the disciples "lacked nothing," Luke xxii. 35.

3. *How do you treat Christ and His gospel?* Christ has sent you His Bible and His teachers; He watches to see how you treat them; neglecting them is neglecting Him, ver. 16. Beware, the dust of your unread Bibles, the very walls and wood of the church and school, will cry out against you! Hab. ii. 11.

4. *The misery of those who reject Christ.* He knows the fate of unrepenting sinners.—He cries, "Woe, woe to you;" "Sodom" had

no warning (how often you have been warned!), yet look at that stagnant sullen sea—Sodom stood there once, Heb. ii. 3. The higher God had raised you, your fall will be the more awful.

5. *The power of Christ.* The devils are subject still. Satan will be bound, Rev. xx.

2. None need fear him if Christ is with them, Rom. xvi. 20.

6. *Is your name written in heaven?* Is Christ's name written on your heart now?—Do you love and try to obey Him? If so, then rejoice your name *is* written in heaven—Earth can do nothing for you.

CONVERSION OF AUGUSTINE.

In the spring of the year 372, a young man in the thirty-first year of his age, in evident distress of mind, entered into his garden, near Milan. The sins of his youth, a youth spent in sensuality and impiety, weighed heavily on his soul. Lying under a fig-tree, moaning and pouring out abundant tears, he heard from a neighbouring house a young voice saying, and repeating in rapid succession, *Tolle, lege! Tolle, lege!* "Take and read! Take and read!" Receiving this as an admonition, he returned to the place where he left his friend Alypius, to procure the roll of St. Paul's Epistles, which he had a short time before left with him. "I seized the roll," says he, in describing this scene; "I opened it, and read in silence the chapter on which my eyes first alighted. It was Rom. xiii.—Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof. I did not want to read any more," said he; "nor was there any need! doubt was banished." The power of truth brought conviction to his mind, and the grand career of Augustine, the holiest of the fathers, then commenced. A passage of God's Word had kindled that light which was to enlighten the Church for ten centuries, and whose beams gladden her even to this present day. After thirty-one years of revolt, of combats, of falls, of misery, this erring man, by the mercy of God, was brought in sincerity of heart to renounce his errors, and by a life of usefulness to adorn his Christian profession; he not only became an instructor to others, but he also presented in his own rectified conduct a proof of the transforming power of the Word of God.

WHAT ARE THE QUALIFICATIONS NECESSARY FOR A PERSON ENGAGED IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING?

I.—Personal piety, leading to—

Prayer for God's blessing on his labours.

A conviction that he is working for God, and, so to speak, with God.

A firm belief that none of God's servants, working in a holy cause ever work in vain.

A fondness for children.

A mind desiring to be taught while teaching.

A mind willing to persevere, though events be discouraging.

II.—The ability to control self and to control others, manifesting itself by—

The power of commanding obedience.

The tact to obtain order.

Steadiness in preserving order when obtained.

III.—Personal conduct.

A devotional manner when engaged in devotional duties.

Freedom from partiality and favouritism.

Exemption from fancies, whims, and crotchets.

Decision in tone, in words, in actions.

Willingness to work, and to disregard trouble.

Punctual—doing the work of the hour at the hour appointed,

Methodical—to have things in their order.

Neat—to have things in their places.

Care—to enjoin nothing that ought not to be enjoined; and care, that whatever is ordered, promised, or threatened, shall be fulfilled.

Kindness—remembering that it is the golden key to the human heart.

Gentleness: seeking to conquer the most unruly children by the irresistible force of gentleness.

Pleasing manner of speaking—bearing in mind that one drop of honey catcheth more flies than a spoonful of vinegar.

Patience—remembering Him who endured and endureth the "contradiction of sinners."

Good temper—in order to bring perpetual sunshine into the school-room.

IV.—Apt to teach, and possessed of knowledge.

Water cannot rise above its level, and from nothing, nothing can come; no man can effectually teach that which he does not

himself understand: therefore, with every Sunday-school teacher, knowledge is power.

A knowledge of character, and power of discrimination—to distinguish between inability and unwillingness.

The power of adapting the subject taught to the understanding of the learner.

The art of picture-making. All children love pictures, and all understand them; and a subject that is presented to the mind as a picture will be retained.

A love of Saxon English—leading the teacher to macadamise only hard words, and to use the words only that the pupils understand. To these acquirements must be added—

A mind well stored with scriptural truth—so as to know *what is truth*, and so as to perceive, in every mixed question, where truth ends, and where error begins, or how much error is blended with the truth, and, above all, he must be

A man of prayer—remembering that to work without prayer, or to pray without working, is alike unworthy of the Christian, and unfits the teacher for the sacred office of teaching.

DO RIGHT.

Stick to the truth,
Come good or bad;
Success attends
A truthful lad.

Better be poor in goods and fame,
Than sacrifice an honest name.

Don't fear scorn
Of empty fools,
Nor sell your soul
To Fashion's rules.

A kersey coat will keep you warm—
French cloth shrinks before a storm.

Be just in all
Your trades with men;
Mankind are brothers,
Well your ken.

Do unto all as unto you
You'd have your fellows also do.

Another thing—
Don't try with wine!
The red wine hides
A powder mine!

And by-and-by some luckless node,
The ticklish bomb-shell may explode.

Be true to love,
 If rich or poor,
 It matters not,
 Don't give it o'er!
 Marriage without due reverence
 Is like a field without a fence.

Be kind to all
 Of low degree;
 Keep in thy breast
 Much Charity.

A poor man's blessing counteth more
 Than all the treasures misers store.

Go on in faith,
 Hold fast the right—
 And you shall have,
 'Gainst Age's nith,
 Riches laid up on Fortune's shelves,
 For God helps those who help themselves.

THE CRUCIBLE.

Now the crucible is breaking,
 Faith its perfect seal is taking,
 Like the gold in furnace tried;
 Through the test of sharp distresses,
 Those whom heaven most richly blesses,
 For its joys are purified.

Trial when it weighs severely
 Stamps the Saviour's image clearly
 On the heart of all his friends;
 In the frame His hands have moulded
 Is a future life unfolded
 Through the suffering which He sends,

Suffering gives our faith assurance,
 Makes us patient in endurance,
 Suffering! Who is worth thy pains?
 Here they call thee only torment—
 There they call thee a preferment,
 Which not every one attains.

Brethren! grace which thus assuages
 Suffering, is through diverse stages
 Reached by true disciples here—
 While they're pierced by sharpest anguish,
 While in many a death they languish,
 Watch through many a night of fear.

Though in health, with powers unwasted
 And with willing hearts we nasted
 To take up our Saviour's cross;
 If through trial our good Master
 Should refine these powers the faster,
 What good Christian counts it loss?

Suffering curbs our wayward passions,
 Childlike tempers in us fashions,
 And our will to His subduces;
 Thus His hand so soft and healing,
 Each disordered power and feeling,
 By a blessed change renews.

Suffering keeps the thoughts compacted,
 That the soul be not distracted
 By the world's beguiling art;
 'Tis like some angelic warder
 Ever keeping sacred order
 In the chambers of the heart.

Suffering tunes the heart's emotion
 To eternity's devotion,
 And awakes a fond desire
 For the land where psalms are ringing
 And with palms the martyrs singing
 Sweetly to the harper's quire.

In the depth of its distresses,
 Each true heart the closer presses
 To His heart with ardent love:
 Ever longing, ever crying,
 O conform me to Thy dying,
 That I live with Thee above!

Sighs and tears at last are over:
 Breaking through its fleshy cover,
 Soars the soul to light away—
 Who, while here below, can measure
 That deep sea of heavenly pleasure
 Spreading there so bright for aye?

Day by day, O Jesus, nearer
 Show that bliss to me, and clearer,
 Till my latest hour I see.
 Then, my weary striving ended,
 May my spirit be attended
 By bright angels home to Thee.

(From the German of Hartmann.)

Trans. by Rev. J. D. BURNS.

LOVE NOT SENTIMENTALISM.

Some are in danger of becoming mere religious sentimentalists. They revel in the poetry of feeling; they are easily wrought into an effervescence of tenderness; they delight in a storm of emotional vehemency. All this they suppose to be Christian love. Yet it is a love that costs them nothing.— They feel much, but do little. They are ready for sympathy, but not for sacrifice. They try, in effect, to divorce benevolence from beneficence. They are the sensitive plants of the Church, and not fruit-bearing trees of righteousness. Butler remarks that "passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker; only practical habits are strengthened by repeated acts." Thus, this fine sensibility, cherished for its own sake, and having no outforce in deeds for the good of others, both weakens the soul and weakens itself; and the more "Man of Feeling" often has at last to say:—

"I cannot feel as once I felt,
 And yet I know not why;
 It is the greatest woe of life
 To feel all feeling die."

But, even if it could live with all its morning freshness to the last, it would in itself be worthless. There is no religiousness in mere feeling. "Abiding alone," it is but soft feminacy, or weak indulgence, luxury, not love. To let it pass for love is a mistake most pernicious to the man himself, and most dishonouring to Christ. He has not said, "By love *feel* for one another," merely; but "By love *serve* one another." Let us interpret his law by his life. Study the expressions of his love; for ours must speak the same language, and act in the same way.

His love speaks to us through a glorious deed, which wakes the song of heaven and the wonder of eternity; then our love, like his, must speak through action, and take as the motto on its shield, "Deeds, not words." Christian works are but animate love, as flowers are the animate spring-tide." His love found expression through a sacrifice; then ours must express itself through sacrifice. His love was displayed when "He bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows; then, with all the tenderness of strength," "bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." His love would delegate to no other being his work on our behalf.—Looking on lost men, he did not say, "I will send an angel;" but, "I will go myself to save them;" and redemption was his own personal act. Then our love is not to have a mere representative utterance, but to find embodiment in our own personal ministry. It will not be satisfied by an indolent gift to some annual subscription list, or by handing its own responsibilities to some impersonal institution. It will to the utmost pay its own visits, do its own work; and by thus being most Christ-like will be most effective. Sometimes the costliest gifts, and blazonry of the most imposing delegation, will be as nothing in their power, compared with touches and glances from the living presence—with the slightest words, warm with the tones of the moment, the slightest acts, alive with individuality, and wrought directly by ourselves.—*Central Truths.*

THE FIRST OFFER.

Not long since, as a clergyman was visiting one of his parishioners, who was a man of business, the following conversation substantially occurred:—

"It is true," said the merchant, "I am not satisfied with my present condition. I am not of a settled mind in religion, as you express it. Still I am not utterly hopeless. I may yet enter the vineyard, even at the *eleventh hour.*"

"Ah! your allusion is to the Saviour's parable of the loitering labours who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you have overlooked the fact that these men accepted the *first offer.*"

"Is that so?"

"Certainly. They said to the lord of the vineyard, 'No man hath hired us. They welcomed his first offer immediately.'"

"I had not thought of that before. But then the thief on the cross, even while dying, was saved."

"Yee; but is it likely that even he had ever rejected an offer of salvation as preached by Christ and his apostles? Like Barabbas, he had been a robber by profession. In the resorts and haunts to which he had been accustomed, the gospel had never been preached. Is there not some reason to believe that he too accepted the *first offer?*"

"Why, you seem desirous to quench my last spark of hope."

"Why should I not? Such hope is an illusion. You have really no promise of acceptance at some future time. *Now* is the accepted time! Begin *now!*"

"How shall I begin?"

"Just as the poor leper did when he met Jesus by the way, and committed his body to the great Physician, in order to be healed. So commit your soul to him as a present Saviour. Then serve him from love. The next, event, the most common duty of life that you have to perform, do it as service unto him. Will you accept the *first offer?* Your eyes are open to see your peril. Beware of delay,—beware."

"You are, right. May God help me. I fear I have been living in a kind of dreamy delusion on this subject."—*Tract Journal.*

OUR HOME.

Thank God for *home*, and all the joys that cluster round and make it of all "pleasant places" the most pleasant. There are languages of the earth in which there is no word that corresponds to *home*. The French have no word like it now. The old Romans did not know the term. Many who have the thing itself are ignorant of its meaning. And it is not easy to define it. I like the definition which the child gave when asked by a friend, "What is *home?*" Looking up at his mother, he replied, "Where *mother* is."

Truth is difficult to reach; it becomes coloured on its way to us, with the weaknesses and faults of the individuals with whom, in its transmission, it comes into contact.