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## MARY BELL; OR, THE WIFE AT HOME.

BY J. W. M., IN CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

'I'm off then out of this dark dismal hole of a place,' exclaimed Charles Bell, as he made for the door of his dingy dwelling. 'No—no—Mary, you needna be cryin' and sobbing there, for I'll not spend my last night o' the year in a fireless, supperless, cheerless garret—So a happy New Year to you a', and when the clock strikes twelve, I mean to shake hands wi' it in a cheery fashion, an' I know where to go for that.'

So saying he flung off the arm of his wife, which had grasped his tattered coat to hold him back, and uttering a hoarse angry, 'be quiet there, will you,' banged the door after him, and was gone.

Mary Bell knew too well whither her husband was gone; and sick at heart as well as jaded in body and mind, she sank into a chair, and covering her face with her apron, sobbed aloud. Little Alice, a golden haired child of five summers, was in a moment at her mother's side, and clambering upon her knee, drew aside the apron, and while hersweet blue eyes glistened at the sight of her mother's fast-falling tears, she strove, in her childish way, to cheer and comfort her. But it seemed as if the poor heart was too pained to be soothed even by such sweet caresses; for Mary heeded not the little tinkling voice, warbling forth its music of love; and even the soft touch of the little arms thrown tenderly round her neck, served only to increase her grief. In broken sobs she cried aloud, 'Oh, Alie! Alie! what is to become of you, an' us a'?—your father will break my heart.'

At this moment a gentle tap was heard at the door.

Mary started—the stirring of a leaf would have raised the beating of her

heart—and hastening to the door, she opened it with a trembling hand. 'Oh, it's you, Miss Gray—come in, come away in, you're the very one I would best like to see. Charlie's off again; I told you he would never mind. Wae's me, but it's an awful thing that drink. It breaks bones, an' breaks hearts, and digs a hantel graves. I'm sure mine 'ill be near ready by this time. Oh dear! oh dear!' and Mary again sank into her chair.

Miss Gray was the Bible woman of the district, and a tried and welcome friend of the families she visited. It was a common remark with them, that 'she aye left things better than she found them'; and truly she had carried sunshine into homes, where nothing but gloom had reigned.

One great obstacle to her work she found, in the too general custom of the wives and mothers to leave their own dwellings and go out during the day to work or wash, thinking by this means to increase their income. She had labored to prove to such their mistake, and the sorrowful train of evils which such a practice inevitably brought. The case of Mary Bell was one in point, and she was prayerfully striving by unwearied but judicious effort and advice, to induce her once for all to relinquish her habit of going out to wash.

Many talks they had had on the subject, and often had Miss Gray pointed out to Mary the ruin she was bringing on her family, and indeed had already brought.

It was truly a cheerless scene from which Charles Bell had angrily fled; and as Miss Gray glanced round the room, she scarcely felt surprised that

he had hastened to exchange it for one of more outward comfort.

The fire was out, and the grate full of dusty ashes; the few articles of furniture lay tumbled about in all directions, for little Alice, when left alone, amused herself by playing with them, to the serious injury of the ricketty old things. The wind whistled drearily through the broken panes of glass, and the cold gusts swept shiveringly across the room, causing the solitary candle alternately to flare and flicker, and threaten every moment to leave the forlorn little party in total darkness. The doors of a cupboard swung upon their hinges, and displayed empty shelves.

It was this last discovery which had so exasperated Charles, and driven him to the more inviting back shop of the neighboring public-house.

Miss Gray said a few kind words to the agitated worn wife, and then sat herself resolutely to impart warmth and comfort to the dwelling. She sorted and gathered some pieces of coal from among the ashes, and arranging a few bits of stick underneath, lighted the pile. But a gust of wind blew across the grate, and extinguished the light. Miss Gray hastened to the window, and with Alie's rag doll to fill up one aperture, and a handful of paper for the other, succeeded in repelling the unruly element.

At last the fire burned brightly, and the kettle sang out its cheerful music. Miss Gray glanced at the empty cupboard, and Mary, who had watched her operations admiringly, exclaimed, 'you needna seek for nothin' there, Miss Gray, we finished every bit last night an' I had to leave so early this mornin' for Mrs. Pigot's big washing, that I had no time to get in naething but jist Alie's bit piece. I told Jim to see after things, but to a' appearance he has forgot.' Miss Gray, however, had help for this emergency too, for opening her well known bag, she took from it a small packet of tea, and another of sugar, which she told Mary, Miss Ellis, a lady interested in the

family, had sent her as a New Year's gift. Poor Mary's eyes sparkled with pleasure, and a ray of hope flitted across her very interesting face. Little Alie produced some remains of the bread which she had saved from dinner, and soon a comfortable meal was spread before the little party.

'I'm sae muckle obleeged to you, Miss Gray,' said Mary, 'you're aye jist a sunbeam in this dark weary place, an' Jim an' Johnnie will have a good cup o' tea when they come home. But oh, Miss Gray, its Charlie I'm sae grieved about. He never stops at home noo, an' the boys, too, are sair changed, an' fallen away.'

Miss Gray, who had delayed speaking to Mary until the jaded frame had been warmed and refreshed, and until little Alie had been laid to sleep, now seized her opportunity to press home upon Mary's mind the fact, that the continual absence of herself from home was the one baneful cause of the misery of that home. 'When I think of you, as I first knew you, a happy wife and mother in your pretty house, and contrast the past with your present circumstances, my heart is indeed pained, and I can track your downward course, step by step, from that evil hour when—'

'When what?' interrupted Mary eagerly.

'When you made your first engagement to leave the sphere which God intended you to occupy, and begin the system of going out to wash.'

For the sake of those of our readers who may wish to know something of the happy home of Mary Bell's early married life, we shall briefly lay before them one or two passages of her past history.

Previous to her marriage she lived in service, and by her cleanly habits, obliging disposition and thorough knowledge of laundry work, became a valuable and trustworthy member of various families in which she served. At the age of twenty-three, she was married from Colonel Bruce's house to Charles

Bell, a promising young tradesman, to whom she was sincerely attached, and who, in his turn loved his black-eyed affectionate Mary, with the true love of his manly heart.

His wages were good, and he was rising steadily in his trade. With their joint savings they were able to rent a neat two-roomed house in a new block of buildings just then finished for workmen's houses.

Very proud and happy they were to call this dwelling their home, and few young couples ever entered upon life with lighter hearts or brighter prospects.

A handsome chest of drawers, the gift of her late mistress, Mrs. Bruce, ornamented the inner-room; and the cheerful clock in the kitchen was the gift of the dear young ladies of the family. The furniture was plain, but suitable and good; and the cupboard, to which our readers have already been introduced, was of a master-piece of Charlie's, and, in Mary's eyes, the greatest ornament they possessed. There was a pleasant surprise in store for Mary connected with the cupboard. The manufacture of it had been kept a profound secret from her, and not until she entered her new home on her wedding-night, did she know of its existence at all. In eager haste she scrutinized the handsome piece of workmanship; and after having admiringly gazed on the smooth polished outside, and lovingly eulogized the skilful hand that had done it all, she turned the key and opened its doors. But what an unexpected sight met her eyes! In one corner there lay wrapt in paper a handsome family Bible, the gift of her kind and faithful minister.

Then she found in a lower shelf a canister filled with tea, and sundry jars ranged in order, which were respectively filled with sugar, rice, and barley, 'all to her very hand,' as she excitedly remarked to Charles.

These articles so considerably provided for the young housekeeper, were the gift of her fellow-servants at Colonel

Bruce's, with all of whom she was a great favorite.

The kindness of their friends was gratefully commented on; the beautiful Bible was hailed by both as a peerless gift, and the first night of their married life saw the family altar reared in their own sweet home.

Thus three years passed happily away. Charles had full and regular employment, and, if his hours were long, his wages were good, and his health robust. Mary kept her house bright and neat, and Charlie ever looked forward throughout a toilsome day, to his cheerful evenings at his own fireside.

Besides the company of Mary, he had now the sweet prattle of a little son to amuse and interest him, and possessed of such domestic happiness, he was proof against all the temptations of his companions to join them in their visits to the public-house.

At the end of this time, however, a shadow fell across the sunshine of his home—a shadow, too, which darkened as it grew, and finally settled down on their life's horizon; and the way in which it came was the following:

One evening Mrs. Bruce's house-keeper knocked at Mary's door, and considerably agitated, informed her, that Ann, the laundry-maid, had fallen and broken her leg, and had that afternoon been taken to the infirmary. Mrs. Bruce had sent to ask Mary to oblige her by taking Ann's place until a substitute could be got. Mary could not refuse, and promised to be at the house next morning before three o'clock.

Did Mary act wisely in consenting to this request? Doubtless she did in thus relieving her kind mistress from her difficulty.

But her error lay here, she did not cease from such labor when her temporary engagement with Mrs. Bruce ended. She had imbibed a strong desire to make money, to increase their income, and no persuasion could induce her to relinquish the plan she had

formed of going out regularly to wash. She waited upon Mrs Bruce to ask her recommendation to families of her acquaintance. This was readily obtained, and Mary had soon more applications for her service than she could possibly fulfil. Her thirst for money grew, and she fretted and worried herself because she could not take on hand with every washing that was offered to her.

Mary did not prosecute her self-willed course unwarned. Miss Gray was faithful to her trust, and cautioned her that if she voluntarily quitted her God-designed sphere, and daily left the home in which as a wife and mother she should have realized her duty and her happiness, a train of evil and of misery would surely follow. But Mary refused to be advised, and turned a deaf ear to the voice of wisdom and of love.

Reader, you have entered with us into the happy home of Charles and Mary Bell, and traced those brief passages of their early married life; come with us once more into another scene, and say, if you can recognise in those miserable inmates, the faces of old friends.

It is a cold winter morning, and the neighboring church clock has just struck three. Mary, for it is herself, indeed, starting from her broken rest, has risen, and hastily throwing on her clothes, is ready to set out for Mrs. Gardiner's washing.

'Jim,' she said, kindly but fretfully, shaking her eldest son, who lay fast asleep. 'Jim, I'm late this mornin', you'll light the fire before father rises, and be sure and make Alie's porridge before you go.' So saying, she opened the door and was gone.

Things are changed, sadly changed, with the Bells.

The pretty house in the new buildings has been exchanged for a small dark room in a gloomy close. There is no time now for morning worship, and the nights find Mary so worn, and Charles so constantly out, that God's

blessing on them, as a family, is no longer sought.

The sleepers this morning prolonged as usual their slumbers, and the relentless church clock sung out six o'clock, the hour which Charles and his sons should have been at their respective works.

Jim, whose sleep had been unbroken, was aroused by the noise of his father slamming the door behind him in a way indicative of his anger and discomfort at having to leave the house on a cold frosty morning with a shivering body and nothing to break his fast. Late though he was, he had time to turn aside to the public-house, and pay his customary visit.

'Nothing like a good dram, Mr. Bell,' said Glass, the landlord, 'for warming the body and raising the spirits.'

The taste for drink is soon acquired, and morning and night now found Charles Bell hastening from his cheerless miserable home to drown care in—drink. Jim and Johnnie had no time this morning to make Alie's porridge, but after an angry quarrel, which but for Alie's interposition, had ended in a fight, they set out, grumbling that there was 'naething to eat and nobody to care whether they were dead or alive.' Alie, who longed for her porridge, thought she could easily make them herself, and commenced operations. As, however, she was bending over the pot, she tilted the handle, and the scalding contents poured over her neck and arms. The screams of the agonized child brought the neighbors to her aid, and when her father and the boys came home to breakfast, they found their little darling laid in bed, and suffering excruciating pain. Charles hastened to the doctor, and sending Jim to his employer to explain the reason of his absence, took up his position by his little daughter's bedside, and attended to the prescriptions which the doctor had left.

He acted the part of an affectionate patient nurse until Mary's return at

night, when he resigned to her his post, and hurried to the public-house.

Poor little Alie had many painful days and wearisome nights to suffer—for the fright of the accident had seriously affected her nervous system, and her recovery was long and tedious. Consequently there were, in addition to the ordinary expenses, doctor's fees and drugs, there were hours of work lost by Charles and Jim, who alternately watched beside their loved little invalid; and there were long dismal bills contracted at the public-house, to meet which various articles found their way to the pawnshop, including the once treasured family Bible, and the Sunday clothes.

Charles was fast becoming a confirmed drunkard, and the neglected boys were getting into the habit of frequenting the theatre and other dangerous haunts: anything rather than spend their nights in their cold and cheerless home.

Such was the aspect of affairs on this last night of the year, when we introduced our readers to Mary Bell. Miss Gray had never found Mary so ready to look her position in the face, or so patient in listening to her simple remedy for all the evil, as she did this evening. Still, her despair about Charlie oppressed her, and she could not believe that help for such a case lay within her power. Miss Gray reminded her, that while the success of every effort was with God, the duty of using the means was man's. Ere she parted with Mary, she joined in prayer, entreating light and guidance from the all wise Jehovah; and having reminded her of the 'mother's tea-party' the following evening, she left the lonely wife to her solitary vigils and tearful memories of the past.

\* \* \* \* \*

We pass over the dreariness and discomfort which characterized the Bells' house on New-Year's day merely noting the fact that Charles drank out the old year and drank in the new, and was brought reeling home, to the

shame of his wife, and of Jim and Johnnie, too, who spent their holiday quarrelling and grumbling because they could join no pleasure excursion for want of their Sunday suits. Very glad to have an hour's respite from such a dismal scene, Mary, accompanied by little Alie, repaired in the evening to the school-room where the tea-party was to take place.

After a plentiful repast in a room tastefully decorated with evergreens, and warm with the glow of a brilliant fire, the party was addressed by various gentlemen interested in Miss Gray's mission. One of the speakers chose for his subject, 'The Wife at Home,' and in a short but deeply interesting address, sketched the scene of two homes, the one blessed with the constant watchfulness of the wife and mother, the other blighted, ruined, by the continual absence of that guardian angel from her proper sphere.

So true and life-like were the pictures that Mary could have believed the gentleman was drawing a contrast between her own once happy home and her present joyless dwelling.

'And now, my friends,' said Mr. Phillips, 'you ask me possibly how I dare speak so authoritatively on a matter which you consider yourself perhaps free to decide upon, according to your own peculiar views. I answer you, by referring you to God's Word, in which He has very plainly declared the duties belonging to the wife and mother.' Here Mr. Phillips turned over the pages of his Bible, and read these words—'Teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home.' (Titus ii. 4, 5.)

'It is on this ground I take my stand, and solemnly assure you, that while great peace is theirs who love and keep God's law, misery and woe are the portion of those who disregard the statutes of the Lord.

'It may be the lot of some of you to have drunken husbands and dismal



homes, and perhaps you are hopeless of better days. But do not despair, my friends, but resolve in God's strength to redeem the time. Remember that while it is God's prerogative to bless, it is man's privilege to work. Do your part, and trust God to do His.

'When the Lord Jesus raised the dead Lazarus from his grave, He bade those around Him to roll away the stone from the grave's mouth.

'It is your part, ye wives and mothers, to roll away the stones of temptation, and God's to bless the humble prayerful efforts.

'Let your husbands and children find their home the brightest, sunniest nook on earth, and they will soon give up frequenting the public house and drinking, which is ruin to both soul and body.

'Try this plan—God's plan—and if we are spared to meet again at this pleasant annual tea-party, you shall tell me whether or not I have counselled you well.'

A chord was truly struck in Mary Bell's heart by the words thus kindly spoken, and emotions of hope fluttered in her bosom. The solemn quotations from the Bible awoke slumbering memories, and as she left the pleasant scene an earnest cry for help and guidance went up to God.

And, with prayer for direction, she combined active effort to regain her husband and her home. She relinquished altogether her washing engagements, and her busy hands and willing heart found more than enough to occupy them in her own home. It was sure work, yet was it slow and tearful; and she found, in her bitter experience, that 'prevention is ever better than cure.' Drinking habits are of ivy nature in their tenacity, wrapping themselves round a man's whole being and oftentimes defying, not merely the entreaties of others, but even his own strenuous exertions to shake himself free from their grasp.

Mary began her plans by following

Mr. Phillip's advice, never to allow her husband to go out in the morning to his work cold and hungry, thus presenting an easy prey to the publican.

She rose at five, lighted her fire, and had a warm cup of coffee and a slice of bread and butter made ready for him.

She attended also to the boys' wants, and during their absence, busied herself in preparing the meals, cleaning her house, and caring for little Alie.

Charles marvelled at the change, and when, on coming home at night, he found a bright fireside, and a neat kind wife awaiting his return, he was not unwilling to listen to her earnest pleadings, that he would 'bide at home, and not enter the public house.' Jim and Johnnie too, finding that their mother was ready to talk to them now, or to listen to their reading from some entertaining book, would draw their stools to the warm hearth, spend their evenings at home, pleased and happy. Little Alie, like a golden sunbeam, flitted from father to brothers, proud and delighted in their company, and shedding sunshine on their lives.

Mary quietly, ere the night closed, produced the redeemed Bible, and, gathered the little group around her, read a portion from its sacred pages, and commended them as a family to their Father in heaven. And the happy day came when her place was taken in these sweet exercises by Charles himself.

The first night of their settlement in a new and pretty dwelling, Charles, lifting the Bible, said to his wife: 'Mary, this minds me o' our wedding-night, long, long ago. It has been a dark time since then, and we have been wayward rebels; but light has shone from this blessed Word across our path. May it be evermore the man of our counsel, a light to our path and a lamp to our feet.'

A deep work of grace had been wrought on Charles Bell's heart and the means in the Holy Spirit's hands

was the simple reading of the Bible by his wife, in their family exercises.

Ever at home, ever ready to help and cheer him, Mary gradually won her husband, not only from drunkenness to sobriety, not only from gloom to gladness, but from Satan to a Saviour—God.

The sunlight of joy and peace is in their home and in their hearts.

'She looketh well to the ways of her household. Her children arise up and called her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.' (Prov. xxxi. 27, 28.)—*The Christian Treasury*.

### A Beautiful Death.

A preacher, having been sent for to visit a Western cabin, found a father and his dying daughter surrounded by evidences of luxury and taste. He asked the daughter if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest *Æolian* tones. A half-hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, rich, melodious voice: "Father, I am cold; lie down beside me."

"My child," said the old man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it, father; and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearst thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father, as the voices of angels falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me, Her voice, too, father; oh! I heard it then."

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaketh in tones most heavenly."

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile; but a cold, calm smile. But I am cold, cold, cold! Father, there's a mist in the room. You'll be lonely, lonely. Is this death, father?"

"It is death, Mary."

"Thank God!"

She passed away.—*Foster's Encyclopedia*.

### A Mother's Power.

A moment's work on clay tells more than an hour's work on brick. So work on hearts should be done before they harden. During the first six or eight years of child-life mothers have chief sway; and this is the time to make the deepest and most enduring impression on the human mind.

The examples of maternal influence are countless. Solomon himself records the words of wisdom that fell from a mother's lips, and Timothy was taught the Scriptures from a child by his grandmother and his mother.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to say, "I should have been a French atheist, were it not for the recollection of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and make me say, on my bended knees, 'Our Father who art in heaven!'"

"I have found out what made you the man you are," said a gentleman one morning to President Adams; "I have been reading your mother's letters to her son."

Washington's mother trained her boy to truthfulness and virtue; and when his messenger called to tell her that her son was raised to the highest station in the nation's gift, she could say:

"George always was a good boy."

A mother's tear dropped on the head of her little boy one evening as he sat in the doorway and listened while she spoke of Christ and his salvation.

"Those tears made me a missionary," said he, when he had given his manhood's prime to the service of the Lord.

Some one asked Napoleon what was the great need of the French nation.

"Mothers!" was the significant answer. Women, has God given you the privileges and responsibilities of

motherhood? Be faithful, then, to the little ones; you hold the key of their hearts now. If you once lose it, you would give the world to win it back; use your opportunities before they pass.

And remember, little ones, you never will have but one mother. Obey and honor her; listen to her words, and God will bless you day by day.—*The Christian.*

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### God is Ever Near.

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Some people if they go to the watering-place or a little way out of town, say, "Well, there is nobody here that preaches my sentiments. I shall not go anywhere." So they get the sermon of some particular pope of a certain denomination, and gloat over that, and that is their Sabbath meal. To such as these I would give that passage of the Apostle Paul. "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." If there be no place of worship specially dedicated to God, we bless him that

"Where'er we seek him he is found,  
And every place is hallowed ground"

But if there be a place that is open for the worship of God, if even I could not enjoy the preaching of the minister, I would go there to enjoy the singing of Christ's praises. I would go there to offer my prayer with the multitude that kept holy-day. But still there must be in our lives different times when we are away from the sanctuary of God, and to the Christian that will be like being at the ends of the earth; but then thanks be to God, we may still cry unto him when no Sabbath bell shall ring us to the house of prayer, when no servant of the Lord shall proclaim with happy voice the promise of pardoning mercy, when there shall not be seen the multitude on bended knees, and when the shouting of praise is unheard and we are far away from the sacred gatherings of God's house—yet we are not faraway from him; we may

still continue to pray—"from the ends of the earth will I cry unto thee."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

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### Keep from Falling.

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(JUDE 24.)

One of the old Puritans, to remind him of his dependence upon God, used to keep a wine-glass with the foot broken off, and with this inscription upon it, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

It is deeply important for us to know where our safety lies. If we were left to ourselves, we should surely fall; but, blessed be God, we are in the hands of a loving Saviour, and He is "able to keep us from falling."

Can you trust this Saviour? Are you resting in Him entirely? Or does Satan whisper doubts now and then, and hint that, after all, you may some day fall away and be lost?

Perhaps you say, "I wish I could keep hold of Christ more firmly, but, alas! my faith is often weak, and sometimes I feel as if I must let Him go altogether." Dear young friend, suppose you leave off trying to keep hold of Jesus, and just let Jesus take hold of you. Would it not be far better to be clasped in the Saviour's loving arms, and to rest securely on his bosom, than to be trusting to your own power of grasping Him?

If you are a true believer, your feet are upon a Rock.

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand."

Can that rock ever be shaken? Can it ever fall?

An Irish lad, who had been very wicked, was converted during the revival in Ireland. A clergyman, who saw him some time after, asked him if he was not afraid of returning to his old ways. "Oh, sir," said he in his native brogue, "I do trimble on the Rock sometimes, but then I know that the Rock doesn't trimble under me."

T. B. BISHOP.

## Leaning Upon the Beloved.

BY GEORGE MULLER.

“Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?”—  
SONG OF SOLOMON VIII. 5.

The one here spoken of is evidently the Bride of the Lamb, the Church of Christ. She is described as “coming up from the wilderness.”

This, then, is the proper description of ourselves as believers. And what abundant cause for thankfulness there is in this one fact, that we are in the wilderness! For if it were not so, we should still belong to this present world, which is under condemnation. If we were not in the wilderness, we should know nothing of redemption—of the forgiveness of our sins; we should not be united to Christ—we should have no hope of redemption—of the forgiveness of sins; we should have no hope of seeing Him and being like Him and with Him for ever.

It is, then, matter of exceeding thankfulness, and on it our hearts should continually dwell—that by God's grace we are brought into the wilderness—that we are no longer “dead in trespasses and sin,” no longer of the world, but that we have been forgotten, and are united to the living Lord Jesus, the Head of the new creation!

But this wilderness position, while it brings with it such exceeding great blessings and privileges, has also its difficulties and trials in connection with this life. The fact of Israel being brought into the wilderness marked them as those who had before them the hope of the land. They had been delivered from Egypt, and were looking forward to Canaan, which God had given them for a possession; but they were not yet in the land. They were still in the wilderness and had to experience its difficulties and trials. So with us. Because we are in the wilderness, we have before us the bright,

blessed, and glorious prospect of a Father's house, the full enjoyment of all those blessings which are promised to his children, the certainty of being confirmed to the likeness of God's dear Son—of seeing Jesus and being like Him. And, after all, this is the chief blessedness—not that we shall wear a crown, and reign with Jesus, blessed as that will be; but, above all blessings, this is the greatest, that we shall be perfectly free from sin, absolutely and perfectly conformed to the image of Jesus in purity and holiness.

But this blessedness we have not in actual possession; by faith it is ours, and we have now, by faith, to live upon it; but the time is coming when all these things will be actually enjoyed by the very weakest, and feeblest, and least instructed of the children of God! It is certain. No power of darkness will be able finally to hinder this. As surely as we put our trust in the Lord Jesus for the forgiveness of our sins, so assuredly all these blessings will be ours!

It is further said, “Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness?” Now, here is progress. The Church is not represented as remaining in the wilderness, but as “coming up from it.” This implies that, as the days and months pass on, we do not remain stationary. The appearance, outwardly, indeed may be, that we are, on May 14, 1871, just where we were on May 7, 1871—or even just where we were on May 14, 1870; but it is not really so. No; we are a week or a year, as the case may be, nearer the end of the wilderness. How exceedingly precious it is to think, as the sun once more sets, or as the clock strikes one more hour, “Now I am a day, an hour, nearer my heavenly home!”

These are indeed simple truths, but it is the seeking to enter into these as realities that brings blessing to the soul. “Verily I am not remaining in the wilderness,” our souls shall say, “but I am now again one week nearer the Father's house!” Thus we should seek

to stir up our own heart, and thus we should seek to encourage the hearts of one another in God.

'Cometh up.'—The progress is made step by step—and so you and I are so many steps nearer home than when last we met; and how soon, how very soon, we may take the last step, and find ourselves out of the wilderness, and in the blessed home!

But what in the meantime? The Church is here described as "leaning on her Beloved." She has a Friend!—a Friend who proved his love by laying down his life for her. None other than the precious Lord Jesus; that blessed One through whose blood we have been made clean from our sins. The Friend "who loveth at all times," and this Friend an almighty Friend, the Creator of the universe, and the One who was before all things!

We see also that she had not only taken His arm, but she leaned upon it. We all know that the first may be done without the second. Even a wife may take the arm of her husband not to obtain support for herself, but if he is in a weakly and feeble state, she may take his arm really to help and support him; but here is an arm brought before us—always strong, powerful, almighty—an arm on which we may always lean, without fear of wearing it. And only has this arm almighty and enduring strength, but think of the heart which is connected with this arm—so loving so tender, so faithful! Oh, what a Friend!

Now, beloved in Christ, do we lean upon this arm? When the difficulties and trials come, when the perplexities arise in our path, do we lean upon this strong and loving arm? This is just the point. It is just in the measure that we are enabled so to do that we shall be able to endure.

Let me affectionately ask, "Did we lean on this arm during the week that is past, and so learn to obtain spiritual sustainment?" And let us now, dur-

ing the week on which we have entered, seek to aim after this. These words, that we have been considering, are not a mere phrase without any particular meaning; but the Holy Ghost means to teach us, by this image that, in the midst of our trials and difficulties, we should, day by day, prove the strength of the arm of Jesus; and let us remember that He is the one to whom has been given "the tongue of the learned, that He should know how to speak the word in season to him that is weary." Let us seek to prove more his power and love, and we shall find that it is not in vain we lean upon that Arm.

## HYMN.

I journey through a desert drear and wild  
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguil'd,  
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my  
say,  
can forge the sorrows of the way.

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### The Work of the Christian Preacher.

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BY REV. THOMAS JONES, OF SWANSEA.

Extracts from the Address delivered from the Chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, at the Annual Meeting, May 9, 1871.

The Christian preacher must, first of all, be a godly man, "filled with the Holy Ghost," clothed with the virtues, graces, and sympathies which the Divine Spirit alone can impart. He must possess knowledge of spiritual things, should be able to understand the Scriptures, having his mental eye sound and piercing that he may see far into "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." His faith in the gospel should be firm and unwavering; not a poor balancing of probabilities, but steady spiritual vision. Doubt is the paralysis of preaching, and arrows sent from that bow fall on the ground before you, while strong faith sends them quivering to their destination.

Men may study at the ancient seats of learning, be ordained by the bishops

of their church, receive appointments according to the law of the land, and boast, therefore, that they stand in the direct line of apostolic succession. But the proof of their right to the name of ministers is the meaning they give to that name by what they do. Have they brought human souls from "darkness to light," confirmed the faith of God's Church, awakened holy aspirations in the minds of their hearers, ministered comfort to the afflicted, and made their people more noble, generous, and Christ-like? These are the seals of a true ministry. "By their fruits ye shall know them." If a man can show these credentials, then is he a Christian minister and preacher according to divine right, although he has received no blessing from the laying on of episcopal hands; and if he has not these credentials, then all the bishops in Christendom cannot give him the right to call himself a minister of Christ.

#### THE SUBJECT OF OUR PREACHING

is "the truth as it is in Jesus"—the truth which He is, and the truth which He taught and inspired the prophets and apostles to teach.

He holds the supreme place in the sacred Scriptures. The incarnation of the eternal Word, the glory of his person, his mighty works and gracious words, his adorable character and vicarious suffering, his resurrection from the dead, his after-life in the world of bliss and his coming again to judge all nations, are set forth by the apostles. They magnify Him as the Revealer of divine truth and love, "who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel," and receive his words as the infallible utterances of God. His death is represented as a sacrifice for our sins, and his life as a perfect example of purity and goodness. All the blessings of religion are traced to Him; faith, hope, and love are his inspirations; repentance and pardon are his gifts. He is "made unto us

wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." The duties of life are connected with his name, and encircled by his authority. They called themselves his servants, and rejoiced to do his will, and suffer for his sake. Trusting to Him for all blessedness, they longed to die, that they might live with Him forever. He grew upon their spirit, and became divine and glorious in their sight—"the image of the invisible God, the express image of his Person." Such is Christ in the teaching of the apostles; and what He was to them He must be to us, for they alone give the true and infallible likeness of Him.

The gospel is an authoritative and pathetic call to repentance, faith, and holiness, as well as a statement of doctrines. "Repent, and believe the gospel." "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Repentance is the soul weeping and reforming; Faith is the soul receiving from Christ the blessings it needs; and Holiness is the transcendental state of the heart, mind, and character. Repentance is the seed dying and germinating in the earth; Faith is the petals opening to the sun; and Holiness is the beauty of the flower in its highest perfection.

Our hearers need we should speak the same things to them. We are too ready to forget the great truths of our religion; the calls of business, the cares of life, and the worldliness of human society, have a tendency to banish them from the mind. Secular things are ever near—we can see, and hear, and feel them every day, and are in no danger of forgetting them; but spiritual things seem far away—dim, shadowy, and unreal, they hover in the distance like unto the visions of a dreamer. Hence the necessity of putting us in remembrance of them, and writing and rewriting the same lessons upon the hearts of our hearers.

The preacher should go to the people "in the fullness of the blessing" of this great gospel, for that is what

they need. Sin weighs heavily upon them ; their cares are many and perplexing ; their hearts are oftentimes bruised and broken with sorrow ; they look to the future with anxiety and fear, and are opposed with the infinite burden of life. Too meet their wants we must enter into the spirit and essence of the gospel, and preach the doctrines of divine grace in all their fullness ; declaring "the unsearchable riches of Christ," the glory of his redemption, the height, the depth, the length and breadth, of that love which caused Him to "bear our sins in his own body on the tree," and the blessedness of the life eternal which becomes ours by union with Him.

There is nothing superfluous in "the gospel of our salvation." Whatever has been revealed is needed ; and the wise preacher will take the broadest possible view of the grand theme, will endeavor to see it as it is, and to assimilate it, and make it the life of his own spirit ; and having done so, he will reject every theological system, every religious creed, and all the narrow minded traditions of the pulpit and the ignorant prejudices of the churches, that require him to set aside or withhold any doctrine, suggestion, precept, duty, or promise, contained in the Word of God.

You may see in the country flocks of sheep in the midst of a large field, fenced in by hurdles. They look with longing eyes at the green pastures beyond the fence, but these are not for them. There within the narrow limits assigned, must they graze. Thus do men enclose within their creeds particular portions of the Truth, and they expect you to rest and be satisfied within the narrow circle they have formed. But you are not content ; and now and again you cast a glance upon the pasture lands beyond—you see the waving fields that stretch away to the horizon, and you would remove the obstacles, and have liberty of these sweet outlying domains of Truth. But this is not to be ; and when you think

or speak thus, you are if not a heretic, bordering upon heresy. It is delightful to pass from this narrowness into the open regions of the Bible. Entering here you may sing with David : "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Here you have perfect freedom. You may lie down in green pastures, rest by the still waters, drink of the living fountains, muse by the flowing streams, climb the fruitful hills, inhale the fragrance of gardens and satisfy your soul with the fatness of this land which flows with milk and honey.

#### WHAT MANNER OF LANGUAGE HE SHOULD USE.

His aim should be to make the people understand the gospel, as far as that is possible ; to believe that the gospel is true ; to feel that it is "the power of God ;" and to embody it in a holy Christian life. And the questions genius of the gospel is an element of power which all may feel. There are thousands of Christian people who have not, and cannot, study the evidences of our religion, who have but small knowledge of its doctrines, and have never confronted the intellectual difficulties which cause so much confusion to others ; and yet the spirit of it has reached their hearts. A child that never read a book on chemistry can understand that honey is sweet. You may feel the power of mountain scenery without being learned in geology. A man ignorant of all botanical classifications may enjoy the fragrance of the summer fields. We may know nothing of the science of astronomy, and yet admire the immensity and splendor of the open heavens. In like manner, people with very slender knowledge of theology are able to feel and appreciate the power of the gospel. They are influenced by its spirit, changed by its genius, and confronted by its tenderness and love.

#### ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE CHRISTIAN PREACHER.

Humanity stands before us to-day, arrayed in the new garments of modern

civilization ; but underneath these splendid robes the ancient self is the same as it was in other ages. In the essential features of his nature man remains unchanged. Sorrow in the nineteenth century is the same as it was at Hebron when Abraham "came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her." The pressure of life, with its harassing cares, is as heavy now as when the Psalmist said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away and be at rest." The prayer of Moses, "I beseech Thee, show me thy glory," is true to our nature ; for we also desire to know God. The Apostle who said, "O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?" expressed a sense of sin which is felt by our hearts. When we have lowered into the earth the lifeless form of some one we love, we look through our tears into the open grave, and ask with infinite concern, in the words of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Seeing, then that man remains the same, in all the great elements of his nature, notwithstanding the advancement of knowledge and the progress of civilization, it is evident that he needs the gospel now as much as at any former time.

Three things are certain : first, man must have a religion—it is the deepest want of his nature ; second, he cannot discover a satisfying religion for himself, as is provided by the spiritual history of the race ; and, third, therefore we must continue to preach to him the gospel of the grace of God, for that is what he needs.

#### THE UNREST OF THE AGE.

We should take our view of man's nature from the thirsting of Jesus Christ. He speaks of a hunger and thirst of the soul which no earthly good can satisfy, and to those He appealed in his preaching. We also may do the same ; for the hunger and thirst remain. The literature of the age bears testimony to the unrest that exists in the minds of men. In the ablest writings of our

times, both prose and poetry, there is an under-current of sadness, a sobbing sorrow, mournful as the sighs of the captive Hebrews when they wept by the river of Babylon. We have escaped from the Egypt of barbarism into the Canaan of civilization ; but still the old discontent is upon us, and we seek a "better country."

Life at the present time is characterized by intensity. Civilization, instead of claiming our spirits, stimulates them into greater activity. Business, pleasure, the learned profession, literature, and all the arts of life, bear witness to our hurried earnestness. We bend the bow to the breaking point. Our hearts pant because of the rapidity of the race. This intensity of the life has its first and deepest cause in our spiritual wants, in the thirst and hunger of the soul. When evening is come, and the child is tired, he desires this thing, then another, after that some other toy ; and having received them all, he weeps for something else. But it is rest and sleep that he wants rather than the toys for which he shed so many tears. So of men ; there is an inquietude in their minds, the cause of which they do not understand. They suppose that if they could possess riches, or command the pleasures of the world, or obtain the knowledge, the office, the social position, or the frame for which they long, all would be well with them. But they are in error ; for their restlessness has its origin in their spiritual instincts. It is "the peace which passeth the understanding," the rest which is found in God alone, that they need, although they know it not.

Let this encourage the preacher to declare his message of love. Let his preaching be according to the truth, and in the spirit of these words, and he shall not speak in vain : "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It is true, also ! that all will not believe. Like Pilate, some will ask, "What is truth?" and there end the matter. The frivolous Athenians will inquire,



"What will this babbler say?" and then pass on to hear some new thing;" and Festus will deliver his judgment by telling the preacher, "Thou art beside thyself." But sincere, humble, burdened souls, moved by the Spirit of God, will receive Christ, and go on their way rejoicing. Think how

HE GROWS UPON US AS OUR DAYS GO ON.

As our knowledge widens, and our experience of life is made deeper and more real, great changes come over us. Books in which we once delighted are cast aside; old opinions become obsolete, and fall from us like withered leaves from the autumn tree; and here is, what kind of speech should he adopt in order to accomplish this four-fold purpose?

There should be perfect harmony between the words we use and the thoughts and feelings of our hearts. We read of the inspired teachers that their minds were "moved," that they felt "the burden of the word of the Lord," and that this word was in their "heart as a burning fire." Hence speaking became a necessity, for thereby they lightened the burden, and gave out the fire that consumed them. When they had tidings of mercy to deliver, their "doctrine dropped as the dew, and as the small rain upon the tender herb;" but when the judgments of heaven were their theme, they "cried aloud," and their speech was terrible as a midnight alarm. Sometimes there is a wail of sorrow in their words—a sorrow so deep and great that they fail to express it—they speak in broken sentences, and their words resemble the mutterings of a storm which fails to break into loud resounding thunder. Now, before a man is justified in using their language, he must have the same depth of feeling. To use their terrible words without their emotion is false. Our words should correspond with the clearness of our mental insight and the intensity of our spiritual emotion. If "the bur-

den of the word of the Lord" weighs heavily upon you—if your spirit is in anguish for the sins of your people, and if your heart is breaking with a divine concern for the souls of men, then speak as prophets spoke. Blow the trumpet in all Israel, sound the lamentation in Judea; cry aloud, "Woe, woe unto thee, saith the Lord God." But if not, then you should speak calmly, and reason with men, and suggest the truth, and persuade and attract as a friend; nothing more.

The speaking of the thoughtful preacher will ever be characterized by

#### REVERENCE.

The writers of the Bible were filled with this feeling by the contemplation of the material works of God. They were inspired men, "pure in heart," and to them was given the blessedness of "seeing God." They beheld his energy in the growing fields, felt his presence in the midnight darkness, heard his voice in the sounds of the elements, saw his pavilion in the moving cloud, and found the symbol of his immensity in the firmament of heaven. The physical world was not to them a heavy, opaque thing, through which no light could pass, but a veil of wondrous design and workmanship, made transparent by the divine glory which shone through it, and revealed its beauty. Hence the reverence, the awe, and the transcendent wonder with which they speak concerning God and his works

Nature is now what it was in their days, but we have lost the art of reading its spiritual secrets. The small island of our earthly existence is surrounded by a far seeing, shoreless ocean of mystery—a mystery, albeit revealed in part; but the faculties of wonder and awe are asleep. We are scientific, not childlike—material, not spiritual. We measure the stones of the temple, and analyze the substance of which they are composed, but forget the Shekinah that

dwells within. The world is still a Bethel—the angels of God ascend and descend here, and if we were more spiritual we should see and hear their movements, and say with the deepest reverence, “How dreadful is this place !” It is “the house of God, the gate of heaven !”

But our reverence should be yet more intense in thinking of and preaching the gospel ; for God in Christ is brought nearer to us, and made more real to the mind than in his mental works. The priests of the Roman Church exhibit frequently the figure of the cross, and thereby make it common. One who was a far-seeing observer of men and things wrote thus concerning their doings :—“We hold it a damnable audacity to bring forth the torturing cross, and the Holy One who suffered on it, or to expose them to the light of the sun, which hid its face when a reckless world forced such a sight on it ; to take these mysterious secrets, in which the divine depth of sorrow lies hid, and play with them, fondle them, tickle them out, and rest not till the most reverend of all solemnities appears vulgar and paltry.” What those priests do by their unholy exhibitions others have done, and may do again, by means of speech. Rude, random, presumptuous word-painting has been too often regarded as preaching Christ crucified. Only once in the year was the Jewish high-priest permitted to go into the most holy place ; for the cloud of glory was not to be made a common spectacle. Christianity has its “holy of holies”—the “sanctuary of sorrow”—the sufferings of Christ ; \* \* \* \* and when we enter here, it should be in the spirit of humility and godly fear ; for the place whereupon we stand is “holy ground.” It is given to us to approach Calvary, but we must walk with reverent steps ; we may unveil the cross, but should do so with a tender hand, and we may look upon the crucified One, but not with tearless eyes.

Our preaching should express the

spirit of the gospel, as well as declare its doctrines. There is more in a great work of art than the forms and colors which you see, more also than a special style of painting and grandeur of conception ; for it has a gem of its own, which proves it to be the work of some celebrated master. It is impossible to define or describe this ; we cannot tell what it is, or in what it consists ; but we know that it is there, for we feel its power, are hushed by its presence ; or if we speak at all it is in low, subdued whispers. So there is a genius of the gospel which makes it unlike all other systems of religion. There is nothing wherewith to compare it in the transcendentalism of the East, the mythology of Greece, the religion of ancient Rome, or the philosophies of modern Europe. It is like itself only—pure, tender, sorrowful, human, divine. This creeds with which we were at one time content are found to be too narrow for a resting-place. It may be objected that this ought not to be, and that we should rest satisfied with our first views. The reply is, We cannot help ourselves. To think is to grow ; and the garments of the child are too small for the man. And as our years multiply, we outgrow the world ; we discover that it cannot satisfy the yearnings of our mind. The soul turns away from it all, calls it “vanity and vexation of spirit,” and longs for “an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.” But it is not so with regard to Jesus Christ our Saviour. As we grow older, wiser, and holier, He becomes greater, more real and divine, more to be desired, and more wonderful in our sight. At one time we may speculate concerning Him, and endeavor to explain the mystery of his person, work, and power ; but in after years we fall at his feet, we trust and love, worship and adore. Some fancy that they have outgrown Christ ; but this is as if a man should say, I have ascended above the firmament, forgetting that the firmament is boundless—heaven beyond heaven in glorious and

endless succession. Christ is "the Son of the living God," and "it pleases the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell" to supply the wants of the soul throughout the age of its eternal existence; and we never can become independent of Him.

Great Name! Divine Name! Dear Name! Jesus Christ our Saviour! Preach it; for it is the "hiding-place" prepared for us, and here the soul is safe from every coming storm. Preach it with confidence and reverent boldness; for the ancient charm, the old attractive power, is in it still. The woman who stood behind Him in the house of Simon the Pharisee, and "washed his feet with tears," did a symbolical act. From age to age repenting souls gather around his footstool; they come to weep there, and his feet are ever wet with penitent tears. As it was in the past, and is now, it shall be in the future. "His name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed."

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### Tracts.

"He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." With such a motto for my guidance, said a tract distributor, I soon found that tracts can go anywhere. I have given them away at the doors of churches, chapels, at special meetings, in the city, the town, by the wayside, and in the quiet country village.

Tracts know no fear. I have sent them into the workhouse, the barracks and the jail, and give them away at the foot of the gallows.

Tracts never tire! I have given away a tract in the evening that the next day was on its way to Australia, sent by a lady to her brother!

Tracts never die! In the East-Indies, a copy of the "Sinner's Friend" was purchased among other books at a sale by auction, by a Mo-

ammedan. He could not read it, so he gave it to a young Englishman, who read it. Although it was not exactly the means of his conversion, yet it led him to increased earnestness in praying for the pardon of his sins. He soon found peace in believing, and is now a minister of the Church of England, zealous in his Master's service. I had his story from his own lips.

Tracts can be multiplied without end. I had 60,000 sent me in nine months, and gave away 100 daily.

Tracts can travel at little expense. A poor Christian woman sent the hymn, "Just as I am," in a letter to her husband in America. It was the means of showing him his lost state as a sinner, and he never rested till he found peace with God!

Tracts can run up and down like the angels of God, blessing all, giving to all, and asking no gift in return.

"Will you accept some good reading," said I, one day to a laboring man in a village in Hampshire, at the same time offering him a tract.

"Yes, sir," said he; adding, "The last tract you left with me I gave to a young man that comes here sometimes. It was, 'Brimful of Joy!' He liked it so much that he got it by heart." The young man mentioned is a Primitive Methodist preacher.

Tracts can talk to one as well as to a multitude; and to a multitude as well as one! They require no public room to tell their story in. The kitchen will do, or the shop, the parlor or the closet, in the railway-carriage, or in the omnibus, on the broad highway, or in the quiet footpath through the fields. On the South-Western Railway, as the train flew along, I frequently dropped tracts to the men working on the line. This was one day observed by a boy in the next compartment, who, putting his head up to the circular window, cried out, "have you a tract to spare?" I gave him one. "There are four of us here," said he. The four were at once supplied, and had a few to take home with them.

Tracts take no note of scoffs, or jeers, or taunts. No one can betray them into hasty or random expressions. One Sunday morning I left a tract on the doorstep of a neighbor; it was soon returned to my own door, torn into many pieces.

Those who are in earnest in the work of track-distribution will soon find encouragement. I have often found it pleasant to have a little child run after me in the street, with 'Please, sir, will you give me a tract?'

"What do you do with all the tracts I give you?" said I to a boy, who ran after me begging a tract.

"Why," said he, "I keep them until I get a good lot, and then sew them up, and make a book of them."

I was once followed in this way by a little girl, when she came up, looking wistfully in my face, without speaking. I said, "Do you expect a tract?"

"If you please, sir."

"I haven't one with me now. What do you do with them all?"

"Read them, sir, and then put them in a book to keep them clean. You gave me a Gospel once, and I wrote my name in it—and 'Given by a Friend.' I don't know your name."

I have often spent five minutes very pleasantly while waiting at a station, giving a Gospel to one, a book to another, and distributing tracts on the right hand and on the left. I have nearly always found them pleasantly and thankfully received.

### A Strange Woman.

"Say unto Wisdom, thou art my sister, and call Understanding kinswoman, that they may keep thee from the strange woman from the stranger that flattereth with her words." Prov. vii. 4, 5.

If man is chief tempter and sinner in departing from chastity, as seems in our time, to be generally the case, it is not a little remarkable that there should be in the Bible, scarcely a single warning to women to beware of men, while it abounds in cries to men to beware

of the strange woman's wiles. This and the fact that it was Eve who first tempted Adam to his ruin, gives rather a shady look to the female side of this subject.

But it is not the poor outcast of the street who is most dangerous to men of our day. The "strange women" that our men need most to fear and shun, are those that under honorable names, and wearing the appearance of virtue, infest society, infest the churches, and enter even into the family. Having by fair means or foul, obtained such knowledge of man's peculiar nature as enables them skillfully to influence them, they do influence them; but not for their good. Such women are not to be escaped except by being always on guard, ready to repeal their first advances.

Some of these women will lead their chosen victim to the end of the road of crime, but more of them will stop short of overt and gross guilt. Too selfish, or too cunning to run any risk, they will lead the fool who has been taken by their wiles, down to the very edge of the gulf; and then starting from him, they will run in wild alarm and disorder, to husband or brother, or friend, proclaiming that "Mr. so and so:"—"Would you believe it?" "Mr. so and so has terribly insulted me."

The deed is done. Away spreads the blaze, perhaps it is published in the papers. The man is blackened for life. He can not get away from the shadow. Follow him it will, go where he may, do what good things in life he may, that will ever and anon, rise up to shame him. If he is a public man, and stands very high, so much the worse for him. The more will hear the story and repeat it far and wide.

As for that strange woman, she has got what she wanted, her name connected with his, to his hurt and her credit. "She was too charming for him to resist; and too good not to resist him." This is her version of the story, and generally the accepted one

in such cases. Many a noble and excellent man has been made worse than a fool by such a corrupt woman. Even now the thing is being done.

Why will men of sense and good judgment in all other directions, be led so like the ox to the slaughter? Do they not know that everything will be exaggerated and made the worst of? Verily they will be made to understand. They may not mean much, only a little answering folly. No matter, only let madam once feel your arms about her and your case is settled. She will report you as a vile hypocrite, and there will always be plenty to believe her and to spread the story.

Never will even your friends, those who love you best, who forgive you and make every possible excuse for you, be able quite to forget the matter. Ever and anon as they look at you, or think of you, they will groan in spirit, saying mentally, "Why did he? how could he put himself in her power? He well knew—men always know such things—that her conduct was unbecoming and wrong. As a true and worthy man he should have held himself above her. He should have scorned to encourage any woman to do the least thing unworthy of her sex."

Woe worth the day when a decent man falls under the temptation of flirting with an unprincipled woman. If he be a good man—one to whom hearts cling that would spill every drop of blood to save him from touch of dishonor, how much worse his case, how much more deplorable his folly. But none are so good that this temptation may not reach them. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Let it be understood that any woman be her reputation and social standing what it may, who will hang about a man, and bewilder and besof him, only to gratify her vanity, is essentially, a wanton, and no good motive holds her back from open sensuality. And Oh, ye fathers and brothers, husbands and friends, will ye not have pity on your-

selves and your mothers, your wives and your sisters, and treat those wantons as they deserve? They do not love you. They seek your hurt and loss. They are carnal and profane, defiled and defiling. Touch them not.

Remember in those moments when you most need to remember, that "What a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and that "nothing is covered that shall not be made known."

Does any man say, "Pshaw! what's the harm of a little sport with a foolish woman?" Then let him consider how it would appear to him were his mother, his sister, or his wife to carry on the same "sport" with a man of similar character. Also let him ponder the words, "The way of a fool is right in his own eyes; but he that harkeneth unto counsel is wise."

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### The Diamond.

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Ko-i-noor is the name of one of the most brilliant and purest diamonds. This name was given it by an Asiatic Indian prince. He was so enraptured with the brilliancy of the beautiful gem, that he gave it this name—in English 'Mountain of Light.'

It was found in the mines of Golconda, before the Christian era. At the time of Christ it was in the possession of the Rajah of Oojein. For three hundred years it passed from father to son, and kingdom to kingdom. It has been a trophy of war, and a guarantee of peace between nations. It has adorned the heads and sceptres of the great; it has been coveted by civilized and uncivilized nations.

In the fourteenth century it was in the possession of Alladin, who placed it among the treasures of Delhi. It was afterwards won by a prince on a battle-field, was taken from him by his conqueror, Nidir Shah, and is now in England, and brilliantly blazes among other bright jewels which adorn the crown of the Queen.

Portugal has one amongst the largest

and most valuable diamonds known; if pure, of which there are a great many doubts, its probable value is \$28,000,000, so rich, and beautiful and precious, do men consider the little gem of God's creation.

The 'Regent' or Pit diamond, is one of the finest and purest. Two years were required in cutting and fully developing all its beauty and splendor. It was purchased by the regent Duke of Orleans, in 1743, consisting of over half a million dollars; it is now estimated at a million; it was placed by the great Napoleon in the hilt of his sword, and taken from him by the Prussians at the battle of Waterloo, 1815.

There is a universal desire among man to possess the diamond; it is displayed with the greatest pride and pleasure; millions of money have been spent to preserve and beautify this gem. It is the purest of all mineral substances, and is said to gather light in the daytime, and give it out in darkness.

But with all the purity and beauty and value of the diamond, it falls far below a precious stone known in the cabinet of God. It is called "a White Stone, 'a Precious Stone,, 'a Lively Stone.'

Thousands of kings, and men, and women, and children have possessed it and like Nidir Shah, they have cried out with glowing hearts, 'Christ is to me like a mountain of light.'

Millions of dollars may buy the richest and purest gems of kings, but no money can buy this precious stone. Diamonds have adorned kings and sceptres and swords and royal robes, but this 'New Stone' adorns not only kings and sceptres and royal robes, but it adorns all conditions of life. Wherever it is possessed, and by whomsoever, new robes, new garments, and new crowns, are seen. Purity and beauty and worth are enstamped upon all who possess it.

This living stone not only throws out its light by day, but is most brilliant

where deepest darkness dwells. It is a solace in trouble and grief, a comfort in affliction, a rest for the weary, a light for the blind; it is a guide to the young, a stay and a staff in old age; it gives hope in life, and triumph in the hour of death. It may be possessed by kings and rulers, the high and the low, the bond and the free; it beautifies the purest minds and gives grace and loveliness to the darkest and most rebellious hearts.

This precious stone may be had without money, without labor, without price. It may be had now; all that is necessary is simple to ask, and it will be given. The precious stones of Golconda and Borneo required years of labor to get them, and years to make them beautiful; but with all this labor and pains, they can never throw out such floods of glorious light, and give such comfort, as does the stone found in the 'Rock of Ages.'—*Fort Wayne.*

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### Sleep.

We look on a good man's sleep and there is nothing so beautiful. It is Luther that has worn out his powers in some great fight for God; or it is Washington half deserted by his country when bearing its burdens, and now, forgetting all, he has fallen back into God's arms to forget also himself. There he lies uncaring, and receiving back from God's gentle fomentations the powers that shall furnish another great to-morrow. Standing at the open door of his chamber, and looking on his deep, still sleep, it is as if the eternal, ever faithful goodness had him now to himself.

And yet more touching and closer to the tenderness of mercy is the very bad man's sleep. He has drank the cup of guilty pleasure dry. His tongue is weary of blasphemy. His deed of crime, perhaps of blood, is done, and the chapter of his day is ended. Having spent the power God gave him for good, in a violation of his throne,

he goes remorsefully to his bed, and there forgets even his remorse. But God does not forget him or toss him out of the world, but herests encircled by the goodness of God, nourished by his patience to be refitted for to-morrow. Probably he will do just as he has done before, but he shall have his opportunity of good, though many, many times forfeited; for it is a great part of God's purpose in sleep to renew abused powers; else how many would never sleep again. Therefore who of us can look upon a world buried in sleep, a guilty ungrateful world, broadly sunk in evil, and do it without some deeply affecting, overwhelming sense of the goodness of God.—*Bushnell.*

### For the Lambs of the Flock.

"Whosoever believeth on Him shall receive remission of sins." Acts x. 43.

A young man lay dying. He had been a wild and careless youth, but the visits of a Christian friend during his sickness had been blessed to him, and he had been enabled to rest his soul on Jesus. As his end drew near, he found great comfort in these precious words; when his eyes were too dim to read them, he asked his mother to let him touch them with his dying hand. "Put my fingers on 'whosoever,' mother," he said; "it says, 'whosoever,' so it must mean me!"

A little girl, who was asked once what faith was, gave a beautiful answer. She said, "Faith is taking God at his word." That dying lad took God at his word. He had no holy life to look back upon, he had no good works to trust to, but he died trusting in the precious blood of Jesus, and knowing that, as a believer in Him all his sins were forgiven.

There are some who fancy that believing is a very hard and difficult thing—that it is something they have to do, or something they have to feel, before they can be saved. They think they must try very hard to get their hearts full of faith; and then, if they

give this faith to Jesus, He will give them salvation in return. But Jesus does not want us to give Him anything; He only wants us to receive something—to receive Him. And what is faith, but just receiving Jesus into our hearts?

One evening after a children's service, a teacher was talking to a young girl who was weeping for her sins; but could not feel that she was pardoned.

"Suppose," he said, "that Jesus was in this room, what would you do?"

"I would go to Him at once," she replied.

"And what would you tell Him?"

"That I was a lost sinner."

"And what would you ask Him?"

"Oh, I would ask Him if He would forgive me."

"And what would Jesus answer?"

She hesitated a moment, and then she looked up smiling through her tears, for at once she saw it all, "Why," she said, "He would answer 'Yes.'"

And simply trusting in the Saviour's word, she went to Him there and then, and Jesus said "Yes."

T. B. BISHOP.

### Negative Religion.

In these days of ease from persecution, a profession may be made, and a decent outside may be preserved, without much cost. There is one class of professors, and that by no means a small one, made up of those who have received a religious education, have been trained up to an outward conformity to the precepts of the gospel, who abstain from the open follies and corruptions of the world, but remain quite satisfied with a

#### NEGATIVE RELIGION.

They do not profane the Sabbath;  
They do not neglect the ordinances of God's house;  
They do not live without a form of prayer;  
They do not take the holy name of God in vain;

They are not drunkards ;  
 They are not swearers ;  
 They do not neglect the poor and  
 needy ;  
 They do not run a round of gaiety and  
 folly ;  
 They do not bring up their children  
 without some regard to religion ;  
 They do not cast off their fear of God ;

BUT

They do not love Him ;  
 They do not experience His love shed  
 abroad in his heart ;  
 They do not enjoy vital, heartfelt re-  
 ligion ;  
 They do not give God their hearts ;  
 They do not delight themselves in  
 Him ;  
 They do not esteem His Word more  
 than their necessary food ;  
 They do not love the habitation of His  
 house, and the place where His  
 honor dwelleth, though they at-  
 tend it ;  
 They do not enjoy the peace of God,  
 which passeth all understanding ,  
 They are not temples of the Holy  
 Ghost :  
 They have not passed from death unto  
 life ;  
 They are not, new creatures in Christ  
 Jesus ;  
 They have not been translated from the  
 kingdom of darkness ;  
 cannot enter into the kingdom of  
 God. Oh ! that such would new  
 stop and examine their hearts and  
 their hopes ; and let them seek the  
 Lord while He may be found, and  
 call upon Him while He is near.

For the Lambs of the Flock.

“ And you hath he quickened, who were  
 dead in trespasses and sins.”—Eph. II. 1.

There is an Orphan Home in Ger-  
 many, where they receive very ragged  
 and neglected children. When a new  
 child is brought in, the first thing to be  
 done is to have his portrait taken ;  
 so that if he should ever be tempted to  
 be proud when he grows up, he may

be made humble by seeing what a  
 dirty and ragged little urchin he once  
 was.

And so it will do us good to look  
 back now and then. The Bible has  
 taken our portrait clearly enough, and  
 here it is—“ Dead in trespasses and  
 sin ;” that is the picture of what we  
 were once, if we are Christians ; of  
 what we are still, if we are unconverted.  
 And while it humbles us, let it also fill  
 our hearts with thankful joy, and our  
 mouths with songs of praise to our  
 great Redeemer.

“ God, who is rich in mercy, for his  
 great love wherewith He loved us,  
 even when we were dead in sins, hath  
 quickened us,” that is He hath made  
 us alive. And it is because Christ has  
 died that those who believe in Him  
 are made alive, for they are “ raised up  
 together with him ” (Eph. ii. 6).

A poor heathen, who had become a  
 Christian, wanted to explain to another  
 heathen how Christ had saved him.  
 So he took a worm—a poor little mis-  
 erable worm—and he put the worm on  
 a stone, and all around the stone he  
 put some straw. Then he lighted the  
 straw, and when it was all blazing he  
 ran through the flame, and took up  
 the little worm in his hand, when it  
 was wriggling in the fire. The hot fire  
 had scorched and drawn it up. “ This,”  
 he said, “ is just what I was—a poor  
 miserable worm, with fire all around  
 me ; and I should have died, and gone  
 to hell, but Christ ran in, took me up  
 in his arms, and here I am, a saved  
 one.”

T. B. BISHOP.

Pray Without Ceasing.

There is a place in India where the  
 natives are in the habit of saying their  
 prayers by machinery. They have  
 what they call a “ praying wheel,”  
 which is turned round by a running  
 stream, like a mill-wheel, and they  
 write a prayer upon it, and think that  
 each time that part of the wheel turns  
 to the sun, the prayer is heard by their  
 idol god. Now even this absurd and



foolish custom of these poor heathen people ought to teach us something. Idolaters as they are they do not neglect prayer altogether, as some do. Nor do they think that once or even twice, a day is quite often enough to pray. Theirs is a curious sort of prayer, but as it is always going on, one would think they had heard the command—"Pray without ceasing."

A pious servant girl was once asked by her master if she understood this text, and this is how she explained it.

"When I first opened my eyes in the morning," said Mary, "I pray, Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; while I am dressing, I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; when I sweep up the house I pray that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities; and when I eat my breakfast, I ask God to feed me with the 'hidden manna,' and the 'sin cere milk of the word.'" And in this way Mary carried out the text, "Pray without ceasing."

"Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the moon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night;  
Go with pure mind and feeling;  
Cast every fear away;  
And in the chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray."

T. B. BISHOP.

### Profanity.

An interesting incident is recorded in the life of Cesar Malan, the eminent evangelical Reformer of Geneva. He commenced his career as an instructor of youth, and though, from his childhood up, he had been of a singularly thoughtful nature, and was early in life the subject of converting grace, the bad habit common among his countrymen of using his Creator's name both lightly and frequently, clung to his speech. Without knowing it, he used it in the school among his pupils, and, perhaps, might not have been aware of it, but that the example was followed by the scholars. There

the name of the great God coming thoughtlessly from their young lips struck him painfully. He was about to reprove them, when conscience reformed him. "I do this myself, how can I blame them?"

He instantly resolved on an amendment. Calling the boys around him, he told them this way of speaking was wrong; and he made an agreement that they were to watch him and he would watch them, so as to correct what he felt to be a sinful practice.

He was very guarded for two reasons; he wished to avoid the sin, and, as a schoolmaster he wished not to give his pupils an opportunity of correcting him. At length, one day, when he was speaking with great animation to the school, he used the words "*Mon Dieu.*" (My God.) Instantly all the scholars rose, and very respectfully remained standing. He inquired the cause, and the head boy replied by telling him of the name he had used. The good master stood still for a moment, confronting his boys, and in a grave and sorrowful tone then expressed his contrition for his fault; afterward kneeling down among them—they kneeling also—he offered up a prayer that God would pardon the past, and give his grace, that in the future his name might be honored among them and his command obeyed.

Doubtless that touching scene was never forgotten by those present; it never was by the master, for he must, long years after, have related it to the son who has written his life. Happy the man who has the humility openly to own his faults to those whom his example may have injured, and the wisdom to go to the strong for strength to overcome them. Reader, it is written, "The Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain."  
—*Congregationalist.*

As long as we are kept waiting for a mercy, we must continue praying for it.

## Empty Honors.

My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence! Suppose it was offered to you, in plain words, as it is offered to you, in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor, gradually while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this; You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusty group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of China; but day by day your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in high chariots, and have more orders on its breast, crowns on its head if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout around it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulder, and the furrow of the crown edge on the skull, no more. Would you take the offer verbally made by the death angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you?

Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fullness of horror. Every man accepts it who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honor, and—not more personal soul. He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting soft—whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into loving peace.—*Ruskin.*

## The Better World.

"There is another and a better world," exclaimed an actor on the stage at Drury Lane theatre on an evening in 1778. Then the drama of the human life ended, the curtain fell, and John Palmer never spoke again. He died suddenly, while in usual health, immediately after uttering these words of the play, and that thrilling testimony, so strangely spoke, and yet so true, rung long and solemnly through the souls of that startled audience, gathered with gleaming lights and stirring music into the house of vanity and mirth. The actor spoke the truth: there is coming another world—better and brighter, holier and more enduring far than this. It will be a painless sorrowless, deathless world; a new, beautiful, immortal world; a grand, sublime, and eternal world. A world into which will joyously enter the gathered glory of all ages; a world where Christ shall be the King of kings, and where with him, the good alone, crowned with glory, and clad in robes of spotless white, will, in unalloyed bliss and inconceivable endless life reign forever, even forever and ever. This other and better world is "the world to come," the "Kingdom of God and of Christ," the "new heavens and new earth." Reader, will you inherit that world?

D. T. T.

Regenerating grace evermore sets people on praying. You may as well find a living man without breath, as a living Christian without prayer. If breathless, lifeless; and, so if prayerless, graceless.

What God has promised we must pray for. He will, for this, be inquired of, and particularly, for divine instruction.

Our prayers and our alms should go together.

## Two Ways.

There are two ways of coming down from a church steeple—one is to jump down by the steps; but both will lead you to the bottom. So, also, there are two ways of going to hell—one is to walk into it with your eyes open (a few people do that), the other is to go down by the little sins; and that way, I fear, is only too common. Put up with a few little sins, and you will soon want a few more; even a heathen could say:—“Who ever was content with one little sin?” and your course will be gradually worse and worse ever year. Well did Jeremy Taylor describe the progress of sin in a man:—“First it startles him, then it becomes pleasing, easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed. Then the man is impenitent, then obstinate, and then he is damned.” Reader, the devil only wants to get the wedge of a little allowed sin into your heart, and you will soon be all his own. Never play with fire; never trifle with little sins. Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life.—*Hoslem.*

## An Experiment.

For these two days I had made an experiment which I had been so often and earnestly pressed to do: Speaking to none concerning the things of God unless my heart was free to it. And what was the event? Why, 1. That I spoke to none at all for the fourscore miles together: No, not even to him that travelled with me in the chaise, unless a few words at setting out. 2. That I had no cross either to bear or to take up, and commonly in an hour or two fell asleep. 3. That I had much respect shown me wherever I came; every one behaving to me as a civil good-natured gentleman. Oh how pleasing is all this to flesh and blood! Need ye “compass sea and land” to make “proselytes” to this!

All God's people are praying people, and give themselves to prayer.

Those are in the best frame to receive spiritual blessings, that are in a praying frame.

God will be inquired of for promised mercies; and the nearer the performance seems to be the more earnest we should be in prayer for it.

It is of use for private Christians so far to have their hours of prayer as may serve, though not to bind, yet to remind, conscience. Every thing is beautiful in its season.

In our attendance on public worship, we may expect to meet with Christ, and improve our acquaintance with him.

It is very comfortable in our worship of God to have an eye to him, as the God of our Fathers.

The fear that quickens prayer, is itself, pleasurable.

Where we have a tent, God must have an altar. Where we have a house we must have a church in it.

Those that are active in public services, should not be neuters in public devotions.

Past experiences, as they are great supports to faith and hope, so they are good pleas in prayer. Thou hast—wilt thou not.

Many a sorrowful spirit has been made joyful in the house of prayer.

It bodes ill to people, when prayer is restrained among them.

Weeping must quicken praying, and not deaden it.

It concerns us to be right, not only in the object of our worship, but in the manner of it.

God is, in all ages, gathering to himself a generation of spiritual worshippers.

The spirituality of the divine nature is a very good reason for the spirituality of divine worship.

God has a gracious ear open to the prayers of his afflicted people.

The correspondence between earth and heaven, is never let fall on God's side.

## Gatherings.

The exercising of Lordship better becomes the kings of the Gentiles than the Ministers of Christ.

Ministers should shew people their religion in their Bibles, and that they preach no other doctrine to them than what is there. They must show that they make that the fountain of their knowledge, and the foundation of their faith.

We must take heed of over-valuing ministers, as well as of under-valuing them. They are not of lords; nor have they dominion over our faith; but ministers by whom we believe, stewards of our Lord's house.

It is very comfortable to a minister to have the testimony of his conscience for him, that he sets out in his ministry with honest principles and sincere intentions, with a single eye to the glory and honor of Christ.

All the ministers of Christ must prefer him and his interests. They will make an ill account, that seek their own things not the things of Christ.

God's faithful ministers stand more upon their guard against undue respect than against unjust contempts.

Ministers of Christ must remember that they are not Christ, and therefore must not usurp his powers and prerogatives, nor assume the praises due to him only.

What the scripture saith of the office of the ministry, should be often thought of by those of that high calling, who must look upon themselves as that, and that only, which the word of God makes them.

Ministers are but the voice, the vehicle by which God is pleased to communicate his mind.

Ministers must preach as those that are in earnest, and are themselves affected with these things which they desire to affect others with.

Those wonders are not likely to thaw the hearers' hearts, that freeze between the speaker's lips.

Christ did not affect novelty, nor should his ministers.

Ministers must not set up for wasters.

The great business of Christ's ministers is, to direct all people to him.

Those who are employed in spreading the gospel, may find themselves work both winter and summer; and are to serve the Lord at all seasons.

It is an honor to God's servants, to be employed as his messengers, and to be sent on errands.

Ministers must be men of knowledge; for how are they able to teach others the things of God, who are themselves unacquainted with those things, are unready in them?

Ministers, of all men, are concerned to walk with God in peace and equality, that they may be examples to the flock.

Those ministers, and those only are likely to turn men from iniquity, that preach sound doctrine, and live good lives, and both according to scripture.

It is ill with people, when those whose office it is to guide them in the way, do themselves depart out of it.

It is bad in any to rob God of his honor; but worse in ministers, whose office and business it is to bear up his name, and to give him the glory due to it.

Prayer is the mid-wife of mercy, that helps to bring it forth.

We do not trust God but tempt him, if, when we pray to him for help, we do not second our prayers with our endeavors.

Prayer is a salve for every sore, personal and public.

God's former favors to his church are patterns of future favors; and shall again be copied out as there is occasion.

There is a great deal imagined against the Lord by the gates of hell, and against the interests of his kingdom in the world; but it will prove a vain thing.

The ruin of the church's enemies, is the salvation of the church.

The shake of the nation is often in order to the settling of the church, and the establishing of the things that cannot be shaken.

The mistakes of preachers often give rise to the prejudices of hearers.

Ministers must follow their opportunities.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

## The Evangelist.

An undenominational religious periodical, of small size, well adapted for circulation in Sabbath Schools, and for general distribution in place of tracts, is issued in the beginning of every month, at 15 cents per annum, post-paid, or at the rate of ten copies for one dollar, free of postage.

## The Evangelist.

An undenominational monthly religious periodical, double the size of the EVANGELIZER, and containing the matter published in it, is issued at the commencement of the month, at the rate of twenty-five cents per annum, postage paid.

This paper is well adapted for families who want a religious paper at a small price.

## The Glad Tidings.

A large undenominational religious periodical, is published monthly, in quarto form, sixteen pages; price, 50 cents per annum, postage paid.

This periodical is in a form suitable for binding, and when thus preserved is a valuable household possession for many years.

## The Good News

Is a semi-monthly undenominational religious periodical, containing all the religious articles published in the EVANGELIZER, EVANGELIST and GLAD TIDINGS, with considerable additional reading of similar character.

The GOOD NEWS is issued on the 1st and 15th of the month, containing twenty-eight pages, including cover, at \$1 per annum, in advance, postage paid.

A Monthly Number, in colored cover, one dollar a year, or ten cents a number. Subscribers may either have the Monthly or Semi-monthly at their option.

Our different publications are intended, and we trust in some measure calculated to advance the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ, and on that account we feel warranted in soliciting co-operation. We are anxious that one or other of them should be introduced in every district of the Dominion where no superior publication of a similar character is taken. We solicit the co-operation of

### YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

everywhere. Whether they live in the town or country, they might do their neighbors good by endeavoring to get one or other of our publications introduced into their families. Let them look at our terms for local agents, and send on to us for specimen copies.

### OLDER MEN AND OLDER WOMEN

who love the Lord Jesus Christ, are usually ready to do what they can to help forward His work in any way. We have a number already co working with us, but there is work for others, and we respectfully solicit them to take a handful of the good seed and scatter it in their neighborhood, encouraged by the promise that "whatsoever or a man soweth that shall he also reap."

TEACHERS have a fine opportunity of scattering through their school room, and of interesting the children and parents of section. Let them send to us for a parcel of specimen copies to distribute through their school section.

MINISTERS have an interest in seeing that their people have good reading for the Sabbath

and for the week. The reading at home is supplementary to the hearing at church; and if the former is all of the world, the effect of the latter will be less than it would otherwise be. We shall be glad to send specimen copies to any congregation, or to any minister who is disposed to take the trouble of scattering.

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All who take the trouble to get ten subscribers to the EVANGELIZER, and send us a dollar, will receive a copy gratis for the year.

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Any one can with a little effort in their neighborhood get up a club to this extent. We will send specimens to any one intending to make an effort.

If parties getting up clubs send us on the names and Post Office address of the individuals comprising them, we will send the papers on to their address, thus saving the getting up of the club any further trouble.

Parties who intend to subscribe for the GLAD TIDINGS or GOOD NEWS will please send in their names as early as possible to secure copies from the commencement, as back numbers cannot be guaranteed.

Specimen copies will be sent to parties on application.

All communications to be addressed to

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