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"DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND SINS."

AN ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR J. Y. SIMPSON, M.D., OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

There are many figures and similes employed by God in the Holy Scriptures to represent to us our lost condition as sinners, such as "rebels," "slaves," "blinded," "deaf," etc.; but to my medical mind there is none more solemn than that which occurs twice in the second chapter of Ephesians, namely—"Dead in trespasses and sins." The unregenerate, unbelieving soul is compared here by God to a corpse; it is "dead in sins."

Of all of you who are now living by faith in Christ it may be as truthfully said to-day, as it was said eighteen centuries ago of the Ephesian converts to whom the apostle Paul wrote, "You hath he quickened, who were dead." As many of you, however, as are unbelievers are, in the strong language of Scripture, "dead."—You are dead in the eye of Divine justice; for as the condemned criminal is as a "dead man," when his crimes have brought on him the legal doom of death, you are likewise "dead," because "he that believeth not is condemned already." Further, you are also spiritually dead on account of being cut off by your sins from communion with the living God. For as a corpse moves not, stirs not, feels not, and cannot be roused, so are you dead to all love of God, and to everything pertaining to the wondrous gospel of Jesus Christ. Of the dread and crushing burden of their own sins your souls are not at all conscious; for the dead feel not; corpses are not sensible of any, even the heaviest, loads heaped upon them.

It is not improbable that many of you may have much to do with Divine things, and may take part in the services of religion, but yet be really dead. Now it is possible by galvanic means to render a recent corpse temporarily instinct with apparent vitality. But this galvanised life ceases with the removal of the external cause of it; and though the eyes and mouth be thus made to open, and the limbs to

quiver, the body is still a clay-cold corpse. So are you dead, notwithstanding all your occasional appearances of interest in the things of God. The outward machinery of the Christian system being applied to you, the result is so much of galvanised life as makes you hear sermons, partake of sacraments, attend religious services, etc.; but still you have no heartfelt pleasure, no peace, and no joy, in Divine things. For your souls are still "dead." That word explains it all.

And how awfully cold is a corpse! I can never forget the case of a very intellectual patient of mine, who, amid other so-called illusions of the senses, was troubled, for a time, nightly, by the vision of the spectral corpse of her dead father being carried in by a spectral procession, and laid in front of her bed. At her own urgent solicitation, she was taken by her husband and myself to the dissecting-room, and shown a dead body. She rushed forward, clutched the cold arm of the corpse, and held it firmly in her hand. She was impressed with the idea that if she once felt the coldness of a real dead body, she would thus have a power of distinguishing between it and her dreaded spectral visitant; and the very thought banished the latter. And what is this appalling coldness of the corpse but an emblem of the freezing and frightful coldness of the unbelieving soul towards God, and Christ, and matters of true holiness?

The unregenerate man may be said to be made up of two parts—a living body and a dead soul. In states of disease and injury we occasionally find something analogous, in one part of the body being full of life, and another part of it palsied and dead. I have seen a person after injury of the lower part of the neck surviving for a time; the head perfectly alive and well, but the body and limbs perfectly motionless. In the last fatal duel fought near Edinburgh, a bullet struck the spine

of the challenger. I have often heard this unhappy man's physician say that when he first visited him, some hours afterwards, and asked him how he felt:—"I feel, he replied, "exactly what I am—a man with a living head and a dead body mysteriously joined together." Every unbelieving man consists of a dead soul mysteriously joined to a living body.

Yes, while unbelievers in Christ, people are not what they seem to be. They are indeed hideous and loathsome in the eye of God; for, with all their efforts to hide it from themselves and others, they are carrying about, in connection with their living bodies, dead souls. They remind us of the fearful punishment described by Virgil as inflicted by the mythical Mezentius, king of the Tyrrhenians, when he bound dead corpses to living men; and the living moved about with the dead, decomposing bodies tied to them, face to face, and hands to hands. Many, very many of those who walk our streets, and some who frequent our churches, are just like Mezentius' victims; only the dead, corrupt, and putrifying thing is within. They are stalking charnel-houses—walking "whited sepulchres," which outwardly "appear beautiful," but within are full of "rotteness" and "all uncleanness." In God's holy sight the soul of every unbelieving man—however "moral," and "good," and "virtuous," and "excellent," and "exemplary" (in the estimation of the world) that man may be—is dead, "dead in trespasses and sins." For "all have sinned" (Rom. iii. 23). "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 10). And the dreadful eternal fate of every such unbeliever is this: "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). What a terrific doom!

At the present day many persons have photographs of their faces taken, which they present to their friends. But if it were possible to have an album of photographs taken of our sinful souls, revealing and blazoning forth all the evil deeds they had each done, all the evil words they had ever spoken, and all the evil thoughts they had ever thought, how hideous and horrible would such pictures be! Would any man dare to give his true soul-photograph to any brother man? I think not,

and far less to his friend. Yet the things and thoughts we would thus conceal from others, and even from ourselves, are all known to God. He has full and faithful soul-photographs of all, for he is perfectly cognizant of every single one of our evil deeds, and words, and imaginations.—Nay, possibly, we unwittingly carry about with us complete photographs of our own souls. At least, various facts seem to show that there is left engraven on the tablets and ledgers of our own memories (though we are not conscious of it) full and unremembered records of our whole past lives. It is only thus, perhaps, that physicians can explain various phenomena; as, for example, the striking fact that occasionally, when persons have been placed in circumstances of mortal danger, such as when almost drowned, a swift and startling vision of the whole of their past life has suddenly sprung up, and deeds long and utterly forgotten have stood forward in appalling distinctness. May not, at death, the unsaved soul carry off with it this record? May not unsaved sinners be thus both their own self-accusers and witnesses at their own trials, when summoned before "the judgment seat of Christ?" While the sins of the believer are remembered no more against him, having been expunged eternally from the book and memory of God, the sins of the unbeliever, of which he himself possesses a fresh and perfect consciousness, shall perhaps thus testify against his own soul and self-condemn him. What can wipe out this fearful photograph and record of one's unconverted existence? Nothing except "the blood of Christ;" but that blood "cleanseth us from all sin." It alone can blot and wash out the record of our iniquities, and prepare the soul, by the grace of God, to receive "the image of his Son."

Moreover, as in most past ages and countries there have been two principal ways of disposing of the dead—they have been either buried or burned, and have thereby become either food for the worms or fuel for the flames—so we read in Scripture terrible words from the lips of Jesus himself, telling of a "place of torment" prepared for those who reject the offer of salvation, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Fearful thought!

Can it be that, by persisting in unbelief, the souls of any to whom I speak shall be found at last among the Christless dead who shall be exhaustless food for the undying worm, or endless fuel for the quenchless fire?

The soul of the sinner is dead. And now comes the momentous question, How may it be rendered spiritually alive?—How “born again” into new life? How recovered and restored, from a state of death in sin, to a state of life in righteousness?

By nature and practice we are all sinners, all “dead in trespasses and sins, all rebels against God. And the doom for every single sin of every sinner is eternal death—eternal separation and banishment from the holy presence of God. But, in the infinitude of His love to our fallen race, God offers to each of us individually a free and full pardon, and life now and for ever, if we only believe on Jesus Christ his Son, whom he sent to suffer in our stead—to die that we might live; if we rely and rest entirely on him as the all-sufficient sacrifice for our sins—as our substitute and security. It is, writes St. Paul in the chapter we have quoted—it is “by grace ye are saved,” God’s grace and mercy. “By grace,” he repeats, “are ye saved through faith”—through faith in the full atoning power of the sacrifice of Christ. “The just shall live by faith.” But to see more simply and clearly how faith or belief thus gives life to the dead soul, listen to the words uttered by Christ himself: “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life” (John v. 24). “I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live” (John xi. 25). Earlier in his teaching he had declared that “Whosoever,” (what a comprehensive word!) “whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” And indeed, already, “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life” (John iii. 16, 36).

In these and in other passages, the Scriptures uniformly connect our spiritual life with Jesus, and with belief or faith in him as our all-sufficient Redeemer. But to

be saved from death by his marvellous sacrifice, you must have faith in him alone, and in his substitutive work—not one particle of faith or belief in yourself, or in anything that you can yourself do for your own redemption. The work, the whole work of redemption, was done and finished, perfectly and entirely finished, eighteen centuries ago by Christ; and all that is required of you is to believe on him as your all-sufficient Sin-bearer and your life. When the soul of the sinner is saved, and passes “from death unto life,” that mighty result is not—as our chapter explicitly and strongly tells us—the effect “of works” of our own, “lest any man should boast.” It is the “gift of God;” it is the work of Christ and the Holy Spirit. Christ, by whom “all things were made,” is our Creator and our Redeemer. We could not create ourselves; neither can we redeem ourselves. It is as impossible for any one to be his own Saviour, as to be his own Creator. No man could create for his own body a limb or a finger, or even a nail or a single hair. No more could he redeem his own soul, or do any part of the work of its redemption. The idea of self-creation is not more absurd than is the idea of self-salvation. And more, those who think of improving themselves, and thus working themselves into favour with God, as a condition of salvation, should consider that such a course is not only absurd, but profane: for it supposes that a dead, lost, helpless sinner may exercise the quickening power of the Holy Ghost, and do the atoning work of Christ—that work which could only be accomplished by the sufferings, and sacrifice, and shedding of the life-blood of God’s own Son.

No: there is only one unalterable condition under which you can be saved.—That condition is, that you are utterly at an end of self and self-work, and trust everything to Christ and Christ’s work.—Till you see that great truth, your souls are in darkness and deadness. Some time ago I read of a miner walking in a vast and dangerous mine—one of those great, black, underground cities of England—when suddenly the lamp which he carried in his hand was extinguished by an unseen stream of water from the roof. For long, long

FAITH IN PRAYER.

"As a prince hast thou power with God."—
Gen. xxxii. 28.

hours he wandered about in search of an exit from his dreadful, dark prison; but he wandered all in vain. At last, utterly exhausted, and utterly hopeless, he lay down to die. He felt and confessed himself a "dead man." Shortly after he did so, to his wavering and flickering eyesight, there appeared a light at a great distance. Was it a mere delusion or a reality? It seemed to come nearer and nearer; and then, as it approached, he saw the light shining on and showing the face of a brother, who was and had been in anxious search for him. So will it be with you, if, wandering in this dark and sinful city of the world, you will feel and confess yourselves at the end of self, with no hope of escape in yourselves from the wrath to come; nought but "dead men." Then will Christ, your elder Brother, who is ever watchful "to seek and to save that which was lost," straightway come to you, and be to you your Light and your Life.

He who is thus "the Light of the world," "the Light of life," "the way, the truth, and the life," is in search of you now. Hearken! he is saying to every careless sinner, every lukewarm, self-sufficient one among you who is obstinately keeping the dark chambers of his dead soul locked up from all approach of God's love—"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me" (Rev. iii. 20). For how many, many long years have you already, in your dire unkindness and black ingratitude, kept Him standing and knocking—Him who came from heaven to earth to win and woo you back from the grasp of Satan to the bosom of of God—Him who submitted his sinless body to death, that your sinful and dead souls might have life? Oh, open to him even now, accept the mighty salvation which he offers, and henceforth joyfully allow yourselves to "live by the faith of the Son of God." If you do not, this may possibly be to some of you the last visit of mercy he will pay—the last knock of love he may give at the door of your heart—his last offer to you of pardon and exemption from the horrors of eternal death—his last offer to you of the untold joys and glories of eternal life!

An intrepid faith in prayer will always give it unction. Let the faith of apostles in the reality of prayer as a power with God take possession of a regenerate heart, and it is inconceivable that prayer should be to that heart a lifeless *duty*. The joy of hope, at least, will vitalize the duty. The prospect of gaining an object will always affect thus the expression of intense desire.

The feeling which will become spontaneous with a Christian, under the influence of such a trust, is this: "I come to my devotions this morning, on an errand of real life. This is no romance and no farce. I do not come here to go through a form of words. I have no hopeless desires to express. I have an object to gain. I have an end to accomplish. This is a *business* in which I am about to engage. An astronomer does not turn his telescope to the skies with a more reasonable hope of penetrating those distant heavens, than I have of reaching the mind of God, by lifting up my heart at the throne of grace. This is the privilege of my calling of God in Christ Jesus. Even my faltering voice is now to be heard in heaven, and it is to put forth a power there, the results of which only God can know, and only eternity can develop. Therefore, O Lord, Thy servant findeth it in his heart to pray this prayer unto Thee."

"Good prayers," says an old English divine, "never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask or what I should ask." Such a habit of feeling as this will give to prayer that quality which Dr. Chalmers observed as being the characteristic of the prayers of Doddridge—that they had an intensely "business-like" spirit.

Observe how thoroughly this spirit is infused into the scriptural representation of the interior working of prayer in the counsels of God, respecting the prophet Daniel. The narrative is intelligible to a child; yet scarcely another passage in the Bible is so remarkable, in its bearing upon the difficulties which our minds often generate out of the mystery of prayer. Almost the very mechanism of the plan of God, by which

this invisible power enters into the execution of his decrees, is here laid open.

"Whiles I was speaking," the prophet says, "Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me, and said, O Daniel, at the beginning of thy supplication the commandment came forth, and I am come to shew thee; for thou art greatly beloved." What greater vividness could be given to the reality of prayer, even to its occult operation upon the divine decrees? No sooner do the words of supplication pass out from the lips, than the command is given to one of the presence-angels, "Go thou;" and he flies swiftly to the prostrate suppliant, and touches him bodily, and talks with him audibly, and assures him that his desire is given to him. "I am come to thee, O man greatly beloved; I am commissioned to instruct and to strengthen thee. I was delayed in my journey to thee, else I had come more speedily to thy relief. For one and twenty days the prince of Persia withstood me; but Michael came to help me,—the archangel is leagued with me to execute the response to thy cry. I must return to fight that prince of Persia who would have restrained me from thee. Unto thee am I sent. From the first day that thou didst set thy heart to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard; and I am come because of thy words. Again I say, O man greatly beloved, fear not. Peace be unto thee; be strong, yea, be strong." Could any diagram of the working of prayer amidst the purposes of God give to it a more vivid reality in our conceptions, than it receives from this little passage of dramatic narrative, which you will find, in substance, in the ninth and tenth chapters of the prophecy of Daniel?

I have sometimes tried to conceive a panorama of the history of one prayer. I have endeavoured to follow it from its inception by human lips; and in its flight up to the ear of Him who is its Hearer, because He has been also its Inspirer; and on its journey around to the unnumbered points in the organism of His decrees which this feeble human voice reaches, and from which it utters a responsive vibration, because this also is a decree of as venerable antiquity as theirs; and in its return from those alti-

tudes, with its golden train of blessings to which eternal counsels have paid tribute, at His bidding. I have endeavoured to form some conception thus, of the methods by which this omnipotence of poor human speech gains its end, without a shock to the system of the universe, with not so much as a whit of change to the course of a leaf falling in the air. But how futile is the strain upon these puny faculties! How shadowy are the thoughts we get from any such attempt to *master* prayer! Do we not fall back with glad relief upon the magnitude of this *fact* of prayer, "beyond the stars heard," and answered through these ministries of angels?

Human art has not yet succeeded in extending the electric telegraph around *one* globe. The combined science, and skill, and wealth of the nations have failed thus to connect the two continents. But yonder is a child, whose lisping tongue is every day doing more than that. In God's administration of things, that child's morning prayer is a mightier reality than that. It sets in motion agencies more secret and more impalpable, and yet conscious agencies, whose chief vocation, so far as we know it, is to minister at that child's bidding: "Verily I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." Could we appreciate prayer, think you, as such a reality, such a power, so genuine, so vital a thing in the working of the divine plan, so free from trammel in its mystery, so much resembling the power of God *because* of its mystery, and yet could we find it to be in our own experience an insipid duty?—*Still Hour.*

ETERNITY.—Eternity is the only theme that confuses, humbles the proud intellect of man. What is it? The human mind can grasp any defined length of time, however vast; but this is beyond time, and too great for the limited conception of man. It has no beginning, and can have no end. It cannot be multiplied, it cannot be added unto; you may strive to subtract from it but it is useless. Take millions of years from it, take all the time that enters the compass of your imagination, it is still whole and undiminished as before—all calculation is lost.

THE "BLACK AND DARK NIGHT;"

OR, PROVERBS FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY S. MASSEY.

"What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin! Greatest and first of ills! The fruitful parent Of woes of all dimensions!"

At the window of my house I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding passing through the street near her corner, and he went the way to her house. In the twilight of the evening, in the black and dark night; and behold there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield. With the flattery of her lips she forced him. He goeth after her straightway as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks. Till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life.

Ponder the path of thy feet! Hearken unto me now therefore, and attend to the words of my mouth. Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded, yea many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil. But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell. Come not nigh to the door of her house, lest thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed.

Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned? Can one walk upon hot coals and his feet not be burned?

Rejoice O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes! but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

Those who give to God only the shadow of duty, can never expect from him a real reward.—*Flavel*.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

1. That the personal work of cultivating your own heart is your first and main duty. From this no other alleged obligation can excuse you. Not the duty of providing for your family, nor of transacting public business however important, nor of preaching the gospel at home, or causing it to be preached, nor of sending it to the heathen, nor of reforming the morals of the community, for the command "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," is imperative, and it is given under the awful sanctions, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." Of this work God will allow no procrastination or evasion, and for it he will accept no substitute. If you neglect the culture of your heart on the ground that the care of your family or your business demands your whole time and attention, or that you are engrossed in the discharge of public duties, or that there is a great work to be done in reforming the morals of the community—if for any of these reasons, or any other reason whatever, you neglect the care of your own heart, and remain under the dominion of sin, then you perish for ever.

2. That your power to benefit others will be in proportion to your own progress in personal holiness. It is by what we are, rather than by the stations which we occupy, or the outward direct efforts which we put forth, that we exert the main part of our influence. Posts of influence are indeed desirable as means of usefulness, and direct efforts to do good we may not withhold; but a sanctified spirit is, after all, the main thing. A sanctified spirit is like the sun, it illuminates and warms without any effort to do so. It is in itself, and of itself, influence, and it has no need, therefore, to be in a bustle and flurry of excitement to gain influence.

Would you, for example, make a true provision for your children? Be holy, pure, meek, heavenly-minded. Set them an example of seeking those things which are above; where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. This of itself will be an infinitely better inheritance than a house full of silver and gold, with an example of ungodliness and supreme devotion to this world. It is better to be the child of poor but pious parents, who are able to bequeath to their offspring nothing but their prayers, their instructions, and their godly example, than to receive an estate of millions from ungodly parents who cast off fear and restrain prayer before God. The worst possible provision which a man can make for his children, is to neglect both his own and their souls in his concern to provide for their bodies.

THE RELIGIOUS POWER OF CHILDHOOD.

BY REV. FREDERICK G. CLARK.

It cannot be denied that "the world moves" in the direction of successful effort for youthful piety. The last quarter of a century has done wonders, by divine grace, to demonstrate that God looks for and finds piety among children. The present history of the church is full of instances of holy effort on the part of very young persons. Witness our missionary work; the influence which Sunday-school children are continually exerting at home, often upon ungodly parents; the increasing roll of youthful members in all our churches; and the deep and growing consciousness on the part of ministers, parents, and teachers, that piety among children is a reality and a duty.

Can any one doubt, setting our theories aside, that God is at this day making great use of the influence of children, in advancing his cause? The little words and the little acts of youthful piety are proving themselves most efficient in the hands of the Holy Spirit.

The chain of providence, which reaches after and saves many a soul, is found to be full of little links. Let us put on record here a few out of the multitude of facts which are being reported in our Sunday-school circles. They cannot help stimulating our efforts in the right direction.

A little girl was entering the front door of her home, one Sabbath noon, having left the church with her parents before the communion service. Her parents noticed that she wept. "What's the matter, Carrie?" said the mother. "Oh," said she, "I am so sad to think that all our family turned their backs on Christ to-day!" There was a volume in that sentence.

Another girl, four years old, went to the seats appropriated to the communicants, in company with a pious aunt. Looking up into the gallery, she saw her own Sabbath-school teacher, who was present as a spectator. That teacher had resisted many an affectionate appeal, and still remained impenitent.

On getting home, the child asked her

aunt to write a note to her teacher, in just her own words. She dictated as follows: "Dear Teacher, what pity! You won't love Jesus and come down and take bread and wine!"

That note broke the teacher's heart, and, through divine grace, brought her to Christ.

A child sat at the table with her parents. No blessing was asked. She said, sadly, looking to her father, "Why don't you pray to God before you eat?" "Who told you about that, my child?" said he. She replied, "My teacher." "Mother," she asked, looking earnestly into her mother's face, "What did you ever do for Jesus?" The mother was confused. The child then turned to her father, "Father, What did you ever do for Jesus?" The question went home as no sermon ever did before.

A mother sat by the window, sorrowing for her babe, and looking across the road into the burying-ground. Her boy, ten years old, came lovingly to her and said:

"Mother, why do you cry? I have often seen you very tired of holding the baby; but now Jesus will hold her, and if he should get tired, he will pass her all around among the angels."

A dying girl said to her mother, "Ma, I don't want to die, for I saw where they put Susy when she died. The grave is a cold, gloomy place. Won't you die and go into the ground with me? I am afraid to go alone." The mother could say nothing. She only looked out the window and sobbed. At length the father came in, and the dying child said the same thing to him. With broken words he told her about Jesus, that her parents could not die and be buried with her; that she must look to God to be with her. She turned her face to the wall very sadly, and after thinking a long time, roused herself and said, "Papa! Mamma! I don't want you to die and go with me. I am not afraid to die now. I have asked Jesus to be with me. He has been in the grave. He promises to take care of us. He will go with me."

Thus she died, quietly leaning on Jesus.

A good man writes from the country to a friend in the city: "Please send me a weeping ash or elm, for the grave of our dear boy—our first-born—our only son. His end was peace. He prayed for patience in his sickness—and his prayer was an-

swered. He would not let us weep. 'Don't look sad,' he said, 'look so,' (smiling himself,) at the same time enduring intense pain. 'Father, forgive me all my faults! God has forgiven me. I want to be an angel. Oh, mother, I shall have a harp—a golden harp!'

So he died.

A very little girl, in England, was asked by her mother if she knew how Christ could save her? "O yes," she replied; "I will tell you. One day I was naughty, and went up into the nursery. Presently I heard nurse coming up stairs to have me punished. I looked round to see what I could do, and I saw your wide dress hanging on the chair. I ran to it, and covered myself all over, so that nurse could not see even my foot. Now, just so, when God comes to punish me for my sins, I run to Jesus, and he covers me all over, so that God cannot see even my feet."

Instances of this sort, which may be indefinitely multiplied, prove at least how accessible early childhood is to religious influence, and how capable it is of appreciating the real essence of piety.

It will not answer, of course, to cite such examples as proving the actual conversion of the children referred to, since the tests of later years are yet to be applied. Many children pass through these phases of ardent religious experience, whose after life is not in accordance with the promises of their youth. But perhaps the exceptional cases in adult professors of religion is quite as frequent.

In view of incidents like these, we may fairly ask whether adult piety usually shows more earnest, courageous, or happy signs of religion? Do not such things seem to verify these words which Christ cited from the eighth Psalm? (Matt. xxi. 16.) Is not this praise perfected out of the hearts and lips of children? And why shall we not accept it as the law of divine grace to bless the offspring with the parents, thus fulfilling at once the covenant and the prophecies?—*Independent.*

How benevolent and liberal ought every Christian to be! He who has Christ, can afford to part with a portion of his substance; he can afford to part with every thing except Christ and his own soul.

RECREATIONS.

Just as the natural world is the product of combined elements, so it is with the moral world. Character is the result of conflict between the two forces of good and evil. Since these two powers of good and evil hold between them the sovereignty over mankind, it follows that every man must be subject to one of them. In order to bring into use the social element in our nature, the disciples of Christ are organized into a body called the Church. It is meant for the manifestation of good and God-likeness. Were there no church of Christ, there would be no manifestation of Christianity. This society of Christians makes itself known to the world by a certain badge peculiar to it. It has a faith, it has the sacrament, it has a worship.—Every church spire is a symbol of the Christian's hope. In the world, but not of the world, the church stands a citadel of godliness. The devil also has his church, and its profession has this one hold peculiarity, that it avows that its motives are earthly and not heavenly; that its sphere of action and service is bounded by the grave; its heaven lies on this side the death-bed. It has too, its temples where his worship is attractive; where to name the name of Jesus would be heresy against Belial. These temples are almost side by side with God's temples, yet they are so distinct that even a stranger might know them, and so these two great forces stand before the world, the one the impersonation of Christianity, the other the impersonation of worldliness. All men and women belong to one of these associations, the church of Christ or the church of the world.—Can they ever coalesce? Can they keep the same platform? "What concord is there between Christ and Belial?" Ought the Christian ever to defile himself with the world, in any of its amusements and pleasures, and if he may ever indulge in them, how far may he go?

We must consider that the church of Christ must of necessity have many points of contact with the world. The Christian is not a hermit, and the monastery is not the proper home for piety. Christ said, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst

keep them from the evil." In two hostile nations that lie side by side, the conflict is not in the central towns but in the borders where the battle is waged; so it is in the great controversy between the church and the world. It is not that the faith itself is assailed; its great central positions are unapproachable. It is a warfare that changes so with position and circumstance that sometimes the landmarks can hardly be seen. Regeneration does not change the human organism in the new birth; the disciple of Christ must act under the same necessities, and use the same faculties as if he were engaged in the business of the world. The same tongue must make the Christian's prayer the lawyer's plea and the trader's bargain. The bent bow loses its spring, and so continual employment must fatigue; then must come repose. Some sort of diversion is positively necessary to the best condition of mind and soul and body, to keep them from the debility of overaction; and here we come to the test of its true character. Whenever amusement is recreation then it becomes a part of the obligation under which God lays every man; to keep a sound mind in a sound body, and then there shall not be an unsound soul. Since both the worldly man and the Christian both need recreation, it is in them that the world and the church have most easily condescended. It is asked, "Why is dancing wrong? Is it not simply a motion measured and regulated in a kind of figure; does it differ from the march of a military movement? What more harm is there in the music of the opera, than in the music of the Æolian harp? Even the theatre, why is a drama any worse than an essay?" These seem plausible questions at first, but it is in the abuse of amusements that the evil lies.—It may be that in some future time amusements which are now as conducted a tendency to wrong, may be participated in with propriety, but that time has not come yet. They are wrong because of the worldliness that is mixed up in them. There cannot be a precise point designated beyond which none should go. But if the Christian will only live in close intimacy with his Lord, he will not lean too much towards amusements. Let the young be taught that there is a better ambition than

that of fashionable life, and a nobler career than that of pleasure.—*Rev. Dr. Vinton.*

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very thing that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines. No. A truce to all such impatience. Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart, because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do his work, in your lot and sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.

RELIGION IS BEAUTIFUL.

Religion is beautiful, because it is the service of the God of beauty. Its inward and characteristic experiences are full of beauty. A good soul is a beautiful soul. Every Christian household, I think, ought to have a door Beautiful by which it should be entered. Every Christian church ought to have a gate called Beautiful; and they that go into the midst of Christians should as much say, "How beautiful they are!" as "How good they are!" or "How true they are!" or "How kind they are!" But in our churches we are apt to have the symbols more frequently than the quality. We make beautiful churches more often than we do beautiful Christians. We carve marbles, and rear fine proportions in stone; we decorate walls and altars; but these are only physical representations, material symbols, while the quality of beauty is in holiness. The beauty of love in all its infinite inflections, the beauty of justice and of truth—these languish.—*Beecher.*

"DOES YOU LOVE GOD?"

"Does you love God?"

The question came from a sweet pair of lips. Opposite sat a young gentleman of striking exterior. He and the child were travelling in a stage coach. The latter sat on her mother's knee. Her little face, beautiful beyond description, looked out from a frame of delicate lace-work. For four hours the coach had been toiling on over an unequal road; and the child had been very winning in her little ways,—lispings songs; lifting her bright blue eyes often to her mother's face; then falling back, in a little old-fashioned, contented way, into her mother's arms, saying by the mute action, "I am happy here."

For more than an hour, the dear babe, scarce yet entering the rosy threshold of her fifth year, had been answering the smiles of the young man, who had been pleased with her beauty. He had nodded his head to little tunes; he had offered her his pearl-handled penknife to play with; and, at last, his heart went over to her at every glance. The mild blue eyes, full of the innocence of a holy love and a trusting faith, made his pulses leap with a purer joy; and, as the coach rattled on, he began to wish the end of the journey were not so very near.

The child had been sitting for the last fifteen minutes regarding the young man with a glance that seemed almost solemn; neither smiling at his caresses nor at the dear face that bent above her.

A thoughtfulness seemed to spread over the young brow that had never yet been shadowed by care; and as the coach stopped at the inn-door, and the passengers moved uneasily preparatory to leaving, she bent towards the young man, and lisped in her childish voice, these words:—"Does you love God?"

He did not understand at first, in the confusion, and bent over nearer; and the voice asked again, clearly, almost eagerly,—

"Does you love God?" the thoughtful, inquiring eyes, meantime beaming into his own.

The young man drew back hastily blushing up to the very roots of his hair. He looked in a sort of confused abrupt way at the child, who, frightened at his manner, had hidden her face in her mother's bosom; turned to the coach-door; gave another look back, as if he longed to see her face; and then left the coach.

He hurried to his hotel; but the little voice went with him. There seemed an echo in his

heart, constantly repeating the question of the child,—*"Does you love God?"*

Several gay young men met him at his hotel. They appeared to have been waiting for him, and welcomed him with mirth that was almost boisterous. They had prepared an elegant supper; and after he had been to his room, escorted him to the table. The full gleam of the gas fell upon the glittering furniture; red wines threw shadows of a lustrous crimson hue athwart the snowy linen. There were mirth, wit, faces lighted with pleasure,—everything to charm the eye and please the palate; but the young man was conscious of a void never experienced before. His heart ached to see the child again; and ever and anon he seemed to hear her words,

"Does you love God?"

His name was Gilbert. Only twenty-three years of age, he was a good scholar, and esteemed by his friends a genius. Already he had made his mark as a writer; but he had never thought, as he thought to-night, on the solemn import of that simple question,—

"Does you love God?"

It came to him when he held the red wine to his lips; it was heard amid the clatter of the billiard-balls, and the shouts of merry laughter that filled the wide room, everywhere. Whichever way he turned, he saw the earnest glance of that blue-eyed child, heard the low voice singing, the low voice laughing, the low voice asking thrillingly,—

"Does you love God?"

It followed him to his bedside. He had tried to drown it in wine, in song, in careless levity. He strove to sleep it away, but heard it in his dreams.

The next night, he met a fashionable friend. He was to take her to some place of pleasure. She was very beautiful in dazzling robing.—The gleam of pearls, and the lustres of silk and lace vied with each other to enhance her loveliness; but even as she came sailing into the room with smiles upon her young red lips and a welcome in her words, there came too, floating noiselessly at her side the presence of that angel-child. The better feelings her innocent presence had awakened were yet warm; and, before he knew it, the young man said, quickly and earnestly, "Does you love God?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the young girl, with a start of surprise.

"I was thinking, as you came in, of a lovely child I saw yesterday," he replied. "As I was in the act of leaving the coach, she suddenly looked up, and asked me that question."

"And what, pray, put it into the child's head? What did you answer?"

"I am ashamed to say, I was not prepared with an answer," replied the young man, casting down his eyes.

"That night pleasure had no gratification for him. His feet trod languidly the mazes of the dance; his smiles were forced; and more than once, it was said of him, "He does not seem himself."

No; he was not like the gay thoughtless self of former years. There was a still pool lying in his bosom, the waters of which had never before been disturbed. Now a little child had dropped a pebble in, and the vibration was to go on through eternity.

* * * * *

Dust soiled and travel-weary, a thoughtful man walked through the principal street of a large western city. As he went on, apparently absorbed in his own meditations, his eye accidentally encountered a face looking down from the window of a handsome house. His whole countenance suddenly changed. He paused an instant, looking eagerly at the window; and in another moment his hand was on the bell-handle. He was ushered into the very room where sat the lady of the house.

"You will pardon my intrusion," he said, "but I could not pass by, after seeing you accidentally at the window. I have never forgotten you nor your little girl, who five years ago, in a stage coach, put to me the artless question, 'Does you love God?' Do you remember?"

"I think I do," said the lady smilingly, "from the circumstance that you seemed so much startled and confused; but my dear child asked almost every person with whom we met that or similar questions."

"Her innocent face is engraven on my heart," said the young man with much emotion. "Never, since that day, have I been tempted to do that which my conscience would not sanction, but the earnest, serious gaze with which she regarded me before she asked that question, has come to my mind. Would she remember me, do you think? Absurd thought? of course she would not. But I should remember her anywhere, under any circumstances. Can I not see her, madam? Is she at home with you? I long to take her in my arms, and hear once more the voice that God has used to draw my heart to Him."

Strange that, in his eagerness, he did not notice that paling cheek, the quiver of the mother's lips, the sudden placing of her hand against her heart! Strange also that he did not mark the absence of pattering feet; of little gentle indications that a child's fingers had been busy in the room about him.

Suddenly, as he ceased speaking, there came over him a startling consciousness. He saw the tear-stained cheek turned towards the window; he noticed the garments of sombre hue; he heard the silence reigning within.

"Madam—is—the child——?"

"She is in heaven," came low and brokenly from the trembling lips.

The young man sank back on his seat, agitated, dumb—sorrowful that he had so rudely torn open the still bleeding wound in that woman's heart.

"This is sad tidings," he said, after a long pause, and his voice was troubled. "Dear little angel! she is, then, speaking to me from the grave."

The mother arose, and beckoned him to follow her. Into a little hallowed chamber she went, where, in a case, were the books the child loved, her Bible, her beautiful rewards, her childish toys.

"There," said the mother, now quite broken down, and sobbing as she spoke, "there is all that is left on earth of precious Nettie."

"No, madam; that is not all that is left: I am here a monument of God's mercy, made so through her holy influence. Before she asked me that question on that eventful day, my mind was a chaos of doubt, of bewildering and conflicting errors. I had dared to question the existence of an Almighty Creator. I had defyingly thrown my taunts at Him, who, in great forbearance, has forgiven me. My influence for evil was unlimited; because men looked up to me, and chose me for their leader. I was going the downward path,—groping blindly in a great labyrinth of error, and dragging others with me. Madam, by this time I might have been a debauchee, a libertine, a God-defying wretch, but for her unlooked-for question—

"Does you love God?"

"Oh! that voice! that look! that almost infinite sorrow! that divine pity, that, through her, glanced into my soul! Madam, these tears bear witness that your child left more than precious dust and perishing toys."

Utterly broken down, the strong man wept like a child. All he said was true; for he held the hearts of men in his hands. In genius, he was one of the strong ones of the earth; and all that powerful mind was engaged in spreading the tidings of man's salvation through Jesus Christ.

Oh! little children do a mighty work.

Reader, in the sweet accents of that babe of heaven, is there not a voice in your heart asking,—

"Does you love God?"

"CHRIST IN ME."

Oh Christ, within me dwelling!
Thy love my heart hath won;
Reveal that love, dear Jesus,
As pilgrim days go on.

This world is bleak and barren—
Thy love is bread and wine;
For this Divine refreshing,
My very heart doth pine.

I love Thy Word, revealing
What Thou, Lord art to me—
The mirror true and faithful
Wherein Thyself I see.

No breath of mine can tarnish
The glass revealing Thee!
Thy beauty shining through it
Gives all its radiancy.

Oh pure and perfect radiance
That evermore remains—
That shineth on serenely
Though darkness round me reigns!

Shine on, O Christ within me,
And give me grace to be
As one of thine epistles
To guide the world to Thee!

I know no other glory,
I crave this high renown—
I fain would add some jewels
To my Redeemer's crown.

Oh live in me, my Saviour,
Thy saving life, I pray;
And give me strength for labours
That shall remain for aye.

—*British Herald.* M. M.

DEATH'S DONATION.

Twenty-seven hundred years ago a funeral procession was moving along from a house of mourning towards the burial-place. (2 Kings xii. 21.) The corpse lay uncoffined on the bier. Before reaching the narrow chamber prepared for this pale sleeper, the party were startled by the appearance of a band of marauders, which at this period were quite numerous in that unhappy country. Happening to be then very near a grave already occupied, they hastily deposited in it their lifeless burden and fled. What must have been their amazement, on looking round a moment after, to see their friend issuing from the sepulchre where they

had laid him, alive. The corpse had touched the ashes of the prophet Elisha, and at the touch life returned. Is not life a strange donation for death's hand to bestow?

Years ago there gleamed among the churches of Scotland the light of a silver lamp. The name inscribed upon that lamp was Robert Murray McCheyne. But his biographer tells us that the light of that gracious life was kindled at the bier whereon the corpse of his brother David lay. Another donation of life from the hand of death.

Here is a wayward son. Instructions, exhortations, sermons, revivals, prayers, parental sollicitudes, have all proved in vain. But now God sends death to ordain the mother of that youth to preach in his ears the soul-winning sermon. And from those closed eyes and sealed lips, and from that pale face and prostrate form there issues a power that saves her darling from the lions. Thus again death gives life.

Years ago, in a certain pew, there sat a man, Sabbath after Sabbath, listening and not without interest, to repeated messages of mercy. At many a communion season he promised submission to his Lord ere another should arrive. One day, after long procrastination, death swooped down upon his household, and bore away the spirit of his little boy. Rarely is a more touching scene presented than was witnessed at that funeral. The poor father was like a wandering spirit. He would come into the room where the little corpse lay, and bending one knee, he would gaze awhile upon that sweet white face, then rise and retire to the other room. A few minutes more would find him again in the former position, and then again he would retire. And when we left that little coffin in that little grave, it seemed as if that stricken father would leave his life there with it. Our next communion found that father a saved man with us at the table. Another life-gift from death's hand.

More than eighteen hundred years ago the eternal Son of God died; and O, what a death! O, that bloody sweat! O, that agonizing cry! But to-day there are millions on earth, and many, many millions in heaven, once "dead in trespasses and sins," and now alive for evermore. And all this life comes from that death. And this same death will be the source of all the life that will throb and flash and sing at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Is this life yours? If not, for what are you waiting? For God to fill some coffin with the remains of the dearest of your earthly treasures? Will you not go to the Saviour, till you have to go over the grave of mother, father, wife, or child?

DOING GOOD.

In London there is a large building called Exeter Hall. It is used chiefly to hold religious meetings and anniversaries in. Once they were holding a Sunday-school anniversary there. A clergyman was addressing the children. He told them about two bad little boys whom he had once known, and a good little girl, whom he afterwards learned to know. One day this little girl was going home from Sunday-school, where she had learned to try to be like Jesus, "who went about doing good." On her way home she saw two little boys, about her own age, quarrelling. She went up to them, and told them how wickedly they were acting. She made them stop quarrelling, and finally persuaded them to go to her Sunday-school. The boys were named Jim and Tom. The girl was called little Mary Wood.

"Now, children," said the gentleman, "would you like to see Jim?"

With one voice they all shouted, "Yes."

"Jim, stand up," said the gentleman, looking to another part of the platform. A tall, reverend-looking gentleman, dressed in black, and wearing a white cravat, arose and looked smilingly upon the children.

"There," said the speaker, "that is Jim. He has been a missionary for several years in one of the South Sea Islands. Now would you like to see Tom?"

"Yes, yes, sir," was heard all over the house.

"Here he is," said the speaker, straightening himself up; "he, too, has been a missionary for years."

"And now, would you to see little Mary Wood?"

"Yes, yes; oh yes!" burst forth in a perfect storm of voices.

"Well, do you see that lady over there, with a black velvet bonnet, putting down her veil, and blushing like a rose? That's little Mary Wood. And now I have a secret to tell you. *She is my wife!*" That good girl sowed a very little seed in God's garden. The fruit which it bore was two missionaries to the heathen, with all the good resulting from their labours.

RECEIVING THE HOLY GHOST.

Many will remember how the dying surgeon, in that affecting narrative, *The Victory Won*, charged his wife to pray daily, "Oh God, fill me with the Holy Ghost!"

"It is a short prayer," he added, "but it will have a long answer." Oh! struggling Christian, will you not say it too, and with all your soul, and mind, and strength?

You are suffering; you are weary; you are sighing for holiness. You feel that you shall never be satisfied until you can cheerfully choose God's will rather than your own, and even rejoice in the tribulation he has appointed.

Why should you toil painfully up this hill. Difficultly, when you may have the strength of God to guide you and make your way perfect? How must our Father's love be grieved away, if he sees you striving to fight your battles alone, when he has exhausted language in proving how full and free is the offered help of the Holy Spirit? Why not receive him into your heart, dear child of God? You keep him out, even when you are most earnest to overcome sin, if you go about it sadly, doubtfully and alone.

And you who long for closer union with Christ, continue your prayer and painstaking. Study still the Bible, and strive to do good; but take effectual measures to make your labour successful, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Does not our Saviour say these words to us as truly as he did to his early disciples? He stands—thus wonderful all-glorious Lord and King—ne "stands at the door and knocks." Holding out this last, best, all-comprehending gift, this purchase of his sufferings, he bids us receive it.

Have ye received the Holy Ghost?—*British Messenger*.

THE LORD'S DAY.

What special time is there set apart for the refreshment and the exercise of the better and immortal part of man? The Sabbath. As the night is to the working day, as it affects the body, so is the Sabbath to the working week as it affects the soul; refreshing and recovering it from the toil and taint of the busy working days. Man is born for the possession and use of two great rights; and these are intimately related to each other:—The Bible, the Lord's Word to man, his great Directory of Life; the Sabbath, the Lord's Day to man, specially designed for the study and application of that Directory—that he may live. Woe to the master that robs his servant of that day! Woe to the man that robs himself! Woe to the man—be he master or servant—who robs his God! But then you say, and most truly, religion is not confined to the Sabbath-day. No; religion is not like a man's coat. I have seen a working man, and so have you, put on his best blue coat, go to church in it, and then take it off, fold it up and sit in his shirt sleeves the rest of the day, and work in his shirt sleeves the rest of the week. Religion is not a coat; it is our body-linen—would that it were fairer and purer!—worn next the heart, Sabbath and Saturday, high day and holyday, day and night—"not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." But time must be given for reading and meditation on God's Word, for this daily attention to

the soul, this every-day religion. There is a day of reckoning at hand. There is "the Lord's day" now for preparation.—There is "the day of the Lord" coming—the day of reckoning. We shall all be there, master and man alike. "Working man, what of thy body?" No; "What of thy soul?" He has not thought of that. Stricken with terror and amazement, he looks round; for he cannot look up. His eye glances upon his master, and his finger points him out accusingly. "He so hurried and hustled me, that I had no time to think of my poor soul." Yet the voice still demands, "What of thy soul?" Ah! two must answer that question upon that day. Were it not well that these two settled it between them now? Yes; time must be given for reading and meditating on God's word, for personal and family devotion. The family altar—where is it so much needed as in the cabin of the working man? It is a laboratory more wondrous than that of the alchemist.—God blessing the means, it converts the dust of humanity into bright and burnished gold. It raises the poor peasant to the level of the peerless prince. Excelsior! Christian young men, that is your badge; no "strange device" to you. "Christ crucified; to the Greeks foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling-block,"—but no "strange device" to you. No; clasp it in the morning of your days, clasp it in the noontide, clasp it in the evening; and when your body in the night lies down amid the snows and ice of death, the banner will be found still with you, marking the way your soul has gone. Excelsior!

And what means so likely, with God's blessing, to realize these blessed hopes as the family altar?

"Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope springs, exulting, on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays;
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere."

—Prof. Miller.

How cheerful ought every Christian to be. If he have Christ, he has the promise of all things! Worldly objects and changes ought to have no power over him.

DEPENDENCE ON THE HOLY SPIRIT IN PRAYER.

1. That dependence is seen in our *sensibilities*. All the finest of them have been deadened by sin—love to God, humility, gratitude, reverence, dependence, benevolence. And yet there remains a painful emptiness, an indefinite longing, in the human heart. How its groans echo in the book of Ecclesiastes! What does it mean? It is not all morbid. No; it shows man to be like a royal child, stolen from home in infancy by wandering beggars, who still retains faint recollections and earnest longings for something it has lost. We should always hear this sighing of the human soul with respect and sympathy.

What our sensibilities need, then, is, definite shaping, urgency, and right direction. We cannot take a full view of our own necessities. "We know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit maketh intercession for us." It is easy for us to string words together; but to pray so as to move the heart of God, that requires supernatural aid. To get a clear, comprehensive, and impressive view of our own wants is a great blessing. And there is a sluggishness and torpor in our spirits which only the Spirit of God can remove. There is a chilling distrust of our heavenly Father to be overcome. He only can remove it, and substitute a holy "boldness," a spirit of adoption which enables us to say, "Abba, Father."

2. Our *understanding* needs to be enlightened. "No man can say that Jesus is the Christ but by the Holy Ghost," so no man can pray but by the Holy Ghost.—Praying, while it is one of the simplest, is at the same time one of the most mysterious things in the world. Formality is easily comprehended. Praise we can make plain to any who will give attention. But prayer is a mystery. The wants it utters are not obvious to the natural reason. Its relations to the persons of the Trinity are mysterious. Its earnest pleading; wrestling like Jacob; making strong supplication with crying and tears like our Lord; pleading like Abraham; persevering like Elijah; expecting to move a kingdom by it like Daniel; or to save a nation, with Moses—this is wonderful! It is a stone of

stumbling and rock of offence to men in the church and out of it. This making intercession in the saints with unutterable groanings is a mystery—praying in the Holy Ghost. And yet it is real.

3. The will needs his aid. We are morally weak, impotent for the mighty task of prayer—such prayer as seizes the pillars of hell to shake them. It is an expression to be noted, “The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.” “The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God, and maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God.” If the Spirit of God is in us we must pray. We cannot be neglectful of prayer till he leaves us. Satan knows that there is nothing on earth so terrible to him as the Spirit of God making intercession in a human spirit, leading that person to pray in the Holy Ghost.

FOR THE AGED.

When old age creeps on, or infirmities still more disabling, let us cheerfully surrender, and be thankful to those who are good enough to do anything for us, or carry us any whither. Old Betty was converted late in life, and though very poor, was very active. She visited the sick; out of her own poverty she gave to those who were still poorer, collected a little money from others when she could give none of her own, and told many a one of the love of the Saviour.

At last she caught cold and rheumatism, and lay in bed month after month, pain-worn and helpless. A good minister went to see her, and asked if, after her active habits, she did not find the change very hard to bear? “No, Sir, not at all. When I was well, I used to hear the Lord say day by day—‘Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this; Betty, do that;’ and I used to do it as well as I could; and now I hear Him say every day—‘Betty, lie still and cough!’”

By a sweet submission glorify God. By patience and thankfulness render it delightful to those around to minister to your necessities, and seek to give them in return the edifying spectacle of pain well endured in strength of God’s own giving. And thus, whilst he makes your bed in your sickness—thus, whilst old and grey-

headed, he keeps his everlasting arms around you, you will show his strength to the new generation; his power and faithfulness to those who are coming after—a good confession, a gentle and notinglorious martyrdom.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

The Kingston Sabbath Reformation Society.

This Society, which has been in existence for over fourteen years, is now, through its indefatigable Secretary, Dr. Mair, pressing on the attention of the church in its various branches, the subject of closing on the Sabbath all the canals in the province.

The desirability of gaining this object is patent to every Christian who understands the nature and design of the Christian Sabbath. To those to whom the desirability of this object is not self-evident, he, in behalf of the Committee of this Society, renders several important reasons:—

1st. All men have a right to one day of rest out of seven expressly conveyed to them in the fourth Commandment.

2d. The rest of the Sabbath is necessary to the well-being of man physically, morally, intellectually, spiritually, and in every condition and relation; neither can it be infringed without dishonour to God and injury to His creatures.

3d. Those who occupy their Sabbath hours in other works than those of necessity, mercy, or piety, “labour for that which satisfieth not,” for it has been established on well authenticated facts, that labour on the six lawful days of the week, with rest on the Sabbath, is equally productive, if not more so, than unremitting toil every day of the week; and that without taking into account the continuous wear and tear of soul and body, for which there can be no amends.

4th. It is singularly unjust, that labour should be exacted from the employes of Government and other men on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Canals, when those on the Welland and Lachine Canals are (and for years past have been) exempt from it on the Lord’s Day,

5th. Labour on the Canals on the Lord's Day outrages the pious sentiments of Christians—makes light of their sense of right and wrong—disturbs the peace and quiet of religious assemblies—debases the high and pure standard of morals which ought to be upheld in every Christian land—impairs the material prosperity of the country—and worst of all, must prove highly displeasing to the Omnipotent and Gracious Ruler of the Universe, "the Father of Lights, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift, in whom we live and move and have our being."

6th. The Select Committee of the Legislative Assembly, in their "Report on the Propriety of Prohibiting Sunday Labour in the Public Departments of the Province," printed in 1853, expressed themselves in the following explicit and peremptory language:—"Whatever inconvenience, therefore, might ensue from the prohibition of Sunday labour in the Public Departments, the Committee respectfully submit that justice to the officers of Government, and a due regard to public morality, justify the demand made by the petitioners, and that their prayer ought to be acceded to; but the Committee are far from apprehending any serious inconvenience." Moreover, in regard to the Canals, it was specially urged by that Committee as follows, that "the plea of public convenience for opening the Canals on the Lord's Day is still less defensible; it is enough to say that the Welland and Lachine Canals have been closed for years without any complaint reaching Government to show the impropriety of closing them all. It is very obvious that any inconvenience which could result to the mercantile interest from closing the St. Lawrence Canals on Sunday, must have been experienced with far greater force on the Welland, and it is equally clear that if any serious inconvenience had been felt, it would have been represented to Government long ere this." The Select Committee therefore prepared the draft of a Bill, 21st April, 1853, embracing among other requirements the following, viz., that "all Canal locks shall remain closed from Saturday at midnight until Sunday at midnight." But hitherto all Parliamentary action has been bootless in this respect.

But though this object can be gained, there is one form of Sabbath desecration which would not be reacted. We refer to the Royal Mail river steamers, which regularly leave Hamilton and Montreal on Saturday morning, and push through to their destination without respect to the Sabbath.

This Society, as we learn from the last year's report, communicated with the Managers of the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railways, relative to the running of trains on the Sabbath. On the whole, the general conduct of these railways with regard to the Sabbath, is more satisfactory than we would have expected from the low state of public morality and religion. The Grand Trunk passenger trains that leave East and West on Saturday evening, stop over the Sabbath, and resume their journey early on Monday morning. Why should not the Royal Mail steamers do the same? There is no argument that can be used on their behalf, that will not apply with equal force to the Grand Trunk.

If the Canals were stopped by legislative enactment, the spirit of gain that prompts the Company to override the Sabbath, would prompt them to evade the law, by causing the steamers to start so early from Montreal, that they could pass through the Canals before midnight, and thus continue as they do at present.

There are other forms of Sabbath desecration to which reference might be made, and to which the attention of Christians might be directed. These we may refer to on some future occasion.—EDITOR.

How free from care might every Christian be. He might be free from all care except that which relates to knowing and doing his Master's will. And those who do His will, have His promise that duty shall be made plain, and we know that such go "from strength to strength."

[For "The Good-News,"

CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

Christ, having finished the work given him to do upon earth, spent his last night with his little flock—opening up their understandings, that they might understand the Scriptures. Blessed night that to them. A night with Jesus! But when the morning began to dawn, Jesus led them through the quiet, winding streets of Jerusalem. Ah! little did the capital that morning know, that its greatest glory was about to depart. But let us now follow the little group beyond the city gate, across the Kedron, and up the vine-clad slopes of Olivet. The dawn has just rolled back the black curtains of night when they arrive at the secluded hallowed spot on the hill side next to Bethany—the spot which Jesus had often trod in company with his disciples before, and around which many sunny memories hang. As they walked slowly and thoughtfully over Olivet, he had given them his last injunctions. Having finished his own work faithfully and unflinchingly, he is now pointing out theirs. But he does not send them a warfare upon their own charges, for he tells them to wait, until they are equipped with the sword of the Spirit. He had often uttered many dark sayings to them, which they had been at a loss to comprehend, but before leaving them, he opens their hearts and their eyes to the great scheme of salvation which he had wrought out for man, and he gives them a commission to publish it to the ends of the earth. He had told them by the way over the mountain, that he was about to go hence, that he might send the Comforter unto them. And while talking of such things they reach Bethany where the farewell scene takes place. Heaven can be without its Lord no longer. He must bid them adieu. He who spake as never man spake, now speaks for the last time on earth. They press

around him with anxious solicitude. Kindness in his eye; he lifts his hands and pronounces a blessing on their heads. Each eye is intently fixed upon him, and he also looks lovingly upon each. But while blessings, more to be desired than gold, yea than much fine gold, and sweeter than the honey-comb, drop from his lips, he is parted from them, and his body slowly ascends from earth, steadily poised by his own power. He mounts upward on the thin air. With smiles of love upon his countenance he is waving an adieu to his beloved and wondering eleven, who stand with their hands and eyes extended in amazement. Heavenward he is borne amid the clouds, behind which the armies of God are arrayed, ready to pioneer his way, straight to the Citadel of glory, where every thing is prepared for his triumphal entry. His disciples still strain their eyes, as they gaze upward but all in vain. He has left them. He has gone to glory or as the Psalmist says "he has ascended on high." And what a going up was his! He left all his humiliation behind him, and when he approached the battlements of the eternal throne it was as the King of glory. See his angelic attendants escorting him over the everlasting mountains; as they near the golden city upon the fields of living green, hear them sing aloud: "Lift up your heads ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in." The celestial porters at the gates demand, "Who is this King of glory?" The answer is sung back, "The Lord strong and mighty: the Lord, mighty in battle." And again the bright escort sing, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in." The porters still ask, "Who is this King of glory?" The answer is again given, "The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory." At this the pearly gates swing back upon their

hinges, and the triumphant Saviour enters with his jubilant train, and is again crowned a King. He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, on that throne which had been his of old by eternal right, and which had now become his possession by conquest. Such was the winding up of the earthly career of Bethlehem's babe, —the carpenter's son and the crucified Nazarene, and well might David strike his harp and sing, when with prophetic eye he saw it 'all pass before his view, "The Lord hath gone up on high," and, as the angels said, he shall remain whither he has gone until he come as judge, all glorious as he went. But if he has ascended above all principalities and powers, he has not forgotten his followers. Just as he sent down the two angels to comfort his sorrowing disciples then, he sends his Spirit now. And no bounties whatever come from the throne of mercy but through Him, they must all pass through His hand. It is by His intercession that all our blessings are obtained. If "prayer moves the hand that moves the world," it is because Jesus presents it, for no incense is acceptable to God except that which is offered in His censer, and perfumed with His sacrifice. Has any one fallen heir to the exceeding riches of God's grace, and experienced that peace which passeth all understanding? It is because he has a mighty Intercessor on high. He who spent whole nights on earth, in strong crying and tears for His people, is not unmindful of them on His throne.

"Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.
He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man."

X. Y. Z.

It is not our sins which the world persecutes in us, but God's grace and loyalty to King Jesus.—*Rutherford.*

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

Cain seemed to think that he was not his brother's keeper; but God's Word teaches that he was. You, dear reader, are your brother's keeper, too; and we would bring before you the duty of interceding for your brethren of mankind, especially those of them who are unconverted. This is a duty of the greatest importance. Have you a list of friends and others for whom you pray by name, pleading the righteousness of Christ on their behalf? If not, we would urge you to commence at once, lest your brother's blood cry out against you. Sinners will not be converted in great numbers till saints inquire of God to do this for them; but whenever saints inquire of God, there will be sinners asking, "What must we do to be saved?"—By way of encouragement, we will give a few instances of prayer for others availing much.

George Whitfield had a brother for whose salvation he had prayed and laboured for many years, apparently to no purpose. But at last, one morning, to his astonishment of joy, his brother came to his house from Gloucestershire where he lived, and with tears told him that the Lord had changed his heart, and that he had come to thank him as the means of his salvation. After remaining a few days, his brother took his departure for home, and on the following Sabbath Mr. Whitfield told his congregation that on that morning he had received a letter, informing him that on his brother's return home he dropped down dead as he was getting out of the stage-coach.—"Therefore," said the great preacher, "let us pray always for ourselves, and for those who are dear to us, and never faint. Let us give up the use of the means for the spiritual good of our friends *only with their lives.*" How true is God's Word—"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," (James v. 16.)

John Vine Hall, who afterwards wrote "The Sinner's Friend," was for forty-two years a noted drunkard. At times he left off drinking, wept tears of bitterness because of his besetting sin, and gave good promise of reformation. But whenever he entered company, and got a single

glass, all his good resolutions were gone. His son, the Rev. Newman Hall, writes: "But earnest prayers were daily offered for him by one who was indeed his guardian angel. As an encouragement to intercede for others, it may be mentioned that on one particular day there was special importunity—even he whose life and love had been dearer than all the world, might die at once a penitent, rather than live on in sin!" How great must have been the delight occasioned, by finding him an hour after, in tears, exclaiming,—“I have heard as if it was a voice from heaven, saying, ‘If thou forsakest thy sin, thou shalt be forgiven!’” John Vine Hall himself tells us, that he “started at what he believed to be a real sound,” and hastily turned round, but seeing no one he said to himself—“Surely I have been drinking till I am going mad.” He stood paralysed, not knowing what to think, till relieved by a flood of tears, and then exclaimed—“Surely this is the voice of mercy, once more calling me to repentance.” He fell on his knees, and half-suffocated by his feelings, cried out, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” It was not long after till he was converted.

An instance somewhat similar to this came to our knowledge not many weeks ago, for the truth of which we can vouch. B—— was a great drinker. He was very often in fairs, and seldom came home sober. This had continued for many years. His wife was a godly woman; and often did she intercede with the Lord on behalf of her drunken husband. That “year of the right hand of the most High” in Ireland—1859—came on, and she went to the prayer-meetings. Her husband was much averse to her doing so, and found fault with her on account of it. He seemed to be nothing the better for all the events of that year, but rather the worse; drank on as much as ever, and continued to do so for full two years longer—till the end of 1861. One day, about that time, he went away to one of his usual haunts, a public-house which was kept by a Romanist. Of all places that was the one where he would have least liked to be seen sorry on account of his sins. His wife this day was more earnest than usual; went into her closet, shut to her door, and

prayed to her Father who seeth in secret, that if it were His will, her husband might be convicted of sin just where he was.—The Lord heard her prayer. Sitting in that Romanist public-house, he began to cry for mercy, and before many hours was brought home shrieking and praying that God would have mercy on his sinful soul. Since that time his life has been quite a contrast to what it was before.—See, my reader, the wondrous power of prayer.

Have you read the life of Richard Weaver? If so, we need not tell you that he was once one of the vagabonds of the world. But he had a pious mother, who for five-and-twenty years agonised for him on her knees, and often said, when he abused her for it, “I’ll not give you up, Richard.” Richard is now “a burning and a shining light,” and has been marvellously owned of God in the conversion of souls. No wonder he seldom addresses a meeting without thanking God for a pious mother.

Look over the Bible and see how God has heard the intercessions of His people on behalf of others. Abraham pleaded for the cities of the plain, and had there been ten righteous in them, they would have been spared. Lot prayed for Zoar, and it was saved from overthrow. How often Moses interceded for Israel, and prevailed! Read over the 32nd chapter of Exodus and the 14th of Numbers.—What a blessing for them that they had such an intercessor! God seemed not to be able to withstand the prayer of His servant. Now, Moses, “let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them,” (Exod. xxxii. 10.) Aaron ran into the midst of the congregation when the plague had begun among them. “He put on incense, and made an atonement for the people; and he stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed,” (Numb. xvi. 47, 48.) A hundred and twenty disciples continued for ten days with one accord in prayer and supplication. On the day of Pentecost three thousand were converted, (Acts i., ii.) Stephen prayed for his murderers—“Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.” Saul of Tarsus, who held the clothes of them who stoned him, and who consented

unto his death, was changed into the devoted Paul. Never had man greater desire for the intercessions of others on his behalf, and more faith in them, than the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

When on earth Jesus never refused to heal those who came to Him. Nor did He ever send away any who brought their friends to Him to be healed.—Whether it was the centurion pleading for his servant, or the woman of Canaan for her little daughter, or the men that brought him that was sick of the palsy, and let him down through the roof,—in every case Jesus granted their requests on behalf of others. And is not “*this same Jesus*” His name still? Is He not as willing to hear your intercession as those in the days of old?

Never is a Christian more like Christ than when interceding for others. “Sinner, I have prayed for *thee* that thy faith fail not.” In the days of His flesh He interceded with “strong crying and tears.” Read over that wondrous prayer in the 17th chapter of John; remember that He is “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” Now in heaven, “He ever liveth to make intercession for us.” Let us then follow His example, and plead for others as He pleads for us.

Christian reader! we take for granted that you pray for your minister and congregation. “*Brethren pray for us*,” says your minister, with Paul. If you do not, how can you expect that God will bless the preaching of the word to you? But have you a list of others for whom you pray? Here is a means of usefulness,—the greatest that God has put into the power of any human being. You sometimes wish that you had greater means of usefulness. Do you use this means that is within your reach? If you do not, would you make a better use of others if you had them? Oh, for “the spirit of grace and supplication” that this may be a great year of prayer and intercession among the Lord’s people! “I exhort, therefore, that, first of all; supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour.”
—*Rev. William J. Patton.*

SATURDAY PREPARATION.

Saturday is the day for preparation.—There is something good in every religion, in one sense. Adopt it! There is the poor idolater in heathen lands; let us imitate his zeal and devotion: he to his unknown gods, we to Jehovah. There is the Mahommedan: let us emulate his temperance. There is the Jew: I want to be a Jew upon half the Saturday. I do not want to work, and I do not want my fellow-men to work, upon half of that day. It is a visiting-day on the morrow; not gadding from door to door, from house to house, in idle gossip. No. If I am to visit a mighty potentate on earth to-morrow, I will prepare myself to-day. If there is any chance of that great personage returning my visit, and coming into my poor home, I will prepare that home for him. Well, Saturday evening has come. There is visiting on the morrow. The poor working-man visits then a mightier Being than any earthly potentate—he visits God in His own house, His sanctuary; and if he do this as he ought, he will meet his God there, he will hold communion with Him; he will not come empty away. And the visiting is not over then; it is reciprocated: “I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me.” Working-man, will you lightly peril that precious privilege? No; the Sabbath is man’s day; “the Sabbath was made for man.” But it is “man’s day” only when observed as “the Lord’s-day.” The religious barrier is the only barrier that is damming up, and that can successfully stem, this great rising tide of work and labour which is threatening to overwhelm the people.—Break down that barrier, and labour will come in like a flood, and engulf us all.—Let the Sabbath cease to be observed as “the Lord’s-day,” and it will become, not man’s day, but the master’s, as regards the poor body; and as regards the interests of the soul, it will be the day of that dread being who is the implacable and bitter foe of God and man alike. The working-man at the present day is told to *take* his Sabbath. No: he needs not take what he has already got. *Ask* for your Sabbath?—No; you have it. *Keep* your Sabbath! It is yours now; keep it in the double

ance. If the working-man takes then his indulgence, his *play*, his recreation, as it is gently called, depend upon it, as we have said, it will be all *work* with him soon. But perhaps with a better wage? No, with the same wage, and rightly so; for he will do both less work and worse work in the seven days than in the six, or five and a-half. And what of working the seven continuous days without break or compensation? No cistern for the week. Ah! you have indeed hewn out for yourselves a "cistern—a broken cistern that can hold no water." But keep the Sabbath cistern full; and then it will be a foretaste of that final compensation that makes the chain complete. Compensation for the working-day? Yes, night. Compensation for the working-week? Yes, the Sabbath. Compensation for the working-year? Yes, the yearly vacation—but all imperfect. Compensation for the lifetime of toil and heavy labour? aye, that eternal "rest," or Sabbath, "that remains for the people of God"—complete and infinite!—*Prof. Miller.*

HOPING FOR A HOPE.

A man dying from thirst stands before a fountain.

"Have you drunk?"

"No! but I *hope* I shall."

"Do you *wish* to drink?"

"No! but I *hope* I shall wish to drink."

"Do you see that you are just ready to die for want of water?"

"No! but I *hope* I shall see it."

Why does he not *drink*? Because he has no desire to. Why then does he stand there? Because he hopes he shall have such a desire. But if the promptings of a dying agony, and the sweet gushing streams before him leave him without that desire, what does his life amount to?

So stand we poor sinners by the fountain of the water of life. We look at the waters, and look at those that are drinking, and look at the invitation, "whosoever will," and then stand there still and *hope* that we shall drink. What is such a *hope* good for? Why not "take the water of life freely?" This hoping for a hope is often the devil's opiate for a partially

awakened sinner. God's direction is, "*Lay holds upon the hope set before you.*"

WORDS BY THE WAY TO YOUNG MEN.

BY S. MASSEY.

"All our actions take
Their lines from one complexion of the heart,
As landscapes, their variety from light"

"How shall a young man cleanse his way?"

This is an important practical question, and implies that the "way" of a young man is one of difficulty and danger. This is especially the case in large cities.—THERE it is beset with snares, many of which are concealed beneath the bewitching influence of vice in its varied, and fascinating forms. If engaged in mercantile pursuits his "way" is one of difficulty, arising from the age we live in. It is an age of restless activity and speculation. The tendency of the times is to rush onward without taking "heed" to the "way." But little time is allowed for serious thought. Energy and perseverance are essential elements of success, but when these exist and are allowed to carry a young man forward without "taking heed" to his way, he is almost sure to go wrong. Some very melancholy instances of this could be given from commercial life in the city.

It is always pleasing to see an energetic self-reliant young man, but an heedless, irreligious self reliance, is a very dangerous thing; it leads to self-confidence and self-importance, sure precursors of moral, if not of commercial ruin.

The term "cleanse," in the question which stands at the head of this paper, has special reference to the natural state of the *heart*, which is one of defilement and pollution. "How shall a young man cleanse his way?"—his heart. The answer is at hand—"By taking heed thereto, according to thy word," Psal. cix: 9. The word of God is the certain guide to moral cleansing, the appointed means of regeneration and change of heart. "Heed" is of special importance here, but a complete moral cure can never be effected by any process of external improvement. The

heart must be cleansed, purified, and made "new" by the Word, Spirit and Blood of Christ.

The young man who takes heed to his way, according to the word of God, will have "clean hands and a pure heart." A pure heart is pure in its principles, pure in its thoughts, desires and motives; and this inner purity will be manifested by a pure and holy life. Such a young man will not go in the paths of evil men, nor stoop to the "tricks of trade," either to advance his business or fill his purse. He will make the golden rule his business directory—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This principle will be his rule of action.

He will realize in his own experience that purity of heart and life are inseparably and forever connected with happiness and peace. Brother try this plan. From this time take the word of God as your rule of life and your "way" will be "cleansed," your success sure, and your salvation certain.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue think on these things," and do them, and the "God of peace shall be with you!"

THE PREACHER'S POWER.

I know from my own experience that it is no uncommon thing for some one individual to arrest the preacher's attention. The group of countenances which lay before him in a large assembly like the present, might to the first glance of a stranger look confused and inexplicable, as a Chinese Grammar does to those who know not the language, But you need not doubt that a practiced eye can learn to read the one as well as the other. The languor and indifference of some; the curious inquiring look of others; the cold, critical attention of a considerable number, and the countenances of those who are rather absorbed in a train of thought just awakened in their own minds—these have all a peculiar impressiveness, and form a picture which often reacts upon us, and kindles a vehement desire in our breasts to reach the souls of those who, for a brief hour, hang upon our lips. But there will sometimes be one who has faith dazzling in his very eyes, as they are fixed with an intentness of which it were vain for me to attempt a description, seeming to drink in every word and every

syllable of a word, till the preacher becomes absorbed in that man as the man had been in the preacher. And while he pursues the discourse, gaining liberty at every step, till he forgets the formality of the pulpit in the freedom of conversation with the people, he perceives that at last this man has heard the very truth which reacts his case. There is no concealing it. His features have suddenly relaxed. He listens still, but it is no longer with painful anxiety; a calm satisfaction is palpable on his face now. That soul of communion which is in the eye has unravelled the secret. Preacher and hearer, unknown to all the rest of the audience, have secretly saluted each other, and met on the common ground of a vital faith. The anxious one feels that it can be done. And I can readily conclude that the apostle perceived that feeling with greater certainty than he would, have done had the man whispered it in his ears. So have I sometimes known that the exhortation to believe has become from these lips a positive command to the struggling conscience of some one, who has been brought to a point where the remedy is instantly applied, and the cure instantly effected.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon on "Paul at Lystra."*

[For "The Good News." DRIFTING AWAY.

We are drifting away,
Ever drifting away!
As our fathers have drifted before,
To the shadowy land we are going—
Away to the echoless shore,
To return again nevermore.

We are drifting away,
Ever drifting away!
To where spirits unclothed abide,
Earth's enchanted scenes hourly we're leaving
Like vessels that ocean-ward glide,
To anchor far over the tide.

We are drifting away,
Ever drifting away!
And each one is drifting alone,
Down the rapids of life we are floating,
Fast nearing the cataract's moan,
That breaks on the dreadful unknown.

We are drifting away,
Ever drifting away!
'Mid tempests and hurricanes toss'd,
But afar there's a beacon light shining,
Lighting up eternity's coast,
Who steer by it ne'er can be lost.

ON SABBATH SCHOOLS.

When the idea first entered the mind of the philanthropic Robert Raikes, that something might be done to check the reckless profanation of the Sabbath by the wild waywardness of the children of the city wherein he then dwelt, and reclaim them from the paths of ignorance and sin, and lead them in the paths of truth and holiness, he little dreamt of the stupendous results that would follow the trial of his plan of operations; and when hundreds of other benevolent hearts became animated by the same noble and God-like spirit, and marched forth to storm the strongholds of Satan in the hearts of the young in every corner of the land—notwithstanding all the lukewarmness of the Church on the one hand, and the stern opposition of an ungodly world upon the other, the cause became triumphant: and many who at first doubted the propriety of the movement, afterwards became its most strenuous defenders, and most efficient and successful labourers. The command given by Jehovah to the Jew of old is equally applicable to the Christian of the present day—"that he should diligently teach his children the Word of the Lord, should talk of it to them when he sat in his house, when he walked by the way, when he lay down and when he rose up;" and although there are many in our day who not only observe this command, but consider it as a privilege to do so, yet there are thousands of families in this and other Christian lands, where the name of God is never mentioned, unless it be in such a manner as is calculated to offend and insult the Majesty of Heaven. It is therefore not to be expected that the young of such families will be trained up in the fear of the Lord, but on the contrary will grow up equally if not more wicked than their fathers, destitute of that knowledge that maketh wise unto salvation, without God, and without hope in the world, and in imminent danger of everlasting destruction. Now, to endeavour to snatch these young ones from destruction, to show them the error of their ways, and to acquaint them with their lost estate by

nature, the necessity of an interest in the new and well-ordered covenant of grace, the love of a risen Redeemer, and to guide them in the paths of truth and holiness, is the simple yet grand object of Sabbath schools; and although originally instituted for the purpose of instructing the children of the careless and profane, yet nevertheless they are likewise open to, and ought to be encouraged by, the presence of the children of godly, Christian parents. Sabbath schools never were intended to set aside parental instruction at home; on the contrary, they are well calculated to supplement and assist the pious Christian parents in their endeavours to instruct their children in the things that concern their eternal peace, and in imparting to them a knowledge of the Scriptures of truth, which alone can make them wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. The effect of Sabbath-school instruction on the general life and conduct of the children in the neighbourhood of any such school, is always evident in a greater or less degree from the salutary restraints it imposes on juvenile delinquency, which would frequently manifest itself in outrageous misconduct. Propriety of conduct is looked for and expected in every Sabbath scholar, whatever may be his or her natural disposition. But there are effects which often flow from Sabbath-school instruction of a more important and blessed nature. When the Holy Spirit applies the truth to the heart and conscience of the scholar, and who is then born again of incorruptible seed by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever, then is the grand object of the Sabbath-school attained.

The Sabbath-school has very properly been designated "the nursery of the Church;" and well does it deserve the name. We can fancy to ourselves the little child, with shrinking timidity, led for the first time to take its seat in the lowest or initiatory class. With increasing curiosity it surveys its situation in the school, scans the face of its fellows in the class, but more particularly the face of the teacher, and at last ventures to repeat the few words of the required lesson. His confidence grows with his stature, as, Sabbath after Sabbath, he takes his accustomed place in the school,

and his interest in the exercises increases as he is promoted from one class to another; and at length, in all the vigour of youth, he takes his place in the Bible-class, from which he passes into the communion and fellowship of the Church—becomes perhaps an office-bearer, and perhaps (to follow our pleasing picture a little farther), ultimately becomes a minister, and ascends the pulpit to declare to his listening auditory the unsearchable riches of Christ. Thus has the Sabbath-school been the nursery of the Church. Her brightest and most zealous, as well as her most humble and useful members, and her most talented and successful ministers of the present day, have in many cases received their first training in the ways of holiness in the Sabbath-school; and many can no doubt look back with pleasure and satisfaction to their early youth, when they willingly gave their young hearts to God, as the blessed result of their attending the Sabbath-school.

The Sabbath-school teacher is, or ought to be, the messenger of love. Love to God the ruling motive of his life and conduct—love to perishing souls prompting him to action on their behalf—the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Spirit, who enables him to speak the truth in love to his young charge; and thus winning them from the service of sin and Satan, persuades them to give their hearts to Him who loved them and gave Himself for them. Among the different classes of labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, the Sabbath-school teacher is not one of the least conspicuous. He not only in a homely way scatters the seed as well as the most earnest and faithful ministerial sower of the Word, but he is likewise encouraged to expect to reap the fruit of his labours; and many an humble but earnest Sabbath-school teacher has actually been privileged to see of the travail of his soul, and been satisfied with his crown of rejoicing. We love and venerate the man of hoar hairs who is at his post in the Sabbath-school, surrounded by his young charge, but there is something equally pleasing in seeing our young church members putting their hands to the work, and leading their juniors in the same blessed path in which they themselves have been led: and if he that waters shall be watered also himself, how great is the ad-

vantage of devoting themselves to this blessed work when young and vigorous, and when the heart is yet tender.

We have noticed that one qualification of the Sabbath-school teacher is love. But there is another, and equally important as the first—and that is, personal piety. Where this is wanting the heart can never be in the work. He may be punctual in his attendance at school; he may be able to open up and explain the doctrines contained in the exercise of the day, and may even eloquently address the school at its close, as is frequently done; but if he is himself a stranger to the blessings about which he is speaking to the young people, it is not to be wondered at if he is unsuccessful in his labours. Where a teacher is living under the influence of vital godliness, he will be *in earnest* with his work, and this earnestness will be manifest to those receiving his instructions; for unless they are really convinced that he is a participator in the blessings he offers to them, and that he really means what he says, his instructions will be listened to with indifference, and very frequently may be productive of effects which he may live to see and deplore. Therefore the office of the Sabbath-school teacher is not only calculated to promote the spiritual welfare of teacher and taught, but is likewise subjected to a terrible responsibility for unfaithfulness in the discharge of its duties.

[The above is portion of an address delivered at a Sabbath-school celebration by an individual of thirty-five years' experience in teaching Sabbath-schools. The address is sent us for publication, but is rather long for our space. We, however, give a portion of it which is well worth reading.—*Ed. G. N.*]

SLANDER.—Surgery may heal a bodily wound; but what balm can bind up the bite of a slanderous tongue! It runs like a contagion over the whole country, and cannot be recalled. Robbery may be recompensed by restitution; but how can you ever make amends to the man whom you have traduced? I tell you truly, not all the wealth you have in the world can wipe away the wrong you have done in such a case.—*Robert Bolton, 1634.*

COMING TO CHRIST.

Q. Question. How must I be qualified before I shall dare to believe in Christ?

A. Answer. Come sensible of thy sins and of the wrath of God due unto them, for thus thou art bid to come. Matt. xi. 28.

Q. Did ever any come thus to Christ?

A. David came thus, Paul and the jailer came thus; also Christ's murderers came thus. Pa. li. 1-3; Acts ix. 6; xvi. 30, 31; ii. 37.

Q. But doth it not seem most reasonable that we should first mend and be good.

A. The whole have no need of the physician, but those that are sick; Christ came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.

Q. But is it not the best way, if one can, to mend first?

A. This is just as if a sick man should say, "Is it not best for me to be well before I go to the physician?" or as if a wounded man should say, "When I am cured I will lay on the plaster."

Q. But when a poor creature sees its villainess, it is afraid to come to Christ, is it not?

A. Yes, but without ground; for he has said, "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not;" and "to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Isa. xxxv. 4; lxvi. 2.

Q. What encouragement can be given us thus to come?

A. The prodigal came thus, and his father received him, and fell upon his neck and kissed him. Thus Christ received the Colossians, and consequently all that are saved. Luke xv.; Col. ii. 13.

Q. Will you give me one more encouragement?

A. The promises are so worded, that they that are scarlet sinners, crimson sinners, blasphemous sinners, have encouragement to come to him with hopes of life. Isa. i. 18; Mark iii. 28; John vi. 36; Luke xxiv. 47; Acts xiii. 36.—*Bunyan.*

THE GODLY IN ETERNITY.

So much as moments are exceeded by eternity, and the sighing of a man by the joys of an angel, and a salutary frown by the light of God's countenance, a few frowns by the infinite and eternal hallelujahs, so much are the sorrows of the godly to be undervalued in respect of what is deposited for them in the treasures of eternity. Their sorrows can die; but so cannot their joys. And if the blessed martyrs and confessors were asked concerning their past sufferings and their present rest, and the joys of their certain expectation, you should

hear them glory in nothing but in the mercies of God and in the cross of the Lord Jesus. Every chain is a ray of light, and every prison is a palace, and every loss is the purchase of a kingdom, and every affront in the cause of God is an eternal honour, and every day of sorrow is a thousand years of comfort, multiplied with a never-ceasing numeration—days without night, joys without sorrow, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, society without envyings, communication of joys without lessening; and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

WORK IS ETERNAL.

Think not thy work a little thing,—
A trifle in thine eye,
For how, and where, and what we do
Are things that never die.

Of robes we may ourselves divest,
But of our actions never,
As marks of honor, or of shame,
They'll cling to us for ever.

Although we do not store them up,
God and his angels will,
And at the mighty judgment day
They'll be our actions still.

Straightforward, honest deeds of life,
With those of sordid stain,
As vestments for that coming hour,
Will rise with us again.

Life's ills and sorrows quickly pass,
Its pleasures soon are o'er,
But action, or the want of it,
Is ours for evermore.

Possessions are not owned, but lent,
Earth's honors end with life:
But work, eternal as God's throne,
Goes with us from the strife.

Let then the fleeting hours of time,
To worthy acts be given,
And for us shall be garner'd wealth,
In current coin of heaven.

Sabbath School Lessons.

May 22nd, 1864.

SAMSON'S BATTLES.

Read Judges xv. 3-20.

I. Samson and the Foxes.

Ver. 3-8. Samson's love for his wife made him seek reconciliation, and with a kid as a peace-offering he returned to Timnath.—There he found his wife given to another, and himself insulted. In revenge—for he seems to have had no higher motive—he caught *three hundred foxes*—jackals, probably, which abound in the neighbourhood of eastern cities—and by their means fired and burnt up the whole harvest in the district—they were tied in pairs to prevent them running away at full speed, and defeating his purpose. It was harvest-time.

The Philistines in anger fulfil their former threat, and put Samson's wife and her father to death. Justice seems to have been of little consequence in times like these.—Samson *snote them hip and thigh*—points perhaps to the slaughter of a flying enemy—the wounds were on the back.

The Rock Etham—is supposed to have been near Etham, a city of Judah, a little south of Bethlehem.

II. Samson Delivered to the Philistines.

Ver. 9-13. Samson is distinguished from all other of Israel's deliverers by this—all he did was by his unaided arm. Here his countrymen basely betray him. *Knowest thou not that the Philistines are rulers over us?* Israel seems tamely to have submitted—their only apology was, that Samson was generally moved only by personal vengeance, v. 11.

III. Samson's Victory gained with the Jaw-bone of an Ass.

Ver. 14-20. *Slandered against him*—it was cowardly. *The Spirit of the Lord*—endued him with his supernatural strength—he might have easily gained other weapons from the first of his slain foes; but the more contemptible the weapon, the greater the honour. Did the men of Judah stand by and see this done without striking a blow?

When the victory was over, the victor faints from thirst—his prayer—he acknowledges God as the giver of the victory—water is supplied out of *Lehi*, "the Jaw-bone;" but as the place now took that name, v. 9, it seems likely the water came from the ground—not out of the bone.

The result of this exploit was his establishment as judge—Israel rallied round him at last, and for twenty years he kept his place.

APPLICATION.

1. *Seek peace.* It well becomes the party offended to do so—it is Christ-like—peace

must be sought—it will cost effort and self-control. Is peace in your family? Are you a peace-breaker or a peace-maker? *Matth. v. 9. Abraham and Lot, Gen. xiii. 8.*

2. *Avenge not yourself.* "As they did unto me, so have I done to them," is not the rule, *Matth. v. 43.* Justice must be done, but never in revenge—see David when he lost his family, *1 Sam. xxx. 6.* Boys need to learn this.

3. *Learn to do your duty alone.* Without the aid or countenance of man—do what is right, though no one else will go with you or do as you do—God is with you. Do good, though man neither thanks nor praises you—God is your witness and judge.—Little Samuel among Eli's wicked children—the Hebrew maid in Naaman's house—Daniel—Joseph. Samson evidently acted often thus.

4. *Expect ingratitude.* Man is most ungrateful to God—what can you expect? Do good expecting nothing in return—you will be happier and better—God will reward you. Samson found much ingratitude.—*Paul, 2 Cor. xii. 15.*

5. *God's Spirit can make you always conquer evil.* Can give strength to overcome every evil habit that binds you—every temptation that assails, *Phil. iv. 13.* It is freely promised—seek and trust it, *Luke xi. 13.* So Samson, v. 14.

6. *Learn your own weakness, and give God the glory.* This was Samson's lesson when the victory was won—he fainted from thirst. So Jacob halted on his thigh, *Gen. xxxii. 32.* So Paul had a thorn in his flesh.—*Edin. S. S. Lessons.*

May 29th, 1864.

THE TEN LEPERS.

Read *Luke xvii. 1-19.*

I. Christ Teacheth his Disciples, ver. 6-10.

1. Woe to those who lead others to sin, ver. 1, 2. *He should offend one of these little ones*—evidently is a warning against leading the weakest or simplest of God's children into sin, *Matt. xviii. 6.*

2. Forgive your brother, ver. 3, 4. *Rebuke: if he repent, forgive.* Shew your hatred to the sin, and yet your love to the sinner.

3. Value of faith, ver. 5, 6. Christ tells them if they had true faith as a grain of mustard-seed, nothing would be impossible to them—difficulties as great as removing trees or mountains, faith overcomes. True faith has its power in the God on whom it rests, not in the worm that exercises it.

4. None can be profitable to God. The illustration is taken from the case of a slave who could claim no wages, but was working to pay his debts. This was a common case

in Judæa. The great truth taught is, that "none can be profitable to God." None can give God anything which was not first received from God. When we have done all, God has only got His own, and made no profit by us.

II. Christ Heals the Lepers, ver. 11-19.

Samaria lay on the road to Jerusalem. *Entered a certain village.* The lepers were shut out beyond the walls, and dwelt in some hut, where food was provided for them, 2 Kings vii. 3; 2 Chron. xxvi. 21. They were commanded to stand *afar off*, and cry *unclean*, Lev. xiii. 45. Here they cried for "mercy," and claimed Christ as their "Master."

When He saw them. How compassionate was Christ's look! How miserable the objects! Picture the scene. They were healed in the act of obedience. They set out to show themselves to the priest, with the leprosy clinging to their wasted bodies; ere they reach his door, their flesh was like that of a child! Had they waited for a cure before they obeyed, they would never have been healed.

One turned back—thankful to Christ, and praising God. His praise was as loud as his prayers. *A Samaritan.* Perhaps even his fellow-lepers despised him. *Where are the nine?* Though God's glory was so dear to Him, yet how gently Christ speaks of the ungrateful ones.

Faith can make both body and soul whole, ver. 19.

APPLICATION.

1. *Beware of tempting another to sin.* "It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck!" So Christ said, and He knows the punishment due to the tempter. Beware of helping the devil to send a soul to hell. "Jeroboam who made Israel to sin." The lying prophet, 1 Kings xiii. 18.

2. *Forgive.* How do you feel when injured? How do you act? Matt. v. 44; Luke xxiii. 34.

3. *Trust Christ.* He will help, He will save you. Those who try to be good will feel they need His help. With His help nothing is impossible, Heb. xi. 2-39.

4. *Leprosy represents sin.* It was incurable, contagious, loathsome, and fatal. It excluded from society, and from the temple service; yet God could heal it. So with sin in your soul. The ceremony of the two birds, Lev. xiv. 1-7. Christ's blood cleanseth from all sin.

5. *Never forget to praise God.* It is heaven's work, Rev. iv. 8; v. 9. Many pray to God in trouble who forget to praise him when they are delivered. Have you now so forgotten? Pharaoh, Exod. viii. 8-28. Israel

and the quails and manna. Praise God for His gifts, and they will be blessings indeed!

6. *Obey Christ and he will bless you.* It was while obeying Christ the lepers were cured. Do your duty to God and to man; be humble and kind to all, and Christ will bless you more and more.

SUBORDINATE LESSONS.

1. Never let sin keep you from Christ. It is those who have sin He welcomes.

2. Do good to the ungrateful; Christ did so; He does so still; for He is good to you, Matt. v. 44, 45.

3. Many whom we despise may be better than us. The grateful one was a Samaritan. Many children poorer, not so well taught, clothed, or fed, may love Christ better than we do, and get to heaven, when we are shut out.—*Edin. S. S. Lessons.*

5th June, 1864.

SAMSON'S DEATH.

Read Judges xvi. 15-31.

(*Connexion.*—After twenty years of service to his country as their ruler, Samson, through folly and sin, falls into a snare which ultimately costs him his life. He had just escaped from the danger his sinful visit to Gaza had brought on him, by carrying off its gates and bars, when he was entrapped by a woman of the valley of Sorek. Bribed largely by the Philistines, she sought from Samson the secret of his strength. Thrice he deceived her by falsehoods, but at last, wearied by importunity, he betrayed himself.)

I. Samson Shorn.

Ver. 15-20. *How canst thou say I love thee?* Poisoned honey! His former experience of such treachery, even though thrice armed men had started up in that chamber, made Samson no wiser. *Vexed to death*—yet he would not leave her!

He told her all his heart. He had gradually approached the secret, and he seems to have thought that God would never leave him, though he exposed himself thus.

A sad scene—the base woman having secured the bribe, deprived sleeping Samson of his hair, and thus of his strength—when the enemy, still timid, advanced on him. How miserable the warrior looked when he felt his arm feeble and his might gone! *He wist not that God had departed from him!*

II. Samson Sport to his Enemies.

Ver. 21-25. *The Philistines took him—put out his eyes.* Samson had not used his eyes as he ought. Strength without sight would now be only blind fury. How Samson's heart must have felt the result of his folly, when in his brazen fetters he ground corn in the prison-house! He was made a public spectacle, ver. 24.

The Philistines gave Dagon the praise, and at some set festival in the idol temple they called for their unfortunate enemy to become the object of their sport, probably decked out in mock pomp. It was a savage triumph.

Some little time had elapsed, for his hair had grown again. Samson had remembered his sins and turned to God.

III. Samson's Death.

Ver. 26-31. *Suffer me to feel, &c.* How mildly he speaks! Probably he knew where he was, and having been there in other days, remembered that on two great pillars the whole edifice rested: *On the roof.* Probably some amphitheatre with galleries, holding three thousand.

Samson's prayer—*remember me*—the dying Sulef's prayer. *At once avenged for my two eyes.* Doubtless Samson had higher motives. We are apt to forget that he is classed among the worthies who died in faith, Heb. xi. 32-39. *Let me die.* Life was joyless. God granted the prayer, and wiped away the dishonour Dagon's worshippers had cast on Him and his cause.

So great was the consternation at the general destruction of all the leaders of the Philistines among the ruins of the temple, that Samson's relatives were permitted to give his body a public funeral. He seems to have had no successor to judge Israel for many years. The exploits of Samson form the basis of all the fables about Hercules.

APPLICATION.

1. *Sincere obedience to Christ is the secret of the Christian's strength.* Obedience was the secret of Samson's bodily strength (see chap. xiii. 7)—of Adam's spiritual strength ere he fell, Isa. xl. 31; Job xvii. 9. Beware of little sins.

2. *Those who offend God to please you will offend you to please themselves.* Delilah did this. For this reason David rejected the services of Ishbosheth's murderer, 2 Sam. iv. 10.

3. *Those who self-confidently enter into temptation will be left to fall.* God wearied at last of Samson's presumption. Sin will blind their minds, and they will become fools, Prov. xxviii. 26; xii. 15. Peter.

4. *When God leaves a man, he is undone.* He becomes like Samson—weak, foolish—a slave to divers lusts and passions—the sport and prisoner of his spiritual enemies. So Saul, 1 Sam. xvi. 14; 2 Pet. ii. 19; John viii. 84-84.

5. *God will be glorified* When God's name is dishonoured, he will appear, to his enemies' confusion, and his friends' joy. See Belshazzar's feast—Herod's fate, Acts xii. 20; —Sennacherib, Isa. xxxvii. 23.

SUBORDINATE LESSONS.

1. Flee fornication. Samson's sad case illustrates Prov. v. and vi.
2. Use your body for God. How soon it will fade! Jer. ix. 23.
3. How base and dangerous to abuse the unfortunate!—*Edin. S. S. Lessons.*

ALL IN BLOOM.

'T was spring, six thousand years ago;
The frost wind had not come,
Nor winter with its cloudy gloom,
And silent shroud-like snow;
Nor summer with its fever-glow.
Young life, first life, was budding everywhere,
And health breathed through the sweet im-
mulate air.
Earth, with its virgin soil
Unscourged by human avarice and toil,
Untainted by the rankness of a tomb,
Was all in bloom.

But spring, time's spotless spring,
Like peace and hope, took wing,
Went upward with its fair array,
Leaving a faded mantle to this earth
Instead of the gay raiment of its birth.
It was and is not, since the gladsome day
When it alighted from above
On vale, and field, and grove,
Earth has not known its love.

Dear spring of ours, which, with the year,
Comes up in April joy and cheer,
Child of the past, preserving still
Some features of an ancient sire,
Which time, and change, and ill,
Which winter's frost and summer's fire,
Have not been able to destroy;
Faint echo of a long lost song,
Faint relic of an earlier joy;—
Wish all thy light and smiles,
The soft and sunny wiles,
What art thou to that spring,
Earth's first and freshest, when the magic light
Of this world's birthday threw its glances bright
Over creation's splendour,—that old spring
With balm and beauty on the wing,
And earth all fresh and blossoming?

But spring, earth's primal season, reappears;
These long six thousand years
Of storm are ending, and the doom
Of this creation is not sealed;
The curse shall be repeal'd;
The day of glory stands reveal'd;
Departs the gloom,
Descends the life of a more vernal clime,
Beyond the blights of time;
A thousand vales rejoice,
A thousand hills lift up the voice;
Old ocean smiles again
In golden glory clad,
And sings a happier strain,—
The key note of the holy reign.
The tranquil sky is glad;
And earth once more,
From shore to happy shore,
Is all in bloom.