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# THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG.

## THE MYSTERIES OF THE KINGDOM.

BY THE REV. H. B. WRAY,

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Ephesians v. 32.—This is a great mystery. but I speak concerning Christ and the Church.

CHRIST is the centre and heart of this portion of Scripture, as He is of the whole Bible. The sum of the Scriptures is the gospel; the sum of the gospel is Christ; the Scriptures are the system, Christ is their central sun. The doctrine of this text, which we select as a foundation for a discourse upon the *Mysteries of Christ's Kingdom*, is the union and relation subsisting between Christ and his Church. The point we aim at in our remarks upon this passage, is to show, that God requires from us an implicit belief in all His revealed word and will. Although all the essential truths of the gospel, are to carnal reason, incomprehensible, we having actually no ideas of their existence; yet, being plainly revealed to us by the Spirit of truth, they are no longer secret mysteries, but plain and clear truths presented to our faith for belief, rather than to our reason for speculation; while the *manner* of their existence is incomprehensible to reason, the *matter* and fact of their existence is clear to faith. And further, that the work of grace in the soul is supernatural; that the plantation of a sinner in the true Church of Christ is the work of the Almighty One, and that the invariable mode by which God draws a sinner, is through the word of truth which the Father himself has given, the record of his Son, the Incarnate Mystery.

Instead, then, of telling you that we are only required to believe what we can un-

derstand and reconcile, I would show you that we are required to believe and esteem every Bible truth, the whole mystery of Godliness, as precious objects of our faith. In these last days, when men will not endure *sound doctrine* but are turned unto *fables*; preferring human systems to Divine revelations of truth, popularized, rationalized theories of natural religion, to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, it behoves us to present the distinctive truths and principles of the gospel, which put honor on the word of God, and on the work of the Holy Spirit. To exhibit the Mystery of Godliness as indeed a great mystery, and to exalt the religion of Jesus Christ as something infinitely above nature's reach, making true Godliness the effect of the independent operation of Almighty God. His workmanship, a new creation wherein a new nature is implanted, even to the very root, from which all holy desires, all good counsels; and all just works do proceed. For every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.

Let us now endeavour to illustrate this truth in the light of Scripture. For method's sake we may take the words as they stand in the text, suggesting a natural division of our subject.

Let me then speak—I. Concerning Divine mysteries, generally.

II. Concerning this

particular mystery—*this great mystery.*

### III. Concerning Christ.

### IV. Concerning the Church.

### V. Lastly, make some practical improvement of the subject in application to ourselves.

And while we speak and hear, I pray that the Lord the Spirit may quicken, humble, and sanctify our minds, that we may be enabled to realize these blessed truths in our own experience; that we may be *led* in all *truth*, that souls may be edified, truth manifested, and God glorified, for Christ's sake. Our remarks are merely suggestive hints, glimpses of truth, to direct you to the study of the Scriptures referred to in the sequel of this discourse.

1. *Mysteries*—There are mysteries in the kingdom of nature, as well as in the kingdom of grace, which surpass the highest powers of created intelligence to comprehend; God is alike mysterious in His works as in His word; we believe the account of the creation although we cannot comprehend it. The Bible does not explain the mysteries of either empire; the inspired writers state facts and results, not processes. God does not require us to believe in the nature and manner, but in the matter and fact of revealed mysteries. Although we cannot comprehend them we are obliged to believe from the heart all the mysterious truths of revelation respecting our salvation. Should any of these seem to contradict each other, it arises altogether from the finite nature of our own minds. Instead therefore, of rejecting some parts of God's word and labouring to reconcile other apparently paradoxical statements of eternal truth by systems of human invention, we must humbly receive each and all in the simplicity of faith, as God has been pleased to reveal them. It is evident then, that mystery must characterize every communication from an infinite to a finite mind and that, as God is a mystery, for who by searching can find out God, a Bible without mystery, would, in the nature of things,

be just a Bible without a God. If we adopt the rational theory, "to believe nothing that we cannot understand;" that whatever doctrines are involved in mystery, ought, for that reason, to be rejected as false. Now is not this, not only absolute infidelity but absolute folly. Must we renounce our senses, as well as our faith. We cannot satisfactorily explain any of the phenomena of nature, therefore we are to believe no revelation of science. We are not to believe that God created the world because we cannot comprehend how He made it, thus the only way to be orthodox Christians is to turn infidels, and throw philosophy into the same grave with Christianity. The mysteries of nature are just as great as the mysteries of grace, but not so repugnant to the natural heart; and why?—because there is no redemption, no humbling doctrines of the cross, involved in those facts. The wisest philosopher knows no more than a child how a blade of grass grows, nor can he explain the real properties of an atom that floats in the air or of a particle of sand upon the sea shore. And surely to deny the existence of these bodies because we know not how they exist is not very wise. Men are walking by faith in scientific as well as in religious investigations. If there is any force in the maxim, that our faith should go no farther than our ideas, then we must deny the existence of any object of nature, or of any truth in revelation we must deny the existence of God and of our own being. Surely this would not be very orthodox. A heathen philosopher teaches a more excellent way. When some of Epictetus' scholars observed to him that they could not comprehend his nature, although he had told them many excellent things concerning God. To this the stoic answered, "Were I able fully to set forth God, I must either be God myself, or God himself must cease to be."

The Bible, in its spiritual meaning, has ever been a sealed book to the natural mind. 1 Corinthians ii. 14. It is, I grant, an easy thing to acquire correctly a head knowledge of the *truth* as it is in *Jesus*; but the Spirit can alone reveal the deep things of God so as to influence the heart and uplift the veil which spiritual blindness and unbelief have cast around us. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard—but

God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." The glories of gospel grace are hid and sealed alike from the learned and unlearned. "The world by wisdom knew not God." "The wisdom of the wise perisheth." "The understanding of the prudent is hid." The term mysteries has special reference to Christ and his kingdom established on earth in the hearts of men. "The kingdom of God is within you. We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery." "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom," Colossians i. 28, 27; 1 Timothy iii. 16; Ephs. iii. 3, 4, 9. It is manifest from these passages and from the uniform tenor of Scripture, that an experimental knowledge of the gospel can only be attained through the divine teaching of the Spirit and the word.

2ndly. Now there are some important inferences which follow from these considerations. The real cause of all unbelief is not because the head cannot comprehend the great mysteries of Christianity, but simply because the heart will not believe them; it is enmity against the moral perceptions of God as they are revealed in the Bible, that makes Divine truth *hard to be understood*. It is not the understanding but the will that is opposed to the gospel, and the humbling doctrines of the cross. Mystery, is not the sole nor the real cause of man's aversion to the gospel. There is nothing in the doctrines of the Trinity, twofold nature of Christ, conversion, regeneration, resurrection, or in any of the doctrines of Christianity, considered merely in themselves, to provoke or offend, however they may baffle and puzzle our reason. What offends the natural mind, therefore, is not the incomprehensibility of the gospel mysteries, as mere mystery, but the redemption involved in the facts. How intense the enmity of the natural heart, seeing it can believe and admire the Divine power and goodness in nature, and deny it in grace; trace the omnipotence of God in creation, and trample upon it in redemption.

3rdly. We learn that Christ's ministers have a warrant and Divine authority for preaching the "mysteries of the kingdom." Our Apostle desired the prayers of the Church, that "God would open a door of utterance unto him to speak the mysteries of Christ that he might present every man

perfect in Christ." The preaching of the gospel in all its fullness is the appointed means for the ministry of the Spirit. *Preach the word*, is the command. The word of the truth of the gospel is the appointed instrument to convert and regenerate the sinner, and to sanctify the converted. "Born again by incorruptible seed of the word of God." It was "when Peter was yet speaking the word that the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard." "I have not shunned to declare unto you the counsel of God," Teaching us that nothing should be concealed or reserved, but *all truth*, both in doctrine and practice, fully opened and enforced. "The truth as it is in Jesus" implies the whole truth, not mere authorized selections. Cecil has well said. "Half the truth is a lie." Logic and scholastic literature have added nothing to God's truth, but have, very often, bewildered the humble inquirer after it. The Lord has "hid His mysteries from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes."

The Word of God is the foundation, the combustible, so to speak, upon which the Promethean spark of the Holy Spirit falls in conversion; and where most truth is spoken, we are to *hope* there will be most true conversions. While God can work without means, He ordinarily works effectually in the regeneration of sinners, by the instrumentality of the Word; therefore we must do God's work in God's own appointed way, if we would expect His blessing, for God will only bless His own truth. While all Evangelical Christians agree on the necessity of the Holy Spirit's work in the conversion of sinners, they differ widely as to the mode in which the Spirit works. Does the Holy Ghost convert the soul by a positive act of sovereign power, as in the case of Saul's conversion; or does He work mediately by Word, informing the mind, winning the affections, and changing the heart, by the instrumentality of Scripture truth. Surely the latter is the ordinary mode by which the Spirit works. He proposes the truths, the mysteries of Christianity, to the mind, and then disposes the mind and will to receive and believe them. Hence the promise—"He that believeth shall be saved." Thus "Lydia's heart was opened by the things that were spoken by Paul, and our

beloved brother Paul, who according to the wisdom given unto him, hath spoken some things hard to be understood."

4thly. Therefore, it is, my hearers, that I would preach the Word in all its fulness unto you, mysterious though it be; ever remembering that "all Scripture is profitable for doctrine and instruction in righteousness." I would speak unto you "not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which God the Holy Ghost teacheth." And is it not especially necessary to preach the mysteries of the Gospel, in these days of infidelity, unsettled views, uncertain sounds, rationalistic tendencies, and loose gospeling. The almost universal creed of the rising generation is that it matters little what a man believes so long as he is sincere in something. What is this but positive infidelity, absolute practical atheism. And is it not to be feared that many who suppress these mysteries and teach nothing better than natural religion, are sowing the seeds infidelity, and laying the foundations of scepticism and rationalism deep and broad. The natural heart is, at this hour, as much opposed to the doctrine of Christ's imputed righteousness as was the first rationalist Cain, who despised the blood of the typical sacrifice. The sole cause why men, and especially the most educated classes, hate the mysteries of Christianity is, because they enforce the necessity of spiritual regeneration, redemption by blood, and sanctification by the Holy Ghost. My simple object is to show you the necessity of these things, and to lead you in faith and prayer to the mercy of God in Christ. I would direct you all to Christ, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." I would exalt Christ, who "in all things must have the pre-eminence." We must not exalt learning and human philosophy above Divine truth; like Pilate placing the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin up over Christ's head. No, no. Pride of intellect was the first sin, and will be the last; and is the cause of all the rationalism which now deluges our land.

But let us come nearer to our text and speak concerning—

II. *This great mystery, the mysterious union subsisting between Christ and His Church.* Read the context from 23rd verse. Here Adam's relationship to Eve

is adverted to as emblematical of the Saviour's union with His Church. Adam's marriage seems to be represented as a type of this union. The Apostle referring to Adam's words, that Eve was "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh," says: "for we (believers) are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones"—obviously meaning, that all the life, grace, and glory, which the Church has, is derived from Christ, even as the woman was taken out of the man. The marriage union between Adam and Eve contained a mystical signification, and bore a lively resemblance to a more excellent, intimate, and lasting union, surpassing our comprehension—the spiritual, eternal union which subsists between Christ the head and the living members of His mystical body the Church. As Eve was taken out of Adam's side when he was asleep, so the Church, the *Lamb's Wife*, the *Bride*, was begotten, in a spiritual manner, by virtue proceeding from the side of the second Adam, Jesus Christ, the Husband of His people (Isaiah Iv. 5), when His side was pierced, while He slept the sleep of death, in order that we might live with him for ever. Now this is a great mystery, upon which we should not indulge in any practical reflections, further than to remark that we believe in the actual, vital, eternal union subsisting between Christ and every true believer, every living member of His blood-bought flock—simply because God has revealed it. A union which proves an actual interest and title to all the benefits procured by the Saviour's obedience and death, as the representative, federal head and substitute of his people.

2dly. This actual union of heart and affection to Jesus is brought about by faith, "for ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Faith is the mystical ring, the bond of eternal union which welds the soul to Christ in the indissoluble ties of covenant love. By faith we receive supplies out of His fulness; by faith, we hold sweet communion with Jesus; by faith the up-hill journey of life is turned into an *Emmaus* journey, when "Jesus talks with us by the way" and causes our "hearts to burn within us" as we reflect upon His wondrous love to us miserable sinners. Blessed Jesus, adorable Saviour, how cold is our love to thee—how feebly do we apprehend the mystery of thy love to us—

the glories of thy person—the perfection of thine atonement. This intimate relation and eternal connection between Christ and His people are essential to spiritual life and continuance in grace. The life which Christ gives is eternal life. “I give them eternal life and they shall never perish. Because I live ye shall live also. Romans viii. 35. Yet, our faithless hearts will not allow us to appropriate these precious promises to ourselves. This life of Christ in the soul is the life and soul of all true religion. Christ, in this near relation to his people, comes home to the believer’s heart endeared to the warmest affections; not only on account of what He has done for us in His death; but in the nearness of affinity in which he is united to us, as a living Jesus, an ever present Saviour; a “husband, friend, and brother born for adversity.” Is not this a great mystery—ay, it is; but, under the Spirit’s teaching, it is very blessed to the believer’s heart and experience.

While our Lord adverted to this spiritual union in the sixth chapter of John’s Gospel, the Jews murmured at him; and even his disciples did not relish the subject but said—“this is a hard saying; who can bear it.” Christ then taught them that He dwelt in those who spiritually eat his flesh and drink his blood—such as, by faith, receive him, and live upon his fullness. “Then we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us; then, we are one with Christ and Christ with us.” May we, dear friends, so by faith realize this blessed union; then when we partake of the commemorative ordinance of the Holy Communion of His body and blood, shall we be “meat partakers of those holy mysteries which Christ has instituted and ordained, as pledges of His love, and for a continual remembrance of His death, to our great and endless comfort.” Why then, friends, do ye keep at such a distance from Christ; why, like the women, do ye “follow Him afar off.” I’ll tell you why, because you have never realized this living union with a living Saviour, because you have not realized the perfect and full humanity of Christ, of whose person and mediatorial work, we shall now speak.

[To be continued.]

## BIGOTRY.

Whatever its etymology, “bigot” is an ugly word; and “bigotry” an ugly thing. When Dr. Brogue preached the inaugural sermon of the London Missionary Society, “We are called,” said he, “this evening, to the funeral of bigotry, and I hope it will be buried so deep as never to rise again.” Rowland Hill, who would often quote, with great relish, a remark of a favorite author—“Mr. Bigotry fell down and broke his leg; would that he had broken his neck!”—undertook to pen the epitaph. But, alas! bigotry still lives. No church, no sect, has a monopoly of it. Not one of them but is deformed and troubled by it. For it has its roots deep in the principles of our corrupt hearts. And, while many of us, perhaps, are not open to the charge of bigotry in its grossest and more palpable forms, the tendency is, more or less, within all of us; and a close analysis of its true nature, and a close search into our own spirit and temper, will but too often detect its presence and workings where, on a superficial view, they have been unsuspected. “My father”—said one of my parishioners, a man who had happily outgrown his sectarian swaddling-clothes—“my father would as soon that I had entered a theatre as a church.” Here was rank dissenting bigotry. “My son”—said an organist to a Birmingham clergyman, whom he desired to interest in that son’s favour—“my son cordially hates a Dissenter.” It came as the climax of the paternal testimonial. Here was rank Church-of-England bigotry. For the weed grows under the shadow of cathedral and conventicle; of meeting house and parish church. We have conviction that, grow where it will, it is an ill and ugly weed, and deserves, not clipping and chopping simply, but to be rooted up.

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The charge of bigotry is often brought against—

The belief and jealous maintenance of fundamental and distinctive truth. Our theology must, forsooth, be negative, or we are charged with narrow-minded and peculiar views of Christian doctrine. Charity is confounded with latitudinarianism. It is no longer merely the greatest of “these three,” but it is so interpreted as to involve the destruction of faith’s foundations, and

thus to bury "a good hope" in its faith's ruins. We are permitted to take our own views of the capital verities of Holy Scripture; we may, for ourselves worship Immanuel as very God, and believe in the proper sacrificial efficacy of His vicarious blood-shedding; we may, if we will, adore the Eternal Spirit as more than an emanation or influence of Deity, and recognise His regenerating influence as the means of life in man's dead soul, and as the agency by which all that is truly pure and good is wrought within the heart and manifested in the life; we may, for ourselves, withdraw from worldly conformity and abstain from pleasures and amusements which we deem inconsistent with our heavenly calling and Christian discipleship; but if we insist on these as plain Scriptural truths and duties, we are charged not seldom with narrow-mindedness and pharisaism, with intolerance and bigotry. We may venture on the half of the loving John's affirmation, and say with him, "He that hath the Son hath life." But woe to us! with the modern latitudinarians, if we finish with the contrast—"He that hath not the Son of God, hath not life." We may, for ourselves, worship in a Reformed Church, and be neither Traditionists nor Virgin-worshippers; may reject the sacrificial character of the Lord's Supper, and Paradise, not Purgatory, may be our hope. But do we dare denounce the dishonour done to the Scriptures of Inspiration and to four adorable Lord by Rome's traditions and Mariolatry? Do we denounce masses and purgatory as "blasphemous and dangerous deceits?" Do we brand Rome as idolatrous? Then, forsooth, we are bigots. For truth is a negative and vague thing. That is truth, for himself at least, which each man finds in the Bible; and in deference to those who cannot find there Christ's Deity nor the atoning purpose and efficacy of Christ's Cross, nor the Godhead of the Spirit, no. His distinctive work in regenerating God's elect—we may not insist on these as truths of necessity to be believed unto salvation. And because Rome has had her truesaints whom we hope to meet in glory—her Pascals and her Fenelons and her Queanels—our protests against her errors must be hushed; for Romanism to the Romanist is as good as Protestantism to the Protestant.

And thus the positive character of truth is lost. We array latitudinarianism in the royal and beauteous robes of charity, and inaugurate a millennium of peace and love, in which, as we conceive, bigotry shall have no place; but from which we have excluded truth.

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"Many things are most accurately seen in their relative importance, Rev. John Angel James says, when viewed in the decline of life. It is in the calm of the evening, and not during the heat, and bustle, and burden of the day, that men in trade best judge of the objects which have engaged their attention in the hours of business. So it is with the Christian, in reflecting upon his religious life, and especially with the Christian minister, in looking back upon the pursuits of his official career. I am not even now indifferent to many lesser matters of Christian truth; the subject of ecclesiastical polity still interests me; for surely the framework of Christ's church and the order of his house must be of some consequence; and I am, therefore, no latitudinarian in reference to this matter. The system of Congregationalism which, for more than half a century I have maintained, I believe comes nearer the "general principles" laid down in the New Testament than any other. This is all I claim for it. A closer approximation than others to the model of the apostolic churches is all that any of us can boast of. Perhaps no modern system is, or can be, a perfect copy of what, from its peculiar circumstances, must of necessity have been unique. If ever I held my views of church government with the prejudice of a bigot, or propagated them with the zeal of a fanatic, though I am not conscious of either, that time is forever gone by. Compared with faith, hope, and love, these things now appear to me only as the skeleton to the living body of Christianity. No man will either be saved or lost by the principles of church government, but by his possession or his destitution of these graces. There are many ways to perdition, but ecclesiastical polity is not one of them. There is only one way of salvation, and that is not Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, Methodism, nor Congregationalism, but repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Along the by-paths

of each of these systems many are continually coming into the King's high-road to eternal life. This should make us charitable to each other, and convince us upon what objects our attention and our zeal should be chiefly concentrated, for is it not pitiable to see men spending so much of their time and energy upon the unprescribed formalities of a ceremonial externalism, to the comparative neglect of faith, hope, and love?"

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Another suggestion which I would offer is the extension of our social intercourse to those who are not of our own communion. It has often struck me that to begin with platform union is to begin at the wrong end. Where the difference of religious belief does not affect fundamentals, and render spiritual communion in private impossible, the courtesies and, in many cases, closer freedom of social intercourse rub off mutual suspicions, and warm up mutual coldness. Platform union has often too much an air of ostentation. It seems not seldom as if got up for the mere "say so" or show of union. And it has little effect upon the world, as an evidence of Christianity and love, if the world—the keen-eyed world—discovers that this union goes no further than an annual Bible-meeting; and even there is defended and extenuated by a series of apologies and vindications. The clergyman and the dissenting pastor are overjoyed to meet on the platform. They not only do not fight, but they are ready to embrace. "Our minor differences" are exultingly and ostentatiously thrown aside. But the meeting over, these loving brothers part for a twelvemonth, and sustain the pangs of separation until another anniversary, softened only by the anodyne of an occasional street "How do you do?" "Absence makes the heart grow fonder!" Why not more of social intercourse? Why does each, for the most part, move exclusively in his own circle—Churchmen among Churchmen—Dissenters among Dissenters? Surely they have enough in common, in many cases at any rate, for private intercourse and friendship. And then they will discover in each other many points of attraction; prejudices will be rubbed off. The recognition of the personal excellences of those from whom we differ

—the mere discovery of much common ground between us—will almost always convince us that we have been cherishing groundless and unjust prejudices, and imputing inferences and deductions from known or supposed opinions which they entirely repudiate. And this goes far to scotch, if not to kill, Bigotry.—[Lecture on Bigotry by Dr. C. Miller, Birmingham.]

#### MORAL INABILITY.

Will not this doctrine tend to paralyse the efforts of the sinner for salvation? And what then? *The more completely his self-righteous strength is paralyzed the better.* No man can trust God and himself at once. Your self-reliance must be destroyed, or it will destroy you.

But if, by a paralysis of effort, be intended a stagnation of feeling and indifference to danger, I reply that this doctrine has no tendency to breed it. Suppose it should be suddenly announced to this assembly that a deadly malady had just appeared, and had begun to sweep off thousands in its course; and that the only possibility of safety depended on the use of a specific remedy, simple and easy in its application, and already within the reach of every individual, who had nothing to do at any moment but to use it, and infallibly secure himself against infection. And suppose that, while your minds were resting on this last assurance, it should be authoritatively contradicted, and the fact announced with evidence not to be gainsaid, that this specific, simple and infallibly successful, was beyond the reach of every person present, and could only be applied by a superior power. I put it to yourselves which of these statements would produce security, and which alarm?—Which would lead you to fold your hands in indolent indifference, and which would rouse you to an agonizing struggle for the means of safety? I speak as unto wise men: judge ye what I say. O, my friends, if there is any cure for spiritual sloth and false security, it is a heartfelt faith in the necessity of superhuman help. The man who makes his helplessness a pretext for continuance in sin, whatever he may say, does not really believe that he is helpless. No man believes it till he knows it by experience. The firmest believers in man's plenary ability, are men whose hearts are hard through the deceitfulness of sin.—*J. A. Alexander.*

#### THINK FELLOW-MORTAL.

"Death will soon overtake you. Heaven and hell are before you. Awake, if you would escape the torments of despair. Awake, and make your peace with God,"



## PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

1 THESS. v. 17.

Prayer—heart-prayer—is talking to God; to “pray without ceasing,” therefore, is to be *always talking to God*. What a privilege! And how natural it seems, since we profess to walk with him! What! walk with God and never talk to him? Impossible. And how proper it seems—since he has whatever we want—how proper that we should *ask* of God, and make known our requests unto him.

Dumb Christians are dead Christians. The sign that St. Paul was alive was—*Behold he prayeth!* Hitherto a few formal words, “a drawing nigh unto God with the lip,” satisfied him. If a morning and evening form satisfy us, we have yet to learn what prayer is; and our first prayer must be—*Lord, teach us how to pray.*

Did you ever hear of the aged cottager who had been in the habit of repeating “Our Father” thrice a day from his infancy till he was eighty? But it pleased God to convince him of sin, and lead him by the Holy Spirit to feel that he was a poor lost creature; and afterwards he would frequently call himself, “The wonderful man who said his prayers for eighty years, and never yet prayed.” The key to his riddle was John iv. 24.

1. How *comforting* is real prayer! What are we to do with our burdens and sorrows if we cannot cast them upon the Lord? They are too heavy for our shoulders—they will crush us; but in prayer we roll them off upon the strong Helper, and he takes up both us and our burden in his everlasting arms. Where does a crying child run? Its sanctuary is its mother's breast, and it will seek her, till it find her, the house over. In her embrace pains are soothed, fears are hushed, tears cease to flow. Melancthon used to say, “If I had no troubles I should not pray half so much as I do; trouble *drives me to prayer*, and prayer *drives away my troubles*.”

2. How *enriching* is real prayer! “Every good and every perfect gift cometh from above;” and for all these things [says God] I will be inquired of to do them for you.” Let not people, then, imagine that they will have them without prayer. It is a fact that praying persons—young and

old—have “good and perfect gifts,” which those who do not pray are strangers to. They have, spiritually, jewels and ornaments, and “silver and gold,” and “garments smelling of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia;” they are “kept in perfect peace;” they are “more than conquerors”—whilst the prayerless go about in rags.

3. What a mighty agent is a praying child. He may be poor and altogether unimportant in other respects; but as one who prays, he is able and likely to do more for his house, his neighbourhood, his nation, his race, than if he were in the House of Commons, or the colonel of a regiment! After all, it is God who does everything that is done; if, therefore, we are in a position to get God to do what is necessary, we have access to Omnipotence. Now, the praying child is in that position; humbly, reverentially, but in filial confidence, he is permitted to remind God of his promises, and set him upon fulfilling them. If prayer is not this much, it is nothing.

Praying boy or girl, you may pray drunkenness out of a father, or Sabbath-breaking out of a brother; you may pray a mother out of the grip of death, or a sister into a comfortable situation; you may pray a faithful pastor into your village, or the gospel into a faster flight to the pitiful habitations of darkness and cruelty!

“Satan trembles when he sees,  
The weakest saint upon his knees.”

Why? Because he recollects what the “weakest saints” prayers have done—what captives they have robbed him of—what stars they have added to the Saviour's crown!

A God-fearing lad was reasoning with a wretched companion about his continuance in a wicked course. The rejoinder was, “It is the right thing for you, Harry, to be good, for you have lots of people who care for you; but as for me, nobody prays for me; I'm so bad that nobody thinks it worth while to pray for me—if they ever did pray for me, they have given it up now.” “Don't say that, Jack; God is my witness that I never lie down but I pray—‘O God, bring dear Jack into the fold of Christ.’” Jack wept and repented. Let no perishing school-fellow be able to say, “You would not take the trouble to pray for me, or you might have saved my soul!”

—Rev. J. Bolton.

## THE TRACT BURNER.

"You need not leave your tracts," said an angry man to the devout and earnest-hearted colporteur; who held out to him a few of these short and simple statements of the truth.

"Don't leave them here, for I give you a fair warning, that I shall at once burn them if you do."

"I hope not," said the colporteur, "and, at any rate, I will leave the tracts with you, praying that God's blessing may accompany them."

On saying this he put down the tracts, and turned to depart, the man still calling out, "I said I would burn them, and I will assuredly keep my word."

A year passed away, and the colporteur found himself in the same part of the country again. He remembered the circumstance which has just been related, and he felt anxious to know what had become of the violent man who had been so determinedly opposed to the reception of his little books. He inquired after him, and soon found him out. He was surprised at receiving a kind welcome from him, and still more so when he eagerly asked him if he had a Bible to sell him. The colporteur looked astonished, and said, "Why, how is this, my friend? I thought you were determined not to read even the tracts, much less the Bible, and did you not even threaten to burn the tracts I left with you when I was last here?"

"I know that I threatened to burn them," said the man, "and I did so; yet it was one of the very tracts you left me that was the means of producing the change at which you wonder."

"How could the tract do this, if you burned it without reading it?" asked the colporteur.

"I threw them all into the fire as soon as you were gone," replied the man; "and I watched them as they gradually consumed away: but while I was doing this the flame caused the leaf of one of the tracts to curl itself round, and to cast its light as it burned, upon a single sentence, which presented itself before my eyes. It was this sentence that at once struck deep conviction to my heart."

"May I ask what that sentence was?" said the colporteur.

"It was a verse," replied the man, "out of the Bible, and one which I can never forget; it was this, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away;' and as I read it, the thought struck me at once, why I may burn these books as much as I choose, but I cannot burn the Word of God, but it is all true notwithstanding."

The man has since become a devoted and consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and a faithful professor of that imperishable truth which he once desired to destroy.

## WHY ARE WE KEPT ALIVE ON THE EARTH.

There was once a poor old coloured woman who lived in half a railroad car, near a town in North America. The wind blew in, and the rain came through the roof of her poor house so much, that a respectable dog would scarcely have liked to live in it. She was too old to work. All she could do was to gather sticks in the wood with which to build her fire, and kind people supplied her with the necessaries of life, so that she did not starve. In this old car she would sit and sing, pray, and meditate, till she thought it seemed almost like heaven. One day a rich man passing by heard her singing—

"When I can read my title clear," &c.

He went in, and thus addressed her:—  
'Aunt Betty,—for that was her name—'I wonder what the Lord keeps you here for.—You are too old to work, and there does not seem to be anything that you can do in this world. I wonder why he keeps you here, instead of taking you to that 'mansion in the skies' you were singing about.'

'Well, massa,' she replied, 'I reckon you knows what de Lor' keep you here for?'

'Oh yes,' said he, 'I'm not a Christian; but then I give to the Church, to the missionaries, to the poor, to the Bible and tract societies, and to all the religious societies. He keeps me here for that.'

'Massa has left out one oder ting.'

'What's that?'

'Why he's kep you here all dese years to repent, and begin to lub Him. Massa, ain't you gwine to begin?'

'Never mind about that, aunty; but tell me what He keeps you here for?'

'Why, massa, he keeps you here to gib to de Church, and He keeps Aunt Betty here to pray for it. All you give do no good widout Aunt Betty's prayers. I watches when you puts money in de plate, and den I prays God to bress it.'

## ARM OF THE LORD.

My Saviour is the *Arm of the Lord*. Under this title Isaiah invoked the long-tarrying Messiah: "Awake, awake, put on strength, O Arm of the Lord! Awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that cut Rahab and wounded the dragon? Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over?" Now, these were the redeemed of the Lord. The Arm of the Lord, therefore, which made their way for them, is synonymous with Jehovah, the Redeemer of his people, the Saviour of my soul.

It hath been justly observed, that "God speaks in our way, but acts according to his own." By his arm, then, we are to understand the extent of his power; as his stretched-out arm, or infinite might, reaches to all things; by his *hand*, the most minute, exact, and perfect workings of that power, which descends to the arrangement of the least of his dispensations equally with the greatest, at once kindling the glimmer of the glow-worm, and the blaze of ten thousand suns, and sustaining alike the movements of seraphs and of babes; "and by his right hand, the brightest display of his omnipotence and majesty." If the finger of God, or the least exertion of his strength, could create the heavens, who can prescribe the bounds to the reach of his arms, or what is impossible to the strength of his divine *right hand*? But these terms do not merely imply the omnipotence of Jehovah; they frequently signify *Jehovah* himself; so that I am fully justified in declaring that the "Arm of the Lord is my Saviour.

Thus Moses, in his book of divine reminiscences, told Israel well to remember the mighty hand, and stretched-out Arm, whereby the Lord their God brought them out of Egypt?—an office which I have seen to have been discharged by the Angel of the Lord, the Saviour of the world. For, says the Psalmist, "thou hast with thine Arm redeemed thy people," and I well know by whom alone this was or could be effected. Of whom, again, does Isaiah speak, in that remarkable portion of his prophecies, which he seems to have written as on Mount Calvary, in view of the bleed-

ing cross? Of whom can he speak but of my Saviour, when, with impassioned energy and sorrow, he asks, "To whom is the Arm of the Lord revealed?" He can mean no other than the divine and glorious personage who "was wounded for our transgressions, who poured out his soul unto death, who was stricken for the transgression of his people." The same prophet tells us, "that the Lord hath sworn by his *right hand*, and by the *arm of his strength*," in confirmation of his promises to his people. But "as he could swear by no greater, he swore by himself;" and therefore we see all the engagements of God established in Christ.

"Not only the power and Godhead of Christ are revealed under the denomination of Jehovah's hand, but also the Mediation of Christ between Jehovah and his people. A hand, or arm, is the instrument or mean of communication; and this Christ is to his people: he reaches out and takes from the divine fulness, and deals of it unto every one of them, according to his respective need." What other arm could raise itself so high or let itself down so low?

On this Arm of the Lord, it is at once my privilege and my duty to lean. On an arm of flesh I dare not rest, for God has most solemnly anathematized such confidence. For "thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." On him I may repose in full assurance that he will never fail me. The Church in her pilgrimage state is thus beautifully described, in the question of an admiring spectator: "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?" Numerous, very numerous, are the occasions on which I have need of such an omnipotent support. In them all I am certified of obtaining it. Does sickness lay me low, and press my aching body on the couch of disease and pain? Well, I hear this encouraging oracle from heaven: "There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Does "the strong man armed" assail me? My Saviour is stronger than he, and, having already overcome him

for me, will overcome him in me. Are my iniquities, my besetting sins, my native corruptions, too powerful for me! He has undertaken to "subdue them." Is the fear of man formidable to me? I may say to myself and to my companions in tribulation, what Hezekiah said to his subjects on Sennacherib's approach. "With him is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles." Am I sunk to the lowest depth of temporal distress? Have the severest of earthly calamities plunged me into an abyss of misery, from which I am tempted to doubt whether there is any possibility of deliverance? A voice of hope reaches me even there. "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear." Is the last enemy at hand, and does my timid nature shrink from the final struggle? That last enemy is to be destroyed. I have to encounter him by a better arm than my own, and one which assures me of success. I may meet him with the shout of anticipated triumph—"O, sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his *right hand*, and his *holy arm* hath gotten him the victory."

Is there a depth so deep, a height so high,  
A distance so remote, but thy Right Hand,  
That spans with ease the world-empeopled  
sky,  
And holds within its palm the sea and land,  
The fugitive that flees from thy command,  
Can grasp and chasten; or the child of woe,  
That trembles, as the reed-leaf on the  
strand,  
Where tempests thunder, and the torrents  
flow.  
Can reach, and soothe, and save from all he  
dreads below?

*Arm of the Lord!* once on the cross out-  
spread  
In mortal pangs; by thee, o'er heaven's  
broad plain,  
The Godhead's regal sceptre now is swayed,  
And all the hosts of glory own thy reign;  
Nor there uplifted dost thou plead in vain,  
In thine high-priesthood's interceding grace,  
For thy redeemed, the purchase of thy pain,  
The fallen and guilty, but high-honored race,

Whom thou hast snatched from wrath to see  
thy glorious face.

*Arm of the Lord!* awake—awake—arise!  
Display and magnify thy glorious might.  
O, scatter from earth's bounds thine enemies;  
By once uplifting, put their throngs to  
flight,  
And hurl from his dark throne the prince  
of night!  
Raise o'er a prostrate world thy banner—  
*Peace;*  
Assert to every heart thy sovereign right;  
From sin's hard thrall each captive soul re-  
lease,  
And bid the reign of crime, of guilt, and sor-  
row, cease!  
—[From my Saviour.

#### AN ACT OF FAITH.

I once saw a lad on the roof of a very high building, where several men were at work. He was gazing about with apparent unconcern, when suddenly his foot slipped, and he fell. In falling he caught by a rope, and hung suspended in mid-air where he could get neither up nor down, and where it was evident he could sustain himself but a short time. He perfectly knew his situation, and expected that in a few moments he must drop upon the rocks below, and be dashed to pieces.

At this fearful moment, a kind and powerful man rushed out of the house, and, standing beneath him with extended arms, called out, "Let go the rope, and I promise you shall escape unharmed."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then quitted his hold, and dropped easily and safely into the arms of his deliverer.

Here, thought I, is an illustration of faith. Here is a simple ACT OF FAITH.—The boy was sensible of his danger. He saw his deliverer, and heard his voice. He believed in him, trusted to him, and letting go every other dependence and hope, dropped into his arms. Sinner, "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

## AN AFRICAN'S MEDICINE.

An East African chief made application with much gravity and earnestness to a recent traveller for two medicines—one to preserve him from thunder and lightning, and one to preserve him from death. The poor savage, for such he was, had in his breast a human heart which was conscious of fears and wants that he could not define. The terrors of the thunder-storm made even his strong nerves tremble. The darkness of death appalled him, the traveller says, with “unspeakable horror.” For medicines which should deliver him from these evils he was prepared to part with all he had that he might purchase them.

The statement may seem a bold one, but it is true, that the gospel of Jesus Christ supplies the medicines which the poor savage longed to possess. Admitted that it does not give us armour that shall be proof against lightning, or any charm that shall save us from what are called accidents, yet it reveals to us a Providence without whose permission one hair of our head shall not fall to the ground, and gives the believer an interest in its guardianship. We cannot presume that the sun shall never smite us by day, nor the moon by night; but we know that all things work together for good to them that love God; and consequently if the sun or the lightning should smite us it will not be in judgment. That which in its outward aspect is a calamity is in its ultimate issues, to the Christian, “a good;” for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

What peace and quiet such a view of Divine Providence gives to every one who perceives it, and who, through Christ, can call God his Father and Friend! It is a true medicine to his heart, a balm of consolation, a fountain of strength.

As to death, the gospel does not reverse the ancient sentence, “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” It leaves its truest disciples still mortal. But then it lifts the veil which covers death. It reveals life and incorruption beyond the grave. And it informs us how we, guilty sinners, may obtain peace with our offended Maker, so that we may die in the assured hope of heaven, and not under a trembling fear of hell.

More than this: there is a distinct and blessed truth in the words of Jesus Christ, who said not only, “He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.” but also, “Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.” The Christian dies and yet he does not die. Death is strictly no more death to him. In the separation of his soul from the body there is no more curse. When he passes out of this world into another, he does not cease to be. The stream of his life is not broken by his dying. Its channel is no longer visible to us, but the stream itself is only enlarged and purified. The Christian may be unconscious for many hours before dying; but there is no unconsciousness after. From the body the soul goes into life, higher, holier, happier than that which it enjoyed in the body. And Christ's words are literally fulfilled—“Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

Blessed gospel! Tell its tidings of mercy to poor bleeding, down trodden Africa. Carry its consolations into every chamber of death and sorrow.

## SIN DISCOVERED,

One night, some years ago, a person in the city of Edinburgh awoke to find that his house had been plundered. The alarm was raised; nor was it long ere the officers of justice found a clue. The thief, wounding his hand as he escaped by the window, had left a red witness behind him. The watchman flashed his lantern upon the spot. Drop by drop, the blood stained the pavement. They tracked it on, and on, and ever on, till their silent guide conducted them along an open passage, and up a flight of steps, stopping at the door of a house. They broke in, and there they found the bleeding hand, the booty, and the pale ghastly criminal. Now a shower of rain would have washed away the stain!—a fall of snow would have concealed it; the foot of some midnight traveller would have effaced it; but no;—the crime was one of peculiar atrocity, and there God kept the damning spot. And unless they be forgiven, covered by the righteousness, washed away in the blood of Jesus, so shall your sins find you out.—[Dr. Guthrie.

## WHAT IS SELF-APPLICATION?

Last Sabbath morning, I went to my Sabbath school, I went to a class, and began to put some questions to the boys. After several questions and answers about Jesus Christ, I said:—

"Now, tell me why He was born?—What for?"

"To save sinners," was the reply of several.

"Very good. And where are the sinners whom He was born to save?"

"In the world," said one.

"Yes, that's true; but in what part of the world are they?"

No answer at first. After a time, one boy shouted out, "Everywhere, sir."

"Do you know any of them?" I asked.

No answer; all seemed puzzled.

"Does any boy here," I asked, "know any of the sinners for whom Christ was born?"

Silence still. At length a boy, about nine years old, looked into my face as if he thought he could tell, but was half afraid.

"Well, my boy," I said, "tell me; do you know any of the sinners to save whom Jesus Christ was born into the world?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy modestly.

"Very well; tell me who they are."

The boy then looking at me earnestly, said, "I am one."

His reply almost brought tears into my eyes, and I said to myself, "This is self-application."

"Yes, my boy," I said, "that's the way to look at it; that's what every one ought to think—I am one." And then I tried to make all the other boys understand the same.

Now, I will add to this another story very much like it, told me by a minister, a few days after this happened.

He said, "I was catechising the children of my schools and congregation publicly in the church one Sabbath afternoon; and there were many present, both children and parents. In answer to one of my questions, they told me that Christ died to save sinners. I then asked them where the sinners were to be found. Nobody replied. I put the question again. 'Can none of you tell me where the sinners are found for whom Jesus died?' Still all were silent

At last, a little girl in the front of the gallery stood up, and fixing her eyes on me, said, with a sweet and simple voice, 'Please, sir, me.' For some time," said the minister, "I could not go on, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the church.—This little girl, you see, by applying it to herself, taught others to do the same; and, confessing herself to be a sinner, she made everybody else for the time feel themselves to be sinners also."

Now, my dear young friends, you see what self-application means; it is, in such a case, thinking of yourself, "I am one;" "Please, sir, me." When you hear a sermon preached, or listen to an address in the school, you should apply it all to yourself. If you hear about wicked people who do not fear and love God, and go on from day to day just as they like, without repentance, and without praying to God to make them better, perhaps you say, "Ah, that's Thomas So-and-so, or Mary So-and-so."—But that's not the way you should think; you should say to yourself, as the little boy did, "I am one;" or, at least, you should ask yourself, "Am I one of them?" If you hear the minister asking who among the people or the children are sorry for their sins, and wishing for a clean heart, could you say, like the little girl, "Please, sir, me?" Or, when you hear or read about God's own children whom He has converted and turned from sin, and whom the good Shepherd is leading into His heavenly fold, can you say, "I am one,"—"Jesus is leading and saving me?" How sad it is that children, and grown-up people too, when they hear these things, are all the time thinking about other people, and forget themselves; and therefore they get no good by what they hear. Learn, then, to be saying, in your heart, "I am one," "Please, sir, me," as this little boy and girl did; and then, with God's grace, self-application will prove a blessing to your souls.—*Child's Companion.*

## Come to Jesus.

He promises rest. But far better than rest of body is rest of soul. It is wretched to be a slave, to groan, bleed, toil; but far worse to be Satan's bondman, dragging about an evil conscience and an aching heart. Rest from this cannot be had but

by coming to Jesus. And if we come, he will lighten every other load. Are you poor? Come, and he will make you rich for ever. Are you sick? Come, and he will cure your worst disease. Are you sad? Come, and he will wipe away your tears. Are you bereaved? Come, and he will be to you a brother in adversity, who changes not, and never dies. Is sin, a burden? O then come to Jesus, and he will take it all away. Do you dread the day of death and judgment? Come, and that day will be the dawn of life and glory. O then come. To be merely *called* by *such* a person should be enough to make us glad. Of a stranger we might say, "Perhaps he intends me no good;" of a poor man, "He *cannot* assist me, however willing;" of a selfish rich man, "Who can expect aught from *him*?" But if a Howard or a Wilberforce said to a mourner, "Come," he might feel quite sure some kindness was intended. Now He who invites thee, sinner, is both able and willing to help. He has clothes for the naked, food for the hungry, wealth for the poor, eternal life for all. His very word, "Come," is enough to make thee glad. A blind beggar by the way-side, hearing he was passing, cried out, "Mercy, mercy!" The people told him to be quiet; but he shouted the louder, "Have mercy on me!" Jesus invited him; and then some said, as though he might now be quite sure of a blessing, "Be of good comfort; rise, He calleth thee." They knew Jesus never called and then refused; and so they told him to rejoice. Sinner, be *you* of good cheer; the same Jesus calleth *thee*. As the blind man threw off his cloak lest it should hinder him, do you cast off every sin that would stop you—rush through every crowd of difficulties, and falling at the feet of Jesus, say, "I have mercy on me! I am blind, I am lost; save, or I perish." Are you too great a sinner? The more need to come. Have you a guilty conscience?—With that guilty conscience come. Have you a wicked heart? With that wicked heart come. Have you nothing with which to purchase His favor? "Without money" come. Rich and poor, masters and servants, old and young, white man and black, sinners of every class, COME.

Read Isa. 55; Matt. 8: 1-17; 11: 28-30; Mark 10: 46-52; Rev. 22: 17.

## A NEGRO'S REVENGE.

A slave in one of the West India Islands, who had been brought from Africa, became a Christian, and behaved so well that his master raised him into a situation of trust on his estate. He once employed him to select twenty slaves in the market, with a view of making a purchase.

While looking at some who were offered, he perceived an old broken-down slave, and immediately told his master that he wished very much that he might be one of the number to be bought. The master was much surprised, and at first refused; but the slave begged so hard that his wish might be granted, that his master allowed the purchase to be made.

The slaves were soon taken to the plantation, and the master, with some degree of wonder, observed his servant pay the greatest attention to the old African. He took him into his home, laid him on his own bed, and fed him at his own table.—When he was cold, he carried him into the sunshine; and when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa-trees.—The master supposed that the old man must be some relation to his favourite, and asked him if he were his father.

"Massa," said the poor fellow, "he no my fader."

"Is he then an elder brother?"

"No, massa."

"Perhaps your uncle, or some other relation?"

"No, massa, he no be of my kindred at all, not even my friend."

"Why, then," asked the master, "do you treat him so kindly?"

"He my *enemy*, massa," replied the slave; "he sold me to the slave-dealer; my Bible telle me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; when he thirst, give him drink."

It was an excursion day, and the railway carriages were nearly full, when a lady evidently in ill health entered, leading a little son of four or five years.

She patted and looked around in vain for a vacant seat. The gentleman by my side, perceiving her embarrassment, sprang to his feet, and politely offered his seat, which was accepted with a grateful acknowledgement.

She was about to take the little boy in her arms, when a gentleman on the opposite side extended his hands, saying, with a winning smile, "Come here, my boy, come and sit down upon my knee. I am better able to hold you than your mother is."

The child looked up for his mother's consent, and then joyfully sprang to the seat so kindly offered. For some few moments the gentleman amused himself by asking the child all manner of questions, drawing out his curious ideas, and listening with satisfaction to his artless replica.

Soon, however, his attention was drawn to an article in the paper he had just laid aside, and giving the boy some sweetmeats, he entered into an earnest political discussion with another gentleman by his side. At first it seemed they only sought amusement, and jokes and laughter were frequently intermingled with argument. But the contest gradually waxed stronger, until at length jokes were exchanged for profanity.

The boy had been very happy with his new friend, but when the first profane word was uttered, he looked up with astonishment.—Tears gathered in his large black eyes, and laying the watch carefully aside, which had been given to him by the gentleman for his amusement, he slipped quietly to the floor and fled to his mother.

"Where are you going, my dear?" exclaimed the gentleman, as he saw him moving off. "Come back, my boy, come back; I thought you were very happy a few minutes since, what is the matter now? Come, you are a fine little fellow; come and see what I can find for you in my pocket." But the boy clung to his mother, utterly refusing the extended hand.

"Well, now," exclaimed the gentleman, with evident chagrin, "this is very strange. I do not understand it. Come, my boy, tell me why you left me?"

"Tell the gentleman, my dear," said the mother, encouragingly, "why do you not wish to sit with him?"

"Because," said he, as he strained himself back, and summoned all his resolution for the effort, "the Bible says we must not sit in the seat of the scorner."

The gentleman looked confounded. For a moment the blood rushed to his high expansive brow, and I thought he was angry. The mother was also surprised. She had not expected such a reply. But the man instantly regained his composure, and pleasantly replied, "I hope you do not call me a scorner?" The boy leaned his head upon his mother's shoulder, but made no reply.—"Come, tell me," continued he, "why do you call me a scorner?" The child looked up, and simply but earnestly said, while a large tear stole quietly down his cheek, "I don't like to hear you swear so."

"O! that is it, is it? Well," continued he, as the mother pressed her son to her bosom, and bowed her head to hide the tears which were starting in her own eyes, "come back and sit with me, and I promise you I will never swear again."

"Won't you asked the child, earnestly, "then I shall love you very much indeed." Saying this, he allowed the gentleman again to place him on his knee, but it was quite plain to be seen he did not go back with the joyfulness with which he had at first taken the seat.

The gentleman saw this. He felt that he had lowered himself in the esteem of that innocent and noble-minded boy. The thought evidently gave him pain, and he did all he could to efface from his mind the unpleasant impression.

It was his mother's custom to read a chapter in the Bible every morning to her son, explaining it as she could, and then pray with him. That morning she had read the first Psalm, and when explaining to him the character of a scorner, among other vices she had mentioned profanity. And now, resolved at all events to do right, he thought it was really a sinful act to sit for one moment with a man who had taken God's name in vain.

When will mothers realise the vast amount of influence they are capable of exerting over their children? When will they realise the strength and permanence of those impressions received in childhood?



# THE GOOD NEWS.

April 1st., 1861.

## THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARK.

*Luke I., 5-25.*

When the number of the Jewish priests had increased to such an extent, that they could not with advantage be simultaneously employed, in the tabernacle service; in order to prevent confusion, and at the same time, give the church the benefit of the services of all in succession, David divided the whole body into twenty-four classes, or courses, according to the principal families, of which the descendants of Aaron were, at that time composed; appointing the heads of these families, as the presidents of the respective courses. And these courses were ever afterwards called by the names of those, who were their first presidents. The presidents of these courses were ever afterwards called by the names of those, who were their first presidents. The presidents of these courses were men of considerable authority, and appear to be the individuals spoken of in the New Testament as the chief priests. These courses of priests, each in succession, ministered for a week at a time, at Jerusalem. They came up from their respective cities, on the day preceding the Sabbath, so as to be ready to enter on the discharge of their duties on the day of sacred rest; and after having ministered their week, returned again to their own houses, on the day after the Sabbath. Thus each class, or course of priests ministered only two full weeks in the year, and that at intervals of six months, and spent four Sabbaths annually in Jerusalem.

To the eighth of these classes, that of Abia, or Abijah, Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist belonged. We are told

that this venerable priest *was married to a woman* of the name of Elizabeth, who, like himself, was a descendant of Aaron. There was no law compelling the priests to marry into a sacerdotal family, and we have no means of ascertaining whether the practice was common. The choice, however, on this occasion was a happy one.— They were both eminent for their piety; not only respectable in the estimation of men, but righteous in the sight of God;— not absolutely righteous, for there are none such among men, but belonging to that class, who, as distinguished from the wicked are termed the righteous. No doubt, the piercing eye of Omniscience could discover much that was imperfect in their motives and conduct; but with regard both to the commandments of the moral law, and the ordinances of the ceremonial, they were blameless in the sight of men. How happy a thing it is, when the ministers of religion are consistent in their character; teaching not only by precept, but by example, and when their families exemplify in their conduct and condition, the beauty of holiness, and the blessedness of conformity to God's law.

Zacharias and Elizabeth, though now well advanced in years, had not yet been honoured with children; and it is remarkable that some of the most distinguished women mentioned in scripture, such as Sarah, Rachel and Hannah, were long childless, and when at last, their wombs were opened, the children whom they bore, were the most illustrious characters of their age, as if God would thus show to the world, that the instruments whom He employs, in the furtherance of His work, are specially raised up by himself, and fitted for the task assigned them.

A new dispensation was about to be introduced; the grandest event that ever occurred in the world's history, was about to be transacted. That infinitely glorious person was about to appear among men, whose advent had been foretold by prophets, and whose propitiatory death had constantly been kept before the church, by

all the sacrifices which had been offered up from the beginning. Earth was in expectation of his approach, hell seemed alarmed at the prospect of it, and heaven's glorious inhabitants were engaged in active preparations, in anticipation of the incarnation of the eternal word.

When a great king is about to visit any distant part of his dominions, messengers are sent before to prepare the way for him; and in remote times, when princes were about to travel through unfrequented ways, pioneers were sent before to fill up the valleys, and level the hills, to make the crooked places straight, and the rough places plain. And when the King of righteousness, the Prince of peace, was about to visit our world, a harbinger was sent to prepare the way for Him. Before the Sun of Righteousness arose, the morning star must herald his approach. In plain language, John the Baptist was raised up by God, as an instrument to prepare the minds of men for the advent of the Saviour. And Zacharias and Elizabeth were the pious parents, on whom He conferred the high honour of training this distinguished precursor of the Most High.

Towards the latter part of the reign of the first Herod, usually surnamed the great, who was an Idumean by birth, but a Jew by religious profession, and who had been promoted to the throne of Judea, through the influence of the Romans; towards the close of his reign it happened that Zacharias was at Jerusalem, upon official duty, in the order of his course. On such occasions, it was the custom for the priests, at the commencement of their week of service in the temple, to cast lots for the particular services, which each was to discharge; and at this time, it fell to Zacharias' lot, to burn incense in the sanctuary, which was counted the most honourable part of the priest's office. It was the duty of the priest, on whom this most honourable office was con-

ferred, to take fire from the altar of burnt offerings in the court of the priests, to enter the sanctuary alone, and then place the censer with burning incense on the golden altar, which was before the veil, which separated the sanctuary from the most holy place, whilst the other priests, and the people were silently praying in the courts of the temple without. The incense was an emblem of the prayers of the saints, but more especially of the intercession of Christ; and its sweet fragrance symbolical of the delight which God experiences, in the prayers of his people, and more especially in the intercession of the now glorified Redeemer. Hence the Psalmist says—  
 "Let my prayer be set forth before thee, as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice;" and it is thought that there is an allusion to this practice in Rev. viii. 1-4, where the silence in heaven, for the space of half an hour, corresponds to the silence observed by the priests and people, in the courts of the temple, whilst engaged in heart prayer; and the angel's receiving the "much incense," and offering it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne corresponds obviously to the priest's burning incense in the sanctuary of the temple below. And oh, how comforting to think that the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, is here represented, as ascending up before God, out of the angel's hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

### Railway Distribution.

For some weeks we have had a Female Colporteur distributing *Evangelizers* and *Gospel Messages*, gratuitously, at the Railway Depot in Toronto. A large number of passengers start from that station every day, and it has long appeared to us a very inviting field of Missionary labour, to provide them at starting with something va-

luable to read, when they have plenty of time to do so and time to meditate on what they read.

To continue this work, particularly during the travelling season now approaching, we will be at considerable outlay, not only for the thousands of papers supplied gratuitously, but also for the salary of the distributor. We calculate that Twenty thousand papers or Tracts per month, will be necessary for that place alone, and if the Lord will, we would like to carry it on vigorously and efficiently. We intend to carry it on as long as we are able. When our ability ends our obligation ceases. But in order that we may carry it on continuously and effectively, we solicit the contributions and assistance of our readers. The work is one of faith and love with ourselves, and it affords opportunity for saints of all denominations exercising this faith in and manifesting their love to the Redeemer.

#### **Revival in Dumfries-shire & Galloway.**

We are happy to mention that a very deep and extensive revival of religion is at present prevailing in Dumfries-shire and Galloway. For a considerable time, there had been a more than ordinary interest about religion in Dumfries, and various parts of the country, and in one rural parish, some ten or twelve cases of decided awakening, if not positive conversion, had taken place last fall; but about three months ago, a great and glorious work of God broke out in Arran. A young American preacher of the name of Hammond was the agent whom God employed, in commencing this great work; or rather, perhaps, we should say that he was as it were, the electric spark that kindled the train which had been laid before. For several weeks Mr. Hammond laboured with extraordinary power and success in Arran. The U. P. Church was crowded every evening, and frequently a large congregation of those who could not find admittance, adjourned to the Free Church. The U. P., the Free Church, and Congregational Ministers, all united heart and soul in this great work. For weeks, from 800 to 1000 wor-

shippers were assembled every evening, and the evening meetings were sometimes kept up till 2 o'clock in the morning. According to accounts, by last mail, the work is still going on with great vigour, and conversions taking place every day.

Mr. Hammond next visited Dumfries, where, as the field was greater, a still more glorious work commenced. As an illustration of the power of this revival, we may mention that on one Sabbath evening, there were about 1000 anxious enquirers remaining to be conversed and prayed with, after the ordinary congregations were dismissed. There are mid-day as well as evening meetings daily, and the large Free Church is generally crowded every evening. The Free Church, the U. P., the Congregational, and Reformed Presbyterian Ministers are labouring in beautiful harmony together. And we mention with great pleasure that the work has begun in Moffatt, under the preaching of the Curate of the Dean of Carlisle. This young Episcopal Minister who is said to be a man of rare talent, as well as extraordinary piety, preached in the Free Church with immense power and success. The work is now going on delightfully in all the neighbouring towns. In Dalbeatha there have been a few cases of prostration; but in general there has been nothing of that sort. We shall publish details from time to time.

#### **A Beautiful Thought.**

The city of Venice is built on clusters of islets, divided from each other by narrow and shallow channels of sea, up which the tide runs. These islets were once merely stretches of sand covered with sea-weed.—When the city was to be built, the builder did not seek to fill up these dividing channels, but conformed their plan to the nature of the site, driving in stakes and piles, and erecting houses, temples, palaces, and towers, along the margin. It is somewhat thus that the great Builder acts when He comes to rear up the new temple in a once wasted, desolate soul. He does not reduce souls to one level platform, and build a monotonous range of similar structures. He conforms the features of the new building to the previous outstanding characteristics of the man.—[Memoir of Sandeman.

**Shaking out the Reef.**

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD.

A sea captain has been heard to say that he has sailed his ship six weeks in the trade winds without altering a sail.

"I will tell you a fact about drinking," said a noble old sea captain. "And I tell you, boys, that when people say it don't hurt anybody to drink, if they don't drink too much, they don't know what they are talking about. There is no such thing as drinking spirits without drinking too much. When I used to sail to India, and got into the 'Trade Winds,' I used to put all the sail on the ship which she would possibly bear. But I noticed a curious fact. Every morning about eleven o'clock I used to go down into my cabin and take a good horn of brandy. Before going down I would cast my eye over the ship, see that every sail was full and every rope taut. She was under all the sail that she could safely carry. On coming out of the cabin, having taken my brandy, it always seemed as if the ship was sailing too slow and the winds had fallen. Then I would cry, 'up there, lads, and shake out that reef.' For about thirty minutes, my poor ship would stagger under the new press of sail. By that time, when my brandy began to subside, I found she was under too heavy a pressure, the winds seemed to blow harder, and again I would shout, 'up there, lads, and clew up that reef.'

So I found it day after day, and was utterly unable to account for the lull in the wind just about that hour. But one day I was unwell, and omitted my brandy, and overheard my cook, black Cæsars say, 'Captain drink no brandy to-day—guess no shake out reef!' Then I understood it all! From that time I dropt my brandy, and there was no change in the sails of my ship. I drank moderately, and yet it was too much, and it would not have been strange if I had lost my ship in consequence. I tell you, boys, there is no such thing as drinking, without drinking too much!"

It's even so. We don't know but a little about it. Many a ship-master has felt

cold or hot, tired or sleepy, vexed and troubled, and has gone to the bottle, gained courage to be rash, "shaken out the reef," till his ship was dashed on the rocks, or swamped in the seas.

Many a physician has been worn down by labours and anxieties, his nerves weak, and his mind wavering, and has gone to the bottle, and thus he "shakes out the reef," is rash in dealing his powerful medicines, and he loses his patients, loses self-reliance, and the confidence of the community, and he loses practice and character, and is ruined.

Many a merchant drinks a little, feels more confidence, makes bargains when thus stimulated—"shakes out his reef,"—and is ruined.

Many a mechanic takes a contract which he examined after drinking a little, forgot the number of hard blows it would cost to complete it, and thus he "shakes out the reef," and is ruined.

Many a young man falls into jovial company, feels that it would not be manly to refuse to drink with them, and he drinks, "shakes out the reef," and acquires a taste that is his destruction.

And many a bright boy, the hope of his father and the pride of his mother, early learns to drink a little, and thus he "shakes out the reef," disappoints the hopes of his friends, lives a poor creature, dies a drunkard, and reads over the gate of heaven, no "drundard shall inherit eternal life!"—*Sunday School Times.*

**Jehovah's Wrath.**

"May it not be said that Jehovah never yet stirred up all His wrath against sin, except in that awful hour when Jesus cried, 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!' For when the angels fell, Jehovah's anger was kindled, and they were cast into hell; but whilst they have progressively to experience that wrath through eternity, whose full expiation they yet never reach, Jesus, on the other hand, during His life, in the garden, and on the accursed cross, must have borne the awfully compressed, yet complete, essence of God's infinite wrath against His people's sin. Truly the furnace of divine wrath must have been at that hour seven times heated."—[Memoir of Sandeman.

## ALONE WITH GOD.

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

"Agreed," said the man. "It's an easy way of earning two sovereigns."

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

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

## THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Put me down," said a wounded soldier in the Crimea, to his comrades who were carrying him; "put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any further: I am dying."

They put him down, and returned to the field. A few minutes after, an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, "Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you; I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament--will you open it at the 14th chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'PEACE.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man. "I have that peace—I am going to that Saviour—God is with me—I want no more" and instantly expired.

What a blessed thing is peace with God! The conscience is no longer burdened with its load of guilt, because the soul believes that sin has been put away for ever by the death of Christ. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions "from us." (Psalm iii. 12.)

Dear reader! If you are trusting to your own words in any degree for salvation, you have not peace with God. Peace comes to us only through our Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. v. 1). If you are hoping to make yourself fit for God in any way but as a lost, guilty sinner, trusting in the blood of Jesus, you are in fearful error (John xviv. 6). If you say you are too great a sinner to come to Christ, you dishonour Christ, and reject the testimony of God, that the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin (1 John i. 6). Oh, remember that *unbelief* looks anywhere but to *Christ alone* for salvation; and he that *believeth not* shall be damned (Mark xiv. 16) *Faith* goes straight to Christ—as sinful to be pardoned, filthy to be cleansed, hungry to be fed, and naked to be clothed; and finds all its necessities, unto eternal glory, provided for by the grace of God in Christ. Yes, faith finds the living God to be the God of peace; Christ, his Son, to be the Prince of peace; and his blood and righteousness to be the only way of peace; and, while this peace freely comes to us, without money and without price, the soul that receives it is constrained by such free and matchless grace to love, and serve, and glory only in the Lord.—*Family Treasury*.

## Sabbath School Lessons.

April 14th, 1861.

## THE FLOOD—Genesis 7th Chap.

1. One hundred and twenty years was a long time given to the inhabitants of the Old World to consider and repent. Yet it came to an end. The Ark being ready, the allotted period of the Divine forbearance having expired, Noah was commanded by the Lord to enter it with his wife, his three sons and their wives. v 1. Noah was the only one whom the Lord saw righteous in that generation. This is a melancholy account. Possibly some who were warned by Noah's preaching and example, died before the flood.

Note.—Noah's wife and children were spared on account of Noah's piety.

2. The animals taken into the ark were clean and unclean. This distinction existed both before and after the flood, but it would appear not precisely on the same ground. Previous to the flood certain animals were considered and called unclean, solely because they were not to be used for sacrifice. After the flood certain animals that were not to be used either for the purpose of sacrifice or for food, were called unclean.

3. The question has often been asked how were the living inmates that entered the ark collected? Some have supposed that the 120 years of forbearance was employed by Noah in getting his collection ready, but it is more in accordance with the narrative, to suppose that the various living things which were intended for the ark, were preternaturally guided to their destined place of shelter.

4. Yet seven days—v. 4. These seven days were allowed for the admittance and arrangement of everything in their appropriate places in the ark.

5. "Noah did all that the Lord commanded him." He must have got strangers to assist him, in cutting timber in the forests, in smelting iron in the furnace, in shaping and placing the boards together, yet though they helped to build the ark, they were not saved by it. Many contribute towards the spread of the gospel and are after all not saved.

6. "The fountains of the great deep" v. 11. Imports in general that the waters issued from their ocean beds, and other terrestrial repositories, and overspread the dry land. All the fountains of the great deep were broken up. "The windows of heaven were opened." Prof. Bush says: "The original

term *aruboth* being applied to such windows as are made of lattice work.' He thinks this circumstance in connection with the declaration of their being opened, makes the language imply that the water instead of gently descending in drops as if made to penetrate through a net work medium, fell in torrents like waterspouts, as if the windows had been opened for this purpose on hinges, and every obstruction were removed.

7. The time of the deluge, v. 11—The year however began differently in Noah's time from ours. The Israelites had their ecclesiastical or sacred year, and civil year. The former commenced with the month Nisan, alias Abib, agreeing with parts of March and April. The latter which alone prevailed among them prior to their departure from Egypt, began with Tisi—which according to what may perhaps be accounted the best authorities, commenced about the time of the autumnal equinox, i.e. about the 20th September. The seventeenth day of the second month would accordingly correspond with over 6th of November. The rain began to fall that day and continued falling forty days and forty nights in succession.

8. The Lord shut Noah in. He at the same time shut all others out. The inhabitants of the old world were engaged eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage up to the very day of the flood. Matt. 24, 38. But when it did come many of them may have clung around it and cried open unto us. But it was too late. Luke 13, 25. Thus it may be with sinners often warned, who neglect the great salvation till it is too late.

9. The flood occurred 1655 after the creation of the world, and 2349 before the advent of Christ. Noah was 600 years old when it began. It lasted about a year and ten days.

There is difference of opinion as to whether the flood was confined to the inhabited part of the world or extended around the whole earth. The latter view is most in accordance with v. 21, 23.

Learn 1. God is as good as his word. Gen. 6. 3, 7, and 7. 11.

2. Men are lost because they choose to perish. The inhabitants of the old world were well warned. Nevertheless they gave no heed. Jude 14, 15. Heb. 4, 1.

3. There is only one way of Salvation. Only those in the ark were saved from the flood. So only those in Christ will be saved from eternal death. 1 Cor. 3. 11.

April 21st, 1861.

THE YOUTH OF JESUS.—Matt. ii. 13-33.  
Luke ii. 41-52.

I. Joy and sorrow are often closely linked together. Joseph and Mary had had the joy of receiving the wise men of the East, and the substantial tokens they brought of their interest in the holy child. The wise men were no sooner gone than Joseph and Mary were exercised by another feeling. They were informed that if their child had friends he had also foes.

The Lord Jesus was a man of sorrows even from his infancy.

II. Joseph remained in Egypt till the death of Herod. It was prophesied by Hosea that Christ should come out of Egypt.—Chap. ii. 1. We are here told the reason why he was taken into Egypt, viz: that it must be fulfilled what was spoken of by the prophet.

III. "Herod slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and coasts, of and under two years of age." Doubtless he put the blame of his cruel action on the wise men who deceived him. He was very wroth with the wise men.

The conduct of those who fear God sometimes appears strange and unaccountable to the worldly man. He is ignorant of God's command, and unacquainted with its power over the conscience.

IV. When Herod was dead, God remembered his word to Joseph, and sent an angel to inform him to leave Egypt for the danger was past. Death is a mighty leveller. It can remove the kings of this world like other men. They have no power to retain life when the hour of their departure comes.

V. The fear of Archilaus led him to settle at Nazareth. This was their own city.—Luke ii. 39. He was to be called a Nazarene.—Nazareth was a small town in Galilee. It was an obscure retired place not so much as once mentioned in the Old Testament. He dwelt with Joseph and Mary, and was subject to them.

What a lesson of humility is taught us by the dwelling place of the Son of God, when he was on the earth. The greater part of his time was spent among the poor and in retirement. He did not seek to become conspicuous, but unlike him we are far too ready to seek great things in this world.

VI. The parents of Christ went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of passover. Jesus was 12 years old at the time referred to in our lesson, and it is pleasing to see his parents take their son with them to religious ordinances.—2 Tim. i. 5; iii. 15.

VII. When Joseph and Mary started on

their journey home, Jesus was not with them. They did not know that he was not in the company journeying in the same direction but supposed him to be among their kinsfolk.—They were surprised at his leaving them. They turned back and for three days sought him sorrowing. Those who know anything of a mother's heart when a child is astray. Particularly the mother of such a child, aware of all the enmity to which he was exposed, can form some idea of the anguish they experienced.

They ought to have been satisfied that if he was not in their company he was about his father's business. He came into the world to finish the work given him to do. This he never lost sight of.

VIII. All that heard Christ were astonished at his understanding and answers v. 47. On other occasions in his life the people were astonished.—Matt. 7. 28. Mark, 1. 22. Luke, 4. 22. John, 7. 15. 44.

IX. Jesus was subject unto his parents, v. 57. He came to fulfill all righteousness and his obedience lasted till his death. Phil. 2. 8. Learn from the example of Jesus.

1. That children ought to accompany their parents to church.
2. That children ought to associate with the wise. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." Prov. 13. 20.
3. That children ought to obey their parents. Luke, 25.

April 28th, 1861.

Noah's Sacrifice.—Gen. 8-20-22; XI, 1-7.

1. "Noah builded an altar, 8-20. This was immediately after he and his family and the living creatures left the Ark. It was a very appropriate action both with reference to the past and with reference to the future. The first recorded act of our first parents was an act of disobedience.—The first recorded act of Noah after the deluge was an act well-pleasing to God.—The one brought down his marked displeasure. The other his marked approbation.

"Our English word *altar* comes from one in the Latin (*altus*) which signifies *high*, because altars were originally made of high raised mounds of earth.—Ex. 20, 24, or built on the tops of hills and mountains. Though this altar of Noah is the first of which we find any mention in the Sacred Records. Yet as we read of sacrificial oblations before the flood, even in the earliest times before, there were, undoubtedly, altars formed or made, on which to present them unto God."

2. "The Lord smelled a sweet savour." The sacrifice which Noah offered was as grateful and acceptable to the Lord as sweet odours are to a man. This act pre-figured the sacrifice of the atoning mediator, to be offered in the fulness of time; and as the oblation, with its attendant exercises expressed Noah's sense of his unworthiness, his dependence on God, and his grateful love to Him, it was accepted.

Owing to this sacrifice the Lord said that he would not again curse the ground for man's sake. He had cursed the ground—Gen. 3-17, & 8-17.

3. We have evidence in our day of the faithfulness of God to his word given to Noah—v. 22.

4. God blessed Noah and his sons,—The same blessing is given to him that was given to our first parents.—Gen. 1, 28.

5. The fear of man was upon every beast of the earth, &c., Chap. 9-2. Adam in Paradise controlled the animal creatures by love. Noah and his descendants was to do so by fear. Ever since the animals of all sizes and dispositions have been under his dominion.

6. Every moving thing was allowed at this time for meat for man.—V. 3. This was an additional grant to what was made to man at first, and one tending to mitigate the curse.—Gen. 3, 17. "It has been generally agreed among writers that mankind, before the flood, notwithstanding the lawlessness and flagitiousness at length of their conduct, in many of most other respects, confined themselves within the limits of the original grant. Their animals, however, were to be killed for this purpose. The blood was not to be eaten.

7. The blood of man is required at the hand of every beast and the hand of every man. His blood is to be shed by man.—Gen. 9, 6. This injunction is still in full force. God only who enacted the law has the right to alter it.

**If You Please make me a Christian.**

I well recollect, in the course of my labours, a poor Hindoo youth, who followed me about the garden of the school, asking me to make him a Christian. I said, "It is impossible, my dear boy; if it is possible to do so at all, it is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ to make you a

Christian. Pray to him." How well I recollect the sweet voice and sweet face of that boy, when he came to me and said, "The Lord Jesus Christ has come and taken his place in my heart." I asked how is that? He replied, "I prayed and said, O Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian?" and he was so kind that he came down from Heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since." How simple and how touching! "Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!" Can you say that you made a similar appeal in such a spirit as this poor Hindoo boy? And can you say my young friends, that Jesus Christ has come down from heaven to live in your hearts?—*Rev. Dr. Boaz of Calcutta.*

### A FABLE.

It was a summer morn, dawning brightly over a dewy night. The sun rose joyously and shone over the fields. And nestling on a leaf, as yet shadowed from the light, lay a little drop of dew, child of the night. Then spoke the sun, and said, 'Open thy heart, little dew-drop, and let my beams enter, and shine within thy bosom.' 'And what O great sun,' said the tiny thing, 'wilt thou give me or do for me, if I open my bosom to receive thee?' 'I will light thee up, said the sun, 'with my rays, till thou shalt sparkle like a jewel or a star; and at length I will draw thee softly away up to the heaven I dwell in.' So the little dew-drop gave consent, and the sun shone into its bosom; when lo, it became like a jern, and the passers-by wondered to behold its diamond beauty. But as they looked the light waned, the glittering drop lessened, till it disappeared; yet they mourned it not, for they knew that it had gone away up, on unseen wings, into the warm skies. Even so open your hearts, young friends to Jesus, and he will come into them; and although he finds them very unlike the dew-drop for its purity, He will make them like it shining in his light; and if by the hand of death He should gently draw you away out of our sight, we will not grieve for you have gone away to a brighter world, where He himself is, to shine there 'as the stars for ever and ever.'—*Edmond's Church in the House.*



## The Giant Heathenism.

This giant doesn't live here. He is found in countries where the Gospel is not known. His castles may be seen in Africa, and in India, in China, and in the islands of the sea. He is a huge giant. He has a great many heads, more indeed than I can pretend to count. In every country where idols are worshipped one of the heads of this giant may be found. One of these heads is called Juggernaut; another is called Brahma; another Buddha, and many such like names. This giant is very strong, and very cruel. We read, in that interesting book called "Pilgrim's Progress," about a giant whose name was Despair, and who lived in a castle called "Doubting Castle." He used to seize the pilgrims to the heavenly city, as they ventured on his grounds. When he had caught them, he used to thrust them into a dark, dismal dungeon, and beat them with his great club;—and treat them so badly that many of them were driven to kill themselves.—He was a very strong giant, and very cruel. And Heathenism, the giant of whom I am speaking, is just like him, in these respects.

HE IS VERY STRONG. He is so strong that he keeps six hundred millions of people in his dungeons all the time. They are bound hand and foot. They can not possibly get out, till the friends of Jesus attack the giant, and make him let them go.

And he is VERY CRUEL, as well as very strong. The things that are done in some of the dungeons where he dwells, show how cruel he is. Look at India. There is Juggernaut, one of the heads of this giant. This idol is kept on a great heavy car. At certain seasons of the year, when they have a festival, this car is dragged out. Hundreds of people take hold of the rope and pull it along;—and while it rolls on, great numbers of men and women will throw themselves down, before the car, and be crushed to death under its wheels, as they roll over them. For miles, around the temple, you may see the bones of the poor creatures who have been crushed in this way.

In other parts of his dungeon, this giant makes his poor wretched prisoners put iron hooks through the flesh, on the back of their bodies—and then swing themselves round, with the whole weight

of their bodies resting on these hooks.

In other parts, he makes his poor prisoners kill a great many of their little innocent children, as soon as they are born. Sometimes their parents will dig a hole in the ground, and bury their baby, alive, in it. Sometimes they will throw them into the river, to be drowned, or devoured by alligators. In some places, along the river Ganges, there are crocodiles that live almost altogether on the dear little babies that are thrown in, by their cruel mothers, to be devoured alive, by those horrible monsters.

In the South Sea Islands, three out of four, of all the children born, used to be killed.

In one tribe of people in India that numbered 12,000 men—there were only thirty women. All the rest had been killed when they were young.

In the city of Pekin many infants are thrown out into the streets, every night.— Sometimes they are killed, at once, by the fall. Sometimes they are only half killed, and linger, moaning in agony, till the morning. Then the police go round, and pick them up, and throw them altogether, into a hole, and bury them.

In Africa, the children are sometimes burnt alive. In India, they are sometimes exposed in the woods till they either starve to death, or are devoured by the jackals, or vultures. In the South Sea Islands they used, sometimes, to strangle their babies; while at other times they would break all their joints, first their fingers and toes, then their ankles and wrists, and then their elbows and knees.

Surely they are horrible dungeons in which such dreadful things are done!

And the giant Heathenism, who makes his prisoners do such things, must be indeed a cruel giant!

Well, what are we to do to this giant? Why, we must FIGHT him, as David did Goliath. We do not expect to kill him outright. He will never be killed till Jesus comes again. He Himself will kill the giant Heathenism. But we can cut off some of the giant's heads, and set some of his prisoners free. We are bound, in duty, to fight against this giant. But how are we to do this? Just as David did,— He fought against Goliath with a sling and a stone. He picked the stones out of

the brook, and hurled them at the giant. And this is what we must do. The Bible is the brook to which we must go. The truths which it contains are the stones that we must use. When these truths are hurled against the head of this giant, they will sink into it just as David's pebble did into Goliath's head—and he will fall.

A Chinese idolater had become a Christian. He stood among his countrymen, one day, distributing some tracts. They were taken into the interior of China, and read. The reading of them led the people of many towns and villages to give up the worship of idols. This destroyed one of the heads of the giant. In the Sandwich Islands another of his heads has been destroyed;—and another in the Islands of New Zealand;—and another in the Feejee Islands. And Sunday-school children are trying to help in this work, when they assist in making contributions to the missionary cause. We are helping to throw the stones of truth at the heads of the giant Heathenism. When the Missionaries preach of Jesus to the heathen, they are slinging stones at the giant's head. God directs the stones which they throw, and makes them effectual to wound, and disable the giant. David never could have killed Goliath, if left to himself. But God helped him, and then the stone did its work.—And so God will help us: so He will help all who fight against the great cruel giant—Heathenism. Then let us go on, like brave giant-killers, and fight against this giant. We are sure to succeed—for God has promised that the giant shall be killed at last.—[The Giants, and How to Fight Them. Published by R. Carter & Bro.

## THE DROWNED BOY.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a lovely evening: a summer Sunday evening. The sun, setting in the blue sky, tinted the fleecy clouds with the softest colours, which were reflected in the calm river that wound among the green fields and flowery banks; and the gentle breeze hardly waved the branches of the trees that drooped lovingly over the stream, as if to thank the waters for their ever welcome moisture. So still, so calm, so beautiful, all seemed at rest; the hum of

the late bee returning homeward, and yet lingering on his way to kiss some favorite flower; and the sweet note of the nightingale from the wood upon the hill, were the only sounds that came to our ear, as we turned into the fields to enjoy the cool evening air.

But suddenly we heard wild cries, and calls for help; the sound of trampling feet, and hurried voices: the hedges that skirted the path by the river were crushed down; and a number of boys, breathless with haste, burst into the field, shouting, 'He's drowning! he'll be dead! there's a boy drowning in the weir! somebody go and help him!' and on they rushed towards the village, to spread the alarm.

We hastened along the river bank towards the weir, which was some distance lower down; others, alarmed by the boys' cries, soon followed. Fast as feet could go, we hurried, now up the rugged path, now down the grassy slopes, now over well-worn stiles, now through a field of ripening corn, scaring the birds by our quick footsteps, crushing the sweet wild flowers, and green hedges in our path; for a human life was in danger, and we heeded nothing else.

We reached the green meadows, where the river, with a sudden bend, widened, and its blue waters went plashing over a weir, and after bubbling and foaming a short space, settled down in their own quiet flow beyond.

There was a crowd collected on the banks at either side. Boys were explaining, and pointing where their companion had sunk; men were throwing out drags, or hastily constructing rafts, on which to push out and seek the unfortunate lad; women were crying and wringing their hands, as they begged the men to hasten, or he would be dead before they found him.

One of the boys told how it happened. They had met in these meadows to play, and been daring each other to walk upon the weir through the water. This little one, more daring than all, had boasted he would stand upon his head, where they hardly could on their feet. He did it once, and an elder boy offered him a penny to do so again. He went, but slipped and was carried over the weir, and sank.

Some minutes went by; again and

again there was a shout, as the men dragged to shore large masses of weed and tangled rubbish; but they could not find the poor lad.

Several of the men then climbed along the weir, and stood near the spot where the boy had sunk.

Again the drag was thrown in, and slowly pulled up, for it had caught something heavy.

As it rose above the surface, first an arm, then a head, then a leg appeared! It was the boy; and as the men lifted him from the water, he hung upon their arms like a mass of old wet clothes, without shape, or sense, or motion.

They laid him on the grass; they put back the wet hair from his brow; there was no shout now; a hushed murmur went through the crowd, as they looked at the white, solemn, fixed face; for they knew he was dead.

His clothes were very ragged, his feet bare.

That pale face, upturned to the blue sky and the setting sun, would look upon them no more. Those cold feet would never again run lightly down the river bank, amid the waving corn, nor in the green meadows and woods. And the poor, wet, stiffening hands would neither work, nor play, nor pluck the fruit and flowers more.

‘Who will tell his father?’ cried one.

‘Where is his father?’ asked several.

‘Drinking in the public house,’ said a boy.

‘I went to tell him,’ said another; ‘but it is no use, he’s drinking?’

So the strangers laid the drowned boy gently upon a board which had been brought; then raising him upon their shoulders, slowly they carried him up that river path, down which he had bounded full of life that afternoon.

The crowd followed; and as the path wound upwards, we saw before us those cold bare feet, and they told a sad lesson—the Sabbath breaker!

They took him to the first house, a public-house, but the landlord would not let the poor dead body be brought in. He bade them lay it in a shed outside; and there we saw it for days after, all alone and uncared for; under an old cart. The poor boy’s cap lay near, and alas! a bag of apples, which he had been stealing that

same Sunday afternoon from an orchard! His mother was dead; his father was a drunkard, and spent all his time and money in the public-house. He cared not for his child; he sent him to no good school, nor to church, and so he grew in sin and evil.

By and by, the poor body was put into a plain white wooden coffin, and was buried, and no one wept for the dead boy. He might have been alive now—well and happy; he might have grown a good and clever man, and have been loved by all who knew him, but he had none to teach him to be good. Drink, which had made the father forget his son—drink, my little friends, was the ruin of the

YOUNG SABBETH BREAKER.

PRIMATE ROBINSON AND REV.  
C. WESLEY.

The late Primate Robinson, who, it is well known, attached to his manners a high degree of personal dignity, happened to meet Mr. Charles Wesley at the Hot Wells, when after making some good-natured observations on the variety of scenes they had passed through since they had left college, (for they had been fellow-collegians), the following conversation took place between the Archbishop and Mr. Wesley:—

*Primate.* I knew your brother well; I could never credit all I heard respecting him and you; but one thing in your conduct I could never account for, your employing laymen.

*Wesley.* My Lord it is your fault.

*P.* My fault, Mr. Wesley?

*W.* Yes, my lord, yours and your brethren’s.

*P.* How so, sir?

*W.* Why, you hold your peace, and the “stones cry out.” (Here they took several silent turns).

*P.* Well, but I am told they are unlearned men.

*W.* Some of them are in many respects unlearned men; so the “dumb ass rebukes the Prophet.”

His grace said no more.

What Must I Do?

"Since I first discovered Jesus to be the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, I have more than once met with a poor sinner seeking peace at the foot of Sinai instead of Calvary; and I have heard him, now and again in bitter disappointment and fear, groaning out, 'What must I do?'—I have said to him, 'Do! do! what can you do? what do you need to do?'"

Nothing, either great or small,  
Nothing, sinner, no;  
Jesus did it, did it all,  
Long, long ago.

When He, from His lofty throne,  
Stooped to do and die,  
Everything was fully done;  
Hearken to His cry,—

"It is finished." Yes, indeed,  
Finished every jot;  
Sinner, this is all you need;  
Tell me, Is it not?

Weary, working, plodding one,  
Wherefore toil you so?  
Cease your doing; all was done  
Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling,  
By a simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing,  
"Doing" ends in death.

Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down at Jesus' Feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Gloriously complete.

"What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi. 30.  
"This is the work of God, that ye BELIEVE on Him whom He hath sent."—John vi. 29.

PSALM XLII.

The panting hart, on distant hills,  
Beholds afar his native plains,  
Whose purling brooks, but mock the thirst  
That feeds the fever of his veins.

Away from God my thirsting soul  
Can ill sustain its sorrow's load;  
While vanquishing foes unceasingly,  
In triumph ask, "Where is thy God?"

For I had once rejoiced to fill,  
My destined place, a living stone \*  
Cemented in that temple, reared  
By Sovereign grace, on Christ alone.

\* See Eph. iv, 21-22, and 1 Peter ii, 5.—  
The Jew came to the temple to worship: the Christian forms part of the temple.

But now, dark billows o'er me roll;  
Above me, rage the answering deeps:  
Far off on gloomy hills I roam,  
The dark abodes of unbelief.

Has God forgotten; or have I  
Forsaken Him? He changes not;  
Revive, my soul, to hope once more,  
And praise Him, Who is still thy God.

WILT THOU GO WITH THIS MAN?

I remember Dr. Hawker concluding an admirable discourse with these brief words:—The words were addressed to Rebecca of old: "*Wilt thou go with this man?*"—"Souls, will ye go with Christ? Will ye go to Christ?" "I would go with him," saith one, "but would he have me?" Did He ever reject one that came to him? "I would go with Christ," saith another, "but I am naked." He will clothe thee. "I would go to him," says a third, "but I am filthy." He can cleanse you; nay, his own blood shall wash you, and his own veins will supply the purifying stream. "I would go with him," said another, "but I am diseased and leprous, and cannot walk with him." Ah! but he is a great physician, and he can heal thee. Come as thou art to Christ. Many say, "But I cannot come." I remember a saying in the North of Ireland, in the revival, which just hits the mark. The young converts will say to one another, when one says, "I cannot come," "Brother, come if you can, and if you can't come, come as you can." Will you not come, when by coming to Christ you may save your soul? We do not know what faith is when we say to ourselves, "It is a something so mysterious I cannot reach it." Faith is trusting Christ. It is the end of mystery and the beginning of simplicity; the giving up of all those idle feelings and believings that aught else can save the soul; and the reception of that one master-thought, that Christ Jesus is exalted on high to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins. Never soul perished trusting Jesus, never heart was blasted with perdition that had confidently rested itself upon the cross. There is thy hope, poor shipwrecked mariner, yonder constellation of the cross with those five stars, the wounds of Jesus. Look there and live. One glance, and thou art saved.—C. H. Spurgeon.

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep  
For human ministry;  
It knows not how to tell itself  
To say but to Thee.

Thou dost remember still, amid  
The glories of God's throne,  
The sorrows of mortality,  
For they were once Thine own.

Yes; for, as if Thou wouldst be God.  
E'en in Thy misery,  
There's been no sorrow but Thine own  
Untouch'd by sympathy.

Jesus! my fainting spirit brings  
Its fearfulness to Thee:  
Thine eye, at least, can penetrate  
The clouded mystery.

And is it not enough—enough—  
This holy sympathy?  
There is no sorrow e'er so deep  
But I may bring to Thee.

A HERO,

Mr. Gough, the celebrated temperance lecturer, relates in one of his speeches the following thrilling incident:—

“John Maynard was well-known in the city of Lake district as a God-fearing honest, intelligent pilot. He was a pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time the steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, “Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is.” Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, “Captain the ship is on fire!” Then, ‘Fire! fire! fire! fire! on shipboard!’ All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, ‘How far are we from Buffalo?’ ‘Seven miles.’ ‘How long before we reach it?’ ‘Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam.’ ‘Is there any danger?’ ‘Danger here—see the smoke bursting out! go forward, if you would save your lives!’ Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst

forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet, ‘John Maynard?’ ‘Aye, aye, sir!’ ‘Are you at the helm?’ ‘Aye, aye, sir!’ ‘How does she head?’ ‘South-east by-east, sir.’ ‘Head her south-east and run her on shore.’ ‘Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, ‘John Maynard!’ The response came feebly, ‘Aye, aye, sir!’ ‘Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?’ ‘By God’s help I will!’ The old man’s hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship—every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took flight to his God.

No Repentance, No Peace.

Have you ever heard of the great clock of St. Pauls in London? At mid-day, in the roar of the business, when carriages, and carts and waggons, and omnibuses, go rolling through the streets, how many never hear that great clock strike unless they live very near it. But when the work of the day is over, and the roar of business has passed away—when men has gone to sleep, and silence reigns in London, then, at twelve, at one, at two, at three, at four, the sound of the clock may be heard for miles around.—Twelve!—one!—two!—three!—four! How that clock is heard by many a sleepless man. That clock is just like the conscience of the impenitent man. While he has health and strength, and goes on in the whirl of business, he will not hear his conscience. He drowns and silences its voice by plunging into the world. He will not allow the inner man to speak to him. But the day will come when conscience will be heard, whether he likes it or not. The day will come when its voice will sound in his ears, and pierce like a sword. The time must come when he must retire from the world, and lie down on the sick bed, and look death in the face. And then the clock of conscience, that solemn clock, will sound in his heart: and if he has not repented, will bring wretchedness and misery to his soul. Oh no! write it down in the tablets of your heart, without repentance no peace!—*J. C. Ryle.*

## COMPASSION

"I have compassion on the multitude."—  
Mark viii. 2.

What a pattern to His people, the tender compassion of Jesus! He found the world of suffering humanity was everywhere borne to His ear. It was His delight to walk its porches, to pity, relieve, comfort, save! The faintest cry of misery arrested His footsteps—Love. Was it a *leper*—that dreaded name which entailed a life-long exile from friendly looks and kindly words? There was One, at least, who had tones and deeds of tenderness for the outcast. "Jesus, being moved with compassion, put forth His hand and touched him." Was it some blind beggars on the Jericho highway, groping in darkness, pleading for help? Jesus stood still, and had compassion on them, and touched their eyes! Was it the speechless pleadings of a widow's tears at the gate of Nain, when she followed her earthly pride and prop to the grave? "When the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said, Weep not!" Even when He rebukes, the bow of compassion is seen in the cloud, or rather, that cloud, as it passes, dissolves in a rain-shower of mercy. He pronounces Jerusalem *desolate*, but the doom is uttered amid a flood of anguished sorrow!

Reader! do the compassionate word and deeds of a tender Saviour find any feeble echo and transcript in yours? As you traverse in thought the wastes of human wretchedness, does the spectacle give rise, not to the more emotional feeling which weeps itself away in sentimental tears, but to an earnest desire to "do something" to mitigate the sufferings of woe-worn humanity? How vast and world-wide the claims on your compassion!—now near, now at a distance—the unmet and unanswered cry of perishing millions abroad—the heathendom which lies unasscoured at your own door—the public charity languishing—the mission staff dwarfed and crippled from lack of needful funds—a suffering district—a starving family—a poor neighbor—a helpless orphan—it may be, some crowded hotel, where misery and vice run riot—or some lonely sick-chamber, where the dim lamp has been wasting for dreary nights—or some desolate home which death has entered, where "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not," and where some sobbing heart, under the tattered garb of poverty, mourns, unsoled and unpitied, its "loved and lost." Are there none such within your reach, to whom a trifling pittance would be as an angel of mercy? How it would hallow and enhance all you possess, were you to seek to live as an almoner of Jehovah's bounties! If He has given you of this world's substance!

remember it is bestowed, not to be greedily hoarded or lavishly squandered. Property and wealth are talents to be traded on and laid out for the good of others—sacred trusts, not selfishly to be 'enjoyed,' but generously to be 'employed.'

"The poor are the representatives of Jesus, their wants He considers as His own," and he will recompense accordingly. The feeblest expression of Christian pity and love, though it be but the widow's mite, or the cup of cold water, or the kindly look and word when there is neither mite nor cup to give, yet, if done in His name, it is entered in the "book of life" as a "loan to the Lord;" and in that day when "the books are opened," the loan will be paid back with usury.—(The Mind of Jesus.)

## THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

"Why were you not at school last week, Sarah?" asked the clergyman, as he opened the door of the room where Sarah and her mother sat at work.

"Please, sir," Sarah began, "please, sir, mother wanted me at home to"—

But here the mother spoke: "The poor child's chilblains were so bad, sir, that I said I'd keep her at home. She could hardly get a shoe on her feet all the week."

This was not true. The girl had not such a thing as chilblains on her feet. She had been quite well; but her mother had kept her at home to do some odd jobs about the house, and did not like the minister to know it.

The clergyman looked grave, but said nothing. He did not like to tax Mrs. Jones with telling a lie. But it was not the first time he had thought she said what was not true.

Alas! she had done more than tell a lie.—She had taught her child to do the same. Sarah Jones is not likely to forget that lesson. Next time she wishes to hide the truth about anything, will she not have a lie ready? And who will have taught her but *her own mother*? If conscience pricks, how ready will the poor child be to quiet it with the thought, "Mother does the same!"

O mothers! mind your words before your children. Never let them hear you say what is not true. How can you expect them to grow up to speak the truth if you yourselves set them an example of untruth? And how can you be surprised if they tell lies to you if you teach them to tell lies to others? If you wish to be able to trust your children, and to believe what they say, train them up in the truth; teach them by word and by example always to say what is true. Tell them that God hears every word; and show them that you believe it by speaking always as if God heard you.

### Revival at Elberfeld, Prussia.

An extraordinary work of revival has begun in the Orphan House at Elberfeld, a thriving town in Rhenish Prussia. The Orphan House contains three hundred children—male and female. The account of the awakening has been communicated to the *Patriot* by the Rev. W. Graham, of Bonn, who procured his information on the spot. His letter is dated February 11th:—The movement began visibly on January 28, by a little girl weeping over her sins, and longing for salvation; two others soon joined her, and the three went secretly into the clothes-room for prayer; they were so sad, they said,—so very sad because of their sins,—and they wanted to come to Jesus, the Friend of sinners.—Four others soon joined them, and these seven formed the first prayer-meeting among the orphans. They were about twelve years of age, and one of them was a Roman Catholic. Soon after this, four boys were found on the stairs that lead down to the cellar, in great agony of mind, and one of them in the bitterest agony was lying on the stairs, and crying loudly to Jesus for pardon. They were thus arrested on their way to the cellar in order to find a quiet place for prayer.—When they got to the cellar, they found four there before them, lying on their faces, or on their knees, crying to the Lord for mercy. Their overseer came to them, and they altogether spent the entire night in prayer. This was the first prayer-meeting among the boys. They then asked for a room to meet in, where they might not be disturbed, which was granted to them.—The next meeting numbered not eight but sixteen boys, and when they came into the room set apart for them they all simultaneously fell down on their knees, and began to cry out with awful vehemence and floods of tears for pardon, “Lord have mercy on me! Jesus, O Jesus, forgive my sins!” There was no order, no leader, in this strange meeting; but each, with incredible ardour, and as if he were alone, confessed his sins, and cried for mercy. This made a great noise, and the overseer heard it in a distant part of the house. He came directly, feeling somewhat irritated at such disorder, intending at once to put a stop to it. He entered; but there his interference

ended! He was astonished; he was overwhelmed with awe and wonder. He had never seen such earnestness, such agony depicted on the human countenance. He felt that he could do nothing, and that God alone could still the tumults of the terrified conscience. He remained, however, and gradually the tempest calmed; but not till they had made a full confession of their sins, even the most secret. This they did in the sight of God, unasked, and as if no ear but God heard them. And it is not unlikely that this was really the case; each was too earnest for himself to think of the confessions of others. However this may be, these confessions of sin form one of the most extraordinary features of this strange movement. They appointed another meeting for prayer. When the time came around one of the awakened said to his companion Boller, “Won’t you come with us to the meeting?” “No, I won’t,” said Boller, “I don’t wish to be saved! go you, if you like, but I shall go to bed!” And to bed he did go, but he became weary and restless, and when he heard the sound of prayer in the distance he rose and crept away to the meeting. As he entered they were just praying for him by name. This acted like electricity upon him, and he fell to the earth as if struck with a thunderbolt, in terrible agonies and also frightful convulsions. He remained speechless for many days; his face was dark and diabolical; his fingers bent together; his arms smote the ground with frightful vehemence, and his entire body writhed as if in mortal agonies. After five or six days he obtained perfect peace and the full conviction of the Saviour’s love. This case of Boller made a prodigious impression on the inmates of the Orphan House. It wrought like electricity on the whole of the 300 orphans; the prayer meetings became full, and now came the marvellous power of God among them in such strength and vehemence, that in one night twenty-eight boys were carried into one room where they lay in the most awful bodily and mental agonies. They were all for a time perfectly speechless; they were stricken down to the ground by some invisible power; they were all crying out for pardon of their sins as long as voice remained with them. They all made the fullest confession of their sins, even the

most secret, as if none but God were present; and finally, in all their agonies and dumbness they were perfectly conscious of what was going on about them. Many of them signed for slates, and wrote their wishes on them while unable to speak. While all this took place among the boys, the girls rushed up to the great sleeping apartment and fell down in the agonies of conviction—some in their beds, some before their beds, some flat on their faces on the floor, some in the corners of the room, but all with many tears and bitter cries, confessing their sins and crying to Jesus for mercy. It was a night of wonders! There was indeed much searching of hearts, and many precious souls were brought to the Lord. The whole house rang with strange voices, and the whole three hundred were bent before the presence of the Lord like the trees of the forest before the storm.

The remainder of the letter is too long for insertion here. The result is that one-half of the orphans have already been brought hopefully under the influence of the truth. Mr. Graham adds the following encouraging remark—"So far as we can see, the movement arose out of the week of prayer, at the beginning of the present year."

### The Smell of Lebanon.

This is an expression used by the Prophet Hosea (xiv. 6), when telling of pardoned, accepted, freely loved Israel: "His smell shall be as Lebanon." Travellers report that they have found not the cedars only, but every shrub and plant that clothes the sides of that majestic mountain, in the spring season, breathing forth fragrance; all are aromatic. Is it not so with all the words and ways of the pardoned and accepted soul? But besides this, the natives of Lebanon tell us that if you collect the sap of the tall pine, or of the goodly cedar, and drop it into the flame, the fragrance is delightful as incense. Is not this like what we find in God's believing ones? Their inner life, their thoughts, their deep-seated feelings, when circumstances develop them, have a fragrance of peculiar sweetness. It was so in the case of him whose motives and innermost frames of soul are here laid open. "The smell is as Lebanon."—[Memoir of Sandeman.

### GOD AND MAMMON.

We cannot serve God and Mammon. *Mammon* is a word that signifies *gain*; so that whatever in this world is, or is accounted by us to be, *gain*, is *Mammon*. Whatever is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is *Mammon*. To some their belly is their *Mammon*, and they serve that; to others their ease; their sleep, their sports and pastimes, are their *Mammon*; to others, worldly riches; to others, honours and preferments; the praise and applause of men was the Pharisees' *Mammon*; in a word, self, the unity in which the world's trinity centres, sensual, secular self, is the *Mammon* which cannot be served in conjunction with God; for if it be served, it is in competition with him, and in contradiction to him. He does not say, we *must* not, or we *should* not—but we cannot serve God and *Mammon*; we cannot love both, or hold to both, or hold by both, in observance, obedience, attendance, trust, and dependence—for they are contrary the one to the other. God says, "My son give me thine heart." *Mammon* says "No, give it me." God says, "Be content with such things as ye have." *Mammon* says, "Grasp at all that ever thou canst. Money, money; by fair means or by foul, money."

God says, "Defraud not, never lie, be honest and just in all thy dealings." *Mammon* says "Cheat thy own father if thou canst gain by it." God says, "Be charitable." *Mammon* says, "Hold thy own: this giving undoes us all." God says, "Be careful for nothing." *Mammon* says, "Be careful for everything." God says, "Keep holy the Sabbath day." *Mammon* says, "Make use of that day as well as any other for the world." Thus, inconsistent are the commands of God and *Mammon*, so that we *cannot* serve both. Let us not, then, halt between God and Baal, but choose ye this day whom ye will serve, and abide by your choice.—*Henry*.



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