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*Wm. B. Buchanan Esq*  
*Ch. B. B.*

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## THE SLEEPLESSNESS OF THE SOUL.

BY MADAME DE GASPARIN.

The soul does not sleep, it lives; it is the body that lies low in the slumbers of the tomb.

Can you conceive a sleeping soul, a dreamless sleep? I find that such a state borders too closely upon annihilation, not to excite in man extreme repulsion. In fact, it is temporary annihilation.

To cease to exist during centuries, perhaps ages; to give up a life throbbing with the love of the Saviour; to be frozen up after the fashion of antediluvian mammoths; to exchange the activity of thought, the full employment of every faculty, for a suspension that amounts to total extinction,—to speak frankly, does this prospect fill your heart with joy? Mine remains aghast at it. Nevertheless, if the Word of God declares

many men, of high consideration, affirm that it does!

One word, one only, authorizes this opinion; a very strong word, it is true, and often repeated, the word *sleep*.

Death is sleep; those who die *fall asleep*. What remains to be said in reply?

Much; nay, all.

The word is there, no doubt. But as long as its meaning is undefined, the question remains open. In what sense are we to take this word "sleep?" How is it applied in the Scriptures? This is what it concerns us to know. This alone will solve the difficulty.

This word applies to the body, not in any sense to the soul.

It is the body that sleeps, absolutely unconcerned by all that goes on in this world or in the other. It sleeps heavily, no voice can rouse it, not even that dear voice whose lightest whisper sufficed to thrill it during the days of life on earth.

You know it but too well, that implacable sleep; you who have folded in a last embrace that poor body, indifferent now to every appeal of yours. An hour ago, it saw your tears, your pale face; it sees them no longer. All that the soul saw and heard, those angelic messengers that God

often sends to light it on its passage; the body, if it saw them at all, sees and hears no longer. It has fallen down inert, it remains inert, and the immortal germ that God has placed within it, the spark which His breath will re-ignite, is so deeply buried in dust and ashes, that no human search can ever discover it.

Has the soul then succumbed? Is the spirit paralysed? Let us draw near, and examine more closely into this. This dreadful word "sleep," will—thanks to Jesus who applied it to Himself—at once assume its own proper and circumscribed meaning.

Here is the garden of Joseph; here is the sepulchre. The body of Jesus is resting there! What says Holy Writ?—Jesus sleeps.

He sleeps! This is the language employed by Scripture. When Scripture speaks of Jesus dying, they say, He fell asleep. When they speak of His resurrection, it is as of awaking out of sleep.

No distinction is here made between the body and the soul of the Son of God. If we take the sleep of death in an absolute sense, the whole nature of Jesus was, for a season, subjugated by I know not what lethargy. For three days the spirit of Jesus, the Lord of Life, remained paralysed, benumbed. You might have traversed the whole earth, its height and depth; you might have sounded the immensity of heaven, nowhere would you have met with Jesus! For three whole days the Word—He who could say of Himself, *I am*—He, even He, *was not*.

Does not the shudder occasioned by such a thought as this at once convince you of its sacrilegious absurdity?

Well then, the whole of revelation declares of Jesus that He slept.

If it says this of Him, it may well say it of us. There is nothing in that which need terrify us any longer.

The Pharisees said it when they set a watch around His tomb—"We remember that that deceiver said, In three days I will awake, arise again."

The angels implied it when, seated by the sepulchre, they re-assure the sorrowing women,—“Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is not here, he is risen.”

Jesus said, speaking of himself: “When I am risen I will go before you into Galilee.”

The apostles repeat the phrase: “He rose again the third day.” “God raised Him from the dead.” Let us believe on Him who raised Him up.

Dust, thou shalt return to thy dust! I know thee, thou fearful sentence, thou art nothing new. Ever since the days of the Garden of Eden thou hast struck at our bodies; our souls disown and defy thee! The soul can no more sleep than it can die.

Have you still one lingering doubt? The last sigh of the Saviour will dispel it for you.

“Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.” Death takes his own portion, but the living spirit returns to the land of life. For three days the body shall remain laid in the tomb, treated as a holy thing, but still as a *thing*; it shall be wrapped in a shroud, heaped about with spices; sleep shall weigh the eyelids down, paralyse the limbs, but not the spirit. Death, thou canst not touch *that*! The spirit will patiently await in God’s presence the hour when, returning into the very body it left, it will raise it up on its feet, soar with it to the Father, re-descend to earth, sit down in glory.

This is not yet all! Listen to a decisive sentence of the Saviour—

“I lay down my life to take it up again. I have power both to lay it down, and to take it up.”

Who is this *I*; this victorious *I*, who is it? Who is the one who, being dead, commands life to return? It is the soul; the soul which can neither slumber nor sleep.

Be at ease; we shall sleep as Jesus slept. It is thus that sleep our loved ones. Their bodies, that is to say; never their souls.

This subject is one that must be thoroughly examined. When only indistinctly revealed, it saddens us; placed under a full, strong light, it causes our hearts to dance with joy.

Let us return in thought to days long past, remount the stream of time.

Here we meet with Abraham. In the midst of the terrors of night and darkness,

he has been visited by a vision. The Lord has spoken to him, “Thou shalt be gathered to thy fathers.” Do these words apply to the Patriarch’s earthly remains? will his bones be carried to Padan-Aram, from the land of Canaan to the country whence he originally came? Not so. Abraham having died in a strange country, is buried in the cave of Hebron: there rests his body; his dust will not be mingled with that of the plains of Mesopotamia. It is the soul that is spoken of; the soul is living still; the soul goes whither his fathers have gone.

Again, God meets Isaac in the valleys of Beersheba, and says, “I am the God of Abraham thy father.” To Jacob he says, “I am the God of Isaac.”

To the people of Israel, “I am the God of Jacob.”

Magnificent name!—*His name throughout all ages!* “I AM!”—not *I was*. Jesus declares Him God of the living, not of the dead, not of the sleeping.

David cries aloud, “Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hades.” Prophet, he announces the resurrection of Christ; believe, he expresses the fulness of his own conviction.

And Ecclesiastes responds to him, “Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.”

Long before then, the Lord on Sinai came to hold converse with Moses from the midst of ten thousand of his saints, living saints, not sleeping. Long after, the dry bones gathered themselves into battle array at Ezekiel’s voice: but, lo! the *spirit* had not yet returned into them.

Who is that who rises down there on the plains of Endor, in presence of the pale and trembling king? A phantom? No; Samuel himself, the judge of Israel. “Why hast thou disquieted me? To-morrow thou shalt be *with me*, thou and thy sons.”

Who are they who appear on the holy mountain, talking there with the transfigured Jesus? Two of the dead: Elijah, carried up body and soul to heaven; Moses, whose body is still hidden in some mountain-hollow on the other side of Jordan. Do they sleep? Have they slept? No; both have come from the land of life; both will return thither; their faces are lit with celestial glory.

What says Jesus to the little daughter of Jairus? “Maiden, arise!” The stiffened frame lifts itself up; the heart beats, the

child walks,—and why? *Her spirit has returned into her.*

Behold a spectacle at once magnificent and terrible! A poor man, covered with sores, yields up his last suffering breath, and is borne by angels into Abraham's bosom. A rich man lives in splendour, dies, is buried, and then—I see him in a place of torment. This fate follows instantly upon his death; for amongst the inhabitants of earth are numbered the brothers of the man clothed in purple and fine linen.

A parable, you say.

I know it, and know that to draw too rigorous deductions from it, would be to pervert its meaning. Nevertheless, it has a meaning, else of what use would it be? When the Lord spoke it, He designed it to announce a truth, else He would not have done so. Was its only purport to teach the Jews that, after this life ended, there were felicities and torments both? The Jews knew that perfectly well. What, then, did the parable teach? The striking fact, that the soul cannot sleep, that it merely passes through death, does not linger in it, that it is immediately happy or unhappy, one or the other, and that it can only be either through being a living soul.

Do you not at once see the moral influence of this fact? A thousand years of lethargy; that is a long period. A state of pain or a state of enjoyment divided from us by such an interval, does not affect me much with joy or fear. You will tell me that a thousand years are as one day! Yes, in the Lord's eyes they are so. But as for me, a finite creature, with my standard of time, I count the thousand years as they are here upon this earth where I am: in spite of myself, I see them in the light of a reprieve, and from that moment it is no longer my soul that sleeps, but my conscience.

My pen has stumbled upon that word catalepsy.

There are indeed cataleptics. There are people whose senses are all suspended, who cannot see, who are considered dead, who are dead in common parlance. O, but are they really so? Those motionless eyes follow your movements, those frozen ears catch all your broken words: each latent faculty, preternaturally excited by the constraint laid on it, has acquired increased intensity; life is there, entire, vibrating, condensed.

And when the blood begins again to circulate and the lips unclose, when that frightful torture of the living soul within the corpse is ended, it is found that never before did the heart feel so strongly, the mind think so intensely. And shall we still believe in the sleep of the soul!

But I return to the proofs afforded me by revelation.

Judas, who strangled himself, went, say the Scriptures, *to his own place*. You shudder. Sleep has no such terrors.

Paul calls us *fellow citizens with the saints*. The city is alive, its citizens are awake, are stirring, acting; a city of sleepers would be rather a necropolis than a city; the fellow-citizens of saints are fellow-citizens of the living.

The same apostle exclaims: "Ye are not come unto Sinai, ye are come unto Mount Zion, to the general assembly, . . . to the *spirits of just men made perfect*."

These spirits are living at this present hour in the presence of God; *for the body is dead, but the spirit is life*.

Do we need further argument?

Yes; there is still much to be said. A single word has given birth to the notion of the soul's temporary annihilation; another word refutes it—*departure*.

The soul *departs*, says the Bible. We depart from our homes. In order to depart, we must be alive. My home is not myself. My home without me remains a dead, deserted thing. Doors closed, windows closed, silence everywhere. Meanwhile I, this living I, am elsewhere, am animating some other dwelling with my presence.

Then, as for the desire to depart so often expressed by the apostles, how can we understand it if sleep follows upon death? Such a desire would be simply unreasonable. What! I want to quit this earth where I serve my God, where I feel, where I love; I want to quit it that I may sleep. Only a despairing lassitude can prompt such a wish as this; never will it be felt by a Christian in the full exercise of his faculties, his faith, and his affections. Such a one will never prefer lethargy to labour. Living, he may glorify his God; living, he may save souls; living, he may comfort the mourner; but paralysed, congealed, a thing and not a being, even the power to dream is not permitted him any longer.

Paul aspires after deliverance; he shall.

tell us why. "When at home in the body we are *absent from the Lord*. Therefore we desire to depart, that we may be *present with the Lord*." Here is his motive. St. Paul would fain depart, not to escape the sorrows of existence. A soldier does not shun the battle, that he may receive the prize. Besides, St. Paul, in repeating it, further defines his thought. "We are willing rather to be *absent from the body*, that we may be *present with the Lord*." Absent from the body! What is it that is absent? My soul. Whither does it go? Into the presence of the Lord.

I fear to dwell too long upon the subject, to weary the reader; but I must needs recall that other expression of Paul's, when, his heart wrung with anxiety about the new converts whom he feared to leave, his soul possessed with the desire to behold Jesus, he wrote those lines so impressively true, so touchingly natural,—“I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be *with Christ, which is far better*; nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you.”

One irrefragable testimony remains: I have kept it to the last.

Three crosses rise on Golgotha. On one of these, with arms outstretched, the royal title above His head, proclaiming to the universe how Israel treats the Son of God, see Jesus die. They ridicule Him. Insults are hurled at Him on all sides by the angry crowd, and fall blunted on that brow, which grows pale beneath the Divine wrath. Jews, Romans, all alike blaspheme. More bitter, more caustic still, fraught with more fearful irony, the sarcasm heard from the neighbouring cross,—“If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us.”

Then, before any answer can be returned, a voice is lifted up, plaintive but firm, humble but vibrating with hope: “This man has done nothing amiss; we indeed suffer justly;” then that supreme prayer: “Remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom.”

Jesus answer: “*To-day*, verily I say unto thee, *to-day* thou shalt be with me in Paradise.”

What a contrast! Have you seized its full power? It is as though Jesus said—

“You thought to fall asleep; you thought that ages after ages would heap their dust on your torpid spirit; to-day, as

soon as the brutal club of the Roman soldiers shall have broken thy bones, to-day thou shalt be with me. For me, I do not sleep. My soul enters triumphantly into its kingdom; finds its ransomed ones there; other ransomed spirits coming, one after the other, to rejoin it; to-day, not later, Paradise will open for thee; and when, at the appointed day, I re-descend as Sovereign Judge, it is with my saints, the armies of my saints, my living not sleeping saints, that I shall return to earth.”

No man can number these saints.

Do you see, too, in the pages of the Apoclypse—those souls hidden under the altar? Moved with holy impatience, they cry,—“How long, O Lord! how long!”

Do you mark the myriads clothed in symbolic white garments, come out of great tribulation, and glorifying the Lord, while the last scenes of our earth's history are being accomplished? These are the elect, happy *at this present hour*, but still aspiring, waiting for the redemption of the body.

And now if, by a singular reaction having been once offended by the idea of a glorified body, you are amazed at the idea of a soul deprived of its body and yet living, of a soul that perceives, feels, thinks, I have to ask you, whether you have never dreamed; if you do not know what it is to traverse earth and skies in the imaginations of your sleep; if it has never happened to you, as it were, to act, to speak, to live long years in one second of time; to be your own identical, complete self, the body only excepted.

And then I have to point you to St. Paul caught up to the third heaven, whether in the body or out of the body he knows not. I point you to a Daniel, an Ezekiel, a St. John; to all the prophets in their trances and their visions, and I say to you, Do not underrate any longer the power of God, the ineffable vitality of our own moral being.

We are convinced; we know now to a certainty that there is no state of torpor for our dead.

Their slumber weighed like lead upon our soul. It almost made an idol against the decrees of the Most High, our bereavements became intolerable. How can we but regret life for those who sleep? The most laborious existence, the most troubled and tormented, is at least better than annihilation.

The weary may at least love, the suffering may glorify God; but the unconscious tenants of the tomb have neither heart nor tongue with which to praise the Lord.

Would I wake you out of sleep, my beloved one? Yes. Must I needs rebel against the will which has snatched you out of existence, to cast you into a limbo, full of silence and of gloom? Yes. Do I find such a decree inexplicable, unjust, cruel? I do.

Would I recall you from Paradise, from the very fount of life; would I plunge you again into our darknesses, our sins; could I fail to bless through all my tears the merciful decree which has transported you to the seats of everlasting bliss? Never.

The way opens out before us. It does not lead down to the darksome bowels of the earth; it rises to the highest heavens.

Let us no longer look for the living amongst the dead.

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#### THE FALSE GUIDE-POST.

At a place where two ways met, a *guide-post* had been erected, that travellers might not miss the way. Under a hand pointing in one direction was painted, "Three miles to the river," and under one pointing in the other direction, "Four miles to Lakeville."

One day two boys coming along, began to amuse themselves by throwing stones at the guide-post; and after battering their target for a while, one exclaimed to his companion: "I say, Jim, I've got a new idea." "What is it?" said the other. "It is this," said the first speaker, whose name was Arthur, "that we change the boards on the post, so that when a stranger comes along and wants to go to Lakeville, we may send him to the river; and if he wants to go to the river, we may send him to Lakeville." James at first objected, saying he did not think there was much fun in doing this, as it would give a great deal of trouble to somebody, and feeling in his conscience that it was wrong to do it. But Arthur insisted, saying that he would bear all the blame, and that he was determined to do it, and that James need have no hand in changing the boards, if he would only hold his tongue, and say nothing about who had done it. And so the latter was over-persuaded, and stood by while the boards were changed, and each made to give a false

direction; when, the feat being accomplished, both boys started for home, Arthur with a careless spirit, rejoicing over the intended mischief, and James with feelings of dissatisfaction and uneasiness, conscious that he had been partaking in an evil deed.

A week passed away when Mr. Brooks, a man who lived about a mile above the fork of the road, cut his foot with an axe. The wound was very severe; an artery had been severed, and there was danger that he would bleed to death. "Take the horse," he said to his hired man, who had just come from another part of the country, "and ride as fast as possible to Lakeville for the doctor." "I do not know the way," said the man. "You can't possibly miss it. When you get to the fork of the roads, there is a guide-post that will direct you." The man sprang upon the horse without waiting for a saddle, and set off on a gallop. When he came to the fork of the road he followed the direction of the guide-board, and soon reached the river, there to be told, to his surprise, that Lakeville was seven miles distant. He put the horse to his utmost speed, found the doctor, and brought him to the wounded and suffering man, about two hours later than if the guide-board had not been changed. And the only reason why Mr. Brooks, in the meantime, had not bled to death, was, that a neighbour, who knew something of anatomy, had come in, and pressing his finger on the severed artery, held it there till the physician came. The artery was then taken up, and the man's life saved; but the poor horse died from being overdriven. Such were the consequences of Arthur's "new idea," and of his "changing the guide-board." They might have been much worse, and probably would have been, but that one of the neighbours, seeing what had been done, changed the boards back again, so as to give right direction to travellers.

*Beware of false-guide-boards.* There are plenty of them in the pathway of life—in the mental, social, political, moral, and religious world; and all, especially the young, should be on their guard against them. The novel-reader, the publisher of useless or immoral books, the advocate of the "social glass," or of the theory that "all is fair in politics," the one who teaches that mere outward morality is religion, or that there is no eternal retribution for



those who reject Christ—all setting up *false guide-boards* on the way that leads to character and to eternity. Beware of all such. Keep ever to the narrow way; look only to the directions of God's Word; go only in the way His finger points out to you; for thus, and only thus, shall you ever be in the way of safety and peace. To the young, to the old, to all, again I say, *Beware of false guide-boards.*—*American Messenger.*

### Six Short Rules for Young Christians.

BY BROWNLOW NORTH, ESQ.

#### I.

Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers. (Heb. xi. 6.)

#### II.

Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of those two rules. (John v. 39.)

#### III.

Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself what am I doing for Him. (Matt. v. 13-16.)

#### IV.

If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. —(Col. iii. 17.) If you cannot do this, it is wrong. (Rom. xiv. 23.)

#### V.

Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such and such people do so and so, that therefore you may.—(2 Cor. x. 12.) You are to ask yourself, "how would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow Him. (John x. 27.)

#### VI.

Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself, Can what I feel be true, if God's Word is true? and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar. (Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v. 10, 11.)

### A SURE PAYMASTER.

That terrible saying of Anno of Austria to Richelieu holds true for mercy as well as for judgment, "My lord Cardinal, God does not pay at the end of every week, but at the last *he pays.*" God may put his faithful ones upon a long and faithful apprenticeship, during which they learn much and receive little—food only. "that in a measure"—often the bread and water of affliction. Yet at the last *he pays*, pays them into their hearts, pays them into their hands also. We may remember long seasons of faint yet honest endeavour; the prayers of a soul yet without strength; the sacrifices of a perfectly subdued will, bound even with cords to the altar; we may remember such times, or we may forget them, but their result is with us. Some of the good seed sown in tears is now shedding a heavenly fragrance within our lives, some of it will blossom, perhaps bear fruit, over our graves.

### PRESSING FORWARD.

Each believer should be thirsting for God, for the living God, and longing to put his lip to the well-head of eternal life—to follow the Saviour. Satisfied I am that many a believer lives in the cottage of doubt when He might live of faith. We are poor starving things when we might be fed; we are weak when we might be mighty; feeble when we might be as the giants before God, and all because we will not hear the Master say, "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away." Now, brethren, is the time with you after your season of trouble, to renew your dedication vow to God. Now, beloved, you shall rise up from worldliness and come away—from sloth, from the love of this world, from unbelief. What enchants you to make you sit still where you are? What delights you to make you as you now are? Come away! There is a higher life; there are better things to live for, and better ways of seeking them. Aspire, let thy high ambition be unsatisfied with what thou hast already learned and known; not as though thou hast already attained, either wert already perfect; this one thing do thou—press forward to the things that are before.

## SAMUEL DREW, A.M.

BY REV. DR. STEEL, CHELTENHAM.

Metaphysics have not often been the study of the self-taught. They have more frequently engaged the thoughts of those who frequented the schools of learning. Nevertheless, there are not wanting instances of individuals who, amidst many difficulties and with few aids to instruction, have attained honorable places among philosophers. The Cornish shoemaker is an illustrious example. He had a small stock of learning and little opportunity of acquiring any, but by great natural sagacity, untiring application, and the active use of his intellectual powers, he became one of the first metaphysicians of his time. He was, besides, a devoted Christian, and added a striking illustration of the congenial union of the highest philosophy with the most humble faith.

SAMUEL DREW was born in the parish of St. Austell, Cornwall, on the 3rd of March, 1765. His parentage was very humble, and his birthplace as simple. His father was a most industrious man, who divided his labour between husbandry and "streaming for tin." His mother, the second wife of his father, was a person of "a strong, masculine understanding; of courage and zeal in the cause of God, which nothing could damp, and ready to brave every hardship that the discharge of duty might render necessary." She was pious; and, after her spiritual awakening under Mr. Wesley's preaching, applied herself with success both to read and write.

Samuel was her second son, and was very much the same in mental character as his mother. He was, however, deprived of her in his ninth year. Even then he had begun to work as *muddle-boy* for three-halfpence a day, in one of the pits where tin ore was cleaned. After his bereavement, he was allowed to run wild, as his father, being a local preacher, was frequently from home during the evenings and on Sundays. He grew up without restraint, and showed so much insubordination towards his step-mother, who had been their house-keeper, that he had to be sent from home. Ere he was eleven years old, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in St. Blazey, three miles from St. Austell. His experience in this new sphere was hard, and after considerable endurance, he made an attempt to run away to Portsmouth to enter one of the king's ships. As his purse was very slender and his necessities clamant, he endeavoured to obtain some work in the town of Liskeard, through which he was passing. He succeeded, but had not been long there until his elder brother found him. He agreed to return home, on condition that he should not be sent to his master again.

After a short time he got another situation; but as he was, to use his own words, "a wretched tool at the trade," he seldom earned more than 8s. a-week. Nor did he keep his place long. He went from town to town, and from master to master, with little advantage to his craft, and less to his character. He joined smuggling parties; and well-nigh perished in one of these expeditions during night to a vessel laden with contraband goods. His father wished him to remove from that locality, and found work for him at St. Austell.

Samuel Drew was at this period careless about his spiritual concerns, but was led to the Methodist Chapel at St. Austell, where Adam Clarke, then in his youth, was the preacher. His attention was excited by the soul-stirring and thoughtful discourses which he heard, and providences conspired to deepen his impressions and bring him to the Lord. His elder brother was removed by death; and while Adam Clarke was preaching the funeral sermon of one brother, another was made alive by the Spirit of God. His change was thorough, and it affected his whole being. "Old things passed away, and all things became new." He joined the Methodist Society, and by a life of faith and Christian activity, evidenced the reality of his conversion.

*His spiritual decision was also his intellectual awakening.* "Before this period," he says, "I was scarcely able to read, and almost totally unable to write. Literature was a term to which I could annex no idea. Grammar I knew not the meaning of. I was expert at follies, acute in trifles, and ingenious about nonsense." He now became a serious thinker, an intelligent reader, and a studious man. His master was a bookbinder as well as saddler and shoemaker, and from the books brought into the shop to bind, Samuel Drew received mental stimulus and aliment. Locke's essay on the Human Understanding was one of these books. "I took an occasion to look into it," says he, "and thought his mode of reasoning very pleasing, and his arguments exceedingly strong. I watched all opportunities of reading. . . . This book set all my soul to think, to feel, to reason, from all without and all within. It gave the first metaphysical turn to my mind; and I cultivated the little knowledge of writing which I had acquired, in order to put down my reflections."

In 1787, an opening for beginning business on his own account was offered to him. He obtained a loan from some friends, which, by rare industry and economy, he repaid at the end of his first year. "It is better to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt," was one of his maxims. "Eighteen hours out of the twenty-four did I regularly work, and sometimes longer." This difficulty over, he renewed his studies in leisure hours. His want of

learning stood in his way in some departments—such as astronomy; his want of means in others; but in metaphysics his mind had scope. He was spider-like, and span his web from his own materials—his inward thought.

His first efforts at composition were in verse. One of these extended to twelve hundred lines, and was entitled, "Reflections on St. Austell Churchyard." His study was amidst the cries and cradles of his children, for he had married in 1791. His seat was beside the hearth, with the bellows for his desk. Yet here he expressed on paper the thoughts on "The Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul;" a work which obtained a high reputation, and passed through many editions. It is still valued and perused by thoughtful students. Besides many pamphlets and articles in reviews, he published other works of high philosophy, calculated to illustrate and defend gospel truth. One was a treatise on "The Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body." This has been stated to be "a chain of argument so regular, so close, and so strong, that to break off a link from it, and exhibit that link, would show indeed of what metal the work was made, but would answer no other purpose." That it will not admit of abridgment or analysis is the highest character that can be given to any literary composition. He also contended for the Burnett Prize for a work on the "Evidences for the Being and Attributes of God." It failed to gain any of the prizes—which were awarded to treatises by Dr. Brown, Principal of Marischal College and University, Aberdeen, and Dr. Sumner, now Archbishop of Canterbury. But competent critics have pronounced Mr. Drew's work to be the most profound of the three. Dr. Kidd of Aberdeen remarked of it:—"I never saw any work so profound, yet so intelligible."

In the year 1805 Mr. Drew was induced to exchange business for literature. The Rev. Dr. Coke engaged him to prepare several works which he had in hand. He was entirely occupied in this till 1812, and, with some modifications, for two years more. During these years the Commentary on Holy Scripture, a History of the Bible, a History of the West Indies, and other works published in Dr. Coke's name, were for the most part written by Samuel Drew. The self-taught shoemaker gave the literary grace to the works of the Oxford doctor. He also wrote the Life of Dr. Coke.

In 1814, Mr. Drew undertook a "History of Cornwall," which was published at intervals during several years. It is a book of great learning and research. In 1818, he removed to Liverpool, on the recommendation of Dr. Adam Clarke, editor of the *Imperial Magazine*. On the destruction of the printing-office by fire, in 1821, he removed to Lon-

don, to issue his magazine from the metropolis.

His philosophical treatises drew the attention of the most eminent men to Mr. Drew, and, in 1824, the degree of M.A. was conferred upon him by Marischal College, Aberdeen. It was an honour well merited and well bestowed. The man who had never been at a college, scarcely at a school, had, by the force of his own genius and his industrious thought, acquired such a position in the world of mind and letters, as to be worthy of dignity professionally belonging to those who are trained in seats of learning.

During all his literary labours, Mr. Drew was employed as a local preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists, and his discourses were always able and thoroughly practical. His metaphysical acumen never "led to bewilder or dazzled to blind." His keen argument and invincible logic were used to convince the sinner of guilt, and to show the suitability of redemption by Christ. He could even introduce an anecdote with great taste and effect. These services that he rendered to the Church were all gratuitous; but they were ever highly valued, and in many cases very useful.

In conversation he was always ready to speak a word for Christ, and often with striking effect. He was faithful in reproving sin, in answering sceptical objections, and in directing the inquiries of young men.

"To pass through time with an eye constantly fixed on eternity, I trust, is my principal object," says his confession. To this he subordinated all his studies in philosophy. "That philosophy," he said, "which does not lead our views to heavenly objects, and teach us to prepare for eternity, is vain and delusive. Modern libertines, by 'spiking up their inch of reason on the point of philosophic wit called argument,' will laugh at this as the language of dotage or enthusiasm. Be it so. I hope I shall form my calculations for eternity; in which, whether it be a reality or a chimera, I am not afraid of being derided by them hereafter."

Family religion was a regular exercise of Mr. Drew, and he sought to train up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. "Few fathers," says his son, "manifested stronger personal attachment than Mr. Drew. His children's welfare always claimed his attention. Daily and hourly, their best interests were the object of his solicitude." They grew up to thank him for his care, and to evidence the blessedness of family piety.

Literary labour was severe upon Mr. Drew's health, and in his later days was too much for him. However, he always continued at his desk, with an occasional visit to Cornwall once in three years. In 1833, he went for the last time. In his dying exercises he evidenced a victorious faith. "I have," he said, "the

fullest hope, and the most unshaken confidence in the mercy of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." On the night before his death, he said, "Thank God, to-morrow I shall join the glorious company above." And so it was, for on the 29th March he was removed to a brighter sphere.

Mr. Drew was one of the most original thinkers of his day; but his thoughts were a wreath entwined around the cross of Jesus Christ.

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### WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

"*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*" Could we pierce the depths of light shrouding the eternal world from our view, this would be the motto on all its glory. Could we hear the songs bursting from the enraptured myriads there, this would be the theme. Could we question the perfect, happy multitudes in that glorious home, a-king whence came they? we should have the answer, as in Divine revelation, "We are they who have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

And here, on the earth which His feet have pressed, where He sat and rested, being weary, in His mission of salvation, who of us are learning that new song? who rehearsing it, where sighs and cries, and still worse, ring through the startled air? Ah! many of us—knowing something of the Saviour's unbounded love—feeling how much He has done for us, "having redeemed us," and tinged our whole lives with the golden light of the hope of glory—falter out, feebly it is true, but very sincerely, "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*"

Dear reader, have you ever thought *how* worthy? Amid the many thoughts that flash through your busy, active mind, has *this* ever been entertained? Are you, too, learning this pleasant song? "Oh, if not, seek to be taught *now*. Press close to the feet of Jesus, and ask to be instructed in the notes which even angels may not sing, but only those for whom the Lamb was slain. One glimpse of Him will fill your yearning heart, even to overflowing, with such joyous love as you have never known, and you will long to sing unflinching, "*Worthy is the Lamb.*"

Worthy of love! He never sent away an aching heart unsatisfied. He never forsook one who trusted Him. Close in the everlasting arms of His tenderness folds He the sor-

rowful; near to that heart of unutterable compassion does He place the lonely. Love tokens He sends them daily; but what can equal that left for His friends at Calvary? Is he not worthy of love?

Worthy of honour! His name should never be lightly spoken. Every word, every action of those who know Him, should bring honour to His name. For is not His a friendship to boast of? Is not He a Friend to acknowledge gratefully wherever He is known?

Worthy of never-ceasing praises, the glorious "Lamb of God!" Oh, may every one of us

"Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

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### TIME AND ETERNITY.

It is not time that flies;  
'Tis we, 'tis we, are flying:  
It is not life that dies;  
'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.  
Time and eternity are one;  
Time is eternity begun:  
Life changes, yet without decay;  
'Tis we alone who pass away.

It is not Truth that flies;  
'Tis we, 'tis we, are flying:  
It is not Faith that dies;  
'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.  
O ever-during faith and truth,  
Whose youth is age, whose age is youth!  
Twin stars of immortality,  
Ye cannot perish from our sky.

It is not Hope that flies;  
'Tis we, 'tis we, are flying:  
It is not Love that dies;  
'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.  
Twin streams, that have in heaven your  
birth,  
Ye glide in gentle joy through earth.  
We fade, like flowers beside you sown;  
Ye are still flowing, flowing on.

Yet we but die to live;  
It is from death we're flying:  
For ever lives our life;  
For us there is no dying.  
We die but as the spring-bud dies,  
In summer's golden glow to rise.  
These be our days of April bloom;  
Our July is beyond the tomb.

—Dr. Bonar.

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No one can be robbed of his delights whose joy is Christ. Eternal is his gladness who rejoices in an eternal good.

## Want, Prayer, and Charity.

A TRUE STORY.

*From the German.*

## I.—WANT.

In a miserable little cottage at Grumbach, a village in the Saxon Erzebrücke, two thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, dwelt, in the beginning of the year 1859, a poor, much tried, but God-fearing miner's family, the members of which were deeply attached to each other.

Within, in the cleanly kept room, Christiana Sophia Weidauer, the daughter and widow of a miner, a gray-haired, almost withered up old woman, a child now both in body and soul, had sat up in the old-fashioned bed for many long years. She was born in the year 1758 and married in 1793. She was always busy shuffling her bobbins making lace. She had forgotten all the incidents of her life, but not her God, her texts in the Bible, and her hymns from her psalm-book.

Her only daughter, the wife of a miner, Augustus Müller, the mistress of the house, waited upon her, as one waits upon a little child, and changed her last farthing into a loaf for her good old mother. But this daughter, born in 1801, was herself not young, and some years previously had received a severe blow in the forehead from the cow, the pet of the household; and this wound, neglected by reason of their poverty, had never healed, preventing her from seeing properly, and thus hindering her in her work, and forcing her moreover to avoid publicity.

Her husband, once a robust miner in the Bohemian mines, was now incapable of work, and sat all day on a bench by the stove. Violent headache obliged him to remain almost always at home. Only now and then he groped his way to a little wood store to get wood to make matches for a lucifer manufactory. But this he did with every increasing difficulty, for he had become by his long years of suffering, too weak and too awkward. Several years before he had lost both his eyes by the blasting of a rock when he was down in the shaft. He had been a fine powerful man, but he was now disfigured by his hollow empty eyelids, and the scars which the powder and small stones had left in his

face. Therefore he was never seen to shed tears, for he had none to shed: he could only sigh. When the village pastor came to speak words of comfort to him he always said, "Ah! I know very well that my God will not forsake me; but sometimes it seems as if he were going to take my reason from me." He went out only on Sundays to church, whither his son led him regularly. This son was quite asthmatical, and could only do the lightest work. The earnings therefore of both father and son were, as can well be understood, most pitiful.

A son who worked in the coal mines near Chemnitz, and a daughter, were both unceasingly diligent, denied themselves every enjoyment, and even remained unmarried, that they might the better be able to support their dear parents and grandmother, and prevent them from being forced to enter the poorhouse. The father received weekly a few pence from the mine in which he had suffered the misfortune which had deprived him of his eyesight, and the family was besides assisted from the poor box and by the Ladies' Society of the village. But, notwithstanding this, want pressed more heavily upon them: the cow, whose milk nourished them, they were obliged, though with a heavy heart, to sell: their debt for bread, contracted in a time of scarcity, was ever increasing: the cottage in which they dwelt was getting more and more dilapidated; and they could spend scarcely anything on their clothes, though for years they had lived on nothing but dry bread and black coffee.

## II.—PRAYER.

One day towards the end of January, when a cold north wind was blowing violently, the pastor of Grumbach, Karl Selmann, accompanied by the schoolmaster, bent his steps with a very heavy heart towards the miserable hut of this poor miner's family to administer the communion to the old grandmother. The pious old woman was sitting with folded hands, and in prayer, repeating the psalm, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O God," and then, "My heart panteth for thee, O Lord;" and the pastor could only add a fervent "Amen."

Close by, stood her poor invalid son-in-law holding his tattered cap in his clasped hands, and her afflicted daughter with her

bound-up forehead, and her asthmatic grandson with his pale face, and the healthy granddaughter in whose friendly eyeseemed written the prayer and the complaint, "Lord, help us; or we perish."

The pastor comforted them with the consolation of God's word and gave them the Lord's supper, praying for strength from above for both them and him: for he was himself deeply moved, and troubled in his inmost soul at the want he saw around him. When at last he was about to leave the cottage, the once so contented miner exclaimed, "O God, only do not take my reason away from me."

These words went to the pastor's heart. Help must be procured for them, and that very soon, or that help would come too late. But how? From whence should the help come? To whom should the pastor turn with his entreaty for assistance?

About a mile from Grumbach, in the same parish, but with a separate school-house, situated in a deep ravine, lies the village of Schmalzgrube. The pastor, who had been a schoolmaster himself, frequently went to conduct the schools. On the 7th of February he was talking to the children about prayer. At last he asked them this question, "But does prayer then really help us at all?" A boy answered with a solemn, almost prophetic voice, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

This text of course had long been familiar to the pastor, but never before had it made such an impression upon him. He was deeply struck by it; and, after the school was over and he returned up the hill to Grumbach, the answer of the boy still rang in his ears. Then his eye fell upon the wretched cottage of the miner, and the picture of the pious suffering family came vividly before his soul. He thereupon fervently prayed to God that an answer might be vouchsafed him, as to whom he should turn to with an appeal for aid. That prayer was not made in vain. When he came home he sat down, and in simple, earnest, unadorned words he wrote a short description of the want and suffering which for so long had weighed on his heart. He headed his appeal, "Kind friends, read this and help us," and sent it to the editor of the Leipzig Journal.

## III.—HELP.

In the Leipzig Journal for 13th February his appeal was first printed. On the following day three thalers\* came from Leipzig, and one from Annaberg, and ten days after in ninety-two letters enough to pay all the debts of the poor family and leave about sixpence over. The boldest wishes of the pious family were now fulfilled. When the pastor said that after such a day rich in blessings he expected more, the poor miner remarked that he had but one other wish, and that was to have a water-pipe to his cottage; "but," added he, "that would cost at least eight dollars."

But the stream of blessing flowed more and more abundantly. The appeal for aid had been copied into many papers; and in many places benevolent persons went about collecting contributions. From all parts of Saxony, from villages and towns, from palaces and cottages, even from children's money-boxes, the gifts of love poured in; warm clothing and linen, food and money. One countess sent fifty dollars for an inch of lace made by the old grandmother, and for one or two blind man's lucifers; a nobleman sent forty dollars, asking that the pious family should offer up prayer to God for him, that he might learn himself to pray and trust in God. A new and peculiar pleasure was given to the invalided blind man in a canary bird, which, together with its cage, was sent him from Chemnitz, "that he might hear at least something of God's beautiful nature, though he could see nothing of it." The bird began to sing directly he was given up to his new master."

When the pastor had paid all the debts of his poor friends, and had besides eight hundred dollars over, he sent on the 18th February, a letter of thanks to the Leipzig and Chemnitz papers: "Kind friends, you have read: you have helped. God has blessed my poor weak words a thousand fold. The Muller family has, by the love and charity of half Germany, become in three days the happiest family, if money can make happy. Cease now your offerings. Do not overwhelm me and my poor friends with your love. If you wish to do more, remember my many other poor parishioners."

\* A German thaler, or dollar, nearly three shillings English money.

But this was of no use. By the most urgent entreaties the money was literally forced upon him. "Only take it and give it to those for whom you asked it, but not to other poor people; we have plenty of such too, but not like those you described in your appeal for help."

Up to the 19th February, in about seven hundred letters, over fifteen hundred dollars had been received. In Dresden, about fifteen hundred dollars, and in Leipzig, eighteen hundred had been collected; and scarcely a fortnight had passed when the remittances in money amounted to over five thousand dollars. On the 28th February, Pastor Seltmann sent, under the heading, "Friends, read and rejoice," to the Leipzig Journal a full list of the subscriptions, and announced the collection to be closed. But still new gifts came. One said, "You have the key to the poor miner's cottage which you have locked, but I stand outside this cottage with a hundred and seventy-eight children. We all wish to help; only just open this once!" and so on. And when at last he sent another final list to the Leipzig Journal, 20th April, even then the gifts would not quite cease. One commercial house in Madeburg entreated his permission to reprint his appeal in the Madeburg newspaper, and promised him from it a rich harvest. But this he declined, though he shed tears of joy over it. More than seven thousand dollars had flowed in. This was far beyond all their prayers or most sanguine expectations. Gifts were also sent to the other poor of the parish, and to the Ladies' Society; and the little boy who gave the good answer also received some books and a few dollars in presents. The pastor had scarcely time to receive all the things sent to him, to acknowledge them and keep the accounts in order.

But the family for whom all this was done did not alter in the least their former mode of life: they continued to pray and to work. The old grandmother went on busily shoving her bobbins; and her dearest wish now was to be able to shuffle them so long as Easter, that she might, as she said, present some kind friends who had been as ministering angels to her in her old age with grateful tokens from her own hands. The housewife was delighted that she had been able to pay all her debts, and the blind invalid was greatly pleased with a new Sun-

day coat that had been sent him and fitted as if it had been made for him. He bought two blocks of wood, and he and his son worked away famously, making lucifer matches. When Pastor Seltmann asked him why he did not take a holiday for once, he replied, "What should I do? I cannot read, I cannot be lazy, and I cannot make anything else."

Another cow was purchased, and they could now drink their coffee with milk in it again; and the next Sunday they had some beef and rice for dinner which they had not seen on their table for a long time. But the old man would not take any money. "It is of no use to me," he said to the pastor: "only get me wood so that I can work with profit; for all the rest I leave my God and you to provide. Only one thing I ask: leave me enough that I may be able to give liberally to the church, which is the dearest place on earth to me, to the parish poor-box, and to the box of the Ladies' Society which so nobly tried to help me, as well as to the school in Schmalzgrube, in which, through the heaven-sent answer of a child, the thought arose in you to pray for me to God, and to appeal for me to men."

For the school at Schmalzgrube he purchased a bell, "so that the villagers might remember to pray when it rang in the evening." It bore the inscription, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," presented by the blind miner, C. A. Müller, of Grumbach." A clock followed soon after, purchased from the salary the pastor received for acting as schoolmaster for three months, and from the free-will offering of the parishioners.

The money collected was placed in the funds: the miner's two healthy children were to receive an income of fifty dollars a year each for life, and the Ladies' Society of the parish was to enjoy the interest of two hundred and fifty thalers to be laid out on the poor of the village annually. A large family Bible, bought for the purpose by some school children, was to descend as an heir-loom in the family.

When the pastor put his final list of the subscriptions in the Leipzig Journal (20th April.) the grandmother had ceased to shuffle her bobbins, and was visibly awaiting her release; the excitement had been too much for her. She died on the 9th June,

aged one hundred years, eleven months, and four days. But her daughter, the wife of the blind man, underwent surgical treatment in her cottage with the best success, though her improvement progressed but slowly.

In this way God helped a poor but pious family; and this has happened in our own day, before our own eyes. And more, the words written in Haggai ii. 8, have been shown to be true, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts;" and in Psa. i: 15, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." And you, dear Christians, who read this true history, will you despair in your distress? Or do you doubt the power of a prayer offered up in faith? Only wait patiently on the Lord, and do not prescribe to him how and by what means he shall aid you. It is still true to-day: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," James v. 16.

The foregoing account of an example of German charity will bear comparison with that shown in England in the late unhappy case of the Hartley colliers. The Christian heart is God's workmanship, and is therefore the same everywhere.

#### A CHILD'S FAITH.

An intelligent and bright-eyed boy of ten summers, sat upon the step of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly-embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison the young mind. His father approaching, at a glance discovered the character of the book. "George, what have you there?" The little fellow looking up with a confused air, as though his young mind had already been tainted with romance and fiction, promptly gave the author of his dangerous companion. The father gently remonstrated and pointed out to him the dangers of reading such books, and having some confidence in the effect of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light in an adjoining room, and on inquiring the cause, it was ascertained that the little fellow had consigned the pernicious book to the flames. "My son, what have you done?" "Burnt that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?" "Because, papa, I believe you know better than I what was for my good." "But would it not have been better to save the leaves for other purposes, rather than to destroy them?"

"Papa, might not others have read them?"

Here is a *threefold act of faith*, a trust in his father's word, evincing *love and obedience, and care for the good of others*. If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parent, how much more should we, like little children, exercise a simple, true-hearted, implicit faith in our heavenly Father, who has said, "He that believeth shall be saved."

#### CONFORMITY OF THE WORLD.

"As I grow older as a parent, my views are changing fast as to the degree of conforming to the world which we should allow to our children. I am horror-struck to count up the profligate children of pious persons, and even ministers. The door at which these influences enter, which countervail paternal instruction and example, I am persuaded, is, *yielding to the ways of good society*. By dress, books, and amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves, like the Eddystone lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence, than to rise even a little, but decidedly, above the *par* of the religious world around us. Surely, the way in which we commonly go on is not that way of self-denial, and sacrifice, and cross-bearing, which the New Testament talks of. Then is the offence of the cross ceased. Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father but is of the world."



# THE GOOD NEWS.

JUNE 1st, 1862.

## NOW, ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD.

1 John iii. 2.

"Behold what manner of love the father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God, therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." Such saith the apostle John. It is a sweet assurance. It is a great elevation. It is so great as to startle a Malabar convert, who was translating the Scripture. "It is too much," says he. "Let me rather render it, they shall be permitted to kiss his feet." Even the apostle John appears to be quite overpowered by the same sentiment, and filled with rapturous amazement at the love of God therein exhibited. Behold he exclaims what *manner* of love. How vast. How unparalleled. How transcendent the love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called and constituted sons of the high, the omnipotent, the everlasting Jehovah.

This high title, together with the privileges of adoption, belong exclusively to those who believe in Christ, and is true of you reader, if you are such.

### WE ARE SONS OF GOD NOW.

When we read and hear of the high position to which we are called as saints, to be sons of God, and heirs of a glorious immortality, we are apt to think that it will be true of us when time shall be no more, that we will be exalted to this high position when we shall be for ever with the Lord. But passing strange. "Behold," says the apostle, "*Now* are we the sons of God."

In large cities there are often seen in the most peopled streets, fatherless and orphan boys, pictures of poverty and wretchedness. They may be seen with their hair

matted and long. Their cheeks sunken and sad. Their clothing tattered and torn. Their feet dirty and chapped, roaming about in restless energy in search of what they may eat, or where they may sleep, for no rich father provides for them, no kind mother takes care of them, no well furnished house receives them. Now we can conceive in some measure how one of these boys, early cradled amid the storms of life—would feel if a man of wealth and distinction, taking compassion upon him, should adopt him as his son, remove him from the haunts of poverty to take up his abode in a mansion of elegance and comfort, strip him of his rags and cover him with garments rich and costly—making him heir of all his domain. We would conceive him to be filled with pleasure when he contemplated the distinction to which he had been raised and the possessions that had been secured. We would conceive him to be filled with gratitude when he thought of the love that prompted his benefactor to adopt him as his son, and make him happy. And just as it is in such a case, so should it be with us who are believers in Christ; for "we by nature were wretched and miserable, blind and naked, wandering about in search of what we should eat and what we should drink, and wherewithal we should be clothed." We were as individuals uncared for. When we knew not God he knew us. When we sought him nothe sought us. When we chose not him he chose us. He made his word invite us. He made his Spirit to wash us in the blood of Christ that cleauseth from all sin. He clothed us with the robe of righteousness which Christ wrought out, and made us heirs to himself, joint heirs with Christ of a Kingdom in Glory.

When we think of this high calling wherewith we are called, our position in the world assumes a different aspect. We look at things that surround us from a different point of view. We can look at that fir-

ment above, and over the earth around us and admire the traces of our father's wisdom, goodness and power. We can enter on the work of life, face the disappointments and afflictions thereof, with the firm persuasion that all these are ordered by a father's hand, and all these "work together for our good." We can face the last and greatest of man's enemies with new courage and with different feelings, for we can say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory." As the gate of destruction is closed, and the gate of heaven opened, by which we shall enter to be forever with the Lord.

Beloved, seeing that we are now the sons of God, it becometh us to live as such, and there are a few things which sons of God should do.

1. *They should be often with their Father.*

It is a lovely sight to see a father and son delighting in each others society. The father ready to do all he can to benefit the son, and the son ready to do all he can to please the father. When such is the case they love to meet as often and as regularly as they can. In the morning, at noon, or in the evening. At the ordinary meal or on a special occasion the son is always welcome to the father. The father looks forward to his meeting with joy, but if business or pleasure, or any other cause prevents the son from being present at the expected hour, he deprives his father of a pleasure and it may be of a blessing. Now like as a father loveth his children, so the Lord loveth them that fear him. He is delighted with their presence. He longs for their society. He is always ready to assist them in their weakness, to guide them in their perplexities, to counsel them in their difficulties, and to deliver them in their distress.

In particular, we should be often with him in the closet. We have a specific direction on the point. "But thou, when

thou prayest, enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." The meeting with God in the closet is one of the most delightful of the saint's experiences. When the door is shut, and the world shut out. When the aspirations ascend to heaven, and the answer descends in showers of blessing. When alone, and yet have the felt assurance that we are not alone, but that the eye of our God is upon us, His ear open unto us, and his heart yearning over us, we feel that we are above the world, and the cares and anxieties of it are but little trifling things. The most eminent of the Lord's sons have been the most frequently in their closets. Like His Son, their elder brother and great exemplar, they have spent days and even nights in the mount alone with God the Father, and instead of feeling wearied with the service, instead of finding a difficulty in prolonging their devotions, their difficulty was to tear themselves away from such an agreeable exercise, to descend again into the bustle and intercourse of the world. Such experiences are unknown to the mere professor. They are seldom felt by the small or feeble christian, but are enjoyed by the Jacobs, the Moses's, the Davids and the Pauls of the Christian army. They and such like, are the princes of Israel, who are not only near the king of kings, but who have power to prevail with Him.

We should be often with God in meditating on His Word. We speak to God in prayer, but God speaks to us by His Spirit through His Word; and if we would be wise or learned in divine things, in what we are to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of us, we must often sit as it were on our father's knee, and listen to His instruction. It is a glorious thing that we have the Word of God in our hands, and that we can peruse it from day to day and from hour to hour. It alone is the

guide of our lives, but ere we can reap the advantage it is calculated and intended to convey, we must not only read—we must also meditate upon it. As food for the body must not only be eaten, but must also be masticated ere it yields its nourishment, so food for the soul must be inwardly digested before it can be profitable. And in order that the greatest advantage may be derived from it, it should be read upon our knees, wrestling with God to enlighten our minds that are dark, and open the dark sayings of His Word, that we may perceive their meaning. And to do this effectually, we require seasons sacred to that glorious purpose. Our mornings or our nights, hours snatched from the vortex of business, or studiously guarded from the encroachments of recreation or pleasure, that we may board up truth upon truth, precept upon precept, line upon line.

2. *If we are sons of God, our conduct ought to correspond to our character.*

If we are sons of God, our conduct ought to declare it distinctly. The son of a peer ought to be distinguished from the son of a peasant by the different degree of polish and refinement which his superior advantages should produce. The son of Belial is known by actions like his father the devil, and so it ought to be in the case of the sons of God. Their actions should declare their heritage. "By their fruits ye should know them."

If we are the sons of God, the question arises are we like Him? Are we holy as God is holy? Holiness is the habit of agreeing in God's judgment, hating what he hates, loving what he loves—and measuring everything in this world by the standard of His Word. If we are the sons of God, we will be like Him in this respect. We are recreated in His image, and though imperfectly, we will act in general like His son. We will strive to have the same mind that was in Him. We will endeavour to shun every sin, and keep every known com-

mandment. We will follow after meekness, long-suffering, gentleness, and brotherly kindness, bearing and forbearing one with another. We will endeavour to mortify the desires of the body, to crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts, and to curb our passions lest at any time they break out to our own discomfiture. We will dread all filthiness and uncleanness of spirit, and avoid all things that would draw us into it. Knowing the combustible material of our heart, we will diligently keep clear of the sparks of temptation. We will desire in lowliness of mind to esteem all others better than ourselves. Knowing the evil in our heart, we will understand something of Abraham's feeling when he exclaimed, "I am dust and ashes." We will sympathize with good old Jacob when he says, "I am less than the least of all thy mercies." With Job we will say, "I am vile," and with the apostle Paul, "I am chief of sinners." In the various duties and relations of life, we will try not merely to fill our place as well as others, but we will aim at being better, because we have higher motives and more help than mere men of the world. We will be, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." We will endeavour to set our affections entirely on things above, not neglecting the business of the life that now is, but giving the first place in our mind to the life that is to come. Living like one whose treasure is in heaven, and travelling through the world like a stranger and pilgrim journeying to his home.

If we are the children of God, these will be a few of the leading characteristics of our life. We will be known by even worldly men as separate from sinners, but it is too often lamentably true of the best, that our outward conduct does not correspond to our character. It is too seldom manifest in our walk and conversation, in the household, in the place of business, and in our intercourse with the world, that we are

followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, that we are heirs of heaven, and have a kingdom that is incorruptible, that is undefiled, and that fadeth not away. -

3. *If we are the sons of God, we ought to be up and doing our Father's business.*

The great characteristic of every one that is not a child of God is, that they spend their time and influence and energy either upon themselves or their idol. Look at the worldly man whose idol is gold. Every thought is engrossed about it. Every energy is spent upon it. Every moment is occupied in securing it. He has no thought, or energy, or time for anything that is not connected with his idol. It is different, however, with the true son of God. When Christ our elder brother was upon the earth, he went about continually doing good. He sought not to do his own will, but to do the will of His Father. He spent himself in his mission of love and mercy, not seeking his own glory, but seeking to promote the glory of His Father, and the salvation of immortal souls. Now when His work was finished and He ascended up on high, He left us an example that we should follow His steps. Therefore, if we are really children of God, we will not spend our time, our influence, and our energies upon ourselves, but we will deny ourselves all ungodliness and every worldly lust, and go about our father's business, laying hold with a firm hand of the machinery by which His kingdom is advanced, and pushing it vigorously on.

In advancing the kingdom of God, we must begin first by advancing the kingdom of God in ourselves, and then we will be able to advance the kingdom of God in the world. Ere we can exercise power on others, we must possess power in ourselves. And the proportion of our effect upon others will just be in proportion to the degree of power we have to exercise. The power to think, to speak, and to act, is given to us by God through the Spirit, but

that power is subject to development through exercise. The power to expel wicked thoughts grows by every occasion, when we say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." The power to pray grows with every occasion, when we, like Jacob, wrestle with God and will not let Him go. The grace of faith grows with every trial, when we, like Abraham, go forth on the simple direction of God, not knowing whither we go. The power to speak a word for Christ grows not only by every occasion of speaking, but by our being apt scholars in the school of Christ. If this be so, let us embrace every opportunity to advance the work of God in our souls, and then we will be able effectually to advance the work of God in others.

But in advancing the kingdom of God in the world, let us not take up and act upon the idea that we cannot do so unless we are directly employed in his service. That is unless we have the power of preaching the gospel or acting chiefly as a servant of the Lord. We can advance His kingdom in any situation in which we may happen to be placed. As farmers, or merchants, or tradesmen, or housewives, or anything else, we may advance his kingdom by bringing our energy and christian intelligence to our aid. Our christianity should not hinder our daily work, but our daily work should adorn our christianity. As members of society we must take our share of whatever means, that is right means may be necessary, not only for stemming ungodliness, intemperance, and other evils, but for advancing every other good. As members of a church, it becomes us to put heart and soul in whatever work requires to be done. There is much to be done and few to do it. Let every one feel as if the care of the churches, as if the conversion of the world depended upon him and he will be sure to work with energy. Let each feel that though he is but one and yet he is one, and that he will not

allow any work to stand still while he has the power to do it.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God; children are we of the same father, heirs together of the heavenly inheritance. Here we are but strangers in a strange land. Here we are getting our education. Here we are being prepared for a place which our beloved is preparing for us. Is not this a high calling to which we are called? We know what we are but we know not what we shall become. "Now are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when Christ shall appear, we shall be like him for we shall see him as he is."

"Let every man therefore who hath this hope in him purify himself, even as he is pure."

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#### INFLUENCE.

What is the proper meaning of *Influence*? Originally, it certainly was used to denote some subtle mysterious agent *flowing in* upon some person or thing, something in the way that we conceive of an electric current, etc.—Since, its meaning has been greatly extended; but still, we do not extend it to *every* cause. As we should never speak of the *influence* of a stream carrying a man off, or of men who drag him to prison by physical force, so, neither should we speak of a man's being "*influenced*" by the demonstrations of Euclid. But in moral concerns we do speak of his being influenced by *arguments*; though we should oftener speak—and should consider ourselves as speaking more strictly—of the influence of various *passions*. But we always use the word, I think, in those cases to which our ancestors *confined* it, viz.: when we speak of one man having gained an *influence* over another of which no account can be given: when he sways him independently of the amount of love, fear, respect, etc., felt, and beyond what can be referred to his reason, or to regard for his interest, or to any intelligible motive. I think there must be a certain mesmeric power possessed by some people in reference to some others. Some can thus influence one, or a few; some, a great many; and some, none at all.

Mr. Phillips, my schoolmaster, had a wonderful influence over his boys; and it was this that has long since led me to speculate on the subject. He was not at all above par in point

of ability; nor was he thought so by the boys. He was, though not contemptible in point of learning, far from eminent. He was not skilful in conveying knowledge; and in speaking to the boys, his style was laboured, stiff, pedantic, and such as often to excite ridicule. His kindness of character would account for his being greatly beloved, and his indomitable firmness, for his being feared. But the unaccountable thing was the power that he had over the minds of the most dissimilar characters. He brought them to think with him, and to feel with him; to honour whatever he honoured, and to regard as contemptible whatever he despised. Had he been a man of superior judgment, he might have done wonders. But he was like a child intrusted with a magician's wand. He used his influence sometimes very foolishly, and seldom in the way to produce the most important and best results.

His son-in-law, Parsons, for a time assisted in the school. In good judgment, in scholarship, and in skill as a teacher, he was vastly superior; and if Mr. Phillips would have consented to act in conformity to his wishes,—to be the steam-engine of the carriage, and let Parsons be the driver, it might have been made such a school as was seldom seen. But Mr. Phillips was quite unconscious of his own inferiority of judgment, and was self-confident and utterly obstinate. He never would take any advice from any one. And Parsons not liking to be a mere agent to follow the directions implicitly of a man of inferior qualifications, left him, and set up a school of his own. It was a good and successful one; but with all his high moral and intellectual qualifications, he never came near Phillips in the *influence* he exercised over the minds of the boys.

I have heard Hinds (who was at Phillips') remark—as one proof of the unaccountable character of that influence—that any one who (seeing him succeed so well, in this or that) attempted to *imitate* him, was sure to fail. It was as if any one seeing you lift up a piece of iron with a magnet, should exactly copy your action, only employing an *unnatural* bar, to all appearance perfectly similar.

I myself never had, in the strict sense of the word, any influence at all with any one.—Whenever I have induced any one to think or to act in any way, it has always been by some *intelligible* process; either by his seeing the force of the reasons given, or (which is not at all less of a logical process) by his thinking that I was to be trusted for knowledge or judgment on such and such points, on which he had good reason for so trusting me. I may perhaps have convinced some persons who have been themselves influential; but I have never had any *direct* influence; that is,

I have never produced any effect that could not be clearly accounted for.

I remember a very early occasion of the subject having been brought before my mind; a subject on which I have often reflected at various times since. When I was about thirteen, the boys at my school had a fancy for playing at soldiers, hoops being the representatives of horses; and they performed beautifully many of the evolutions of cavalry. The colonel of the regiment was a very stupid boy, and I don't think any one thought him otherwise: but they obeyed all his commands with readiness. I, who acted as major, had to instruct him, *in the presence of the boys*, what to do and to say; and when he had it beat into his dull brain, he repeated the very words they had heard me dictate to him, and all went on well. But if either of us was absent, nothing could be done. When I was away, the boys were indeed as ready as ever to obey him; but he was utterly at a loss to give a word of command. If he was absent, none of the boys would mind the word of command from my mouth, and all fell into confusion.—*Archbishop Whately.*

### THE SONGS OF THE LAND.

Give praise to God!

Grey Lebanon, with all thy snows and streams,  
Cedars and pines, and everlasting clouds;  
Bright Hermon, with the dayspring on thy brow,  
And silver streamlets leaping round thy feet,—  
Shout forth thy ceaseless praise!

Give praise to God!

Bright Galilee, with ever-smiling lake,  
And villages amid your silent hills,  
Nestling in quiet loveliness, girt round  
With spiky cactus or green-spreading olive,  
Send up your song of praise!

Give praise to God!

Kiel Carmel, with your wooded slopes and vales,  
Looking afar upon the western main,  
The place of incense and of sacrifice,  
The mount of prophets, and the mount of prayer,  
Lift up your voice in song!

Give praise to God!

Calm Olivet, with Salem at thy feet,  
And Bethany upon thy sunny slope,  
And the old echoes of a thousand psalms  
Floating around thee in the mellow sunset,  
Wake up your voice and sing!

Give praise to God!

Valleys and hills of sacred Palestine,  
Dear land of heavenly thought and glorious deed,  
The centre and the glory of all realms;  
The earthly home of God's Incarnate Son,—  
Praise ye the Lord our God!

—*Dr. Bowser.*

### SAVED BY DOING NOTHING.

One day, two summers ago, when bathing, I was the means of saving a drowning man. It happened thus:—Being a good swimmer, I had gone out a considerable distance from the shore, and was returning, when, to my surprise, I came upon a man whose hands were being thrown up wildly into the air, as if for help, while his head was under the water, and he fast sinking.

There was no time for fear. I instantly seized one of his arms, got behind, and raised him above the water. He immediately began to struggle (very natural, you say; yes, but very dangerous).

He tried to lay hold of me with his arms and legs. I saw at once the danger to which his struggling exposed us, and cried out, "If you value your life, hold off—leave it all to me; if you don't, I can't save you." He would not listen, but continued to struggle. The result was he sank a second time, and drew me with him. Now, thought I, what is to be done? This man's soul is perhaps unsaved. I'll make another effort to save him, and if he does not desist struggling I must cast him off, and swim to the shore alone.

I had no sooner raised him again, than, to my delight, he became, as it were, instinctively passive; not a hand nor a foot moved. What, then, did he do? Nothing. He gave up his own efforts, and let his whole weight lie over on me. "Now," I said, "I'll save you," and I did, and brought him safe to shore, though a considerable distance out from the land—speechless, yet saved.

Now, dear fellow-sinner, if not yet in Christ, you are in an infinitely more dangerous condition than that drowning man. The waves of sin are rolling over your head, and beneath is a yawning hell. But a strong Deliverer is at thy side, as thou readest these lines. Jesus is both able and willing to save thee now. Trust to Him alone. Look not to thine own efforts, thy reformation, thy profession, thy prayers, thy good works, which, though very good in their proper place, are death here. Abandon even thy faith, and leave all to Jesus. Faith is resting, not doing—a ceasing to do, and an accepting of Christ to do all. Cease, then, thine own efforts, thy doings, or thy feelings. As long as the drowning man

struggled to save himself, or even to help me to save him, his case was hopeless; and it was only by giving up all his own attempts at self-salvation and his perilous endeavours to assist me to save him, and becoming perfectly passive, and allowing me to do everything necessary to be done for his deliverance, that he was saved. When he gave up struggling, and left himself entirely in my hands, I brought him safe to land. Thus must thou lay the whole weight of thy sin-burdened soul right over on Jesus. This is faith. Thus rest now, and He will bear thee safe over all the waves of sin, sorrow, trial, and death, and land thee safe on the shores of glory, beyond the reach of harm.—*British Herald.*

### THE EVENING STAR.

Looking again into the Bible firmament—looking at what may be called the Messianic Hemisphere—the period cotemporary with an Incarnate Saviour, if John the Baptist was the morning star, John the Evangelist was the star of the evening—with soul so candid—with affection so sanctified and susceptible as to give back all the beams which the Sun of Righteousness shed on him—the Hesperus of the Gospel history—the near satellite and bright mirror of his Lord, so that the Polycarp or other primitive Christian who had seen St. John could only have seen more by seeing Jesus Himself. Let us look a moment at him. Dear disciple! what makes thee so unique? Why is it that when we look to Apollos we think of eloquence, or to Stephen we think of youthful fire and the martyr's crown, or to Paul we think of fervour and the cross, or Peter we think of impetuous courage; but we think of love, and we think of Jesus when we look to thee? Wherefore, like a pearl on flame—so gentle, yet so bright—dost thou keep thy matchless station in the deepening sky? How is it that—like an angel, nestled in a golden cloud—thou lookest down on a dark world so hopeful, and on a world from which thy brethren all have passed, and where thou thyself art persecuted, so kindly and so little sad? "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God. That which we have seen of the Word of Life declare we unto you, that ye may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." O, yes, my dear hearers, this was the secret of it all. John himself was but a clod, but Jesus kindled him into a burning and a shining star. John was a sinner once, but he laid his sins on Jesus—trustfully and tenderly he transferred his guilt to the Saviour, and in doing it felt no fear, for it was not the

lion, but the Lamb of God whom he beheld bearing the sin of the world away; and feeling ever after as a pardoned sinner he let in the love which his Saviour felt for him. He could not account for it. Jesus had loved him, he could not tell why, but neither could he dispute nor deny it. The Saviour loved him, and he let in the Saviour's love—and along with that love the spirit of Jesus entered. The soul of the disciple grew at once happy and heavenly, and the flame was kindled which rapidly consumed his dross, and left him bright with that unusual holiness. And so, dear hearers, there is no way to get inward peace, or give forth visible graciousness, like copying John's implicit faith, his unhesitating receptiveness. Let in the Saviour's love. You know that it is exceeding abundant—let it abound towards you. Like John, lay your head on Jesus' bosom—not a head muffled and bandaged round by doubts, and misgivings, and notions of your own, but apply there a frank and confiding ear, and listen to what Immanuel's heart is saying. What is it saying? "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven. Come unto me and I will give thee rest. Father, I will that this one whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that he may behold my glory." Sinner, listen, and let in that love. Leave your sins with Jesus, and He will answer for thee; His blood will wash them all away. Leave your soul with Jesus—He will give good account of it—He will keep it safe to heaven. Leave your future lot with Jesus, and He will choose the very best for you—that tempering of mercy with trial which will best tend to present you faultless before the presence of His glory, and all of which you may accept cheerfully—for it comes from the dear hand of the Mediator.—*Rev. Dr. Hamilton.*

### What Belongs to God, What to us.

A circuit preacher gives the following illustration of "faith that would remove mountains," which he heard from the lips of a negro preacher, who was speaking to his congregation upon the discharge of duties that seemed difficult if not hopeless.

"Bred'ren," he said, in his broken way, "whateber de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book"—holding up at the same time an old and evidently much-read Bible—"dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin' troo it belongs to God—jumpin' at it 'longs to me."

Simple and homely as was the illustration, it had an evident effect upon the preacher's hearers.—*Watchman.*

## THE YOUNG SAILOR.

A young sailor in the dress of a midshipman in the navy, some years ago, entered a shop in one of our seaport towns, at which his ship was stationed. The owner was standing behind the counter when her customer entered, who going towards her in a merry and sailor-like way, said, "I say, missus, have you got any songs to sell?"

"No, sir, I have not," was the answer.

"Humph! have you got any music paper then?"

She produced the paper he asked for, and, whilst he was looking at it, she remembered that she had some copies of "Divine Songs," by Dr. Watts, which she thought she would offer to him, though knowing that they were quite different to what he had asked for; so, showing him a copy, she said, "Here are some songs, sir, if you would like them."

He took the book from her hand, and read the title aloud, "Divine and Moral Songs, by I. Watts, D.D. What dose Divine mean—religious?"

"Yes, sir," was the quiet answer.

"Then I don't want them," said he, flinging down the book. After a moment's pause, he added, "But you may put me up some of this music paper."

"Sir," said the good woman, "if you will allow me to do so, I shall have much pleasure in putting up this book with your music paper."

"Well! your a pretty woman to keep a shop: how can you ever expect to make your fortune, if you give away your things like that?—but there, you may put them up if you like." So the "Songs" were folded up with the music paper; and the young sailor, with a few merry, kind-hearted words, went away.

As soon as he had left her shop, its owner fastened her door, and went up stairs to pray that God's blessing would rest upon the little book she had placed in that young sailor's hand.

Years flew on—six years, seven—still was the good woman found behind her counter, not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Ten years—twelve years passed away, when one day there entered her little shop a lieutenant in her Majesty's navy, who, going up to the counter, inquir-

ed if she had any of the "Divine Songs" by Dr. Watts.

On being told that she had, he said, "I will buy all that you have in the shop." Much surprised, she however began to do as desired; and, whilst she was tying them up, the lieutenant said, "You do not remember me, I think, do you?"

"No, sir, I do not remember ever to have seen you before."

"Do you remember that, twelve years ago, a midshipman came into your shop, and bought some music paper, and that you gave him with it a copy of the 'Divine Songs?'"

"Yes, sir, now that you mention it, I do indeed remember it very well;" and she also thought, but did not say, how she had afterwards earnestly prayed for him to whom she had given it.

"Well," continued he, "I am that young midshipman, and that little book has been, through the blessing of God, the means of saving my soul; and now I will tell you how it was. Some little time after I was here, we went to sea; but before long we were in a fearful storm, such a storm as I have never been in, either before or since: we were in great danger; and even the oldest man among us thought every moment that the ship would go down, in which case every man on board must have perished. I was in great alarm. Death was staring me in the face, and I knew not what to do. At this moment I remembered the little book you had given to me, and which I had put away in my locker. So I went to fetch it; for I had an idea, that should I die with it in my hand, I should be safer than without it. On looking at it, my eye fell on the hymn, beginning with the words,—

'There is, beyond the sky,  
A heaven of joy and love;  
And holy children, when the die,  
Go to that world above.'

"The words seemed strange, and different to what I had heard for some time, and I read the next verse,—

'There is a dreadful hell,  
And everlasting pains;  
Where sinners must with devils dwell,  
In darkness, fire, and chains.'

"O my God! I exclaimed, quite forgetting in that hour of danger, and in the deep, bitter agony of my soul, that a fellow-



officer was standing by me, "O my God! I shall then go to hell."

"But the storm passed away, and we lived. Things went on again in the ship just as they had done before; but I could not forget that fearful night, or the solemn thoughts that it had brought to me; and often did I find an opportunity for looking at my little book, and there I read of an Almighty God, in whose sight our most secret actions lie open, and every sin that we commit; and then I trembled, for I remembered that fearful night, and what my feelings then were, as one after another of my thoughtless or sinful words and deeds came back to my memory. But then, a few verses on, I came to the words—

'And let his blood wash out my stains,  
And answer for my guilt.'

At another time I should have laughed at any of my shipmates, who should think so much of a book written for children; but now I longed for nothing but to know how I could find peace, and earnestly did I pray that the Spirit of God, who, I read, could teach us, and show us of these great truths, would indeed be pleased to help me. My prayers were answered, and I was able to feel that Jesus was my Saviour.

"There was no real Christian on board; and I had no Bible with me, nor could I get one until we again put into port: so you may think how much I valued the hymns, which taught me all that I then knew of the gospel.

"Being once more in this town I felt that I must call and tell you of the blessing that your gift has been to me; for I knew how you would rejoice to hear that it was the means, through the influence of God the Holy Ghost, of awakening a soul from the sleep of death, and of leading him to that Saviour, who was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."—*Tract Magazine.*

#### Conversion of Souls longed for.

It is said of the learned John Smith, "that he had resolved very much to lay aside other studies, and to travail in the salvation of men's souls, after whose good he most earnestly thirsted." Of Alleine, author of the "Alarm to Unconverted Sinners," it is said that "he was infinitely

and insatiably greedy of the conversion of souls; and to this end he poured out his very heart in prayer and preaching." Bunyan said, "In my preaching I could not be satisfied, unless some fruits did appear in my work."

"I would think it a greater happiness," said Matthew Henry, "to gain one soul to Christ, than mountains of silver and gold to myself. If I do not gain souls, I shall enjoy all other gains with very little satisfaction, and I would rather beg my bread from door to door, than undertake this great work."

Doddridge, writing to a friend, remarked, "I long for the conversion of souls more sensibly than for anything besides. Methinks I could not only labour, but die for it with pleasure."

Similar is the death-bed testimony of the sainted Brown of Haddington:—"Now, after near forty years' preaching of Christ, I think I would rather beg my bread all the labouring days of the week, for an opportunity of publishing the Gospel on the Sabbath, than without such a privilege, to enjoy the richest possessions on earth." "O labour, labour," said he to his sons, "to win souls to Christ."

Rutherford "could assure his flock that they were the object of his tears, cares, fears, and daily prayers; that he laboured among them early and late. And my witness," said he, "is above, that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me."

Fleming, in his "Fulfillment of Scripture," mentions one John Welch, "often, in the coldest winter nights, rising for prayer, was found weeping on the ground, and wrestling with the Lord on account of his people, and saying to his wife, when she pressed him for an explanation of his distress, 'I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, while I know not how it is with many of them.'"

Brainerd could say of himself, on more than one occasion, "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls to Christ. While I was asleep, I dreamed of these things; and when I waked, the first thing I thought of was this great work. All my desire was for the conversion of the heathen, and all my hope was in God."

## Sabbath School Lessons.

June 8th, 1862.

## THE DEATH OF JACOB—GEN. xlix. 1-33.

I. *Jacob calls his sons together, ver. 1, 2.* The aged patriarch felt his life fast ebbing, and sent for his sons, that they might listen to his last words of warning and blessing. Picture the solemn gathering round the patriarch's tent, and describe the different feelings that would be working in the breasts of his sons. He knew their several characters well, and was desirous to impress upon them what they might expect as the consequence of their different tempers and conduct. Yet his words were prophetic—more of his sons' posterity than of themselves.

II. *Blesses his sons, ver. 3-37.*

1. *Of Reuben, ver. 3, 4.* He meant to do well, but was weak-willed, and easily diverted from his purpose. Jacob was grieved to speak thus, for he had been proud of his first-born—*my might, &c. s'all not excel.* His birth-right was divided between Judah and Joseph—he was not respected by his brethren—and his posterity was weak—

2. *Of Simeon and Levi, ver. 5-7.* *Are brethren, confederates in cruelty and crime.* It was about thirty years since they had slain the Shechemites, and most likely they were still unrepentant. How intensely Jacob abhorred their treachery. *I will a vide them.* The tribe of Simeon had no inheritance of its own, but dwelt with Judah, Josh. xix. 9. Levi also was scattered, Josh. xxi. 3; but their "curse" was averted by subsequent zeal for God, Numb. xxv. 13.

3. *Of Judah, ver. 8-12.* He seems to have been respected among his brethren for talent and activity. His tribe obtained dominion and royal power, led the van through the wilderness, was always first in battle, and had the greatest number of fighting men. *The sceptre, &c., the sign of authority.* David belonged to the tribe of Judah, and royalty descended through his family till Christ came, and just at that time Judea became a Roman province. Judah thus obtained the power which belonged to the birthright, chap. xxvii. 29, as Joseph afterwards received the blessing. The lot of his inheritance was pre-eminently beautiful for situation and fertility, ver. 11, 12.

4. Ver. 13-21. For junior classes need not be dwelt on. For senior classes, illustrative passages may be found in the settlement of the tribes by Joshua.

Ver 18 is exceedingly beautiful—the dying patriarch feeling himself exhausted, thus pauses in thanksgiving and prayer.

5. *Of Joseph, ver. 22-26.* *A fruitful dough near plenty of water; and so fruitful*

that it cannot be confined, but runs over in blessing upon others. How illustrative this is of Joseph's life. *The archers.* Joseph had many enemies. His brethren—Potiphar's wife. *His bow.* His faith continued strong—he feared God. *From thence is the Shepherd.* God raised up Joseph to provide for them, ch. xiv. 5. Christ is the Shepherd and Rock of the true Israel, John x. 11. *God of thy father.* Jacob loved God—liked to trace his hand in the prosperity of his son. What a catalogue of blessings! See Deut. xxxiii. 13-17.

Ver. 29. *He blessed them.* Even the judgments pronounced on his eldest sons were designed for their good—to make them hate sin.

III. *Jacob's faith, ver. 28-33.*

He would not be buried in Egypt, but beside his fathers in the land of promise. His faith in God's promises would strengthen that of his children. He enumerates the dead—his thoughts were now away with them. He had finished his work—given orders about his burial—everything was prepared—there was no bustle—in the midst of his family he drew up his feet on the couch-bed, like one wearied, and so fell asleep. *Gathered to his people.* His soul joined the company of just men made perfect.

## APPLICATION.

1. *What could a dying parent think and say of you?* With what different feelings Jacob looked at Reuben and Joseph? Could your father leave you and be sure that you would be *and do good*, or would he only fear the future when he thought of the past? You can make his dying bed hard or easy by your conduct—David, Absalom, and Solomon. Do right just now.

2. *See specimens of two kinds of wicked men—*

(1.) Weak men, who do no good, like Reuben (yet they sometimes fall into great sins,) cannot resist the devil, James iv. 7, nor their own lusts, 2 Peter ii. 18. Learn to say *no* to sin's temptations.

(2.) Violent men who are driven headlong into cruel and pernicious sin—

Cain, Saul, Joab. Yet Divine grace could preserve the forward Peter and the cruel Paul. Beware! into which kind of sin are you likely to fall?

3. *They are often your best friends who tell you your faults.* Thus Jacob "blessed" three of his sons, ver. 28. How many in heaven will have to thank friends for reproving them? How dreadful to be "let alone," Hos. iv. 17. Do you listen and try to amend your faults? Eli's sons.

4. *The curses of the Bible are now only warnings.* Only come upon the unrepentant,

Ezek. xviii. 21. Levi repented, and was made an honoured tribe. How terrible were Christ's prophecies of "woe, woe!" Matt. xi. 21, xxiii. 13, &c., yet it was love that prompted them all; there was time for repentance—you have to-day to repent.

5. *The good and the bad will be eternally separated*, Luke xvi. 26. Jacob could not associate with his own sons, ver. 6. We must be good, or part with all who are good. The good mixed with the bad here make this world tolerable. How intolerable to be where all are bad! How sad that everlasting parting of teacher and scholar, brother and sister, father and child.

6. *See how a good man dies*. Death finishes all his sorrows and sins. Through death, Christ destroyed death! then, the spirit is made perfect. Well might Jacob, Simeon, and Paul, long for such salvation! Death begins an eternal life of holiness and happiness. It is a birth into the other world. Well may angels rejoice—*Notes by the Edinburgh Sabbath-School Teacher's Union*:

June 15th, 1862.

## CHRIST THE END OF THE LAW.

MATT v. 17-20.

This lesson is a part of the memorable sermon on the mount. Those who heard Christ preach on this occasion, had never heard man "speak as this man," and never heard from any one such gracious words as proceeded out of his mouth. Those who heard him now, had formerly had "Moses and the prophets" to guide them. And the doctrines which they now heard Him advance seemed to them to be different from what they had been accustomed to. Some of them who had been zealous for the law were probably offended at a teacher whose teaching seemed to be subversive of all that they had previously learned as from God. Others were probably glad that this new teacher's teachings appeared to be subversive of the law, because the law had appeared to them too strict, the prophets too austere, and in consequence they would prefer a religion that demanded less self-denial. To such the Lord says that he came not to destroy the law or the prophets. By the law here we mean:

- (1.) *The moral law.*
- (2.) *The ceremonial law.*

By the prophets we mean those whose writings in the old testament explain or enforce the law and predict coming events.

Christ came to fulfil the law and the preaching of the prophets. He fulfilled the moral law by explaining its spiritual and extensive meaning, as taking cognizance of the thoughts and imaginations of the heart as

well as the actions of the life, by obeying it perfectly in his holy life, and by paying the penalty for our breach of it with his atoning blood which we could never have paid. He fulfilled the ceremonial law by answering in his person all the types and shadows of it, and he fulfilled the predictions of the prophets concerning him, in the fulness of time.

This law shall not pass away while heaven and earth endure. No change of dispensation; no merit in individuals will affect the smallest part of the law. The action of time will not wear off the sharpness of its lines nor the keenness of its points. The word of the Lord shall stand for ever. Isa. 40-8, 51-6. It is binding on all. It is binding on every sinner who must keep it in thought word and deed, if he would by the law enter heaven. But as no mere man since the fall, can keep the law, but doth daily break it in thought word and deed, it is necessary that each sinner should get a substitute. Christ Jesus is the only substitute for sinners. He hath fulfilled the law for every one that believeth, Rom. 10-4.

There is no hope for those that are not in Christ, for "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one* point he is guilty of *all*." Though some points of the law may be of more importance than others, yet no point is unimportant. All who will be saved by the law must fulfil the whole law. The law of God, as given in the Ten commandments is God's eternal measure of right and wrong. By it is the knowledge of sin. By it the spirit shows men their need of Christ, and drives them to him. Christ refers his people to it, as their rule and guide for holy living. Though we cannot be justified by the works of the law, yet we are not to despise it. The true christian "delights in the law of God."

There is no encouragement to the moralist. He must be more righteous than the Scribes and Pharisees, if he would enter heaven. This must have been strange doctrine to those who looked upon the Scribes and Pharisees as having aimed at the highest pitch of religion. The Scribes were the most noted teachers of the law, and the Pharisees the most noted professors of it, and they both sat in Moses' chair, and had such a reputation among the people that they were looked upon as more than conformable to the law, and people did not think themselves obliged to be as good as they. It was therefore a great surprise to them to hear that they must be better than they, or they should not enter heaven.

We can only enter heaven by having the righteousness of Christ imputed to us, and by having our souls regenerated through the operations of the Holy Spirit. Seek this while it may be found. Isa. 55, 6.

June 22d, 1862.

## THE BURIAL OF JACOB—GEN. 1. 1-26.

I. *Jacob's body embalmed.*

Verse 1-6. *Joseph fell upon his father's face.* It devolved upon him to close his eyes. *His servants the physicians.* Each kind of disease had its own physicians in Egypt, and families of great rank generally kept a number of these attendants in their household. The process of embalming was carried to great perfection in Egypt, and usually occupied from thirty to seventy days. The body was opened, carefully cleaned, then filled with aromatic oils and spices, and wrapped in many folds of fine cloth, as is seen in the mummies of this day. *The Egyptians mourned.* Their customary expressions of grief were most extravagant, accompanied with beating of the breast, and abstinence from all pleasant food, and pleasant intercourse. *Joseph spake unto the house of Pharaoh.* Doubtless, the reason why he did not apply personally was, that it has ever been unlawful to approach a sovereign with the tokens of mourning. Esther iv. 2. *My father made me swear.* It is said that the Egyptians were very jealous of any one who had sojourned in Egypt leaving it, especially of his being buried out of it; on the other hand, they profoundly respected a dying request.—Pharaoh consented. The Jews have a custom still of sending part of the dead body from other countries to be buried in Canaan.

II. *The funeral, ver. 7-13.*

We have no record of any funeral like this, composed of so numerous and noble a company. This honour was conferred doubtless for Joseph's sake, yet it showed also that Jacob had won the respect of the Egyptians. *Atad, or Abelmizraim,* is supposed to have stood near Jericho. The Egyptians waited here, while Jacob's sons proceeded to Hebron (about 30 miles S. W.) to bury their father.

III. *Joseph comforteth his brethren, ver. 15-21.*

Consciousness of guilt made them fear. Although he had been nourishing them for seventeen years, they had not come perfectly to trust him. It was a bad sign of them to be so suspicious. *Forgive, I pray thee.* This is the first time we read of their asking forgiveness. *Joseph wept* to think that his own brethren distrusted him so much. How beautiful his reply to them! *God has meant it for good.* His buoyant piety could overlook any wrong done to him by man, if he could only recognise God's hand in one. *I will nourish you.* He had told them the same seventeen years before, chap. xiv. 11.

IV. *Joseph's death, ver. 22-26.*

It is now about fifty-four years since Jacob died. Joseph lived to see his great-grand-

children,—honoured doubtless by his own family and the Egyptians. *I die, and God will;* his faith in God was unshaken (Heb. xi. 22;) although the family appeared settled in Egypt, yet God would bring them out, even as he had brought them in. How striking a memorial to Israel, Joseph's embalmed body waiting to be carried in the van back to Canaan!

## APPLICATION.

From Jacob learn—

1. *To be prepared to die.* Your grave is ready for you, though you know not where. Men generally prepare for everything else but death. Jacob not only dug his grave—that was preparation for his body—he had prepared a house for his soul. So Paul; Stephen; Simeon; David.

2. *So live that you will be missed,* in your own family and the world. Not merely from your vacant place, but on account of the good you did, the prayers you offered, the wise counsel you gave, the holy example you lived. Dorcas. Elijah. 2 Kings ii. 12.

3. *So that death will be your gain.* "Be with the Lord," Phil. i. 23. The pomp of Jacob's funeral was nothing to the welcome he would receive, Lazarus, Luke xvi. 22.

From Joseph learn—

4. *To be kind to your parents while they live.* When they are dead, weeping will not supply the neglect. Yet how many act like Joseph to the dead, who act not like him to the living.

5. *To love your brothers.* How often families quarrel at a father's death about his property! How beautiful to see Joseph "comforting" them—forgiving them—promising to nourish them! How many that are able, are not thus willing to be kind! Act as if your father was looking down on you still.

6. *To trust in God*—that all will be well; that good will come out of evil. Rom. vii. 28. This enabled him to make that beautiful reply to his brothers, ver. 20: to forgive their cruelty—to feel and rejoice in God's mercy—to have confidence in his bones reaching Canaan, and his soul reaching heaven.

From the brethren learn—

7. *That the guilty are always suspicious*—and therefore unhappy. Our guilt makes us suspect God, and keep away from him. The wicked servant suspected his master, Luke xix. 20-22. See 1 John iv. 18.

8. *Our suspicion of his love grieves Jesus*—as that of his brethren grieved Joseph. Oh believe Christ loves you now. Nothing grieves him so much as your rejection of his love—"O Jerusalem!" &c., Matt. xxiii. 37.

9. *Confess your sins*—(1.) If you wish to be forgiven, 1 John i. 6. (2.) If you wish to be happy. The prodigal son. Christ will say, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee."

## SUBORDINATE LESSONS.

1. The best way to honour a Christian parent is to follow his example.

2. The best embalmment is to commit your body to God. He will keep it. Your bones will reach Canaan.—*Notes by the Edinburgh Sabbath-School Teacher's Union.*

## THE PASTOR OF RESOLIS.

Hector M'Phail\* was minister of Resolis during the middle, and a considerable portion of the latter half, of last century.—that is, from 1748 till his death in 1776. His parish, well-known to the writer, is situated in the North of Scotland, a few miles to the west of Cromarty, and bounded on its eastern extremity by the beautiful bay of that name. Like many others in the Church of Scotland at that period, Mr. M'Phail had entered the ministry, and been entrusted with the care of souls, without having any true and saving acquaintance with the gospel, and with little therefore of the Christian but the name. He had married the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, Mr. Balfour of Nigg, a man distinguished for personal piety, and devotedness to the Christian ministry, for which his name and character are still much venerated in the north Highlands.

Mrs. M'Phail had, for some time previous to her marriage, been a stated hearer of Mr. Porteous, another eminent servant of God, and minister of Kilmuir Easter, a parish lying on the northern shore of the Cromarty bay. From that godly man, as no doubt also from her father, she had received deep impressions of Divine truth, which, through the blessing of God, would seem to have issued in her conversion.

The new married wife soon discovered that her husband's preaching was widely different from that to which she had been accustomed; and the painful conviction was at length forced upon her that regard for her spiritual interests would compel her to seek the bread of life elsewhere than in the church of Resolis. Accordingly she resolv-

\* For some of the facts in this narrative we are indebted to *The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire*, an interesting, and in many respects remarkable work, to which we refer the reader for further information regarding Hector M'Phail, as also for a number of graphic and life-like sketches of others of the northern worthies of last century.

ed one Sabbath morning to set out for Kilmuir, in order again to enjoy the rich spiritual repast so often dispensed to her there by her former much loved pastor, Mr. Porteous. She first, however, apprised her husband of her intention, acquainting him at the same time with her reason for adopting so unusual a course. But so far from opposing her, he seemed to appreciate her motives, and even accompanied his young wife part of the way. The journey, however, which involved a walk of several long Scotch miles, besides crossing a ferry a mile in breadth, was, on other grounds than these, a sad one to the poor lady, and could only have been undertaken from a high sense of the duty she owed to God and to her own soul.

Arriving at the Manse of Kilmuir before the hour of public service, she took the good minister not a little by surprise, and he anxiously inquired the cause of her appearing there at such a time. To this she replied that there was necessity in the case, or she should not do as she had done. The famine of the bread of life she had experienced at home had forced her to seek that bread where she had formerly found it.

Affected by this account of the state of matters at Resolis, Mr. Porteous retired to his private room. There, as we may suppose, he spread the case before the Lord in prayer, after which an impression was made on his mind, amounting as he conceived to certainty, and which he lost no time in communicating to the lady, that better times were awaiting her at home,—that soon her husband, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, should be brought to know and preach the truth as it is in Jesus, after which she should have no further occasion for such Sabbath-days' journeys as she had had that morning. Nor, strange as it may seem, did this impression prove a mistaken one, since, in time, it came to be fully verified by the pastor of Resolis becoming a new man, and an able minister of Jesus Christ.

No sooner had Mr. M'Phail parted with his wife on her way to Kilmuir, than he commenced seriously to reflect on the cause of her dissatisfaction with his ministry. Conscience, no doubt, began to be aroused, and to testify to his deficiency as the spiritual guide, if not indeed to his utter unfitness for the sacred office he professed to fill.—

This led to a process of deep and painful conviction both as to his condition as a sinner before God, and the position he occupied as a pretended teacher of the way of salvation, in regard to which he now felt he was nothing better than a "blind guide."

In this unhappy, yet not unhopeful state of mind, he is said to have continued for a somewhat lengthened period, till at last he entertained serious thoughts of resigning his charge, and allowing the parish to be declared vacant. It, however, pleased the Lord that these severe soul exercises should in due time lead to the man's decided and unmistakable conversion. And from that date, till the close of his ministry, he manifested a zeal and devotedness to the cause of Christ such as have been rarely equalled, and scarce ever surpassed, by any country pastor,—in illustration as well as in proof of which, many interesting narratives are related to this day in the district in which he had lived and laboured. To not a few of these it has been our privilege to listen, as rehearsed by the pious highlander of the North; and two at least of the stories, *Luke Heywood*, and *The Highland Kitchen-Maid*, have not only found their way into print, but been much appreciated and widely circulated throughout the civilized world.

In Hector McPhail's conversion and the circumstance which led to it, as well as the effects which flowed from it, we see a striking instance of God's mysterious and wonder-working providence, whereby he so frequently causes great and important results to arise from what to us may seem the most unlikely means. The pious young wife of the unconverted minister could derive no good, but the contrary, from her husband's discourses; but yet, was it not a bold step in her to desert his ministry as she did? What could be more calculated to irritate and wound his feelings, and perhaps breed family dissensions betwixt them which might lead to the worst consequences? True; but her spiritual interests she regarded as superior to these considerations, important as they were; and she durst not attempt to please even her husband, if, in doing so, she must offend God, and bring darkness, if not death upon her soul.

Reader, if ever you should be called upon to face the alternative of choosing betwixt worldly expeience, on the one hand, and

duty to God and your soul on the other, do not hesitate in the matter, but have grace to pursue the right course, and leave consequences with the Lord. "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." — *Gospel Trumpet*.

#### ON TRACTS AND TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

A very cheap, easy, and successful way of fishing for men, is by means of tract distribution. This means of usefulness is within the reach of every one who desires to do something for the Lord; the daily walk or drive will afford a ready fishing ground,\* with this advantage that it is sure to swarm with fish. The author knew a man who fished a good deal in this way, and it is to be hoped not without success. On one occasion our diligent friend saw a pair of breeches hanging up to dry, and quick as thought he popped a tract into the pocket, let us hope with future edification to the owner; when the wind was favorable he flew them over the walls of the gardens of persons who would not be likely to take them by hand; sometimes he twisted them into the shape of a penny bag of sugar, or an ounce of tea, giving them a good twist at the bottom, and a neat turn in at the top; then again by doubling and redoubling, them until they were no larger than a child's marble; and tying them compactly together, he used to shoot them through the shop doors as he walked by, and behind the counters, when a favorable opportunity offered; we have known him when waiting at a railway station insert them between the paper and the sugar loaf lying there to be sent to a neighboring grocer; a rent in the paper affording a favorable opportunity; and many a poor gate-keeper upon the railways has received in the white shower which flew towards him out of the window of the train as it flew by, gospel messengers able to save the immortal soul. It is astonishing what can be done by practice. Our indefatigable friend attained to great skill in shooting his tracts and gospel pellets; in his line, he did as well as many a member of a rifle corps, making a good score upon coal wagons, market baskets, railway stations, and even through the hole of a street lamp, which the gasman had laid down for a moment, as it wanted some repairs. Wherever our friend saw any building going on, there he

\* In the Memoir of Francis Lewis Mackenzie, a young man of great promise, we are told that "a number of tracts selected and arranged for different ages, from adults down to the infant were in his coat pocket, as left by him, when he undressed for the last time." What a sweet evidence of readiness to be about the Master's business in daily life; laying down the garments of daily life and the Master's work together, to put on bright raiment and enter into rest.



## TOO POSITIVE.

Always allow other people their opinions, and do not be too sure your own are right. Remember, if you are right in one particular, you may be wrong in others. Do not be defiant, or boldly contradict; but calmly express your reasons, and patiently bear with those whose understanding is less clear, or whose reason is disturbed by passion. Rather than "It is," and "It isn't," "You did," and "You didn't," say, "It seems to me," or "I think it is," or "If I mistake not." Avoid all rude and ill-natured expressions, as calling one foolish, obstinate, or provokingly stupid. Our aim should be to advance the *truth*, not *ourselves*. It often happens that much time is wasted and temper lost in matters of no great consequence. One says the lesson is hard, another says it is not, and there is a fuss. Jane saw Susan go down the street, but Mary declares it was somebody else, and another difference ensues. All this shows a wrong spirit, and causes much bitterness, both in words and feelings. Let us readily yield in trifles. While in all cases concerning duty and happiness we are faithful to the right, let us remember to hold the truth in meekness.

## WHO IS BROWNLOW NORTH?

This may reasonably be asked by all who heard the remarkable address which must yesterday (Sabbath,) have touched the conscience of many in the large audience who listened to Mr. North. We, therefore, place before our readers some facts about him drawn from reliable resources.

His grandfather was the Bishop of Winchester, and brother of Lord North, so long the Minister of George III. His father had also pre-ferment in the Church of England. In early life Brownlow North was also destined for the Church, but his tastes and pursuits led him to indulge in gaiety, and what the majority of persons consider a life of pleasure. In November, 1854, while residing at Dallas Lodge, in the vicinity of Elgin, Mr. North, while playing at cards one evening, suddenly felt a sensation as if he were going to drop down dead. He rose up, and said to his son, "I am a dead man—take me up stairs." His first reflection then was, "Where am I to go as soon as I am dead?" a thought which now burst upon him, and impressed him with his need of mercy. It was a moment of sharp inward conflict, for as he was about to kneel and call upon God for mercy a maid entered the room to kindle

the fire; for a moment he hesitated before her, but through God's grace he did get up, and in her presence threw himself down on his knees and began to call upon God. On the following day he made a public announcement to his friends in the house, and to others by letter, that from that instant he had become a changed man.

For months he strove to find God, and pardon, and peace; after spending hours of the night in earnest supplication, in agony of soul; but it pleased God to give him a view of the righteousness of God in Jesus Christ; and these precious words, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," gave him rest, because he perceived that God's truth was pledged to forgive even him, if he believed in His Son.

About a year after this, circumstances quite unsought for by him drew him out as a preacher; and the vividness of his convictions, the reality of his new life, and his knowledge of the human heart and of God's Word have wonderfully fitted him for speaking to his fellows. In Scotland he has occupied the pulpits of nearly all denominations, and everywhere crowds wait upon his ministrations. In London, St. James's Hall was a witness to this heart-stirring plain statements of truth in 1860; and in Willis's Rooms, St. James's, meetings were commenced for aristocratic circles, to which admission was by ticket, delivered only to such; the streets and squares in the neighbourhood were crowded by carriages, and on successive Mondays, Mr. North spoke to these fashionables the burning words of truth drawn from God's Word. During the last winter and spring, a course of addresses was given in a similar manner in Edinburgh, and we hear that the results are such as to encourage him in similar efforts elsewhere.

We believe Mr. Brownlow North still belongs to the communion of the Church of England.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

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