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## SOLD HIS SOUL TO SATAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

There are, in the annals of literature, several instances of thrilling interest, where individuals are represented as selling their soul to the devil in exchange for some worldly advantage. The terms of the contract are stated; the parties to it are exhibited, and the result manifested at first in wonderful and unusual success in the world which is succeeded by unparalleled misery when the period arrives for Satan to make his demand on the soul. No one can read these narratives without feeling their hair to stiffen, and their blood to chill with horror. The impression of the last scene, where the Evil one takes the final grasp of his victim and carries him away in despair, to the abodes of infernal woe, remains in the memory, and throws a gloom over our thoughts that cannot be easily dispelled. The representation is so awful that we would fain regard it as fictitious, the gloomy production of a powerful imagination. It is not so however. Though the details of these narratives are fictitious, the narratives are based on undoubted and melancholy fact. It is a sad truth that men sell their souls to Satan. It is sadder, still, that the instances are not few nor far between, but are very numerous. And it is still more sad that this is true not only of the notoriously wicked and profane, but of many whose names are honoured amongst men for their riches, or learning, or renown.

The first on the earth who sold their souls to Satan were our first parents.— Though created holy, though living in a state of innocence, though capable of resisting his temptations and of spurning his

addresses from them, they listened to his lying overtures. They believed his lying statements, and transferred their service by acting on his advice. By this course they withdrew their allegiance from their proper lord, and transferred it to one who, having deceived them at first, has continued to disappoint all the expectations which they or their descendants have formed of him.

Our first parents having sold themselves to Satan, each of their children have, by birth, been born subject to him. This is in accordance with the nature of things.— And no one can regard it as an hardship, inasmuch as every one born a subject of Satan, as soon as they arrive at years of discerning between good and evil, have chosen the service of evil, as most congenial to their taste, and most conducive to their interests. This determination is *their* endorsement of their first parents conduct, and on every subsequent occasion in after life, when they are placed in circumstances for choosing between the good and the evil, and when they choose the evil rather than the good, they further ratify their previous action. It does not alter the character of the transaction that they have not seen his Satanic majesty, or heard his voice. It is sufficient that he is represented in some way that receives their homage.— *That* something may be gold that stimulates their desires for riches, with the hope of luxury and independence. It may be learning that awakens the hope of the brow being wreathed with the laurels of the scholar or philosopher, or it may be pleasure, with its syren voice of song

sweetly alluring their footsteps to tread in forbidden paths. In one of these, or of a thousand other forms, he may present himself, clothed in every form of beauty that is calculated to attract; but in whatever way he woos, if he but wins, that soul is sold to him so long as he is led captive at his will.

The bargain between the soul and Satan is always miserably one-sided. On his part it consists of fair and abundant promises, which he has not the power to fulfill, and which, if he had, he is disposed only to disappoint. If he aids the soul to get wealth, or pleasure, or learning, or renown, it is because these are the means of securing some greater advantage to himself. Every soul that is subject to him he employs in vigorous service; and that they may do his work he draws and he drives, he counsels or he cajoles. He—through his assistants—works in them, as well as by them, and whether they know his design or not, they are his willing and obedient slaves.

Satan has not only the service of the soul on earth, but he has it also in hell.—It is his by contract, and when the term of life on earth is ended, he demands its possession. God said to the rich farmer, whose land brought forth plentifully, who had for years been living for the accumulation of wealth, and who at last had sufficient to prompt him to address his soul, and urge it to take its ease: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Now, who should require the rich man's soul? It was not man. It was not God, but it was the devil, who took it away into the regions of the damned.

That individual who had sold his soul to Satan was not remarkable among men for his wickedness. It is not said that he was remarkable for blasphemy, or drunkenness or any other form of evil. He was evidently an industrious, prudent, and economical man, who would be honoured and,

respected in the world. He is but a type of thousands in the present day. They sell their souls for worldly wealth, or honour, or enjoyment. They have no thought of higher things, nor dream of anything beyond this present life. They know not that they are under the dominion of Satan, and that when they die evil spirits will carry their souls away into perdition.

Reader, is not this an awful thought? And yet this experience will be sadly true of every one, who have not had one "stronger than the strong man armed," to pluck them as brands from the burning. Jesus alone possesses the almighty power. He alone can break the spell that binds to Satan. If Jesus has already snapped the cords that once held you bound to Satan's chariot, rejoice, for his dominion is broken and can never be restored; but if not, without delay seek the Lord, that he may save you. Time is short. Life is uncertain. The sooner you flee for refuge the better for you.

### "My Times are in thy Hand."

PSA. xxxi. 15.

My times are in Thy hand, O God  
Decreed in heaven and earth,  
In Jesus' covenant of blood  
Before creation's birth.

My times of pleasure or of pain,  
My times of joy or woe,  
My times of loss, my times of gain,  
Yea, all my times below.

My time of life, my time of death,  
My time of glorious change,  
My time of drawing my last breath,  
My Father will arrange.

My time of resurrection, when  
This dust beneath the sod,  
With all the ransomed sons of men,  
Shall wake to see my God.

But should this body ever die,  
My God shall dry my tears,  
And "in the twinkling of an eye"  
Change me when Christ appears.

Then, while I tread earth's desert drear,  
Or smart beneath the rod,  
This shall suffice to banish fear—  
My times are with my God.

Then, since my times are in His hand,  
I'll listen to His voice,  
Till in His bless'd presence stand  
And evermore rejoice.

### RELATION OF THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TO THE FAMILY.

Has the Sabbath-school a tendency to supersede parental training? So it has been alleged by some, and the allegation, if true, is one of grave import.

No charge against the Sabbath-school system has given more real solicitude. It has disturbed the minds not of the thoughtless, the indifferent, or the worldly, but of the truly devout. The time is remembered, when the father gathered his household around him on the evening of the Sabbath, and gave them instruction on religious subjects. This custom, if maintained at all, is not so common as it once was, and it is feared by many that the cause of its going out of fashion has been the Sabbath-school. Parents, finding an institution in existence which professed to care for the religious instruction of the children, have been only too willing to accept the school as a substitute for their own instructions.

If such a tendency exists, or wherever it exists, it should be by all means resisted. The Sabbath-school was never designed to supersede family instruction. It is an aid, an addition, a supplement to what the father and mother can do. But no device of man can do away with the parental obligation. No duty of the parent is more solemn or inalienable than that of seeing personally to the religious instruction of his offspring. He may with as good a right delegate to the soup society the duty of supplying his children with food, as he may throw off upon any shoulders the duty of seeing that his children grew up in the fear of God, and in the knowledge of the Christian religion. Sabbath-school teachers and superintendents, therefore, in conducting their operations, should be careful to resist any tendency of this kind, when they see it. There are undoubtedly multitudes of parents, who have no sense of obligation on the subject, or what little they may have, is easily satisfied by allowing their children to go to the school. But these same parents would do no better, if there were no Sabbath-school. They have no sense of religion themselves, and they have no serious care that their children should have.—The custom of family catechetical instruc-

tion on the Sabbath has undoubtedly gone very much out of use. But so have many other excellent customs. The question is, not whether parents are careless, or neglectful, but whether the Sabbath-school tends to make them so. If the testimony of pastors and teachers on this point could be collected, I believe it would be clear and decided,

*First*, That it is not the design of the Sabbath-school to supersede parental training and instruction, to weaken the bonds of parental authority, or to deaden the sense of parental obligation; but, on the contrary, to stimulate parents to increased fidelity, and children to a higher standard of filial duty; *Secondly*, as a fact, that, in those congregations and communities in which the Sabbath-school is in most vigorous and healthful operation, family religion is likewise in most healthy and vigorous condition.

No men as a class are greater sticklers for parental responsibilities than Sabbath-school men. We hold it as a first, most elementary, most indisputable truth, that the parent has a responsibility for the moral and religious training of his child, from which no auxiliary and supplementary agency can release him. It is our aim as Sabbath-school teachers to quicken in the parent's mind the sense of this obligation. The greatest difficulty in our work is the feeling of unconcern which so many parents have on this subject. We feel that we have reached our highest result, when we have gained not only the children, but through them the parents also. If any of our measures are found in any instances to make the parent feel that the Sabbath-school is to take the children off his hands, and leave him nothing to do, and nothing to answer for before God, no men are so willing as we to correct the mistake. None have such an interest as we in the correction. If every head of a family were a Christian, who recognised the obligation to train up his children in the fear of the Lord, and who had the education and the intellectual qualifications necessary for giving them instruction in religious truth, the duty of Christian men and women in this matter would be very different from what it now is.

But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact

that the vast majority of parents are persons who care nothing for religion themselves, and that many of them, even if religious themselves, would be very poorly qualified to give instruction to their children. We cannot shut our ears to the solemn injunction of our Lord, "Feed my lambs." We believe it to be a most solemn duty of the church to look after the young, not those merely within her own household, but all the little neglected ones within her reach. A child is growing up in sin. Unless properly cared for, it will fall a prey to Satan, and go down to everlasting death. Who is guilty before God of this result? The parent undoubtedly. But so also is the church, that stands by and sees the little one perish without putting out a helping hand to save it.

The fact that the parent is guilty, does not make the church any the less guilty. Christ holds both responsible. But, says a Christian professor, I believe fully what you say. Let the Sabbath-school look after the neglected children. The work is a good one. I bid it God-speed. It has my best wishes and my prayers. Do all you can for those children whose parents will not themselves undertake their training. For myself, however, I teach my own children at home, in the old-fashioned way. My children do not attend the schools as scholars, nor I as a teacher, for my home-teaching takes all the time I can give to the subject. But you, who are engaged in the school, will have one family the less to look after.

Let us canvass this a little.

If one Christian may with a good conscience take this ground, so may every other, and our whole system of Sabbath-school instruction falls to the ground. There is no obligation on me to leave my own family and teach in the Sabbath-school, that is not on him. There is no propriety or occasion for my children's attending as scholars, that does not apply with equal force to his. Withdraw from the Sabbath-school the children of Christian households, and the services of Christian men and women of experience and education, and where are we? The very man, who thus excuses himself from serving in the Sabbath-school, and his children from going, because he is competent to train

them himself, and feels the obligation to do so, is the one most needed in the school, and his family is the one whose influence in the school is most needed to countenance and encourage others. Are we to leave the school to be managed mainly by the young, the inexperienced, the irreligious, the morally and intellectually incompetent? Such must be the result, if every parent like the one named, may be excused from the work. What will be the character of the school itself, if no children attend but the neglected ones of the community? Will the parents of even such children be willing to let them attend, if it comes to be understood that going to Sabbath-school is a badge of parental ignorance and neglect?

There is a selfishness in the position taken by the Christian professor just quoted, which it is difficult to reconcile with the teachings of that charity which "seeketh not her own." Paul says, "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's" welfare. "Look not every man on his own things, but also on the things of others." "Not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." "Be ye followers of me, even as I am also of Christ." Did Christ shut himself up in his own home, and confine his teaching and his deeds of mercy to his own kindred?

The duty of teaching in the Sabbath-school is not, like that of the ministry, a special mission to be undertaken by a chosen few. If society is to be thoroughly evangelized, it requires the active, self-denying efforts of the whole body of Christians. There are exceptional cases, as of confirmed invalids, mothers with young children and so forth. But with these exceptions, which no one gainsays, it is the duty of all, and of one no less than another, to engage in direct personal efforts to bring the unevangelized portion of the community under the influence of gospel truth. The Sabbath-school, as an evangelizing agency, has this peculiarity, that it is a place for every one. In that blessed institution every man, woman, and child may be useful, who has a mind to the work.

"But," says the professor before quoted, "have I not a primary duty to my own family? Shall not I, who can do it, teach my own children? Why should I lay the

burden of teaching my children upon those of you who are engaged in teaching the children of parents who cannot, or who will not, teach them?"

Is the discharge of a primary duty any excuse for the neglect of a secondary one? Do you suppose, moreover, that we who take our families with us to the Sabbath-school, do not also teach them at home just as much, and as regularly as you do? Our children have lessons to recite in their several classes. We feel it to be our duty to see to it during the week, and on the Sabbath, that they learn these lessons. We go over the lessons with them, and assist them in the preparation.

After thus doing all we can by home influence and instruction for the benefit of our children, we are grateful that they may have the additional benefit of the instruction, the prayers, and the Christian counsels of their Sabbath-school teacher. The very familiarity of home is often a barrier to the personal application of the truth to the conscience of the child. A teacher has at times a freedom in addressing a child on the subject of personal religion, which the parent finds it difficult to command. Children, moreover, are social and sympathetic in their natures. Lessons which would be dry and irksome, when plodded over alone, become agreeable and interesting when pursued amid the excitement of pleasant companionship. We wish our children in their religious learning to have the advantage of this companionship, which we have found so beneficial in other studies. If you would follow Paul even as he followed Christ (neither of them very pertinent examples of your spirit of isolation); if you would really have the blessing of Christ on your family and on your own soul,—do not indeed cease to teach and train your children at home, (far be it from any Sabbath-school man to give you such advice),—but, having done your own duty thoroughly to them at home, then bring them with you to the Sabbath-school, and there hope for them, while you give to others, that additional blessing which comes from voluntary, self-denying, associated action in the cause of Christ.

Christ dwells in that heart most eminently that hath emptied itself of itself.

## A MOTHER'S WAGES.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

It was an uncouth bird's nest of rushes in which Jochebed moored her birdling "among the flags by the river's brink." Little did she know what precious freight she was entrusting to that basket-cradle. And little did Pharaoh's daughter know—when she took the little foundling out of the floating basket—what manner of child he yet would be. As she gives back the handsome boy into the very bosom that first gave him life, she says to Jochebed, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

I will give thee thy wages, says the Egyptian princess to the Hebrew nurse. She got her wages in better coin than silver or gold. She got them in the joy a mother feels when she yields up a part of herself to sustain her darling child; she got them in the love of the babe she nursed; she got them in the glorious service which her child wrought for Israel in after years. She was paid in the heavenly coin with which God pays good mothers. For all her anxieties and all her efforts to preserve the life of her "goodly child" was she abundantly rewarded.

When God lays a new-born babe in the arms of a wedded pair, He says to them, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give your wages." And the answer of Christian gratitude and faith should be "Oh! God, Thou hast put Thy noblest work into our hands. We accept the precious trust. We will try to stamp on this soft, plastic heart the impress of a godly example. We will shelter this young life under Thy mercy-seat. We will bear with it as Thou bearest with us. We will be truthful, that it may never learn falsehood. We will nurse this soul in its infancy with the "sincere milk" of love, that in after years it may bear 'strong meat' for strong service of God and righteousness. Oh! God, make our lives in harmony with Thee, that this young life may reflect thine image in reflecting ours."

To such pious fidelity God offers the only wages that can satisfy the claims of love. He pays the heart's claim in the heart's own coin. What wages could repay Hannah's prayerful care like the sight



of Samuel's after-career as Israel's upright Judge? Moses standing on the mount was the "wages" of the poor Hebrew mother who cradled him in her basket of rushes. St. Augustine's mighty services for the Gospel was the best reward that God could give to Monica. John Wesley's mother was repaid for all her patient discipline when her son built the world-wide tabernacle for Methodism to worship in. George Washington was God's reward to Washington's good mother, as Archibald Alexander, and Brown of Haddington, and Lyman Beecher found their "wages" in the noblest son who took the Gospel-banner from their aged hands.

When I have seen a happy father and mother looking on the prizes their children brought home from school, or enjoying the home that filial love had provided for their old age, then have I seen how God rewards parental patience and fidelity. When I have seen pious parents beholding their children as they stood up before the altar to profess Christ in the freshness of a youthful consecration then I have said to myself, "God is paying those parents their wages." They once dropped the seed with faith and tears; now, their sheaf is large and golden. God rewards a mother's fidelity and a father's godly example with accumulating interest through all eternity.

Alas! I have seen other "wages" too, paid dearly for, by parental impiety or neglect of duty. Eli's sin was repaid in Eli's sorrow. I have seen a frivolous, prayerless mother paid in the wages of a broken heart. And when to many a father's door a drunken son has been brought home from Sabbath-breaking debauch, it was only the wages of his own sin which just God was paying him. The "wages of sin is death"—and of no sin more surely than parental. It is death to peace of mind—death to domestic happiness—death to the neglected or misguided souls of their offspring.

Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee Thy wages—is the inscription which God's hand writes on every cradle. "When I dressed my child each morning, I prayed that Jesus would clothe it with purity," said a godly mother to one who inquired her secret of good training. "When I wash it, I pray that His blood will cleanse its young soul from evil; when

I feed it, I pray that its heart may be nourished with truth, and may grow into likeness with the youthful Jesus of Nazareth." Here was religious training from the cradle. It began with dawn, and its course was like the sun, growing more full-orbed in beauty until the "perfect day." That mother received her golden wages in the earthly conversation, usefulness, and honour of all her children. "Go thou and do likewise."

### PRIDE HAS A FALL.

"I'm much higher than you,—how I rise above you!" cried a cloud of steam from an engine, as it floated over a pool. "How white I am, how light I am, how grandly I mount aloft! You lie there so dull and so flat, there is nothing in common between us!"

"Don't despise a poor relation!" was the quiet reply of the pool. As soon as your warmth has cooled, there will remain nothing to mark any difference between you and me."

Scarcely had the words been spoken when the chill of the upper air turned the steam into water again, and in tiny, unseen drops, it fell down and mixed with the pool.

Moral. Never despise those who are in a lower station than yourself. They share your nature now, and a sudden change of fortune may make you share their lot,—A. L. O. E.

### RESPECT YOUR PARENTS.

There are some children who are almost ashamed to own their parents, because they are poor, or in a low situation of life. An example of the contrary was displayed by the Dean of Canterbury, afterwards Archbishop Tillotson. His father, who was a plain Yorkshireman, approached the house where his son resided, and inquired, whether "John Tillotson was at home." The servant, indignant at what he thought his insolence, drove him from the door; but the Dean who was within, bearing the voice of his father, instead of going out and bringing in his father, in a more private manner, came running out, exclaiming, in the presence of his astonished servant, "It is my beloved father;" and falling down on his knees, asked for his blessing.

## THE TWO PATHS.

By Rev. P. B. Powner, M.A.

*(Continued from page 103.)*

A customer most unexpectedly came in to be shaved, and this proved to be the very man that had appealed to Bob Hone as to the similarity of countenance between Charley Calvert and the young actor.—When the barber had done his work, and the man gone, he spied a piece of crumpled paper lying on the floor of the shop, which had evidently dropped out of his customer's pocket.

This the barber took up, and having peered at it attentively for some time through his spectacles, he gave a long low whistle, and then a "whew," which lasted as long as his breath permitted.

The paper contained some accounts relative to tea and tobacco, and also a memorandum of a certain night on which a cargo was to be run.

Bob Hone had often seen this man talking to Ralph in his shop, and putting these two things together, he came to the conclusion that all Ralph's cheap tea and tobacco had paid no duty. "And now," said he, as he carefully folded up the paper and put in an old, greasy pocket-book, "I'll serve the Calverts out, and do myself a good turn beside."

## IX—THE BRIARY PATH.

Day by day did the barber watch Ralph Calvert's shop as much as ever he could, and every evening he sneaked about the door and window when it grew dark.

At length he succeeded in finding some proof on which he could ground his information to the officers of excise.

The shop door was closed, but not quite shut. Ralph and Bill Hartry were inside, and Bob Hone had his ear quite close to the door.

The two persons in the shop were speaking in a very low tone; still by very attentive listening, the barber understood a fragment here and there; quite enough to answer his purpose of informing against young Calvert.

Hartry had come to sell Ralph a large quantity of tobacco, as he was going out of the neighborhood for some time, business requiring his presence in London.

The matter was agreed on; and Bob Hone saw through the chink, the money paid down by Ralph.

This was quite enough for him, so he crept quietly away, and slipped into bed very early, to mature his plans for Ralph Calvert's ruin.

The following morning the barber was up betimes, and off to the neighboring market town, where he called upon the excise officers, and told them all that he suspected, and all that he had heard; he showed them also the scrap of paper which Bill Hartry had dropped in his shop, a short time before.

They agreed that all this looked very suspicious, and took all the necessary steps for a search of the Calvert's shop, and seizure of the goods, if anything smuggled were discovered.

That very night they put all their plans into operation. Just as the shop was about being closed, they walked in, and took possession of the premises, preparatory to a general search.

Nor had they very much trouble; under the counter they found no less than fifty pounds weight of smuggled tobacco, the last lot which Hartry had left Ralph only a short time before.

As to Ralph, he had not a word to say. When the officers asked him where he had got the tobacco, he mumbled out first one story, and then another, and it was very evident that he was not telling the truth. They therefore bundled up all they found, and put it with Ralph into a spring cart which they had brought for the purpose from the market town, and thus Ralph left his home and shop, a prisoner,—never to return to it again,—a sad example of the truth of the proverb, that, "the companion of fools shall be destroyed."

That very night was Ralph Calvert brought before a magistrate, and after having been examined, a warrant was made for his committal to prison. This, however, was not done until the unhappy young man had been given every possible opportunity of clearing himself of the charge if he could. Ralph had indeed attempted to do this, and in the attempt had added many more falsehoods to those which he had already told to the excise officers, but

the magistrate saw clearly that there was not one word of truth in what he had said, so that he had only added sin to sin for no purpose.

We cannot suppose that all this took place without creating great noise and confusion in the little village where Ralph lived. Ill news flies fast enough, and what had happened was soon told to Mr. Gabriel, and passed from one to another, until at last quite a crowd gathered round the shop.

"Serve him right," said one old woman, "he has been very uppish this long time, and folks say, he wanted to be a squire."

"Aye, aye," rejoined old Saunders, "a mighty fine squire he'd make, after selling tobacco and tea!"

"I'd like to know where you'll get it so cheap, now he's gone?" chimed in Betty Thornton, "I wish they had let him alone, poor lad."

"I knew those Calverts had always something bad about them," cried another, and thus the crowd abused poor Ralph and his family, as though they were all of them, root and branch, the very vilest of the vile.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Calvert, Ralph's widowed mother, was in the deepest affliction. The excise officers had not allowed her son to bid her farewell, or give her any explanation of the dealings which had caused the visit of the intruders to her house. She had seen, however, enough to be convinced that the charge of smuggling was only too true, and she knew not what trouble might be in store for her unhappy son. So terrified was she, that she feared he must be hanged, and this dreadful thought almost frightened her into fits.

Mr. Gabriel, who was ever present when sickness or sorrow came upon any of his parishioners, comforted Mrs. Calvert on this point, and promised to accompany her the next day to the neighbouring market town, to which the excise officers had carried Ralph. "There is nothing," said he, "like going ourselves, and finding out exactly how matters stand; for as to reports, one cannot believe the half of what is said." And having remained some little time with Mrs. Calvert, he went out and dismissed the people to their homes.

Mr. Gabriel had to pass by the churchyard, as he returned to his own house, and his eye fell on Dick Giles's grave, "Ah!" said the venerable man, "that was a true proverb on which I preached the evening of that unhappy young man's funeral; 'He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but the companion of fools shall be destroyed.' God grant that the last part of the proverb may not be fulfilled in poor Ralph Calvert, as it has been in Dick Giles."

We must now return to Ralph Calvert who was handcuffed by the officers and taken off to a place which was commonly called "the Cage," where prisoners were kept until they were removed to the county gaol. It was intended that the young man should be secured here until the following day, when, with three other prisoners, he was to be taken off.

The officers, as we have already said, handcuffed him, and with a crowd at his heels, he was marched off to spend the night in "the Cage."

"The Cage" was a two-storied building, with an archway underneath it, and all its windows were barred with iron. It ran across the street, so that the houses on each side touched it; one of these was the police station, and the other was uninhabited,—it had been for years without any tenant, and was now in such a wretched state of repair, that it seemed likely never to be inhabited again.

When Ralph had been somewhat rudely thrust into one of the upper rooms of "the Cage," by the keeper of the place, and heard the key turn in the great lock upon the heavy door, he felt wretched in the extreme. There was no table, no chair in the room, and the iron-bedstead that was fastened to the wall seemed covered with something like brown sacking, which looked very different from the snowy white cover of his own bed at home. A brown earthenware pitcher full of water was standing in the corner, and although Ralph Calvert felt that he had never before been in such a desolate and wretched place.

When he had been in this dreary room for about half an hour, the gaoler came in with a small loaf of very coarse bread, and told him with a grin to make himself comfortable; having said which he slammed the heavy door, and turned the key in it again.

Ralph now left fairly to himself, began to feel the wretchedness of his position, and to hate the day when he went to the theatre, and so put himself in Bill Hartry's power. He thought how this must break his poor mother's heart; and how dreadful the news would prove to his brother Charles; and how, even if things turned out better than he could expect, he could never show his face in Sharnford again.

Had Ralph Calvert been imprisoned, and yet possessed a clear conscience, far different would have been his reflections at this trying time, and in this disagreeable place. There would have been no real disgrace in his imprisonment if he had not been guilty, and there would have been no real unhappiness if he felt that he had God with him. Paul and Silas were able to sing praises in their prison; many an ancient martyr was able to rejoice even when he was chained down with iron which cut his flesh; but Ralph Calvert was shut up justly for breaking the law, and his spirit was not by any means humbled to seek his God.

There was something else also to make him very wretched; not knowing what was the exact punishment for smuggling, but being sure that it was a very serious crime, his imagination became terrified, and he felt certain that he should be hanged.

This thought took such possession of his mind, that much as he must have been in want of food at this late hour, he felt that he could not swallow a morsel of the loaf,—the water he drank off greedily, for he was burned up with thirst, but the morsel of bread he tried to eat seemed to stick fast in his throat.

While Ralph was filled with these horrid thoughts, the night wore on; the street of the market town was now quite deserted, and the prisoner could see light after light extinguished in the windows of the neighbouring houses, until not one glimmered anywhere around.

Ralph, however, did not undress, or go to bed; he stood with his head pressed against the bars of his window; the cold iron seemed to cool his burning brow; he knew that even if he lay down he could not sleep, and he kept wondering if there was any chance of his making his escape. "I would run," thought he, "if I got an

opportunity; at the worst I could only be taken again, and now I am sure to be hanged."

Ralph Calvert looked down upon the street, but it was too far below him, for a jump, besides his window was barred, and that effectually took away all chance. A chance, however, came from another quarter whence he least of all expected it. A light glimmered for a moment in a crevice of the old house adjoining Ralph's side of "the Cage," and in about a quarter of an hour the prisoner saw it again; presently, however, he lost sight of it, and in despair had seated himself on the edge of the iron bedstead, when he was aroused by a gentle tapping on the glass of his window.

Ralph jumped up, and in a moment stood at the window and looked out. He could not discern any person in the street, nor could he hear a single footstep, but in an instant he heard the tap again. Now was it long before he discovered whence it came. There was sufficient light to see that the noise proceeded from a stick or rod that struck against the glass. Ralph Calvert gently raised the sash of the window, which was not fastened; the iron bars being considered sufficient to detain any prisoner that might attempt an escape from "the Cage," and he now distinctly saw that the rod came from one of the windows of the dilapidated old house which was hard by. Then he saw the light again, and it shone full on Bill Hartry's face, who had been tapping with the iron rod.

As soon as Hartry perceived that Ralph Calvert had noticed him, he withdrew the rod, and in a minute thrust it back again with a file tied at the end of it. He did not say a single word, but this action was in itself significant enough. What could the file be for, but to attempt his escape? and Ralph, having the gallows before his eyes, set to work on the centre bar with all his might.

Once or twice the thought flashed across his mind, as to what he was to do when the bar was filed through, but observing that Hartry's light was still glimmering in the old house, he felt sure that he must have provided for his escape.

On then wrought Ralph Calvert, and

he soon found that the task was much easier than he had expected.

The iron work in front of the window was so worn with rust, that it made scarcely any resistance to the sharp file, and in the course of an hour it was fairly out.—Ralph soon found that Bill Hartry was closely watching his proceedings, for the moment the bar was removed the iron rod was pushed again towards Ralph, and this time it had attached to the end of it a stout piece of cord. Ralph laid hold of the cord, and the rod was drawn back again, and immediately the light disappeared altogether from the house.

On pulling the cord to him, Ralph Culvert found that it grew thicker by degrees: it was composed of several pieces knotted together, and each was stouter than the preceding one; at length he drew in a piece of thick rope, which was fastened to a rope ladder, by which it was evident he was to make his escape.

For one moment the prisoner halted, thinking what a hazard it was to descend from such a height on so frail a ladder; he felt also, that he ran a great risk of being discovered, but again the gallows appeared before his eyes, and fastening the ends of the ladder to the two remaining iron bars, he descended as quickly as he could, and in a few moments stood quite free in the open street.

In the door-way of the old ruined house, stood Bill Hartry ready to receive him, and now Ralph felt that he was completely within this man's power, and that he must do precisely as he chose to command.

Pointing to the house opposite, and putting his finger to his mouth, to warn Ralph that he must not speak, Hartry drew the young man into the dilapidated old dwelling, and whispered to him to follow as quickly as he could. Then he unlocked the back door, and having passed through the long slip of garden all overgrown with weeds, he climbed a low wall, and skulking along two lanes, the open country was soon gained.

"Now then, old boy, you're safe," said Ralph's companion to him, "and we've played them a trick at 'the Cage' they won't forget in a hurry. If they want to put their bird in 'the Cage' again, they

must throw a little salt on his tail, ha! ha! ha!" roared Hartry evidently amused at his own wit.

"Cheer up, my old bird," continued he, drawing a flask of brandy, and a lump of bread and meat, from his pocket, and presenting them to Ralph, "we have six miles yet to go, and we must not let the grass grow under our feet;" so saying, he made Ralph take a little of the brandy, and bade him eat the bread and meat as they went along. On they went, walking as fast as they could, until they reached a public house where the London waggon changed horses.

Ralph and his companion got into this, and in due course reached the metropolis; where we must leave them for the present.

#### X—SIN SADDENS MANY HEARTS.

When the morning came, there was a great deal of bustle in the usually quiet village of Sharnford, and old Mr. Gabriel was astir betimes, for he intended to accompany his afflicted parishoner, Mrs. Culvert, into the market town, to see how matters stood with Ralph.

It was still very early when they entered the main street, and they soon saw that something very unusual must have occurred. A great crowd had assembled round "the Cage," and the rope ladder by which Ralph had made his escape, was still dangling from the window. The few policemen who belonged to the place were bustling about, and every one was talking as loud as possible; each giving what he thought the most likely version of the escape.

At first Mrs. Culvert could not believe that Ralph could have so suddenly become daring enough to break from prison, but there was no doubting it, after all she saw and heard.

"Unhappy young man," thought Mr. Gabriel to himself, "he is now fairly launched upon a sea of troubles, and who can tell where all this will end?"

There was nothing that the old clergyman could do to help Mrs. Culvert, nor indeed could she do anything more herself; and so with a sad heart Mr. Gabriel turned the horse's head back to Sharnford again.

All news flies fast enough: and before the

widow and Mr. Gabriel had returned to Sharnford, the story of Ralph's escape from "the Cage" had become known.

Bob Hone, the barber, who was the principal news-monger of the village, heard it from a man who was passing through with a cart, and had stopped for a few minutes at his shop to be shaved, and he had immediately stepped out, and made it his morning's work to spread the news.—Having embellished it with sundry additions of his own, namely, that a policeman had been killed, and that Ralph had been fired at and wounded as he was making his escape; it was with great difficulty that Mr. Gabriel and the widow could persuade the people, that things, though bad enough, were yet not quite so black as this.

But what was to be done? Mrs. Calvert had not health, even if she had spirits, to carry on the shop; she could never rest, so long as she was uncertain of her son's fate; and it was determined that the shop should be shut up at once, and that the widow should go to farmer Stubble's for a while.

For a month had she staid there, hoping every day to hear something of or from Ralph, of whose affection to herself she had no reason to doubt, even though he had fallen into such shocking hands; but day after day having passed on, and no account of the young man coming to hand, she determined to set off and seek for him herself.

The very morning that the almost broken-hearted widow left farmer Stubble's house to go to London, a letter was put into her hand, the writing of which she did not know; it contained, however, intelligence of the deepest interest to her, and confirmed her in her intention to go to London at once. There was no name to this mysterious letter, it merely gave the widow the information which she in turn gave Charley Calvert about his brother, namely, that he had been in London about a month, and was quite well.

This, then, was Ralph Calvert's sad history; and now Charley and his mother were mingling their tears over it in the drawing-room, which Mr. Kersymer had given up to them for awhile.

Bitterly, indeed, did each of them feel

Ralph's terrible fall. The mother had loved him tenderly, had experienced the kindest attention from him, and had ever found him full of love to her. And the brother—he remembered their boyish days together, he thought of their last parting, when Ralph had thrown him up his only half-crown; he remembered finding the knife which his brother had parted with, to give to him, and which he had hidden in his trousers pocket, lest he should refuse to take it from him; Charles Calvert remembered also the evening when he and Ralph stood by Dick Gile's grave, and heard Mr. Gabriel's sermon on the text—"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

How long they might have continued sorrowing together we cannot tell, had they not been aroused by a gentle knocking at the door, and the good linen draper came in.

Addressing himself to Charles, he said, "I perceive, Charley, that something has happened, and I have just stepped up to say, that if I can be of any use to you, I shall be happy to do everything in my power."

Mrs. Calvert not knowing what sort of person Mr. Kersymer really was, or being perhaps ashamed that the wickedness of her son should be known to a stranger; thinking also that Ralph's conduct might prejudice Charley's master against him, seemed at first as though she would decline all Mr. Kersymer's offers.

The apprentice, however, knew that they were too valuable to be refused; all Mr. Kersymer's previous kindness had taught him this, so in a whisper he recommended his mother to tell him all.

And truly distressed was he when he had heard the sad tale—the tears more than once came into his eyes, and as Mrs. Calvert told him what a good son Ralph had been to her, and how implicitly she had trusted him, who could have seen this mother's bitter tears and have been unmoved?

"You shall sleep here to-night," said Mr. Kersymer, "it is too late for a stranger like you to go into a strange lodging, and I will think over the matter, and see if anything can be done.

(To be continued.)

## WALTER'S BAGATTELLE-BOARD.

Birthdays are such jolly things! I wish I had one every day." So said and thought a little boy named Walter Leigh, upon his eighth birthday, and as he stood looking at a beautiful bagatelle-board his father had sent him in as his birthday present. Nor was the board all the little boy had received upon that eventful day. His mamma had given him a paint box, his grandmamma had sent him a box of tools, and some other relations and friends had added books and pictures; so that, being all laid upon a table together, the birthday gifts had a truly imposing appearance, and there was some visible excuse for an eight-year-old little boy saying "A birthday was a jolly thing." I fancy most of us, when the same age, if blessed with kind friends who were rich enough to give such nice presents, would have said the same thing.

Well, Walter was very happy all day. He could not sit still, and was continually running, in and out of the room, laughing, whistling, dancing, and singing; now playing a stroke or two upon the bagatelle-board, and saying it was the very thing he had "been all along wishing for;" then opening the paint-box, or glancing over the books. Sometimes he would rush off to the window, to see if the misty rain was clearing off, but until about three o'clock not a sign of better weather, or a crack in the even grey curtain over the sky, was visible. About that hour, however, the rain ceased, the clouds began to fade away, and, to Walter's intense joy, his mother told him to put on his thick boots and great coat, and to come with her and meet his father coming from the bank.

They walked a good way before they met Mr. Leigh, and when they did they all turned together, Walter holding his father's hand tightly in his, and being firmly convinced that there was not such a kind, generous father in the world as his.

Just as they turned into St. James's Park, a very ragged and sickly-looking woman, who seemed to be waiting there, came forward and in low, weak voice begged for help; but Mr. Leigh said, harshly—

"No, no; I never give anything to beggars."

"Oh, sir!" said the poor woman, walking on after them, "for the sake of your own dear boy, give me a few pence to save mine from starving."

But Mr. Leigh did not answer; he only walked a little quicker, and the poor thing, being too weak and hopeless to keep up with them, fell back and disappeared.

Walter laughed and talked no more. He was thinking of the terribly sad and hungry-looking face of the beggar woman, and her weak voice, as she said, "For the sake of your own dear boy, give me a few pence to save mine from starving;" and then he began wondering how it was possible for people to be starving in London, where there were so many rich people, and how it would feel to be starving; then he thought over what his father had said, and he looked up to see if there was any of the sorrow upon his face that was swelling up like a sobe in his heart. But Mr. Leigh was laughing, and telling his wife some funny adventure he had that day; and Walter's eyes sank hastily to the ground, and a hot blush tingled in his cheeks, as, for the very first time in all his life, he felt, he thought, his father might be wrong.

When they reached home the lights were all burning, the fire in the hall looked snug and comfortable, and servants stood ready to do all that was required. Walter felt unhappy when he saw all these things, and thought of the cold, shivering, half-clothed beggar, so went softly, and without saying a word, up-stairs, dressing himself for dinner very quickly, hoping thereby to have a chance of speaking to his mother, and asking her about the starving beggars. But there was no one in the drawing-room, yet there stood the bagatelle-board; and Walter stood by it counting the balls and numbers, and wondering how much money it cost. This was soon settled by looking at one corner, where the little price ticket still was; and there Walter discovered that his beautiful present had cost no less than five pounds. A deep flush came upon the little boy's face as he made this discovery, and he turned very quickly away and walking off he seated himself with his

back to the board, and began thinking, looking sadly puzzled and doubtful at first: but gradually a bright, determined, and hopeful light sprang up, and he started when the door opened and his father entered.

"Why, what's the matter, Walty?" he said, laying his hand upon his son's head; "you are as grave as a judge."

Walter got up directly with his face very red and something like two tears in his eyes, he said—

"Dear papa, would you mind me sending it away—the board, I mean—and giving me the money?"

His father looked astonished, and said—

"Give you the money, my boy! Why, what in the world do you want with the money?"

"Will you do it, dear papa?" begged Walter, earnestly and determinedly.

"Do you really mean it—that you care more for the money than the board?" said Mr. Leigh, gravely. "What has come over you, Walter? Why do you want the money?"

But before Walter could make any answer the door was thrown open, and the foot-man announced the names of some people who were coming to dine in honour of Walter's birthday; and the little boy, afraid lest the signs of his tears should be seen, ran off by another door.

At dinner he could scarcely eat anything, the nice things seemed to choke him; and every now and then a desperate inclination would come over him, tempting him to seize some of the dishes, and rush off into the damp, chilly park and give them to the beggar woman. But, of course, he dared not do that; so had to sit still and try not to think of it.

When dinner was over, and he and his cousins had gone up to the drawing-room, they all began admiring the bagatelle-board; and some of them said they only wished they had such a kind papa to give them such a present; and I am sadly afraid more than one little child there envied Walter, and coveted the board he was so unhappy about.

When Mr. and Mrs. Leigh were alone in the drawing-room, after their friends had all gone, Mr. Leigh told his wife what Walter had said about the board, and asked her if she knew what he meant, but

she did not think of the true reason any more than his father had done; so they determined to find out, and, hearing their boy had gone up to his bedroom, followed him softly. He was not in bed, or even undressed, but he was kneeling down beside the bed; and, as they stood just inside the door, they heard him say, "O God, make papa give me the money to keep the poor beggar woman's boy from starving."

And then the tears ran down the little boy's cheeks, and he laid his face upon the coverlet, and sobbed very bitterly. His father stood looking on for a about a minute, and then he came up and knelt down beside Walter, and taking him in his arms, said—

"God bless you my little son; you have given me a lesson in mercy I shall never forget. We'll pray together for power to help the poor starving people."

And so they did; and from that day many a hungry child, and father, and mother, owed their very lives to dear Walty and his father; and, moreover, the very beggar whose sad face and story had roused the little boy's pity, and, through God's directing grace, had been the means of awakening his father to a knowledge of true charity, and the uses for which money is entrusted to us, was at the same gate on the very next night, and, you may be sure, Mr. Leigh did not pass her this time; he made her follow him home, and then Walter, with his own hands, gave her a loaf of bread, and money enough to buy more for many a day. And I can assure you that the bagatelle-board was kept as a treasure by Mr. Leigh (although it was called mamma's after that day), and the price given to Walter. Can you guess what he did with the money? I think I can.

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CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.—"If the Gospel be the field, Christ is the pearl hid in it; if the gospel be the ring, Christ is the diamond in the ring. Indeed, what would the gospel be without Christ? where would be its beauty its power, its life? Truly it would cease to be the gospel; it would be no good tidings to perishing sinners."

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A tear, dropped in the silence of a sick chamber, often rings in heaven with a sound which belongs not to earthly trumpet or bells.



## BIBLICAL TREASURY.

## Asleep in Jesus.

BY REV. P. GRAY, KINGSTON, C. W.

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."—1 Thes. iv. 14.

That is a cheering statement; there is none more so in all the Bible. It is the greatest of promises for the last and severest of trials,—for that one trial in which trust in *God alone*, and *only trust* in Him, can give any assurance or hope whatever.

There is no seeing behind the veil that hides the transit from mortality to endless life. At this point, entire reliance on the Faithful Promiser—*trust singly and solely* now, if never entirely single before, must be the Christian's stay.

And the promise answers to the magnitude and solemnity of the exigency. If Christ and His salvation,—a Redeeming God and mercy for men,—mansions in a Father's house, and one over the house of God preparing a place for His followers, be not idle tales;—if there be a God, and anything to hope for, or anything to fear, then the servant of God may entrust in, and be entrusted to God in dying.

We are not phantasms—the product of we know not what—carried by fate we know not whither. We cannot make that atheism a belief if we would. We live and hope; and have, at least, immortal thoughts and aspirations. God lives and He hath not forsaken us, nor turned away His mercy from us; He remembereth the word upon which He hath caused us to hope. We do believe that "Jesus died and rose again." Then, "As Jesus died and rose again, *even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.*"

Cheering as these words are, however, they can start a train of thought, gloomy

enough to some persons, so very painful if pursued, that they gladly dismiss it and would rather avoid it. But we have all to die, whether we like it or not, and it is right and wise in us to think now and then of that one event which happens to all.—With God's blessing on the study, death might be bereft of every terror and appear as the mute messenger which Jesus sends to conduct His servants to the Rest when their work is done.

I am disposed to think that the frequent reference to the death—afflictions and other sorrows of believers as such—has not always the best effect upon them or upon others; it sometimes looks like unmanly whining, and tends to soften the brain rather than the heart.

It is true, God's people have their own troubles and apprehensions, and they need the consolations which a gracious Father has provided for them. "Comfort ye, comfort my people, saith your God," is an old injunction, or a consoling message, just as you view it; it may be taken in either sense or in both; and, in any case, it prescribes the duty of religious teacher and Christian friend to have words in season for the weary and disconsolate, for those who, walking in darkness and having no light, would still trust in the Lord and wait for Him. But the Christian life is not the saddest of lives; the troubles that afflict the just are not invariably the most distressing of troubles; nor, though they may be more acutely sensitive to many ills in life, and more exercised by the awfully momentous relations of sinful man to a holy God, and by the powers of the world to come, are Christians, of all men most miserable, and most to be pitied. And to me it seems that the frequency with which a certain class of religious writers single out believers, and their trials, and their dying, with the manner in which they do it, produces or promotes an unhealthy sen-

timent in them, and provokes a feeling in others that repels and disgusts, instead of attracting them to God and His saints.

But dying is not confined to Christians; we may call attention to that as the matter of gravest consequence to every human being; and we may select for study, the dying of the Christian as an interesting speciality, instructive alike to those who are in Christ Jesus, and to those who are not; to the one class, reassuring and stimulating; to the other, warning, entreating, conveying to them in another form the invitation of the Saviour, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Moreover, while the consideration of dying is an appropriate exercise at the fitting time—say when a death has taken place in our own neighbourhood, to the knowledge of us all—it is not out of place at any time, though no recent occurrence of the kind has happened. When one is taken away from our circle of acquaintance—from the congregation with which we are connected—and reference is made to the afflictive event in the service of the sanctuary, we feel more deeply than ordinarily, we are more sensibly touched by any appeal made to us in these circumstances. But *that one taken away* is gone—not with us, to hear of solemn death and how we should prepare for it.—And may be, if the appeal had been made before, or something like it, it had been a message from God to *that one*, conferring benefit through grace and helping to preparation for the coming change. May be guidance and consolation, strength perhaps for the conflict, in the dark valley, would have been drawn from that appeal by *the one that has gone the way of all this earth* without it; and may be conversion from sin to God would have come to *that soul*, through *that ministry*, by which *it* can be affected no more.

Now, it is not too late for us—as many as shall read these lines—to give some thought to dying before we die. Most of us are well and, in the main, happy, and looking forward to the enjoyment of many days. Many of us are keeping the heart and mind too far away from meditation on our latter end; and yet, "judgment lingereth not," and the "damnation" of the unsaved "slumbereth not," and we should be numbering our days so as to apply our hearts to wisdom.

In a little while some one of us, old or young, the one of whom it might be expected by kindred and friends, or quite as likely an entirely different person, will go to face the reality of dying, and the meeting with God, the Judge.

Who shall it be? That matters less than we might suppose. One after another we all go; none knows whose turn shall be next; and when our turn does come, its coming will be found much the same to us, whether it befall us a little earlier or a little later than the like may happen to our companions.

It is, therefore, quite a fitting time to speak and write, and it is a most appropriate study for us all—the death of the Christian.

1st. The Christian has fellowship with Christ in dying; we believe that Jesus died and rose again. Then, "as Jesus died and rose again, even so them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

As:—So:—Jesus, and they who sleep in Jesus, are linked together in the proposition. So are they linked together in the covenant of grace, in heart and aim, in character and destiny, in life and death, and in life again that never ends. That fellowship with Christ casts radiant light upon the tomb, and nothing else can relieve its darkness.

Lay out the beautiful grounds of the cemetery with rarest skill and taste; plan

trees and shrubbery; garnish with flowers the little enclosures in which lie the ashes of the dead; erect monumental tablets, and urns, and broken columns; let nature and art combine to make the scene the loveliest you have ever looked upon. It is still the cheerless place of graves—dark and melancholy, and chill, under the brightest sky of sunniest summer day.

Nor is this depressing feeling in connection with the tomb morbid or unreasonable. There is the last of mortal man! Strength, wisdom, beauty, wealth, all come to this! And if there were no hereafter, and no hereafter of blessed life, what would be left but woe and wringing of hearts? Then it might be said of all human life and achievement, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"The cold grave," "gloomy death," "black fate," "last enemy," "king of terrors," and such like terms tell how humanity shrinks and cowers before the Great Leveller's uplifted hand.

And we neither mend the matter nor conceal our natures' aversion to death, by adopting another style of speech, also made ready to our hands, such as—"All must die," "it is the common lot," "the destiny of our race," and "inevitable." Earth is the great burial place of all who have lived before us, and we shall lie down beside them soon. These and a host of other stock-phrases are employed as so many desperate shifts, and are but so many make-believes of equanimity and fortitude. They do not make dying pleasant, nor lessen its terror or its agony; they bring no cheer, nor any companion to walk with us side by side, through the dismal and lonely passage.

Here "the grace of God, which bringeth salvation," appears with its light and promise, and "Christ, our life," takes away the fear of death, and gives unto us "eternal life."

"Jesus died." That tells of His sympathy with us in dying. He "rose again," death could not hold Him, and death shall not separate His from the love of God. That touches the chords in the believer's heart, and fills it with the music of heaven when heart and flesh are fainting and failing.

He began and ended life like us. He took part of the same nature. He lived a life of self-sacrifice for us—sinners—and the last incarnate Love died—"suffered for us." Sinners all are besought by Him to turn, to come. Penitents all are received by Him and forgiven. His followers all are kept by His "almighty power, through faith, unto salvation ready to be revealed."

In Him we have Emmanuel—God beside us in life and work, in success and reverse, in joy and sorrow, in dying and in the state beyond. He lives to save, and trusting in Him, we can look up and fear no evil; we can die in hope of glorious resurrection—of being presented, yet, "faultless in the presence of the Father, with exceeding joy." Therefore fellowship with Christ, and that alone, casts light of hope and glory over the dark grave. And this fellowship have they all who believe in Him.

2nd. The Christian's death described as *sleeping in Jesus*. "Sleep in Jesus!"—What a definition of death! How tender, touching, and soothing these words.

The servant of the Lord dead, lies pale and motionless, turning to decay, like other-dead; the one event happens to all. But he *sleeps in Jesus*. No other dying is like His; of no other death can such words be spoken.

As one in the midst of family and friends and the endearments of home, happy, hopeful, in quiet habitation, lies down at the close of day to calm repose, as child in its mother's arms closes its eyes and sleeps, fearing no evil, so the Christian dying "falls asleep," and "sleeps in Jesus."

Death like sleeping! Is it ever so?—With all? Yes! There may have been racking pains, burning fever, delirious wanderings, and convulsive throes, preceding that slumber of the beloved; there may have been fears and anxious lookings, and faintings of soul in the dread crisis, yet, the Christian dead sleep in Jesus.

It is the word that describes the last of *all the redeemed*. "They sleep in Jesus." Was not Stephen rocked into that slumber in a rough cradle? Yet, all pounded and smashed by human fiends, "he fell asleep." So many, many reach the peaceful rest through harsh, harrassing, painful tribulation—by unlikely, hard-paved way; but they who are Christ's are ever His. They were "in Christ Jesus" while they lived; they "sleep in Jesus" when they die.—Whether living or dying, they are the Lord's, and their's are "the sure mercies" of the covenant.

That thoughts of this kind may prove beneficial, and not baneful to us, let no reader forget that, *they who are "in Christ Jesus" are the persons who "sleep in Jesus" at last.*

Let us extol the grace of God, extending so immeasurably beyond our deserts, and even our beliefs; let us repeat one to another,—“Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” But do let us remember that grace must be with us, and in us; and that the living water must be drunk by us.

Would we “sleep in Jesus?” Then, like those who, in *that veiled fellowship*, await the glory yet to be revealed, *let us live in Jesus now.*

They sought the Lord—clung to Him as their salvation—followed Him in the regeneration; they walked with Him; they worked together, and it was when the day's work was done—or the life's work—they lay down and fell asleep.

Let the sky above be bright or scowling,

when you bear their dust to the narrow house; let sweet flowers bloom on their grave, or only the rank, tangled grass; let epitaph tell of their worth, wide-known or hidden, and of Him who made them worthy; or let their bones unknown lie bleaching on desert waste, or sink deep in the all-engulfing sea, it matters not.—They sleep in Jesus—true workers and servants at rest—and they shall awake.—God will bring them with Jesus, and exalt, and crown, and glorify them, and so shall they be ever with the Lord.

### THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

If I were speaking to a congregation of grown persons, I should say that God's name means his *titles*, and *attributes*. I will say the same to you; and I think you can understand what I mean by His *titles* and *attributes*.

But what is a title or name? It is the word by which a thing is known. For instance, here is this church in which we are now assembled. What is it called? St. Paul's church. That is the title or name of it. That is the word by which it is known. You distinguish it from all other churches by that word.

Suppose you had never seen a flower. I bring a large, beautiful one to show you. It has a multitude of leaves all growing closely together. Its fragrance is delightful—you seem as if you would never be tired of smelling it. Its colour is a deep red, or crimson. I write the title of the flower under it—*r-o-s-e*. The flower is a rose. That is its name.—Whenever you see that word you will know that it stands for that beautiful, fine-coloured, fragrant flower.

And so every word used in the Bible to stand for God, is meant by His name. We find a great many words of this kind. Among them are these—Lord—God—Almighty—Creator—Maker—Jehovah—Jesus—Preserver—Redeemer—King of kings, and so forth. The commandment means any, or all, of these when it speaks of the name of God. These are His name, or titles.

But there was another word that I said was meant by the name of God, besides the word *titles*. What is that? His *attributes*.

An attribute is something that belongs to a person or thing, and forms a part of his character or nature. For instance, did you ever taste the water from the sea? *How* does it taste? Salt? Yes. Hence, it is a

ways called *salt-water*. It belongs to sea-water to be salt. That is a part of its nature. Saltiness is an attribute or quality of sea-water. I am sure I need not ask you if you ever tasted sugar? Everybody has. And *how* does it taste? Sweet? Yes. It belongs to sugar to be sweet. It is a part of its nature. Sweetness is an attribute or quality of sugar. And so the attributes of God are the things that belong to Him, and form part of His nature. Thus—*wisdom* belongs to God. That is one of His attributes.—*Power* belongs to God. That is another of His attributes. And so goodness—*mercy*—*love*—and the like, are all attributes of God. They belong to His nature.

We read in the Bible that once, when Moses was on earth, he wanted to see God. God told him that he could not see His face, because it would kill him to do that. But God said He would teach Moses His name, and show him a little of His glory; about as much as he could bear, without hurting him. So He put Moses in a cleft, or hollow place of a rock, on the side of a mountain, and covered Him with His hand so that he could just get a peep, or glimpse of His glory as He passed by. And while He was going by, this was the way in which God spelled out, or spoke His own name;—"I am the Lord God, merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin." This is God's name. It is made up, you see, of titles and attributes. The titles are Lord and God.—The attributes are mercy, grace, forgiveness. God's name means His titles and His attributes. What does it mean? His titles and attributes. This is the first question we were to consider.

And now we come to our second question.—*How is God's name taken in vain?* This may be done in three ways.

*We take God's name in vain when we use it lightly, or without thinking.*

When we do any thing to the name of a person, it is just the same as doing it to the person himself. A great many years ago, when James the First was king of England, some wicked people formed a plot or conspiracy to destroy the king and queen, the royal family, and members of parliament, all at once. They intended to do it in this way; they hired the cellar under the parliament house. Then they put a great number of barrels of gunpowder in the cellar. These were all covered over with fire-wood, so as not to be discovered. Then they hired a miserable fellow, whose name was Guy Fawkes, to fix a train to the powder, and, at a time appointed, to go into the cellar with a dark lantern and matches, and blow up the whole House of Parliament

with all who were in it together. Every thing was ready for the execution of this horrible plot. The 5th of November was the day fixed upon for the dreadful deed. But in the good providence of God it was discovered in time to prevent it.

The very night before the explosion was to take place, Guy Fawkes was found in the cellar, ready to set fire to the powder the next day. He was taken prisoner, and executed. Ever since that time the boys in England keep the 5th of November as a sort of sort of holiday. I remember, when a boy there, having fine fun on those days. We used to make what is called an effigy, or stuffed figure of a man, and call it Guy Fawkes.—Then, in the evening, we would have a procession, and march round with old Guy at the head of it, hanging from a pole. When we got through marching, we used to make a great bonfire, and pitch Guy into it; and while he was burning up, we stood round the fire and sung these words;—

"Remember, remember, the fifth of November;  
The gunpowder plot shall never be forgot.  
As long as Old England stands on this spot."

In treating the name and figure of Guy Fawkes in this way, the boys in England show how they feel towards his person or character.

And so, God regards our treatment of His name as if it were our treatment of His person.

Suppose that Jesus should come, personally into the midst of us, in all the glory of His heavenly state, or just as the disciples saw Him on the Mount of Transfiguration; should we venture to speak to Him, in the same familiar way in which we speak to our intimate companions? Certainly not. We could not dare to do it. The majesty of His appearance would overpower us with awe and reverence. If we did any thing at all, it would be to fall down before Him, and say, each one for himself, with the apostle Thomas, "My Lord, and my God!"

Well, we should treat His name as we would treat His person. When we read His name, in the Bible or elsewhere, or when we use it in singing or prayer, we should think how great, and glorious He is, and use it with reverence.

I remember reading about a good man once, who made it a rule always to pause and look up, before he spoke the name of God. But we often hear children, and men and women, too, speak of God's holy name as lightly as they would speak of their own name, or the name of a fellow-creature. This is very wrong. It is taking God's name in vain, to use it lightly and without thinking.

It is taking this name in vain when you

use it FALSELY, or speak what is not true, in connection with it.

Suppose we are attending a trial, in one of our courts of justice. A person is called up as a witness; that is, he is required to tell what he knows about the case on trial. Of course it is very important that he should speak the truth. In order to make him more careful about what he says, he is put on his oath. I mean by this, the person is required to stand up. Then he lifts his hand towards heaven, and says something like this;—"I do solemnly swear, or affirm, that in what I am going to say, I will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; so help me God." These are very solemn words, for one to use who knows that God will bring him into judgment, for every idle or false word spoken. The person who takes this oath, really prays for God to punish him, if he do not tell the truth. To say what is not true, after taking this oath, is to break this commandment. It is taking God's name in vain to use it *falsely*, or to say what is not true in connection with it.

But we break this commandment also when we use God's name PROFANELY.

This refers to cursing and swearing by this name. You all know what this means. You hear this done continually in the streets.

Wicked men, and boys, swear awfully by the name of the Great and Holy God, who made them, and who preserves them continually. How dreadful this is! It is enough to make the flesh creep upon one's bones, and the blood run cold in one's veins, to hear the shocking way in which sinful men will use the name of that Great Being, before whom we are told that the angels veil their faces, and in whose presence they bow down in solemn reverence. This is the chief thing to which the commandment refers. To speak *lightly* or *falsely* of God's name, is to break this commandment; but it is especially so to speak *profanely* of it.

Thus we have considered the first two questions that were asked. We have seen *what the name of God means*. It means His titles or attributes. We have seen, also, *when this name is taken in vain*. It is so taken when we speak *lightly* of it; when we speak *falsely* of it; and when we speak *profanely* of it.

We have now to consider our third question;—*Why should we not take this name in vain?*

To break this commandment is a great sin. Yet it is a very common sin. What a multitude of swearers there are! The Bible tells us that, "because of swearing the land mourneth." Jer. xxiii. 10. If we love our country, and want to see it prosper, we must be con-

vinced of the great evil of this habit of swearing, and not only keep free from it ourselves, but also try all we can to keep others from it. For this cause, I will dwell longer on this last question, than on either of the others. I wish to mention *five* reasons, why we should not be guilty of taking God's name in vain.—Try and remember them.

*We should not do it because it is USELESS*

There are some sins which people commit because they find some use in it. If a poor fellow is hungry, and almost starving, and he steals a loaf of bread to satisfy his hunger, and keep him from starving, you can hardly blame him. At any rate, you feel disposed to excuse him. His hunger is some apology. He did wrong to steal; yet there was some apology for him. He had an object to gain. There was *use* in what he did.

Or suppose a man is selling a lot of goody. If he tell the truth about them, he will only get fifty dollars for them: but if he tell a lie, and stick to it, he may perhaps get a hundred dollars for them. That would be a great temptation with many people, to tell the lie. But it would not make it right. *Nothing* can make it right to tell a lie. And if a man should make five hundred dollars by a single lie, he would gain more, in the long run, by telling the truth. No lie prospers. "Honesty is the best policy." But if a man found he could make fifty or a hundred dollars by telling a lie, he might say there was *some use* in it. But what use is there in swearing? Who ever made any thing by it? Who ever thinks any better of a man for hearing him swear? None can think better, but a great many will think worse, of him who allows himself to swear.

Good old Bishop Griswold used to say, that when men go a fishing, they always put some bait on their hooks. But when Satan tempts men to swear, he throws out a hook without any bait on it, and swearers are foolish enough to be caught by it.

The good John Howard was once going out into the street. As he reached the door he heard some dreadful oaths, from several men coming down the street. He immediately buttoned up his pocket, and said to those who stood near him, "I always do this, whenever I hear men swear: for I think that any one who can take God's name in vain, can steal, or do anything else that is bad."

It used to be thought that swearing, if useful nowhere else, was so, at least, on board ship. Captains and officers used to think that it was impossible to keep men in order, on board of a ship, without swearing at them.—But this was a great mistake.

A pious captain was once appointed to the

command of a British ship of war. When he went on board, before the ship sailed, he called all the crew to him on deck, and said to them:—"My lads, there is one law I wish to make, and which I am very anxious to have kept. It is a favour which I will ask of you and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted, by a crew of British sailors. What do you say, my lads? are you willing to grant your new captain one favor?" "Ay, ay, sir," cried all hands; "let's know what it is."

"Well my lads, it's this: you must allow me to swear the first oath in this ship. No one on board must swear an oath before I do; I am determined to swear the first oath on board. What say you, my lads; will you grant me this favor?" The sailors stood, and stared at one another for a moment, quite at a loss what to say. As one of them afterwards said:—"They were taken all aback;" or, as another expressed it:—"They were brought up all standing. But the request was so reasonable, and the captain's manner so kind and pleasant, that they couldn't think of refusing. Directly, with a general burst, the crew exclaimed,—"Ay, ay, sir." Then some one proposed, "Three cheers for the captain." In a minute, off went the tarpanlina, and "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" went sounding out, right merrily, from the decks of that man-of-war. Swearing was abolished on board that ship. They found it was of no use. And if it is not necessary on ship-board, it is not necessary anywhere. We ought not to take God's name in vain, because it is useless.

*We ought not to do it, again, because it is cowardly.*

It is a mean thing to do and say, behind a person's back, what you would be afraid to do, or say, before his face. Everybody admits this. But you may ask, What has this to do with swearing? Can any one swear behind God's back? or where. He will not bear it? Of course not. God is in every place, seeing and hearing all that is done or said. But swearers don't think of this. They don't believe it. They feel as if they were out of sight and hearing of God; as if they were behind His back; or else they would be afraid to swear. This shows that it is cowardly in them. I know that men and boys sometimes feel as if it were a *brave* thing to swear. But it is not. It is a mean, cowardly thing.

You remember what took place when God came down on the top of Mount Sinai, and gave these commandments to Moses. Dark clouds covered all the top of the mountain.—An angel's trumpet was heard in the midst of the clouds. It sounded long and loud.—The mountain shook, and trembled, as if it

was afraid. Lightnings flashed, and thunders rolled out from those clouds. How awful it must have been! Now, do you suppose that the wildest swearer in the land, would have been willing to go and stand at the foot of that mountain, and, while it was trembling under his feet, with the lightnings flashing, and the thunders rolling around him, there deliberately curse and swear by the name of God? No. He would have been afraid. Why? Because he would have felt himself to be in the presence of God. Then, why is not such a man afraid to swear at other times? Because he does not feel that he is in the presence of God. He feels as if God were absent, and he is willing to do behind His back, as it were, what he would be afraid to do before His face. But this is cowardly.

A gentleman once heard a labouring man swearing dreadfully, in the presence of a number of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear so, in company with others, when he dared not do it by himself. The man said he wasn't afraid to swear, at any time, or in any place. "I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go into the village graveyard, at twelve o'clock, to-night, and swear the same oaths you have just uttered here, when you are alone with God."

"Agreed," said the man. "It's an easy way of earning ten dollars."

"Well, you come to me to-morrow, and say you have done it, and the money is yours."

The time passed on. The hour of midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard, not a sound was heard. All was as still as death. Then the gentleman's words—"alone with God"—came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had been doing, and what he had come there to do, darted across his mind like the lightning's flash. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell upon his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he came to utter, the earnest cry went up:—"God be merciful to me a sinner." The next day he went to the gentleman, and thanked him for what he had done; and said he had resolved never to swear another oath as long as he lived.

*We ought not to take God's name in vain, because it is cowardly.*

*We ought not to do it, again, because it is vulgar.*

It is contrary to good manners. Really polite people will not do it. The poet Cowper once wrote these lines about swearing.—It would be worth while for every boy in our land to commit them to memory.

Whills my blood to hear the blest Supreme  
Lightly appealed to on each trifling theme;  
Maintain your rank; vulgarity despise;  
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise."

True politeness will always lead us to avoid doing anything that will hurt the feelings of others. If you are invited out to tea, and, while sitting at the table, the person who invited you, or any one else of the company, should speak unkindly or disrespectfully of your father, or mother you would feel that it was very impolite. But Jesus is the best friend His people have. He is dearer to them than father, or mother, husband, or wife. It is, therefore impolite in the highest degree, for any one to speak lightly, or disrespectfully of Him, in the presence of those who love Him.

A Southern planter had a favourite negro servant, who was ordered to stand opposite to him, and wait at table. His master was a profane person, and often took the name of God in vain. Whenever he did so the negro made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he did this, he replied, that he never heard that great name mentioned, but it filled his soul with awe and reverence. His master was a gentleman. And though he did not fear God, yet, out of politeness, he gave up swearing because he was not willing to hurt the feelings of his servant.

A merchant and ship-owner, of New York, was standing at the entrance of his store, conversing with a gentleman on business. A pious sailor, belonging to one of his vessels, came to the store to enter it; but observing that the door was occupied, modestly stepped aside, not willing to interrupt the conversation.

While waiting there, he heard the name of Jesus profanely used and on turning to look, he observed that it was his employer who was speaking. Instantly changing his position and standing in front of the gentlemen, with his head uncovered, and his hat under his arm he addressed the merchant in this language:—

"Sir, will you excuse me if I speak a word to you?" The gentleman, recognizing him as one of the crew of his vessel, recently arrived, and supposing he might have something to say about the business of the ship, told him to speak on.

"You won't be offended, then, sir, with a poor ignorant sailor, if he tells you his feelings?" said he.

"Certainly not," replied the merchant.

"Well, then, sir," said the honest-hearted sailor, with much feeling, "will you be so kind as not to take the name of my blessed Jesus in vain? He is a good Saviour? He took my feet out of 'the horrible pit and miry clay, and established my goings.' Ob, sir! don't, if you please, take the name of my Jesus

in vain! He never did any one any harm, but is always doing good."

"This was said with so much earnestness and feeling, that the gentleman was quite touched. His eyes filled with tears, and he said:—

"My good fellow, God helping me, I will never again take the name of your Saviour in vain."

"Thank you sir," said the honest tar; and, putting on his hat, he went away to his work.

We ought not to take God's name in vain, because it is vulgar.

*Again, we ought not to do it because it is wicked.*

To do this is to break one of God's commandments. Many a person allows himself to get into the habit of swearing, who would be frightened at the thought of robbery or murder. And yet, robbery or murder are only sins against our fellow-creatures; but swearing is a sin directly against God. The wickedness of any act depends, a good deal, on the character of the person against whom it is committed. But think how great, how glorious God is! All the kings on the earth, and ten thousand times more, are as nothing compared to Him. Oh! how great the wickedness, how awful the sin of taking His holy name in vain! Surely, if people only thought a moment about this, they would never do it.

A clergyman, and his friend, once went to attend a religious convention in a certain city. During their stay there, they stopped at the house of a physician. He was a very intelligent, gentlemanly man, but very much in the habit of profane swearing. The clergyman was told of the doctor's bad habit, before he went there, and had made up his mind to say something to him about it, when he heard him make use of an oath. To his surprise and gratification, however, the doctor never swore once, all the time they were there. On the evening before they went away, the clergyman said;

"Doctor, we are going to leave you tomorrow; we cannot go away without thanking you, most heartily, for all your kindness; and yet, allow me to say, there is one thing, my dear sir, in which we have been disappointed."

"Disappointed?" said the doctor.

"Yes, sir, but most agreeably."

"How so, sir?"

"We were told, my dear sir, that you were very unguarded in your speech, and that we should often hear profane language from you. But, during our whole stay, we have not heard a single profane word used; and we are agreeably disappointed to find that you have been misrepresented."



"No, sir," replied the doctor, "I have not been misrepresented. I am sorry to say that I have fallen into the bad habit of using profane language; but, sir, how could I be so impolite as to swear before religious people, and one of them a clergyman?"

The eyes of the minister filled with tears, while he earnestly grasped the doctor's hand, and exclaimed;—

"My dear sir, you surprise me. Can it be that an intelligent man, like you, will pay more regard to a fellow-creature, a worm of the dust, like yourself, than to the Great Creator, the Lord of heaven and earth?"

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "I never before saw the folly and wickedness of profane swearing, as I see it now. I will never swear again."

We ought not to take God's name in vain, because it is wicked.

*There is only one other reason, I will speak of, why we ought not to do this, and that is, because it is dangerous.*

The commandment says, "God will not hold those *guiltless*, who do it. This means that God will certainly punish them for it.—The Bible tells us that God "will bring every work into judgment, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." It tells us, again, that "for every *idle* word that men speak, they must give an account at the last day." And if for every "idle word," much more for every *profane* word.

But God does not always wait till the day of judgment, before he punishes men for taking His name in vain. He often punishes them for it now, in this life.

A few years ago, two soldiers laid a wager to see who could swear the most oaths. After one of them had uttered many shocking ones, he paused a moment, and said he could think of but one more, which should be his last.—But before he had time to speak it, he was struck speechless, and remained so for three hours, when he died. His body, by order of the officers, was made a public spectacle to the other soldiers, and the people in the neighbourhood, as a warning against swearing.

Some years ago, a lady and gentleman set off, upon ponies, to make an excursion, from Margate to Ramsgate, in England. They were accompanied by two boys, who belonged to the place, and whose employment was to attend on persons making excursions, and drive the ponies. One boy, named John, was about seventeen years old; the other, named George, was about thirteen. John was a very wicked, profane boy. When they were about a mile on their way, a violent storm overtook them, accompanied with tremendous peals of thunder, and awful flashes of lightning. This obliged the lady and gentleman to stop, and

seek shelter in a neighbouring cottage. The boys, with their ponies, went under a shed.—John was very angry on account of the delay. He cursed the lightning, and the thunder, and the rain, and the God who sent them. George was frightened, and begged him to stop.—Then John called him a coward and a fool; and, with a dreadful oath, he swore that he would go on, in spite of the storm. But, just as he was starting, a terrible flash of lightning came. It burnt his clothes, and struck him dead upon the spot. This produced a great excitement in the neighbourhood. Thousands of people came to look at the spot. A sign was set up at the place, as a warning to all who went by. These were the words upon it:—"Reader, prepare for eternity. A boy was struck dead here, while in the act of swearing."

I remember, some time since, hearing of a rich man, who had a large plantation. He was the most terribly profane man that had ever been known in the neighbourhood. He could hardly speak a word, on any subject, without mingling it with oaths. It was perfectly shocking to hear him speak. At length he was seized with a stroke of something like paralysis. This left him in good health, only he had lost the use of his limbs. And the remarkable thing about it was, that the power of speech was taken away from him, *except that he could still swear*. Profane words were all that he could utter. He used to be carried about his plantation by his servants, in a sort of hand-carriage, and the only words that ever fell from his lips, were dreadful oaths and curses. How awful this must have been! What a terrible illustration it affords of that passage of scripture—Psalms cix. 17—19—in which God says, that because the wicked "love cursing, it shall come into their bones like oil, and they shall clothe themselves with cursing like a garment." Surely this man was so clothed. A dreadful garment it must have been to wear!

I might go on, for a great while, giving you examples of the danger of swearing, but I will only mention one more.

There was a man employed by a farmer, in the neighbourhood of a country town, to work on his farm. His name was James B—. On account of his singular profanity, he was known throughout all the neighbourhood, as "wicked Jim." One evening he was playing cards, with his companions, and frequently lost the game. At last, he threw down the cards, in great anger, and swore dreadfully at his own eyes, cursing them as being of no use to him. Shortly after, he was seen to rub his eyes, as though they were painful. Then he went to wash them, at the

pump. The next morning he was *stone blind*. He has never seen a ray of light since.

These cases show us what the commandment means when it says, "God will not hold them *guiltless*, that take his name in vain."—We see from them that we ought not to break this commandment, because it is *dangerous*.

Thus we have had *five* reasons why we should not take God's name in vain. It is *useless* to do so; it is *cowardly, vulgar, wicked, and dangerous*.

I have tried to answer the three questions proposed, and to show you, *first, what is meant by the name of God?* It means His titles and attributes. *Secondly, how this name is taken in vain?* By using it *lightly, falsely, profanely*. *Thirdly, Why we should not do this?* It is *useless, cowardly, vulgar, wicked, and dangerous*.

My dear children, I spoke, at the beginning of this sermon, about oaks growing out of acorns. Now, if we wanted to prevent any oak trees from growing, the best plan would be not to put any acorns in the ground, would it not? And so, if you want never to swear big oaths, the best plan is not to make use of *little ones*. There are a great many little oaths that people use without thinking. But these only prepare the way for using other oaths.

There are many persons who are unwilling to swear by the name of God, but who think nothing of swearing "*by George*," or "*by jingo*," or by something else. Others are ever ready to exclaim "*good gracious*," or "*mercy on us*," and the like. These are the *beginnings* of swearing. They are to profane swearing what acorns are to the oak. When you hear persons using these expressions, you may say to yourself;—"There, the acorn has sprouted. By and by it will come to an oak."

Our Saviour said, when on earth, "Let your yea, be yea, and your nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." This means that we should use plain language, without swearing of any kind. And this is what the third commandment requires of us.

Then let us all pray with David—Psalm cxli. 3—"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; and keep the door of my lips;" or, in the language of our ante-communion service, let us pray—"O Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep *this* law." May God give us all grace to do so for Jesus' sake!  
A.M.E.N.

## BUT ONE BOOK.

He is not, he cannot be wise, who refuses to examine the claims of a book that professes to disclose the only method by which man can be saved,

A few days before the death of Sir Walter Scott, there was a lucid interval of that malady which had for some time afflicted him, and to remove which he had travelled in vain to London, to Italy, and to Malta. He was again in his own home. In one of those calm moments of reason, when the distressing aberrations of his mind had for a time ceased, he desired to be drawn into his library, and placed by the window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. To his son-in-law he expressed a wish that he should read to him. "From what book shall I read?" said he. "And you ask?" Scott replied—"THERE IS BUT ONE." "I chose," says his biographer, "the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel. He listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done, 'Well, this is a great comfort!'"

I need not enlarge on the dying testimony of this eminent man in favor of the Bible. He had come to a point where fiction gave way to reality; and we can conceive of scarcely any scene of higher sublimity than was thus evinced, when a mind that had charmed so many other minds, the most popular writer of his age, if not of any age, in the solemn hour when life was about to close, gave this voluntary tribute to the solitary eminence of the Bible above all other books. Would that his dying declaration could be imprinted on the title-page of all his works—that wherever they shall be read, his solemn testimony might go with them that a time is coming when BUT ONE BOOK can have claims on the attention of men, and BUT ONE BOOK will be adapted to guide their steps and to comfort their hearts—the eternal word of that God who cannot lie, and sweet consolation of that "ONE BOOK" whose beauties, after all, as much transcend the highest creations of genius as its truths are more valuable than fiction. We may live amidst gorgeous scenes; amidst splendid illusions; amidst changing clouds; amidst vapors that float on the air and then vanish; but when we die, we shall wish to plant our feet,

Our hearts carry the greatest stroke in every sin. Satan can never undo a man without himself; but a man may easily undo himself without Satan.

not on evanescent vapors and changing though brilliant clouds, but on the Eternal Rock.

I ask you not to lay aside your Homer, your Cowper, your Dryden, your Milton. I ask you not to burn your Addison, your Johnson, or your Burke. I ask you not to throw away your Galen, or your Davy—your Coke, or your Hale; but I ask you to give THE SUPREME PLACE in your life to that ONE BOOK which the greatest of all writers of fiction gave on the approach of death to the Bible.—Barnes' "Way of Salvation."

### A BEE STORY.

My friend, Silas Narrow, was no man of willow. The oak of Bashan was hardly more stubborn and tough. His will was strong and went in a straight line.—What he knew, he was sure of, and what he thought he knew, he was just as positive in believing. He has all his life been a regular attendant on divine worship; but having "notions of his own," he has never found a church with which he could unite, a creed that he could adopt, or a minister in whom he could confide. He was not exactly a crachety man, but he was self-willed, wise, strong, and decided. As for sin, he had no doubt that there is a great amount in the world, and not a little among his neighbours. But he could never believe that sin deserves what the Bible and what ministers say it does.

"Why," said he, "all the preaching in the world can't make me believe that a single sin is such a terrible thing that it must ruin a world! No doubt it was wrong in Eve to pluck and eat the fruit; but it might have been done thoughtlessly. But who can believe that so great results came from a cause so small? that such a wound came from so small a quantity of poison?"

Old Mr. Truman, his neighbour, was a man of a few words, but his meek spirit rested on pillars of truth, and was refreshed by one of the many streams that flow out of the river of God. With him Mr. Narrow had many a conversation, but with no abiding results. Argument would not affect him; facts did not stand in his way; he moved right on to his old conclusions.

One day Mr. Truman saw his neighbour coming, and knew by the screw of his face that he wanted to have a large theological battle. He had had so many on the subject with him that Mr. Truman shunned the encounter. He was very busy in his bee yard. Mr. Narrow came and leaned over the fence.

"A fine lot of hives, neighbour Truman; don't they sting you?"

"Sometimes; but if I am careful and gentle they seldom quarrel with me. You know what a sting means, I presume?"

"No; I don't remember that I was ever stung in my life. I have heard some people make a great ado about it; but I don't believe so small an affair can hurt so terribly. It's not much worse than a small bite of a horse-fly, I take it."

Just at this moment a cross bee came buzzing round the head of Mr. Narrow, and in the wink of the eye, just pricked the lower tip of the left ear. It seemed a mere touch, and he was off in a twinkling.

"There now, I'm stung, true as the world?"

"How does it feel?"

"Why, at first a sharp, little prick, but now it seems to grow a kind o' warm."

Mr. Truman hastened to him. He well knew what it meant.

"Come this way and sit down, friend Narrow, and let me put some saleratus on the wound."

"O, it's nothing; it will be all over in a minute."

Mr. Truman knew better, and he hastened into the house to get the saleratus, and to call his wife for help. When he came out he found poor Narrow sitting down on the grass, holding his head and rocking his body. It was too late for the saleratus. His eyes became red and rolling, his face was flushed and burning, and it seemed to Narrow that it was growing large, and was already as big as a bushel basket. Then it seemed to be covered with a sheet of fire. Soon after, the world began to whirl around, and the ground to rise up and strike his head. The fact was he had fallen over on his back. He now became deadly pale—white as a sheet—with cold moisture covering his face, and every part of him was in a tremor. Then he began to faint, and the world grew

dark, and he groaned, and felt that he was dying. He grew fainter, and fainter, till he was all gone. After a while, as he began to revive a little, the stomach took its turn and the poor fellow vomited as if he would retch himself to death. There was no peace till the stomach was completely empty. Gradually, however, he began to come to; and after two hours was able to walk to his home. He went away silent as if still suffering; and, in fact, it took him a week to recover fully from the affair.

The next time he met Mr. Truman, he seemed cold towards him, as if he had set the bee on him, or as if he had done him some wrong. The fact was, he had met with a theological argument which he knew not how to answer—and it troubled him. On the other hand, Mr. Truman well knew that he could now corner his friend.

"Well, friend Narrow, have you fully recovered from the bee-sting?"

"Yes, pretty much. But who would have thought?"

"Thought what?"

"How much does a bee weigh?"

"Why, it takes between three and four hundred of them to weigh an ounce."

"And how much of the poison did the critter leave in my ear, I want to know?"

"A quantity so small that you probably could not have seen it with the naked eye."

"Now ain't it strange that so little poison could go through my whole body, and in five minutes make me so sick? Why, I was never so sick in all my life!"

"Very powerful, to be sure. But tell me, now, don't you think that the bee is a powerful preacher, and very sound in argument?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just this: you know now—and if you don't just step over into my bee yard and have it repeated—you know that in an instant of time the sting may go into your body, and in an instant you may, from the smallest particle of poison, be so sick that you can't stand—nay, you are at the very door of death. This is just what the Bible teaches about sin. It does not take much time to commit it. It may seem a very small affair; but it is a deadly poison, or, as the Bible says, 'the exceeding sinful

ness of sin.' If so small a speck of the bee-sting can throw you, a strong man, flat on the ground, and take almost your life away, don't you see that one sin could ruin our first parents? Your ear seemed to stand for the whole body, and, touching that, poisoned the whole. It made 'the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint,' did it not?"

"Well, well, I won't dispute; but this I will say—that if anybody hereafter tells me that a little poison can't produce great sufferings, just let one of your bees sting him—that's all!"

### GOOD AND BAD APPLES.

One day Robert's father saw him playing with some boys who were rude and unmannerly. He had observed for some time a change for the worse in his son, and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry, but he said nothing to Robert at the time.

In the evening he brought from the garden six beautiful rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate, and presented them to Robert. He was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him.—"You must lay them aside for a few days, they may become mellow," said the father. And Robert cheerfully placed the plate with the apples in his mother's store-room.

Just as he was putting them aside, his father laid on the plate a seventh apple, which was quite rotten, and desired him to allow it to remain there.

"But, father," said Robert, "the rotten apple will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh?" said the father. And with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterwards he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself. The six apples, which had been so sound and rosy-cheeked, were now quite rotten and spread a bad smell through the room.

"Oh, papa!" cried he, "did I not tell you that the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? yet you did not listen to me."

"My boy," said father, "have I not told you often that the company of bad children

will make you bad, yet you do not listen to me. See in the condition of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

Robert did not forget the lesson. When any of his former playfellows asked him to join in their sports, he thought of the rotten apples, and kept himself apart from them.

### The Sabbath School Compared to a River.

The Sabbath-school should, in the grace and beauty of its working, resemble a river. The river flows ever onward till it reaches the wide, wide sea, where it is lost, as the things of time are swallowed up in the great Ocean of Eternity.

Again,—the Sabbath-school should be to the community, what the river is to the country through which it winds its way.

It should in a moral sense refresh and invigorate all within the range of its influence; as the river does the trees, plants, and verdure, along its banks.

Again,—the Sabbath-school should resemble a river, which takes in with a welcome, every little rivulet which finds its way to it—so should the Sabbath-school welcome all who seek a place within its borders.

Again,—the Sabbath-school should resemble a river, which parts with none of its gathered waters, except it be those taken up, as it were to heaven, to dwell for a time in the beautiful cloud, or such as are needed to give life and vigor to the trees, fruits, and flowers, along its banks.

The Sabbath-school should, in this respect, resemble it—never parting with any of its members, except as they are called away to dwell above in the heavenly Jerusalem, or go into the world to figure in a new sphere of usefulness among their fellows.

Again,—the Sabbath-school should

resemble a river, which once formed never divides, unless it be to embrace some fertile and lovely spot, that it may, with the effort make its own, and around which its waters again meet in kindly embrace.—So should the Sabbath-school be undivided in its end and aim,—never dividing except it be an opening of its ranks to take in some stray lamb or heaven-ward bound fellow traveler.

THOS. WRIGHT.

OTTERVILLE, March 6, 1865.

TO J. T.,

A YOUNG BOY ANXIOUS ABOUT HIS SOUL.

MY DEAR BOY.—I was very glad to receive your kind note, and am glad to send you a short line in return, although my time is much taken up. You are very dear to me, because your soul is precious; and if you are ever brought to Jesus, washed and justified, you will praise him more sweetly than an angel of light. I was riding among the snow to-day, where no foot had trodden, and it was pure, pure white; and I thought again and again of that verse, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." That is a sweet prayer—make it your own. Often go alone, and look up to Jesus, who died to wash us from our sins, and say, "Wash me." Amelia Geddie was one day dressed in a new white frock, with red ribbons in her bonnet, and some one said to her, "No doubt you will think yourself very trim and clean?" "Ah no," she said, "I will never think that until I have the fine white robe of my Redeemer's righteousness put upon me."

I am glad my dear boy, you think that God is afflicting you to bring you to himself. It is really for this that he smites you. His heart, his hand, and his rod are all inscribed with love. But heed, see that he does bring you to himself. Do not delay. The lake of fire and brimstone stretches beneath every soul that lives in sin. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. If the Lord Jesus would but draw the curtain and let you see his own fair face, and his wounded side, and how there is room for the guiltiest sinner in him,

you would be drawn to Jesus with the cord of love. I was preaching in Perth last Sabbath; when I came out, a little girl came up to me, I think about three or four years old. She wanted to hear of the way to be saved. Her mother said she had been crying the whole night before about her soul, and would take no comfort till she should find Jesus. Oh! pray that the same Spirit may waken you. Remember, Johnnie, you once wept for your soul too; and prayed and sought Jesus. Have you found him? or have you looked back, like Lot's wife, and become a hard, cold, pillar of salt? Awake again, and call upon the name of the Lord. Your time may be short, God only knows. The longest lifetime is short enough. It is all that is given you to be converted in. They are the happiest who are brought soonest to the bosom of Jesus. Write me again. At present I must draw to a close. Give my kindest remembrances to your mamma, and to A. when you write. Tell him to write me. May you all meet at the table of Jesus above, and may I be there too, a sinner saved by grace.—Ever yours, etc.,

R. M. M'CHEYNE.

#### HOW.

How to be happy.—Make the doing of the will of God the business of your life.

How to be miserable.—Determine to gratify the carnal propensities of your nature, and spare no pains to execute your purpose.

How to be rich.—Having food and raiment, and a covenant God, be careful for no more.

How to be poor.—Do nothing. Just let estate, soul, and body alone, and your poverty will come as an armed man.

How to be wise.—Think humbly of yourself. Deplore your ignorance. Be not ashamed to learn from any. Ask of God.

How to gain a victory.—Have a good cause; conquer yourself; despise not your enemy; let not your opposition to him degenerate into hatred: do all you can *righteously*, and *no more*, and then leave your cause with God.

How to secure a victory.—Humble yourself under the hand of God. Beware of exulting (Prov. xxiv. 17, 18). Give

God the glory. Buonaparte said, Many a victory is lost after it is gained."

How to live long.—Live a great deal in a short time. Many a man has died old at thirty. Thousands do not die old, though they live to sixty. That is a long life which answers life's end. No life is long, unless it is the beginning of eternal life.

#### NONE BUT CHRIST.

When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My riches gain I count but less,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast.  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, to divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—Watts:

#### LOOKING TO JESUS.

Jesus in thy memory keep.  
Wouldst thou be God's child and friend;  
Jesus in thy heart shined deep—  
Still thy gaze on Jesus bend.  
In thy toiling, in thy resting,  
Look to him with every breath,  
Look to Jesus' life and death.

Look to Jesus, till reviving.  
Faith and love thy life-springs swell  
Strength for all things good deriving  
From him who did all things well.  
Work, as he did, in thy season,  
Works which shall not fade away:  
Work while it is called to-day.

Look to Jesus, prayerful, waking,  
When thy feet on roses tread,  
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,  
With thy cross, where he hath led.  
Look to Jesus in temptation:  
Baffled shall the tempter flee;  
And God's angels come to thee.

Look to Jesus, when dark lowering  
Perils thy horizon dim;  
By that band in terror cowering,  
Calm 'mid tempests, look on him.  
Trust in him who still rebuketh  
Wind and billow, fire and flood;  
Forward, brave by trusting God.

Look to Jesus when distressed;  
See what he, the Holy, bore:  
Is thy heart with conflict pressed?  
Is thy soul still harassed sore?  
See his sweat and blood, his conflict;  
Watch his agony increase;  
Hear his prayer, and feel his peace.

By want's fretting thorns surrounded,  
Does long pain press forth thy sighs  
By ingratitude deep wounded,  
Does a scornful world despise?  
Friends forsake thee or deny thee?  
See what Jesus must endure,  
He who as the light was pure.

Look to Jesus still to shield the  
When no longer thou may'st live:  
In that last need he will yield thee  
Peace the world can never give.  
Look to him, thy head low bending:  
He who finished all for thee  
Takes thee then with him to be.  
—*Franzen.*

### WHAT IS YOUR CHOICE.

"Not long since a young lady was urged by a clergyman to choose between Christ and the world, because she could not have both. She said she was determined to have both; she loved the gaieties of the world, and was resolved to have them; and yet she wished to be saved, and therefore she would have Christ too. She was told it was impossible; she must choose one to have the chief place in her heart. Then, she said, I choose the world. If that be your choice, said the clergyman, take all the pleasure out of it you can, for you will have no other enjoyment to all eternity. She did so; plunged into all sorts of gaiety, and tried to find happiness in the passing hour. One evening, in a large company, she was singing a beautiful song. It is in a book which has no other religious song. It is about the parable of the foolish virgins, in the 25th chapter of Matthew, how they came to the door when it was shut, and could not

get in. She was singing: the last lines of the song:

'Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?  
O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!  
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.'

when the thought burst into her mind, that is just my case—it will be true of me. She rushed out of the room, and spent the night in tears and prayer. Five days and nights she was in great distress, till at last that text came into her mind—'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' It brought her peace and joy in believing. She went back to the clergyman, who had heard something of what was going on, and who asked her what was now her choice. Her answer was—

'My heart is fixed, Eternal God,  
Fixed on Thee;  
And my immortal choice is made,  
Christ for me!'

Be you thankful to God, dear friends, that the one only door to real happiness is open—and open to you. But O take care, lest you come—too late!"—*English Papers.*

### Sabbath Lessons.

April, 2nd 1865.

#### THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

Exod. xx. 7.

We are taught in this commandment.

- (1). That God's names are to be used with holy reverence *Psa. xxix-2.*
- (2). That God's titles are to be used with holy reverence *Rev. xv. 3-4.*
- (3). That God's attributes are to be used with holy reverence *Rev. iv. 8.*
- (4). That God's ordinances are to be used with holy reverence *Ecc. v. 1. Mal. i. 11-14.*
- (5). That God's word is to be used with holy reverence. *Prov. xiv. 13.*
- (6). That God's works are to be used and contemplated with holy reverence. *Job. xxxvi. 24.*

See further illustration of this in the article—Third commandment published in this paper—page 157.

## The Good News.

We have respectfully to inform our subscribers that we have without intimation, made such alterations on this number of the Good News as to warrant it to go by mail free of postage according to law.

Many of our readers may not be able to discern much change between this number and some of our previous issues, but the reason is that for some time the class of articles in the Good News have been such that it has been almost though not altogether, entitled in the estimation of those who understood the subject, to exemption under the statute.

From henceforth it will not be an *undenominational religious periodical*, but a periodical exclusively devoted to *Religious Education*.

The text book in all religious education is the Bible, so that articles illustrative of any of the facts or doctrines contained in it are understood as properly comprehended within that phrase.

The news of the churches, missionary intelligence or controversy on points of religious belief, are necessarily excluded if we would claim exemption from postage, but as we have for the most part left these departments to denominational organs, our subscribers will not regret the omission,

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It will contain interesting narratives and lessons for the young.

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The following donations have been received from 15th February 1865, to 15th March 1865, for which we render our best thanks in the name of the Lord:—

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