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THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

CHRIST, HIS PERSON AND WORK.

BY REV. H. B. WEAVER, B. A.

CONTINUATION OF SERMON ON "MYSTERIES OF THE KINGDOM."

Archbishop Leighton, the father of expository preachers, has said—"There is nothing that so much concerns a Christian to know as the excellency of Jesus Christ's person and work; so that it is always pertinent to insist much on that subject."

With such authority may I not express a fear, that too little is insisted upon, too little is said of Christ's person, in the topical preaching of our day. Now, it may be, that some among you have never given five minutes consideration to this subject. Let me now remind you of what the Scripture speaks concerning Christ—what He is in Himself—what He is in relation to His Church—what He is in relation to every individual believer. I refer you to the following Scriptures, that you may read and examine the word of truth for yourselves. I have no favorite scheme of Theology to support; my sole object is to lead you to *search the Scriptures*. Colossians i. 15-19; ii. 9-12; iii. 1-12.—Ephesians i. 22-23; ii. 18-22. In this connection there is a short sentence, consisting of three short words, which I would commend to you for a confession of faith—it is this—*Christ is all*. Here is a diamond edition of Theology, a full length portrait of Christianity—here is the centre and focus where all the rays of Divine wisdom, mercy and justice converge—here, *righteousness and peace kiss each other—*

here is the only true criterion of Christian doctrine.

Now, if we know anything of the oneness and closeness of affinity which we have been speaking of, then we realize the value of this precious sentence, this centre-prop of a quickened sinner's hope—*Christ is all*. Why, Christians, do ye not enjoy more of Christ's presence, in your religion—because you never contemplate your Saviour as ever present with you, as a living Saviour: because you do not act faith upon Christ, as your *high priest who is touched with a feeling of your infirmities*: We cannot know, or feel the consolations afforded by the atonement and satisfaction of Christ, until we realize the perfect humanity of Christ as our God-man mediator, who is *not ashamed to call us brethren and who ever liveth to make intercession for us*.—It is not a dead, but a living Christ, not the symbolical cross, but the person of Christ himself, that can comfort the seeking soul.

The doctrine of Christ's humanity is, perhaps, but little understood. It is of the utmost importance, that Christians who are to be saved from Hell through believing, should know *what they believe*.—That they should be able to rest their souls upon the facts, the solid facts on which the hope of their salvation rests. The perfect humanity of Christ is one of those facts. *Now, this is a great mystery*. One

human system of religion impugns the Divinity and takes away the Godhead of Jesus; and thus, takes away all salvation from man. Another takes away the manhood of Christ; while it is acknowledged in so many words, they take away the humanity of Christ—that is, they exalt Jesus so high above humanity that the poor sinner cannot come near it, cannot close with Jesus, cannot come to Jesus himself, like the poor woman who “came trembling when she heard of Jesus and touched his garment—but must have some saint or angel, or other mediator to intercede for him. But the glory of the Gospel consists not only in the Godhead, but in the humanity of Jesus. He is as close now to every seeking soul as he was to the weeping Mary at the sepulchre; he is close to us every moment, one with us; so that no sinner could come nearer to a friend or brother and pour out his sorrows before him, than every poor broken-hearted penitent can now come to Jesus. Hence, our blessed Redeemer is said to be a man that ‘receiveth sinners.’

What do we know, friends, of these blessed mysteries: are we thus united to Christ? can you regard Christ as your brother, friend and husband? can you say ‘my beloved is mine, and I am his?’ Is the day of your soul’s espousals past? has the Spirit won your affections? If so, come woe, come woe, happy are ye, blessed are ye; the love of Christ changeth not; He will love and cherish you, and will not part you at death; his ‘rod and staff will comfort you through the dark valley;’ He will take all your legal responsibilities upon himself, and pay your debts contracted before and after marriage, and change your name from ‘Marah (bitterness) to Naomi (beautiful) and give you his own name as is said in Jeremiah—“this is the name wherewith he shall be called, the Lord our righteousness.”

Again, Christ is the fountain source of all wisdom and knowledge. “In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,” and Christ, as the “messenger of the covenant,” is the appointed medium and channel through which Jehovah reveals His mind to man. All channels of revelation centre in Christ. Christ was all in that first revelation of mercy which was made to Adam. Gen. iii. 15. These

words are an outline of the whole plan of redemption, containing the germ and elements of the “great mystery of Godliness.” Christ, before his incarnation, preached by his Spirit in his servant Noah to the antediluvian world. Christ has never left his Church altogether destitute of saving light. Christ was all in the preaching of Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles. The one grand characteristic of the Apostle’s preaching was “to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified;” they all conspired with holy ardor in lifting men’s minds from off themselves and all human sources, and directing them to their crucified, risen, exalted, and interceding Lord.

They represent Christ as the sole ordinance of God for giving the blessing, and the life of all Christian graces; and the quickening spirit of all Christian ordinances—the Altar, Sacrifice, Priest and Temple. With them the atonement was not a mere abstract point of credence, but a vital principle; not a mere tenet of Christianity, but the sum of Christianity. Hence with them every subject of revelation, from the sublimest mystery of heaven to the plainest and most practical topic of morals and daily practice derived its virtue, life and impulse from the cross. With them all morality, out of Christ, was no better than Paganism. They never introduced any subject, nor established any truth, urged any duty, explained any service, nor enforced any ordinance, without direct reference to the sacrifice, example, and person of Christ. With them, the purest motives the best deeds, were defiled and worthless unless sanctified with the “blood of sprinkling.” With them, no work could be considered a good work, until the doer of it, the worker, was accepted of God, justified by the blood and imputed righteousness of Christ,

But, was the simple teaching and pure morality of the Apostles appreciated and relished by the Jews and early converts to Christianity? Ah no—they, like ourselves, were slow to learn these simple lessons.—They were offended with the spirituality and simplicity of Christian worship, because they understood not its mysteries nor felt its power; because, like too many Christians now, they had no communion of soul with the soul of Christ; they pre-

ferred the heartless pageantry, and gorgeous ceremonial of the Temple worship, to the heart-service of spiritual worship. My Hearers, human nature is still the same.— We have all Jewish hearts in this respect: the same tendency still exists, the same unwillingness to look to Christ's blood alone for salvation, "to submit to the righteousness of God;" the same tendency in all religious denominations to forget that God requires spiritual worship; and to substitute the scaffolding of the Church for the Church itself, the shadow for the substance of Christianity, the "form for the power of Godliness."

While it is my solemn duty to teach you the necessity of personal holiness and good works as the ultimate end and essential evidence of Christianity; while I would urge you to the use of all the means of grace and a regular attendance upon all the ordinances of religion; while I exhort you to good works, to "present your bodies a living sacrifice unto God, and to the diligent cultivation of all virtues; I would, at the same time, ever remind you that when all this is done, that the use of all these means is effectual only because Christ commands them and Christ blesses them.— You must never lose sight of Christ and your need of His blood and grace. And, woe be to the man, who, in a proud, self-righteous, Cain-like spirit, neglects and despises those means and ordinances, which Christ has appointed for His Church's edification and sanctification. While means of grace are not, necessarily, grace; he assured, that grace is given and increased in the use of means; and, perhaps, seldom found in those who wilfully neglect means. There are three states of religious mind with respect to ordinances;—to be entirely independent of ordinances, to be entirely dependent upon ordinances, to be entirely dependent upon Christ's blessing in the use of ordinances. May this last state be ours, for it is a superlatively blessed state.

Again, Christ is all in the volume of creation, because He is the author and subject of creation. "He created all things, and all things were created for His glory. Colossians i. 16. Redemption was the object and ultimate end of creation, which is a mystery, that God's glory in Christ and His Church, can alone explain. The redemption of man was a primary step to

the creation of man. This earth, viewed in the light of redemption, (and this is the scriptural view) is just the stage upon which the mysterious work of redemption was executed; and when that work is completed, we are expressly told, this world will be destroyed. 2 Peter iii. 10. When the spiritual temple, the Church, is completed, the material building will be no longer required. The mediatorial office and undertaking of Christ is not represented in the Bible as an after thought arising out of the fall of Adam; as if God had been disappointed in his first design. No, no. The fall of the first Adam was foreseen and provided for in the person of Christ the second Adam, the 'Lamb slain' in the counsels of Jehovah, before the foundations of this earth were laid. The consecration of the second person of the Trinity, to the office of Mediator was settled in the eternal covenant between the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. "Lo I come (Christ) in the volume of the book it is written of me." Read Psalm xl. This earth is not to be regarded merely as one among millions of other similar habitations according to the Humanitarian Philosophy, but the consecrated stage and scene of a special dispensation of grace.

In this view of creation, the Christian regards this world as Christ's world, and worships his Creator as the God of the Bible, a covenant God in Christ; not, as the Deist's God, Cain's God, the God of creation only; God of the cornfield, the mill and the mart; but as the God of redemption in Christ for whose glory it was created. The mere natural man pays homage to God as his Creator, and can praise Him for temporal benefits upon Thanksgiving day; while he rejects divine truth, the mysteries of redemption, as revealed in the Bible. He can praise the divine goodness in nature, and hate it in grace; trace it with rapture in creation, and laugh at it in redemption; laud and magnify it in a star and despise it in the sun of Righteousness. This is essential infidelity, as now developed in modern "Rationalism."

The Christian must ever regard this

world as Christ's world: on His account Jehovah looks upon our little planet as the glory of creation, the Bethlehem of the universe. *And thou earth, though thou be little among the thousands of planets, yet thou art the greatest and most glorious for out of thee has come forth He that is to be ruler in Israel.* Micah v. 2. The truth is, creation is subservient to redemption, the handmaid of salvation. The special object of creation, was just to supply a tent for the Good Shepherd and a fold for his sheep: a temple for his church to worship in—a birth-place for God manifest in the flesh—a manger-cradle for Him who was the world's Father, and the maker of his own mother—an altar for the Lamb of God to die upon,—wood to burn the sacrifice: to afford a rock, from whence to hew his living stones; a pit from whence to dig his vessels of honour: to afford a reed for the King of Glory's sceptre, thorns for his crown, a tree for his cross, a rock for his sepulchre. May we not then say that Christ is all in creation.

Is not this a great mystery? Why then do Christians not contemplate creation in this light; why do they not see Christ in all things. You will find the answer in 1 Cor. ii. 14; xiv. 22; or in the words of Bishop Horne when he says that meditations upon evangelical subjects are only intended for those who believe—"who will exercise their faculties in discerning and contemplating the mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven."

Christ is all in the volume of Providence, because Jehovah makes all human events subservient to his Glory and the accomplishment of his glorious purposes in Christ. In every age events are overruled and instruments are raised up for the furtherance of his divine designs and the grand consummation of prophecy, when *the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ.*

Christ is all in the volume of inspired truth. What are the Scriptures without Christ—a dark system without a sun; a labyrinth of mysteries without a key.—Without Christ for an interpreter, the Old Testament cannot be understood. Its rites and ceremonies, its altars and sacrifices, out of Christ, would be an offence to God, evoking the rebuke—*who hath required this at your hands.* Christ is the one great

and glorious object to which the whole law, types and prophecies point, and in whom they all, like rays of light converging in one centre, find their end and termination. Christ is the sum and substance of all the promises in the Bible. There is just as much evangelical truth in the Old Testament as in the New, only differently developed. The Old and New Testament Church were one and the same, only under different capacities. Christ is the glorious repository of all things in Heaven and in Earth. The Church on earth has no resource for life or grace but in him; neither hath the Church in Heaven, to derive glory from, but the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Scriptures are the system, Christ is its central sun: the Scriptures are the field, Christ the *hidden treasure*: the Scriptures are the garden, Christ the *tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God.* The Old Testament, is Christ promised; the New, is Christ given; the Old, is Christ concealed; the New, is Christ revealed: *Christ is all* in revelation. A person may attain a critical and grammatical knowledge of the Old Testament history and still continue with "a veil upon his heart when Moses is read"—an utter stranger to the spiritual sense of the book which testifies of Christ throughout. The prophetic, evangelical, mystical, spiritual sense, is the life and soul of the Bible.

Of the things which we have spoken concerning Christ, this is the sum—Christ sits on the throne of creation, for He created all things: He sits on the throne of Providence, for He overrules all things to his own Glory: He sits on the throne of grace, as mediatorial king; He sits enthroned in his people's hearts: He shall sit upon his millennial throne, *ruling all principalities and powers*: He will sit upon his scarlet throne of judgment, *to render unto every man according to his deeds.*

Endeavor then, Christians, to contemplate all creation and providence with a single eye to Christ, and the universe will become a temple consecrated to his praise: every village, a Bethany; every house, a Bethel; every day, a Sabbath; your life a continuous doxology. Whenever you look abroad, you will see sacred mementos of the Man of Sorrows, hallowing, sanctifying, elevating in their influences. It is

the idea of Christ in all things, and all things for Christ's glory, that sanctifies material creation, and sheds light and beauty over the whole face of nature and clothes her smiling landscape with hues of divine loveliness. It is the glory of this earth that the mysteriously begotten Son of Mary was born, lived and died upon it; the glory of the sea, that He, the companion of poor fishermen, trod its azure pavement; the glory of the air, that He breathed it; the glory of man, that Christ was and is his brother. Try then, and cultivate this Christ glorifying spirit, and thus you will walk with God in thought, whether exploring the field of nature, Providence or grace; you will be Christians everywhere, whether at your business, your pleasures, or your prayers. To a spiritual mind, a hut, a hovel is a Heaven, because Christ is there.

When you look down upon this earth, reflect that *there* Christ was buried; that He went down into the *lower parts of the earth*, into the tomb to sanctify the grave for you. When you look up to the Heavens, and behold the sun *shining in his strength*, and survey the sky jewelled with its starry brilliants glittering upon the brow of night, and the chaste moon walking in her beauty, and the bow, bent by the hand of Him who sat at the fire side of Lazarus, compassing the Heaven about with a glorious circle—when you contemplate all these wonders of Christ's creation, will you not be reminded of many spiritual analogies which will instruct you in the mysteries of faith—will your thoughts not be led to Him who is the sun, the fountain of life, and heart of the spiritual world; and will not the fair empress of the night robed in her peerless majesty shining with a borrowed light, a lustre not her own, remind you of the *Church*, as wholly dependent upon the *Son of Righteousness* for all her light, life and beauty: in herself dark, black as the *tents of Kedar*, but when adorned with His righteousness—*fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WORLD'S CONFESSIONS.

The world's great men may sometimes tell religion's great truths. Each possessed great talent, which was used in each case to build up an artificial great man on the world's pattern. Each inherited much—the first, a royalty of State; the second, a royalty of temper and manner that raised his talents above the talents of other men. Each lived long and lived successfully; and yet each confessed fully how wretched their glory was. The confessions of Louis XIV., were convulsive and wordless—they were the inarticulate shudderings and writhings with which he turned from death to superstition, until superstition led him blindfold to death. Those of Goethe (equally splendid, though in another field, and equally artificial) are incidentally referred to by Eckerman, one of his idolaters whose reminiscences we have now before us in the German language:

“When I look back,” said Goethe, speaking in his seventy-fifth year, “on my early and middle life, and see how few remain of those who were young when I was young, I am reminded of a summer residence in a watering place. When we arrive, we form acquaintances with those who come before us, but who will soon be leaving. The loss is painful; but then comes the second generation, with which we live for a while on terms the most intimate. But then this passes away, and leaves us alone with the third, which will arrive soon before our departure, and with which we have but little to do.

“I have often been praised as an especial favorite of fortune; and I will not myself complain. But at the bottom there has been nothing but trouble and labour; and I can well say that in my whole five and seventy years I have not had four weeks of real pleasure. It was the eternal rolling of a stone, that had always to be lifted up again for a new start.”

So spoke the great voluptuary poet-idol of Germany, and such is the world's estimate of glory and pleasure from the world's oracle.—*Episcopalian Recorder.*

The Book of Thanks,

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must——"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turn over the leaves of a copy-book, nearly full of writing, in round text hand.

"Here it is," said Mark, who read aloud; "March 8——Ben lent me his new hat."

Here again; "January 4——When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly."

"Well observes the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that ever are shown me—you would wonder how many they are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not often ungrateful, and when I am cross or out of temper I almost feel good-humoured again if I only look over my book."

"I wonder what sort of things you put down," said Cecilia. "Let me glance over a page."

"Mrs. Wade asked me to spend the whole day at her house, and made me very happy indeed"

"Mrs. Phillips gave me 5s."

"Old Martha Page asked after me every day when I was ill."

"Why do you put father and mother at the head of the page?" asked Cecilia.

"Oh, they show me so much kindness that I cannot put it all down, so I just write their names to remind myself of the great debt of love, I know that I never can repay it. And see what I put at the beginning of my book: 'Every good gift is from above;' this is to make me remember that all the kind friends whom I have were given to me by the Lord, and that while I am ungrateful to them I should, first of all, be thankful to Him."

I think that such of my readers as have ability and time, would find it a capital plan to keep a book of Thanks; and may such as cannot write them down, yet keep a book of remembrance of past kindness in their hearts.

COME TO JESUS.

HELL AWAITS YOU—COME TO BE SAVED.

Hell is not a fable, invented by priests to frighten their fellow-men; but as sure as the Bible is the word of God, so sure is it that "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God." "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Then all men must give an account of "the deeds done in the body." "God will judge the secrets of men." Then all sinners who have not obtained pardon by coming to Jesus will be on the left hand of the Judge, who will pronounce their dreadful sentences. "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." O who can tell the torments of that place? No more pleasant light of day, no more cheerful voice of friends, no more comforts of home, no more pleasures of the world and sin. The rich man can take none of his wealth with him, the gay man none of his amusements. Conscience will dart its sting; past sins will be clearly remembered, and past opportunities of escape now gone for ever. O that one of them might come back! O for one more Sabbath! O for one more hour to pray for mercy! But it will be then too late, too late. Darkness for ever, sin for ever, woe for ever, death for ever. Jesus speaks of it as "the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone—outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth—where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched—where the wicked rich man, being in torments, cried out, 'Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.' There he that is filthy shall be 'filthy still,' and "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." What misery can be greater than what such words as these describe? How dreadful, then, to be in hell! What more horrible? And every unforgiven sinner is on his way to it. You whose eye now reads this page, if you are not pardoned, you are on your way. Every hour brings you nearer. Once there, and all hope is gone for ever. But is there no escape? Yes: one way, and one only. Flee to Jesus. He came to save from hell. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in," cometh to, "him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. Nothing can save you, if you will not come; nothing can prevent your salvation, if you do come.

Read Matt. 18: 1-13; 25; Mark 9: 43-48; Luke 15; 19-31; Rev. 14: 10, 11; 20: 11-15; 22: 11-15.

SHALL WE NOT BE AS BRAVE?

In the golden days of Rome if a man were tempted to dishonesty, he would stand upright, look the tempter in the face, and say to him, "I am a Roman." He thought that a sufficient reason why he should neither lie nor cheat. It ought to be a ten times more than sufficient answer to every temptation, for a man to be able to say. "I am a son of God; shall such a man as I yield to sin?"

I have been astonished in looking through old Roman history at the wonderful prodigies of integrity and valor which were produced by idolatry, or rather which were produced by patriotism, and that principle which ruled the Romans, namely, love of fame. And it is a shameful thing that even idolitry should be able to breed better men than some who profess Christianity. If a Roman, a worshipper of Jupiter or Saturn, became great or glorious, a son of God ought to be nobler far.— Look at Brutus: he has established a republic, he has put down tyranny, he sits upon the judgment seat; his two sons are brought before him; they have been traitors to the commonwealth! What will the father do? He is a man of a loving heart and loves his Son, but there they stand.— Will he execute justice as a judge, or will he prefer his family to his country? He covers his face for a moment with his hands, and then looking down upon his sons, and finding that the testimony is complete against them, he says, "Victors do your work."

Christian men do you feel this with regard to your sins: When you have been sitting on the judgment bench there has been some favorite sin brought up, and you have, let me blush to say it, wished to spare it, it was so near your heart; you have wished to let it live, whereas should you not, as a son of God have said, "If my eye offend me I will pluck it out and cast it from me; if my right hand offend me, I will cut it off, rather than I should in anything offend my God." Brutus slays his sons; but some Christians would spare their sins.

Look again at that noble youth, Mutius Scevola. He goes into the tent of king Pyrrhus with the intention to put him to death, because he is the enemy of his coun-

try; he slays the wrong man, Pyrrhus orders him to be taken captive. A pan of hot coals is blazing in his tent; Scevola puts out his right hand and holds it; it crackles in the flame; the young man flinches not, though his fingers drop away. "There are four hundred youths," says he "in Rome as brave as I am, and that will bear fire as well; and tyrant," he says, "you will surely die." Yet here are Christian men who, if they are a little sneered at, or snubbed, or get the cold shoulder for Christ's sake are half ashamed of their profession, and would go and hide. And if they are not like Peter—tempted to curse and to swear to escape the blessed imputation—they would turn the conversation, that they might not suffer for Christ. Oh for four hundred Scevolas, four hundred men who for Christ's sake would burn, not their right hands, but their bodies, if indeed Christ's name might be glorified, and sin might be stabbed to the heart.— [Spurgeon.

"TWO SIDES TO THE STORY."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge when others have every sort of good thing," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him

"It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labor!"

"It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches!"

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting—"it's a great blessing to have food when so many are hungry; to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering,—ay, and to have plenty of work, when many willing to work can't get it!"

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think THAT HEART IS VERY HARD that is not thankful for so many blessings!"

A CHALK ON THE BACK;
OR,
THE HEAVY CROSS.

Robert Hodgkins had lived in the village, next door to Samuel Hullins, at least a dozen years, and no doubt the two neighbours would have been on good terms together; but, unluckily for the peace of Robert Hodgkins, Samuel Hullins had a pension on account of a bad wound which he received when fighting as a seaman under Admiral Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. Every week when Hodgkins went to pay his rent up at the tan house he muttered and grumbled all the way there and back, because his neighbour could afford to pay his rent so much better than himself. An envious, discontented spirit is one of the worst qualities a man can foster in his bosom; it makes him miserable at home and abroad; it scours his sweetest enjoyments; and plants stinging nettles in all his paths along the journey of life.

For a time Hodgkins growled and grumbled to himself, but afterwards his discontent grew louder, till, at last, it became his favorite topic to lament his own ill luck, and to rail against those whose money came in whether they would or not, and who had nothing else to do but to sit in an easy chair from morning to night, while he worked his heart out to get enough to support himself and his family.

It was on a Monday morning that Hodgkins, who was sadly behind in his rent, walked up to the tanhouse to Mr. Starkey's, to make some excuse for not paying up what was due, when he met his neighbour Hullins, who was as regular as clockwork in his weekly payments. The very sight of Hullins was as bad as physic to Hodgkins, who, as he nodded his head in reply to Hullins' salutation, looked as surly as a bull about to run at a pointer dog.

Hodgkins entered the tanhouse, and was soon reproved for not paying his rent by his landlord, Mr. Starkey, who told him that his next door neighbour, Samuel Hullins, regularly paid up every farthing.—“Yes, yes,” replied Hodgkins, “some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths; Hullins is a lucky fellow, no wonder that

he can pay his rent with such a pension as he has got.”

“Hullins has a pension it is true,” said Mr. Starkey, “but he carries a pretty heavy cross for it. If you had lost your leg, as he has done, perhaps you would fret more than you do now, notwithstanding you might in that case have a pension.”

“Not I,” replied Hodgkins, “If I had been lucky enough to lose a leg twenty years ago, it would have been a good days work for me, if I could have got as much by it as Hullins has contrived to get. You call his a heavy cross, but I fancy that his pension makes it light enough to him: the heaviest cross that I know is being obliged to work like a negro to pay my rent.”

Now Mr. Starkey was a shrewd man, and possessed a great deal of humour, and well knowing Hodgkins' disposition to repine, he felt disposed to convince him, if possible, that the lightest cross soon becomes heavy to a discontented spirit.

“I tell you what, Hodgkins,” said he, “I am afraid that you are hardly disposed to make the best of things; however, as you think that your neighbour Hullins' cross is so very light, if you will undertake to carry one much lighter, you shall live rent free as long as you abide by the bargain.”

“But what sort of a cross is it that you mean to put upon my shoulders?” inquired Hodgkins, fearing that it might be something to which he could not agree.—“Why,” replied Mr. Starkey, fetching a large lump of chalk and making a broad cross on Hodgkins' back, “that is the cross, and so long as you like to wear it I will not ask you for a farthing of your rent.”

Hodgkins at first thought that his landlord was only joking, but being assured that he was quite serious, he told Mr. Starkey that he must look for no more rent from him, for that he was willing to wear such a cross as that all the days of his life.

Away went Hodgkins chuckling within himself at his good luck, and thinking what a fool of a landlord he had got to let him off so easily from paying his rent. Never was he in a better humour than when he entered his cottage. Every thing seemed to go on right, he laughed, and joked, and seemed in such high spirits, that his wife, who well knew that he had been up to the

tanhouse on a gloomy errand, could not at all account for it.

Hodgkins having seated himself with his back to the cupboard, his wife had not seen the cross on his coat, but no sooner did he turn round to pull up the weights of the cuckoo clock, than she cried out, with a shrill voice: "Why, Hodgkins, where have you been? There is a cross on your back a foot long; you have been to the public and some of your drunken companions have played you this trick to make you look like a regular simpleton; come, stand still, and let me rub it off, or every lad in the village will be laughing at you." "Let it alone," said Hodgkins, turning quickly round, "I won't have it rubbed off. Go on mending your stockings, and let my coat alone." "But I won't let it alone," replied his wife; "do you think my husband shall play the fool in that manner? No, that he sha'n't; I'll have every bit of it off before you stir out of the house."

Hodgkins knew very well that his wife was not easily turned when she had once set her mind upon a thing, so striding across the cottage he hastily made his escape, banging the door after him with all his might. "An ill-tempered vixen!" muttered he to himself. "I would have told her of my good luck had she been quiet, but now she shall know nothing about it."

"Halloo, Robert," cried old Fallows, the bricklayer, as Hodgkins turned round the corner, "who has been playing you that trick? why your back is scored all across. Come here, and I will give you a dusting." "Mind your own back, and let mine alone," said Hodgkins surlily, making the best of his way forwards.

"Mr. Hodgkins," cried little Patty Stevens, the huckster's daughter, running after him, "if you please there has somebody been making a long score all down your coat; mother will rub it off for you if you will come back." "You and your mother had better mind your red herrings and treacle," replied Hodgkins, sharply, leaving the little girl wondering why he did not stop to have his coat brushed. No one else noticed the cross on Hodgkins' back till he got near the blacksmith's shop, where the butcher and the blacksmith were talking, the butcher cutting a piece of elder, to make skewers; and the blacksmith, with his arms across, leaning on the half door of

his shop. "You are just the very man I wanted to see," said the butcher, stopping Hodgkins, but before he had spoken a dozen words to him, old Peggy Turton came up in her red cloak and check apron. "Dear me!" cried old Peggy, gathering up her apron in her hand, "why, Mr. Hodgkins, your back is quite a fright; but stand still a moment, and I'll soon have it off." When Hodgkins turned round to tell old Peggy to be quiet, the blacksmith roared out to the butener to "twig Hodgkins' back." "He looks like a walking finger-post," cried the butcher. "Ay, ay," said the blacksmith, "I warrant ye his wife has done that for him, for spending his wages at the Malt Shovel." There was no other method of escaping the check apron of Peggy Turton, and the laughing and jeering of the butcher and blacksmith, than that of getting off the ground as soon as he could; so calling poor Peggy a meddling old hussy, and the other two a brace of grinning fellows, he turned the first corner he came to, feeling the cross on his back a great deal heavier than he expected to find it.

Poor Hodgkins seemed to meet with nothing but ill luck, for just before he got to the school all the scholars ran boisterously into the road, ripe and ready for any kind of fun that could be found. Hodgkins was ill-tempered enough before, but when he saw all the boys hallooing and spreading themselves along the road, he was in a terrible taking, expecting every moment to hear a shout from them on account of the cross on his back. This took place directly after, and fifty young rogues, full of frolic and fun, waving their caps, and following Hodgkins, shouted as loudly as they could bawl, "Look at his back! look at his back!" Hodgkins was in a fury, and would perhaps have done some mischief to his young tormentors had it not been for the sudden appearance of Mr. Johnson, the school-master, who at that moment came out of the school-room.—The boys gave over their hallooing, for Hodgkins directly told Mr. Johnson that they were "an impudent set of young jackanapes, and everlastingly in mischief." Mr. Johnson, who had heard the uproar among the boys, and caught a glimpse of Hodgkins' back, replied, mildly, that he would never encourage any thing like im-

puddence in his scholars, but that perhaps Hodgkins was not aware of the cause of their mirth; he assured him that he had so large a chalk mark on his back, that it was enough to provoke the merriment of older people than his boys, and advised him by all means, if he wished to avoid being laughed at, to get rid of it as soon as possible. Hodgkins said peevishly that his back was "nothing to nobody," and muttering to himself, walked on, feeling his cross to be heavier than ever.

The reflections which passed through Hodgkins' mind were not of the most agreeable description. It was, to be sure, a rare thing to live rent free; but if every man, woman, and child in the village were to be everlastingly tormenting him, there would be no peace from morning to night. Then again, even if his neighbours got used to the cross on his back, and said nothing about it, he knew that his wife would never let him rest. On the whole, the more he considered about it, the more was he disposed to think that the bargain was not quite so good a one, as he, at first, had taken it to be.

As Hodgkins went on towards the Malt Shovel, he saw at a distance, his landlord, Mr. Stankey, and directly after, to his great consternation, his neighbour, Samuel Hullins, came stamping along, with his wooden leg, in company with Harry Stokes the canteener. Now Harry Stokes was quite the village wit; and Hodgkins dreaded nothing more than to be laughed at by him, in the presence of Samuel Hullins. His first thought was to pull off his coat, but then, what would Mr. Stankey say to that? Not knowing what else to do, he took refuge in the Malt Shovel, but soon found the house too hot to hold him; for when those who were drinking there began to laugh at the cross on his back, both the landlord and landlady declared, that no customer of theirs should be made a laughing-stock in their house, while they had the power to hinder it. The landlord got the clothes-brush and the landlady at wet sponge, and Hodgkins was obliged to make a hasty retreat, to secure his coat from the sponge and the clothes-brush of his persevering friends.

When Hodgkins left home he intended to go to a neighbouring village, about some work which he had to do, but his temper

had been so ruffled by old Fallows, Patty Stevens, the blacksmith, the butcher, and Peggy Turton, as well as by Mr. Johnson, and the scholars, the company at the Malt Shovel, and the landlord and landlady, that he determined to get home as soon as he could, thinking it better to be railed at by his wife, than to be laughed at by the whole village.

If you have ever seen, on the first of September, a poor, wounded partridge, the last of the covey, flying about from place to place, while every sportsman he came near had a shot at him, you may form some notion of the situation of poor Hodgkins as he went back to his cottage; sometimes walking fast that he might not be overtaken, sometimes walking slowly that he might not overtake others. Now in the lane, then in the field; skulking along as though he had been robbing a hen-roost, and was afraid to show his face. The cross by this time had become almost intolerable.

No sooner did he enter his cottage door, than his wife began: "And so you are come back again, are you, to play the tom-fool! Here have been half-a-dozen of your neighbours calling to know if you are not gone out of your mind. If ever there was a madman, you are one; but I'll put that coat in a pail of water, or behind the fire, before I will have such antics played by a husband of mine; come, pull off your coat! I say, pull off your coat!"

Had Hodgkins' wife soothed him, he might have been more reasonable, but as it was, her words were like gun-powder thrown into the fire. A violent quarrel took place, words were followed by blows, and dashing, crashing, and smashing resounded in the dwelling of Robert Hodgkins.

The fiercer a fire burns, the sooner will it consume the fuel which supports it; and passionate people, in like manner, exhaust their strength by the violence of their anger. When Hodgkins found that there was no prospect of peace night or day, at home or abroad, either with wife, or amongst neighbours and villagers, so long as he continued to wear his cross, he of his own accord rubbed it from his back.

The next Monday, Hodgkins went up to the tanhouse to-morrow, with a week's rent

in his hand. "Ah, Robert," said Mr. Stakey, shaking his head, "I thought you would soon repent of your bargain. It is a good thing to encourage a contented disposition, and not to envy others, nor unnecessarily to repine at the troubles which God has been pleased to lay upon us. Let this little affair be a lesson to us both, for depend upon it, we never commit a greater mistake than when we imagine the trials of others to be light and our own crosses to be heavier than those of our neighbours." "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

G. M.

STUDY TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

To be successful and happy costs something. Assure yourself that if you yield to effeminate suggestions you sink. Nobly determine, at the hazard of some weariness and some smart, to pass contentedly through trials and labors, till by honesty and perseverance you become a merchant. Consider how many a man, now in Wall street, came to town with all his personal effects in one bundle. Away with homesickness and querulous imbecility. Tear up those whining epistles in your private memorandum, and write "perseverance." Quash every disposition to make changes except where they tend to moral benefit, or knowledge of business. "It is ill transplanting a tree which thrives well in the soil." Let the cheerfulness of a contented mind evince itself in deference and submission to those who control your time, and in uniform good nature and courtesy to your companions in business. With such principles and resolutions, you may rely on Divine Providence, you may boldly hope. Brace your nerves to meet every engagement, and however poor, you will succeed. Dismiss from your soul all belief in the Divinity of modern Pagans, called Luck, and stake nothing on sudden windfalls. "In human nature," says Playfair, "there is no struggle that appears more unequal, at first sight, than a man, without connections or capital, against the man who has both; yet there is no contest which so constantly terminates in favor of him who appears to have the disadvantage."—[J. W. Alexander, D. D.]

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

READER—Will you permit a well-wisher to your soul to remind you that 'the season of affliction will come?' What will you do then? To whom will you turn for consolation! To your gay companions? They may desert you. To the remembrance of past pleasures? This may torture you. To the world you have idolized? It has no balm for a wounded heart. To the God whose love you have slighted? Will you not fear to look to him in affliction, whom in prosperity you have neglected, or perhaps insulted? Would not one hour of a Christian's consolation—one smile of a Saviour's love, be then felt to be worth all the gratifications this world ever gave?

The hour of Death will come! What will you do then? When the world is giving way under your feet—when eternity is opening on your view—when your body is tortured with pain, or sinking in decay—when your soul is hovering on the brink of a dark and fearful abyss—when all that meets your view is an angry God, a dissolving frame, a departing world, a yawning hell—what, oh what, will you do then?

The Day of Judgment will come! And what will you do then? 'Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him.' How soon, who can tell? The Lord Jesus Christ, the crucified one of Calvary, will be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God. 'Then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, the judgment shall be set, and the books opened, and you shall stand before his judgment seat! You, if you persevere and perish in your present state, you, in that day, shall find that "it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for you." But even this is not the worst, even this is only the beginning of sorrows.

The age of Eternity will come! And what a thought! To you they will be ages of eternal woe! Oh, to be tormented in that flame that can never be quenched! To feel the gnawing of that worm that can never die! It is too horrible to think of—what will it be to endure? Are you resolved to make the fearful experiment? God in his infinite mercy forbid!

OLD PETER.

PETER was an old sailor. A vessel in which he once shipped was struck by lightning, and one of his shipmates killed. It sobered Peter. It made him think, he said, of the judgment-day. He went to his locker, and took out his Bible. "I want to find the Pilot that can weather me through that storm," said Peter; "it's scary business, shipmates, to find us on a lee-shore there, with the rocks of our sins right 'longside, and hell yawning not far off."

Peter took to his Bible. He did not make much headway until he came into port, and went straight to a Bethel, or sailor's church, which he did as soon as he was off duty.

"I want to find the good Pilot," said Peter to the minister after service.

"The Great Captain of your salvation, Jesus Christ," said the minister; "he's here. He's nigh to every poor sinner that calls upon him."

"I'm one on 'em," said Peter, the tears streaming down his sunburnt cheeks, "and I want to ship in his service. I am pretty near water logged in my sins; I ha'n't any chart, compass, or anchor, and I'm drifting to perdition. I want the Pilot that went to the fishing-smack on Galilee, and said to the skipper when he was well-nigh sinking, 'It is I; be not afraid.' How shall I get at him?"

"Down on your knees, Peter, and pray; tell him just how you feel, and just what you want, and don't give up or put off till you find him; for He says himself, 'Ask and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find.'"

Peter and the minister knelt down to pray in the Bethel, for the people had gone, and Peter cried mightily unto the Lord. "Save me, Lord, or I perish," was the burden of his prayer.

And the next time his shipmates saw Peter, he really seemed a "new man." Some people say you cannot get religion in a minute; but the fact is, it does not take God long to pardon your sins, if you

only are honestly setting out to get them pardoned. It does not take long for a man to tack about, when he once sees he is on the tack to ruin. "Right about" from a bad road to a good road may be done as fast as steps can carry you; but it can't be done without the first step, and that is really the decisive, the most important step of all. "Turn, sinner, turn." "Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." And God will forgive a poor sinner, and receive him to favour, and make him one of his people, just as soon as he does this. So that "getting religion," as some people call it, or being saved from the dreadful consequences of your sins by the blood of Jesus Christ, who died "the just for the unjust," may be, and really is a very short work; it is a simple act on your part—a childlike giving up of yourself to God. This is what the penitent thief on the cross did; and he had time to do no more. Building up a religious character indeed takes time; it is the growth of months and years.

Well, from that time Peter was "a new man." People saw that he was indeed the old weather-beaten tar he was before, but a changed spirit was in the man. Instead of the swearing, drinking, reckless, spending old Peter, he was clean-mouthed, sober, humble, anxious to have every body else ship in the same service he had.

"Don't put it off," he used to say. Bible in hand, he is talking to an old sailor. "I must take time to think of it," says he. "To think of what?" cried old Peter; "whether you are a sinner? You know you are. Whether you'll be lost if you die as you are? You know he can-breakers are ahead. Your anchors won't hold you. Don't put it off."

"I am not so bad as you think; I am not so bad as others," says another.

"But you are bad enough," cries Peter. "The best sinner on earth is too bad for heaven. One sin ruined Adam. You are drifting to perdition. This calm is dreadful. Your keel will soon ground on the rocks. Would that you would cry out now, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' A storm is brewing. Hail the great Pilot. Don't put it off."

Old Peter loved the young people. "Bless God that you are young," he used

to say. " 'They that seek me *early* shall find me.' The great Captain of our salvation loves the young. Ship in his service, boys. 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not.' Then your rudder never will snap; you'll never drag your anchors; the devil's craft will never run into you. Ship in his service, boys, and 'don't put it off.'" — *Child's Paper*.

Weeping on the Steps.

There once stood in one of the most beautiful New England towns, a large brick meeting house, occupying a commanding position, and observed for its loneliness by every one who passed that way. But the doors were locked, the bell in the tower was silent, and from the pulpit came no sound of salvation. The Sabbath day dawned, but those doors were not opened, the bell was not rung, the pulpit was not occupied. All around were beautiful residences and a happy community; but from year to year that place of worship was abandoned by God and unoccupied by man.

It seems that divisions had arisen in the church, the members had been alienated from each other, and God had withdrawn his presence. No souls were converted, no spiritual life enjoyed. Time rolled on, and still the deserted meeting house in fair proportions stood, the monument of derision and spiritual declension.

But there was one man who loved God and the church. Every Sabbath morning on his way to another sanctuary he would stop and look at the closed doors of the house in which he once met with his family to worship the God of his fathers. Often he would be seen sitting on the steps, his Bible in his hand, and drops of sacred grief flowing down his cheeks. When urged to unite with some other church, and give up the old one, he refused. Nothing could induce him to stop praying that those doors might be opened, and those walls again echo the sound of salvation. He prayed while others fainted; he wept while others turned away; he believed while others in despair gave up all as lost. Sabbath after Sabbath that poor man was seen weeping on the steps of that closed sanctuary, and to all who asked why he wept he told the sad story, and his con-

fidence that God would come and open those doors and again visit his people.

Eight years he wept. For eight years he sat upon the steps and wept! For eight years his faith faltered not! Then God came. While all the other churches in that town were cold and formal, a few persons were converted in an adjoining city, and came back to their own homes with the love of Christ burning in their souls. They saw the old man weeping on the steps, they looked at the closed doors, and said, "The God of heaven, he will prosper us, therefore his servants will arise and build." They unlocked the doors, swept the aisles, called a pastor; and now it is one of the most flourishing churches in the State, led by a devoted, educated, and popular minister, in worship within those walls so long silent and deserted. The man who sat on the steps and wept has beheld the redemption of his people, and heaven has echoed with joy over the conversion of hundreds of souls.

How ought cases like this to strengthen our faith, and encourage our hearts! The Christian is often compelled to weep bitter tears over the desolations of Zion. But those tears do not often flow in vain. Heaven is moved to mercy by the sorrows of the believer over the lost state of man, and a glorious change comes. God never forgets a weeping, praying saint. He never disappoints the hopes of those who pray for the welfare of His Kingdom.

Do these lines reach any one weeping over the desolation of Zion? Is your heart moved as you see the walls broken down, and Jerusalem in ruins? If so, God will not forget to be gracious; He will come; the desolation will pass away, and the waste places shall blossom as the rose.—

GIVING.—A recent English treatise, "Giving made Easy and Pleasant," mentions the case of a London Episcopal Church, which raised in a half-year, on the pew-rent and supplementary subscription system, \$595, and in the next half-year, on the apostolic system of weekly storing and weekly giving, \$1,090. It mentions, also, a Baptist Church, which, on the former system, gave for the ministry and home expenditures, an average for three years of \$765, and the next year, on the latter system, \$1,725.

The Poor Man to his Son.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid,
Look labour boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blush not for your humble place.

Earth was first conquered by the power
Of daily sweat and peasant toil,
And where would kings have found their
dower,
If poor men had not trod the soil?

Hold up your brow in honest pride,
Though rough and swarth your hands
may be;
Such hands are sap-veins that provide
The life-blood of a Nation's tree.

There's honour in the toiling part,
That finds us in the furrowed fields;
It stamps a crest upon the heart
Worth more than all your quartered
shields.

There's glory in the shuttle's song—
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;
There's merit in the brave and strong,
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

Work, work, my boy, and murmur not,
The fustian garb betrays no shame;
The grime of fore-soot leaves no blot,
And labour gilds the meanest name.

God grant thee but a due reward,
A guerdon portion fair and just;
And then ne'er think thy station hard,
But work, my boy, work—hope and
trust!

The Little Rag Sorter

I took my place by her bed, and went on to repeat to her, in a low voice, the parable of the prodigal son—Luke xv. 11—which at our first meeting had so deeply impressed her. The little hunger-pinched face became calm and composed, and the distressing excitement gave place to eager, and profound attention. At that touching passage, "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him," &c., she exclaimed,

in a short, decided manner, a manner peculiar to these neglected little ones, reared in the very hot-bed of sin and strife—

"Ah! that was *just like me!* That's good, say it again. A *great* way off! What, ever so far? Away, away—like me with the devil? That must be far from God and the Lamb!"

After a pause, to moisten her poor black, parched lips, she continued, "Yes, I was a great way off. But the father saw him before he saw the father—that's like me again! Why did he not clean himself a little before he went home? I would. Oh! I forgot!" she added quickly, and in a tone of deep sadness, "you said we could not *make* ourselves clean. I wish we could! I should like to show Jesus that I want to be good."

I tried to make her understand that her heavenly Father saw her desire to be a good child, and had put away the filthiness of sin from her for His sake, who had died for her, that she might be made pure and holy in His precious blood; that this kind Father, who bade me invite her to go to Him, had provided her with a clean heart, without which no one can see God.

"Oh! how good! how kind! But,"—she hesitated, and covered her face with her long, thin fingers, as her tears flowed fast, and sob after sob almost choked her utterance—"I am afraid I have been worse than that bad son. I have told lies! and you said no liar could enter the beautiful home. I have used bad words, awful bad words—worse than you know of, and God said no one should take His name in vain. I have had a bad book, too, full of wicked songs, and I have sung them, and—don't turn away your head, I have stolen, too. I thought of all this when I came home, and for a long time I felt frightened to go to God; but, all at once I remembered about the thief, that poor thief who died with Jesus, you know; and as soon as everybody was fast asleep in our room, I got up very softly, I went over into the corner there by the fire, I took my song book and tore it into little pieces, red cover and all, though I once thought it so pretty. I struck a match, I burnt it, every morsel, to tinder. Then I said, 'Dear Jesus! I want very much to love you, I want to get away from the devil, please help me! Take away my naughtily

thoughts, please do, dear Jesus?" I think He heard me, I know He did," she added with animation, "for I felt somewhat different ever since; I am not afraid now, 'no, not one bit!' and I love Him much, so much!"

It was a solemn hour. For a time all was still, even the labouring breath ceased, when with sudden energy, and far greater power than I could have supposed it possible for her to have retained, she raised herself up, and with her earnest eyes fixed on my own, she said, in a clear, distinct voice:—

"Fetch them in! Oh, be sure and fetch them in, and tell them of Jesus! Tell them of Jesus!"

Again there was a silence, she scarcely breathed, a slight spasm crossed her face, all was nearly over. I said, "Dear child! Jesus has gained the victory for you!" She caught the word, and with a shout of gladness such as never rang from those pallid lips before in the fourteen years of her sorrowful life, she cried, "Victory! victory! I am washed and made clean!"—
[*Advocate and Guardian.*]

CHRIST MUST RULE IN THE HEART.

The rush of an evil heart's affections, like other swollen streams, will not yield to reason. When God by his word and Spirit comes to save, he saves by arresting the heart and making it new.

An engine, dragging its train on the rail as it sweeps along the landscape, As it comes near, it strikes awe into the spectator. Its furious fire and smoke, its rapid whirling wheels, its mighty mass shaking the ground beneath it, and the stealthy quickness of its approach—its whole appearance and adjuncts make the observer bate his breath till it is past. What power would suffice to arrest that giant strength? Although a hundred men should stand up before it, or seize its whirling wheels, it would cast them down, and over their mangled bodies hold its unimpeded course with nothing to mark the occurrence but a quiver as it cleared the heap! But there is a certain spot in the machinery where the touch of a little child will make the monster slacken his space creep gently forward, stand still, slide back like a span-

iel fawning under an angry word at the feet of his master.

A ship driven by fierce winds is gliding with all the momentum of great bulk and great speed forward—forward upon a sunken rock, where the gurgling breakers greedily, gloomily predict her doom.—What apparatus can you bring to bear on the devoted vessel? What chains thrown around her bows will bring her to a stand? The massiest cable coming across her course will snap like a thread of tow! But a touch by a man's hand on the helm will turn the huge mass sharply round, and leave it standing still upon the surface, with its empty sails flapping idly in the wind.

These great works of man laugh to scorn every effort to arrest their course by direct obtrusive force; and yet they are so constructed that a gentle touch on a tender place makes all in an instant still.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

EVIL COMPANY.

It is said that Saphronius, a wise teacher of the people, did not allow his sons and daughters, even when they were grown up to associate with persons whose lives were not moral and pure.

"Father," said the gentle Eulalia one day, when he had refused to permit her to go in company with her brother to visit the frivolous Lucinda, "you must think that we are very weak and childish, since you are afraid that it would be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word the father took a coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you my child," said he; only take it."

Eulalia took the coal, and behold her tender white hand was black, and without thinking she touched her white dress, and it also was blackened. "See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeased as she looked at her hands and dress, "one cannot be careful enough when handling coals."

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see my child, that the coal, even though it did not burn you, has nevertheless blackened you! So is the company of evil persons."

THE GOOD NEWS.

May 1st., 1861.

Vain Thoughts.

The mind of man is often compared to a house, the senses to the doors, and the thoughts to the inhabitants that dwell therein. Now just as a landlord can control his tenants and keep out, or put out those who injure his property, so man can control his mind, and can keep and put out such thoughts as are injurious to it.— Though able, he is not always willing to do so, but often allows wicked and foolish thoughts to lodge days, and weeks, and months to his own danger, and often to his own destruction.

We notice some of the vain thoughts that lodge within the minds of many.

I. *Some think that God does not take cognizance of men.* They seem to think that God is a great King, elevated far beyond human ken, perfectly happy in himself, and quite indifferent to what is going on in the world below. They regard him as they would a despotic monarch, wholly engrossed in his pleasure, or if he takes any interest in this world at all, it is only in the movements of Kings and peoples, and is thereby indifferent to the conduct of individuals. Hence they live in the practice of wickedness without any fear; hence they do deeds in secret that are of the greatest turpitude, and they say how doth God know? Is there knowledge in the Most High? Can he judge through the thick clouds? The thick clouds are a covering unto him that he cannot see. Yet their sin and their folly are known to him. What! shall He that formed the eye not see? shall He that planted the ear not hear? shall He that teacheth man knowledge not know? Yea saith the Scripture, "the Lord knoweth the thoughts of man, that they are vanity."

II. *Some think it will be time enough to prepare for death at some future period.—*

Most men admit the necessity of being prepared to meet their God, but many while admitting this, put off its present consideration with the delusion that they will have a more convenient season. The youth thinks that it will be time enough when he becomes a man. The man engaged in the bustle of business thinks the period of age and retirement will be a more convenient season. The aged still dream of a period more favorable than the present, but that period never arrives, and through putting off from time to time they lose their soul and perish for ever.

An old writer hath said that "hell is paved with good resolutions." What he meant by this was, that many of those at present inhabiting the region of the doomed resolved at one time to make their peace with God. They had been impressed, it may be, with a faithful sermon, a striking providence, or pierced by the sharp sword of the spirit, but some blasts of worldly temptation effaced their impressions, some earthly balm soothed their sorrow, they forgot their resolutions and unexpectedly were swept into eternity. The vain thought that deluded them is deluding many at the present day.

Reader, is it you? Are you prepared to meet your God. If not, do not put it off. God says, "Now is the accepted time, Now is the day of Salvation."

III. *Some think the advantages and privileges they now have, will make them stand well with God.—* Thus thought many of the Jews. They thought that owing to their relationship to Abraham, God would shew them respect, and that though their character was not of the right kind, they would be saved. In our day, many who are not the children of Abraham according to the flesh, think in like manner. They think that because their parents are pious or some of their relatives are zealous for God, that because the church to which they adhere is orthodox in the faith, pure

in its discipline and scriptural in its government, that because their lot has been cast from infancy in a Christian land and that they have enjoyed all its privileges and advantages, that therefore they are special favorites with God. Yet these very advantages if rested in, instead of being an excuse, will be a condemnation. For the more our privileges, the greater are our responsibilities. The more our light, the stronger are our obligations.

Reader, you live in a land, and at a time of great spiritual advantages. What use are you making of them? The heathen are perishing for lack of knowledge.

If with your abundant knowledge, your precious privileges, and your many opportunities, you perish, you are without excuse, and how great will your condemnation be.

IV. *Some think that the disadvantages and difficulties of their position will make them stand well with God.*—It is a common excuse made by individuals for not attending to their duties and the ordinances of God, that the disadvantages of their position are so great, and the difficulties they have to contend with so many, that they can not do what they otherwise would. They lay the flattering unction to the soul that these difficulties and disadvantages will be eloquent advocates with God, on their behalf. They, however, forget that He ordered their lot, and appointed their habitation. That when He made the laws under which they are placed, He foresaw the special circumstances of their position, and so fixed their lot that they might be able to contend with their disadvantages, and at the same time, keep the commands enjoined upon them. It ought never to be borne in mind, that man is never under any necessity of circumstance to sin. He may, however, be placed in circumstances where he must either *suffer or sin*. If he suffers, he will not need to sin, and God will make that "light affliction which is but for a moment, work out

for him a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." If he sins, he may for the moment be saved from suffering, but in disobeying God's commands, that suffering will come upon him, sooner or later, with redoubled fury; so that these disadvantages and difficulties are only seeming evils. They are in fact blessings in disguise, inasmuch as they afford the occasion of illustrating whether we love God or not.

Reader, remember that the God of holiness is also the God of providence, and whenever the requirements of the one, as written in his word, seem to clash with the demands of the other, stick to the former. That which is written so do. Not doing evil that good may come, but doing whatever is duty, leaving the result to God.

These are a few of the vain thoughts that lodge in many minds. Did our space permit we might lengthen our article and show how vainly many think that their good qualities, their good actions, and the name they have got among men will avail with God. How many others are deluded with the thought that if they are but members of a church, attend regularly on ordinances, and are decent and respectable members of society, all will be well with them at the judgement day. And how many more are sailing down the stream of time thinking that because so many are no better than themselves, things will not go hard with them. Reader, if these or other vain thoughts lodge within your mind, seek to have them expelled, and as the best way to keep, and put out bad ones is to encourage the entrance of those which are good. Open your eyes to look on Christ that ye may be saved. Open your ears that ye may hear wondrous things out of his law. Open the door of your heart that Christ Jesus may come in and take up his abode with you.

Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me. Rev. iii. 20.

The Vain Pursuit.

A Child sees that beautiful image "the bow of God," which the sun casts on the curtain of the clouds, when he sheds his beams through the falling rain-drops. He believes it to be a reality, and with a heart fluttering with joy runs to a spot where he hopes to be able to grasp it. But, alas! when he arrives there, he sees to his surprise and disappointment, that the many-coloured phantom is as far beyond his reach as before. He runs to another, and another spot, but finds that it still mocks him. At length, wearied and sorrowful, he gives up the vain pursuit.

Countless multitudes of those who have reached the years of discretion, are as much deceived, and are spending their time and strength to as little purpose as he. They are seeking happiness in "things on earth." Some, for example, expect to find it in costly and fashionable attire; others, in the gratification of their senses. This one pants after wealth; that one after power; and a third after fame. But, at length, sooner or later, they find out their mistake, and in bitterness of soul exclaim, with the wise man, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Reader! a word with thee. No doubt thou art desiring happiness. It is natural that thou should'st. Well then, where dost thou look for it? On what is thy heart set? Dost thou look for it in the things of time and sense? Dost thou set thy heart on them? If so, thou art spending money for that which is not bread, and thy labour for that which satisfieth not; thou art feeding on ashes; (or, to speak according to the illustration at the beginning of this article), thou art trying to grasp the rainbow. I appeal to thy experience. Hast thou ever found happiness in the things of this world? Hast thou not often thought that if thou had this or that thing thou wouldst be happy, yet,

when thou didst obtain it, was not happiness as far from thee as before? Art not thou still unhappy? Is not there still something wanting to satisfy the cravings of thy soul? Such shall be thy experience as long as thou seekest happiness in things on earth. "He builds too low who builds beneath the skies." Every thing here says of happiness:—"It is not in me."

But, I shall now show thee where thou canst find happiness. Thou canst find it in Christ, and in him alone. Come to Him as a beggar; accept Him as thy Saviour on His own terms, and he will give thee the desires of thy heart. He will clothe thee with His spotless righteousness which shall defend thee from the wrath to come. He has endured the wrath of God in the stead and for the sake of the ungodly. Those who are in Him are freed from condemnation. Yea more, they are the beloved of God, for the sake of the Beloved, in whom He makes them accepted. God thy Father! All his perfections engaged for thy good! Is not this a thought fitted to thrill thy soul with joy? But, Christ will also give thee His Holy Spirit to purify thy heart. Until that is purified, thou canst not be happy. Hast thou not always found it painful to cherish unholy feelings? Ah! that "desperately wicked" heart which thou hast by nature, has in it the elements of hell. God alone knows what thou wouldst suffer, if He were to give thee wholly up to its lusts, and he shall do the damned. But happiness is always connected with holiness, as effect with cause. God is a happy Being, because He is a holy Being. Heaven is a happy place, because it is a holy place.—Again, then, I exhort thee to come to Jesus. Let me direct thy attention to a few of the promises of His Word. "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him." "Thy expectation shall not be cut off."—"Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall

be filled." His people in all ages have found that He is faithful who hath promised. For example, David says, "Bless the Lord, O my soul * * * who satisfieth thy mouth with good things." Such shall be thy experience if thou come to Jesus. Thou shalt find that godliness does not destroy happiness (as many suppose), but the reverse. Thou shalt have peace amid the troubles of this weary world. Thou shalt be able to say, "My light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Thou shalt have peace in the closing scene, when the last enemy comes to thee. Thou shalt be able to say—"O, death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" &c., (1. Cor. xv. 55-57.) Thou shalt at length be received to glory. In the presence of God thou shalt have fulness of joy, at His right hand pleasures for evermore.—That thou, Reader! mayest be happy, here and hereafter, is my heart's desire and prayer.

"Tis Religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
Tis religion that can supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys shall be
Lasting as Eternity,
Be the living God my Friend!
Then my bliss shall never end."

T. F.

Southampton, C. W.,

GOD IS ANGRY—COME TO BE RECONCILED.

The Bible says, "God is angry with the wicked every day. He 'hateth' all workers of iniquity. And has not God much cause to be angry with thee, sinner? He gave and preserves your life and faculties, and bestows all your comforts. Yet you forget him. He has told you his commands; and these are all intended to do you good, yet you do not regard them.—You do not reverence God, but live almost as if there was no such Being. What an

ungrateful son would you be, if thus you treated your parents—if you avoided their company, disliked to think of them, and disregarded their wishes! Hear then what God says, "Hear, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth! I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." He is full of love to you, as a tender Father; but by your sins you have grieved him. Besides, he is your Creator, King, and righteous Judge, and must and will punish all sinners. He must act, to those who rebel, not as a kind parent, but as an angry monarch. It is your own fault, however, that he is angry. You make him so. Your sins separate between you and God. As long as you live without repenting of sin, his anger must ever be hot against you, sinner, and you cannot escape or hide from him. Wherever you are, he is there, and he is ANGRY. He "compasses your path and your lying down," and he is angry. It depends on him whether or not you draw your very next breath, and he is ANGRY. O sinner, better for all the world to be angry with thee than God. What an awful life is yours! The "wrath of God abideth on you." How dreadful to feel when going to bed, "God is angry"—to awake and know "God is angry"—wherever you go, and whatever you do, "God is angry."—And Oh, to die knowing that "God is angry;" and to stand before his judgment-seat, and see that he is angry. Sinner, he is angry only while you make him so; he is willing to be your friend; he sent his Son with this message, "Be ye reconciled to God." If you will give your heart to that Messenger, and trust in him, all this anger will cease. O then, come to Jesus. Be no longer God's foe, but accept the offer to be his friend. But beware, beware of rejecting Jesus: for he says, "He that believeth not," that is, does not come to "the Son, shall not see life, but the WRATH OF GOD abideth on him."

Read John 3: 36; Psalm 7: 11; 11: 5, 6; 21: 8, 9; Rom. 1: 18; 2: 5-9; 2 Cor. 5: 18-21; Eph. 5: 6; 2 Thess. 1: 7-9.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father who art in heaven,
 Glory to thy name be given!
 Thou who holdest sea and land
 In the hollow of thine hand,
 Yet makest sinful man thy care,
 And listenest to his feeble prayer—
 Glory to thy name be given,
 Our Father who art in heaven!

And let thy kingdom come, O Lord;
 May all receive thy holy word
 May heathen lands beyond the sea
 Hear, and believe, and turn to thee.
 Within our hearts, oh, let it reign!
 Cleansing from sin's polluting stain;
 May all receive thy holy word,
 Then let thy kingdom come, O Lord.

On earth, oh, may we do thy will,
 As angels it in heaven fulfil!
 What though afflictions dark enshroud,
 There is a light behind the cloud—
 A voice that whispers, "God is love,"
 Who sends these trials from above,
 And bids us trust him and be still,
 And meekly bear his holy will.

Give us this day our daily bread,
 With heavenly food may we be fed;
 Grant us, from thine exhaustless store,
 The bread of life for evermore.
 Then though we should on earth below
 Keen poverty and hunger know,
 We will not murmur if we fed
 Day by day with heavenly bread.

And, oh, forgive our sins, we pray,
 For Jesu's sake take them away.
 Every trespass we receive,
 May we from our hearts forgive.
 Fill our hearts with peace and love
 For man below and God above.
 Oh, forgive our sins we pray,
 For Jesu's sake take them away.

And from temptation's snareful road
 Do thou deliver us, O God.
 Alas! we are too prone to stray
 From wisdom's narrow path away;
 We follow that which we should shun,

And in the ways of folly run.
 When in temptation's snaring road,
 Do thou deliver us, O God.

Now, Lord, receive our humble prayer!
 May we thy loving kindness share.
 Adoration, blessing, praise,
 We give unto thy name always.
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
 And thine the glory evermore,
 The saints in heaven begin the strain,
 And all the earth replies, Amen!

THE FATAL DREAM.

That there is much in this life like a dream is an idea that has extensively pervaded the thoughts of men. One of the greatest of the poets penned the following lines:—

"The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all that we inherit, shall dissolve;
 And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a track behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep."

Lord Chesterfield—the most polite man of his age—in spite of all the vain show amid which he fluttered away his earthly existence, had sometimes miserable moods, and sometimes considerably thoughtful ones; and in one of them he expressed himself thus in a letter to a friend:—
 "When I reflect upon what I have seen and heard, I can hardly persuade myself that all the pomp and pleasures of the world can be a reality. But I look upon all that is past as one of those thousand dreams opinion commonly occasions, and I do not wish to repeat the noxious dose for the sake of the vagaries occasioned thereby. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy state with that manliness which most people boast of. I bear it because I must bear it, whether I will or not. I think of nothing but of killing time the best way I can. It is my resolution, therefore, to sleep in a carriage during the remainder of my journey." "To sleep in a carriage!" what he meant was, to get all the ease and comfort he could connected with dreaming away a life, the proper ob-

ject of which would have been, shaking off slumber, to prepare to meet God.

Of the ungodly man, we read in the book of Job, "He shall fly away as a dream."

"The life of an ungodly man is like a dream while it lasts."

In a dream the faculties of the mind—neither fully awake nor utterly locked up in unconsciousness—are in a state of partial activity, and more or less afloat in the regions of fancy. But the great peculiarity of a dream is this, that the highest reason is asleep. In a dream memory often looks into the past, hope and fear into the future; pleasure or pain may be the consciousness of the present; and there is often, too, a sort of judging and choosing; but the highest reason is shrouded in slumber—so that in a dream what would astonish the person if awake leaves the mind calm, and inconsistencies that the highest reason in a wakeful state could not believe for a moment, do not at all similarly affect the mind in a dream.

So in the life of an ungodly man. He can simultaneously harbor in his soul the most palpable inconsistencies and contradictions; and, not at all astonished by what astonishes all Heaven, he can continue to hope on that all will be well.

He can continue in the broad road, and expect to be found at the end of the narrow one! He can move on in darkness, neglecting the true light, and all the while anticipate the world of bliss where there is no darkness at all! He can continue to serve sin, and have the idea of being at last with the Saviour! He can slight the cross, and look forward to the crown! He can sow the wind, and, amid the shadowy delusions of his soul, he can be free from serious apprehensions of reaping the whirlwind! "Is it not like a dream?"

"The life of an ungodly man is like a dream in its close."

The great peculiarity of the close of a dream is this, that the dreamer has no power of preventing himself from being awoke out of his dream. He may be awoke by some alarming event, or by some trivial occurrence; by the crash of a mansion in flames, or by the buzz of a fly.

So the ungodly man has no power to prevent himself from flying away as a dream, when Jehovah, who slumbereth not

nor sleepeth, may be pleased to send the summons: and whether the summons come by some imposing or scarcely observable messenger, the moment they come the dream is gone.

"Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?"

"Ah! what is that sound that now alarm's his ear?"

"Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!"

"Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!"

"The life of an ungodly man is like a dream in the retrospect."

In a dream all seems reality, but after it is gone how unsubstantial it appears. And whatever an ungodly man may think of his present life whilst his higher nature is slumbering amid its delusions, if he were suddenly to awake out of that dream into eternity, "all the days of this his vain life," how unsubstantial would they appear and with what bitterness of spirit, what remorse, what unutterable woe would he remember his fatal neglect of the interests of his immortal soul—a soul to be awake for ever in an unprepared state for eternity!

Reader—if awake to newness of life, let the incense of grateful praise ascend to God. "You hath He quickened." To those yet asleep in the darkness of an unregenerate state, shall we say "sleep on now and take your rest"—while the soul is unrenewed, sin unpardoned, and there may be only a step between them and death? May their souls be quickened to call upon God, who waiteth to be gracious—who spared not his own Son but delivered Him up for us all, and who proclaims "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

J. E.

Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight the unbodied spirits that survey the works of God, and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendors of beneficence.—[Dr. Johnson.]

Sabbath School Lessons.

May 19th, 1861.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.—

LUKE IV. 1-13.

I. Jesus is said to have been led by the Spirit into the wilderness. This was immediately after his baptism, when the Holy Spirit descended upon him in the form of a dove. He was full of the Spirit, who led him into the wilderness to be tempted.—Matt. iv. 1. This temptation lasted forty days during which Christ ate nothing. We are told that Moses ate neither bread nor water during the same number of days,—Exod. xxxiv. 28. We are told that Elijah also went without food for the same period,—1 Kings xix. 8.

Observe 1.—It was the Spirit that led Christ into the wilderness to be tempted. He does the same with his people still. The Spirit bestows no grace but what he allows to be tried, and leads men into circumstances where it can be tested. The trial of grace is necessary for its growth. Let no one therefore think it a strange thing that they are beset with temptations and trials in the path of duty. 2. This trial was immediately after the outpouring of the Spirit. Times of great spiritual refreshing are usually followed by severe testing times.

II. When Jesus had fasted forty days and nights he was hungered. This shows that he was truly man,—Heb. ii. 14. Then Satan steps in and tempts him, v. 3.

Observe 1. Satan suits his temptations to the circumstances of the tempted. Jesus was hungry. He was in the wilderness, far from any human supply of food, so Satan threw out the doubt "If thou be the Son of God." Had Jesus made bread out of stone, he would have endorsed Satan's doubt.

2. Jesus silences Satan by a scriptural quotation. We should do so in similar circumstances.

3. What a great enemy man has. He was not afraid to tempt the Lord himself, therefore he will not shrink from tempting any of his people.

4. When we are in straits for want of food, we should do no evil that good may come.—God can feed his people by other means than bread, and by other messengers than man.

III. Having failed with his first attempt, he tried a second. He took Jesus to an exceeding high mountain, from the top of which he showed him much of the glory of the world, v. 5-8.

Observe, 1. Satan is a liar from the beginning,—John viii. 44. He said that the power

and glory of this world was given to him which God had already given to his Son,—Psal. ii. 8.

2. Satan is a deceiver. He deceived our first parents,—Gen. iii. 5. He deceives millions with promises of happiness and honour, if they engage in his service, which are never realized.

3. Satan seeks to take the place of God,—2 Cor. iv. 4. He wants worship, and has succeeded in blinding the minds of many men who render that homage.

4. Jesus repelled this temptation by a rebuke and quoting Scripture.

IV. Satan made the third attempt on Jesus. He took him to a pinnacle of a temple, highly elevated, and asked him to show that he was the Son of God, by casting himself down to the bottom without receiving injury.

Observe, 1. Satan can quote Scripture when it suits his end, or rather misquote it as to its precise words or connection. In this instance he misquoted, leaving out some words that was the condition of the promise.—Psal. ix. 11.

2. That God gives his angels charge over us to keep us from harm when we walk in his ways, but it is presumption to expect his protection in a way of our own.

V. When the temptation was ended, angels came and ministered to Jesus,—Matt. iv. 11. So when in the path of duty we are tempted to do that which is wrong and resist, angels minister unto us.

VI. The Lord Jesus suffered temptation,

1. As the sinners surety,—Gen. iii. 15.

2. That He might secure their victory over this wicked one,—Rev. iii. 21.

3. That He might be able to sympathize with His people,—Heb. iv. 15.

4. That He might show them *how* to overcome,—Rev. xii. 11.

May 26th, 1861.

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.—

GEN. xi. 1-9.

I. The land Shinar, is the same in general as that which bore the name of Babylonia, so called from the name of its chief city Babylon. The period spoken of in the lesson is about 100 years after the deluge. It is obvious from the preceding chapter that the number of people already on the earth was considerable. At this time the whole earth was of one language and one speech. From the beginning of the world until this period one language prevailed among mankind.

II. The inhabitants of Shinar wished to erect a city for residence and a tower for defence. They had two motives for doing so;

first, to make themselves a name, second, to prevent their being scattered. Their carrying out this design was an expression of disobedience to God, who supposed that mankind should replenish the earth.—See Gen. ix. 1.

III. The people worked in harmony and in one mind, and therefore successfully, v. 6.—Union is strength and when directed to a good end, is a great blessing. Though hand join to hand in a wicked work, it shall not ultimately prosper.

IV. God can easily counteract the best laid schemes of wicked men, and make them accomplish the very opposite of what they intended. They adopted means to prevent their being scattered abroad, but their means was the occasion of their being more widely and thoroughly dispersed. Thus it was, God dealt with Pharaoh.—Gen. xv. 8-10. Thus it was He overruled the persecutions of the church.—Acts viii. 3-4; xi. 19.

V. The confounding or division of language was evidently a curse, the punishment of man's pride and disobedience, and this diversity of language has been one of the greatest natural hindrances to the spread of the gospel among the heathen.

VI. The division of language though a disadvantage in some respects, has been overruled as a blessing in other respects. It has been the means of dispersing mankind over the earth and of establishing different nations and interests in the world, which serve to balance each other.

UNION.

Real and useful Union of Christians must be carried out in two directions. To be one, we must agree together and we must act together. Faith and love are essential to our union with Christ, and we must seek union to one another on the same basis. For many generations, every effort was directed to compel uniformity in faith; but this was binding Samson's arms while his strength lay untouched among his Nazarite locks. There is a danger at present of trying exclusively the other direction of getting united action without agreement; as if putting out Samson's eyes could keep down his destructiveness. The mistakes in both directions may help against extravagant expectations in either, and impel those who love and long for Christian Union to seek for it in the united power of true faith and right feeling. Those who seek for Union exclusively in a doctrinal basis are apt to grow harsh, uncharitable, and in a great measure impracticable. On the other hand, those who take the opposite extreme of paring down the doctrinal basis to a very few generalities, are apt to undervalue great truths and engage in work of so vague a character that united

action has little on which to operate. An entire and absolute uniformity is in the meantime impossible and undesirable. Can there not, however, be a union with such thorough agreement in matters of faith, that although there are many points left to the individual conscience, there may yet be substantially one faith? There is such a Union now to some extent. There is more of substantial agreement in matters of faith among real Christians than most of us are willing to believe. If once we saw the main beams and pillars fitted and bolted, we would have little difficulty with what remains. It would be a question chiefly of time and diligent united work. We must get our great beams close, to see whether they will join. Even though they will join if tried, the very niceness of the fit may require hammering and hitching on this or that side, meantime keeping them together with temporary supports and partly on men's shoulders, till they are measured and gradually fixed in their permanent places.—Thus it is necessary to seek agreement in matters of faith by cultivating some hearty united action where matters of faith cannot be ignored.—[Wynd Journal.]

“All Things are Yours.”

I once heard a father tell that when he removed his family to a new residence where the accommodation was much more ample, and the substance much more rich and varied than that to which they had previously been accustomed, his youngest son, yet a lisping infant ran round every room and scanned every article with ecstasy, calling out in childish wonder at every new sight, “Is this ours, father? and is this ours?” The child did not say “yours;” and I observed that the father, while he told the story, he was not offended with the freedom. You could read in his glistening eye that the infant's confidence in appropriating as his own all that his father had was an important element in his satisfaction.

Such, I suppose, will be the surprise, and joy, and appropriating confidence with which the child of our Father's family will count all his own when he is removed from the comparatively mean condition of things present, and enters the infinite of things to come.—When the glories of heaven burst upon his view, he does not stand at a distance like a stranger, saying, O God, these are thine. He bounds forward to touch and taste every provision which those blessed mansions contain, exclaiming, as he looks in the Father's face, Father, this and this is ours. The dear child, is glad of all the Father's riches, and the Father is gladder of his dear child.—[Roots and Fruits, by Rev. W. Arost.]

A LESSON WORTH LEARNING.

"Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee;
And the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee;
Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee;
And the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee."

JOB XII, 7, 8.

Who has not heard of the coral reefs which surround the bright and sunny islands of the South Pacific?

Of all the wonders that old Ocean contains, none are more curious or interesting than the elegant plant-like zoophytes, which, with lovely forms and most richly-varied hues, change their submarine bed into a garden of living flowers, making, indeed, a fairy paradise, such as Southey speaks of in those exquisite lines:—

"It was a garden still, beyond all price,
Yet even it was a place of Paradise.

* * * *

And here were coral bowers,

And grots of madrepores,

And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye
As e'er was mossy bed

Whereon the wood-nymphs lie,

With languid limbs in summer's sultry hours

Here, too, were living flowers,

Which like a bud compacted,

Their purple cups contracted,

And now in open blossom spread.

Stretched like green anthers many a seeking head,

And arborets of jointed stone were there,

And plants of fibres fine as silkworm's thread;

Yea, beautiful as mermaid's golden hair

Upon the waves dispread!

Others that like the broad banana growing,
Riased their long, wrinkled leaves of purple hue,

Like streamers wide outflowing."

These living forms are rooted by a base of lime to some submarine body.

Let us transport ourselves in thought to their strange dwelling-place, and examine them for ourselves.

Far down beneath the ocean there are masses of rock, many leagues in extent, from 800 to 1000 feet in thickness, the entire work of generations of tiny architects through successive ages, in defiance of the ever-restless wave which dash and foam above them.

Compare with these the most stupend-

ous works of man, and do they not sink in to insignificance?

Look at the coral skeleton! It assumes every variety of form; sometimes star-like, at another globular, branched, solid, tubular, or like net-work.

Are you aware that a gelatinous organised substance runs through the whole, or is expanded over the surface of the entire ramified skeleton, which it encloses and secretes?

It is *one compound body*. Yet it is nevertheless formed of distinct little beings, each of which is a separate polype, or digestive sac, furnished with a mouth surrounded by numerous filaments, or tentacles, contributing its share to the nourishment of the whole body politic with which it is organically united.

Here is a grand lesson of mutual dependence and sympathy, combined with individual action and life!

"This physiological relation," writes the late G. F. Richardson, F.G.S., "occasions remarkable associations and singular groupings among the polypifera; hence the stupendous results obtained from their operations in the seas of intertropical regions, by which the life of the individual is combined with the life of the whole, and the nutriment prepared by each organism is made to contribute to the nourishment of the community of which it forms a part."

Look at the stupendous results of these tiny architects! The secret of success in their unwearied labours is the combined action—the mutual dependence and sympathy.

Have we not cause to hide our faces for very shame when we think that more than eighteen hundred years have passed since our blessed Lord was upon earth, and yet so little progress has been made by that living body the Church of Christ for the spread of the Gospel and the evangelization of the heathen?

Just think, again, of the barrier reefs which run along the north-west coast of Australia for upwards of a thousand miles, and see what miracles *combined action and mutual dependence* can enable the lowest form of organised life to effect, amidst the roar of ocean and the violence of its ever-restless waves!

And now, turn to Christendom in its

best aspect. Look at our highly favoured country, for instance.

Where is the bulwark cast up by combined Christian effort to keep out ignorance and heathenism from our people?

Where is the parish of any size, that does not contain many precious souls, hitherto inaccessible to the pastor by that one fiend, *strong drink*! Men and women, who have grown up, generation after generation, in the midst of us, unknown and unsought—nay, more, unsought and unsaved!

And now, it is too late to erect a barrier reef to keep off the ever-restless waves of infidelity and ignorance from the approaching masses; they have done so too long, drifting myriads of human beings annually to the shores of a lost eternity.

We have now to deal with facts as we find them. But it is not too late, blessed be God! to see what love and sympathy, together with combined Christian effort, can do, to bring back those who are still left amongst us.

The present Revival has restored a forgotten truth to us all—"individual responsibility and the value of personal effort."

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," has been felt to be a personal command given to every Christian who loves his Lord.

"Go ye into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in," has been obeyed by many who are not called to the ministry of the word and sacraments.

And God has blessed the lay-labourers; and men have been astonished at the wonderful results given in answer to prayer, combined with individual effort.

Oh! why should we not yet go a step further?

We want more oneness, more combined effort; less sectarian coldness, where our Lord has given His blessing richly; more sympathy and mutual dependence.

Is there not one bond of union for us all? one rallying Head, our common Lord Jesus Christ? And one Holy Spirit ready and willing to bless us all, and bring us together into sweet fellowship in him?

In Christ, no individual believer, however humble or weak, can be powerless.

What God has enabled some, weak and helpless in themselves to effect, He can enable others also to do. But what might

not be effected, if the Church of Christ realized, her position and standing—"her oneness in Him!"

Oh, let us be ashamed out of our selfishness and cold-heartedness, and earnestly send up our fervent prayer that we may one and all, "grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ; from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

There is a work to be done.

Whilst men have slumbered and slept, Satan has been busy. He has taken an advantage of us. He has cast up a mighty barrier—a tremendous obstacle—to all religious and social advance. We appeal to magistrates, clergy and philanthropists, what is it that thwarts, defeats, and nullifies all Christian efforts and schemes for the elevation and improvement of our working classes?

Is it not "the drink?"

What a cause for thankfulness that it is an external hindrance, which we can take up in our hands and put out of the way! Let us take courage, and bless God that we can remove this great obstacle.

Though it be to ourselves personally no hindrance or snare, it is enough that it is the *great obstacle* in the path of our brother.

Which of us, as Christians, will act the part of the Priest and the Levite? Can we, dare we look on at our weak brother, who has stumbled, and pass by on the other side?

Shall our liberty continue to be a stumbling-block to them that are weak?

Through our knowledge shall any weak brother perish for whom Christ died?

Shall we not rather say, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient?"

"Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended, or is made weak.

THE SPIRIT'S TEACHING.

Without the Spirit, the ministry of the Word would be utterly fruitless for all the ends of saving conversion. It might be a social blessing as a means of keeping alive a sense of common morality in the world, but never could be the means of spiritual life to the soul, unless it were accompanied with the enlightening grace of the Spirit.

What more powerful than the ministry of the apostles? what reasoning more vigorous, what appeals more overwhelming, what eloquence more lofty, what zeal more urgent than Paul's? What love so tender, what tenderness so pathetic, what pathos so touching, what unction so rich and sweet as those of John? What sacred orator better furnished for his vocation than Apollos of whom it is written that "he was an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures?" Yet even the ministry of inspired men, the preaching of the very apostles of Christ, depended for all its saving efficacy on the grace of the Spirit; for says the apostle, "Who then is Paul and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. So then, neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth but God that gave the increase." "We are laborers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building."

Ministers are often employed as *instruments* in enlightening and converting the soul; and hence they may be said, ministerially, to be the spiritual fathers of their converts. Yet it is not by their own power, but by the power of the Holy Ghost; so that every successful minister might well say with the apostles, "Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly upon us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?"

This great truth, if it shows the weakness of the minister, will also prove the very strength of the ministry; for never will he feel so deeply impressed either with the greatness of his work, or the dignity of his mission, as when he is most thoroughly convinced that the efficacy of all his preaching depends on the power of the Spirit. This will nerve him with new

strength, and inspire him with new hope; when all outward appearances are most unpromising. And in the strength of this simple faith he will stand prepared to deliver his message before any audience, savage or civilized, assured that the same Spirit who has brought the truth home to his own soul, can also bring it home, with demonstration and power, both to the obtuse and unlettered peasant, and to the refined, perhaps the sceptical, or the scornful man of science.—[Dr. J. Buchanan.]

THE SUN OF THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

It is difficult to determine by the eye the precise moment of daybreak; but the light advances from an early dawn, and the sun rises at the appointed hour.

Such is the progress of divine light in the mind; the first streaks of the dawn are seldom perceived; but by degrees objects till then unthought of are disclosed.

The evil of sin, the danger of the soul, the reality and importance of eternal things are apprehended, and a hope of mercy through a Saviour is discovered, which prevents the sinner from falling into absolute despair; but for a time all is indistinct and confused.

In this state of mind many things are anxiously sought for as pre-requisites to believing, but they are sought in vain, for it is only by believing that they can be obtained.

But the light increases, the sun arises, the glory of God in the person of Jesus Christ shines in upon the soul.

As the sun can only be seen by its own light, and diffuses that light by which other objects are clearly perceived; so Christ crucified is the sun in the system of revealed truth, and the right knowledge of the doctrine of his cross satisfies the inquiring mind, proves itself to be the one thing needful, and the only thing necessary to silence the objection of unbelief and pride, and to afford a sure ground for solid and abiding hope.—[John Newton.]

"A WORSE THING."

"Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee," Jesus said to the impotent man whom he had healed, at Bethesda. This man had been afflicted with an infirmity for thirty and eight years, and had waited long at the pool of Bethesda for healing. There Christ found him still waiting, and had compassion on him, and, by a word of divine power, at once made him whole. Afterwards he finds him in the temple, and says unto him, "Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." Christ's admonition in regard to his present duty, "Sin no more," is enforced by a word of warning that is as a finger-board pointing on to the future, "Lest a worse thing come unto thee." A worse thing than thirty-eight years of painful infirmity! These words give us a glimpse of God's final judgements. This man's infirmity had found him a youth and left him an old man; it had withered up all his manhood; and yet a worse thing than that is threatened should he return to his former life of sin.—Only one who has suffered and lingered so many years can know how fearful a thing it is; yet Christ makes even this dark and terrible memory of the impotent man but the shadow of the coming judgement for sin. Do not these words of Christ point unavoidably and convincingly to retribution after death? The remainder of this man's earthly life could hardly be anything more dreadful than the past. Already his sins had almost exhausted the intensity and duration of earthly punishment. That which is *worse* in the degree of its torment, and in its duration, must lie beyond. Remember, that while a bed of sickness and infirmity is a place of suffering, hell is much more so; the eternal doom of the finally impenitent is a *worse thing* than thirty-eight years of protracted earthly pain. This warning of Christ, pointing with such a depth of meaning to future misery, should be heeded by every sinner while escape is possible.—Come to Christ at once, and the retribution of woe which hangs over you shall be changed to reward and imperishable blessedness!

"YOU DON'T TALK OF JESUS AT HOME."

In the neighbourhood of Ross, a lady who was in the habit of visiting the poor for benevolent purposes, took her little daughter with her. The child saw, heard, and was interested. But there was something which the child could not exactly make out. So, on the road home, she said, "Mamma, when you are out visiting the poor, you always talk about Jesus Christ

to them, but you don't talk of him at home."

I need not say one word about how the lady felt, but, if the remark had been made to us, how should we have felt? Would it have been just? Could it be said with truth? In reference to too many, I fear, it may be said with too much truth? Many parents seem to think, that if they take their children to public worship, if they put good books into their hands, and if they have family prayer, they have done all that is necessary. They talk of almost all subjects before their children, and they talk with them on many points, but they do not talk of Jesus. They act as if they fancied that their children heard enough of him, or knew all that was requisite for them to know. But is it so?

Reader, are you a parent? Have you little ones around you? Do you notice how attentively they often listen to you? Do they hear you speak of Jesus? Do they hear you speak of him as the object of your highest love? As that Saviour, who, for you, performed wondrous deeds, who for you suffered tremendous agonies, who for you achieved most glorious conquests? Do they hear you speak of what he was, when in the bosom of his Father; of what he became when a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and of what he is now, exalted above all principalities and powers? Do they hear you speak with admiration of his loving heart, of his all-atoning blood, and of his prevalent intercession at the right hand of God? Do they hear you dilate on his amazing condescension, in the visits he paid, the miracles he wrought, and in receiving and blessing even the little children? Do they hear you speak of Jesus, as a subject in which you feel the deepest interest, of a Saviour to whom you feel the warmest love, and a friend in whom you feel the strongest confidence? Could they conclude, from the frequency of which you speak of Jesus, and the reverence and gratitude that you feel towards Jesus, that he is your all and in all?—*Rev. J. Smith.*

God's hearing of our prayers doth not depend upon sanctification, but upon Christ's intercession; not upon what we are in ourselves, but what we are in the Lord Jesus; both our persons and our prayers are acceptable in the Beloved (Ephesians, i. 6).

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

At the house of a nobleman, where a large party was assembled, I conversed with a captain in the navy, and a surgeon; the conversation was extremely painful to me, as they argued and cavilled angrily; I answered them from the Bible, which I held in my hand. Our host having listened to us for some time, said, "It appears to me necessary, before answering these gentlemen from the Word of God, that you should declare to them what it really is, because I am aware that your antagonists are not convinced of the divinity of that book." "What! my Lord," replied I, "if I were to draw the captain's sword and wound him therewith, would it be requisite to make him sensible that he was wounded, and this gentleman (the surgeon) should testify; first, That the sword is of good steel; 2nd, That the blade has a keen edge; 3rd, That the muscles and veins being cut, this gentleman is obliged to feel? Is not the proof of the sword being a sword, demonstrated by its point and edge? And, think you, that the everlasting God, who has spoken this word, which He declares to be sharper than any two-edged sword, has not given to it a sufficient efficacy to strike and penetrate the conscience of one of His creatures! a man! a sinner? No gentlemen," continued I firmly (several of the rest of the company were now around us, and listened with apparent interest), "no; I do not believe that the truths contained in this holy volume, that, to be recognized as such, man must affix the seal of his approbation, or, that the true and living light cannot enlighten the understanding of a mortal, until the fetid and vacillating flame of the lamp of reason is united thereto."

"Upon this, the captain withdrew to the recess of the window: whilst I answered several questions concerning faith, and its consequent peace. The captain appeared agitated; after some minutes had elapsed, he returned to us, and said to me, with visible emotion, "Pray, tell me, if the habitual joy and security which you now possess are the results of the principles which you hold?" "Sir," replied I, affectionately, "whenever I expose myself to the rays of the sun, I receive not only light,

but heat therefrom. In like manner, whenever I read or meditate on the word of truth and life, I experience the same effect in my soul, because it is impossible to contemplate by faith, Jesus, the Son of the Father, and the brightness of his glory, without having a deep sense of the vivifying light which emanates from, and beams in, Him."

"Upon my honour!" exclaimed the captain, "I begin to believe that you are in the right. I never so earnestly desired, as I now do, to know that happiness which you possess. Indeed, sir, I deem you the happiest of men, and I would give the half of my fortune to think as you do." I smiled, and replied, "Your honour is that of a poor sinner; make it not then your stay. As to the happiness which I possess, it costs me nothing, and God will not sell it dearer to you than He has done to me." "What, then, must I do to obtain it?" rejoined the captain, in a tone of vexation. "You must lend a willing ear, and apply your heart," replied I, "to the words of the Apostle James: 'Wherefore, lay apart all filthiness, and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the ingrafted word, which is able to save your souls.' (James i. 20). 'We must confess,' said our host, "that the means are easy, and the doctrine which we have just heard, powerfully attractive." "And do you not now believe," said I to him, in a whisper, "that the word of God testifies to us, that it is a sword which pierces as deeply as that which the hand of man can whet and polish!"

I am ignorant in what measure my auditors really believed; but I have always felt persuaded, that the testimony of God was on that day powerfully brought home to the heart of one, to whom every argument, and every evidence that human reason could advance, had proved unavailing. The heart of this man was undoubtedly moved by the voice of the Almighty, speaking in His Word; and this logician who doubtless had often endeavoured by the subtlety of logic, to argue against others, found himself vanquished before the wisdom of the Omnipotent Saviour, who destroys the wisdom of the wise, and by the preaching of the Gospel makes foolish the wisdom of the world. (Cor. i, 20, 21).—
Rev. Cæsar Malan, D.D.

Revival Intelligence.

ULSTER.

A Cambric factory in a town I had also the privilege of visiting, where some 300 young women are constantly employed.—The friend who was with me said, that before the Revival they were the wildest and most ungovernable set that could well be; they wore neither shoes nor stockings, their hair they never thought of combing, and when they left the factory at meal time, they ran screaming like mad creatures through the streets. This state of things has altogether passed away. They are now at least, the majority, literally sitting at the foot of Jesus, "clothed and in their right mind." I went into one division of the factory, where 200 women were working at the loom. I found them all neatly dressed, exceedingly clean in their appearance, and their countenances bright and intelligent, which once had worn (so I was informed) an unusually stolid expression. Formerly in that building the ribald and obscene song was constantly heard, and so disgusting was their conversation, that one of the local clergy assured me he never liked to enter the building, as it was the evident intention of the girls to disgust him by their conduct and force him to leave. This is all now changed, and any lady might pass through the factory without hearing a sound which could offend her ears. I may mention a most touching fact connected with these very girls:—Not long after the Revival commenced, the curate of the parish visited this factory; directly he entered the building, a young woman near the door seeing her minister turned towards him, and began with the sweetest voice to sing that beautiful hymn—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"
to the touching and well-known Revival tune; the girl on her right hand took it up, the girl beyond her again, and so onwards until every one of the 200 then at work joined in with deep and heartfelt fervency. Great and deafening is the sound of the loom, but the voice of praise

rose at that instant above it, completely overpowering the noise of the machinery. The then manager, a Manchester man, and an infidel, and ever on the watch to make ridicule of religion, was so completely overcome by this unexpected burst of psalmody that he fairly ran out of the factory.—*Revival.*

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

"The work of God at Auburn has been one of, if not, the greatest ever known in this colony. Kapunda has had a shower of blessings, about 80 have been brought to Christ Jesus. At Yankalilla good has been done, but I am not able to say to what extent."—The above are extracts from a letter bearing date October 3rd, 1860, and written me by one of our ministers in that colony. I can vouch for the truth of the statements.—[Melbourne Record.]

WESTERN FRANCE.

I have been lately spending 19 days in Vendee, 11 at Mouilleron, and 8 at Triaize.—In the church of Mouilleron there is actually the beginning of a religious revival; God grant it may continue and spread over all Vendee. During my stay there we had a meeting every evening, in one village or other in the environs, at the request of the people themselves, though they were just then much occupied with the out-of-door work of this season: At these meetings you could often see people really touched in their heart by what they heard, and, weeping over their sins, asking one another to pray for each other. A young girl told me she had seen a young friend at the meeting, who said she had found her Saviour, and told her so joyfully. Pages could be filled with all the interesting facts I have witnessed here lately;—here, a man who had always till lately worked on a Sunday, leaving it off now, and finding, he and his wife, the greatest pleasure in serving the Lord; there, a young girl turning her back upon worldly pleasures, and mourning over her sins.—Pasteur Moroy writes (October 22d):—I have been to Coursac, passing through Gannat, where I held a meeting in the evening. At my arrival, I was received most cordially by a poor man who was deaf and dumb. He took hold of my hand, and shook it cordially; then he put his hand to his heart, pointing to heaven with the other. His eyes were filled

with tears his face beamed with joy. I asked those that surrounded me the explanation of all this. They said that he meant to tell me that his heart was changed, that he was happy now when he was looking to heaven. I asked if there were proofs of his real conversion.—His nephew and niece, both pious people, answered, "Oh, we can be as sure as possible of it; formerly, he liked to drink and to intoxicate himself, but since a few months ago, he leads a sober life; we never had seen him pray, now we often notice him, joining his hands and lifting his eyes to heaven, talk to his God."—The deaf hear and to the poor the gospel is preached."—[U. P. Missionary Record.

CALIFORNIA.

It is now two years and more since the noon prayer-meeting was established in San Francisco. It is still continued, without interruption, and not without evidence of good resulting from it. The daily service has been maintained by a faithful few, whose presence and prayers have doubtless been for a memorial for the Hearer of prayer in behalf of his cause. From time to time reports have been made of a most cheering character, giving evidence that answers to special prayer have been given. The most of these have been given in connection with the sons of the ocean. As an example, I may cite a very interesting case of preservation from shipwreck, during the severe gale along our coast in November last. A recent convert and member of the Mariners' Church, whose conversion had been prayed for in the daily prayer-meeting, on leaving port for a coast voyage, asked the continued prayers of his brethren in his behalf.—It appears that more than usual interest was manifested in his case in the sailors' weekly Friday evening prayer meeting, and most fervent petitions were offered for him. After the occurrence of the gale referred to, he returned to our port, and his narration his brethren revealed the fact, that in the roadstead of Mendocino, the vessel to which he belonged and on board of which he was the only pious seaman, safely rode out the gale with all the anchors down and close to the breakers, while another vessel anchored near them, was driven ashore and wrecked, causing the loss of eight lives in the melancholy disaster. This pious sailor, and all who heard the thrilling account of his preservation, could not

but feel that both he and his were saved in answer to prayer. Other proofs of gracious answers to the petitions of God's people, occurring on ship and shore, give encouragement to the daily noon prayer-meeting of San Francisco.

STORY OF AN ENGINEER.

My friends, the enemies of this work say that it is only exciting addresses that cause all the stir, but it was none of these which changed me, God can use any instrument he pleases when he has work to be done. I was walking along the road, when a young acquaintance asked my opinion of the Revival, and if I was to be converted. I said I did not believe in it, and that I knew enough of the Bible to debate it with any one. We went along talking together, and on leaving he repeated a text to me, which astonished me as coming from him, and to this day I cannot understand why he said it.—"Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" For some days I felt very bad. I had been a wild drunkard, and took no delight in my family, but had a great passion for poaching. One of my own children, little more than an infant, one day came up to me with a picture tract, and read to me, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish but have everlasting life." I had been so terribly hardened. One of my own brothers fell lifeless at my feet, and I was unmoved. Once as the corpse of a near relative was being dissected, limb upon limb, I could handle the mangled remains as callous as the most indifferent of them all, and never moved a nerve.—But when God touched my heart, I was compelled to cry like a child. There was an old castle which I used often to go to in my rambles. I determined to go there, down to its deepest dungeon, and not leave, rather die on the spot, than leave without the blessing. I had a hard struggle to give up all for Christ, and thought I might at least keep my gun.—But it wouldn't do, and I made a full surrender. The text again came into my mind, about the Brazen Serpent and the Son of Man and I looked to Him and was healed."

UNCHANGING FRIEND.

"I know thy works and tribulation."—Rev. ii. 9.
 "Be not weary in well-doing."—2 Thess. iii. 13.

Lord, I will calmly labour on
 For Thy loved cause, and Thy loved
 name;

Though every joy on earth were flown,
 Thou art my God—still, still the same.

And while Thy smile doth on me rest,
 The heaviest burden I can bear;
 While cradled on Thy loving breast,
 I triumph over every care.

When crush'd by grief—Thy precious love
 Did then my wounded spirit heal;
 As earth grew dim—Thou from above
 Didst brighter still Thyself reveal.

My weary thoughts from it the while,
 Thy pitying mercy did set free;
 When friends forsook—Thy tender smile
 Was beaming full of love on me!

Then, Lord, for Thee I'll labour still,
 However rugged be my road;
 My joy on earth, to do Thy will.
 And all my strength in Thee my God.

Oh! Thou unchanging, faithful Friend,
 May I to Thee still cling the more;
 And on Thine arm of love depend,
 'Till life's calamities are o'er.

Yes—I would live and labour still
 For Thee, my pitying, gracious Lord;
 And bear, and do, Thy holy will,
 Upheld by Thine Almighty Word.

Then with the will, Lord, give me power
 To work, and wait, and watch for Thee;
 In patient longing for that hour
 When Thou wilt come, to set me free!

A PARADOX

"That is softness to feel hardness."

RUTHERFORD.

Dear, excellent Rutherford! What heights of Christian joy, what depths of Christian feeling, are unfolded in his matchless Letters! He seems to take us on the wings of his own fervor, and lift us up out of our coldness, and lukewarmness, and stupidity, nearer to the heights on which he dwelt. Much of his life seems indeed to have been spent on the Delectable Mountains—yea, in very sight of the Celestial City.

When we look within, and compare our experience with his, how far we seem apart! How dead and cold our spiritual life, if, indeed, we can hope that we have any spiritual

life. But is Christianity altered any since the days of Rutherford? Are not its hopes, its fears, its joys, its sorrows, the same as then? Are we not privileged to drink as deep draughts of faith and joy in the Redeemer as he did, if we will? Are we not living below our privileges, to "live at this poor, dying rate?"

When mourning our coldness and hardness of heart—when feeling the emptiness of earthly enjoyments—when rejoicing in the Christian's hope—or when striving to look upward with an eye of faith during heavy trial—there is in Rutherford's experiences, as portrayed in these letters, that which meets them all. There we find, as it were, the inner experiences of a true Christian opened for our help and encouragement.

Are we mourning our hardness of heart—our inability to mount on the wings of devotion with warmth and urgency of desire? Do we seem so cold and dead, that we are ready to write "bitter things" against ourselves, and conclude that we know nothing of the Christian's life? In one of these letters, written in answer to a friend who was in this state of darkness and doubt as to his Christian hope, he says: "Hold on in feeling and bewailing your hardness; for that is softness to feel hardness." And again, "Oh," say ye, "I cannot pray." Answer: "Honest sighing is faith breathing and whispering Him in the ear: the life is not out of faith, when there is sighing, looking up with the eyes, and breathing toward God: (Lam. iii, 56). "Hide not thine ear at my breathing." Oh, comforting assurance—"that is softness to feel hardness."

Fellow-Christian, dost thou bemoan thy hardness of heart? Does it seem impossible to raise one warm desire to heaven? Do thy sins raise a wall around thee, above which it seems hopeless for thy weak faith to attempt to mount? Art almost in despair concerning thyself? Remember "it is softness to feel hardness." Once it was not so with thee. Once thy lack of faith troubled thee little. Thou wast blind, and knew it not; poor, but felt it not; ignorant, but cared not for light; sinful, but was not troubled at the thought, neither sought the Fountain of Healing. The last thing thou wouldst have thought of doing, would have been to mourn over thy hardness of heart. Now, thy hardness of heart is thy chief trouble. Art thou not different from what thou once wast? Remember, it betokeneth softness of heart to feel and bewail thy hardness of heart. How knewest thou that thou hadst a hard heart? Truly, only through God's grace teaching thee. And remember, too, that "the life is not out of faith, when there is sighing, looking up with the eyes, and breathing toward God."—*Independent*.

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Gratis Circulation.

We are anxious that our paper should circulate among the careless and the indel, as well as among the religious. Many of these we know, will not subscribe for, nor support a paper such as ours, but we wish it to circulate amongst them, notwithstanding. And the way it can be done is this.

Reader, suppose in your locality, school-section, congregation, village or town, there are twenty, thirty, or fifty families, or more, which you could conveniently visit once a month. If you wish to do them good, send to us for as many papers as there are families. If there be fifty families, we will send fifty copies each month FREE. Take them round—hand them kindly to every one of the fifty who will receive them, no matter by what name they are named. When you hand them in, speak a word for Christ. It will be a good opportunity for you. If you are not able to do so, leave the Lord himself to speak through the paper.

In this work all classes of our readers may engage, but especially would we like to enlist a number of females, as we have always found them able and devoted distributors.

The Gospel Message.

Is a small periodical we publish monthly and is substantially a Gospel tract of four pages, or two Gospel tracts of two pages each, or four Gospel tracts of one page each.

It is well adapted for distribution on the railway cars, steamers at the dismissal of congregations, on household visitations, and wherever Gospel tracts can be circulated.

In order that we may supply these as cheaply as possible, the matter of The Message will appear first for some time in The Evangelizer: so that we will be able to send One Hundred and Forty copies of The Gospel Message by post to any part of Canada for 50 cents.

To those who have the opportunity of scattering, but cannot afford to purchase, as many as they can circulate, we will be glad to supply them gratis, as far as the Lord enables us.

For the gratuitous circulation of Evangelizer and Gospel Message,

Donations

Are thankfully received. The scattering of leaflets of truth, is with us a work of faith and labor of love. We spend our time, our talent and our substance, without expecting or desiring any benefit, but such as the Lord sees fit to bestow—so that if He should stir up any of His people to help us with their substance it will be thankfully received and acknowledged.

Colporteurs.

We have now Eight Colporteurs, who devote their time to the distribution of our publications, whom we commend to the Christian kindness of those whom they may visit, and to the care and keeping of the Great Head of the Church.

The sphere of usefulness is wide, and the need of Colporteurs great, so that if any young man of piety and activity is disposed to enter on the work, in connection with us they will be kind enough to communicate with us direct.

A Scheme of Sabbath School Lessons for every Sabbath in 1861, is supplied by post for ten cents per dozen,

ROBERT KENNEDY,
Prescott, C.W.

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