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THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG.

GOD'S LOVE GIFT TO THE WORLD.

BY RICHARD WEAVER.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16.

You cannot find a more precious text than that; as long as that verse remains in the Bible, there is hope for every one. I have come from Lancashire to tell you that God is love, that is my mission: and if I leave off at the text, and do not speak another word, it is enough to induce you all to come to Christ to-night. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Recollect that these are Christ's words, and not Paul's, or Peter's, or John's; they are the words spoken by the Lord Jesus himself; and I would sooner take his words than any one's else. He is not a man that he should lie, or the son of man that he should repent. He was God as well as man, the true and faithful witness; he always spoke the truth. He knew that God had employed other and severer methods with erring, sinful man; he knew that the wrath of the living God had been poured out upon the antediluvian world. God had tried what floods of water and flames of fire would do with disobedient and ungodly sinners, and how they had failed in making them repent. In spite of all these judgments, there were but a very few that would be led to repentance by these means. So the holy and righteous God took Counsel with his only begotten Son, and said, "We have tried what fire and floods of wrath will do, and how they have failed in winning back men

to God; now we will try what the mission of love will do. We will make a full display of the strongest, the tenderest, and altogether undeserved love, to those hard-hearted, sin-blighted wretches, and whosoever believes in this manifestation of my love, shall have everlasting life." Thank God, the blessed Saviour has brought love down to us.

"'Twas love that did the world redeem.
No other help was found."

I have spoken to you about the difference between love and hatred. You know when a man is loving toward you, and when there is rankling and backbiting, and defrauding around you. Thank God we have a father in heaven, whose name is Jehovah, whose heart is full of love. If I were to try and fathom the depths of redeeming love, I should find it impossible. There has never been a servant of God, from the beginning of the world, that could fathom it. It is not in the mind of mortal man to describe how much there is contained in that little word "so." Thank God, though I cannot understand it, my heart can bow to it, and say, "God so loved the world."

You might read Adam Clarke, that learned expositor who has written commentaries on many texts which nobody could fathom beside himself; but when he comes to this, he is obliged to leave it as it is, and to say, "God so loved the world."

Or you might go to that pious man, Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, and study his sermons; but it is not in that pious man's mind to fathom the depths of redeeming love. Bless the Lord, his love is unspeakable. You might follow that mighty champion of the Cross, George Whitefield, who held people, as it were, over the bottomless pit, and terrified them, and then told them of the heights and depths of redeeming love; but they were depths which he could not fathom; and while his bones are bleaching in the cold grave, the God of Love still remains the same mighty theme and fathomless mystery. You might sit at the feet of that sanctified man, Mr. Wesley, who sacrificed everything that he had in this world for the love he had for perishing souls, but he would tell you that he could not fathom the depths of redeeming love. You may go with the Tinker of Bedford, and read his *Pilgrim's Progress* through from beginning to end; but the love of God he could not fully describe. Oh, bless the Lord, his love is both unspeakable and unfathomable; and as these mighty men could not fathom the depths nor scale the heights of redeeming love, it is not likely that a poor illiterate coffer can. But I do know that "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son."

If I had wings, and could fly from this dull to-night right up to yon blood-washed throne about the throne, to Abel, that first martyr, who has been singing, "Worthy is the Lamb" for so many thousand years, and ask him about the love of God, he would tell me that we have it set forth in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, "God so loved the world." If I could go to that wise man Solomon, as he sits on a glorious throne up yonder, and if I were to range over the celestial plains of the celestial country, and ask every blood-washed soul how much God loves us, they would say we have it in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, "God so loved the world." If I were to go to the angels, the Cherubim and Seraphim, in the angelic world, and talk to them about the love of God, they would be at a loss to tell me how much God loves us. They could only point to the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, and say, "God so loved the world." If I could enter the celestial company to-

night, and go to that mighty champion and preacher of the faith once delivered to the saints—the Apostle Paul, and say, "Paul, Paul, Paul, how much does God love us?" he would tell us, "There are lengths and breadths, and heights and depths, that pass knowledge, which I have not been able at present fully to comprehend. The knowledge of this love is not within the compass of my mind to understand, much less to tell you, how great, how high, how deep, is God's love in redeeming sinners by the death of his beloved Son." But, bless God, my dear friends, that we have it stated in the good old book, that "God so loved the world," and if God loves the world, he loves you, my beloved friends that are here this night.

I know something about the love of earthly friends. I know what it is to have the love of an affectionate, tender-hearted mother; and I have been reading a letter to-day from my brother, and from my poor old father, seventy-eight years of age, which deeply affected my heart. And, oh, when I take a retrospective view of my past life, and take my mind back to the time when I was led by the hand of a praying mother to church, to hear the word of the living God declared on Sunday, and when I think how she would take me to her knee, and teach me that beautiful prayer, "Our Father, which art in heaven," when I think of the love of that poor old and affectionate mother towards me, it almost overwhelms me as I remember the blackness of my ingratitude towards her. I can remember the time when she put her hands upon me, and said, "God bless thee, lad." A father now myself, I can tell how it was that poor old mother loved her prodigal son. Let me tell you I like to see a mother putting her hand upon the head of her little one, and teaching it that prayer, "Our Father." Oh, what a beautiful thing it is for children to call God their father. I can remember the time when my mother taught me that beautiful prayer, and I shall never forget it. When I was converted, I could not pray much besides. I was preaching one time, and a young man was, through God's grace, converted. As soon as he found peace and pardon, he said, "Oh, Mr. Weaver, will you allow me to pray?"

He was one of the sons of toil, a poor labouring man, that had to work with hard hands for the bread that perisheth, and the tears were running down his blackened cheeks. But when he knelt down, and said, "Our Father, which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come"—I never felt anything come with so much power in all my life. I said, "My dear young brother, where did you find that prayer?" "Oh," he said, "my mother taught me that when I was a boy." And whenever I see a father or mother teaching their children that, it proves to me that the father or mother loves them. We know something about love. I know I like to see people I love, and I know very well that my dear little boy, if I go to him with a frowning face, will begin to weep; but if I go with a smiling face, and gentle words, he will smile, and say, "My father loves me still." God Almighty loves us still. Glory be to God, though we have done wrong, our heavenly Father loves us still. Others may spurn you from them, and sneer at you, and say you are only the off-scouring of all things in the worlds; but, oh, my friends, thank God that he loves you still. Others may tyrannise over you and oppress you, and build their houses with the money you ought to have for your families, but God loves you still. If there's any of you that lies down in damp cellars or up in dark garrets, God loves you. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." There is something beautiful and sublime in that verse. It is God that loves us—not the Queen or Prince Albert—but God; not Tom Paine or Voltaire, or Joseph Barker—but God.

You remember my telling you that as I was going to preach at a certain place, and was travelling in the railway train from Liverpool, a gentleman was in the carriage with me, and we got talking about the Lord. As soon as we got acquainted, he brought himself down to my simple talk. We travelled by ourselves for some time, and as there was no one with us, I said, "We will offer up a short prayer." He seemed quite pleased, and he prayed for God to bless me, and be with me where I

was going. When we got to a certain town, a lot of navies got into the train. They began to talk in their own dialect, and to pray God to damn one another. I said to one of them, "Hold, stop; you shall not speak a word against my father." The old man looked surprised, and said he had not been speaking about my father; so I said the others. I said, "You have; you have been talking against my father." "I won't know your father." "More shame for you to say so." "What's your father's name?" said one; and I told them that God was my father. Then we got conversing about God's loving them, and when I told them that, and about other good things, they began to ask me how I knew that God loved them, I pulled out my Bible, and found this very verse, "God so loved the world." Then I began to tell them about the love of God being greater than that of parents to children, and soon. When we got out of the train, we left them in. As we shook hands, the tears ran down their cheeks, and they said they hoped we should meet again; and one poor fellow said he did not think they should ever forget it. When we got out of the carriage a woman caught hold of my hand and said, "Is your name Richard Weaver?" I said it was. She then told me the following story. She said, "Twelve months ago I was without a friend in this world. My four little children had only a bed of straw to lie down upon, and I could not set a meal before them. My husband was more like a devil than a man. He had just come out of prison. He saw Richard Weaver's name placarded upon a wall, and he stood and wondered for a moment, and he said, 'I know a Richard Weaver, and if it is the same man, I'll go and hear him. I am sure he'll be glad to see me.'" He had not a coat upon his back, or a shoe upon his foot, but he went out of curiosity to see the man he had worked with. When you had done preaching, you asked those who were determined to be the Lord's people to stay behind, and to come up to the penitentiary. My husband came up to see you, and at that form he found the pearl of great price. I shall never forget that night," she said, "as long as I live. I was at home, and I began to think, now I shall have to turn out to-night, and take shelter under a hedge, or a cart, or some-

where; and when he came up to the door, I stood, with my babe wrapped up in an old tattered shawl, trembling with fear, and my knees shook under me. 'Well,' he says, 'where are my children?' They were in bed, and he told me to go and fetch them; when I went to fetch them, I knelt down, and asked God to bless us out of doors, for I thought we should be turned out. When I came back, the father had struck a light. He took the eldest little boy in his arms, and kissed it, and said, 'The Lord bless thee; God has sent thee father home to-night.' He kissed them all, and then turned to me, and, calling me his dear wife for the first time for fourteen years, and said the Lord had sent a husband home that night."

When I got down stairs the next morning, the man himself met me with open arms, with his four little children, and asked God to bless me. Now, that poor woman loved me very much, but when that is compared to the love of God, it falls far short. It is nothing to the love that God has for us poor sin-destroyed creatures. It is without end. Glory be to God, it is a depth without a bottom, a height without a top, a breadth without a side, a length without an end. God loves every man here to-night—my soul believes it. May the Holy Spirit bless you to-night with a personal knowledge and re-velation of that great fact.

Some people talk a great deal about love; they sometimes say to me, "The Lord bless you! we cannot come and help you in your meetings, but the Lord bless you!" I had as leave that people kept their prayers to themselves as say that. There's proof that a man loves you when he comes and puts his shoulder to the wheel. If you saw a team stuck at the bottom of a hill, you would not go and pity the driver, or pity the poor horses; you would go and lift up the wheel, and push up the hill. Now there's a good deal said about love, and when people get converted, they often say they will do this thing and that thing, and nothing comes of it. But I always like to see a proof of love, and then I know it is sincere. God Almighty didn't say he pitied the world, and then leave it to perish; he gave us a proof of his love. He gave his only-begotten Son to die that we might live.

There's many of you poor people have not much money, and you cannot put such food upon the table of your family as they ought to have. It's hard work, often, I know it is, for a poor man to get enough to have a comfortable Sunday's dinner. And suppose one of you had no bread for your children to eat, and you was to hear that I was a man that loved God, and that if you were to come to me I would help you. Suppose that when you came and knocked at my door, my wife held the door to prevent your entering, and suppose when you had told her your story and said that your poor children were starving, she should say, "We pity your case, we will do all we can, we will pray for you, and ask God to bless you," and then thrust the door in your face; you would think that a very strange kind of love, wouldn't you? There are plenty of that sort of professors at the present time. But God is not like us, he don't say he loves us, and then give us no proof of his love. When there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save, his own arm brought salvation down. That salvation is free for all who seek it. Oh, there is enough in these words to draw souls out of hell, if that were possible. There is enough to draw you to-night to the blood of the dying Saviour. May God bring you right into the depths of redeeming love. "God so loved the world."

We do not come here to tell you people to go your closets, and pray, and weep, and sigh, and groan, in order to be saved. You may be saved to-night. I tell you before God, he that believeth shall be saved. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." You men in in ragged fustian jackets, who may be thinking you have not got a friend in the world, God loves you, and is ready to save you; he wills your salvation. It is not his will that any should perish. Glory to God, it is his will that you should take of the water of life freely. I have come from Lancashire to tell you of working men of God's love. May we shall never have the opportunity of speaking to you again. Life is uncertain, and death is sure; but you may secure eternal life to-night. What a blessed thing it would be to that young man, lying in your der prison, who, they say, has murdered his mother and the girl that was about to be his wife, if I could go to him with a

Queen's pardon. Thank God, though I have not got a pardon from the Queen for him, I have a message of pardon from God for all the world. May God be pleased to help you to obtain it to-night. Will you come to Jesus! Bless the Lord, Jesus Christ has done all the work for us, and he wants us to cast our burden upon him, and rely upon him. It is not through my tears, or my prayers, or my groans, that I am to be saved, but through the blood of Christ. May you look to Christ to-night—to the blood which speaketh better things than that of Abel, which speaks Life! Life! Life! into every sin-blighted heart.

The Dying Christian.

BY JOHN CRAWFORD, KILMARNOCK.

My day is dippin' in the west, 'tis gloamin'
wi' me noo,
I hear the sough o' Jordan's wave, that I
maun travel through;
Yet 'tis na Jordan's wave I fear, nor tremble
at the strife,
But, O! this sunderin' o' hearts, this leavin'
wean an' wife.

What though we ken o' better things, a fairer
world abune,
Where lost frien's are awaitin' us, an' a' maun
follow sune,
This rendin' o' the siller strings that tether
heart to heart,
O! it tries poor human nature sair, and makes
us laith to part!

Gae rax me by the Bible, wife, while yet I'm
fit to see,
Ere death creep o'er my cauldrie bank, and
flap my fallin' e'e,
And let us sing a partin' sang before we
sundered be—
For ye canna hae me lang noo, I hae na lang
to dree.

There, pit the pillow to my back, an' ease me
up awee,
An' bring them a' to my bedside, to see their
father dee;
Noo raise the Bible up a' thocht—it's o'er
my knee,
An' shift the dicht's kamin' back—it's ower
strong for my e'e.

He waled, he sung the partin' sang, his voice
was firm and clear;
And read the fourteenth o' St. John, nor did
he shed a tear.
Sae is it wi' the man o' God, when life's day's
darg is dune,
Nae future fears distur' his mind, nae ruel'
looks behin'.

O! but it gies me great relief, the singin' o'
that sang,
My clay is crumblin' fast awa', my spirit now
grows strang;
My wife, my weans, we a' maun pairt, sae
dinna sab sae sair,
But dicht the tears frae aff your face, an' let us
join in prayer.

An' let us join in prayer to Him that's wantin'
me awa,
That he may be a faithfu' Frien' an' Father
to ye a';
He turned his glazing e'e to heaven, and raised
his withered hand,
Noo safely thorough Jordan's wave, he's
reached the better land.

JOHN POUNDS, THE COBBLER.

Twenty years ago there was a cobbler's room in a little old house in St. Mary Street, Portsmouth, which used to present a strange and interesting spectacle. The cobbler himself might have been seen sitting on a stool in the middle of the room, with an old shoe between his knees, a grey-haired, venerable man, with spectacles turned up upon his massive brow, alternately engaged in patching up the shoe and hearing a ragged urchin—who stood in front of him with a little primer in his hand—say his lesson. A number of other ragged boys and girls stood or squatted about the room, which was littered with books, lasts, old shoes in various stages of decay, cheap prints and bird-cages. That was John Pounds, the shoemaker and philanthropist, engaged in the duties of his ragged academy. A poor cobbler, obliged to work at his trade, late and early, to get a living, with little education himself to boast of, but earnest, warm-hearted, resolute in well-doing, John Pounds managed, with his small means and so nty opportunities to do more for the good of his race, by his own unaided, independent exertions, than many a grand society with large funds and numerous agents.

Born of very humble parents in Portsmouth, in 1766, John Pounds began life at an early age as a shipwright in the dockyard. An accident, however, broke one of his thighs and crippled him for life; and he had to look out for some other mode of winning his bread. A sedentary occupation of course, suited him best, and so he took to shoemaking and mending.—Being a steady, diligent young fellow, he did a good stroke of work; and as he did not spend much upon himself, he thought he could not do better than relieve his brother of the burden of one of his numerous children—besides, it would be company for himself. Accordingly, he took one of his nephews to live with him, the one least likely to be able to do much for his own living, for he was a pale-faced, sickly little fellow, with his feet overlapping each other and turned inwards. Pounds, a cripple himself, was grieved to the heart every time he looked at the child's deformed feet, and saw him hobbling helplessly about the room. He turned over in his mind what he could do to repair the deficiencies of nature, and being of an ingenious mechanical turn, constructed an apparatus of old shoes and leather, by wearing which his nephew got his legs twisted into their proper position, and could run about with ease. With the removal of the deformity his health improved rapidly, and having done so much for his body, his uncle now set about doing what he could for his mind. He had never had the benefit of any education to speak of himself, but he could read and write, and had a smattering of arithmetic. He was rather fond of reading, like all persons whose lives are mostly spent in-doors, though he had not many opportunities of cultivating that taste. What little learning he had picked up, in one way and another, chiefly of course, if not entirely, by self-education, he resolved to impart to his nephew. He began to teach him reading, and the task soon became one of his greatest pleasures. The boy showed himself an apt and willing pupil; but Pounds thought he would make more progress if he had a companion, and invited a poor neighbour to send his children to be taught. The invitation was gladly accepted, and led to others. The poor folk round about were delighted to

have their children kept out of mischief, even if they did not learn much; and Pounds grew more and more attached to the work as he proceeded. Teaching became quite a passion with him; he threw his whole heart into the work, studied the children's ways, interested them in their lessons, and so ingratiated himself with them that they soon began to think going to the cobbler's school better fun even than making dirt pies or breaking windows. His little booth was soon filled with his ragged pupils every day.

"His humble workshop," says the writer of a memoir which appeared soon after his death, "was about six feet wide, and about eighteen feet in length, in the midst of which he would sit on his stool with his last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements by his side, going on with his work and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage, some of whom were reading at his side, writing from his dictation, or showing up their sums; others seated around on forms or boxes on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodation of a school, that the scene appeared to the observer from without to be a mere crowd of children's heads and faces. When the weather permitted, he caused them to take turns in sitting on the threshold of his front door, and on a little form on the outside, for the benefit of the fresh air. His modes of tuition were chiefly of his own devising. Without even having heard of Pestalozzi, necessity led him into the interrogatory system. He taught the children to read from hand-bills and such remains of old school books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing; yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired, and in ciphering the rule of three and practice were performed with accuracy. With the very young especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of the body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child's hand, he would say, "what is this? spell it." Then stopping it, he would say, "what do I do? spell that."

So with the ear and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent, but he invariably preserved the attachment of all. In this way some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they ever had, and which has enabled many of them to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime."

As his little room began to fill, Pounds felt the necessity of making some selection in the candidates for admission, and thought it right to pick out those who seemed to stand most in need of discipline, and who ran the greatest risk of going to the bad without it. He always preferred to take in hand what he called the "little blackguards," and prided himself on taming their unruly spirits, and turning them out respectable, orderly, well-behaved members of juvenile society. His tender, compassionate heart was moved with pity for the multitude of poor, ragged children who were left to go to ruin in the streets; and of these the worst class were those whom he found it no easy matter to bring to his school. The thought of their destitution, ignorance, evil tendencies and associations would not let him rest till he had tried his hand with them; and when they would not come to him, he went to them; when he could not gather any of the black sheep into his fold any other way, he won them by art. He sought them out in the streets tried to excite their interest by talking with them and telling them stories, and was often to be seen running after some ragged boy holding a fine roasted potato under his nose, to try and tempt him to go with him. He knew how irksome and disagreeable restraint must be to those wild Arabs of the pavement; how difficult it is for them to settle down to learning lessons, and to keep out of mischief. So he took care when once he had got them in his booth to make the lessons as amusing and entertaining as possible, showed them his tame birds, of which he had a collection, and on which he had first exercised his powers of tuition, and tried to keep

them from a relapse into evil ways and bad company, by exhibiting not only the profit, but the pleasure of self-improvement and good behaviour. And in this simple, earnest, devoted way he reclaimed many hundred ragged little outcasts, and gave them a good start in life with a very fair elementary education; and, what was of more moment, sound moral and religious training.

To this noble work did John Pounds apply himself till the day of his death, all the while toiling hard for his bread, with but little notice or approbation from the busy world around him, and no recompense save the consciousness of the good he was doing, and the gratitude and attachment of those to whom he had been such a true friend. It was a white day for him when some strapping young fellow, with a good coat on his back and an honest smile on his face,—some gallant soldier or sailor, or industrious artizan,—stepped into his little booth and gave him a warm grip of the hand, as he told him, not perhaps without a tear on his manly face, and a little choking in his voice, how he was one of the ragged little Arabs running wild about the streets, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable, and whom he had saved to society and heaven.

On the New Year's Day of 1839, he and his nephew were just going to regale themselves with a plateful of fresh sprats, in honour of the day, and were looking at a print he had just received, as a gift of the season, of himself and his school, when he fell down, and without a word or a groan his spirit passed peacefully away. When the children came as usual for their lessons they were filled with consternation and sorrow; and for days after, knots of the little creatures might have been seen clustering round the door, the younger unable to comprehend the sad loss they had sustained, and all weeping that their kind, good schoolmaster was no longer amongst them. As he had wished, John Pounds was called away without bodily suffering, before infirmity compelled him to desist from his pious and priceless labours. Well may we say with Dr. Guthrie, himself a noble disciple in the same great work, "When the day comes when honour will be done to whom honour is due, I can fancy the crowd of those

whose fame poets have sung, and to whose memory monuments have been raised, dividing like the wave, and passing the great, and the noble, and the mighty of the land, this poor, obscure old man, stepping forward and receiving the especial notice of Him who said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it also to me.'

The benefit of John Pounds' labours did not cease with his death. What he had accomplished, poor and unaided, amply proved what may be done in the department of philanthropy he had selected; and the lesson was not lost. In the field where the old cobbler worked single-handed there are now many labourers, and rich and abundant harvests.

THE SIXPENCE FOUND.

John V— had been received into a house of business, where he expected to remain many years, and learn the trade.— Being the youngest boy, it fell to him to sweep the place out every morning. One morning, just as he was about pushing off into the gutter the scraps and dirt which he had swept out upon the pavement, a gentleman, passing, stooped down, and, picking up a sixpence from the rubbish, "See here, my little fellow, you sweep out money as well as dirt. Look at this bright sixpence which I picked out of your pile. Put it in your pocket, and next time keep a sharper look-out." So saying, the gentleman passed on rapidly, and had turned the corner before John could recover from his surprise sufficiently to give any answer.

With what care he examined every particle of the rubbish before sweeping it into the gutter, so as to be sure that no valuables of any kind were there! The work being at length completed, he put up his broom, and began to think what he should do. Sixpences were not thick in John's pockets. It was rarely that he had one which he could call his own. The small amount which he received weekly from his employer went directly and unbroken every Saturday night into his mother's hands. It was all needed, and much more, to pay for his clothing and his share of the expenses of the family. But here was a sixpence beyond the usual weekly amount. To most persons it may seem a

small affair, but it was quite a treasure to John. Besides this, on the next Saturday he had been promised a half-holiday. He was very anxious to go a-fishing with some of his youthful acquaintances; but he had no hook and line, and the other things necessary for the sport. Here were the means of supplying his wants without breaking in upon his wages.

"But," thought John, "what a simpleton I am to be thinking of those things! The sixpence is not mine. True, the gentleman who picked it up gave it to me, and told me to keep it. But mother has told me often that finding a thing does not make it mine. The thing still belongs to the one who has lost it. The gentleman professed to give it to me. But it was not his to give. It is therefore no more mine than if I had picked it up myself among the rubbish. If I keep this money, without trying diligently to find the owner, it will be just as dishonest as if I stole it.— This rubbish, in which the sixpence was found, came from the office. Very likely some of the clerks, in putting change into the drawer, may have dropped this piece upon the floor. Perhaps some one of the customers has dropped it; and, by making a little inquiry, the owner may be found. At any rate, the money is not mine.— Even if no owner can be found, it belongs to my master, not to me."

John's resolution was fixed. He saw the whole thing so clearly, that he could not hesitate a moment as to what he ought to do. No sooner had his employer reached the shop, and gone into his counting-house, than John followed him with the sixpence and told the story of how he came by it.

The merchant was much pleased to find he had such an honest boy in his service. He did not give the boy back the sixpence, as many would have done, because it would have made the boy feel that he was being paid for his honesty. John, however, was made in various little ways to feel that his employer looked upon him with trust, which was a much sweeter reward than money; and it laid the foundation of his fortune. The sixpence, in fact, had not been lost at all. The gentleman who pretended to pick it up was a friend of the merchant, who took this means of testing the boy's honesty.

The result was more to the boy's credit than the man's. For the man said that he had found the money, which was not true. Besides, the mode taken to test the boy's honesty was rather a temptation to him to be dishonest, and might have been the means of undermining his principles, if he had not been unusually well trained.

This story is strictly true in every particular. That boy, now a man living in the city of Albany, in a large and prosperous business, told me the story himself.—*Exchange Paper.*

“GO FORWARD.”

“SPEAK unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.” This is the voice of Jehovah to his people. He uttered it at the Red Sea, when they stood trembling at the shore. He uttered it at the borders of Canaan, when the Hebrews halted through fear of the devoted nations who resisted them. He utters it to the church, when, staying her hand through indolence or fear, she suffers the enemy to get the advantage. He utters it to every fearful disciple, to every reluctant christian, to every self-indulgent believer, to the whole Israel of God. Go forward, go forward! Press on the path of duty, of toil, of triumph. Success is sure to the obedient and persevering.

Go forward, O Israel, *to enjoy your consolations.* “Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God.” Advance, ye favourites of heaven's King, and receive new tokens of his confidence and love.

Go forward *to be more holy.* Your Redeemer gave himself for you, that he might present you to himself “a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.”

Go forward *to duty.* Ye are labourers together with God. By your hands will he rear the walls of Zion. Ye are called to be reapers in the vineyard. Go ye also into the field, and fear not but that a work and a reward await you.

Go forward *to death.* The Lord told Moses to go up on Nebo's summit and die; and the aged patriarch goes calm and believing. He views the land of promise as if it were a setting sun, to rise to-morrow in new

glory. He lies down and dies. He is obedient unto death. He fears not, for the God of his fathers is there, the same who met Abraham at the place which he named Jehovah-Jireh. God is there to close his eyes in death, and then, attended by ministering angels, to commit him to the tomb. Go forward fellow-christians, and meet the duty of dying as firmly as you have met other duties. For with faith and courage, you are as sure of victory there as any where. In the last struggle, you will sing, and if not you, your friends for you, “thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ.”

We must go forward, or we shall go backward. We must have a wide revival, or the world will devour our churches—we must go forward to duty, to toil, to victory, or Egypt will soon ride over us in triumph. *Israel, go forward.*

“YOU HAVE OMITTED ONE.”

The Rev. Mr. Fisch, of France, in a discourse recently delivered in the First Presbyterian Church New York, stated that in France, permission must be obtained to hold religious meetings, or those assembling are liable to be fined. Where the districts are entirely under Roman Catholic influence, it is sometimes impossible to obtain a permit. In such cases the Protestants meet, and, having set a sentinel to watch the coming of the police officer, they proceed with their worship. One very rainy day, they were worshipping under a tree, with umbrellas over their heads, when suddenly a policeman came upon them and ordered them to remain while he took down their names. They gave them readily, and he wrote them to the number of forty. Then he said:

“Have I not overlooked any; is there any one else here?”

“Yes,” answered one of the company, “you have omitted one!”

“Who is he?”

“He is One who has said, ‘Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them.’”

The next day forty-four other Protes-

tants in the village wrote a letter signing all their names, and sent it to the police, requesting their names to be added to the forty taken down before, as they were very sorry they were prevented by the rain from attending, and wished to be fined with the rest.

AN AGED SAILER.

An eminent writer on revivals remarks I will add one more illustration out of many *answers to prayer* that present themselves to my mind at this moment, as the fruits of the present revival:

It is that of an old sailor who spent forty-three years of his eventful life on the sea. He came at first, while slightly under the influence of liquor, to the church service on Sabbath evening, accompanied by his wife, and took a seat near the door. The subject that evening was, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." Shortly after the commencement of the sermon, the old white-headed, white-bearded sailor and his aged companion were seen making their way up the aisle towards the pulpit, and on reaching the front seat they both came to an anchor. The old man fixed his eyes on the pastor, and never once took off his gaze until the pastor left the pulpit and approached him, laying his hand on his shoulder, and saying as he did so:

"Well, sir, can you look to this Lamb of God?"

He answered with much emotion: "I don't know, sir, about that. It is not so easy."

"But," was the inquiry, "do you desire to behold him as your Saviour?"

He answered: "I wish I could."

As the crowd were passing out, he was urged to call and see the pastor in his study on Monday morning. He promised to do so, and on Monday morning at ten o'clock in came the sailor. Five others had come inquiring, as a result of last night's sermon. And now the old man came in leaning on his staff, when the following dialogue ensued:

Pastor.—"Well, sir, how is it this morning, do you still feel anxious about your

soul! you are drawing near the grave and will soon step into it, and are not prepared."

J. B.—"No, Sir, I fear not. *But do you think Christ will save ME?*" As he asked the question he looked at me with an intense interest, as if he felt that everything temporal and eternal depended on the answer.

P.—"Why do you ask that question—is there anything special in your case?"

J. B.—"Oh, sir, I have been such a great sinner; I'm afraid I've gone too far.—God has been so good to me, and I have treated him shamefully. I have been at sea forty-three years before the mast and abaft it, and have been in many dangers. I have been shipwrecked three times. The first time, when a boy, in the North Sea, the vessel went ashore in the breakers. I was washed overboard by a sea with two boat's paddles in my hand, that kept me afloat. I then called upon God, repeating the prayer my mother taught me: and after some hours, the man on the shore threw me a line with some lead attached to it, which I twined around the paddles and they drew me on shore. Three of us only were saved out of eleven. Once off the Falkland Islands, in a south-sea whale ship, I was one of a boat's crew of seven who took the boat with a week's provisions and deserted the ship. But we paid dearly for our desertion. We were sixty days in that open boat; twenty-six of those days not one of us had a drop of fresh water in our lips. After the week's provisions were exhausted, we lived on the flesh and blood of penguins and seals. At another time I was cast-away off Barnegat, and out of thirty-one persons, crew and passengers, only four of us were saved. I was picked up, after knocking about in the breakers on the bottom of a boat about three or four hours, during which I prayed most fervently to God for deliverance; and he was pleased to hear my prayer. I have fallen overboard nine times; and have been 'in death off' in various engagements and other exposures. What kills me is that, after God had heard my prayers and promises, I should turn round and curse him as soon as I got dry clothes on."

P.—"Well, now, do you repent of all your sins?"

J. B.—"Yes, sir, I do most truly."

P.—“Are you willing to cast away everything that offends Him. To give up drinking and all other sins?”

J. B.—“I will, sir, with God’s help, if I die by it.”

The pastor then bowed with him in prayer, and he left with full purpose of heart to live no longer to himself, but to Christ who died for him. At our next prayer-meeting he was present and rose to ask the prayers of the people of God. These prayers were heard, and now he walks humbly before the Lord. Three months after that conversation, J. B. was received into membership on a profession of his faith in Christ, and to a seat at the table of the Lord Jesus Christ; and there is not a more attentive hearer, or more faithful doer of the word of God in the whole congregation than that same hoary-headed, white-headed man of the sea.

IS THE MATTER SETTLED ?

I do not mean, my reader, between you and your neighbor, but *between you and God.*

Do you say, as many do, “Oh! no, indeed; not yet. It would not be easy to say ‘Yes,’ to that question?”

Or, do you tell us that your account will be easily settled, as you always lived a moral life, and have little to answer for compared with many around you, who are daily filling up the measure of their iniquities in a life of open transgressions?

Or, do you say that you are striving, praying, reading, and doing all you can to get all settled before you die; so that you may have peace then, and go before your “Maker” with an untroubled mind?

Such are the answers which, alas! are too commonly given to this most important of all questions. They all show clearly, that those who reply thus, are still blind to the things of God, and ignorant of “the ways of salvation,” as it is plainly set forth in Holy Scriptures.

Hearken, then, dear reader, to the reply made to this searching inquiry, by one whose health forewarned us to expect her early removal from this world.

“Is the matter settled between you and God?” I asked solemnly.

“Oh! yes, sir,” was her calm reply.

“How did you get it settled?”

“Oh!” said she “the Lord Jesus Christ settled it for me.”

“And when did he do that for you?”—I inquired.

“When he died upon the cross for my sins.”

“How long is it since you knew this blessed and consoling fact?”

The answer was readily given—“About twelve months ago.”

Anxious, however, to ascertain the grounds of this confidence, I asked—“How do you know that the work which Christ accomplished on the cross for sinners was done for you?”

She at once replied—“I read in the Bible, and believe what I read.”

And now, dear reader, have you read in the Bible, and believed what you have read? It is written, “*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*” (1 Tim. i. 15.) Does this bring comfort to your soul? Do you believe this “*faithful saying!*” Have you accepted it?

Again it is said, “*But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.*” (Isa. iii.—5.) These words simply state the nature and efficacy of Christ’s work, and those who believe them are privileged to have peace in their souls, for they can rejoice in the fact there stated. They read their pardon in the words, “*He was delivered for our offences;*” (Rom. iv. 25.) “*In whom we have redemption through his blood even the forgiveness of sins.*” (Col. i.—14.) Have you thus read your forgiveness in God’s Word by seeing your own interest in Christ’s work?

If not, dear reader, be entreated to consider this matter now; “think on these things;” and may the Holy Spirit lead you to see that your debt of sin has been paid by Jesus, and that his precious blood-shedding has Eternally settled the matter between you and God.

“But when I saw the blood,

And looked at Him who shed it,

My right to peace was seen at once,

And I with transport read it.

I found myself to God brought nigh,

And ‘Victory’ became my cry.”

Acceptance with God

READER,—Hast thou ever thought of Heaven, and of the holiness of the living God? Heaven is a happy place; for joy, and light, and love, and peace are in all perfectness there. It is a happy place, but it is also a *holy* place—too holy for us as sinful men.

Is it not wonderful that any should hear of the holiness of God, and imagine that they are fit to meet God, or that they are to make themselves fit?

Unless we have kept God's holy law always and in everything, in thought, and word, and deed, from childhood to the grave, we are manifestly unfit for God. And God tells us that we are unfit. He says, "There is none righteous, no, not one"—Rom. iii. 10. Shall we say that we are righteous, when God says that we are not? Shall we be hypocrites, and say that we have in everything loved, and honored, and served God perfectly, when we now that we have not? Yet there has been one Righteous, one Holy One in the earth. It was Jesus—Immanuel—God manifest in the flesh. He did love, and honour, and serve God perfectly. He did keep every jot and tittle of God's holy law. He was light, and not darkness—heavenly in all His thoughts, and words and ways; as unlike other men in holiness, as Heaven is unlike earth.

He honoured and glorified God's law by perfect obedience to it in life and death. He honoured it by bearing the curse that it had pronounced against sin.

What, then, if God, desiring to magnify the riches of His grace, and to honour the name of Jesus, should be willing to accept sinners, such as we, in the value of that holy name?

What if he should propose to us that we should be allowed to stand under the preciousness of all that Jesus has accomplished on behalf of sinners?

What if He should be willing to extinguish, as it were, the worthlessness of our names, and to substitute for that worthlessness the worthiness and preciousness of the name of Jesus?

This God is willing to do. This is what He proposes to us in the gospel of His grace. He speaks to us of the death of Jesus under wrath, on the accursed tree,

and says that He is willing to receive us under the redeeming power of those sufferings and that death. He speaks to us of the excellency and preciousness of the person, and character, and service of Jesus, and says that He is willing to impute to us that excellency, and to accept us in it just as if it were our own.

Shall we then despise this proposal of God? Are we too proud, too self-righteous, too careless to cast ourselves on the grace thus proposed to us through the work of Jesus? Shall we be numbered amongst those of whom it is said, "Behold ye despisers, and wonder, and perish?" or shall we cast ourselves on God, according to this grace, and become "Accepted in the Beloved?"

Every man upon earth, as regards the future, either leans upon nothing or leans upon something. If he leans upon nothing, he is lost—if he leans upon something, he is lost, unless that something be that which the God of truth and holiness proposes—to wit, the sufferings and merits of Jesus crucified. Such learning, such reliance, is faith, justifying faith.

He who thus relies (though it may be feebly) believes, and "He that believeth shall never be confounded." A covenant God hath said so, and He cannot lie. Is He not able to preserve through Jesus, those whom he has accepted in Jesus? He hath said, He will preserve such unto the end. "Preserved in Christ Jesus" are Scripture words, and words which shall never fail, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken them.

Reader, think of all this, and cry for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that you may know the truth, and be taught it savingly and to profit.—*B. W. Newton.*

Affliction.

From heavenly mines I borrow
The gems to form my crown,
In this poor world sweet sorrow,
Thy worth is little known.

And yet, no Angel's mission
Can brighter gifts impart
Than thou man's kind physician,
If welcomed by the heart.

Sufficient unto the Day.

Do to-day's duty, look not on,
Work while there's strength and light;
The day's toil is enough to bear,
And then there cometh night.

Rest cometh with the midnight hour
Of stillness and repose;
God giveth his beloved sleep,
Softly their eyelids close.

Enough for you that Christ has said,
"Take no thought for the morrow;"
It bringeth both its dawning light,
Its blessing, and its sorrow.

Enough that He in whom you live
Is with you if you fail,
And giveth help, and hope, and heart,
And patience to prevail.

Enough that He to whom you work
Is merciful and just,
Rewarding each one for his day
Of labour and of trust.

Enough that He who worked for you
Did all before 'twas night,
And rose to bring a clearer dawn
Of everlasting light.

All Have Influence!

Do not say you have no influence. All have some. A gentleman, lecturing in the neighborhood of London, said:—"Everybody has influence, even the child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms.—"That's true," cried the man. At the close he said to the lecturer, "I beg your pardon, sir, I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but as I did not like to go to the public-house alone, I used to carry this child. As I approached the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, "Don't go in father!" "Hold your tongue, child." "Please, father, don't go!" "Hold your tongue, I say." Presently I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. I could not go a step farther, sir. I turned around and went home, and have never been in a

public-house since, thank God for it. I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that she had influence, I could not help saying: "That's true, sir." All have influence.—
—"Plain Truths by Newman Hall.

Quietness.

Cultivate quietness: many people seem to cultivate the very reverse. They are always in a hurry—always bustling—always rushing about hither and thither, as if they meant to exemplify in their own proper persons the theory of perpetual motion. And then, if everything does not go quite straight, if there is some little hitch which prevents the wheels of daily life from running smoothly, they fuss, and fume, and fret, till they make matters ten times worse. Now, this is a very bad plan. You will rarely find that these people accomplish much. What they build up with one hand, they will pull down with the other. They forget that in "quietness and confidence is their strength;" and moreover, that there is no inherent power in noisy excitement. Far better is it to keep calm, and take things quietly as they come. Do what you can, and what you cannot do leave to God; and when troubles come, leave them to God too. Bend down and let the cloud sweep over you; and when it has passed, look up to the blue heaven beyond it and thank God that it remains there still. But you will not make the cloud one whit the less dark by being restless and impatient under it.

"Our cross and trial do but press
The heavier for our bitterness."

Rather be still before God, and let Him do with you as seemeth Him good; not in the stillness of indifference and stoicism but the stillness of childlike submission, which leaves One to choose for it who will surely choose for the best. "Study," then, "to be quiet," alike in doing and suffering.—Pray that God may, "calm, and keep you calm," resting in His love, and dwelling in the secret of His presence.—*Christian Daily Life.*

A Drunken Father.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies; that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."—Psa. viii. 2.

A poor, drunken father, accustomed to spend his earnings and spare hours at a public-house, went home one Sabbath-day earlier than usual. His little child was at home; she had been taught in the Sabbath school, and to her great joy and surprise he very suddenly said:—

"I should like to hear you read one of your books."

"Father, so I will," she said. She took up a book, and read it to him.

"Now I should like to hear you sing one of your hymns."

When she had sung the hymn she said,

"Father, will you let me pray with you?"

"You shall, my dearest," he replied; and he went down upon his knees, and she went down upon hers, he praying while she prayed. God heard them both. An arrow of conviction reached the heart of the poor father.

"What must I do to be saved?" said he.

Now this child knew the nearest way to Jesus Christ, because she had been herself, and she took her father to the Saviour.—She could tell him of Jesus as the law-keeper and sin-bearer. The man felt his need of such a Saviour. The spirit who had awakened him, led him to embrace the Saviour as thus in simplicity made known to him. He became a pardoned and therefore a renewed man, and now the father and the child are both walking in the way that leads to heaven. What power there is in the spirit's teaching! How it alone effectually delivers any man from the debasing influence of strong drink, or any other besetting sin! O when shall such power be universally manifest!

SUFFERING.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,

Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing;

Without it what were we?

—Trench.

Oh, Sir, He is used to it.

Having occasion to go into a blacksmith's shop, whilst the son of Vulcan was lustily plying his sledge-hammer to wield the bright and heated metal, and asking how it was that a spaniel lay unmoved amidst the shower of burning sparks, it was replied, "*Oh, Sir, he is used to it!*" Well, we thought, and so it is with our unconverted hearers; we often wonder how they can remain unmoved, alike by the fiery denunciations of Sinai, or the bright and melting beams of Calvary. But *they are used to it.*

So a man who, when he first went to reside near a rushing impetuous waterfall, could get no sleep for the roaring of the flood, afterwards slept as soundly as if all was still as death—for "*he was used to it.*"

Another, whose master wished him to rise at five o'clock every morning, had an alarm placed in his room—a tin piece which makes a loud rattling noise, at any hour for which it is set. At first John was effectually aroused by his clamorous monitor. But after a time, he thought when thus awakened, he would just turn over on the other side for a little nap before he rose; and having trifled with it thus, it soon lost all power to arouse him—for "*he was used to it.*"

Unconverted hearers of the Gospel! is not this illustrative of your case? You are yet in a careless and prayerless state, and to you pertains that fearful declaration of the Saviour, who now invites you to the cross, but whom you will soon behold as your judge upon his throne: "This is the condemnation, that light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." You may trifle with this matter now, but how will it present itself on your dying bed! The writer, not long since, was summoned to the bedside of one of his dying unconverted hearers, and never will he forget the fearful exclamation, "*Oh, Sir, how*

many sermons have I heard, and I have neglected them all; *I shall never hear another!*" This proved too true, for the unhappy individual was soon deprived of reason; and death, in a few days, closed the awful scene on this side of eternity.

Surely you must be somewhat moved, when, probably, others in the same pew, or members of your own family, are giving their hearts to the Saviour, and you see them welcomed into the Church of Christ, and sitting around her table. And thus, as the same sunbeams melt the wax, but harden the clay, the Gospel which has been the savour of life unto life to others, may prove the savour of death unto you. Yet,

"While the lamp holds on to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

The Judge has not pronounced the awful sound, "*Depart!*;" but is now saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the saviour died."

THE LOWEST ROUND.

"Sir," said a proud, imperious Brahmin to a missionary, "your converts are the poorest, the most ignorant and the most contemptible men in the whole population."

"Do you see that ladder?" replied the missionary; "if you wished to ascend that ladder, what would you do?"

"Why, I should place a foot on that step, and then on the next, and the next, and so on."

"Very well," continued the missionary, "the Lord Jesus, my King and Lord, has placed his foot on the lowest round, and He will surely rise higher and higher, till He has placed it on the topmost round, even your proud head, O Brahmin!"

So it is in the Church of Christ. The Sunday school work is the 'lowest round,'—let the feet of our Divine Master be firmly placed in the hearts of all the little ones, and He will surely and swiftly rise to be not only Lord of all saints, but King of all nations.

SIN FELT BY THE RIGHTEOUS AND NOT BY THE WICKED.

In the drawing up of water out of a deep well, so long as the bucket is under the water we feel not the weight of it; but as soon as it comes above the water, it begins to hang heavy on the hand; and when a man dives under the water, he feels no weight of the water, though there may be many tons of it over his head; whereas a tub half full of the same water, taken out of the river, and set upon the man's head, would be very burdensome to him, and soon make him grow weary of it. In like manner, so long as a man is over head and ears in sin, he is not sensible of the weight of it, it is not troublesome to him; but when he begins once to come out of that state of sin wherein he lay and lived before, then sin begins to hang heavy upon him, and he groans under its weight.

A NEW CREATURE.

A Scotch girl was converted under the preaching of Whitefield. When asked if her heart was changed, her true and beautiful answer was—"Something I know is changed; it may be the world, it may be my heart; there is a great change somewhere, I'm sure; for everything is different from what it once was."

A very apt commentary on that passage. (2 Cor. v. 17), "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new."

"How wonderfully, says an ancient writer, "does the new-born soul differ from his former self! He liveth a new life, he walketh in a new way. His principles are new; his practices are new; his projects are new; all is new. He ravel out all he had wove before, and employeth himself wholly about another work."

Archbishop Usher and Dr. Preston, two eminently pious and learned men, were very intimate, and often met to converse on learning and general subjects; when it was very common with the good archbishop to say, 'Come, doctor, let us say something about Christ before we part.'

THE GOOD NEWS.*

March 15th, 1861.

Encouragement.

The servant of the Lord has to lay his account to meet discouragement in his work. Whether he preaches the Gospel, publishes books or periodicals with the same view, or in a smaller way is instrumental in advancing the Kingdom of King Jesus, he must expect the opposition of Satan and those who hate the truth.— And that opposition will probably be proportioned to the extent of influence exercised in its behalf. We are no exception in our experience. We have met with discouragement after discouragement, and had we not been sustained in our efforts by a power greater than our own, we must often have given way. However, we are not intending to pour our tale of troubles into the ears of our readers. We do not carry them ourselves, we cast them on one who bears our burdens, therefore we need not trouble any one else about them. But while we have *discouragements*, we have also *encouragements*; while we have clouds we have also sunshine, and it is more agreeable to us to think and write about the sunny-side than about the shade.

We frequently receive encouraging letters and information. One correspondent in Canada West, whose letter is just received says, "I teach with more zeal, and our minister preaches with increased earnestness since we got 'The Good News.'" It richly deserves a place in every family, and few indeed will be the number who will regret having procured so invaluable a family instructor." Similar testimony is borne by many to the influence of the Evangelizer. One correspondent wrote us a few weeks ago that the reading of it in his locality had led one to Jesus, and some others were inquiring the way to Him.—

Another correspondent, a minister of standing in this country, informed us for encouragement that he knew of one soul that had been brought, through perusing its pages, to find peace and rest in Christ. An informant has told us that a copy handed by one of our colporteurs to one of the Canadian Rifles, in attendance on the Prince in Ottawa, was blessed to the conversion of his soul. Before his tour with the Prince was finished, he sent it to his wife and it was blessed to the same result to her. When the soldier got home and found this change in his wife, they both agreed to send it home to their relatives in Ireland, with what result we are not yet informed.

It is possible, however, that like many other well-meaning yet injudicious people, we may lay too much stress on such information and give it a higher value than it is worth. Be that as it may, we think however, we have good reason to be encouraged with the extent of our circulation, and to regard this as an evidence of the Lord's blessing. In one month this year the issue of Religious publications, from this office, was twenty-three thousand copies, and we have the prospect of that number being decidedly increased at no great distance from the present time.— These with the Lord's blessing must have considerable influence for good, when scattered through the length and breadth of the land.

It is decidedly encouraging to ourselves that we have the prospect of having a press under our control in about a fortnight from now. We hope then to be in a position to furnish our publications as neat and as cheap as possible. One of our great disadvantages since we began to publish, has been the difficulty of getting our work done as neat and cheap as the necessities of the case required. To be extensively useful our publications required to be both, but particularly the latter.—

And to secure these ends with satisfaction from Printers, where the love of christ was weak and the love of gain strong, was a difficulty which all in our position have found.

The American Tract Society have become more useful since they had their work done by themselves, and we trust that the same may come to be true with us.

We are encouraged from time to time with applications from different parts of the country where the Gospel is seldom preached, for papers for gratuitous circulation. One of the objects we had in commencing our publications was supplying these destitute regions, and we have good cause for believing that they circulate and are gladly received by hundreds who have no opportunity of listening to a Gospel ministry. May the Lord abundantly bless their perusal to the spread of His own Kingdom and the glory of His own name.

—♦♦♦♦—
“The Kingston Sabbath Reformation Society.” to the People of Canada.

Our object in issuing this address is to call public attention to some forms of Sabbath desecration, obtaining in our own, and kindred communities,—to give warning of the danger to be apprehended from these encroachments on the sacred character of the holy day, to remind you respectfully of your duty in the circumstances as members of a free Christian nation, and to solicit your co-operation in the efforts we make for securing the better observance of the Lord's day.

It is the common belief of Christians, expressed in the authoritative creeds or standards of the several churches, and springing from the recognition of the Bible, as containing a revelation of God's will to mankind, that the Sabbath was ordained by God to be a day of holy resting from ordinary labors—a day set apart for His worship and for works of mercy—and to be regarded as a sacred day by all.

The sanctification of such a day for such purposes, is a proof of wise and tender considerateness on the part of God in our behalf. “The Sabbath was made for man,” and made for man *a Sabbath*. It is needed by man for the material, physical, and intellectual, as well as for the moral and religious advantages which flow from the reverent observance of the holy day. All men have a God-given right to that day—to possess it free from the call to labor—free for the sole and undisturbed exercise of devotional and benevolent duties. Therefore any infringement of the Sabbath-law, by improper, unnecessary work, is at once a transgression of the Divine command, and an offence against the rights of man—and the infringement should be resisted by all suitable means, by those who fear God, who would maintain the right, and do justly by their fellow-men.

Apart from considerations founded on the express Divine commandment; the condition of man on earth, both in relation to the Deity and to fellow-creatures, is such, that the fitness of things demands, the individual and common welfare necessitates the public recognition and observance of a day of rest and worship.

If reverent worship is due to Him on whom we depend, if we need from Him the grace that bringeth salvation, if we require light from heaven to guide us in all duty to God and man, and a holy principle to animate us and shape our life course, it seems most evident that there must be an appointed time and place for Divine worship—a day to be kept holy—held sacred by the public conscience; with its sanctuaries where people may congregate to praise the Lord, and inquire of Him; and its service for the church and the family, in which all may engage, and by which all may learn what manner of persons they ought to be, and be stimulated to dutifulness.

There must be a Sabbath if men together are to worship God, if together they are to implore His favor and learn His will, if they are to feel, and own the bond of brotherhood, by which they are all linked together as members of a family, all needing the grace of "Our Father" who is in heaven. Genuine fear of God, and genuine sympathy with our kind leave their seat in the heart; but the hearts deep and holy feeling must find an outlet, and manifest itself in time, and place, and action. And this inward feeling expressed in appropriate manner, is the substance of all religious service, the foundation of all morality, and the ground in man's nature for the seed of the living word to take root in. So "the Sabbath was made for man," and so necessary for man is the institution of such a day, that if no command had enjoined it, Christian instinct and our nature's would have suggested its advantages, and led to its establishment.

When any good institution is endangered, the kind of action which menaces it is not unnatural, nor undeserving of discriminating notice. For there are hurtful agencies to be feared far more than others on account of their power, or subtlety, or by reason of adventitious elements arrayed on their side in certain circumstances. And generally, the agency most to be dreaded, as most likely to subvert any foundation which, for the truth's sake, we would rather see more firmly established, is not that which boldly and in its own black colors proclaims its purpose, and presses on to the assault.

Thus, the opposition to the Sabbath-law, from which the greatest danger is to be apprehended, is not the argument of the anti-Sabbatarian, nor the derision of the ungodly scoffer, nor the desecration of the day by the shameful wickedness of those who neither regard God, nor the feelings of their fellow-men. The exhibition of

tendency to make the holy day and its associations more honourable and precious in our estimation. We have greater cause for alarm when it is sought, under color of philanthropy, or pleading the exigencies of the public service, or asserting a Christian liberty, to institute in fact a system of aggression which, advancing step by step, would rob the Sabbath of its sacredness, relax its hold upon the consciences of the people, and end in its virtual abolition.

In the mother-country, appeals adverse to the religious character and obligations of the Sabbath, have been made on behalf of the working-classes. In order, it is alleged, to gratify and elevate them, let the public museums and picture galleries, the crystal palace and other useful exhibitions be opened to them on Sunday. These appeals are interlarded with, or founded upon the customary drivel or cant, grown now well nigh intolerable, about "high art" and "forms of beauty" and their humanizing and refining influence. The fact is overlooked that a certain amount of learned leisure, and cultivation of taste, (which the circumstances of the great body of the working people utterly preclude,) and that the culture of man's nobler faculties which irreligion precludes, are all requisite to a just appreciation and aesthetic enjoyment of the fine arts, as the twaddle of the delectanti—artists and art-critics—under which the world groans, amply testifies. These advocates of elevating Sunday amusements might know that a glaring "Red Lion" or "Blue Dragon" on a tavern sign, or a tawdry banner borne along the street before a deafening band of music, or the splendid glitter of the inevitable Gin-palace next door to the Palace of "high art," have greater attractions than the creations of Reubens and Raphael, for all that kind of working-men who require no persuasion, and all that kind who will be persuaded by such in-

duancements, to let go their hold of the Sabbath, and cast from their veneration and memory the day which Jehovah claims as His own.

The characteristic excellencies of our people, their indomitable energy, industry, and practicalness—would prevent them from turning their Sundays into continental holydays. Deprive the Sabbath of its divine sanctions, they would not long continue to divide the time between churches, and the promenade and theatre. The instincts and habits of the race impel them to the industrial rather than the playful—with the Fourth Commandment obliterated from their creed and conscience, Sunday would soon be just the first day of a week of ceaseless labor. And then, with the opportunity for holy worship gone, and the gospel message unheard, and even the solemn teaching of the Sabbath's silence, to those who frequent no sanctuary, lost; there would be incessant toil, increasing godlessness and selfishness, conducting to physical, mental and moral degeneracy by a law certain as fate, and terminating either by the emergence of our people out of that condition through a baptism of fire, or by their overthrow and absorption by a hardier and more virtuous race.

In our province similar reasons and inducements for a relaxation of the Sabbath-law have not been—in fact cannot be presented. But here, until quite recently, labor in the post-offices was compulsory on the government employees in that department, and still may be required of his subordinates by the Post Master if he thinks proper. The Rideau and St. Lawrence Canals are by order of government kept open on Sabbath, compelling the attendance and labors of the lock-masters and their men. And railway and steamboat travelling on the Sabbath is increasing.—The wedge is entered, which, driven home, will separate the Sabbath from the com-

mands of God, and from public regard.—And, however, we may deplore the existence of such practices, with the consequent hardships they entail on a large body of men, the evil does not come upon us with such galling offensiveness as in some other forms of Sabbath desecration. It is pleasant to see the steamboat gliding o'er the still waters, and the train dashing on with impetuous speed, or gracefully winding in a curve; and then it is pleaded, with an air of self-sacrificing philanthropy, that all this is done for the public accommodation, and that no one is forced into what he may regard as a violation of Divine law. But there is the flagrant disregard of Him who said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" there is the tempting opportunity given to the young, thoughtless, and idle to escape from wholesome restraint and indulge in sinful pleasure; there is the enforced withdrawal of honest men from their families and the sanctuary; there is the government sanctioned allowance and inculcation of disobedience to God, day after day teaching a doctrine of demons to the whole community. And all this for the convenience, and to increase the gains of a small portion of the general community.

Think of the evil complained of and its issues. We have a Sabbath-law in act and public sentiment, which so many take upon themselves to violate to the injury of the whole community. Consider the tendency of the practice to provoke the like in other quarters, and to increase both in extent and evil consequence. If the government may enjoin the opening of the Rideau and St. Lawrence Canals on the Lord's day, why not the Lachine? Why not the custom-houses, and Parliament? and why not the governed engage in their callings on the same plea of public convenience? If the Grand Trunk Company may run trains with merchandise for profit, why may not common carriers and carters ply their

vehicles too! If steamboat proprietors may sail their vessels for gain, why prevent stage coach proprietors from competing with them for the same prize? If some individuals are permitted to pursue their ordinary business on all days alike what reason is there in justice to hinder any, in any line of business, from doing the same? And the evil will increase if measures are not taken to check it at once.—The barrier of public opinion, yet in favor of the sacred day, is being undermined by the allowed desecration, and if the same process continues long enough, it will ultimately oppose no obstacle to the general disregard of Sabbath sanctity.

Think of the welfare of those who suffer from the allowed desecration of the Lord's day. Sunday travellers and pleasure-seekers as a class, are more objects of pity than of hope. If deprived of the Sunday jaunt by steamboat or rail, they probably would spend the day no better. This class whether well dressed or in rags, the most insignificant both in character and numbers of any in the community, is however, kept up by continual accessions from a better. The young and thoughtless are tempted by the facilities afforded for Sabbath excursions, and begin, in what they feel at first to be forbidden guilty pleasure, to wound and sear the conscience, to mingle with a class of men they had avoided before, and end their course in disgrace and ruin.

And then there are the government employes, and those of the railway and steamboat companies; many of them necessarily educated, trustworthy officers—many skilled working men—as a whole intelligent, frugal, honest—the class which is the bone and sinew of a country—the class which is produced and moulded in all manliness and worth by religious training, by habits of God fearing and Sabbath-keeping in which, to some extent, they

were reared. They are compelled to work against their inclination on the Lord's day! *Yes, a necessity of a kind is forced upon them.* No doubt strong religious principle would prevent their submission to that necessity, but all men have not strong principle, who are yet in the main right principled, and would if free to choose, shun a direct and habitual violation of a sacred law. They need employment, and such employment as they have been trained to. Themselves and families are dependent on the produce of their toil. And it is heartless, unmanly cruelty, on the part of their employers to say, that they do not compel them to work on the Sabbath,—that if they do not choose to comply with the conditions, they need not,—when the worker has only the alternative of employment on terms adverse to his wishes and his soul's well-being, or of poverty. For them no Sabbath comes as a sweet day of rest. In their circumstances it is almost inevitable that the good impressions and habits formed in earlier days should fade, and lose their power. They have not the ordinary means for sustaining or renewing impressions and habits,—on the contrary, they are brought into close contact with men of most worthless character, and temptations of many a kind—on the day they would have been with their families at the sanctuary, *if they had not been prevented.*

People of Canada, on behalf of those who must wait and toil from day to day, and never enjoy an unbroken Sabbath, or else be deprived of situations on which they depend for maintenance—on behalf of those by whom the loss of the Sabbath is regarded as no loss at all—on behalf of your families and the rising generation—for our country's good—for the sake of the Lord Jesus and those who love His cause, and for the sake of those who care for none of these things, for whom He yet cares, whose salvation

He seeks, we entreat you to do all that you can do to strengthen the hands of those who are trying to procure for all the possession and enjoyment of the Sabbath—one whole day in seven consecrated to devotion and release from secular engagements and toils.

The Provincial Parliament is about to meet. You can petition the Governor General, and the two branches of the Legislature:—1. For the authoritative abolition of Sunday labor in the Post office department:—2. That all the Canal-locks shall remain closed from Saturday at midnight until Sunday at midnight:—3. That Railway and Steamboat companies shall be prevented from running trains and sailing their vessels on Sunday.

Any intelligent man can draft a petition, which by a recent order must not be printed, but written fairly out from beginning to end, and with a very little trouble the whole neighborhood may be induced to sign it. Or, a letter signed by as many as can be conveniently reached, might be addressed to the member of the county, town, or city, urging him to bring in, or support a law for the prohibition of Sunday labor in terms like those enunciated.

And further, and until the contemplated reform has been effected, much good might be done by the formation of Sabbath Reformation Societies in every neighborhood, and especially in the cities and larger towns. In almost every village of the Province a branch or auxiliary of the Bible Society has been formed; while, so far as we knew, the Kingston Sabbath Reformation Society and the one at Toronto are the only ones of the kind in the country. And yet, while undervaluing neither God's blessed word, nor the associations whose object is to circulate it, in the actual state of things there is far more need for associated effort to promote the observance of

the Sabbath than to cheapen and distribute Bibles.

Finally, Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy. Bless God for its institution and preservation. Let it be distinguished from the ordinary day in all your household arrangements. Prepare for it by doing all that may be done before to lessen even necessary working in your homes. Honor it by diligent observance of holy duties in your families and in the sanctuary. Seek to make it, and it will become not a weariness, but a delightful day—a blink of heaven's sunshine gleaming through the clouds that overshadow us here, and a foretaste and pledge of the "Sabbath that remains for the people of God."

In the name and on behalf of the King-Sabbath Reformation Society.

PETER GRAY, President.

JOHN MAIR, M.D. Secretary.

Kingston, C.W., March 15, 1861.

[Friendly Editors will please copy.]

Wonderful Manuscript Discoveries

The recent troubles in Syria are producing some very unexpected results. The revolt of the fanatical Druses, and the retribution provoked by the excesses to which the insane hatred of the Maronite Christians has led them, have resulted in opening to the civilized world treasures, which but for that contest might still have remained buried among the musty possessions of the convents of Palestine. Hardly have the scholars of the world ceased their congratulations over the famous Tischendori manuscript—the most valuable literary treasure discovered in modern times—before the announcement is made, that a rival has been found in an old Testament manuscript discovered at Nazareth, in comparison with which the former appears almost modern in its date.

This new treasure is a copy of the Pentateuch, and claims to be at least "twenty-three hundred and sixty years old."

Professor Levison, in his search for old manuscripts, went to Nazareth nearly a year ago, and looked at a number, among

which was one they told him had been "through fire." On examining it he found an endorsement, evidently from a different hand, and of later date than the original, stating that on a certain occasion this, with several others, was thrown into the fire as a test of its genuineness, and that it alone came out uninjured. Having returned to Jerusalem, the Professor pursued his ordinary work until some time after the Damascus and Lebanon massacres, when a fanatic Moslem from Damascus came down to Nazareth, and began to persecute three of the Samaritan Christians there, and on some petty charge had them cast into prison. Dr. Levison, who had been consulted in the matter, inquired of the Russian Bishop at Jerusalem if the three Samaritans had no means of purchasing their ransom? "None," was the reply—"they are very poor." "No property?" "None." "Nothing whatever?" "Nothing—yes, they have a book, a very old book, and it is one which has been "through the fire." The Professor no sooner heard this than he saw himself in anticipation the owner of this rare old treasure. He at once made a large offer for the book; the prisoners were released, and the book became his property. On a closer scrutiny of the manuscript it was found, from an inscription, to be as already stated, at least "two thousand three hundred and sixty years old." It is endorsed as having been in the hands of Zerubabel, who built the second temple.

Even this ancient manuscript is surpassed by another, which has long been known to be in existence known as the "Samaritan Pentateuch," which has been hitherto studiously withheld from the eyes of scholars, but which Professor Levison has recently been permitted to examine, and of a portion of which he has made photographic fac simile copies. During the interesting researches connected with this famous manuscript Dr. Levison found upon it an inscription which places it, he says, beyond all doubt that this identical parchment copy of the Pentateuch, (the Samaritan), was made by a "grandson of Aaron and the grand nephew of Moses."

Professor Levison gets his information

on this point from what is technically known as a 'Tarreekah,' or historical inscription in the manuscript. In making these copies the copyist was not allowed to put a word, or a letter, on the parchment, beyond the sacred text itself, and yet it was desirable that his name should be given as a security for its accuracy. The difficulty was met on this wise. The lines on several pages were broken in the middle by a blank space of half an inch or more running down the centre of the page. When the writer found a line with for instance, the first letter of his name standing next the break, he transferred the letter into the blank space; he then passed down the page until he found a line with the second letter of his name in the desired position, which he passed into the blank space in a similar manner, and so on until he had found the requisite number of letters.

In one case nineteen pages had to be gone through before the 'Tarreekah' could be completed. This old Nazareth manuscript embodies an inscription of this sort thus laboriously interspersed through the text, of the following purport: 'I, Abishua, son of Phinehas, son of Eliezar son of Aaron the priest, (may the good will of the Lord and his glory rest upon them), have written this holy book in the door of the tabernacle on Mount Gerizim, in the land of Canaan, in its boundaries round about. Thanks be to the Lord!'

We must confess that these discoveries seem almost too wonderful for belief; and yet the statements of such a scholar as Professor Levison seem hardly to leave us room to doubt their substantial correctness. Verily that little despised town Zerubabel has been strangely honored. It was here that Christ lived for thirty years. It was here that He preached his first sermon; and after the lapse of almost twenty centuries, it is Nazareth to which is reserved the honor of giving the most ancient manuscript copies of the Old Testament to the world! Indeed, this last mentioned copy of the Pentateuch, if we are to accept the dates assigned it, must have been more than a thousand years old at the time of the Saviour's birth! Who shall say that the eyes of Christ have not rested up-

on, and His hands handled this sacred volume, or that when He went into the Synagogue of the very town, 'and stood up to read,' as was 'His custom on the Sabbath day,' that he did not sometimes open this very book!—*From the New York Chronicle.*

CHOSING A TEXT.

I have been in many families where it is the custom for all the household, young and old, to repeat a text out of the Sacred Scriptures every morning when they assemble for family worship. This is called "a voluntary."

It is a very sweet interesting plan. The young folks look out their favorite texts, and say them, and the elders repeat the holy words that have been their guide in life, their comfort in sorrow, and their hope in sickness. And all the family learn to know each other's feelings better by noticing the passages of God's Word that are made the study of each. There is a loving communion by this means kept up in the family.

Then each heart and mind is benefited by having a text for the day as their guide. It is like a friend leading or soothing them. It is "a light to their feet, and a lamp to their path," particularly if their way lies in gloom and sorrow. Let me advise all readers of the "Band of Hope Review," to choose a text for the year 1861. Think over the past year, and try to remember your greatest sin. Ask in prayer to be enabled to know the besetting sin of your nature, and choose some text from the rich treasury of Scripture that meets your case.

I once knew a woman of a very angry temper. God had touched her heart, and turned her affections heavenward, but still she had to struggle greatly with her passions. She did at length have grace to overcome, and she told me the passage of Scripture that had been made a special blessing to her, was "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Matt. xi. 29.

Now for every kind of need, and in every temptation, there are passages of Scripture that meet the exact case. Joy and sorrow,

praise and prayer, thanksgiving and confession, all can be expressed, not in man's poor feeble words, but in passages that the Spirit of God has inspired.

Try it, my dear friends! take down your Bibles, and search out a Scripture that suits your case, and let it be the motto for the year. Hundreds of beautiful texts come into my mind as I write. But in this matter it is better that you choose for yourselves. Every heart knows both its own blessedness and bitterness, and with its secrets a stranger intermeddeth not. So choose for ourselves in faith, and prayer, and trust that the Holy Spirit will send you a text that shall be a guide and a stay to your souls in your journey through another year.—*Band of Hope Review.*

HOW PRAYER IS ANSWERED.

One of the pupils in a school in Germany, came to his master one day in great trouble, because, he said, God would not answer his prayer.

"And what did you pray for, my dear child?" said he.

"I prayed to God to give me a more humble heart."

"And why do you think that He has not heard you?"

The child said, with tears, "Since I prayed for this the other boys have been cross and unkind to me. They tease me and mock me, so that I can scarcely bear it."

"My dear boy, you prayed that God would give you a more humble heart, and why, then, should you complain, if the other boys are the means of humbling you. Here you see that God really does answer you. It is in this way He sees fit to send you a more humble mind."

PRAYER.

Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest?
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small
For the dear God, who loveth us—
He made and loveth all.

—*Ancient Mariner.*

Sabbath School Lessons.

March 31st, 1861.

THE ARK. Gen. 6., 14—22.

The Ark was an immense structure, the largest floating edifice the world ever saw. The Great Eastern, the largest production of modern skill and effort in that way, was very nearly as large as the Ark. The interest taken in the Great Eastern in our day, the great crowds that went to see her, the thousands of individuals that knew and talked about her, that lived too far away to see her, are all illustrative of the interest that must have been taken in the Ark by the inhabitants of the old world.

THE SIZE.—It was 300 cubits long; 50 cubits broad, 30 cubits high. The cubit is used to denote the distance between the elbow and the extremity of the middle finger. The common cubit is reckoned at 18 inches. The Hebrew cubit was nearly 22 inches. According to this measure the Ark was about 547 feet long, 91 2-6ths wide, 47 2-6ths high. Bush in his note on Gen. 6. 15, says: "Taking the cubit of least length, it is capable of demonstration that the vessel must have been of the burden of 42,413 tons."

THE WOOD.—It was built of Gopher wood. This wood is no where else mentioned in the Scriptures. Commentators are for the most part agreed that it is the cypress that is meant, being of a pitchy kind adapted to the purpose of ship building.

THE ROOMS.—"Rooms shalt thou make in the Ark." Hebrew, *nests*. These were cells, or stalls, or small apartments, into which the interior of the structure was laid out, for the different kinds of animals.

THE STORIES.—"With lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it." There was no waste space in the Ark. Every foot of its enormous size was carefully laid out in receptacles for the intended living inmates. Very likely the larger animals were probably assigned their place in the lower story. The smaller were placed probably in the second, and the birds and reptiles probably in the upper.

THE WINDOW is probably used here collectively, indicating the means of admitting light. By means of a transparency, if not something equivalent to glass, at least something admitting a measure of light. "And in a cubit shalt thou reduce it at the

top." Seeming to indicate that the roof in which the transparency, or windows, or skylights was set, sloped upward to a ridge at the top, of about a cubit in width.

THE DOOR must have been very large, as large animals had to go through it. Bush thinks the word translated *door* is to be taken in a collective sense, implying a number of openings in the different stories of the Ark, designed for entrances for the animals, and afterwards for the admission of air, and the discharge of ordure. These apertures he says might ordinarily be closed by lattice work.

THE PROVISION FOR THE ARK.—All food that was eaten, by all the living things was to be gathered by Noah, v. 21. This of itself was an Herculean task, and required great skill as well as effort on the part of Noah. No doubt God fitted Noah for the work, and made his path plain unto him.

THE OBEDIENCE OF NOAH.—It was prompt. Thus did Noah, Heb. 11. 7. He was moved 'by fear,' which is always prompt in acts.

IT WAS LABORIOUS.—The building of the Ark. The collecting the living beings. The gathering of the meat for each of them involved great labour.

IT WAS UNIVERSAL.—He did according to all that God commanded him.

IT WAS PERSEVERING.—The building of the Ark required a long time. Doubtless Noah had many impediments thrown in his way. Doubtless he had many temptations to relinquish the undertaking.

IT WAS REWARDED.—His life was preserved as the reward of his trials and labours, and persevering efforts. He was shut up in the Ark, secure in the divine protection, a world of water around him, millions of dead floating on its surface, the dwellings of men for ever demolished, and nature all in ruins.

Learn 1. The terrible nature of Sin. It desolated the old world. It destroyed the inhabitants of it.

2. The love of God in providing an Ark for those who believe on him. Christ is the Ark now open for perishing souls. "The righteous runneth into it and are safe."

THE FAITH OF NOAH.

Consider the *faith* of Noah, as to its measure and its influence. The Almighty had indicated his purpose to destroy mankind for their wickedness—and the means by which his purpose should be accomplished. Now, unbelief might have, said, Surely this cannot be God's voice; it does

not sound like a Divine denunciation or direction. Will God find it in his heart to destroy every living thing—innocent children even, and cattle, and creeping things? And where will he find water enough to drown the world? And how will those living things which appear to have been designated, be collected, and after what manner preserved in the ark? A thousand difficulties might by unbelief be suggested, from month to month, during the progress of one hundred and twenty years, to turn him aside from the prosecution of such a work as that of building the ark, or the effecting of its completion. And whilst officiating as a preacher of righteousness—for so occupied, in a greater or less measure, we are assured he was, (2 Pet. 2: 5;) while prosecuting the work of going from place to place extensively, and warning the people of the impending storm; giving them notice of the threatened judgment; and calling them to repentance for their iniquities; to an abandonment of their vicious and highly criminal excesses, that so they might escape both temporal and eternal destruction, Satan and wicked men might very frequently suggest what might naturally tend to originate doubt in Noah's mind whether indeed there was ground on which to base a reasonable or certain conclusion that a flood would visit the earth and destroy the living things, rational and irrational, upon its surface, unless mankind relented and changed their course. Yet, in the case of our patriarch, faith had such potency, that he perseveres in preaching, remonstrating with and warning the ungodly generation, and in building the ark; no cessation of effort was there to bring mankind to a reformation of their manners, and the restoration of the true religion and worship among them; up to the very month and day in which the appointed period of Divine patience or forbearance was to terminate; or at least until the ark was finished and ready to receive the allotted inmates. What faith! what faith was that which reigned in the heart of our patriarch—enough to excite the admiration of human kind in every age downward! Can we fail to be struck with amazement at its large degree and its effective energy! “By

faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith,” (Heb. 11: 7).—*Olmstead.*

April 7th 1861.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST;

Matth. 2, 1c. 12v.

1. There came wise men from the East. The children of the East were long noted for their superior skill and knowledge, 1 Kings. 4, 30. These wise men were probably prominent among the people for their learning.

They came from the East. The journey was considerable. At that time there were no steamers by sea, or railways on land. They would probably have a long march on camels.

2. These wise men were learned in the science of Astrology. They had studied the motions of the stars. And from certain indications in the heavenly bodies they were in the habit of drawing certain conclusions and telling certain events. A new star appeared. It must have been a bright star. It must have borne special characteristics which they understood. In their day, there was an impression over all the world that some great one was about to appear. In certain parts of the earth where the Jews were, the advent of Messiah was daily looked for. The singularity and perhaps the glory of the star would lead them to regard it as the messenger of the Messiah.

3. Herod was troubled at the intelligence of the wise men. He had heard of Christ, knew that the Messiah was expected by the Jews, and that according to them he would be a temporal king that would subject all others to his sway. When his birth was announced, it troubled him, as it disturbed his calculations and probably threatened to interfere with his hopes for his family.

4. Herod called the chief priests and scribes. The chief of the priests. The scribes were of the Levites. Herod demanded of them. Here he exercised sovereign authority. They were acquainted with prophecy, and were at no loss to tell. The prophecy is found in Micah 5, 2.

Christ was the glory of Bethlehem.

5. Herod privily called the wise men. He was very minute in his inquiries. The professed design of his inquiry was calculated to throw them off their guard.

He was a wicked and hypocritical man. Subsequent events shewed that he was cruel and blood thirsty.

6. The star which they saw in the East appeared to them again in Jerusalem. It was an old friend. It afforded them great joy in their perplexity. They had inquired in Jerusalem and could not get information. When almost in despair the star appeared to guide them. Why did it not appear sooner? 1st. Because they did not need it. 2nd. God had an object in making Herod acquainted with the truth. The star went all the length they required it to go. Then it stood.

Learn 1. When they began to seek Christ they persevered and God blessed them.

7. The wise men worshipped him. Their worship was accompanied with offerings, v. 7. All true worship is manifested by this characteristic. They gave gold, &c. to Christ. Perhaps in the poor circumstances of Joseph and Mary, this was a welcome gift.

Learn 3. Not to be ashamed to worship Christ in any circumstances. The wise men were not ashamed of Christ, though he was lowly.

8. God took care of his Holy child Jesus, and prevented the bad designs of Herod by warning the wise men in a dream.

Learn 1. There was a general expectation of Christ's first coming. The chief priests were familiar with the impression. God's people talked often about it. Luke 1. 57, 58. There is now a prevailing impression over the world and church, that Christ is about to appear a second time.

4. These wise men were Gentiles. They became worshippers of Christ, and were the first indications that Christ came not to the Jews only.

BETHLEHEM.

Though mentioned by Jacob, it remained for many ages small and unimportant, as I suppose, for the name does not appear in the list of villages assigned to Judah by Joshua, nor do we meet with it again until the 17th chapter of Judges, where it is stated that the young Levite, who subsequently became the first idolatrous priest in Micah's house of gods, and afterward the head of that grand religious apostasy which had its seat in Dan, was of Bethlehem-judah. This is not much to the honour of the place. And the next event in her history is even less creditable, for the terrible catastrophe which befell the tribe of Benjamin was directly connected with a woman of bad character from Bethlehem, as we read in the 19th chapter of Judges. In these

narratives Judah is added to the name, to distinguish it from another Bethlehem in Zebulun, west of Nazareth. It is not until the time of Boaz and Ruth that anything pleasant occurs in the history of Bethlehem, but after that it rose to great celebrity as the birth-place of David; and, finally, it was rendered for ever illustrious by the advent there of David's greater son and Lord. Still, it never became large, and never will, for there is a fatal lack of water, and of certain other natural advantages, necessary to create and sustain a large city. The present number of inhabitants is not far from four thousand, and nearly all of them belong to the Greek Church. There was formerly a Moslem quarter, which Ibrahim Pasha destroyed after the great rebellion in 1834; but even this terrible vengeance failed to quell the turbulent spirit of the people. They are ever distinguished in the great feasts at Jerusalem by their fierce and lawless manners, and if any row occur they are sure to have a hand in it. It is asserted in this country that there is something in the water of certain places which renders the people sturdy, hard, and fearless; and it is curious enough that people of this character have ever been connected with Bethlehem. David and his family, his mightiest captains, Joab and others, came from it, and they were fierce, terrible men. Had the water which David so longed for any influence in compacting such bones and sinews, and hardening such spirits? Perhaps we can find another influence. They were noted shepherds, even to the time when the angel announced the birth of the Saviour. This occupation in such a region, contribute greatly to educate just that sort of men. The position of Bethlehem is admirably adapted to call out those elements of character, and train them to the utmost perfection. Seated on the summit-level of the hill country of Judah, with deep gorges descending East to the Dead Sea, and West to the plains of Philistia, the shepherds of Bethlehem had to contend not only with bears and lions, whose dens were in those wild wadies, but also with human enemies—the Philistines on the West and Arab robbers on the East. They would, therefore, from childhood, be accustomed to bear fatigue, hunger and cold, both by night and by day, and also to brave every kind of danger, and fight with every kind of antagonist. Thus the youthful David learned to sling stones when he led his father's flocks over the hills, and thus was he prepared to conquer Goliath; and so, too, by defending his charge against bears and lions, he learned to face lion-like men in war, and to conquer them.—[The Land and the Book.

"Be not Weary in Well Doing."

For two years, regularly every month, a lady called at the door of a certain family in New York, and offered a tract, and as regularly had the door shut in her face, with the gruff remark, "We want none of your tracts."—After so long a time, in one of her rounds she met, on the steps of that same dwelling, a bright-eyed boy, but deformed and of sickly appearance. She inquired whether he would not like to go to a Sabbath school, and being answered in the affirmative, she agreed to meet him there on the following Sabbath morning, and conduct him to the Sabbath school.—Sabbath morning came, and, true to his word, he was there and ready when she called.—He was put into a class of boys of his own age; and though everything seemed strange to him, he soon became deeply interested. His lessons were well learned, and his answers to the questions, and the remarks which he made, evinced that the truth was taking deep hold of his heart. His interest deepened. His bright eye sparkled as the truth was appreciated, and his deep emotion showed that it was doing its work within. He continued for many months the most regular, the most attentive, the most deeply interested scholar in the class, till he won his teacher's affection, and became the favorite of all.

But, at length, the bright-eyed boy was missed from his class. His teacher visited him, and found him sick with an incurable disease. But, though conscious of his situation, he was full of buoyancy and hope. He had found a treasure of higher value than anything which this world can afford; and yet, he desired to live that he might be useful.—His teacher, however, led him to see that his place for being useful was just where his heavenly Father had placed him, and from that moment his anxiety on that score ceased. He determined to be useful where he was, and for every one who called he had a "word in season." But his anxiety for the conversion of his parents was very great; yet, even here, he rested in God. He had prayed for it, and he believed that God would grant him his request. He desired his teacher to visit his father; but as the father was a philosophical infidel, well read in all the arguments of unbelief, his teacher shrunk from the encounter. However, on the repeated urgency of the boy, he consented; and when he came he found his father ready for him, surrounded by his infidel books. The infidel champion, with bold confidence, sought to draw the teacher into the meshes of infidel sophistry; but with

his "sling and stone," the teacher brought him to a very different issue. He first drew from him the concession that all men were sinners, and that he was a sinner, and that it was reasonable and right that sinners should repent; and then he brought home the personal inquiry, "Have you repented?" This was an unexpected thrust, which the man sought to parry by diverting the conversation to some other topic. But no; the Christian soldier was firm—the question must be answered, and the man's conscience compelled him to say, "No." "Well, then," replied his antagonist, "we can proceed no further in the argument till you have first performed this duty, which you acknowledge you owe to God."

The next time his teacher came, he found the dying boy full of confidence that his father would be converted. And he related how that, for several days, he had come early into his room and read a chapter in the Bible; and once, after watching to see if the boy was asleep, he knelt down and prayed! The boy lived to see both his father and mother hopefully converted to God; and having grown rapidly in grace, and shining brighter and brighter as he drew near the pearly gates, God took him.

And think you the courage and perseverance of that Christian lady was lost, when such results followed? How few there are who would have gone a second time to that home, after being so rudely repulsed! But she remembered the sacred injunction: "Be not weary in well doing, for in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." And she did reap—a blessed harvest it was, and the wheat has been gathered into a garner above.

PERSIAN ANECDOTE.

"Having in my youth a notion of very severe piety," says a celebrated Persian writer, "I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

SCRAPS OF GOOD NEWS.

REFORMED DUTCH.—It is a characteristic illustration of the foresight of the Hollanders *thas*, in settling the constitution of their Church establishment, at the Reformation, they alone of all the Protestant nations anticipated and made provision for an increase of population. An enactment of the state secured that whenever a parish added two thousand to its inhabitants it should have an additional minister. The consequence is, that their religious instruction has kept pace with the growth of the people, while elsewhere, as in England and Scotland, parishes have sometimes included twenty, forty, or even sixty thousand souls, and yet had but one minister—a deficiency which is poorly supplied by chapels of ease, private chapels, and similar supplementary agencies.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE LAST THREE OF MOHAMMED.—The Krim Tartars are continuing steadily to evacuate the Crimea *en masse*. They are said to be actuated by a fierce religious enthusiasm, led on by their Mohammedan priests, and their object is a grand slaughter of the Christians. It is thought by many that the Indian mutiny and the Syrian massacres are only the preliminary outbreaks, giving warning of the last final blazing out of Moslem fanaticism and fury against Christianity. If so, there will be bloody work in the East ere long.

HEATHEN TEMPLES DECAYING.—A traveller from Madras to Jaffra states that but few of the heathen temples he passed were in good order—those regularly repaired and used are comparatively few. Many of the temples are gradually going to ruin—towers, walls, and rooms where the idols sit, are broken; many of the idols that were formerly carried with great parade are so neglected that they can only be used for fuel. The impression is steadily gaining ground among the people that their idol system has had its day, and that the religion of the Gospel will eventually fill the whole land.

THE WALDENSES.—Rev. Dr. Leyburn, now travelling in Europe, in a recent letter to 'The Presbyterian' gives an interesting account of a visit to these Protestants of the Vaudois valleys. They are now enjoying a greater measure of liberty, under the wise administration of Victor Emanuel and his able premier Cavour, than has fallen to their lot for many generations. Their humble churches dot the valleys of Piedmont, and they are well filled with earnest and sincere worshippers. La Tour, which has been heretofore the headquarters of their religious institutions, having

a College, Theological Seminary, a Female Seminary, an Orphan Asylum, and an Hospital, is to lose a part of its former prestige. In the present condition of Italy, it is indispensable that their ministers should preach in Italian, and receive their instructions in that language. Hitherto their training has been wholly in French. So the Theological Seminary is to be removed to Florence, and henceforth to furnish a Gospel ministry to the Italians.

Dr. Leyburn represents the Waldenses as exceedingly poor, far poorer than any peasantry he has seen—the result of their cruel oppressions, and of the sterile soil to which they have been confined. They receive aid in the erection of their churches, the maintenance of their College and Seminaries, and the support of many of their pastors, from English friends, and from the Presbyterian Church, (O.S.) in the United States. General Beckwith, a veteran English officer, has been their largest benefactor, giving freely to all their churches and schools, and living for many years among them. The standard of morals Dr. L. says, is very high. Intemperance and licentiousness are almost entirely unknown, and the magistrate's office is almost a sinecure.

MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN.—Of the six Protestant missionaries now in Japan, two are engaged in making dictionaries, one is at work upon a grammar, and a fourth upon a lexicon and vocabulary, while all are studying to acquire the use of the spoken language. To our teachers, and some few others, with whom we have been brought into intimate relationship from time to time, a considerable amount of religious truth has been communicated in conversations with them, and upon a few of these minds it has made a marked impression. Both here and at Nagasaki, a pretty large number of books published by missionaries in China, and in the language of that country, have been put in circulation among officials and the common people, but more particularly the former.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

RUSSIA—LIBERTY TO RECEIVE PROSELYTES.—A correspondent of 'The News of the Churches' says:

"I have recently learned, I hope on good authority, that the Russian government has given the various religious sects, other than the National Church, liberty to receive proselytes from its Mohammedan and Pagan subjects. This is a most important step, and may open the way for resuming missionary operations which the Basle and the Scottish Missionary Societies were compelled soon after the accession of Nicholas, to relinquish."

SALES OF BIBLES AT RAILWAY STATIONS.—
Of late a very large demand has sprung up on the railway book stalls for a cheap Bible. The Bible Society some time since determined to offer for sale, at a loss, at their stalls, a well got up and neatly bound Bible for 1s. The success of this step was immediate. The sale has been going on at the rate of 4,000 copies a year, and is still increasing. It is no uncommon thing, we are informed, for employers of labour to take a large pocketful down into the country for the purpose of giving away to their work people.

FROM THE BISHOP OF OXFORD TO THE INHABITANTS OF BANBURY.—"Dearly Beloved in the Lord—I propose to come into your town and neighborhood at the beginning of this Lent, and, with some of my reverend brethren, to hold more numerous services for preaching and prayer than are usual. We do this in the hope, under God's blessing, of stirring up many of you to live more to Him, to prepare more for the Judgment-day, and to love and serve Christ Jesus our Lord better. As your Bishop, I earnestly pray you to help these endeavours of ours—first, by coming yourselves to these services; secondly, by bringing to them all you can; and thirdly, by praying earnestly to God for Christ's sake to help us in our work, by the grace of His Holy Spirit. I am your faithful friend and father in Christ."—S. Oxon.—Now, this is most laudable—an example to the whole Bench. This is the way to defend the Church; aye, and religion itself. One such act, in our eyes, covers several offences.—[London Paper.

"I CANNOT ENDURE IT."

A convict, on being removed from one prison to another, was asked how he liked his new home.

"Not at all," was his reply.

"Are you not clothed and fed as well here?"

"Yes, better."

"Is your labour harder?"

"No, not so hard."

"Are you not treated with kindness?"

"Yes."

"Then why not like it?"

"Because I am allowed to speak to no one. I go to the table, and sit and think; I go about my work all day to think; and at night the iron door shuts me in my solitary cell to think, think, think; and I cannot endure it."

HIS WILL

You cannot mediate

Between my soul and Heaven. The Lord of love

Hath set it in its course, and it doth meve

The changeless way He did prede-
dinate;

A sterner Fate

Than wavering human will, controls

The good and ill of our nudying souls.

And if mine wear the hue

Of Heaven, what time the thunder-cloud
sits on

The deep of midnight, could your prayers
undo

The gates of darkness, and let in the dawn?

Can praying haste the tender bud to bloom?

Or stay the cataract's impetuous leap?

Or break the walls of th' impris'ning tomb?

Or wake the dead from their white, winty
sleep?

If God so wills it—yes!

Dare I, a sinner, say

A pleading voice in Heaven is not heard?

Jesus forbid! Yet it were well to

In righteous deed, as word. [pray

God will work out

My soul's salvation, be it soon or late;

Fear will oppress me; unbelief and
doubt

Rule me by turns; contesting love and hate

Divide my heart, as day and night the sky;

And evil lure and tempt me everywhere;

Yet thro' and over all I do desery

The workings of a Power that teaches me

The highest aim and end of earthly prayer.

Is courage, strength, and fortitude to bear

The ills whose hidden good I cannot see.

And life hath many woes

That the world's careless eye beholdeth not;

Only the Redeemer knows

The secret grief and penitential thought;

Only our loving Lord doth see

Our strivings after good, and knowing all

Our trials and our temptings, only He

Can pity and forgive us when we fall.

Woe is the burden of humanity,

Sorrow is old as is the ancient sin,

For since life was, anguish and pain must be.

And while life is, anguish and pain must be.

And yet to live—to LIVE

Is a most glorious and gracious thing!

To humbly, nobly, justly live;

To cheerfully endure the ceaseless sting

Of cruel disappointment; to forgive

The wrongs that others do us; to forbear

From sad and vain repining; to relieve
The sufferings of our fellows, and to share
Their joys and griefs, and make their bur-
dens light;
And to believe

Thro' all things, that the Eternal Right
Controls the smallest consequence for good;
Thus living, who can be misled
By world-wrong, or, dying, dread
To meet the face of a rewarding God?

A. L. MUZZEY.

Presbyterian Church of Canada

The stable and driving house on the Manse premises belonging to the Presbyterian Congregation in Innisfil, with all their contents, were consumed lately by fire. The contents belonged to the Rev. Mr. Wightman, minister of that congregation. The friends in his congregation and other benevolent persons in the vicinity, promptly and generously contributed over \$400, which will replace the building and the articles lost by the fire. But for this accident Mr. Wightman might not have known the esteem in which he is deservedly held in that section, nor the people understood how much they regard him. We think the moral influence of the accident and the way in which it was remedied on the mind of all concerned, would be quite an improvement on what would have resulted if an Insurance Company had made up the loss.

The Rev. D. McVicar, formerly of Guelph, has been inducted as Minister of Cote St. Church, Montreal.

The Rev. Robt. McArthur has received a call from the congregations of Brock and Reach. The Rev. John Corbett has received a call from the congregation of Mono. The Rev. James Finlay has received a call from Wellington Square and Waterdown. The Rev. A. C. Geike has received a call from Doon and New Hope. The Rev. Thomas Lowry has received a call from Paris.

Presbyterian Church in Connection with the Church of Scotland.

The Rev. John Hay has been inducted at Mount Forest. There is a wide and interesting field of labour in this locality, and one in which we trust Mr. Hay will have much spiritual success.

The Home Missionary Meetings of this Church has rather been interfered with this winter through snow storms. Several interesting meetings have, notwithstanding, been held, at which eminent ministers from neighbouring Presbyteries took part. We think it a good plan for interesting the people in the cause of Missions at home or abroad, to send as many able and pious ministers from a distance as can be conveniently procured.

The Rev. Dr. Cook on his way from Quebec to Ottawa, was storm bound in Prescott on a Sabbath. He preached twice in the Methodist church, and we had the pleasure and advantage of hearing from him a very able sermon on "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Heb. 11. 6. The sermon would be regarded as an able one anywhere; but in Prescott where the common fare is in many respects so very different, it was regarded as a treat. The christians of Prescott have no wish to deprive others, at the same time they cannot help wishing that snow storms would oftener drive such birds of passage to rest for a season amongst them. Our friends at a distance must not suppose from Dr. Cooks preaching in the Methodist church on both occasions, that we have no Presbyterian Church in Prescott. We have. Its incumbent, however, was too exhausted to preach in the evening, and rather than allow other men to break the bread of life to his flock, he shut the door and left them to wander elsewhere.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Our Baptist friends like friends in other communions, have been improving the opportunities of sleighing by Missionary of-

forts in different sections in the country.

There is some difference of opinion among members, about the propriety of rebuilding the Institute in Woodstock, for all the purposes contemplated, when the one lately destroyed by fire was erected.

The *Baptist* of March has an article on the perversion of baptism. The Presbyterian Church *Record* of last month had a sermon on Infant Baptism. It occurred to us while reading them, that articles on both sides should be published in both papers. We have no faith in the usual representations men give of their opponents' sentiments. Truth requires that each side should be heard for itself fairly.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Bishop of Toronto has addressed a very excellent letter to the laity on the insufficiency of the incomes of the clergy. We heartily sympathise with every right effort towards the servants of the Lord getting their due.

MINISTERS' SALARIES.

At a recent meeting of the Congregational Union at Aberdeen, Scotland, the subject of ministers' salaries being up, Rev. Dr. Alexander of Edinburgh, said:—I am ready without any beating about the bush, to say that we are all under-paid for what we do. I was talking lately with a London business man—a successful merchant. It was about the time bishops were getting nude, and we talked about their incomes. He said to me, "And if it is a fair question, what do you get?" I told him: "Well," he answered, is that all you get?" "Yes; and compared with what many of my brethren get, it is pretty fair."—"And what do you do for that?" I said I would enlighten him upon this: "In the first place, I compose and write what would be fully two pretty thick octavo volumes; about as much as any literary man bending over his pen thinks of doing, and more than some do, in a year. In the next place, I have to do as much speaking every week as a lawyer at the bar in good practice. Then, in the third place, to do as much visiting as a surgeon in average practice would do. And, in the next place

I think I write as many letters as many of you great merchants do." "Well," he said, "is yours an extraordinary case?" I said, "Not at all; a man's duties correspond with his sphere, but many of my brethren do as much, some of them perhaps a little more."—"Well," he said again, "they may say as much as they please about ministers getting too much for their work, but none of us would do half your work for four times your pay."

Flavel's Three Queries.

To certain prejudiced and hardened souls who constitute one of his "three sad sights."

Query 1. Doth religion any way countenance or patronize the sinful practices of its professors? Or doth it not rather impartially and severely condemn them? It is the glory of the Christian religion, that it is pure and undefiled. (James i. 27). No doctrine so holy. (Psalm. xix. 8). Nor doth any make more provision for a holy life. (Tit. ii. 11, 12). Indeed there is a case wherein we may charge the evil practices of men upon their principles; but that is where their practices naturally flow from, and necessarily follow their principles. As for example, if I see a Papist sin badly, I may charge it upon his principle, for they set pardons to sale, and so make way for looseness. If I see a Pelagian slight the grace of God, and proudly advance himself, I may cry shame upon his principles, which directly lead to it; but can I do so where such practices are condemned and provided against by their own avowed principles, who commit them!

Query 2. Is it not a most irrational thing to let fly at religion because of the scandalous ways of some, whilst, in the meantime, you wholly slight and overlook the holy and heavenly conversation of many others? Are all that profess godliness loose and careless in their lives? No, some of them are an ornament to their profession, and the glory of Christ; and why must the innocent be condemned with the guilty? Why the eleven for one Judas?

Query 3. If you condemn religion because of the scandalous lives of some that profess it, must you not then cast off all religion in the world, and turn downright atheists? Surely this is the consequence of it; for what religion is there, but some that profess it walk contrary to their profession? and then, as Constantine told the Novatian, you must set up a ladder, and go to heaven by yourself.

THE GOOD NEWS.

A Semi-monthly periodical, devoted to the Religious Education of the old and young.—Published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at One Dollar.

It contains:

1. Original and Selected articles, on practical Religion.
2. Revival intelligence and accounts of the various Christian movements for the amelioration of society.
3. A Scripture Lesson for every Sabbath in the year, adapted to assist parents and teachers.
4. News of the churches in Canada.
5. A sermon from some living Preacher.

Back numbers can be supplied.

THE EVANGELIZER.

A religious periodical, unsectarian in character and devoted exclusively to the advancement of the Kingdom of God in the world, is published toward the end of every month, at 25 cents per annum, or 50 copies of one issue for a dollar.

The matter of The Evangelizer consists of articles original and selected, and is adapted to arouse sinners, direct enquirers, and quicken God's people.

The Evangelizer is well adapted for circulation in all districts, but especially in those districts where men are perishing for lack of knowledge. And its circulation in those places can be promoted by Ministers, Missionaries, Sabbath School Teachers, and Christians of every class acting as agents.

In order that the Lord's work may be advanced, we offer The Evangelizer for

Gratuitous Circulation.

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

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

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

The Gospel Message.

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

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

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

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

For the gratuitous circulation of Evangelizer and Gospel Message,

Donations

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

Colporteurs.

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

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

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

ROBERT KENNEDY,
Prescott, C.W.

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