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Wm. R. Rose

# THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

## THE WORLD'S OLDEST POEM.

BY THE REV. FREDERIC GREEVES.

The subject before us is the poem which forms part of the sacred writings under the title of the "Book of Job." It does not lie within the limits of my purpose to state the arguments on which rests its claims to be called "The World's Oldest Poem;" it must suffice to say that this unrivalled antiquity is ascribed to it by the well-considered verdict of the most competent authorities. Their account of the book seems briefly to be this—that its hero lived not long after the deluge, at a period older than Abraham, or at least as old; that the story of his trials, and the conversations that ensued, were embalmed in the thoughtful memory of the early patriarchs, and handed down, orally, through several generations; that, finally, they reached the ear of Moses during his shepherd life in Midian; and that, struck by their beauty and worth, and moved, moreover, by the Holy Ghost, who brought all things needful to his remembrance, he transcribed and corrected the record, adding to it all those details which form the beginning and end of the book. While this account of the origin of the poem before us is, to our judgment, the best supported, it is, to our taste, the most inviting. There seems a peculiar propriety, that written inspiration should be inaugurated by gathering up the fragments, both in poetry and prose, of all that was most valuable in the traditional memory of an older dispensation; and thus, at the dying embers of patriarchal lore, kindle,

by God's grace, "A CANDLE THAT SHALL NEVER BE PUT OUT."

If the date thus assigned to the book of Job is correct, it may truly claim unapproachable precedence among the world's great poems. From a rough calculation, made in accordance with the most popular systems of chronology, it appears that it took its present form 500 years before the writing of the Psalms of David; 750 years before Isaiah's prophecy; about the same period, probably, before the date of Homer; 1450 years before the birth of Virgil; and more than 2800 years before the appearance of Chaucer, whom we are accustomed to regard as the venerable father of English song.

The antiquity of the book of Job being assumed, our purpose is to vindicate its claim to be a poem—and one of the sublimest and most beautiful poems that is to be found in any language. That it is not generally considered so, or, at all events, not generally regarded with the interest and admiration due to it on this ground, can scarcely be alleged as an argument against its claim, because it rarely happens that the highest class of poetry is most read or most admired. The great bards of the world have commonly been treated much as men are accustomed to treat the peacock, whom, superficially, they admire, but take no pains to hear his voice. It would be matter of curious calculation how many of the professed admirers of Milton ever

read the twelve books of the "Paradise Lost;" and how many of the followers of Wordsworth ever finished even the prelude to his threatened "Excursion." Many reasons might be assigned for this, and they all apply with special force to the poem which is called the book of Job. Possessing an unsurpassed wealth of imagery, and rich in lessons of instruction from the Spirit of God Himself, time and labour are absolutely necessary to comprehend it. From the abruptness and seeming want of connection in its style; for want of sufficient attention to the course of the argument; from the great distance between its ancient simplicity and our modern refinements; and, above all, from a careless passing over of its beauties of figure and allusion, great numbers have found this poem unintelligible—"a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." But the neglect of the thoughtless multitude is well counterbalanced by the intense admiration of the judicious few. Joseph Caryl, who well knew the value of life, expended twenty years of thought and study on this book, and has left the result in a gigantic commentary, a monument of his own perseverance, and a fine test of that of his readers. The father of John and Charles Wesley wrote also upon it—a work full of widely-collected information, the sheets of which, when just ready for the press, were consumed by fire; and the cheerful old man, with a patience worthy of Job himself, resumed his task; and, amid gout and palsy, composed it anew, and sent it forth to the world in a folio, adorned with elaborate plates, so tall that it can scarcely find standing room on modern book-shelves. Nor have our poets been less diligent in their study of it than our divines. Its imagery, or imitations of it, is to be found sparkling, with a brilliance all its own, on the pages of Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, and Byron. Its spirit has thoroughly entered into the soul of Tennyson, and is powerfully realized in some of his most exquisite lines. Paraphrases of the whole, or part, are almost innumerable; the most remarkable being by Dr. Edward Young, author of "The Night Thoughts;" and the most recent, that of the Right Hon. the Earl of Winchelsea. Could we now be privileged to vindicate its claims to attention by exhibiting some of the links of the argument, and unveiling some of

the beauties of the imagery; above all, could we induce any by patient and prayerful study to do this much more efficiently for themselves: we should greatly rejoice at this opportunity of testifying our own intense love and admiration for this venerable song.

The story which the poem before us enshrines, is simple and familiar. The patriarch is first introduced to our attention, crowned with all temporal and spiritual felicity. He was a man "that feared God and eschewed evil." But he did more. He was "perfect in every good word and work." He "instructed many:" he "strengthened the weak hands:" his words "upheld him that was falling:" and he "strengthened the feeble knees." He was "eyes to the blind," and "feet" was he "to the lame." "a father to the poor," he "saved them out of the mouth of the cruel;" so that "when the ear heard" him, "then it blessed" him; "and when the eye saw" him, "it gave witness unto" him; "the blessing of him that was ready to perish, came upon" him, and he "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." His life was unimpeachable. He was a stranger to the pride of riches; and "made not gold his hope." His devotion was sincere and unaffected. He clung to the simple rites of his forefathers, sacrificing according to the number of his family, and causing the young men to join the ceremony with previous cleansing and preparation. Nor did he do so without a special reward. "The secret of God was upon his tabernacle." His gracious revelations were his familiar intercourse. Above all, he "knew that his Redeemer lived." By faith his eye was strengthened to gaze down the long line of centuries that twined their slender arches carved with many a type and strange device, and the memorial of many a king, priest, prophet, yet unborn—over a path that led down, down to that far distant altar, long to be unstained, yet in whose oblation he felt himself with all saints to have a joyful interest; though the Mystery of God was yet unrevealed, and beneath that fretted canopy no angel's pinion might yet dare to sweep. In addition to this, all the stores of earthly happiness were poured at his feet. He was a king and father to his countrymen. The hills were covered with his countless flocks, and the valleys

were white with his waving harvests. Gold and silver were his in abundance; and he was "the greatest of all the men of the East." His domestic felicity was perfect. His wife and children were about him. His mind and his body were in the prime of manly vigour and dignity.

Suddenly, upon the head of this holy and happy man, a storm of misfortune breaks. We may imagine him in the midst of his happiness. It is the day of his children's rejoicing. All breathes of hope, and joy, and peace around him. We may picture him seated, as was Abraham, at his tent's door, under the shadow of a majestic tree. Then, swiftly as incarnate misfortunes, arrives messenger after messenger, bringing tidings of spoil, conflagration, and death; till, in the course of one hour of immeasurable agony, he finds himself flockless, serfless, childless, a beggar, a wreck—amid all the continued insignia of an almost regal magnificence! Wealth, subsistence, children, all gone at one stroke! A king, in a moment, reduced to ruin! It is not possible to conceive bitterer, more overwhelming woe. But his heart breaks not. He does not dash away into the wilderness; he does not throw himself wildly on the ground; he does not tear his white hair in agony. He calmly resigns himself to the change. After the fashion of his times, he "arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground;" but even while there, he worshipped, and said; "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord. In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." It is impossible too much to admire this beautiful model. Would it not be admirable if one had thus sustained a ruinous loss; if he could thus cheerfully resign luxuries or comforts to which he had been all his life accustomed? But these are the words of one who had lost *all*. Would it not have been a wondrous proof of resignation in a parent thus meekly to have resigned to his Maker one beloved child? But he who so speaks had, in one moment, been bereft of all. "Joseph was not, and Simeon was not, and Benjamin also was taken away!" With every circumstance that could stagger faith, quench love, and destroy hope;

under every aggravation of malice; in face of a destruction so detailed in its parts, so complete in its effects, calculated and executed with such a power and precision as almost to suggest the idea of a providence of over-ruling evil—"in all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."

Of the strength of Job's graces, we may gain some comparative idea from the destruction, which his trials brought upon the piety or the principles of those who witnessed them; but were less, or not at all, affected by them. "At the cry of him," we read, those whom he had treated with unvarying goodness—"fled"—through ingratitude or fear; as Israel from the pit that swallowed Korah and his company. Far above all others in duty and affection was his wife; to her he turned confidently for consolation; and, lo, she bids him curse! "Curse God, and die!" The words might indeed be translated "Bless God, and die;" but, even that miserable consolation from the wife of his bosom, we do not believe the unhappy sufferer received. For we read elsewhere, "his breath was strange unto her" (that is, she regarded not his cry for assistance), "though he entreated for the children's sake of his own body." Truly her loss was great, and to a certain extent parallel with Job's. But she imitated not his greatness. She basely deserted woman's holy ministry of love and comfort; nay, we fear she forsook him, and her God also! And now arrive the noblest actors, next to Job, upon this fearful scene. His three friends come to "mourn with him, and to comfort him." The occasion of their meeting was unprecedented: their long silence, big with emotion, commands our attention. They were unable to behold the wreck of their friend's happiness: they lifted up their voice and wept. They acknowledged that they also were sinners in the sight of God by sprinkling dust upon their heads towards heaven. Their love to their friend was wonderful, passing the love of woman. But, on the other hand, dark and deep were their questionings on his condition. Was not this their friend, their brother? Had they not taken sweet counsel together, and interchanged the secrets of their souls? Had he not been as a king among them, "the greatest of all the sons of the East?" Had they not listened to his voice in the council, bowed with him before the Lord,

and meditated on the secrets of salvation? But now he is hurled from his eminence: all that is lovely in life is suddenly taken away: he sits before them a loathsome sufferer. For seven long days and nights there sate the friends, and pondered the miserable ruin in their hearts: Eliphaz, the seer, to whom heaven revealed itself in night visions; Bildad, deeply versed in the ancient traditional lore; and Zophar, with his stern and sublime morality. To all was presented the same dilemma, Can God be just if this man be not a sinner?

Thus, without exception, all seem to have been ensnared in the trap that was not, directly at least, laid for them. The wind of Job's destruction has proved too strong for their faith. All is darkness, doubt, or apostacy. Everywhere they accuse God falsely, or contend for him deceitfully. Satan seems to have gained his point with every one *except the silent sufferer*. He rises far above their weakness!

"As some tall cliff, that rears its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head"—

So towered among his fellows the patriarch of our story! So sublime his declaration, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

In the dialogue which ensues between Job and his friends, which forms the greater portion of the book, they assert, with continually-increasing vehemence, that suffering, such as his, only happens to the guilty; and, at first mildly, afterwards with harsh severity, they urge him to confess the secret enormity he had practised: he, in return, declares, that after searching self-examination, he is conscious of no such sin as they attribute to him; and argues that universal experience proves that there is no such unvarying rule of Providence as they suppose, but that prosperity and adversity happen to good and evil, to righteous and wicked, indiscriminately. So far as the arguments of the friends go, Job's answer was conclusive; and they had nothing to reply. But lest Job should remain unconvinced of the flaw in his own reasoning, the young Elihu is permitted to break in, and correct his mistaken view. His argument amounts to this—whenever God visits us with

affliction, it is certainly for our good, and therefore, never should we blame him. Moreover, our innocence or guilt is not of small importance to our worldly happiness; for, though we see it not now, God will not fail to recompense both. To this Job makes no reply. With the candour of an enlightened mind he has perceived his error, and he will not attempt to defend it. Finally, the Lord Himself answered Job out of the whirlwind; and awe-struck by the Divine appearance which he had invoked, and by the offer of God Himself to plead in Person on those very points on which he had declared himself unsatisfied; by a train of queries abrupt and majestic, and of descriptions grand and divine, Job is brought to see his utter insignificance before Him, whose Providence he had doubted; and, owning that it is impossible for short-sighted mortals to know the principles of Divine action, to submit himself with heartfelt resignation to the will of God. He is taught, not indeed the lesson he most desires, but the lesson he most needs. He learns, not to trace the workings of Providence, but to trust the event; and, this lesson once learned, the trials are removed. He who sat as a "refiner and purifier of silver," by whose kind permission the furnace had been "heated one seven times hotter than" is wont, now beheld His own glorious image reflected in His creature; a copy of the submission of Him, who also was made "perfect through sufferings." Immediately He removes him out of the fire, and restores him to double his former state.

Such, briefly, is the story of "the patience of Job;" at the merits of which, as a poem, we are now to look. It is distinctly to be remembered, that when the book of Job is described as a poem, and called, after the example of many critics, a sacred drama, no doubt is entertained that all its facts actually occurred, and that its discourses were really uttered, as recorded by living men. But this does not at all prevent its being poetry. It is quite a mistake to suppose that a poem must be exclusively the work of the imagination. As fact is often stranger than fiction, so there is more true poetry actually around us than the loftiest work of fancy has disclosed. There is poetry in the works of nature, and poetry in the wrestlings of life;

which is absolutely inexhaustible. The poet is not, properly speaking, a creator at all, though his name might seem to imply this; but it is his holy privilege to lift up the veil of familiarity, and give us glimpses of the unutterable beauty, the unutterable solemnity, that there is in nature and in life. And when we speak of the book of Job as a poem, and one of the sublimest ever composed, we do it, not because a single word of it is fictitious; nor chiefly because forty of its chapters may be reduced, in the original, to that metrical form in which all the poetical books of the Bible are written; but because, in pursuing its object, which is to "justify the ways of God to men," it lays open with matchless clearness the depths of strength and tenderness that lie hidden in the human heart; and employs in its service the sublimest and most beautiful imagery that the universe supplies.

If poetry is to be judged by the employment of *sublime and beautiful imagery*, it would be hard to show that modern ages have improved in this respect on the world's most venerable song. Taking the very earliest poetic utterance, the beginning of the third chapter, how sublime is the language in which the afflicted mourner curses the day when the life of so many sorrows commenced, asking that "that day" may be "darkness;" that "darkness and the shadow of death" may "staia it;" that the very "stars of its twilight" may be "dark;" that from "the eyelids of the morning" not one glance of light may look upon it! How beautiful the description of the great city of the grave, whose "desolate places and counsellors of the earth built for themselves;" that city where meet and mingle all the streams of human life; whose streets are silent, whose vaulted halls are still; where harp and viol, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride are heard no more; where side by side, in peaceful slumber, lie "kings of the earth and all people, princes and the judges of the earth; both young men and maidens—old men and children."

"There the wicked cease from troubling;  
And there the weary be at rest.  
There the prisoners rest together;  
They hear not the voice of the oppressor.  
The small and the great are there;  
And the servant is free from his master."

How forcibly, in the next chapter, does Eliphaz argue that, just as "the old lion perisheth for lack of prey, and the stout lion's whelps are scattered abroad," even so "they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same." And with what simplicity, unequalled down even to this age, does this ancient seer relate his vision—

"Now a thing was secretly brought to me,  
And mine ear received a little thereof.  
In thoughts, from the visions of the night,  
When deep sleep falleth upon men,  
Fear came upon me, and trembling,  
Which made all my bones to shake.  
Then a spirit passed before my face;  
The hair of my flesh stood up:  
It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof:

An image before mine eyes,—  
Silence—and I heard a voice, saying,  
'Shall mortal man be more just than God?  
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?  
Behold, he put no trust in his servants;  
And his angels he charged with folly:  
How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay,  
Whose foundation is in the dust,  
Which are crushed before the moth?"

If we need any higher testimony to the power of this description than that which rises in our own heart, it is to be found in the hold it has taken on the imagination of our highest poets. Lord Byron's imitation is worthy of mention for its close adherence to the original:—

"A spirit passed before me, I beheld  
The face of immortality unveiled:  
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—  
And there it stood, all formless—but divine:  
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;  
And, as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake:  
'Is man more just than God? Is man more pure  
Than He who deems even seraphs insecure?  
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust!  
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?"

It would be easy to go in this manner through the whole book, pointing out here a flower of beauty, and there a towering mountain of sublimity: but let us pass at once to what excels all the rest as much as the book itself surpasses all uninspired poetry—the voice of the Lord from the whirlwind—beginning with the 38th chapter. It consists of a series of queries so directed as to show Job his nothingness in the sight of God. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? who

hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? whereupon are the foundations thereof fashioned? or who laid the cornerstone thereof; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" Knowest thou "who shut up the sea with doors, when its brake forth, when it issued out of the womb? when I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it, and brake up for it a decreed place," where it might sport in its giant strength, "and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." "Hast thou in thy life given commandment to the morning" that the steeds of the sun should, at the appointed time,

"Shake the darkness from their loosened manes,

And beat the twilight into flakes of fire?"

Or hast thou "caused the dawn to know its place, that it may seize on the far corners of the earth, and scatter the robbers before it? It is turned as clay to a seal, and all things stand forth as in gorgeous apparel." A beautiful figure! The allusion is to the cylindrical seals used in Babylon. Just as such a seal rolls over the clay, and there instantly starts up in relief a fine group of objects, so the dayspring revolves over the space which the darkness made empty and void; and, as if created by the movement, all things stand forth in brilliant attire. Then follow descriptions of the animal creation, unrivalled in their force and beauty, and amply repaying the most diligent study. The lion "crouching in the den, and abiding in the covert to lie in wait;" the Arab horse, "his neck clothed with the thunder, pawing in the valley, rejoicing in his strength, saying among the trumpets Ha! Ha!"—the ostrich, "hardened against her young ones and scorning the horse and his rider;" the eagle, "whose young ones suck up blood, and where the slain are, there is she":—here are pictures of nature which, we are bold to say, have never been surpassed. Every other art, of every other description, has reached perfection by slow and difficult degrees: painting, developing from the rude sketches of Assyria and Egypt, to the cartoons of Raphael, and the works of Michael Angelo; architecture, rising from the rude hut of the miserable

savage to the grand cathedral pile; music, from the first simple melody to the majestic harmonies of Handel. Not so with the art of poetry. Never does the stream of song appear more sparkling, deep, and majestic; never does it reflect from its clear bosom imagery more beautiful than when first it issues from the fountain of all Inspiration, in the World's Oldest Poem.

(To be continued.)

### GIVE YE THEM TO EAT.

Brethren, the day is wearing away; this is a desert place; there are hungry, perishing multitudes round us, and Christ is saying to us all, "Give ye them to eat." Say not, "We cannot; we have nothing to give." Go to your duty, every man, and trust yourselves to Him; for He will give you all supply, just as fast as you need it. You will have just as much power as you believe you can have. Suppose, for example you are called to be a Sabbath-school teacher, and you say within yourself, I have no experience, no capacity; I must decline. This is the way to keep your incapacity for ever. A truce to these cowardly suggestions. Be a Christian, throw yourself upon God's work, and get the ability you want in it. So, if you are put in charge of any such effort or institution; so, if you are called to any work or office in the Church, or to any exercise for the edification of others; say not that you are unable to edify; undertake to edify others, and then you will edify yourself, and become able. So only is it possible for Christian youth to ripen into a vigorous Christian manhood. Ay, the pillars of the Church are made out of what would only be weeds in it, if there were no duties assumed above their ability in the green state of weeds. And it is not the weeds whom Christ will save but the pillars. No Christian will ever be good for anything without Christian courage, or what is the same, Christian faith. Take upon you readily; have it as a law to be always doing great works; that is, works that are great to you; and this, in the faith that God so clearly justifies, that our abilities will be as your works. Make large adventures. Trust in God for great things. With your five loaves and two fishes, He will show you a way to feed thousands. There is almost no limit to the power, that may be exerted by a single church in this, or any other community. Fill your places, meet your opportunities, and despair of nothing. Shine as lights, because you are luminous; let the Spirit of Christ and of God be visible in you, because you are filled therewith; and you will begin to see what power is

possible to weakness—"Have faith, O ye of little faith." Hear the good word of the Lord, when He says, "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. Fear not, thou worm, Jacob. Behold I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff." Such are God's promises. Let us believe them; which, if we can heartily do, nothing is impossible.—  
R. Radcliffe.

### MAN'S GREAT WANT.

No men in the world want help like them that want the Gospel. Of all distresses, want of the Gospel cries loudest for relief. A man may want liberty, and yet be happy, as Joseph was; a man may want peace, and yet be happy, as David was; a man may want children, and yet be happy, as Job was; a man may want plenty, and yet be full of comfort, as Michael was; but he that wants the gospel, wants everything that should do him good: a throne without the gospel, is but the devil's dungeon; wealth without the Gospel, is fuel for hell; advancement, without the Gospel, is but going high to have the greater fall. What do men need that want the Gospel?

They want Jesus Christ, for he is revealed only by the gospel. He is all in all, and where he is wanting there can be no good.—Hunger cannot truly be satisfied without manna, the bread of life, which is Jesus Christ; and what shall a thirsty soul do without water?—A captive as we are all, cannot be delivered without redemption, which is Jesus Christ; and what shall a prisoner do without his ransom?—Fools as we are all, cannot be instructed without wisdom, which is Jesus Christ: Without him we perish in our folly. All building without him is on the sand, which shall surely fall. All working without him is in the fire, where it will be consumed. All riches without him have wings, and will fly away. A dungeon with Christ is a throne, and a throne without Christ is a hell. Nothing is ill but Christ will compensate. All mercies without Christ are bitter, and every cup is sweet that is seasoned with but a drop of his blood; he truly is the love and delight of the sons of men, without him they must perish eternally, for there is no other name given unto them whereby they may be saved. He is the way; men without him are Cain's wanderers, and vagabonds; He is the Truth; men without him are liars, like the devil was of old; He is the Life; men without him are dead, dead in trespasses and sins; He is the Light; men without him are in darkness, and they go they know not whither; He is the Vine; those

who are not grafted in him are withered branches, prepared for the fire; He is the Rock, men without him are carried away with a flood; He is the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, the Author and the Ender, the Founder and the Finisher of our salvation; he that hath not Him, hath neither beginning of good, nor shall have an end of misery.—O blessed Jesus, how much better were it not to be than to be without thee! Never to be born than not to die in thee! A thousand hells come short of this—eternally to want Jesus, as men do that want the Gospel.

### 'I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PRAY'

I once became partially acquainted with a young man in a little town in the west. He was fatherless, and as his mother was very poor he was "bound out" to learn a trade. The family with whom he lived was decidedly irreligious, and of course he received no pious instruction from them. But he attended Sabbath school and preaching and prayer meetings. His character was just forming for life, how important that he should have a religious training! How thankful should young men who have pious parents and religious teaching be! But, alas! many such are heedless and thoughtless. Such was not this young man's lot. Separated from parents and residing with an ungodly family, he was not taught "the way of life and salvation," only as he heard it at the house of God.

In the winter of 1859 there was a revival of religion in the place. This young man attended and was "convicted." One night, on invitation, he and another young man rose up to signify their desire to become Christians. After meeting I went part way home with him, that I might have an opportunity to speak to him on the subject of salvation. I told him to think of the subject much, and also present it to God and ask his guidance. I told him to pray to God often for pardon. What answer do you think he made me? With a countenance as solemn as death, and tremulous voice, he said, "I don't know how to pray, for I never did!" O what fearful words? What a world of meaning they contain? He was sixteen years old, and had never "talked with God!" Had enjoyed God's earthly blessings for sixteen bright summers, and yet never so much as thanked him for them! Had been a sinner against God for many



long years, but never asked his forgiveness! And why? Because he "didn't know how to pray"! He was an orphan in this cold, unfriendly world, but had never sought to make God his protector—father. He did not know that "God is the friend of the fatherless." Never had he bowed in humility and faith at the "foot of the cross;" never besought "blessing mercy for Jesus' sake!"

Dear reader, does not your heart ache for such; and if you "know how to pray" do you not often besiege the gate of heaven in their behalf? O how his words pierced my heart's core and darted through my very soul! I could think of the time when I was "far from God," and when prayer was neglected or else had less attraction than now. But at the time he and I turned aside, and as we knelt on the cold ground in the snow, with the bright stars looking down like angels' eyes, I tried to ask the Saviour to direct him so that he might "know how to pray," and to grant the "joy of pardoned sin" to his struggling soul. We rose, and as we parted I told him to turn to the Saviour's prayer, to make it his own, and to "seek the Lord" until "he might be found."

That young man seemed to be in earnest, if any soul ever was, for a number of days, and then—he went back to the old treadmill of Satan. What was the reason? Because he never prayed for himself! He "didn't know how to pray"! He imbibed some soul-destroying doctrines, and concluded "it was no use to pray."

Now, young men, I pray you give heed to this lesson. Look at the heading of this article and consider its full meaning. This is a solemn subject. Prayer is one of the great duties of life, and cannot be neglected without fearful results. He who prays not does not truly live. Prayer is the life of the soul, and that soul that neglects it is famishing—dying. Art thou prayerless? There will come a time when thou wilt be sorrowful because of this neglect! Then thou wilt beg and pray, but it will be too late! Eternity will show the value of prayer! O be wise "while it is called to-day!" If thou art like this young man, and "don't know how to pray," awake from thy slumber, and learn this password to "eternal life." Go to God in humble, faithful prayer for forgiveness for Jesus' sake. May the

incense of true prayer continually go up to God from the altar of thy heart! Do not put off this great duty till death, for that monster may strike thee down without a moment's warning. Turn to Christ at once, lest thou come down to death, and have to confess, "I don't know how to pray, for I never did"!

### HE WILL BE OUR JUDGE

"We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." The man of sorrows will come again as the God of glory, and "before him will be gathered all nations." "Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also who pierced him." How encouraging to believers. He is the very person they would have chosen for themselves; and when they see him on the throne they will rejoice, for their best Friend, who has promised to save them, will be their Judge, and therefore, they will feel secure. But how dreadful for those who have rejected him. How terrible his look of reproach to those who pierced him by their sinful neglect. How dreadful to hear the voice which now says, "Come unto me," say, "Depart, ye cursed." Suppose a prisoner is soon to be tried for a crime for which he will lose his life.—He is visited by a man of humble appearance, but great kindness, whose heart seems to flow over with pity for the prisoner. He has been labouring very hard for the culprit's escape at the trial. He tells him that he has done, and proves that he may be safely trusted. He assures him that he is quite able to secure his acquittal or his pardon, if only the prisoner is willing he should do so. He says, "I pray you, let me come forward at the trial, and speak on your behalf. Let me plead your cause. I have saved many a prisoner whose case was as bad as yours; I can save you. I ask no payment. Love prompts me. Consent to let me help you." But the prisoner is reading, talking, or sleeping, and takes no notice of this friend. He comes again and again; but the prisoner dislikes the visits, and by his actions asks him not to come and disturb him. The trial comes on. The prisoner is brought into court. He looks at the judge in his robes of office, and sees he is the despised friend who came to him in his cell. But now his countenance is solemn, and his voice severe. He who was refused as a friend now appears only as a judge. Sinner, he, who as Judge will occupy the throne at the last day, comes to thee in thy prison, and offers to be thy Saviour. He is willing to plead thy cause, and promises thee a free and full deliverance at the trial. Refuse him not, for soon you must stand at his bar. Trust in him as your Advocate, if you would not tremble before him as your Judge. Accept his invitation, if you would not hear him pronounce your doom. Welcome him in your heart, that he may welcome you then to his kingdom.

See Matt. 25: 31-46; 2 Cor. 5:10; 1 Thess. 4:16-18; Rev. 1: 7.—[Come to Jesus,

## PETER FLOGER, THE TAILOR OF BUINEN.

(Concluded from page 615.)

### CHAPTER IV.

FROM WHICH IT APPEARS THAT A BAD SPINNER CANNOT MAKE A KNOT WHICH A GOOD TAILOR CANNOT UNRAVEL.

While the storm is raging over the two families at Ter Apel, you, good reader, will kindly take a walk with us to Buinen, a village about three miles distant. Two days have elapsed since Trina threw the apple of discord between the grocer and his neighbour, and during this short interval more has happened than the quickest pen can describe.

Nothing particular is to be seen at Buinen; but I cannot forbear pointing to a small decayed house which, not far from the church, steals away into the corner of the square. There lives the tailor Floger, who may be noticed as the most remarkable person not only of the village, but of the whole district twenty miles round. A better tailor could not possibly be born—so think the industrious farmers and peasants. And Mr. Welter himself, who is no bungler in his trade, and fully able to give a trustworthy testimony about everything that belongs to tailoring, declares that Mr. Floger might give him a lesson in cutting a coat and sewing a seam. Nevertheless, there were two intimate friends who, as it seemed, could not find Mr. Floger's house-door, namely, prosperity and abundance. The reader perhaps surmises that the tailor was a squanderer, or that in the morning he kept too long behind the curtains, or that in the evening he talked too much with the merry people at the *Crown and Trumpet*, or that he had a wife in whose purse were two holes instead of one. But I can honestly declare that Mr. Floger's was none of these four cases. The fact is, that our good tailor was a living copy of that old patriarch who, in the 73rd Psalm, poured out his heart before his God, when he said, "All the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning;" and he very much resembled that old venerable sufferer who sat down among the ashes, except that he had a better wife, which is a great privilege for a poor man indeed; for she bore

his cross as her own, and laid not hers on his shoulders.

It was exactly on the 10th of November, and in the twilight, that Mr. Floger, the tailor, was sitting on the wooden bench before his house. He was absorbed in deep thought, while gazing at the stars, which whisper down such lovely words to poor sufferers, who seek for consolation above the sky. On the morrow he had to pay fourteen guilders, twelve stivers, and six doits to Mr. Bauring for the rent of a piece of ground which, according to the judgment of experienced people, was scarcely worth half the amount. The mind of the tailor ran over the question where that money was to come from; for that it was neither in his wife's purse nor in his own pocket he knew as surely as the night-witch knows that the sun does not shine, when he turns his rattle and cries, "Twelve o'clock, twelve!" Now since Mr. Floger could not find the desired answer below, he lifted up his eyes to the bright regions above the stars, for he knew by experience that there was the residence of a Banker, infinitely richer than Mr. Bauring, and, at the same time, pleasanter to speak to. And his humble calling at that splendid palace was not in vain.

Mr. Floger had not yet quite finished stating his case to his sublime Friend, when he was interrupted in his silent conversation by a lad of scarcely fifteen, who gently tapped on his shoulder.

"Ay, Fred van Brenkelen," exclaimed the tailor, shaking hands with the boy. "What has brought you so late as this to our place?"

"My mother has sent me," answered Fred, "to give you this coat and a pair of trousers of my brother's to mend; and she wants you to make a new greatcoat for me. The cloth is in this parcel. It must be ready before next Sunday, Mr. Floger. I mean my great-coat, for we are to go to the great prayer-meeting at *Pekel-A* on Sunday. My mother also has given me twenty guilders for you, the balance to be settled afterwards, when you send in your bill. Now, please, will you take my measure? I hope you will make a fine coat, Mr. Floger; I say, a very fine coat, sir."

Mr. Floger scarcely knew if he could trust his ears. Speechless from surprise, he showed the lad into his parlour, and

took his measure. Then Fred ran off, after having repeated his urgent injunction as to time and beauty, and left the tailor to his reflections. He took up the parcel and the money, and going into the kitchen, where his wife was frying her potatoes, he put both articles on the table, and with a smile in one eye, and a tear in the other, he said—

“Just look, my dear, what has dropped down from the stars into my hands!”

“Where from?” asked Mrs. Floger, turning her face to the table while she kept standing before the fire to hold the potato-pan. “Where from, my dear?”

“From the stars,” repeated the tailor, speaking in a dry tone.

The glare of the fire being the only light that illuminated the kitchen, Mrs. Floger had not quite well discerned the objects which her husband had laid upon the table, but upon learning from what strange place they proceeded, she at once took the pan from the fire, and turning to the table, stooped down to examine the unexpected meteorologic articles.

“What!” she exclaimed, “twenty guilders and a parcel of clothes! How did you get that, husband? You don’t mean to say that you have customers in the moon?” she added with a smile.

Mr. Floger told her his story. “I can’t understand, however,” he continued, “how it is that Mr. Van Brenkelen gives that work to me. I have not yet finished his old blue coat which his servant brought me the day before yesterday, and again he gives me such a considerable order. I can’t make it out.”

“We’ll hear about it to-morrow, when the hawker comes. I wonder he hasn’t come yet. Is it not Tuesday?”

Mrs. Floger had not yet finished that question, when the latch of the kitchen door was lifted up, and a man came in carrying a pack on his back.

“There he is,” cried Mrs. Floger. “We were just speaking of you. Do you come from home?”

The hawker knelt down before the table, and turning his back to it, so that his pack found a prop to rest upon, pulled his arms out of the straps that tied the bundle to his shoulders. Then after having risen he seated himself next to it upon the table, allowing his feet to hang down oscillating like the legs of a flail.

“Yes,” he said, taking off his cap and wiping his face with his red-checked pocket-handkerchief. “Yes, I left home this afternoon. I could not come sooner. The roads are so slippery that you slide back one step in every two.

“All well in your village?” asked Mr. Floger.

“Yes, as far as I am aware of.”

“How is Mr. Welter?”

“Quite well. At least so he was last night, for our Trina, who lives with them, was with us at supper, and did not mention anything of sickness. But how can you ask? Hasn’t Fred van Brenkelen been here who lives right across? I met with the lad near the mill, and he has told me that he had brought you work.”

“Ay,” quoth Mrs. Floger, “that’s exactly the thing. I see you know about the matter. We feared that Mr. Welter might be sick.”

“Nothing of the kind,” replied the hawker; “he is as sound as a bell. But I’ll tell you why Mr. Van Brenkelen has sent you work. It is all out between them. Their friendship became so hot at last that it has burnt them to ashes. They called us Sodom and Gomorrah, and thought they themselves were the angels sent down to destroy us. But the fire has come to themselves first, and burnt off their wings. We now see that they are just such sinners as all of us, made of the same clay, and not a bit better. It was more than time that a stop should be put to their humbug.”

The glimmering of the kitchen-fire was too faint to allow Mr. Floger clearly to discern the features of the hawker’s countenance, but it was not so dim as to prevent his observing the malicious smile that curled the hawker’s under lip. This smile cut the good tailor to the heart, and he felt something of that noble wrath which the harmless dove cannot help feeling when the serpent’s guile comes out too shamelessly.

“For shame!” he cried, placing himself as closely before the hawker as decency would allow; “for shame, Mr. Schocht! It seems that you are greatly pleased with the sad story you are telling. It is bad enough, indeed, that the devil should succeed in throwing discord between good people, but it is still worse when he causes other people to rejoice in that work of his.”

"Why," cried the hawker, "can you really take up the cause of those folk? Didn't you yourself experience what sort of people they are, when they refused to hire your daughter Lina, a nice girl indeed, whom nobody can find the slightest fault with?"

"Oh, thou enemy of all righteousness!" exclaimed Mrs. Floger, putting aside the potato-pan which she had taken up again to continue her business, and she put it down with such a crash, that the hawker could not help being startled; "oh, thou wicked serpent! How is it possible that such iniquity can come up in a man's heart! Dare you allude to that circumstance! Have they not refused our Lina, because they resolved to take your Trina, whom they pitied, seeing that she was rambling about like a vagabond?"

"Quite so, quite so," interrupted the tailor; "I now see through the thing. I suppose your girl is obliged to give up a great many things at present, which she was accustomed to, and I understand that she does not like that, nor to submit to the rule and order of a Christian family. I perceive that she and you and all your comrades now rejoice in the distress of the two families. You would like to see them in the public-house. Then they would please you better. You cannot bear that they should serve the living God. In fact, not against them, but against Him is your warfare. You now hope that the fear of God may be banished out of your village for ever. But you'll be mistaken, sir. You'll soon find that the devil cannot kindle a fire which God cannot quench."

While the tailor and his wife were blowing that powerful trumpet, the hawker had jumped from the table, and taken up his pack. He perceived that he had knocked at the wrong door, and was anxious to get out as soon as possible. So, muttering a few words, he lifted up the latchet of the kitchen door, and left the worthy couple, happy to be rid of their uninvited visitor.

"My dear," said the tailor to his wife, "it is six o'clock, and the moon rises within half an hour. I must go to Mr. Van Brenkelen immediately. Put the clothes in the parcel, together with the money. This thing is not from the Lord, but the evil one has a hand in it."

Mrs. Floger was silent, and tied up the

parcel, but a tear dropped upon her hand.

"What are you weeping for?" asked her husband, in a tender tone. "Don't you agree with me?"

"I can't help think of Mr. Bauring," replied she, sobbing. "He won't be very easy to-morrow; and what are we to sleep upon during the winter, if he carries away our bed?"

"My dear, my dear," answered the tailor, "where is your faith? I'm sure you can't mean what you have said. Shall we be able to lie down in peace on our bed, if we take these wages of iniquity?"

With these words, Mr. Floger took his wife by her hand, and gently drew her to his bosom. Her tears gave way to a smile. With her hands she wiped away his hair that overshadowed his forehead, and kindly looking into his honest face she gave him a kiss, and said—

"There now, go with the Lord and do his work. May the Lord guide you, and make you instrumental in destroying a bad work."

She then hurried away to fetch her husband's hat and stick, and before the steeple-clock struck half-past six, the good tailor was on his way to Ter Apel.

#### CHAPTER V.

FROM WHICH THE READER MAY LEARN HOW APPLY A GOOD TAILOR MAY SEW TOGETHER WHAT A SHARP TONGUE HAS CUT ASUNDER.

No sooner had Mr. Floger entered the grocer's shop than he concealed the parcel which he carried under his cloak, but observing that there was nobody, he quickly threw it between two salt bags that were standing at the wall. Upon the ringing of the sonorous bell that hung at the shop door, the grocer came up in person, and appeared not a little surprised when he saw the tailor of Buinen before his counter.

"Why, is it you, Mr. Floger? So late as this? Step in, sir; Mrs. Van Brenkelen will be glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Van Brenkelen. I felt a strong desire this afternoon to see you and your family, and to spend an hour with you, if I don't disturb you."

"Not in the slightest, sir; come away and take a seat. Mrs. Van Brenkelen will make coffee, and we'll have a talk."

Mrs. Van Breukelen was sitting behind her table knitting a stocking when her husband introduced the unexpected visitor.

"Well, well!" cried she, rising with a smile. "The later the day the finer the guests! Well done, Mr. Floger! Now sit down, sir. And how is Mrs. Floger? Why haven't you brought her with you? I'll make coffee in one minute. And I hope you won't go away soon."

Mr. Floger did his utmost to answer these and several other questions and observations as quickly as they were put, but he soon found that he had to give it up, and contenting himself at last with bowing and nodding, he took the seat that the grocer put before him.

"I was very agreeably surprised this afternoon," he said, "when your nice lad brought me your parcel and the money. I thought it was very kind of you, and since I had just finished my work for the day, I could not resist my desire to shake hands with you."

"You are quite welcome, Mr. Floger; quite welcome, sir."

"Besides, I recollected so many pleasant, nice evenings that we spent together in former days, when I was living in this village. Don't you remember that delightful Christmas eve, Mrs. Van Breukelen—it is four years ago, I think—we were sitting in this very parlour, I here at the corner of the table, and yonder was Mr. Welter's place, and the two ladies were sitting opposite us, and you there under the mirror, Mr. Van Breukelen. It was a nice evening, indeed. And we had many such in old days."

"Yes," replied Mr. Van Breukelen, "such evenings are real refreshings of the spirit in this life's wilderness."

"And especially in this village," said Mrs. Van Breukelen, "where there is not the slightest inclination towards anything good among the people. A prayer-meeting, or a meeting for reading the Scripture, is quite an impossibility in this place."

"And so, alas! it is at *Buinen*," said Mr. Floger. "But this is the very reason why I am here this moment. I thought it might perhaps suit you to give us another such evening of devotional exercise and Christian intercourse."

"Excellent," cried Mr. Van Breukelen. "But I am not mistaken, you have come

to arrange for a Christian family meeting on some evening of this or next week."

"Yes, if you please," replied the tailor; "but my immediate object was to have that meeting now, if it be not inconvenient."

The reader may have experienced the sensation which a man feels when unexpectedly invited to take a cold bath just at the very moment when he is stepping into bed. Something like that was felt by Mr. and Mrs. Van Breukelen when the tailor invited them to a prayer-meeting. They looked askance at each other, and Mrs. Van Breukelen, slightly nodding her head, gave her husband a hint to answer in the negative. Now Mr. Van Breukelen was ready enough to say "no," but he perceived that he ought to say the "why" too, and for this little word he could not find a motive as quick as his wife's repeated nodding and frowning required. He looked up to the house clock, but finding that the hands only showed a quarter to eight, he dropped his first plan of appealing to the late hour, for eight o'clock was the usual hour for their meetings. And being too honest to contrive a false pretext, he could not help telling the truth.

"Inconvenient," he answered, after a painful pause. "I can't say it is altogether inconvenient. But, to tell the truth, we are not quite prepared for such a meeting. One is not always in the right state of mind to enjoy such a thing."

"I am sorry for that," replied Mr. Floger. "I have come here in the hope of spending an edifying evening with you, and I expected you would at once send your servant across to call Mr. and Mrs. Welter, who certainly are not too much engaged, to join us."

The reader need not be informed that Mr. and Mrs. Van Breukelen again looked sideways at one another.

"Well, to tell the truth, Mr. Floger, I'm sorry to say you exactly touch the sore point, which is the only cause of our present reluctance. Something has happened between us and our neighbours opposite, which makes us very sad indeed."

"Between Mr. Welter and you?" asked the tailor. "I am sorry for that. What is it?"

Now it was Mrs. Van Breukelen's turn. She told the story in all its details, and when she happened to forget something

that might illustrate Mr. Welter's fault, her husband dropped in his observations to complete the report as much as possible.

"Indeed," said the tailor, when they had got through to the end, "I am exceedingly sorry to find that Mr. and Mrs. Welter have behaved unseemly. I never could suppose that they were capable of such conduct."

"Nor could we," said Mrs. Van Brenkelen, greatly encouraged by observing that Mr. Floger had nothing to find fault with in her conduct; "nor could we, sir. We are not aware that we ever laid a straw in their way. When—"

"Oh, I'm quite convinced that they are wrong altogether," interrupted the tailor, "and it is a great mercy for you to know that you have not trespassed in any respect."

"Quite so," answered Mr. Van Brenkelen; "our conscience is free in this case, and that's a great thing indeed. It is true, we have our defects, for what man born of a woman can say, I am without sin! But in *this* case we have tried to keep the peace as long as possible."

"Well, then," replied Mr. Floger, "it appears to me that Mr. and Mrs. Welter are in a very dangerous position as to the state of their souls. But the question now ought to be, how to rescue them from the danger they are in. If we love them, we must *show* our love, and leave nothing untried to put them in the right way. I think, my dear friends, the first thing we ought to do is cordially to pray for them, that the Lord may open their eyes and turn them back from the sinful way they are walking in."

"Oh, certainly," answered the grocer. "We'll gladly remember them in our prayers. Won't we, my dear?"

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Van Brenkelen, "we don't hate them, so as not to pray for them."

"Very well," continued the tailor. "Then let us commence at once and kneel down. Mr. Van Brenkelen, you will kindly engage. You will speak to the Lord about the great sin which Mr. and Mrs. Welter have committed against Him and you, and implore his mercy upon them. that they may be saved from their dangerous way."

With these words Mr. Floger rose from his seat to kneel down, but he was stopped by the grocer, who held him by the arm, and said—

"Pray! Mr. Floger; "we are not quite prepared for that. This is rather abrupt."

"Why so?" asked the tailor, in a tone of kind earnestness. "I thought we might embrace this opportunity to ask the Lord's assistance on behalf of our friends."

The grocer again looked at his wife askance, and both kept silent for a while.

"If you would offer up prayer," said Mrs. Van Brenkelen to the tailor, "we might gladly unite."

"I thought it might better be intrusted to your husband," replied Mr. Floger, "because he knows better what to say to the Lord about the matter than I, who have nothing to do with it. Still I am willing to gratify your desire, but then permit me to put one question to you."

"Gladly," cried both with one voice; "what is it?"

"Well, since we are going to pray to the Lord for two persons who have sinned, I ask you whether you give me full permission to tell the Lord that you are perfectly pure in this case, and that the guilt is only on the part of our friends opposite?"

While Mr. Floger spoke he most solemnly and earnestly looked them in the face, expecting their answer. Both, however, much perplexed by this heart-cutting question, cast down their eyes and kept silent.

"Well," continued the tailor, after a pause, seating himself again, "do not refuse to humble yourselves before the Lord, my dear friends."

"You are right, Mr. Floger," said Mrs. Van Brenkelen, "you are perfectly right. We have committed a great sin, and unto us belongs confusion of face." The Lord has brought you here as an angel of peace, to open our eyes, and to destroy the work of the wicked."

"Yes, certainly so," continued the grocer, "I now see and acknowledge my error. Whatever may or may not have been Mr. Welter's fault, I should have spoken to him at once. The Lord saith, *If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.*"

"My dear friends," said Mr. Floger, with deep emotion, "I rejoice exceedingly to find that God is a conqueror, and that His love is stronger than our wickedness. Now,

can you allow the night to pass on without performing a good work?"

"We never can be too hasty to do good," replied Mr. Van Brenkelen.

"Very well," quoth the tailor, "I'll go across and bring our friends here."

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed when Mr. Floger re-entered with Mr. Welter and his wife. They looked rather shy and perplexed, but before they could speak a word, Mrs. Van Brenkelen kindly approached them, and tendering her hand to Mrs. Welter, said, with a voice interrupted by tears—

"My dear friend, I have sinned against the Lord and you. Pray, do forgive me."

"Do forgive us," replied Mr. Welter, deeply moved. "I too, have sinned against you. I have walked after the flesh, and not after the Spirit."

"With all our heart! All must be forgotten and forgiven," cried the grocer. "We have sinned. Let us humble ourselves before the Lord, who hath called us to love and peace, and not to strife."

A cordial prayer of gratitude and a joyful hymn concluded this happy meeting. When Mr. and Mrs. Welter had departed, Mr. Floger took the parcel from the salt bags, and said to the grocer—

"Now, take this, my dear sir. You gave me this work in your anger, I gladly return it to you in love. Here it is. Send it across to-morrow, and let us not speak about it any more."

Mr. Van Brenkelen tried to persuade the good tailor, but in vain. Mr. Floger took his hat and stick, shook hands cordially with his friends, and cheerfully returned to Buinen.

But while the Sun of righteousness shines within, the storm of tribulation often rages without. The next day was a sad one for the poor tailor. The inexorable Mr. Bauring carried away his bed in exact fulfilment of Mrs. Floger's prophecy, and the next day the news that Dora and Griet discussed before the grocer's counter at Ter Apel was that Mr. and Mrs. Floger slept on straw. In a moment Mr. Van Brenkelen was across at Mr. Welter's.

"Brother," he said, "a work of God is to be done as quick as possible."

He told the tailor the case of the parcel, and Mr. Welter could not repress a tear that sprung up in his eyes.

"Mr. Van Brenkelen," he said, "God blesses me with work beyond all expectation. Our friend, Mr. Floger, has not prospered since he removed from this to Buinen. Even I have more customers there than he. I'll go to Buinen. Will you go along?"

"And what is your purpose?"

"I'll persuade Mr. Floger to pack his few things, and to remove to this."

"Very well. But where is he to live?"

"My barn will soon be fitted up as a dwelling-house."

The next week the two tailors were sitting together on one and the same table, engaged in their common business.

"I'm resolved to turn off that wicked girl," said Mr. Welter.

"Very well; then turn her over to me," quoth Mr. Floger, smiling.

"Why? You don't mean to say that you will keep her?"

"Yes, I do. I think, if we take bad girls into our house to make them better, turning them off is not the wisest plan of education."

"But you know what mischief she has done."

"Yes, I know, but what else than mischief is to be expected of a bad girl? If you had kept that in mind, you would not have given her so much opportunity of doing mischief. You knew that she was a liar, and still you believed every word she said to you. Pray, tell me, did you take that girl for your own or for her sake?"

"Of course, for hers. We pitied her very much."

"Very well. Can't you continue pitying? It is an easy matter to begin a good work in love, but *perseverance* is the fairest crown of love. Many people love as long as love gives enjoyment. But our Master has taught us to continue loving even when love brings a cross. If you won't bear the girl's sins, you can't teach her your righteousness."

Mr. Welter perceived that his partner was right. He kept the girl. But some time after she ran away, and left the place with her wicked father. It seemed as if, with them, a thick cloud disappeared from the village. Our friends faithfully continued their warfare against the prince of darkness, and gradually perceived that their heavenly Ally was stronger than His

foe. The inhabitants began to acknowledge that the way of the methodists was better than that of the hawker. They found that the peace of the righteous may be disturbed for a while, but that the wicked has no peace at all. A first step towards improvement was seen, when some of them sent their children to Mr. Welter's school. Then Mr. Floger opened a public prayer-meeting in the school-room. And when a couple of years had elapsed, and you had travelled through that place, you had looked out of the window of your carriage, you would have ascertained the exact time on the dial of the nice little chapel, that lifted up its fine steeple to point to a better place than this perishable earth of ours.—J. de Liefde in *Good Words*.

### LAY EVANGELISTS.

BY THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

I am quite content that the whole question should be settled upon the practice of Christians from the earliest times, and the precepts contained in God's Word. What was the practice of Christians in the earliest times?—Do we forget that when the infant church of Christ was scattered, upon the persecution that arose after the death of St. Stephen—that they who were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the gospel? Who were they? Not the Apostles; for they distinctly said that the Apostles tarried behind at Jerusalem. They who went abroad were the disciples, the converts to the faith of Christ; the converts who had fought for the noble principle, that it is the duty of every man who has received the light within his own breast to let that light shine for the glory of God and the salvation of others. I should like to know who were the Aquilas and the Priscillas and the Tryphenas? Were they ordained ministers? or were they lay helpers; helpers in the great work of evangelizing the nation, of carrying abroad the knowledge of Christ's gospel wherever they went? And if we come to precept, I will just simply refer to one—a precept, the force of which, I think no human argument or sophistry can possibly evade. What do we read in connection with that most glorious invitation—an invitation which has brought comfort and peace to many and many a saddened and weary heart?—"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." What follows? "Let him that heareth say, Come."—Let him who has received the message; him who has been brought to Christ as his Lord, his abatement, his righteousness, his sanctifi-

cation, his redemption,—let him say, "Come." Let him imitate the holy man of old, who said, "Come and hear, all you that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul." The blessing of God has rested upon this institution. I know it from my own experience. I will not weary you by relating facts, but I will tell you how again and again, at the time I have referred to, when I was labouring in a metropolitan parish, I traced unmistakably the blessings which result from the labours of such men. It was but the other day I met my honoured brother who succeeded me in the great parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, "How is the City Mission work going on in the parish now?" "Oh," he said, "nothing but blessing results from its labours." I trace the blessing that has rested upon this society in the various works of practical benefit which have resulted from its labours. I trace it in all the kindred institutions to which it has given birth. I trace it in the marvellous printed account laid before you of the work done by the instrumentality of this society during the course of the past year. I believe we might trace it in the ransom of many and many a soul.

### DEATH OF THE INTEMPERATE.

*It is a sad death.* There is no comfort on that dying pillow, no sweet repose, no voice of friendship bidding adieu, no lighting up of joy in the departing spirit.

*It is a frequent death.* Three, every hour, go through its gates in our own land.

*It is an early death.* Few drunkards live out half their days.

*It is an unlamented death.* "No one will miss him," is the common saying. Even his family expect comfort, now that he is no more.

Let it be soberly contemplated—

1. By the moderate drinker. It may be his.
2. By the vender. He has filled the bottle and done the deed.
3. By the magistrate. He signed the license.
4. By the heedless parent. It may yet be the death of his own son.
5. If not too late, by the drunkard himself; and let him escape for his life.

Habit hurries him onward. Sickness hurries him onward. But O, his end! his dreadful end!

"On slippery rocks I see him stand,  
And death's dark billows roll below."



# THE GOOD NEWS.

November 1st, 1861.

The Paper Mill and its Lessons.

2 Cor. 11. 2, 3.

BY REV. P. GRAY, KINGSTON.

When away from home lately, I visited that part of the country where I began my ministry, and resided for some years. Of course, both the people and the locality had great attractions for me, and I could not but mark the changes which a few years had wrought upon all. One day when passing over a formerly frequented road, that was good now, though it had been next to impassable in my time, we overtook a laden waggon filled with shapeless bags piled up on high, and tainting the air with an unsavory smell. The load was rags gathered from all quarters, and driven to a paper-mill in the neighbouring glen, where the river of old had rolled through a densely wooded swamp. That one of the highest and best products, both product and cause of modern intelligence and civilization should be located where lately the dark forest had spread in wild luxuriance over the damp soil, naturally enough excited my attention, and I heard of the paper-mill with pleasure, though I had not time to stop and see it.

That paper-mill and the load of rags afterwards linked themselves, in my mind, to the text at the head of this article, and the combination seemed to me capable of casting instructive light upon the state of man, and upon God's dealings with him in tender mercy; nor did this look to me like a quaint conceit or fancy, unworthy of the glorious gospel. I remembered how Christ employed illustrations gathered from almost every object near Him, and from incidents of all kinds, occurring among the people to whom He preached the glad tidings;

and I thought that if there had been a paper-mill on the Jordan, when He was there, He might have used it, too, to illustrate the character and worth of living epistles, the use to which God means to put them, and the processes by which He makes them epistles in the handwriting of the Spirit of Holiness.

## GOD'S DESIGN.

God's design in the gospel is to save guilty and helpless men by a Redeemer, to save them from sin, to save in the sense of delivering not only from the curse and ruin it entails, but also from the pollution and degradation of sin—to make of Christ's redeemed, a holy people, useful to God and their kind here, and meet in good time for dwelling with Himself in the holy heaven.

Corrupted and deceived by sin all men are. We have fallen by iniquity. We have undone ourselves. It is impossible for us to realize the appearance we make in the sight of God, who sets our secret sins in the light of His countenance. This much we do know, sin is the abominable thing which He hateth; so intense His aversion and disgust, that the God of love cast down from heaven to hell the rebel angels, and has pronounced in every variety of form "The soul that sinneth shall die." He says so, who only knows what it is for a soul to die! and that soul His own offspring, bearing in measure His likeness!—The soul must die the second death: it must lie in wretchedness, away from God forever, unless it is cleansed from sin.

Deaf to the voice of warning and entreaty, as most men are, some, in all times, have obtained a sight and sense of sin so vivid, so distressing, that they have trembled, fainted in heart, and loathed themselves. They saw that they were vile, and repented in dust and ashes. They saw iniquity cleaving to them, staining their souls, pervading and corrupting their whole being, and cried, "We are all as an un-

clean thing; and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."—Our very best "as filthy rags."

*Like filthy rags!* Nothing on earth can give us a better idea of filthiness. No substance is so filthy as filthy rags. To supply the intellectual and commercial requirements of our age, to be transmuted by human skill into the pure white paper; these, most unlike of all things, to that which they are to become, are collected in all regions of the wide world, imported in great quantities from countries where cotton and flax are chiefly used in apparel, and which are not famed for cleanliness. These filthy rags—symbols of wretchedness, squalor, poverty and dirt—carrying with them often the plague from the unhappy land whence they come, to the country that imports them; the dread of sanitary commissioners; the special objects of jealous observation and precaution to quarantine officers; each rag or bale of rags, as it is, valueless; the whole cargo, as it is, not only useless, but positively a nuisance, a mass wherein all putridities are enclosed.—And yet this mass is sought for carefully and at great expense, and it is to be turned into a substance as valuable as any that art can fashion, and purer than any other fabrication of man.

So there is in fallen man, plague stricken, death-spreaking though he be by his soul's depravity, still the material out of which God can make holy beings, precious to Him, and worthy denizens of heaven.—And He comes in grace by Christ Jesus to call them to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, to wash them from all their filthiness, to implant in them the germ of divine life, to quicken and sanctify them by His Spirit.

Christ comes, calling upon "all ends of the earth" to look unto him, and be saved. He knows the world's wickedness, but loving the world of men, He comes to deliver the poor victims. He comes to elevate

degraded souls. He comes to gather into the fold of safety the wanderers wherever they be, and the outcasts of every kind and clime; to clothe them with the garments of salvation, and present them yet "faultless," as the trophies of His grace, "in the presence of His Father, with exceeding joy." That is "the good pleasure of His goodness,"—that the gracious design which the beloved Son and the Holy Spirit came to accomplish. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

### GOD'S WORK.

God's work in the salvation of men, by the gospel next demands our attention.—He calls to men by His Word and Providence, by mercy and judgment, to return to Him and live. He hath sent His Son to save us. He is ever sending the Holy Spirit of promise to awaken us, to guide to Jesus and truth, to affect heart and conscience aright, that so we may arise and call upon him. And sinful man thus treated, when he comes at last to discern and consider the monitions of the Spirit of grace, and to lay to heart the things belonging to his peace, thinks of God so long forgotten, of Jesus and His love so little prized, of mercies and forbearance abused for long years, while he has been a cumberer of the ground, on the brink of ruin, useless, injurious, treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath; and the God in whose hands his breath is not in all his thoughts! And all this while, he sees it now, the Spirit was striving with him, and was by him resisted and grieved; and God was holding him in life and showering upon him countless benefits; and Christ was interceding for him above, and knocking as his door below unheeded! Was ever guilt like this? Still, he does not know what he will know ere long about his guiltiness. He is conscious of shame, and of bitter regret and sorrow; but he is

Thinking yet of how ungrateful he has been, and how grateful he will be, he is deploring his wrong doings and purposing to amend his ways; and he thanks God, and tries to serve Him and do good. But the spirit of the man is really aroused, and troubled, and needs a rest which his doings and intentions do not bring. Nay he is sinking deeper, and struggling, finds his strength failing. Sin is seen by him where it was not visible before; that is recognised as sinful, offensive to God, and to him too, which he once had thought innocent or laudable. In the midst of all this, temptations assail him more than ever, and not unsuccessfully. Apprehensions and forebodings increase and become insupportable. And sometimes desperate suggestions and terrifying blasphemies thrust themselves upon his notice, impelling him to distraction. He is convinced of his ungodliness; and cries, "O wretched man, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

It is God in mercy mingled with a kind severity, leading one from sin—from its security—its bondage—its doom—to Christ, that he may be saved.

As the filthy rags, when their manufacture into paper is commenced, are taken up and passed from one machine to another, through process after process in the complicated work; torn to shreds, exposed to the action of wind and water, and chemical agents, all reduced at length to pure white pulp; the very filth that was in them pure now, and forming part of the sediment in the river, to become yet useful, fruit-producing soil. That which came into the factory all loathsome and sickening, is now prepared material, from which the paper is made with ease—paper, snow-white and clean, in which we enfold our most precious articles; which receives from facile pen the breathings of love, and the outpourings of sorrow, to dearest friends—conveying that, often, which we could not speak if the friend were beside us; which

is made to serve as the representative and equivalent of vast sums of money in mercantile transactions; which, printed as newspaper and book, is diffusing intelligence and knowledge all abroad; and which, in the noblest use to which it can be put, becomes the medium and instrument whereby God's revelation of grace and truth is placed, a silent monitor and God-with-us, in the hands of every man. So when God tears the soul to pieces by a true and deep conviction of the reality and guilt of sin; when the Just One condemns, confounds, seems to hide himself from the suppliant headless of his cry, it is all in mercy; all for the sinner's spiritual good. He is working upon that soul in love. These straits, and that agony, are needful to wear the heart from this wretched world, to cast down the pride of man, to make the poor slave know how much he needs a Saviour. And this whole treatment is further designed to ennoble that crushed spirit, to fit the saved one for great things.

This blessed work of grace is not accomplished by one operation, or in a day; in its full extent, it is life-long—God working in His ransomed people to the last, both to will and to do, of His good pleasure. When that work was commencing the subjects of it found the sentence of death within themselves; as it went on it seemed for a while as if all things went against them; but they were in the hands of Love; streams of mercy were flowing around and over them; they were softening; stains were being washed away; under the Spirit's leading they were gradually advancing; others took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus; and they became, at length, a new mass, capable of receiving the form that God, in new creation giveth.

The matter in the unsoiled paper, or in the fair leaf of the Holy Bible, is the same that came into the mill as filthy rags. The sinner saved by grace and made a child of

God, is the same man who once was notorious, it may be, for ungodliness, who was at least, "dead in trespasses and sins;" the same and yet how changed! Memory can run back and recall "the old man and his deeds," but how different now the true convert!

And just as filthy rags are turned to the uses of paper, they being practically useless till then; so God saves sinners, makes them "new creatures in Christ" to be employed as His servants, to be healthy souls, active, working, true men, fearing God and eschewing evil; to be sheets wheron to write His character, and grace, and truth; wheron to sign his name in covenant-pledge, to give His grace to every suppliant that calls. And this is the noblest work of the Creator on earth—God's honest man!

#### THE RESULT OF GOD'S WORK.

The result of God's work in grace is, in every case, that converted sinners become living epistles of Christ, God-written, to be known and read of all men.

The Bible—the printed Bible, to be had complete for a shilling—in every school-child's hand, found by the dozen in many families, adorned and esteemed as is no other book! What reason for amazement, when we think of this, and think what Bibles were, and what they cost, and who had them some three hundred years ago. What cause for thankfulness that the Book of books—God's message of truth and love addressed to man—should be so accessible. In one way, like every other good gift of the "Father of lights," the Bible has been undervalued; it is little prized, after all the ado we make about it, notwithstanding all the gilding on its binding. In another way, and, perhaps, just because so little real interest is taken in its matter, *too much is made of the Book*. It is not the volume, nor the printed words on its pages; it is the apprehension of its contents

that makes the Bible precious, an article of real value to its possessor. There is superstition in the notions of many in regard to the Bible. There is such a thing as Bibliolatry—the idolatry of the book. No one has listened frequently to addresses at Bible-society meetings—to orators whose stock of catholic charity is exhausted by their appearance on what they call the Bible platform, without becoming aware of this, if capable of intelligent observation at all. The Bible may be a sealed book; it is to thousands who think they regard it as the Word of God.

The Bible is a dumb, unintelligible compilation of leaves and marks—so much paper and curious tracery in printer's ink—to the men of every language, but that in which it happens to be clothed.

The Bible may be left unheeded by myriads who, for a few pence or for nothing, can have it, and read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, if they will.

But the Living Epistle of Christ, the healthy redeemed soul, with its fruits and its flowers, in the life of a God-fearing, Christ-like man, is an open volume, walking the streets, facing with letters of largest type every man it meets; it speaks all languages; it reaches all hearts and consciences; it cannot be disregarded, nor easily misunderstood, whether it is disliked or loved by those who look upon it.

God's writing on the heart of a redeemed sinner brings home grace and truth, durable riches and righteousness to the happy possessor of such a heart. That writing shows to all, the reality of grace, what grace is, and what it can do. That writing of God, standing out in relief, on the surface of an ordinary life, in a blameless, humble, loving walk and conversation, is the most persuasive of all arguments to a following of Jesus, and a trust in God. In that writing Christ is here on earth again, walking about in His true servant,

doing good, calling men to repentance, and telling them the glad tidings of the kingdom of God. That writing and its accompaniments are actual blessings, and the richest, to the ransomed and saved, to their families, friends and fellow-men.

And such is the result of God's work; such the end of the Lord, so merciful, so bountiful, with them that obey the gospel of His Son.

#### THE VALUE OF GOD'S WORK.

Who can compute the value of this work of God? Who can conceive of the glories of heaven, or of the blessedness of seeing God's face, and being like to Him? Still more, and more intelligible to us. Think of what saints were—"all their righteousnesses as filthy rags!" Think what they become here, "Epistles of Christ written by the Spirit of the living God," God-given blessings! Think what they are to be—crowned with glory, seated with Christ upon His throne? And then try to estimate the incalculable worth of grace, now so much regarded as a very little thing by those to whom it is offered.

Such work God has wrought; is working now on many. *Readers, it may be wrought on you.* You may be saved; made worthy; have all your bad replaced by good; all your dross turned to fine gold; your filthy rags transformed into the fair pages of a God-written book, to be your treasure and your joy, to be a source of most valuable knowledge, and a spring of good to those about you; to be through others a fountain of blessings to multitudes unborn, to dwellers in distant lands, a stream increasing in volume as it flows, its whole sum of profit to be known only in 'the world to come.' You may be thus angels of mercy in the hands of God, instead of destroying angels which you will be, if not the subjects of this divine work.

To a greater or lesser extent, we have all come under the good hand of God, and the

gracious influences of the Holy Spirit of promise. We have been taught from our childhood out of "the lively oracles." We are in a position such as to make us either Epistles of Christ, or—to our fellow men. Let us return to the paper-mill and its products again. How much of that clean paper, neatly made up in reams, and ranged upon the shelves in the ware-room of the mill, is to be stamped with the effusions of folly, or the ravings of infidelity; or worse, polluted with immoralities disgraceful to the age we live in! and you are speaking for God, or for the evil One!

Would you not like to be Epistles of Christ? Good angels to wife or to husband, to the children you love, to the friends you esteem?—You would. You shudder to think of the other employment.

Well, *Be the thing, by being Christ's.*—You bear the Christian name, you have some amount of some kind of religion; if it be not the genuine writing of the Spirit of God, and you think it is, and give out that it is, you are like the appearance of books you may have seen, titled as books, but opening up a place for playing a silly game in an idle hour. Or, you are like old parchments written long ago, which were cleansed somewhat, and received a later writing, which also is ancient now. These Palimpsests, as they are called, are sometimes found in a very muddled state; the ink of the latter writing had not the same permanency of colour, as old ink, and the ancient writing reappears, so as to be, in some cases, to the confusion of both writings. So artificial piety, and the religion got up for decency, and example's sake, have not ink half so black and permanent as the ink in which the lines and figures of man's old sinful nature are written; and these lines and figures, which are the true inscriptions, the indicators of your real character, will come out to your shame.

You must go through Christ's process.

You must go to the Saviour as polluted, and guilty, and helpless—You must be born again, and transformed by the renewing of your minds. Then you can bear trial, and are fit for use; and when tried, as you will be, in a hundred ways, you do not think of, your piety will never be a sorry painful exhibition of dissolving views; you will never change from the appearance of an angel of light into the form of an imp of darkness—*Because Epistles of Christ.*

### THE FOUR SEASONS.

(From the German of Campe.)

"O! I wish it were always Winter!" said Ernest when he had made a snow-man, and had ridden in a sleigh. His father bade him insert that wish in his note-book, which he did. Winter passed away, spring came. Ernest stood with his father beside a flower-bed, in which hyacinths, auriculas, and daffodils were blooming, and was quite beside himself with joy. "That is one of the pleasures of spring," said his father, "and will in turn pass away." "O!" replied Ernest, "I wish it were always spring!" "Insert that wish in my note-book," said the father, which he did. Spring passed away, summer came.

Ernest went with his parents and several playmates, on a warm summer-day, to the nearest village, where they spent the whole day. All around them they saw green corn-fields, and meadows decked with a thousand kinds of flowers, and pastures in which young lambs were frisking, and lively fowls were galloping about. They ate cherries and other kinds of summer-fruit, and all day long enjoyed themselves in grand style. "Is it not true," asked the father when they returned, "that after all, summer too has its pleasures?" "O!" answered Ernest, "I would like if it were always summer!" He must also insert that wish in his father's note-book.

At length autumn came. The whole family spent several days in a vineyard. It was no longer so hot as in summer, but the air was mild and the sky clear. The vines were hung with ripe clusters; on the hotbeds were seen lying delicious melons, and the boughs of the trees were bent down with ripe fruit. It was a royal feast for Ernest, who liked nothing to eat better than fruit. "This fair season," said his father, "will soon be over. Winter is now at hand to drive autumn away." "O!" said Ernest, "I wish it would stay away and that it were always autumn!" "Do you really

wish it?" asked his father. "Really," was his answer. "But," continued his father, as he took his note-book out of his pocket, "look a moment at what is here written; read now, '*I wish it were always winter!*' And now again, read on this page what is written there, tell me? '*I wish it were always spring!*' And what is here, on this page? '*I wish it were always summer!*'" "Do you," he continued, "know the hand which wrote it?" "I wrote it," answered Ernest. "And what do you wish now?" "I wish that it were always autumn." "That is strange enough," said his father. "In winter, you wished that it were always winter, in spring that it were always spring, in summer that it were always summer, and in autumn that it were always autumn. Think a moment—what follows?" "That all the seasons are good." "Yes, that all are rich in pleasures, rich in various gifts, and that the great God understands much better than we poor men regarding the making of worlds. Had it depended on you last winter, there would have been no spring, no summer, no autumn. You would have covered this earth with perpetual snow, only that you might always be able to ride in your sleigh, and make snow-men. And how many other pleasures we would have been obliged to do without! It is well for us that it does not depend on us how things should be in the world. How soon we would ruin it, if we had it in our power to do so!"

RUSSELL, C. W.

T. F.

### DEATH AND SLEEP.

(From the German of Krummacher.)

The angel of sleep and the angel of death, with their arms, brother-like, twined around each other, were travelling through the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down on a hill, not far from the dwellings of men. A mournful stillness reigned around, and the sound of the vesper-bell in the distant hamlet died away.

In silence—as their manner is—these two beneficent geni of mankind sat in familiar embrace, and night was now at hand.

Then the angel of sleep raised himself up from his moss-covered couch, and scattered with noiseless hand the invisible sleep-seeds. The evening breeze wafted them to the silent dwelling of the toil-worn husbandman. Now sweet sleep embraced the inmates of the rustic cottage, from the grandsire who went bending over his stall, even to the babe in the cradle. The sick man forgot his pain, the mourner his sorrow, the poor man his cares. All eyes were closed.

At length, after his work was done, the angel of sleep laid himself down again, beside his stern brother. "When the day dawns," he exclaimed with innocent glee, "then the world will praise me as its friend and benefactor! O! how delightful to do good, unseen and in secret! How highly favoured are we, the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How glorious is our peaceful calling!

Thus spake the friendly angel of sleep. The angel of death gazed on him in silent sorrow, and a tear, such as the immortals shed, stood in his large, dark eye. "Alas!" said he, "I cannot, like thee, rejoice in cheerful thanks; the world calls me its enemy and the destroyer of its happiness." "O! my brother," replied the angel of sleep, "will not the good man at the resurrection discover even in thee his friend, and thankfully bless thee? Are not we brothers, and messengers of one Father?"

Thus he spake. The eye of the angel of death sparkled, and the brother genii tenderly embraced each other.

RUSSELL, C.W.

T. F.

## THE OMNIBUS.

Like the steamboat, the railway, and the telegraph, the omnibus has sprung up in our own day. Our fathers knew it not.—It is a kind of moving parable, a true picture of human life, especially life in modern times. Its passengers are, in many aspects, like the population of the world. Some are old and feeble, needing help both in sitting down and in rising up; while others, with the spring of youth within them, leap lightly in and out. Some have soft white hands and costly garments; others are poorly clad and toil-worn. Some have sparkling eyes and laughing lips; others hide falling tears under widow's weeds. This one sits silent in a corner; those two chat cheerfully all the way.—Here a new passenger joins the company, and there an old one drops off, as deaths diminish the mass of humanity on one side, and births on the other side still keep the number up. An omnibus is the world in miniature, except that its passengers know right well where they are going, while many of the world's inhabitants know not what their course is, and seem not to care what their end may be. Now that the thing has sprung into general use, it is interesting to notice the uncouth but appropriate name that has sprung along with it. *Omnibus* is a Latin word meaning for ALL.

On a dreary day of December, when the fog was so thick that carriages were not visible until they came within fifty yards of the observer's eye, and even then were so dimly outlined that they seemed to be half a mile away, I was standing at the corner of a street in Glasgow, looking for an omnibus that I knew to be due at that time. After I had waited a while, a large lofty vehicle began to loom through the mist, nodding heavily as it rumbled over the irregularities of the causeway, jolting on its springs. This must be the omnibus, and I instinctively began to gird myself in preparation for leaping on; another moment and the huge dim bulk emerged distinctly into view—it was a hearse!

Somewhat depressed in spirit already by the state of the weather, I felt a cold shudder creeping through my frame.

It passed, and as I looked silently after it, a second thought seized me; I was not mistaken, this is the omnibus, this and this alone is truly the carriage for all. We must all take a passage for the grave. "It is appointed unto men once to die." Willing or unwilling, ready or unready, every one of us must some day take a place in this carriage. The secret knowledge of this necessity troubles life in its deepest spring. Many men are "through fear of death, all their life-time subject to bondage." The dread of dying is a dark spot on the sun of the brightest life. If there were any way of getting that spot blotted out, not only would our departure from this world be safe at last, but also our sojourn on this world now would be cheerful.—"Blessed is he that overcometh;" but the chance of a victory to be gained in the hour of my departure is not enough for me. I want the victory now. I would like to enjoy the portion of my life-path that lies between the present moment and my latest breath; and I cannot enjoy it as long as death with his sting in him is ever lying like a serpent coiled up at my feet, threatening to make the fatal spring. There is a victory, and a way of making it mine. A man of flesh and blood like me—a man defiled by sin like me, was able in this life to defy that enemy to his face; was able to turn the terror into an anthem of joyful praise,—“O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” A happy man was he; when

death is no longer dreadful, life becomes tenfold more sweet. Nor let the reader suppose that this was Paul's experience, and that he was a great apostle, and that common people need not expect to be on a level with him. The way by which he entered into peace is open still; and we are as welcome as he. It would be contrary to the Scripture, and dishonouring to suppose that it was in any respect easier for Saul of Tarsus to get into peace with God than it is for you and me. The gate is open, and the inscription over it is, "Whosoever will." If any reader of this page is kept out from pardon and peace with God through the blood of Christ, it is because he will not close with the free offer now held out to all. "Seek, and ye shall find." Lay your mind to it as you have laid your mind to your education, your craft, your shop, or your farm, and you will not fail. Reader, as long as you keep God out of all your thoughts, his terrors will force their way in upon your pleasures. It is vain to fight against God; be reconciled to him through the death of his Son, and then enjoy the friendship of Him who has life and death in his own power. My friend, it is a great mistake to hang back, and make up your mind to stand trembling all your days at a distance from God, on the ground that great attainments are for great saints, and that it would be presumptuous in you to expect the same. This might be true if God's favour went by the merits of the man; but it goes by the worth of Christ; and the worth of Christ is as great for you as it was for Paul or John. The blood of Christ cleanses you and me from all sin, as it cleansed them; there is no more condemnation to us, when we are "in Christ Jesus," than there was to them. The way is as open to us as it was to them, and we are as welcome when we come. In Christ we are as safe, and we should be as happy, as they were. There are no step-children in the family of God; he does not make favourites of the cleverest, whose names have filled the world, and neglect those who were "never heard of half a mile from home." The poorest, least talented, least known, are as dear to the Redeemer now as the greatest, and will be as happy in his presence for ever.

James: Renwick, the Covenanter, and the

last of Scotland's great cloud of Christian martyrs, says, in a letter written on the morning of his execution, "Death to me is a bed to the weary." A young woman whom the writer knew, and who was subject to fainting fits in the latter stages of a fatal disease, said, in a tone of disappointment as she opened her eyes after a swoon, and saw her mother still bending over the bed, "Am I here yet?" She had hopped when she felt the fainting coming over her heart, that this time the Lord would lead her out on the other side. A young mother, also to the writer well known, had so completely gained the victory during her life, that when death was evidently drawing near, she threw back with a playful smile the sympathizing expressions of her friends, saying, "I have the best of it,—I have the advantage of you all, in getting over first." In that particular case, the soul in departing left its joy so distinctly imprinted on the body, that the countenance of the dead, instead of being repulsive, attracted by its angel-like loveliness even a little child. "Mother," said an infant of six years, after gazing on the face of the dead, still radiant with joy,—"mother, will there be room for a little girl in Aunt W——'s grave." "Why do you ask, child?"—"Because I would like to be laid beside her when I die."

God has provided for us, and now offers to us greater things than either the converted or unconverted fully realize. Disciples of Christ, why are you content to sit down in that low place? He calls you to come up higher. How great are his designs, and how low are our attainments! "Fear ye him" on this very point: "These words have I spoken unto you, that my joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full." Your Redeemer's desire is, that your joy may be full. Open your mouth wide and he will fill it. Forget, in this matter, the things that are behind, and reach forward. The kingdom of God—if any one ask where it is, the Bible answers, It is within you; if any one ask what it is, the Bible answers, Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. But beware; there is no such thing as true peace and courage in view of death and the judgment, along with a vain, worldly, prayerless life. There are not two ways of it: Confidence and a victory consist in a walk



with God. A "triumph is attainable even now, but it is "in Christ," (2 Cor. ii. 14.)

A word now for those readers who have no part yet in Christ. Your secret thought is that religion, though very necessary to die with, is very gloomy to live in. You are entirely mistaken. You are allowing the old serpent to cheat you out of your soul by a lie. Turn now; go to Christ in simple honesty and tell him all; throw yourself frankly upon his mercy, as a man deals with a brother man; let go all your righteousness and all your sin. Come true, open, single-eyed, and cast your whole sinful self on Christ. He will receive you; he will give you pardon, and peace and joyful hope. He is true and real; be true and real to him, and you are saved. Don't deal falsely, and don't put off.

A Hearse is an Omnibus carrying all to the grave. But, brother, another chariot, bright and beautiful, is coming up before it. This also is for all. It is the gospel. See in lines of light written by God's own Spirit aloft upon its front, "*Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.*" This chariot is passing the spot where you stand—it is passing; leap in; it will carry you through the wilderness and home to heaven. But oh! if you let it pass, although it came for all it will leave you lost behind. —*British Messenger.*

### THE ARAB IN THE DESERT.

(From the German of Schubart.)

An Arab had lost his way in the desert, and was in danger of dying from hunger and thirst. After wandering about for a long time, he found one of the cisterns or water-pits at which travellers water their camels, and a small leathern bag which was lying on the sand. "Allah be praised!" he cried, as he took it up and felt it, "it is, no doubt, dates or nuts; how I will quicken and refresh myself with them!" In this pleasing hope he quickly opened the bag, saw what it contained, and exclaimed in deep bitterness of soul, "Alas! it is only pearls!"

RUSSELL, C. W.

T. F.

### A COMFORTING CHARGE.

"Children, when I am dead, sing a song of praise to God."

Such were the dying words of the mother of John and Charles Wesley.

We love to meditate on the words of the departing Christian. We love to recall the jubilant testimony of Janeway, and the most celestial utterances of Payson. The thrice repeated exclamation of Gordon Hall in the last spasms of Asiatic cholera, "Glory to thee, O God!" the sublime language of Luther, "Father, into thy hands do I commend my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, thou faithful God!" the memorable words of the younger Adams, "This is the last of earth—I am content;" the beautiful thoughts and anticipations of the Venerable Bede, of Walter Scott, and Mrs. Hemans, are all comforting and encouraging to the Christian. But we know of no parting words more sweet and soothing than those of the venerable mother we have quoted.

"Children, when I am dead, sing a song of praise to God." Her troubles would then be ended. Her body would be free from weariness and pain; peace and rest would be its enduring heritage. "Almost well," said the dying Richard Baxter when asked concerning his bodily state. Death remedies all physical ills. Who would shed tears over deliverance from suffering?

But it is when we consider her spiritual relations after her departure that the particular appropriateness of the request appears. The consummation of her desires would then be attained—to be with God. The long wished for rest that remains for his people and the oft contemplated glory of his abode would be realized. Happiness coexistent with her soul would be secured.

"Out of her last home, dark and cold,  
She would pass to a city whose streets are gold,  
From the silence that falls upon sin and pain,

To the deathless joy of the angels' strain;  
Well would be ended what ill begun,  
Out of the shadow, into the sun."

Her spirit would be enraptured. Heaven would be jubilant. Well might her family praise God at such an hour. Who would be sad at a mother's joy? Who would weep when angels rejoice? "Who," says an elegant writer, "would save his tears for a coronation day?"—Independent.

## Sabbath School Lessons.

November 9th.

## JACOB SUPPLANTING ESAU.

GEN. XXVII.

1. *Isaac's purpose of blessing Esau.*

Life at all times is uncertain, and in time of old age and increasing infirmities, becomes much more so. Sensible of this, Isaac directs his first-born and favourite son, Esau, to take his weapons—his bow and his quiver—and to procure for him venison; and make me savoury meat such as I love, and bring it to me that I may eat; that my soul may bless thee before I die," ver. 4. Esau may perhaps have neglected, since his marriage, to provide venison, as formerly, for his father. Isaac wished that his soul should bless Esau. Prayer, to be effectual, must proceed from the soul as well as from the lips.

2. *Rebekah's plot to obtain the blessing for her favourite son Esau.*

Rebekah's end was good; she knew from the Divine oracle that God's purpose was to bless Jacob; Gen. xxv. 23. But the means which she took to accomplish her end were quite unjustifiable. She took advantage of Isaac's blindness to deceive him. By disguising Jacob she also imposed upon her husband's sense of feeling. How rash was her answer to Jacob's fears. "Upon me be thy curse!" Christ alone can say, "Upon me be thy curse, only obey my voice." "Rebekah took goodly raiment of her eldest son Esau, which were with her in the house, and put them upon Jacob her younger son," ver. 15. Let us seek to be clothed in the righteousness of our elder brother Jesus, when we would present ourselves before our Heavenly Father for his blessing.

3. *Jacob's successful execution of the plot.*

Jacob was a plain man, but how subtly does he act here! Verily there is none righteous; no, not one; Rom. iii. 10. But for restraining grace, how quickly would the best of men wander out of the way! These things are written, not for our example, but for our admonition. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Isaac blesses Jacob first with spiritual, "God give thee of the dew of heaven;" and lastly with temporal blessings, "And the fatness of the earth," ver. 28. The promise of superiority over other nations was not only to Jacob and the Jewish nation, but to the Messiah, who descended from Jacob, and to his church.

4. *Esau's return.*

Scarcely had Jacob left the presence of his father, when Esau returned from his hunting, and having prepared the savoury meat which his father loved, presented himself for the

blessing. Isaac, on discovering how he had been imposed upon, manifested great trepidation; he "trembled very exceedingly;" but he soon recovered himself, and ratifies the blessing which he had given: "Yea, and he shall be blessed," ver. 33. To this confirmation of the blessing which he had pronounced upon Jacob, he was probably led by the recollection, that the Divine will had been expressed, even before the birth of his sons, to the effect that the elder should serve the younger. Vain are our attempts to frustrate the will of God; Is. xli. 10. Perhaps Isaac felt too that while blessing Jacob he was inspired with an extraordinary measure of the Spirit. What grief, disappointment, and anguish did Esau express when he found that his brother, in his stead, had obtained the covenant—blessing! With a heart-rending cry he thus implored his father, "Bless me even me also my father! But what Isaac had spoken was the word of God, and not the word of man, and was therefore not to be revoked. Esau "found no place of repentance, though he sought it earnestly with tears." All those who die in impenitence, are represented by Esau. They will then greatly desire the blessings which once they despised. Like the foolish virgins, then will they cry, "Lord, Lord, open to us," Matt. xxv. 11. But upon all such the door of mercy is shut for ever; Luke xiii. 25. Observe, that in the blessing which Esau obtained, the good things of earth are placed prior to the blessings of heaven—the reverse of the order observed in the blessing of Jacob. But the principal and great difference between the blessings of Jacob and Esau is, that while Christ is indicated in the blessing of the former, he is not included in that of the latter. What signifies the world and all that it contains without Christ? Without him in the soul, "the hope of glory," the universe would be a blank.

5. *Esau's resentment.*

It is common for the wicked to hate those whom God loves. Esau unjustly blamed Jacob for having deprived him of his birthright, which he had however sold to his brother of his own free will; Gen. xxv. 33. The covenant-blessing was doubtless included in the birthright, but with greater show of reason Esau blames Jacob for having defrauded him of this also. His resentment against his brother was raised to such a pitch, that nothing less would satisfy him than his life. But in the good providence of God he could not conceal his bloody purpose. "The words of Esau her son were told Rebekah," ver. 24. Thinking that a separation from his brother for a time would have the effect of subduing Esau's passion, Rebekah planned the departure of Jacob from his father's roof for a time. She was very desirous that Jacob should not

marry from among the daughters of Heth, and judiciously concealing from Isaac the violent intentions of Esau respecting his brother, mentioned this as her reason for wishing Jacob's removal. A holy God will not suffer any sin to be unpunished in his children. Rebekah and Jacob were both to be punished for their duplicity—Jacob in having, as a wanderer and fugitive, to leave his father's roof, and Rebekah in being separated from her favorite son.

Learn—1st. It is in vain for man to attempt to subvert the purposes of God.—Acts v. 39.

2nd. The end does not justify the means.—Rom. iii. 8.

3rd. The Lord visits the sons of his people with temporal chastisements.—Ps. lxxxix. 23.

November 16th, 1861.

### THE DISCIPLES PLUCK EARS OF GRAIN.—MATT. XII. 1-8.

I. *The accusation of the disciples by the Pharisees.* 1. Jesus and his disciples were on their way to the synagogue, v. 9, on the Sabbath-day. "The disciples, being an-hungered, began to pluck the ears of corn and to eat." Providentially, their way lay through a field of corn. When we are in the way of duty, *Jehovah-jireh*, the Lord will provide. 2. The Pharisees took great offence at this conduct of the disciples, v. 2. It is common for hypocrites to be very zealous about the mere externals of religion, especially when they notice any apparent breach of them by the true followers of Christ. They did not blame the disciples for travelling on the Sabbath day, for the Jews were permitted to travel a certain distance on the Sabbath-day, termed a Sabbath-day's journey. Neither did they accuse them of injustice in plucking corn out of another's field, for this they were also permitted by the law to do. The crime of the disciples, in the eyes of the Pharisees, consisted in the plucking of the ears of corn, which they regarded as a kind of reaping.—In the parallel passage of St. Luke, we are informed that the disciples rubbed the corn in their hands, Luke vi. 1, this, in the estimation of the Pharisees, was grinding. Such labour being forbidden in the fourth commandment, these Jewish interpreters of the law fancied that the disciples were clearly guilty of a desecration of the Sabbath.

II. *Our Lord's justification of the disciples.* 1. Satan is said to be "the accuser of the brethren." The Pharisees accused the disciples before the Lord, and, by thus imitating Satan, showed themselves to be his children, John viii. 44. But Jesus, our Advocate, quickly comes to the defence of his people, 2. Our Lord vindicates the conduct of his disciples by precedents. He reminds

these hypocrites of what David did "when he was an-hungered and they that were with him; how he entered into the house of God and did eat the shew-bread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them which were with him, but only for the priests." v. 3. 4. This breach of the law, David was permitted to make, not on account of his regal authority—for when a like encroachment upon the priestly functions was attempted by King Uzziah, he was immediately punished by the Lord, 2 Chron. xxvi. 19, but by virtue of his necessity. The Lord also refers them to the conduct of the priests, who in the temple profaned the Sabbath, and were blameless, v. 5. In the performance of their duties, the priests had to offer sacrifices, Num. xxviii. 9, and in slaughtering, flaying and burning the victims, they did things which would be unlawful for others to have done on the Sabbath-day. But these things were performed by the priests in the service of the Lord, in his temple, and in obedience to his express command. And if the priests were justified in doing such servile acts on the Sabbath, when engaged in the temple-service, surely the disciples were blameless in the performance of necessary actions, while attending upon the Lord himself, of whom the temple was emblematical. This apparent scrupulousness of the Pharisees arose from the ignorance and darkness of their unenlightened minds. They did not consider the great ends of all the Divine commandments and ordinances—the glory of God and the good of man. "If ye had known," said our Lord, quoting Hosea vi. 6, "what this meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless." The last argument brought forward by our blessed Saviour to prove the innocence of the disciples, was His own sovereignty over the Sabbath. As God, he had established the Sabbath, and as God he had the right of abrogating or changing it according to his pleasure. As Lord of the Sabbath he afterwards changed it from the last to the first day of the week—the day of his resurrection—for which reason it has also been called the Lord's day. And though our Lord, at the time of this episode in his life, was "in the form of a servant, made under the law," yet had he the right in his human as well as his divine nature of declaring the holy Sabbath free from the traditions and ordinances of man, with which it had been encumbered.

Learn 1. That works of necessity are lawful on the Sabbath.—Luke vi. 9, 10.

2. That we have a gracious Saviour ever ready to plead the cause of his people against the accusations of the enemy.—Zech. iii. 2. Psa. xciv. 22. Psa. cix. 31.

3. That Jesus is Lord of the Sabbath.—Matt. xxviii. 18. John iii. 35.

## BIBLICAL NOTES.

## MOUNT HOR.

"Take Aaron and Eleazar his son, and bring them up unto mount Hor."—Num. xx. 25.

Mount Hor is one of the very few spots connected with the wanderings of the Israelites which admits of no reasonable doubt; the mountain is marked far and near by its double top, which rises like a huge castellated building from the lower base, and on one of these is the Mohammedan chapel, erected out of the remains of some early and more sumptuous building over the supposed grave. There was nothing of interest within, only the usual marks of Mussulman devotion, ragged shirts, ostrich eggs, and a few beads. These were in the upper chamber. The great high priest, if his body be really there, rests in a subterranean vault below, hewn out of the rock, and in a nook now cased over with stone, wood and plaster. From the flat roof of the chapel we overlooked his last view—that view which was to him what Pisgah was to his brother. To us the northern end was partly lost in haze, but we saw all the main points on which his eye must have rested. He looked over the valley of the "Arabah," consecrated by its one hundred water-courses, and beyond, over the white mountains of the wilderness they had so long traversed; and on the northern edge there must have been visible the heights through which the Israelites had vainly attempted to force their way into the promised land. This was the western view. Close around him on the east were the rugged mountains of Edom, and far along the horizon the wide downs of Mount Seir, through which the passage had been denied by the wild tribes of Esau, who hunted over their long slopes. A dreary moment and a dreary scene; such, at any rate, it must have seemed to the aged priest.—[Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine."

## FEAR OF DEATH.

"Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself."—John xx. 6, 7.

It is said of the late Dr. Arnold that, finding one of his children had been greatly shocked and overcome by the first sight of death, he tenderly endeavoured to remove the feeling which had been awakened, and opening a Bible, pointed to the words, 'Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped

together in a place by itself.'—'Nothing,' he said, 'to his mind, afforded us such comfort, when shrinking from the outward accompaniments of death—the grave, the grave-clothes, the loneliness—as the thought that all these had been around our Lord himself—round Him who died and is now alive for evermore.'—[Stanley's Life of Arnold.

## DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

"I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream."—Num. xii. 6.

The excellent Dr. Doddridge once dreamt that he became ill and died. His poor frail body was exchanged for a seraphic form, and he seemed to float in a region of brightness. And though he had put on immortality, he saw what was going on in the earth he had quitted; he saw his own lifeless corpse lying in his house, and his friends weeping around it. He next thought he was rising joyously in the air through vast regions of empty space, flooded by golden light. He was not alone. By his side, guiding and bearing him up, was one,—a messenger of God. They rose and rose, until the outlines of a glittering palace appeared in the distance; one far more glorious than aught he had been able to imagine when on earth. And yet, to his mind, it did not appear that this was heaven. He seemed to intimate this to the spiritual being who was with him, and the latter replied, that for the present it was to be his home,—his place of rest. They entered in, and soon found themselves in a large room. "Rest here," said his conductor to him; "the Lord of the mansion will soon be with you; meanwhile, study the apartment." The next moment Dr. D. was alone; and upon casting his eyes round the room, he saw that the walls were adorned with a series of pictures. To his great astonishment he found that it was his past life delineated there. From the moment when he had come into the world a helpless infant, and God had breathed into him the breath of life, unto the recent hour, when he had seemed to die, his whole existence was there marked down; every event which had happened to him shone out conspicuously on its walls.—Some he remembered as perfectly as though they had occurred but yesterday; others had passed from his memory into oblivion, until thus recalled. Things obscure in life were there,—the accidents which had overtaken him in his mortal state, all of which he had escaped from untouched, or but slightly hurt. One in particular caught his attention—a fall from his horse, for he recollected the circumstance well; it had been a perilous fall, and his escape was marvellous.

But scattered in every picture, all along

the whole career, he saw merciful, guiding, shielding angels, who had been with him unsuspected throughout his life, never quitting him, always watching over him to guard him from danger. He continued to gaze on these wonderful pictures; and the more he gazed the greater grew his awe, his reverence, his admiration of the unbounded goodness of God. Not a turn did his life take but it rested on some merciful act of interposition for him. Love, gratitude, joy, filled his heart to overflowing.

### EARTHQUAKE AT PHILIPPI.

"And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken, and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed."—Acts xvi. 26.

The earthquake at Philippi, and by which the doors of Paul's prison were opened, was in the year 53. A few months later the tribute was remitted to the citizens of Apamea, in Phrygia, in consideration of their city having been overthrown by an earthquake. Now, an earthquake sufficiently strong to overthrow a city in Asia Minor, would be felt strongly also in the remoter distances of Macedonia; sufficiently strong, probably, to open the bars of a prison door. The great earthquake at Aleppo was felt severely in Smyrna, though no buildings were thrown down. As God often works miracles even by natural causes, so the prison doors being opened to Paul by the earthquake would still be the effect of divine agency.

### CORINTH.

"And after these things Paul departed from Athens, and came to Corinth."—Acts xviii. 1.

This wealthy city was the metropolis of Achaia, and situated upon the isthmus of the same name, which joins the Peloponnesus to the continent. Its situation was highly favourable for that commerce which ultimately rendered it one of the most wealthy and luxurious cities of the world. For being within two ports, the one of which was open to the eastern and the other to the western navigator, while its geographical situation placed it, as it were, in the centre of the civilized world, it became the point where the merchants from the three quarters of the globe met and exchanged their treasures. It was also celebrated for the Isthmian games, to which the apostle makes some striking and remarkably appropriate allusions in his epistles to the Corinthians. Nor should it be unnoticed that in the centre of the city there stood a famous temple of Venus, in which a thou-

sand priestesses of the goddess ministered to licentiousness, under the patronage of religion. From such various causes Corinth had an influx of foreigners of all descriptions, who carried the riches and the vices of all nations into a city, in which the merchant, the warrior, and the seamen could enjoy them for his money. Devoted to traffic, and to the enjoyment of the wealth which that traffic secured, the Corinthians were exempt from the influence of that thirst for conquest and military glory by which their neighbours were actuated; hence they were seldom engaged in any war except for the defence of their country, or in behalf of the liberties of Greece: yet Corinth furnished many brave and experienced commanders to other Grecian states, among whom it was common to prefer a Corinthian general to one of their own or any other state. As might be expected, Corinth was not remarkably distinguished for philosophy or science; but its wealth attracted to it the arts, which assisted to enrich and aggrandize it, till it became one of the very finest cities in all Greece. The 'Corinthian' order of architecture took its name from that rich and flowery style which prevailed in its sumptuous edifices—the temples, palaces, theatres and porticoes.

The Corinthians having ill-treated the Roman ambassadors, their city fell a prey to the Romans, with all its treasures and works of art, and was totally destroyed by Mummius. It lay a long while desolate, till it was rebuilt by Julius Cæsar, by whom it was peopled with a colony of Romans; and, favoured by its admirable situation, it was soon restored to a most flourishing condition. "The ancient manners," says Hug, "abundantly returned; Acro-Corinth was again the Isthmian Dione, and an intemperate life was commonly called the Corinthian mode of life. Among all the cities that ever existed, this was accounted the most voluptuous; and the satirist could only jocularly seem to be at a loss whether, in this respect, he should give the preference to Corinth or to Athens."

Corinth still exists as an inhabited town, under the name of Coranthe. It is a long, straggling place, which is well-paved, and can boast of some tolerably good buildings, with a castle of some strength, which is kept in a good state of defence. There are still some considerable ruins, to attest the ancient consequence of Corinth, and the taste and elegance of its public buildings. The extensive view from the summit of the high mountain which commands the town, and which was the Acropolis (Acro-corinth) of the ancient city, is pronounced by travellers to be one of the finest in the world.—[Kitto.

## WATCH.

Just one word with you my brothers and sisters in Christ. What I say unto one I say unto all, Watch. For although you are washed, justified, and sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God, yet there is still within you an evil heart of unbelief, there is still a law in your members warring against the law of your mind, and bringing you into captivity to the law of sin which is in your members, so that you are often led to say, Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death. Then, my brethren, have you not need to watch and that continually, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." The spirit, indeed, may be willing, but the flesh is weak. Of ourselves we can do no good thing; but thank God, the Spirit helpeth our infirmities. Through Christ's strengthening us we can do valiantly. But, my brethren, I would also have you watch the devil, for he will not fail to watch you.—Your adversary the devil goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; and he worries whom he cannot devour, with a malicious joy. Then it is not only against flesh and blood that we have to wrestle, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world and against wicked spirits in high places. Therefore take unto you the whole armour of God that you may be able to withstand; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit; and watching there unto with all perseverance. Then I would have you watch for souls, for he that winneth souls is wise. Ever go about watching for opportunities to sow the word of God; go forth in the morning and in the evening, withhold not your hand, be instant in season and out of season. But not to occupy too much space, I shall close by saying, brethren the time is short, therefor

watch, and be sober, let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye, yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, for he hath said, blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching. Though you know these things, my brethren, and have no need to be informed, yet I feel it my duty whilst I am in this tabernacle to stir up your pure minds, by putting you in remembrance. Therefore, suffer this word of exhortation, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch."

E. K.

Onondaga, C.W.

## The Death of a Soul.

## THIRD HOUR.

Oh, slumberer, rouse thee! Despise not the truth,  
Give, give, thy Creator the days of thy youth;  
Why standest thou idle? The day breaketh. See!  
The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee!

Sweet Spirit! by thy power,  
Grant me yet another hour;  
Earthly pleasures I would prove—  
Earthly joys and earthly love;  
Scarcely yet has dawned the day,  
Sweetest Spirit! wait, I pray!

## SIXTH AND NINTH HOURS.

Oh, loiterer, speed thee! The morn wears apace,  
Then squander no longer thy remnant of grace;  
But haste while there's time! with thy Master agree,  
The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee!

Gentle Spirit! prithee stay,  
Brightly beams the early day;  
Let me linger in these bowers,  
God shall have my noontide hours;  
Chide me not for my delay,  
Gentle Spirit! wait, I pray!

## ELEVENTH HOUR.

Oh, sinner, arouse thee! thy morning has past,  
Already the shadows are length'ning fast;  
Escape for thy life, from the dark mountains flee,  
The Lord of the vineyard yet waiteth for thee!

Spirit, cease thy mournful lay!  
Leave me to myself, I pray;  
Earth has slung her spell around me,  
Pleasure's silken chain has bound me;  
When the sun his path hath trod,  
Spirit, then, I'll turn to God!

Hark! borne on the wind is the bell's solemn toll,  
'Tis mournfully pealing the knell of a soul—  
Of a soul that repelled the convictions of truth,  
And gave to the world the best hours of its youth,  
The Spirit's sweet pleadings and strivings are o'er,  
The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no more!

W.

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

The danger of those who neglect family prayer is very great, Jer. x. 25; where such are classed among heathens; and, consequently, they cannot be Christians but in profession. Indeed, they are worse than heathens, for even they were convinced of the necessity of this duty by the light of nature; seeing we read that every family had their household gods, to which they prayed, together with their children. But as family prayer is a very important part of family religion, and as it seems to be much neglected in the present day by those who call themselves Christians, we shall extend this inference a little. We say, then, that they who neglect this duty do not believe the Scriptures to be the Word of God. They may, indeed, acknowledge them to be so; but they do not firmly believe that they are the Word of God. For instance, they do not believe the passage formerly alluded to, viz., that God will "pour out his fury upon those families that call not upon his name;" otherwise why do they neglect this duty? But to reject part of the Scriptures, or those parts of them which are not agreeable to their inclinations, is the same as to reject the whole. The true Christian believes the whole Scripture to be the Word of God, notwithstanding that there are many parts of it which oppose his natural inclinations; and he endeavours, through the strength of Divine grace, to perform every commanded duty; and this he knows to be one, viz., family worship. But again, they who neglect this duty, live in a continual breach of the Fifth and Sixth Commandments of the moral law,—of the Fifth Commandment, which requires parents to instruct their children in the doctrines and duties of religion, and to pray with and for them; and of the Sixth Commandment, which not only forbids us to take away the natural life of ourselves or others, but also, according to its spiritual import, commands us to do what we can to promote the life of our own souls and of the souls of others. Surely, then, he must be a hard-hearted parent who does not do what he can to save the souls of his children, or, in other words, who does what he can to damn them; for we may readily believe, that he who neglects family religion will not be very anxious to keep his family from conforming themselves to the world,—that is, from following its maxims, customs and amusements; the love of which and the love of God are utterly inconsistent "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."—1 John ii. 15. He, then, who neglects the duty of family worship, has sure and infallible evi-

dence that he has no real concern about the salvation either of his own soul or of the souls of his family. But further, they who call themselves Christians, while they neglect this duty, are guilty of very great hypocrisy. They pretend to worship God in public, when the eyes of their fellow-creatures are upon them; but when in private and secret, or in the presence of the heart-searching God alone, they neglect religion altogether—they bow not a knee to Him who made them. Such have name to live, but they are dead—spiritually dead; and if they do not consider their ways, and turn to the Lord and to their duty, they will in a short time be eternally dead. Let those, then, who neglect family religion, begin the performance of this duty, humbly depending on the grace of God, and ever remembering that none can be true Christians who neglect it. Although there is no express command for it in Scripture, yet we find that it was practised by the saints, which is equal to a command; and surely they who would be Christians, must imitate Christ, who did not neglect this duty, but prayed with his disciples, who were his family; and, moreover, it is, as formerly mentioned, a duty of mere natural religion, or a duty, the obligation of which is evident from the light of nature alone.—[Paterson on the Shorter Catechism.

## A HINT TO TEACHERS.

Another thing is, you must study circumstances. You have all heard of the preacher who once went to a place to preach, and just as he began it came on an awful thunder storm. Well, he was a ready man—one of God's wise servants, so he took his text: 'Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire, and brimstone, and an horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup.' The feeling was intense; the people did not know how to bear it. When he went again they said to him, "Will you give us that thunder and lightning sermon to-day?" "Oh, no," he said, "I should want the thunder and lightning to help me." Just so; and so it is in reference to all circumstances. Sometimes a mother dies; take advantage of it to speak to the child about death. Sometimes there is affliction in the families of your scholars; take advantage of the circumstance to drive home the word of truth. In this respect, without laying down any particular rule, I would say, study to show yourselves 'workmen who need not to be ashamed.'—From Sermon to Teachers, by Rev. R Bushnell.

## Revival Intelligence.

One grand result of the revival in London has been to multiply the living witnesses for truth. Christians, apparently possessed by a dumb spirit, have now their tongues set free, and they speak lovingly, tenderly, faithfully to the perishing. More than this, young Christians recently converted, with burning words, commend to all around Him whom they have newly found as their own Deliverer and Redeemer. Thus, open-air preaching becomes an established institution—permanent, I trust, till the dawn of that Millennial era, when none shall need to say to his brother, "Know the Lord," and when even of London itself, with its teeming millions, the name shall be "Jehovah Shammah"—"The Lord is there."

Lord Shaftesbury has recently presided at a meeting held at the residence of Mr. George Moore, in Kensington Palace Gardens, for the purpose of hearing, from the Bishop of London and the Earl of Shaftesbury, statements relating to the movement for preaching in theatres and halls, and also to the operations of the London Diocesan Home Mission. It has been resolved that the special services shall be continued for another winter and spring season.

"We were encouraged," said Lord Shaftesbury, "by the results of the first year's experiment to go on with a second, and this has been no less serviceable. The testimony of magistrates, of clergymen, of the police, of all who come frequently in contact with the masses, has been universal. I hold in my hand a letter from a working clergyman fully substantiating this fact, and showing that many of the criminal and vicious of both sexes resorted to church after their feelings had been first moved by the theatre services."

At a tea-meeting in connection with the movement, four men spoke with deep feeling, and implored the promoters, for God's sake, not to abandon their object. *These men had all been converted from a state of blasphemous infidelity; and one of them, with an eloquence almost agonizing, had represented the consequences which must ensue on a discontinuance of this work of salvation.*

The Rev. W. Brock, of Bloomsbury, bore witness, from what he saw and heard at one of the services of the London Diocesan Mission, to the blessing likely to follow from its operations. And the writer feels great satisfaction in heartily indorsing this statement. The Bishop of London originated the movement; the clergymen employed in the work are, as a rule, earnest, affectionate, and informal in the sense that they know how to stoop to conquer, and make poor men and women feel that they are not despised, but loved.

"Never," said Lord Shaftesbury, "were people as ready as now to listen to the Word of God, if preached with sincerity and earnestness. Never had there been so much opportunity for spreading the knowledge of Christian truth—never were people so ready to be led in the right way." All this is true, even while we have had great "tragedies" and great cryings in London of late; and while Satan and his agents have been so malignant, busy, and successful, that it has been said, "London was never so bad as it is now."

"My Lord," said one of four men once wicked exceedingly, who entreated Lord Shaftesbury not to discontinue the services in theatres, "you see me a trophy of mercy, picked up at a theatre. O! how earnestly do I bless God that they" (the services) "ever were established." He then added

with deep emotion, "I am humbled and ashamed to confess it. For twenty years I was a detestable Deist, opposing the gospel because I hated it, ridiculing those who believed it. As for a place of worship, I never entered one. I lived in sin, and loved it. Curiosity led me into the theatre. The words of eternal truth entered into my soul. I stood appalled before the magnitude of my sin. My state of mind I cannot describe. I flew to prayer. It was a death-struggle with me. At length—but the rest is sweetly told by the poet. (He here quoted Cowper's lines:—"I was a stricken deer," &c.) Now, I go out, after my work, by the wayside, and humbly and earnestly proclaim that gospel I had so long laboured to destroy."

The aggregate number who attended during the last series of special services, amounted to no less than 260,000 persons.

The Bible-women of London, to the number of 150, have recently been entertained, for a long summer day, by Mr. Barclay, a city banker, at his country seat. The projector of this noblest of Home Missions, "L. N. R.," with the lady superintendents, and many others, were present on this interesting occasion. Ere the Bible-women left the beautiful grounds of their host, young ladies presented each of them with a bouquet of the choicest flowers. These flowers would soon fade; and for many a long day, the Bible-women will not tread the green sward, or hear the song of birds, nor look on rural scenes of loveliness. But they have set their hearts on diffusing the fragrance of "The Rose of Sharon," and through their instrumentality, many a howling moral waste of London, where nought but the briars and thorns of sin and misery were to be seen, is now becoming as a garden of the Lord.

The state of the Jews in London and all over the world is receiving a larger measure of interest than usual. The spiritual and moral condition of the mass is deplorable; some rabbinical and bigoted, others rationalistic and sceptical; very many more utterly indifferent to religion, and eager in the pursuit of pleasure and gain. But yet there are signs of coming blessing. The Old Testament Scriptures, long neglected, are now being taught to the young, and to adults the New Testament is by many read in secret. The writer has under instruction at this time a young German Jew of good family, who, having received some years ago, in his native country, an English New Testament, has, by the reading of it and the teaching of the Holy Spirit, been led on, step by step, towards the light, and ere long, I believe, will publicly avow his faith in Jesus as the Messiah.

"Cases of Jewish inquirers are constantly arising." Such is the testimony of the venerable and excellent Ridley Herschell, whose ministry as a son of Abraham, according to the flesh and the spirit, God has so greatly honoured in this metropolis. The writer also was privileged, not long since, in the presence of a large congregation, publicly to baptize two German Jews now resident in London. They are husband and wife; and, immediately after their own baptism, they became sponsors for a little daughter, who was also received into the visible church of Christ. Both are natives of Austria, highly educated and accomplished. They have passed through deep waters from temporal losses, which drove them to England and London. But here they found the goodly Pearl, and are rich indeed. And here, too, in spite of golden temptations held out to them in their poverty not to abandon Judaism, they have publicly avowed the Lord Jesus as the Son of God and the King of Israel.



I ask special prayer for the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Let it be the prayer of faith. For surely whether the Jews are to return to their own land or not, one thing is certain, that for them is reserved a glorious future.

By the awful maledictions under which they still lie, by the memory of their past persecutions and wrongs, by the primacy of their claims ("to the Jew first") to have the gospel proclaimed in their ears, by the obligations under which they have placed us Gentile Christians, in handing down and conserving the unadulterated Scriptures of the Old Testament, and, above all, by the grand fact that the "Child born" and the "Son given," the "Emmanuel, God with us"—He who agonized in the garden, He who hung upon the tree for us, was a Jew; yea, that He who now wears a glorified body at the right hand of God, is specially the brother of the lost sheep of the house of Israel, I ask all the Christian readers of the *Messenger*, never to despise, never to despair of, never to forget that ancient people, or cease to cry, "O THAT THE SALVATION OF ISRAEL WERE COME OUT OF ZION!"—*British Messenger*.

### REVIVAL IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

The tide of the revival has reached the South Sea Islands. In a communication addressed to the *Missionary Chronicle*, the Rev. George Gill says:

The Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, my friend and colleague in Mangaia, says: "Our work here is going on very well. True, indeed, we have not all sunshine, nor is it all shade. Our grounds for encouragement are very great indeed. A few days hence I hope to admit twenty-four to the church at Ivirua and Oneroa. At Barotonga a great revival has taken place; upwards of eight hundred have joined the classes."

In confirmation of this statement, I will translate a portion of a letter I have just received from *Russe* and *Tindmana*, the native chief and teacher at Arrorangi. They say, "This is a season of great joy on Rarotonga. Multitudes of men and women, and young persons have been led to abandon their former evil practices, and their backsliding, and have with all their heart believed upon Christ, and have been admitted into the fellowship of the church. You will rejoice, and perhaps also you will fear; you will rejoice truly with fear and trembling on this thing which has recently grown up amongst us; because they who have thus come to the church have been notoriously wicked in their past lives. It was in the month of August last that this thing grew, and gave us such joy. I have not time to tell you more; the ship is going away soon, but I write to tell you that it is well with us and the church of God here. *Isaia* has been very ill for six months, but he is better now. Blessings and peace rest ever with you."

*Russe*, the native teacher writes, "More than seven hundred have turned from evil

and believed. You will rejoice to know that Makea, the son of Timomana, has been admitted a repentant and humble disciple of Christ. In *Nagatangia* 200, in *Avarua* 220, and in *Arrorangi* more than 90 are now seeking for peace and prosperity here. *Isaia* has been ill, and has not been able to attend to his duties as formerly, but he has recovered now. I write to you now, that you tell the society to hasten, and send us help—we are waiting for more help. We are anxiously waiting and hoping that more missionaries may soon be sent out for us."

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