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THE  
GOOD NEWS,

AN  
UNDENOMINATIONAL RELIGIOUS PERIODICAL,

---

EDITED BY  
ROBERT KENNEDY, Evangelist,

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# CONTENTS.

## SERMONS AND DISCOURSES.

Assurance Christian by Rev. L. S. Fine, Paris Oneida Co. N. Y.	449
Bartimeus, by Rev. P. D. Muir Kingst- on,	141, 175
Be sure your sin will find you out, by Rev. Patrick Gray, Kingston,	29
Believer's, The, Safety,	253
Blessed are the poor in Spirit,	238
Blast, A, of the Trumpet against false Peace, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,	393, 427
Brethren Write,	350
Christ, The Knowledge of, by Dr McCulloch,	18
Cry, What shall I cry,	14
Death, preparation for,	70
Death, of Prince Albert, on the, by the Rev. R. F. Burns, St Catharines,	91
Devotional spirit A, by Dr. Spencer,	602
Discerning Time, by Rev. P. Gray, Kingston, C. W.	653
Early Piety, by Rev. T. Sharp, Ashburn,	57
Finally Brethren Farewell, by W. B. Cote des Neiges.	490
Gospel History, by Rev W. B. Clark, Quebec,	126, 154, 182
Grey Hairs, the, by Rev. Thos Henderson, Perth, C. W.	347
Prayer in Secret,	323
Promises Obtaining, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,	431
Quench not the Spirit,	404
Resurrection of the Body, by Hon. John Fine, Ogdensburgh, N. Y.	591
Sabbath The and the Sanctuary, by Rev. R. Monteith, Prince Albert, C. West.	94
Schism, The cure of, by Dr. McLeod,	343
Sons of God, now are we,	294
Sanctification, The, of Christ's People,	158

Saved, What must I do to be. by Rev. L. M. Miller, Ogdensburgh, N. Y,	98
Spirit, My, shall not always strive with Man, by W. B. Cote Des Neiges,	604
Time and Eternity,	352
Treasure the greatest in the Exhibition, by J. H. Merle, D'Aupigne,	539
Way The, and the Word, by Brownlow North Esq.,	309

## PRACTICAL PAPERS.

A Christian's right place,	494
Absence of mind in Prayer,	153
Atoning Blood, trampling on,	265
Avarice,	279
Backsliders come to Jesus,	233
Be decided,	123
Be ye holy, for I am holy,	599
Business, a means of Grace,	242
Child, The simple faith of a,	430
Christian, I hope to be a,	433
Christ, Imitation of,	508
Christ, On the Lordship of,	77
Christ the Master,	744
Come to Jesus,	184
Counsels to a young Believer,	622
David Danced,	112
Death of Christ, Conformity to the,	332
Deism,	239
Do you know Jesus,	342
Do you love Christ,	196
Dancing condemned,	532
Earnest Christianity,	174
Efficacy of the Atonement,	96
Enlarging their sphere,	439
Eternity,	42, 186
Eternity, are you safe for,	209
Eternity, of,	265
Every Christian should labour,	101
Expect great things,	550
Faith, The time when a Man needs,	470
Faithful teaching,	486
Farewell Words of a traveller,	422

Flee from the wrath to come,	162	Self-communion,	557
For ever and ever,	272	Seek first the Kingdom of God,	404
For our sakes He became poor,	11	Shall the World perish,	459
For me to live is Christ,		Should we then Make Mirth,	121
Giving,	274	Singularity,	346
Giving, Questions on,	619	Six Short rules for Young Christians,	286
Glorious Gospel,	495	Sing, all,	363
God's Call.	39	Slander,	89
God's word to young Women,	131	Slothfulness,	51
God moves in a Mysterious Way,	138	Soul-saving, Skill in,	363
Going on in sin,	612	Speaking to the Convinced,	529
Happiness of doing Good,	264	Success in Life,	666
Have you prayed for him,	522	Tact in seeking Souls,	122
He is able,	474	Take time for Devotion,	526
Here lies an Honest Man,	9	Teacher's Work, and how to Do it,	569
Hints on speaking,	270	The things that pass away,	269
Hints on Hearing,	272	The danger of neglecting Christ, while de-	
His Blood,	234	voted to his work,	330
Home Questions,	125	The only Life,	412
How safe. By Rev. Wm. Arnot,	344	The time is Short,	25
How many friends has Jesus,	351	The dignity of Service,	45
How long ye simple. By Rev. W. Arnot,	358	The fatal Doctrine,	69
How long to live,	10	There is a great Gulf Fixed,	29
How love I thy Law,	123	The tide of Grace,	97
How men Die,	126	The Steamboat,	100
I live not alone for myself,	459	The Faultless Congregation,	165
Instrumentalities, How many has Jesus,	352	The Bible and the Fashions,	580
Jesus a Friend,	167	Time enough Yet.	356
Jesus Christ, Who is,	493	Time and Eternity,	651
Jesus, Fulness of,	447	To see Jesus,	558
Jesus our Daysman,	560	Treat yourself as you Treat Others,	230
Jesus pleads,	132	True greatness,	271
Jesus sees you,	326	Truth, They are not valiant for,	517
Jesus, Ye who are aged Come to,	201	Truthfulness in Work,	607
Keeping a Journal,	529	Unbelief, Sin of,	271
Labour for peculiar persons,	357	Wait on the Lord,	578
Let them die,	72	Whatsoever a man Soweth that shall he	
Live to God,	347	also reap,	544
Life Thoughts,	467	What does it signify,	461
Lotists,	324	Which class—a Question for you,	137
Love, The test of,	664	Who are blind. By H. W. Beecher,	153
Maxims,	594	What if Christianity is not True,	197
Maxims for Parents,	488	What will Make it go Through,	76
My Father is the Husbandman,	19	Whole-heartedness for Jesus essential to	
No poverty there,	161	Success in United Prayer,	173
Not yet,	171	Why I gave up Smoking,	213
On pleasing our Neighbour,	553	Witnesses to the Saviour,	652
Our own Faults,	69	Without Me ye can do Nothing,	584
Prayer, the Main thing in,	524	Without money and Without Price,	195
Praying and Doing,	488	Workers, How many,	351
Prayer, Encouragements to,	394	Worthless Faith,	151
Praying in Faith,	73	Words, My, shall not return unto me void,	453
Prayer-meeting, only a,	551	Worry,	189
Pressing Forward,	286	Youth, Danger to, from improper Books,	447
Purity of Intention,	448	Your Mother,	149
Reading the Bible, five rules for,	521	Young men, Thoughts for,	629
Reverence,	440		
Saving faith,	172	<b>BIOGRAPHY AND NARRATIVE.</b>	
Saving Souls,	481	Alarm, The,	110
Salvation through Faith,	186	Among Pictures,	663
Scriptures, The,	602	A practical lesson	627
Secret Prayer,	215	Anecdote of Rowland Hill,	44
		Ask and ye shall receive,	571
		Augustus H. Franck,	625
		Bank of faith, The,	26
		Baptized but not Regenerated,	269

## CONTENTS.

<p>Biography of Samson, an abstract of the, 210, 344            by Rev Thos Sharp, Ashburn, 382            Bran and the Flour the, 103            Carpenters Noah's, 160            Caleb the Collier, 193            Chain the, or deceitfulness of sin, 17            Chaplain's Story, 272            Christian Corporal A., 296            Child's faith A., 206            Consistency under persecution, 631            Confessing our faults, 434            Coast Missions, by Mrs L. Duncan, Kelso, Scotland, 231            Crown, the bad half, 102            Crown, the lent half, 12            Dance, a time to, 517            Dark, future, 608            Death of a Nobleman's Son, 455            Death on the line, 171            Deaf and Dumb Shepherd boy, 588            Delay not, 532            Devil worshipper, An aged, 333            Dinna explain, 200            Don't waste that paper, 46            Do it with all thy might, 207            Dream remarkable of Dr. Doddridge, 287            Prew Samuel A. M., 437            Dwight Mrs. by Dr. Steel, 285            False guide post, The, 201            First Love, 493            Malden William, 630            Marry a praying Servant Girl, 568            Never put off till to-morrow, 629            No matter since it is for Christ, 205            Oh innocent Lamb of God, 328            O I could'nt live here, 538            Only five minutes to live, 624            One at once, 483            Payson. Extracts from memoir of Dr., 306            Pastor. The Resolis, 521            Please Sir, 537            Poor Joseph, 609            Paul Brown's Difficulty, 362            Reconciliation, The, 361            Sailor the Young, 299            Saved by doing nothing, 299, 446            Sketch in Brantford, 630            Something for Christ, 35            Swearer's, The prayer answered, 64            South Sea Islands as they were, Do, do as they are,</p>	<p>Believest, thou? What then? 489            Beloved, He giveth his, sleep, 230            Blessed, Home of the, 346            Best, The last, 665            Bible, The, 341            Change The last, 191            Child's A Idea, 644            Come, 48            Christian devotedness, 186            Dead, not, but sleepeth, 476            Death, The, of an Infant, 146            Dialogue, between Justice and mercy, 54            Dream, The Infant's, 107            Finished, it is, 342            Galilee. The voice from, 24            God guide the young, 398            God is near, 186            Heaven, Nothing true but, 16            His own received Him not, 631            Home gathering, 140            Hope, The Saint's, 201            How Long, 280            Kindness, 63            Let us pray, 105            Life's question, 397            Lines on the dying Words of the Author of 'The Saint's Everlasting Rest,' 631            Little Minnie's Song, 558            Lord to whom shall we go but unto Thee, 323            No sorrow there, 325            O my Saviour, 501            O that I had wings, 441            Over the River, 513            Pardon, 406            Peace I leave with you, 75            Poetry, 139, 512            Poetry The, of the Grave, 462, 546, 598            Prayer, 515            Prayer, The, and the life, 152            Salvation, 263            Shortsightedness of man, 125            Song, The Poor man's, 549            Songs, The, of the Land, 299            Smooth every wave, 32;            Sowing beside all waters, 666            Stop poor Sinner, 390</p>
<p>POETRY.</p>	
<p>Advent. Our Saviour's, 33            Assurance of Faith, 209            Advice to his children, A martyred Father's, 638            And there was a great calm, 531            Be not afraid, only Believe, 108</p>	<p style="text-align: center; padding: 5px 0;">STORIES FROM THE BOOK.</p> <p>Man's Extremity is God's opportunity, 273            The Four Arks, 521            Christ raising the Widow of Nain's Son, 679            The Birth of Moses, 632            Temptation, 13            Time and Eternity, 289            Time is going, 26            The Ocean and its God, 466            The First and the Last, 386            There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, 524            There is Room for You, 476</p>

Useful, The, life, 403  
 Waiting God's will, 495  
 We all must speak for Jesus, 630  
 We love Him, because He first loved us, 280  
 When? 206  
 Wilt thou be made clean, 202  
 World, The, light of the, 442

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

About John Quicktemper, 47; A crushing Report, 13; Angels, the Ministry of, 273; Art, Consecrated, 408; A Temperance Lecture, 56; A Warning to Spectators, 55;

Bad book, Quarter of an Hour with a, 27; Beautiful Illustration, 457; Benevolence, 510; Beneficence Systematic, 577; Bible the, 221; Bible Society, the first, 625; Bible David's and ours, 497; Boasted Reason, 450; Boy Father of the man, The, 364; Brotherhood, Ours is a glorious, 412; Bunyan in Prison, 441; Busy here and there, 515.

Celestial Strife, 511; Christianity a religion of Facts, 278; Christ, Is a preparation needed to enable sinners to believe in, 513; Christian, A, all over, 542; Christian, Idle, 150; Christ, what is involved in a Jew confessing, 248, 221; Christ's Grief and joy, 320; Christ preaching, 274; Christ, 646; 403; China, the vastness of, 190; Combination a possible, 165; Continuance is wanting, 345; Conquerors, More than, 329; Conscience, A good, 629; Calvary, The Man of, 628; Christ Jesus, perfect in, 230.

Death-bed of the Righteous, 668; Debt of the Self-despairing, 576; Deliverance from Sin, 644.

Earth, The, as a habitation for Man. By Rev. Wm. Arnot, 169, 203, 225, 259; Errors, Two Serious, 569; Eternity, a dread, 549.

Family prayer, 399; Food, 635; Froward, the signs of the, 579; Future, the, 486.

Glimpses of Glory, 189; God, Finding, 329; God, Wisdom and goodness of, displayed in the ocean, 181; God knows our thoughts, 582; God; What belongs to, What to us, 309; Gospel, the, the Hearing of Faith, 645; Gospel parable, A, 208; Grace the principal portion, 272; Grace put in Christ's place, 190; Gracious words for Anxious Souls, 522.

Hard times, the Thought for, 356; Healing leaves, 270; Heathen Bondage, 404; Heathen. Self-torture of the, 275; Heaven, Of, 364; He dieth no more, 195; Hell, a gate of, 640; Holy Ghost, the Sin against the, 665; Holiness, personal, 498; Hope, 180; Husband, An ill-tempered, 528.

Ideal, Everything in Scripture is, 537; I do not repent, 588; I lost it, 180; Immanuel, 235; Influence, 298; India, Crow worship in, 411; Italy, progress of the truth in, 572.

Jesus' death, Cause of, 567; Jesus of Nazareth passeth by, 263; Jesus Wept, 277; Jesus, His name, 82.

Key, the, and the prisoner, 52; Knowing the truth, 584.

Length of Cromwellian Sermons, 549; Light Literature of the day, 396; Living for ever, 34; Look up and look Before you, 158; Lost opportunities, 612; Love the law of the Sunday School, 56; Luther and Erasmus, 487.

Man in Relation to the Bounties of Nature, 327; Minister, A successful, 271; Ministry, The power of the, from God, 644; Ministerial Power, 234;

Mother's love, Influence of a, 524; Move on, 476; Music, 63; My Lord and my God, 498.

Napoleon, Dying words of, 348; Now, 406; Objectives, 634; Old age without religion, 112; One cent a day, 105;

Paper preachers, 632; Parental Indulgence, 326; Payson, Extracts from, 504; Pay master, A sure, 286; People, Concerning, who are too late, 399; Pity for the unfortunate, 9; Prayer, An Arab hearing the Lord's, 614; Prayerless Families, 538; Preachers, The, 19; Preaching, Two kinds of, 384; Problem, A life, 397; Providence, Checkered, 326;

Questions, Testing, 105;

Reformation spread, How the, 385; Rehashing old Sermons, 589; Religion false and true, 398; Religious papers, Circulate, 433; Religious Depression, 662; Revival of Trade, 457; Rev. J. Newton and the Bible, 607; Rivers, The two, 630;

Satan Foiled, 398; Scriptures, Diligence in reading the, 534; Seed, the marvels of a, 97; Selfishness, 281; Self-righteous lost, The, 626; Second year, The, 619; Silence, 629; Singing in the Church, 612. Social worship, 530. Society, The first Bible, 64; Soul, The sleeplessness of the, 281. Souls, The conversion of, longed for, 302. Sparrows, 445. Splinters in the wound, 224. Spring, 174. Stars, The evening, 300. Strong characters, 514. Sunshine, 668. Sycamore, The, tree, 446

Talking of self, 644; Task completed, 663. Ten minutes warning, by Dr. Guthrie, 147. Temptation, 534. Temperance, 469. Testing Young life, 230. The best theme, 335. The Book Mark, 134. The Bow in the Cloud, 228. The Blotted page, 497. The Cathedral and the Manse, 53. The foxes, the little foxes, 404. The enemies of the Church, 187. The Jew and the Christian, 497. The Journey of life, 55. The ineffable One, 333. The large type did it, 72. The last one saved, 135. The lost Son returning to his Father, 22. The right course, 497. The Spanish Artist and the Lord's Supper, 274. The Servant and the Bank note, The year, 549. Thought, a solemn, 439. Thoughts, Foolish, 356. Thoughts from the German, 190. Thoughts, 473. Theology and Piety, 187. They've forgotten the rope, 134. Thief on the cross, 667. Time, employment of, 666. Tracts on, and tract distribution, 307. Tract, a singular, 335. True apinness, 16. True and False Light, 667. Touched in the right spot, 27. Type of the dead and living Bird, 610.

Uncleaved Bread, 611.

Very proud to-night, 28.

Warning, 388; Wedding garment, 532. Why are the lambs taken, 498. Worldly, Conformity of the, 293. Work of the age, the great, 389. Wonders of the Sea, 583. Worthly is the Lamb, 289.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Child's answer,	page. 10
A Wise little boy,	28
Atoms,	53
A Child's sacrifice,	442
A Noble boy,	554
A Sunday Scholar's first step to the Scaffold,	17
Beautiful and useful thoughts,	489
Child's Prayer answered,	349
In honor preferring one another,	360
My Church,	122
Only for Fun,	610
The kite and the little Messenger,	124
There is my closet,	34
The imperfect copy,	166
The little Evangelist,	445
The Rattlesnake and the Squirrel,	487
The fountain and the Cloud,	507
The little Tract Distributer;	94
The Sentinel and the Spy,	437

SABBATA SCHOOL LESSONS,

Joseph sold into slavery, 22. The widow's son raised, 23. The Lord with Joseph, 24. Art thou the Christ, 49. Joseph in prison, 50. Joseph in the presence of Pharaoh, 80. The woman that was a sinner, 81. The Beatitudes, 96. Joseph rules over Egypt, 109. Healing of the Demoniac, 108. The first Journey to buy Corn, 132. We would see a Sign, 135. Joseph entertains his Brethren, 163. Christ's nearest Relations, 164. The Humiliation of Joseph's Brethren, 163. What Disciples of Christ are, 192. Woe! Woe! Woe! 220. Jacob in Egypt, 250. Fear God, 151. Jacob blessing his Grandsons, 252. 276. The Rich Fool, 276. The Death of Jacob, 303. Christ the end of the Law, 304. The Burial of Jacob, 305. Earthly Care, 331. The Birth and Youth of Moses, 331. Watch! Watch! Watch! 359. The Burning Bush, 329. The Barren fig tree, 387. Moses returns to Egypt, 387. Reconciliation, 414. Bricks without Straw, 412. Sower, 443. Water becomes blood, 443. The Tares, 444. The Passover, 471. The Tempest Stilled, 471. Locusts

and Darkness, 499. Love! Love! 499. The First-born Slain, 527. The Demoniac of Gadara, 527. The Red Sea, 555. Levi's Feast, 555. The Manna, 585. Raising Jairus' Daughter, 586. Water from the Rock, 613. Secret prayer, 614. Jethro visits Moses, 615. Touching his Garment, 641. Mount Sinai, 641. The blind see, and the dumb speak,

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Assembly: Free Ch. Scotland.—Report on the Revival, 381. Alarm of the Catholics in France, 590. Bible at the Exhibition, 503. The Bible, outside if not in, 316. Bible Chinese completed, 610. 589. British and Foreign Bible Society, 374. Cabmen in London, 475. China Toleration, 590. Droppings, 632. Missions of the Nineteenth Century, 365. Wesleyan Missionary Society, 371. Revival in Dunlop, Scotland, 376. Open air preaching in Glasgow, 377. Religious Tract Society, 377. Missionary Intelligence, 378. The Lord does his Work in his own Way, 378. The Lord's work in London, 381, 531. The midnight Movement, 392. Reports on Missions, 418. Report of Revival in Dunbarton, Scotland, 419. Italy, 448. In the Hervey Islands, 448. Syria, 448. Polynesia, 448. Madagascar, 476. Interesting facts about Ireland, 502. The revival of 1859 and its Fruits, 502. Open air preaching, 504. Religious Intelligence, 531. India—Notes of A Missionary tour, 559. Quebec, 576. Preaching in the Theatre, 586. Glasgow, 590. The Nestorians, 616. Youngmen's Christian Association—London, 616. Revival in Hamilton, C. W. 617. A week of Special prayer, 618.

FRAGMENTS.

Page 41, 43, 71, 97, 109, 111, 130, 214, 218, 136, 140, 233, 162, 168, 237, 275, 349, 351, 289, 358, 308, 314, 320, 330, 330, 396, 377, 392, 415, 431, 442, 461, 468, 474, 508, 489, 524, 556, 579, 582, 583, 588, 589, 608, 611, 612, 617, 646.



## THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS—

AS THEY WERE TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. JOHN INGLIS, MISSIONARY TO THE NEW HEBRIDES.

The South Sea Islands are in many respects one of the most interesting portions of our globe. In actual appearance they come nearer to our ideas of the Hesperides, the Elysian Isles, or Fairy-land; nearer to the creations of poetry, or the realms formed and peopled by imagination, than any other region of the earth's surface. For three centuries and a half their history has read more like the tales in the Arabian Nights, more like Robinson Crusoe and the higher works of fiction, than the sober chronicles of real life. Yea, in many cases the truth here has been stranger and more striking than fiction. All the maritime powers of Europe have sent forth their most skilful and adventurous navigators to explore that mighty ocean. Spain led the way. On September 26th, 1513, a fortnight after the battle of Flodden, those waters were first gazed upon by European eyes. Balboa, governor of the colony of Santa Maria in Darien, first discovered them from a mountain on that isthmus, and as they lay south from the place where he stood, they received the name of the SOUTH SEA. Seven years later Magellan, a native of Portugal, but in the service of Spain, and as a navigator and discoverer second only to Columbus, passed through the straits that still bear his name, and glided along in the smooth seas over its whole length, till he reached the Ladrones, and from this circumstance he named it the PACIFIC OCEAN. In 1567, when the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots was abdicating her throne, Mendana, another Spaniard, discovered the group which he called Solomon's Archipelago, "from the belief that those islands had supplied the gold and treasure employed in building the temple." England, at that time only a second or third rate power, was beginning to show her character; the Reformation had taken deep root among her people, and was fast developing their inborn energies. The great men who guided the councils of Elizabeth, had their thoughts directed to this ocean, and John Oxenham, a native of Plymouth, the first Englishman that sailed in the South Sea, left England in 1575. He was followed by Drake, Cavendish, and Hawkins. Before the century closed the Dutch had a fleet of five ships in the same seas. The seventeenth century was less famous for maritime discovery than the preceding had been. Blake swept away the navies of Spain and Holland, and raised England to the sovereignty of the seas; but our country was convulsed by such fearful storms that foreign adventure was not thought of. Still during this century several names stand prominently out; two of the best known of these are Quiros and Tasman. Quiros, the pilot to Mendana, "eager to plow up the waters of the unknown sea, and seek out the undiscovered lands around the Antarctic pole,"—eager to discover the great southern continent, the dream of all the early geographers, sailed from Lima, in December 1605, a few weeks after the famous Gunpowder Plot. In the following year he discovered the most northern island in the New Hebrides. Supposing this to be the long-sought-for continent, he named it the *Archipelago del Espiritu Santo*, and drawing, as Sheridan said of some one, upon his imagination for his facts, he wrote home to Philip III. of Spain, that those countries discovered by him might occupy one quarter of the earth's surface, that *Espiritu Santo* was the most delicious country in the world; it was like the garden of Eden, and would prove the inexhaustible source of glory, riches, and power, to Spain. During this century the Dutch were the most enterprising of South Sea navigators. New Holland, or as it is now called Australia, was discovered in 1616, by Dirk Hartich, while Tasman one of the most famous of the Dutch navigators of that age, discovered Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, Tongatabu and the Feejees, in 1642. The rest of the century was barren of discovery.

In the eighteenth century, Britain and France both appeared in the South Sea.

Dampier, Anson, Byron, Wallis, and others fairly represented Britain. Bougainville, La Perouse, and others, well represented France. Wallis discovered Tahiti in 1767, and Bougainville discovered the Samoan group in 1760. But the three voyages of Captain Cook threw into the shade all the discoveries that had been previously made in the Pacific; whether we take into account the extent of his discoveries, the scientific skill with which they were conducted, the amazing accuracy of his surveys, and the truthful, all but photographic pictures which he drew of the personal appearance, the social condition, and the manners and customs of the different races with whom he came in contact. Cook's first voyage was undertaken in 1768, to observe the transit of Venus; the second in 1772, to solve the problem of a southern continent; and the third in 1776, in search of a passage between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. This voyage resulted in the discovery of the Sandwich Islands, and the death of Cook, who was killed at those islands. The most interesting event after the voyages of Cook, was the mutiny on board of the "Bounty" in 1789; the settlement of the mutineers on Pitcairn's Island; and the remarkable voyage of Captain Bligh in an open boat with twenty-one men on board, and a very scanty supply of provisions, extending from the Feejees to Batavia, a distance of from three thousand to four thousand miles,—an enterprise as well planned and executed as the famous retreat of Xenophon and the ten thousand.

Thirst for gold and desire of political power were among the ruling motives that led to almost all the early expeditions for discovery in the South Seas. Cook's were undertaken for the advancement of science. Late and slow to recognise her obligations, to her shame be it spoken, Christianity appeared in those seas. The discoveries of Cook, and the trial of a part of the mutineers of the "Bounty" had an intimate connection with the commencement of that which, in the present century, has invested the South Sea Islands with their greatest interest; because its effects upon them have been so striking and so important, namely, the **MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.**

The London Missionary Society was

formed in 1795, on a Catholic basis, so as to include Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independents. In 1796, the ship "Duff" sailed for the South Seas, commanded by Captain Wilson, a man singularly prepared of God for such a service; there were twenty-five missionaries and mechanics on board. Stations were formed on Tonga, the Marquesas, and Tahiti, all under the most encouraging appearances, and the vessel returned to London after a most prosperous voyage. The "Duff" was sent out a second time with thirty missionaries and mechanics on board. The friends of missions were full of joy and hope. But, alas! their faith, and patience, and perseverance were soon to be severely tried. The "Duff" was captured by a French privateer; the vessel was lost to the Society, and only a few of these missionaries reached their destination. Some of the missionaries were killed on Tonga, and the mission there abandoned. The Marquesas mission was also given up. War broke out in Tahiti, and for many long years the mission was carried on, on the principle of hoping against hope.

To understand the South Sea Islands, it is desirable that our readers would cast their eyes on a map of the Pacific; for unfortunately no portion of the earth's surface seems to be so imperfectly known as the South Seas; except those who have lived on the islands or sailed among them, we can rarely meet with any one, man or woman, who has any distinct conception of the relative position of the groups, or the real and relative sizes of the islands.—Even in Sydney, on the very edge of the Pacific, where vessels are every week clearing out for the islands, there is profound ignorance on this subject. It is even said by some who ought to know, that the people in Sydney sum up the whole South Sea Islands under two divisions, Tahiti and the Feejees. This ignorance, however, is not to be wondered at; no portion of the terraqueous globe is so rudely laid down in our ordinary maps. Even in some of the best and latest, the islands, and even the groups, are as confused as the patches of star-dust along the milky-way. In the maps of old countries, and even in many of those of the newest, kingdoms and counties are distinctly coloured, so that the eye at once perceives their position and

their boundaries; but there is almost nothing of this kind in the maps of the South Sea Islands. And then the names; old and new, Spanish, Dutch, French, English, and native, are blended in all proportions, and spelled in all varieties, and upon every principle known and recognized in orthography.

But as a help to a better understanding of this chaos of Islands, we may mention that, exclusive of Australia and New Zealand, geographers have arranged the South Sea Islands under three divisions, *Polynesia*, *Melanesia*, and *Micronesia*.—*Polynesia*, or the *Many Islands*, was the name at first applied, in a general way, to the whole of the islands; then they were divided into Eastern and Western *Polynesia*; but now *Polynesia* is restricted to the eastern islands, situated between long. 180° , the last meridian, and South America. *Melanesia*, or the *Black Islands*, so called from the colour of the inhabitants, comprises all the islands south of the line from long. 180° to New Guinea, including the Feejee group, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, the Loyalty Islands, the Solomon Group, and other islands.—*Micronesia*, or the *Little Islands* comprises all the islands north of the line, west of Hawaii or the Sandwich Islands, including the Kingsmill group, the Scarborough range, the Radick and the Ralick chains, and a multitude of others.

The South Sea Islands are inhabited by two distinct races. *Polynesia*, including New Zealand, is inhabited by what are called the Malay race, a people evidently of Asiatic origin; in their persons tall and well formed, with light yellow skin, and smooth glossy black hair. Their language is soft and mellifluous, rivalling if not surpassing the Italian itself. It is a peculiar language, that not only every word, but every syllable ends with a vowel. While of the consonants, it is the semi-vowels *l m n r s*, and the slender consonants *k p t*, that are most commonly used; there are no gutturals, and *ng* is the only double consonant, while even that, in some of the dialects, is softened into *n*. If on a map of the South Sea Islands, a point is fixed upon at Easter Island, another to the north of the Sandwich Islands, and a third on the south of New Zealand; and if lines

are drawn from these three points, so as to form a triangle on the map, this triangle will include nearly the whole of the Malay Polynesian race. While the language spoken by all the Malay Polynesians is one, the natives of nearly every group of islands speak a different dialect of this one language. There are at least seven distinctly marked dialects: the Hawaiian, the Marquesas, the Tahitian, the Rarotongan, the Samoan, the Tongan, and the New Zealand. The Samoan is by far the softest and smoothest. The New Zealand is the strongest and roughest. The one is the Ionic of *Polynesia*, the other is the Doric. Climate, it is said, by affecting the muscles of the mouth, has a strongly modifying influence upon language. Certain it is, that Samoa, where the softest dialect is spoken, is the warmest locality; whereas New Zealand is the coldest. But the softness and liquid smoothness of their language brings one great disadvantage to the Polynesians. It renders them nearly incapable of pronouncing English.

*Melanesia*, or, as it is sometimes still called, *Western Polynesia*, is inhabited by a totally different people, commonly called the Papuan, or Negro or Negrillo race; the most of them less in size than the Polynesians. With crisp hair of different shades, but never glossy black, their skin dark, a sort of coffee-and-milk colour, and their features coarse; their whole appearance pointing to an African origin, but without the prognathous, protruding jaws of the genuine negro. Their language is quite distinct, belongs to an entirely different family of languages from that of the Malay Polynesian, and is endlessly diversified. Not only on every group, but on every island a different dialect is spoken, and so widely different are they as to be almost, often altogether, unintelligible to the inhabitants of the adjoining island. It will be difficult to say, till the languages are more fully examined and compared than they have yet been, how far they are connected by a common paternity. On the south of the New Hebrides, the dialects have evidently sprung from a common language; there are strong resemblances in grammatical structure, but the diversity in vocabularies is very great. One would almost think that the whole race came direct from Babel; and that the inhabitants of one

island had scarcely spoken a word to those of another ever since.

A stranger going to those islands and seeing so much that is grand, beautiful, and lovely, seeing lofty mountains, green hills, towering peaks, and castellated rocks; rich plains, deep valleys, and undulating slopes; dense forests, and groves of waving palms; fragrant flowers, delicious fruits, and the earth teeming with plenty; clear streams, smooth lagoons, lake-like seas, and spacious harbours; coral reefs rising from the depths of ocean like walls of adamant, and crowned with battlements of crested waves; insects, birds, and fishes, sporting each in their respective domains; the soft light, the fleecy clouds, and the balmy air; the gentle breeze, the genial climate, the perennial spring, and the never-ending summer; the sun clear by day, the moon walking in brightness, and the whole firmament studded with countless stars; seeing these, and much more than these, he would naturally think that if "Paradise regained" is to be found on earth, it must be among those sweet and sunny isles. But, alas! in the days of heathenism, and so far as heathenism still exists, there is just the one grand exception to this state of things, so well expressed by Heber:—

"Here every prospect pleases,  
And nought but man is vile."

But truly he is vile in all heathen lands, in none more so than in the South Sea Islands. In this paper I will confine myself to the Polynesians. In their heathen state their civilization was of a low type, though not by any means so low as that of the Melanesians. They constructed good houses, made large canoes, manufactured beautiful mats, and prepared useful cloth, or rather a species of strong paper, which served the purposes of cloth; but they had no iron tools when they were first visited by Europeans, they had no printing, no writing, no literature of any kind. To them history, science, philosophy, and theology were all sealed books. Their moral character was still worse, vastly lower. They were idolaters, they were treacherous, cruel, revengeful, licentious and given up to all that was abominable. If we collect all the sins and crimes, even the most unnatural, recorded by the Apostle Paul in the first chapter of the Romans,

and in his other epistles, and if to all these we add the revolting practice of cannibalism, we have a true and faithful picture of heathenism in Polynesia, at least in most of the groups. In some of them they deny being cannibals; but it was, nevertheless, prevalent. The life of a shipwrecked mariner or passenger landing on their shores, was not worth two hours' purchase. Forty years ago, those who spoke in proverbs, thought that they had exhausted comparisons for all that was barbarous and cruel, when they had said, "As savage as a New Zealander;" and the same thing might have been predicated of all the Malay Polynesian race. Their number at that time might have been about half a million. Such were the people among whom missionary operations were commenced sixty years ago. In 1797, the London Missionary Society located missionaries on Tahiti, the Marquesas, and Tonga. The missionary spirit awoke among the churches with great power. In 1814, the Church Missionary Society, guided by the venerable Marsden, the English chaplain in New South Wales, established a mission in New Zealand. In 1822, the Wesleyans commenced operations both in New Zealand and in Tonga. And in 1820, the American Mission was established in the Sandwich Islands.— At first the missionary enterprise was truly up-hill work. Most formidable difficulties stood in the way. It was nearly twenty years before even a single convert was gained. But, finally, when all hope was nearly lost, man's extremity proved to be God's opportunity, and the labours of all these societies were crowned with remarkable success. The rapid progress and the extraordinary effects of the gospel in Tahiti and the other islands of the group, took the churches by surprise. It was a nation born in a day. There was a new chapter added to the external evidences of Christianity. The reflex influence of the mission was perhaps even greater and more important than the direct. For many years not a missionary sermon was preached, not a missionary speech delivered, but Tahiti and the South Islands were referred to for proofs and illustrations of the power and efficacy of Divine grace. The letters, the journals, and the reports of the missionaries were

circulated extensively, and were read with avidity. Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*; Bennet and Tyerman's *Journal*, edited by James Montgomery, the Christian poet; Stewart's *Narrative of the Sandwich Mission*; Yates' *New Zealand*, and other works of the kind, were eagerly read by the Christian public. The climax of this intense and growing interest in the South Sea Missions was reached when, in 1837, John Williams returned to England, and related, with such touching and impressive eloquence, what the Lord had accomplished by himself and his fellow-labourers, in opening up the Austral Islands, the Hervey Islands, and the Samoan group for the reception of the gospel. Nothing had occurred like this since the Reformation. In little more than twenty years, from the time when the voice of prayer was first heard among the Tahitians, nearly the whole of the Malay-Polynesian race, numbering 400,000 or 500,000—with the exception of a few thousands in the Marquesas, and scattered over eight groups of islands—had abandoned heathenism, and placed themselves under Christian instruction; had given up all their cruelties and all their abominations—war, cannibalism, and licentious night-dances. The arts of peace and the worship of God had come in their stead; life and property had become in a great measure secure; and Williams's *Missionary Enterprises* read almost like an appendix to the Acts of the Apostles.

Mr. Williams was a man singularly qualified both by nature, grace, and education for the work to which, in God's providence, he was called. Physically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, he was a model missionary, especially for the South Seas. He loved the sea; and never more so than in a storm. He was never sea-sick, did not know, except by report, the meaning of the word. Like Dr. Johnson, he seemed to breathe freer when there was nothing around him but the wide ocean. He was quite a contrast to one of his amiable and excellent colleagues, who suffered so much from sea-sickness, that during their voyages he usually lay the whole time on deck, with his head to the one mast of their little schooner, and his feet to the other, while the text of Scripture that was oftenest on his lips, and seemed to afford him most consolation was, Rev. xxi. 1,

"And there was no more sea." One of the chief attractions of heaven during these times seemed to be, that there would be no sea there. It was not so with Williams; heaven would scarcely have been perfect in his estimation without the ocean. Certainly the earth would not. He could have sailed forever. Hence his fearless enterprise. He possessed also great mechanical powers, hence his fertility of invention, and his endless resources, and the impulse which he thus gave to civilisation and the arts. He had a remarkable facility in the acquisition of language. The ease and accuracy with which he spoke the different dialects gave him a mighty power over the native mind. When the Jews heard that Paul spoke in the Hebrew tongue to them, they kept the more silence. This was human nature; and it continues so still.—A missionary has little or no power over natives till he can speak to them in their own tongue; and the more command he has of their language, the more will his power over them be felt. Williams had, moreover, a warm, loving heart; an innate benevolence of character, which attracted the natives to him. He was also a man who entertained large, comprehensive views of missionary work. He could not be shut up within a single reef, while islands and groups of islands lay in heathen darkness around him; and he had strong faith in the Word and Spirit and Providence of God; he looked upon the Tahitian Mission as simply an instalment of something vastly greater. Besides, he was surrounded by a body of men of kindred spirit. He was a type or specimen—no doubt a strongly-marked type—a choice specimen,—but still simply a type or specimen of a numerous class among the missionaries.—Out of the fifty or sixty men sent out in the "Duff," a number effected nothing; but there were among them several who proved themselves to be men eminently adapted for those peculiarly difficult labours. And in 1817, when Mr. Williams went out to the mission, he was accompanied by a number of able coadjutors. Among the former the names of Nott, Henry, Davies, Wilson, and others, were long and often before the public; and among the latter, Ellis, Barff, and Platt, still survive, connecting links between the past and present generations. Mr. Nott, who was one of

the principal translators of the Tahitian version of the Bible, had a most intimate acquaintance with all the niceties of the language. He lived generally with King Pomare (Po-maw-ry), who spoke the language not only with correctness, but with elegance. The language of the Court, the most correct and elegant that was spoken on the island, was that into which the Scriptures were translated in Tahiti. The first portion of the Scriptures that was published in Polynesia was printed by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, author of *Polynesian Researches, Three Visits to Madagascar, etc.*, at Eimeo, an island adjoining Tahiti, in the year 1818. The Rev. Mr. Davies, another eminent linguist, compiled a Dictionary and Grammar of the Tahitian language.

These remarkable results were all effected by means which the world would call foolishness, and failures were experienced only so far as the Societies and the missionaries followed the approved wisdom of the world. It was, and to some extent still is, a maxim with the wise men of the earth, that you must civilize savages before you can Christianize them. The London Missionary Society, but especially the Church Missionary Society, adopted this principle in part; and, so far as it was adopted, it proved a failure. The first agents employed in the New Zealand Mission were chiefly artisans, intended to teach the useful arts along with Christianity; but they effected nothing.—The society afterwards sent out missionaries to instruct the natives in Christianity only, and their labours were crowned with marked success. If you wish to civilise a South Sea savage, you must Christianize him. You must begin within; you must bring the truths of God's Word to bear upon his understanding, his heart, and his conscience; and his civilisation will speedily follow, and that without any special effort.

As an inference from the above principle, it was thought that half or partially educated mechanics would make better missionaries than fully educated ministers. This notion is now all but exploded.—Knowledge and skill in a few of the mechanical arts are very useful, but these must be in addition to a thorough education, not as a substitute for it. Usher's opinion regarding a learned ministry holds as true in those islands as anywhere: "It will require all our learning to make

things plain." To reduce barbarous languages to a written form, to translate the Scriptures into language destitute of all literature, and to instruct the natives in all branches of knowledge, is not a task for illiterate, or only half-educated men, to undertake.

This work, however, was of God, and it was carried on by God-fearing men. The directors of the various Societies were men of strong faith, great enterprise, and largely endowed with good common sense.—Among the agents they sent forth were many men of great self-denial, great honesty and earnestness of purpose; and if they did not possess high literary attainments, they had clear heads, and great aptness both for acquiring and communicating knowledge. The missionaries gave great prominence to the Scriptures. They sought to make their converts Bible Christians; they translated the Scriptures; they printed them; they expounded them, and tried to make the natives understand them.—To accomplish this they gave great prominence to education; they covered the islands with schools, and endeavoured to teach the whole population everywhere to read. To accomplish this, and to extend the work generally, they employed a great amount of native agency. They did this for two purposes: to complete and consolidate the work on those islands where missionaries were residing, and to act as pioneers in opening up the way on other islands, or other groups of islands, for the locating of new missionaries.

The value of the pioneers was very distinctly seen in the commencement of the Sandwich Islands' mission. A band of American missionaries had arrived in those islands, but the natives were jealous of them from their being foreigners, and would not listen to their instructions. At this very time, however, Mr. Ellis was on his way to locate Tahitian teachers on the Marquesas; but the winds were so adverse that he was obliged, greatly against his will, to sail to the Sandwich Islands. On his arrival there he found the American brethren labouring under great discouragement.—The Tahitian language is considerably different from the Hawaiian, but they have so much in common that Mr. Ellis and the Tahitians could soon make themselves tolerably understood. They immediately

began and explained to the king and the chiefs what the missionaries had done in Tahiti, and what blessings Christianity had brought to the islands, and what peace and happiness the people now enjoyed. The Hawaiians knew something of Tahiti; and when they saw that men of their own colour, men speaking their own tongue, men every way like themselves had embraced Christianity, they were deeply impressed; the effect was so powerful that the king and chiefs immediately professed Christianity. By a remarkable providence a year or two before that time the king, Rihorihio, a young strong-minded, self-willed, pleasure-loving man—a kind of Henry VIII.—broke through the native *tapus*, and abolished the national idolatry. When the missionaries came they found idolatry abolished, and the people without a religion. It was an undisputed maxim among them, that the people must follow the religion of their chiefs. And when the Tahitians explained to them in their own tongue the marvellous changes to the better in Tahiti, and expounded to them the leading principles of Christianity, a people numbering 150,000, began and placed themselves under Christian instruction, and continued to do so as fast as instructors could be obtained. On the Austral Islands, the Hervey Islands, and the Samoan group, native pioneers opened up the way for missionaries, and greatly facilitated the progress of the gospel.

Both directors and missionaries gave great prominence to prayer. They felt that without Divine power specially put forth, Satan's kingdom, so firmly established, could not be overthrown. Their prayers offered up in faith were heard and answered, God suited the communications of his grace to the peculiar circumstances of his servants. Sometimes he aided them by the special operations of his providence, at other times by the special manifestations of His Spirit. In the Sandwich Islands, some natives possessed of singular oratorical powers were raised up to address their fellow-countrymen on the concerns of their souls; and several remarkable revivals took place in the first stages of the mission.

Rather more than twenty years ago, while M'Cheyne's preaching was producing such effects in Dundee, and when, by the ministrations of Burns and others in

Kilsyth, the callous-hearted colliers, and others equally indifferent to religion, were weeping for their sins, or singing for joy under a sense of pardoning mercy, similar scenes were being witnessed in Tutuila, one of the Samoan Islands, under the preaching of Mr. Murray and his fellow-missionary Mr. Slatyer. Men of giant frames, stern warriors, whose shadow was death in the battle-field, men who were a terror in the land of the living, these men trembled under strong convictions of sin, were often struck down, and became feeble as little children. Hundreds of the natives gave evidence of a change of heart by a change of life, and continued steadfast in their profession of the gospel to their dying day. An admirable and interesting account of this revival, entitled, "Missionary Life in Samoa," was written by Mrs. Dr. Duncan, compiled from the letters and journals of her son, who was residing on the island, an invalid, while the work was going on, and who recorded from time to time what was passing under his own eye. It was a labour of love to the gifted and now venerable authoress, and the book may still be read with interest and profit, especially in these days of revivals. On other islands a quieter but a no less permanent work was going on at the same time.

Twenty years ago, as we have already seen, nearly the whole of Polynesia had become nominally Christian. Seven out of the eight groups of islands had renounced heathenism, and placed themselves under the instructions of Christian missionaries. The darkness of ages, the long dark night of ignorance, idolatry, cruelty, and abominable wickedness, had passed away, and the glorious Sun of Righteousness had arisen upon the islands with healing in His wings. There was light and joy, gladness and good days among the many isles of the sea.—Micronesia and Melanesia were still shrouded in darkness, but the first faint streaks of opening day were becoming visible among the western isles. Science again appeared in those seas. The American government fitted out an expedition under Captain Wilkes, who surveyed the Feejee and Samoan groups, and collected and published a mass of interesting information respecting those islands. About the same time the Wesleyans commenced missionary operations among the Papuan races. Cross

Hunt, Calvert, Lyth, and Williams, began their earnest evangelistic efforts among the 200,000 cannibals of Feejee. John Williams had returned from England in the "Camden," with the view of opening up the New Hebrides, the Loyalty Islands, and New Caledonia. He was on his first voyage, had opened friendly intercourse with the natives of Tanna, when, in November 1839, he fell at Dillon's Bay, Erromango, a victim to the blind revenge of the poor natives, on whom some fearful outrages had been committed a short time before, by the captain and crew of a trading vessel, and who were waiting to revenge these on the first vessel or the first white men that might come within their reach. Williams and Harris became their unsuspecting victims.

These outrages were connected with the discovery of san-lal-wood among the islands. It brought high prices in China, and hence a trade sprung up which was carried on for the most part "in a way very discreditable to the white men employed in it, who have often shown themselves in no way behind the blacks in cruelty and treachery, and indeed with the sole exception of cannibalism, in the practice of all the vices we generally ascribe to savages." Injuries were committed upon the natives, to revenge which boats' crews were massacred. Women were bought or kidnaped, natives taken away under false pretences, and a state of things arose so disgraceful to British commerce, that the Government in Sydney passed a stringent enactment to prevent the buying or taking away of native women, and men-of-war made regular visits to inquire into these outrages, and call the aggressors to account.

But at this time dark clouds began to lower over Polynesia, and the mutterings of a thunder-storm were heard, which eventually broke on Tahiti with fearful violence. Rome awoke, gazed with envy on those lovely isles, and called on France to come to her aid. A decretal of the Propaganda, confirmed by Leo XII., 1833, confided to the Society *Maison de Picpus*, the task of converting ALL the islands of the Pacific from the North to the South Pole. Instead, however, of going to the heathen, of whom, both then and still, there are multitudes in the Pacific, the Popish priests have followed almost exclu-

sively in the wake of Protestant missionaries.

It is said that the priesthood represented to Louis Philippe's Queen, who was sister to that most devout son of the Church, Bomba King of Naples, that it would be a most meritorious work for her to establish a Catholic chapel alongside of every Protestant church in the Pacific, and hinted that the naval power of France could render essential service in this pious and glorious undertaking. The priest-ridden Queen, dazzled with the bright prospect of being canonized as a second Helena, pleaded earnestly with her husband to assist her in this devout and glorious enterprise. The idea chimed admirably in with the policy of Louis, one of whose ruling maxims was to fawn upon Rome and over-reach England; although, when the hour of trial came, the first man that recognised the new government was the Archbishop of Paris, and his only true friend, on whose protection he could rely, was the Queen of perfidious Albion! The doings of the French in Tahiti are matters of history and hence we need not repeat them. When poor Queen Pomare was deprived of her kingdom, the Rev. Mr. Threlkeld, formerly the colleague of John Williams, wrote a letter to Louis Philippe, solemnly warning him, that if he persisted in depriving a poor defenceless Queen of her crown and kingdom, he would do well to look carefully after his own; for there is a God in Heaven who protects the innocent and takes vengeance on the guilty, and disposes of thrones and crowns without consulting the dynasties of Europe. The King of the French refused to be admonished. Good old Alexander Peden, looking at the analogy of Scripture, and the principles of the Divine government revealed in God's Word, applied the threatening of the prophet respecting Coniah to the last of the Stuarts, and said, "Write ye this man childless, a man that shall not prosper in his days, no man of his seed shall prosper sitting upon the throne of David." By that and many similar declarations after the Revolution men called Peden a prophet. And why should not the same honour be awarded to the courageous king warning Threlkeld?

Such was the transition state of the South Sea Islands twenty years ago.



### "HERE LIES AN HONEST MAN!"

Avoid—and young men especially—avoid all base, servile, underhand, sneaking ways. Part with anything sooner than your integrity and "conscious rectitude;" flee from injustice as you would from a viper's fangs; avoid a lie as you would the gates of hell. Some there are who are callous as to this. Some there are who, in stooping to mercantile dishonor and baseness, in driving the immoral bargain, think they have done a clever action.—Things are often called by their wrong names—duplicity is called shrewdness, and wrong-heartedness is called long-headedness, evil is called good, and good evil, and darkness is put for light, and light for darkness. Well! be it so. You may be prosperous in your own eyes; you may have realized an envied fortune; you may have your carriage, and plate, and servants, and pageantry; but rather the shielding and the crust of bread with a good conscience, than the stately dwelling or palace without it. Rather than the marble mausoleum, which gilds and smothers tales of heartless villainy and fraud—rather, far rather, that lowly heap of grass we were wont often to gaze upon in an old village churchyard, with the simple stone that bore record of a cottar's virtues, "*Here lies an honest man!*"

There is nothing more sad than to be carried like a vessel away from the straight course of principle; to be left a stranded outcast thing on the sands of dishonour. There is nothing more pitiable than to behold a man bolstering himself up in a position he is not entitled to. "That is a man of *capital*," say the world, pointing to an unscrupulous and successful swindler. *Capital!* What is capital? Is it what a man *has*? Is it counted by pounds and pence, stocks and shares, by houses and lands? No! capital is not what a man *has*, but what a man *is*. Character is capital; honour is capital; the world's wretched version sometimes is, "*the man makes his worth*,"—"makes" it,—they care not how—over-riding others, cheating others, clever, and successful roguery.—But the old proverb of the good old times condemns the counterfeit, tosses the base coin aside, and proclaims, "*worth makes the man.*" Angels, as they look down at

times on our streets, say, as they point to some one walking there, "That man is *ruined!*" Ruined! what has ruined him? Do they see him in tattered attire, with shabby dress, the ticket on his house, or the shutter on his place of business? Was he once a prosperous man—a credited millionaire! but the sand-built castles have become the sport of the tide, his wife and family beggared! No; he has all that;—town and country house, equipages standing at his door, lights of luxury gleaming in his windows. *Ruined!* then how is this? Ah, his *character* is gone, his integrity is sold; he has bartered honour for a miserable mess of earthly pottage. He is put on the bankrupt-list by all the truly great in the ranks of lofty being. God save us from ruin like this! Perish what may;—perish gold, silver, houses, lands; let the winds of misfortune dash our vessel on the sunken rock, but let *integrity* be like the valued keepsake the sailor-boy lashed with the rope round his body, the only thing we care to save. Let me die; but let angels read, if friends cannot afford to erect the gravestone, "*Here lies an honest man!*"—*Macduff.*

### PITY FOR THE UNFORTUNATE.

This pity for the unfortunate is one of the finest traits in our human nature.—Would that it were a universal one! But the world is not always so lavish of its pity. It finds it easier and more profitable to fawn on the prosperous,—to flatter the great,—to give to those from whom it may hope again to receive. How many, (so long as you are in affluent circumstances,) will be seen in your company; visitors at your house, guests at your table. But if the gifts of capricious fortune take wings and flee away—if (with no stain on your honour, or blot on your character,) the bleak winds of misfortune have scattered your hopes in the bud, and made havoc and ruin of your capital;—then such friends as these can afford to forget you; no time, as formerly, for a talk on the street, or a friendly call in passing;—a forced, galvanic smile takes the place of the old familiar one. These are summer friends; out, like the butterfly, on the day of sunshine; away, we know not where, when the sky is cloudy and lowering. Ah!

there is nothing—(I speak in the case of reverses for which you are not morally responsible)—there is nothing so mean and dastardly as this. Unkindness and resentment, under any circumstances, are indefensible; but to trample on a *fallen* foe—to crush the powerless—to visit them with coldness and unkindness at the very moment when they most need their aching wounds bound up—this is cruel indeed!—*Macduff*.

### HOW LONG HAVE I TO LIVE.

Life is now before most of us, with its bright plans and phantom-visions;—its rainbow-hues and air-castles. Many have no eyes to see the end of that glowing perspective—the close of the avenue, which at present is over-arched with the green boughs of hope. But as we go on, the distance sensibly diminishes; our consciousness becomes more and more vivid that the end is near; and we feel that we are passing, like the millions that have preceded us, to the “long home.”

“*How long*,” said Barzillai, “*have I to live?*” “*How long have I to live?*”—what a solemn question for us all, amid the daily-occurring proofs of our frailty and mortality. Oh, what a motto to bear about with us continually amid the tear and wear of life!

*Young man!* with the flash of young hope in thine eye; existence extending in interminable vista before thee;—pause ever and anon on the enchanted highway, and put the solemn question, “*How long have I to live?*”

*Man of business!* in availing yourself of new openings in trade, accepting new responsibilities and anxieties, involving yourself in new entanglements, have you stopped at the threshold and probed yourself with the question, “*How long have I to live?*”

*Child of pleasure!* plunging into the midst of dissipating excitement,—the whirl of intoxicating gaiety:—have you ever, in returning, jaded, and weary, and worn, from the heated ball-room, flung yourself prayerless on your pillow, and sunk into a feverish dream, with the question haunting you, “*How long have I to live?*”

*Fruitless professor!* who, with the form

of godliness, art yet destitute of every practical active Christian virtue; who hast never known what it is to relieve the needy, or succour the poor, or whisper the word of unselfish kindness, or help the languishing mission-cause. Thou who hast lived a useless life;—who in the retrospect can point to no one good, or generous, or self-sacrificing deed. Amid abounding opportunities, perhaps with full coffers at thy side, and the bar of God before thine eyes, hast thou ever seriously pondered the question—how soon the opportunity may be past and gone!—“*How long have I to live?*”—*Macduff*.

### A CHILD'S ANSWER.

Once in a Sabbath school, a very little girl repeated the twenty-third Psalm very well, and so pleased a visitor who was present and heard her, that he took a shilling from his pocket and said, “This is for your little lesson, my child.”

The child's eye flashed with delight on what she never, perhaps, had had in her possession before, and she clasped her hands tightly over her prize.

“Now,” said her father, “I see a great many shops open in this quarter, though it is God's day. You must, on no account, spend that coin in any of them to-day, but keep it till to-morrow. You understand, I won't be with you to see you; but there is One who will see you, and find out at once if you break the Sabbath day.”

The child was silent, but kept looking up in the speaker's face with a dark, thoughtful eye.

“Who will see you?” he asked, after a pause.

“*Myself will see me*,” said the child in an instant, and with a gesture of pride.—She did not know how noble her answer was; but she gave it clearly and promptly. She would disdain to lie or deceive, even when alone. She could never disgrace herself, though it was only in her own eyes. That was the simple answer, full of truth and honour.

Of course, the visitor expected her to reply, “God will see me.” Perhaps, after all, it came to this, that God was so at home in the poor little heart, that she knew no difference between his eye and her own.

Can each child who reads this say so?—  
Is God at home in your heart, and making  
it so pure and holy, that you think it the  
most solemn thing to say, when you are  
tempted to sin, as that ragged child said,  
“*Myself will see me!*”

“FOR OUR SAKES HE BECAME  
POOR.”

Behold Christ on earth—in his humiliation.

Follow him from heaven on his mission of mercy. What a descent! Who has looked into a gulf so dark, profound?—Philosophers expatiate with wonder on the distance of the fixed stars; and we attempt in vain to fancy the space that stretches between our world and orbs so remote that, notwithstanding its speed, light takes six thousand years to perform its journey between some of them and us; and thus, marvellous to tell or think of, the rays of the star which we saw last night left it at the period when man was made, or our world was shaken by the fall. Still, that distance, though not to be conceived, may be measured. You can express it by numbers; but how immeasurable, as well as inconceivable, the distance between the throne of the Eternal, and the stable of Bethlehem—the bosom of God, and the breast of Mary!

People are fond of tracing rivers to their sources; and Bruce, the traveller, pronounced it the proudest moment of his life, when he stood, as he fancied, at the lofty mountains of the Nile. But when we trace the waters of life to their earthly source, how lowly the spring where they well up into light! Would you see it? Bow thy head; enter this stable; and in this stall, whence beasts have been turned out to accommodate a woman in her hour of sorrow, look into the manger; gently raise this rough swaddling cloth; and there, in a feeble creature that, disturbed, raises perhaps an infant's cry, behold the Lamb of God—the Love of God—the Saviour of the world!

Look again! When times were hard, and work was scarce, and men had to leave their homes to seek about for bread, did you ever meet a houseless family; and see the mother, as they trudged along the wild moor, trying with scanty coverings to protect her infant from the pelting rain and

storm? In some such plight behold the Lamb of God! The holy family are flying to Egypt. Mary has seized her child; and, pressing it to her bosom, has rushed into the tempest and the dark night, and on untravelled paths, to save its infant life from the massacre of Bethlehem—the bloody sword of Herod!

Look again! On one stormy night, when the wind howled in the chimney, and the rain beat on the window, and the wild beast was driven back to his lair, and mothers that had boys at sea, trembling for their fate, took themselves to prayer, did you ever, hastily summoned to the bed of the dying, pass some outcast crouching in the shelter of a doorway, or lying with weary head pillowed on a cold stone step? Whatever you may have felt, Jesus had a fellow-feeling for that houseless man. Lord of glory! he had been such an outcast—an outcast from human sympathies—every door he sought shut in his face. Did man ever utter a more touching plaint than this: “The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head?” Behold the Lamb of God—stretched on the cold ground—no roof to shelter him—his locks wet with the dews of the night. He is an outcast from man, that man, that you, might cease to be an outcast from God!

These sorrows were but the muttering thunder, the first big drops that precede the bursting of the storm. It came roaring on; and would you see the Lamb of God in the great sacrifice, look here! Pass into this garden: draw near with reverent step; he prays in an agony; he is sweating great drops of blood,—prostrate on the ground, “see thy lover lowly laid, and hear the groans that rend his breast.” Follow the prisoner to the judgment-hall: blood streaks his face, trickling from a crown of thorns—the wreath sin wove for his royal brow—“the crown with which his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals.” Go out with him to the street: he faints; louder the wail of women, deeper now the curses of raging men; disfigured with blood and dust, his blessed head lies on the hard stones—but not so hard as pitiless hearts. With the procession, pass on to Calvary, they cast him roughly on the ground: they nail him to the tree; and now it rises slowly over the surging crowd that rend

the astonished air with shouts and yells of triumph. See the blood of redemption streaming; see the cloud of desertion deepening; see the tide of life departing as the glaze gathers on his eyes, and the sword in a Father's hand is passed deeper and deeper into his heart! Hark to the awful cry that rises, loud and clear, in the stillness of the darkness, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!" "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

And when Death has done his work, and kind hands have taken down the body, and borne it slowly to the tomb—look there! You have looked on the face of the dead, but never on one that loved you half so well. You have kissed brows as icy cold, but death never stilled a heart so warm and true. No lips ever prayed for you like these; no hand ever wrought for you like that; nor eyes ever wept for you like those that are there closed in death.—Behold the Lamb of God, slain for your sins! Mary bends over the dear body, kisses the cold feet, and washes the bloody wounds with a flood of tears. Well she may! He had been a kind Lord to her; but not kinder than he will prove to any, to all who kneel with that blessed woman at his feet—weeping, longing, loving suppliants for saving mercy. Behold, and believe!—Hein is love indeed; not that we loved him, but that he loved us, and gave himself for us; suffering for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie in Family Treasury.*

#### A TIME TO DANCE.

"Indeed, I don't see why you should be so opposed to dancing. The most religious people attend our balls, and even the Bible says there is a 'time to dance.'"

From the tone in which Isabel finished her sentence, it was plain she thought the last argument conclusive. But her friend only smiled, as she quietly said, "The Bible also says there is 'a time to kill.'"

"Well, and so there is," was the smart rejoinder. "The night our house was attacked by thieves, papa seized his pistols, and if the fellows had not run, he would have shot them."

"Yet I don't think your papa would take life except under necessity. He would not go out, and in cool blood shoot or stab one

of his neighbours, excusing himself under the plea that the Bible affirms there is a time to kill."

"Of course not!"

"No; neither do I strip my shoulders and bosom, and with a man's arm around my waist, frisk around a ball-room through the dead hours of the night, when all nature is asleep, because the good book says there is 'a time to dance.'"

"But we have accounts of dancing in different places through the Bible."

"Yes; will you please relate some of them and their attending circumstances?"

"I really do not remember the particulars."

"I feared so; for they who study God's Word until mind and memory become imbued with its holy teachings, never draw incorrect inferences from it; and by the same rule, a healthy Christian is never an advocate for dancing."

"Oh, Miss Dumbart!"

"I don't speak censoriously, dear; I speak in all charity when I say so. They who drink of the river of life, who walk in the light of God's countenance, do not seek enjoyment in the midnight dance. But to return to the Bible. The Orientals were a demonstrative people, and habitually made an outward display of their feelings. They rent their clothes, and tore their hair, and cut their flesh in sorrow; and they clapped their hands, shouted aloud, and danced when rejoicing. So in every place where dancing is mentioned in Scripture, it is recorded as an expression of joy. Miriam, followed by the women of Israel, went out 'singing, with timbrels and with dances,' when Pharaoh and his host were overthrown in the Red Sea. Jephthah's daughter went out to meet her father 'with timbrels and with dances,' when he came home after the conquest of the Ammonites; and when David returned from the slaughter of the Philistines, the women of Israel went out to meet him and King Saul, 'with singing and dancing, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music.' The men also manifested their joy in this way. They danced around the golden calf in the wilderness, and King David 'danced before the Lord with all his might,' when bringing up the ark to Zion.

Such were the occasions, and such the manner of dancing during the Old Testament

ment ages. In and after our Saviour's time, it was not practised at all; and the only dance mentioned in the New Testament history is the one which cost the saintly head of John the Baptist."

There was a long pause. Isabel had received light, and her clear mind opened to its beams.

Miss Dunbar was a pious lady, but her religion never obtruded its sentiments upon others, and it was only on her being urgently entreated by her young friend to accompany her to a ball that she was led into the above exposition.

Isabel Temple, placed by circumstances in a fashionable circle, shared its pleasures, honestly believing them to be harmless.—Those arguing in their favour, maintained their innocence on the ground that they were not infractions of the moral law—on the contrary, they were sanctioned by Scripture. Her religious advantages were but few, her acquaintance with the Bible superficial; and she now, for the first time, had the privilege of conversing with one who had read the Sacred Book with a studious mind and a prayerful heart.

Isabel had a taste for knowledge, and prided herself somewhat upon her attainments; but here was a branch of learning upon which she had never entered, and of the vast literary store which the Bible contained, she was entirely ignorant. Yet she dared to quote from the grand old Book, to call it to her aid in corroboration of her crude arguments. Oh, how simple she felt at that moment. Isabel Temple, the brilliant, suddenly discovered she knew nothing.

That day she commenced the study of the Scriptures, with the earnest desire to know for herself the Divine mind upon every point connected with her immortal interests. And, Oh! what a mine she opened! what treasures she found! what beauty, what wealth, what sweetness, what sublimity surrounded the simple truth!—How the fair student's mind enlarged, her judgment strengthened, her tastes and views became rarified and exalted, her character elevated! In the school of wisdom she sounded the depths of theological lore; without any other teacher than the inspired Word, she discovered the gracious plan of redemption, bowed her soul to its renovating influence, and rapidly "grew in grace,

and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Just three months from the day when the conversation with which we opened took place, Miss Dunbar received an invitation to be present at the public baptism of Isabel; and when they met, the latter clasped the neck of her friend with a loving kiss, joyfully exclaiming:—

"Oh! I am glad I ever knew you. My heart is bounding with happiness. Oh! I now know the meaning of the sentence, 'A time to dance.'"—*Chr. Intelligencer.*

### ▲ CRUSHING RETORT.

Some white men from a Christian land engaged natives in New Zealand to go with them on a journey, to carry their luggage. The Sabbath overtook them on the road. The men wished to go on, but the natives, who had been under the pious instruction of missionaries, said:—"No, no, it is the Sabbath; we must rest." The travellers, however, went on, and left their attendants behind, who in good time arrived safely with the goods; but the men refused to pay them, because they would not travel on the Sabbath.

"What are we to do with the law of God?" asked the natives.

"What have we to do with the law of God? What is that to us?" cried the men angrily.

"You have much to do with that law," answered one of the natives firmly. "Were it not for the law of God, we should have robbed you, taken all you had, and set you adrift; perhaps we might have murdered you. You have that much to do with the law of God."

### EXPEDIENCY.

Expediency! expediency! with how many is that the regulating, governing principle of their lives!—not what is *right*—but what is *prudent*. Such are they who sail with wind and tide—in politics, in religion, in commerce, in daily society and friendship. They will take the winning side. They are what the world call *far-seeing men*. They look before them. They make a careful calculation of consequences; and are not very scrupulous as to principle.—*Macduff.*

## THE GOOD NEWS.

January 1st, 1862.

## C R Y.

## WHAT SHALL I CRY?

"All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever."—Isa. XL. 6-8.

Among the events of public importance in the past year, that require our notice, and the most recent, is the death of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the consort of our beloved Queen. This event, which happened on Saturday the 14th of last month, was so unexpected, that the intelligence not only struck every one with surprise, but drew forth the most genuine expressions of sympathy for our Queen and her fatherless children. The people mourned with no common sorrow, and when they reflected that he was cut down in his prime, in the midst of all the comforts, enjoyments, and honours of life, and surrounded by all the means and appliances of medical skill for preserving life, they could not help exclaiming, truly "all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field."

"All flesh is grass." There is no exception. The prince as well as the peasant. The inhabitant of the palace as well as the lonely cot. The rich as well as the poor. The learned as well as the ignorant. The man surrounded by all that skill, kindness, and attention can contribute, as well as the man unnoticed and unknown, must all pay the debt of their fallen nature. Each must fade and go the way of "all flesh."

All flesh is grass. It is grass in its duration. How short is the existence of grass. In early summer it appears looking fresh and green, but ere long the burning sun will scorch whatever is not cut down

and long ere the dawn of another year the spires of grass which wave so gracefully in its season, will be numbered among the things that were.

The short period of spring, summer, and autumn comprehends its growth, its era of existence, and its decay. And just as it is with a crop of grass, so is it with generations of men. They sprang up in their season, fulfilled the end for which they were made, and when their work was done, they withered away, and the place that knew them then, knows them now no more for ever. Though some of them should live their threescore years and ten, that period is short compared with the years that are past, and the ages that are to roll on when even time itself shall be no more; for—

"Like to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flight of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drop of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chops the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood;—  
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light  
Is straight called in and paid to-night;  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies,  
The dew dries up. The star is shot,  
The flight is past, and man forgot."

The existence of grass is not only short; it is also uncertain. The blades which at one moment are waving luxuriously in the gentle breeze, may in a little be destroyed by some animal that may chauce to be browsing there, or be cut down by the ample swoop of the farmer's scythe. As it is with the grass, so is it with man. His life is uncertain. In the morning he may be in the vigour of health, regaling himself with the luxuries and enjoyments of life, planning and purposing many things that he means to do in the future. But ere night, by some of the thousand accidents that occur, the scythe of death may lay him low, and number him among the ones that were. In the midst of life we are in death. In the period of childhood, youth, or of riper age. While the flesh

health mantles on the cheek, or the sapping of sickness courses in the vein. While alone, far from the face of man, or in the midst of the bustle and the throng—

"Man's uncertain life  
Is like a rain-drop hanging on the bough,  
Amongst ten thousand of its sparkling kind,  
The remnants of some passing thunder  
shower,  
Which have their moment's dropping one  
by one;  
And which shall soonest lose its perilous hold  
We cannot guess."

The "goodliness" of the flesh, which is represented by the flower of the grass, includes whatever any of the human race rejoices or glories in. Whether it be wisdom or learning, accomplishments or wealth, possessions, magnificence or splendid deeds. In these and such like, natural men centre their soul. They exert their utmost energies that they may be highly-esteemed among their fellow-men, that they may have their name highly inscribed on the pillar of fame, and be regarded as the great, and the noble, and the distinguished of the earth. But what are all the possessions, distinctions, or attainments of a fallen man, but as the "grass and the flower of the field. When the Lord blows upon them, they soon wither and fade. When disease lays its scorching hand upon its victim, and lays him on his velvet bed, these things appear but as tinsel and as toys that are not worth the having. When iron death tears a man from the world, and makes him open his eyes in hell, being in torment, how must his heart ache at the thought of those empty bubbles after which he followed; at the thought of that fading wreath of flowers after which he panted, but these vanished away, and he himself is lost and undone.

There was once a widow who had two little sons. She and they lived lonely and retired on the sea-shore, but she carefully taught them the vanities and shortness of life, and pointed them to a life that was to come. In order that she might accom-

pany her instructions with example, she often led them on the sandy beach, just as the setting sun was topping the smooth blue waters with his yellow tints. She spoke to them of their father that was gone, and of the road that each must go. As she spoke, she stooped, and with her finger would often write his name upon the sand, and as the next wave obliterated every trace of the writing, would tell them that the hopes and joys of the world are equally transient, and its glory speedily passeth away. This was a noble way for a mother to teach her boys such an important truth. Reader, let it not be lost upon you, for hundreds and thousands of your fellow men have lived all their lives with no greater ambition than having their name inscribed upon the sands of time, as being famous for riches, or learning, or something else, and sometimes before they died, the wave of succeeding time washed away the record, so that they now

"With the dead forgotten lie,  
Their memory and their name is gone,  
Themselves unknowing and unknown."

The blade of grass is an emblem of frailty and shortness of existence, that renders it an apt and truthful emblem of the frailty and the short existence of man, but where shall we find an emblem that endureth for ever. Look at the oak, the noble oak, that has been known as the wooden walls of England, and the bulwark of her liberties. Count its years by hundreds, and its strength by the storms that battle around it, but yet it does not endure for ever. Look at the cedars of Lebanon, that have withstood blasts that have blown upon them since the time when Old Testament prophets lived, but yet they shall not endure for ever; for even from time to time they are dropping away. Look at the pyramids of Egypt, those huge monuments of masonry, the most enduring of the works of man, which have seen the changes that have come upon the world since the

time when the children of Israel dwelt in Egypt, that at a distance seem as stately and enduring as they were three thousand years ago, yet they will not endure for ever, for even already they are beginning to crumble and decay. Look at the discoveries that geologists have made, that lead us to the conclusion that the earth on which we stand was in existence many ages before man was brought into being, yet this earth shall not endure for ever, for Scripture tells us that it shall be burned up. But far beyond any created thing, far back into the past, finite minds cannot conceive a time when God was not. Or looking into the future, can they conceive a time when He shall not exist. For from everlasting to everlasting He is God, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. With Him there is no past, nor any future, but He inhabits an eternal now, and His word endureth for ever.

The Word of God, who is the Rock of ages, endureth for ever. Other rocks are affected by wind and weather. However vast and solid, they gradually crumble and decay, and within the compass of an age, our name and record of our deeds, though written with a pen of iron, are gradually wiped away. Not so with the Rock of ages. Surrounding influences cannot wear it out. And if our name be inscribed on it our name shall endure for ever. If our feet be planted on it, we shall never be disturbed for its foundation standeth sure.

We rejoice to believe that while thousands are writing their names on the sands of time; others are having theirs written on the Rock of ages. We trust that his Royal Highness was among the latter, and that in consequence, his memory will not be washed out by the waters of oblivion; but that in Christ his name shall endure forever. Be that as it may, however, his exalted position as the Consort of Britain's Queen together with the honour and admiration

which he received, makes his sudden and unexpected removal a striking illustration of the text "All flesh is grass and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field."

"His was the pomp, the crowded hall,  
But where is now the proud display?  
His riches, honours, pleasures, all  
Desires could frame; but where are they?  
And he, as some tall rock that stands,  
Protected by the circling sea,  
Surrounded by admiring bands—  
Seem'd proudly strong; and where is he?"

"The life has gone the breath has fled,  
And what has been, no more shall be;  
The well-known form, the welcome tread,  
Oh! where are they? and where is he?"

#### THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN

"This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
There's nothing true but heaven.

"And false the light on glory's plume  
As fading hues of even;  
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,  
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—  
There's nothing bright but heaven.

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driven;  
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,  
Serve but to light the troubled way—  
There's nothing calm but heaven."

—MOORE

TRUE HAPPINESS.—O Lord! the world is indeed at enmity with Thee. Happy indeed are those redeemed spirits of the just made perfect, who standing before Thy throne and entered into Thy rest, enjoy Thy presence in heaven, amidst the blessed community of all the myriads of heavenly hierarchies, who with one tongue, one heart and one spirit, bless, and laud, and magnify Thy holy name, and enjoy the plenitude of all Thy benedictions! but happy, too, are those, O Lord! who, plucked by Thy mercy, as brands from the burning, enjoy communion with Thee, in the only way in which it can be enjoyed in this lower world—like a flame burning amidst thorns—like a treasure unconsumed but molten in the fierce flames of a surrounding furnace.  
—St. Marthe.



## A CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

A clergyman who was chaplain of a frigate stationed in the Mediterranean relates the following anecdote, which occurred while he was on the station:—

The commodore was a frank and generous man, who treated me with marked attention, and I used to preach in all the ships but one. This was a small frigate, and its captain was an irreligious and profane man. He used to say he wanted no Methodist parson for a pilot, and he embraced every opportunity of annoying me. Being a person of violent temper, he took offence, and insulted the commodore, who meant to send him home. When I heard his intention, I waited on the commodore, and said I was come to ask a particular favour of him.

"That shall be granted. I am always happy to oblige you. What is it?"

"That you will overlook the conduct of Captain S——," said I.

"Nay, nay; you can't be serious. Is he not your greatest enemy? and I believe the only man who does not wish to see you on his ship?"

"That's the very reason why I ask the favour, commodore. I must practice what I preach."

"Well, well, 'tis an odd whim; but if, on reflection, I can grant your request, without prejudice to the service, I will do it."

The next day I renewed my petition.

"Well," said he, "if Captain S—— will make public apology, I will overlook his conduct."

I instantly got into a boat, and rowed to the frigate. The captain met me with a frown upon his countenance, but when I told him my business I saw a tear in his eye, and, taking me by the hand, he said—

"Mr. —, I really don't understand your religion, but I do understand your conduct, and I thank you."

The affair blew over, and he pressed me to preach in his ship. The first time I went there the crew were dressed in their best clothes, and the captain at my right hand. I could hardly utter a word, my mind was so much moved, and so was the whole crew. There seemed to be a more than ordinary solemnity amongst us.

That very night the ship sailed, and was never again heard of. Not a soul survived

to tell the tale. None ever knew how it happened, but we supposed, as there had been a gale of wind, she had foundered, and went down in deep water.

## A SUNDAY SCHOLAR'S FIRST STEP TO THE SCAFFOLD.

"My first step was a walk to the seashore one Sabbath day."

So wrote Stansfield Rutter as he lay in an English jail last summer under sentence of death. In his boyhood he was a Sunday school scholar; but having put away the instructions of his Sunday-school, he entered on a career of evil which ended in the murder and a felon's death. Only think of it—a Sabbath-school scholar hung!

It is not often that Sunday-school scholars become great criminals. The good influence of the Sunday-school keeps nearly all of them from falling into crime. But when one of them does so fall, it is well to ask how it happened.

Stansfield Rutter said his first step was to take a walk on the Sabbath! That is, he began his wicked career by breaking the Sabbath. As he walked along the sandy beach on that sunny Sabbath day, laughing with his gay companions in sin, do you suppose he thought he had entered the road to the gallows? Not he. He says in his letter about his life that he *felt* bad because he knew he was doing wrong. But he had no idea that he had started on a journey to the scaffold. Yet it was really so. That Sabbath walk was his first step in the road to ruin!

Boys and girls, beware of these *first steps!* If you don't begin to do wrong you are safe; but when you once form the habit of doing what makes you feel guilty or "bad," as you call it, there is no safety for you—God makes you *feel bad* when you do wrong, for the same reason that he makes fire pain you when you put your hand into it. If fire did not cause pain, you might get your hand burned off without knowing it; but the pain makes you pull it away right quickly. So doing wrong makes you *feel bad* that you may stop doing it before it ruins you. Do you understand? *Yes, Sir.* Very well. Then mind what I say. Don't begin to do wrong. Beware of the first step. It is that which ruins you.—*Sunday-school Advocate.*

## THE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.

"The excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."—Phil. iii. 8.

Although Christ Jesus has passed into the heavens, and is no longer cognizable by men's bodily senses, yet a sufficient acquaintance with His person and character is still attainable by all who really desire it. The disciples, among whom He went in and out during the days of His flesh, have left us memoirs of His life and ministry; and so vividly is He portrayed in these memoirs, that it may be a question if we are at all behind the first disciples in our means of knowing Him. During His abode upon earth, the disciples were not with Him always, or whenever they would; they were denied the privilege of contemplating His wonderful life as a whole; neither do they seem to have been fully aware of the real dignity which lay hidden under His humble outward guise. But from all such drawbacks we are free. With the Gospels in our hands, we are able to contemplate His words and works either severally or aggregately, as we choose; we go with Him wherever He goes, and dwell with Him wherever He dwells; while, moreover, there is ever around Him, as mentally beheld by us, that bright consecrating halo which is supplied by our better knowledge of His real greatness as God incarnate.

That we may be induced to covet and acquire a Knowledge, for whose excellency the greatest of the apostles counted all things but loss, let us briefly consider a few of the advantages which it yields to its possessors.

To know Christ, is to *know God*. A mere verbal description of what God is, of what His character is, of what His attributes are, is insufficient to bring us acquainted with Him, or to engage our affections in His service. To this end we require a personal manifestation of Him, such as will fill our minds with a sense of reality, and furnish our affections with a suitable object. New Christ is such a manifestation of God. He is God manifest in the flesh. While on earth, He could say to His disciples when they asked Him to show them the Father, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet have ye not known me? he that hath seen me hath seen the

Father." And still in yonder heaven where He now dwells, He is the same—the image, the impersonation of God. Hence, whenever we come to know Christ, we master the first attainment of religion; for then we know God.

To know Christ is to *attain peace with God*. To every man burdened with conscious guilt and fear, Scripture addresses this counsel, "Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace!" from which we learn that the way to obtain a sense of peace and reconciliation is just to get a true knowledge of God, in His propitiousness to sinners. But where is God's placability to be seen clearly, and without a cloud, except in the face of Christ? Study the Divine character as exhibited in creation, and never shall you get rid of your fears; for the laws of nature speak everywhere of penalty and retribution. Study the Divine attributes in the mere abstract form in which theological systems present them, and still your conscience will find no peace, your anxious heart no rest; for a mere description of Power, Wisdom, Justice, Goodness, can never fix in your mind the sweet persuasion that the Being to whom these attributes belong, regards you with the smile of fatherhood and forgiveness. But turn your eyes to our Immanuel, and another experience will dawn, like the dayspring on your heart. In Him we behold God leaving heaven, taking our nature, and not even recoiling from death on our account. Can guilty fear keep its hold in presence of such a manifestation? The single fact that God has come so near us as to assume our nature, should suffice, when clearly seen, to convince us of His readiness to restore us to His favour. But how much more than this do we behold! In Christ we behold God going in and out among guilty men—speaking compassionately to guilty men—bestowing forgiveness on guilty men—nay, submitting, for the redemption of guilty men, to the ineffable humiliation of the garden and the cross. Surely such a view of God may well embolden us to dismiss our fears, and enter into peace!

To know Christ is to be *furnished for the performance of Christian duty*. As practical Christianity consists in obedience not to a rule, but to a Master—in allegiance not to a constitution, but to a Lord—

in conformity not to a discipline, but to the character and example of a Person, it seems but reasonable to infer that our best equipment or outfit for the performance of Christian duty must be an intimate knowledge of that Master, that Lord, that Person. Nor do facts belie the inference. What makes Christians holy? Is it knowledge of mere doctrines and precepts? No: it is knowledge of Christ himself. What makes the pious child so careful to keep Christ's law? Is it the catechisms, or hymns, or prayers he has learned to repeat? No; it is the lesson which his mother gently insinuates into his heart, when she talks or reads to him of the Babe that was cradled in a manger, the Child that was found sitting among the doctors, the Divine Teacher that took little children in his arms and blessed them. What gives warmth to the piety and holy beauty to the walk of the aged disciple? Is it the amount of his theological lore? No; he may value books of doctrine and devotion, and be all the wiser and better for the doctrinal soundness of his creed; but that which really feeds the sacred flame of piety within his heart, and causes it to shed brightness and beauty on his outward life, is his intimate, personal acquaintance and communion with his Lord.

Once more. To know Christ is to be able to apprehend and antedate the blessedness of heaven. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Scripture reveals little to gratify that morbid curiosity about the future with which most of us are haunted. It does tell us what heaven is *not*, and what shall *not* be done there, and who shall *not* dwell there. But what heaven is, or where it is, or how its redeemed inhabitants shall be employed, it declines to inform us. No passages of Scripture are more entirely figurative than those in which heaven is depicted. For are there tables, think you, and reclining guests, and festive banquets in heaven? Are there in yon blessed realm gates of pearl, and harpers harping with their harps, and saints clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands? These things are but symbols which must remain dark and undecipherable till the glorious fulfilment explain them. Is then the Christian left exclusively to the darkling guidance of types and parables? Not so. Amid all the haze which rests on yon far-

off and mysterious land, there is one of which looms clear and conspicuous in the eye of his faith; one object which, as is assured, will meet his view the moment he enters heaven, to form his instant and everlasting attraction and beatitude. That object is Christ. "To be with Christ," "to see Christ as he is," "to be ever with the Lord"—such is the Christian's heaven. And what Christian can be at a loss to form some conception of such a heaven? He knows what it was to Peter and James and John "to be with Christ;" he knows what it was to Mary and Martha and Lazarus "to be with Christ;" he knows from the graphic page of the Gospels what personal converse with Christ is. And hence, to be able to antedate heaven's blessedness, he has only to think of such converse, adding thereto the further thought that it shall be no longer partial and transient as in the days of the apostles, but uninterrupted and unreserved, unembittered by sin, free from tears, and free from death. The Christian goes at death to an unknown state, but not to an unknown Being. He goes to be with One whom he already well knows, and supremely loves. And, therefore, in his present acquaintance and fellowship with that most blessed One, he has already a foretaste of the felicity of heaven.

—Dr. M' Culloch.

MY FATHER IS THE HUSBANDMAN.—If we do not submit to the working of the divine hand, the land will not less be a land of God. He will cultivate it himself, and will water it with a celestial though perhaps an almost imperceptible dew. He will carefully remove the stones, and eradicate the thorns. He will render it fruitful through humiliations. He will with his own right hand plant the true vine; and will purge it, to make it bear fruit more abundantly, by pruning off every useless branch, and raising it from the dust of the earth, to train it upon the espalier of the Cross. What would become of the most promising vine, were it not cultivated, fed, pruned, and trained upwards? What would become of the most eminent saint, if the same God, whose gratuitous mercy planted the seed of His word in his heart, did not continually prune the too luxuriant natural branches, and train it to rest on the support of the root of Christ?

—St. Marthe.

## TO THE PRAISE OF THE GLORY OF HIS GRACE.

I enjoyed two unspeakable privileges in the pious instruction and good example of godly parents. I wish every one engaged in teaching the young would bear in mind, that they generally can comprehend a great deal more than they get credit for. My father taught me in my childhood the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and from the clear perception I had of them even then, I have always concluded that it is wrong to speak to a child in a trifling manner.

My father died when I was twelve years old, yet his beautiful life and happy death had a great deal to do with the forming of my character. He was the meekest man I ever saw. I never knew a person who saw him angry. He was comparatively but a young man when he died, yet, through a lingering illness he was never seen to show the least symptoms of murmuring. He seemed quite resigned to the Father's will. Early on a morning in May, he requested my mother to call us all to his bedside, and although, before we could come, he lost his speech, yet he took us one by one to bid us farewell, giving us his hand and looking up to heaven, whether commending us to the care of his Father, or asking us to follow him there, I know not. My mother was praying at his bedside, and his soul passed away without a struggle, to rest on the mountains of myrrh until the shadows shall for ever flee away. A few months afterwards, death made another very painful inroad upon our family circle. I had deep religious impressions now and again from childhood, but about this time they were very much deepened by the circumstances related above, as well as by a dream I had about that time. I thought I saw a hand and arm under a table that was in my room. The arm was shining brighter than I ever saw the sun in his full strength, and in the hand was a lighted candle. The flame of the candle was very beautiful, but the glory of the arm I could tell no one. I felt awe-struck; and I thought I asked my mother whose arm that was, and she said it was the Lord's. That dream, together with the memory of my father's dying hour, cast a deep seriousness over my mind that I could not banish, even amidst the cold and worldly atmosphere in which I had in after years to live, for, soon after my father's death, I had to go forth into the world to earn my bread; and I would here bear witness to the truth of the Psalmist's saying, that he never saw the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. A friendless girl, far from home and from all who were dear to me, the Lord proved himself the Father of the fatherless. I can look back now and see how He watched over and shielded me from evil and from want. He did not exempt me from trial and

suffering—He never promised to do that—but He guided me safely through all (glory be to His holy name); and often through the dark cloud of carelessness that shrouded my soul would the memory of my father pierce like a bright sunbeam, making the darkness around me look still darker, and making my soul yearn after the holiness he manifested in his life and happy death. I had often deep impressions still, but they passed away as a morning cloud, because I shut my heart against them. During these impressions I used to pray very earnestly that I would be born again, but I came to God out of Christ, and therefore He only met me as a Judge; and when I did not get immediate comfort in my way, I hardened my heart more than ever. I was very much given to reading, but it was not of a profitable kind. My unguided ideality had carried me away into a strong love of the marvellous, and I greedily devoured the excitable moral poison that holds such a prominent place in the cheap literature of the present day. I can find their baneful influence still interfering with the higher aspirations of my soul. Fond of poetry, I met with Longfellow's Poems, and these often, but not too often quoted lines of his acted upon me like a spell:—

“We should make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time :  
Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother  
Seeing may take heart again.”

I saw life in another light than I ever saw it before. I began to feel my responsibility as a being possessed of a soul endowed with faculties capable of glorifying God. I began to see in myself a being responsible for the influence I might have over others for good or evil. I was unhappy, I had no happiness in religion, and I could not take pleasure in sin. O! the Lord's enduring mercy, when he did not say of me, “She is joined to her idols, let her alone.” I would warn all who feel the Holy Spirit striving with them not to quench Him, for although in the Lord's infinite and sovereign mercy He ceased not to strive with me then, it may not be so with all. Thou fool, this night thy soul may be required of thee.

I was married in my twentieth year, and three months afterwards I was brought into severe affliction which threatened my life, and which was accompanied for six months by daily suffering of the most excruciating kind. This was, however, the means of renewing the old impressions. I remember, a few days after my trouble commenced, I went to prayer, and pleaded earnestly with the Lord not to let this impression wear off as the former had, but that it might end in conversion. I prayed that my sufferings might be alleviated; but I said, Lord, if freed from my sufferings, would forget Thee

Remove not mine affliction, though I may be brought to the verge of the grave, until thou hast accomplished my soul's salvation! I was not one day without that awful pain for the next six months, but just a few days before I found peace in believing on the Lord Jesus, it left me. I do not mean by this, that the Lord sends bodily afflictions independently of natural causes, nor would I say they proceed from natural causes to the exclusion of the interference of a wise Providence. I believe the Lord makes all things work together to bring to pass his own infinitely wise purposes, and therefore when He, in his free and sovereign mercy and Divine wisdom, deems it necessary, He makes his people pass under the rod, either to bring them into the bonds of the Covenant, or to further the growth of holiness in their souls. During these six months I was not idle, but I was busy working out a righteousness for myself. But the Lord forced me out of my refuge of lies. In looking back to these six months, yea, to my whole life previous to this time, I see clearly how firmly the natural heart is wedded to the law as its covenant head, and also that all must through the law become dead to the law, before they can take the Lord Jesus as their Covenant Head, and then, when living under grace, the law becomes sweet as a rule of life. I have also clear proof of the blind ignorance of the natural heart, for at this time when I was in such distress of soul, I had a good deal of head knowledge. If any one had asked me the way to the Father, I would have said that Christ was the only way. Yet I did not come to Christ as the way. The light that was in me was darkness; but glory be unto Jehovah, he did not leave me under this darkness, He sent his Divine Spirit to enlighten my soul; and though I have got yet but the faint streaks of the morning, yet I know He will carry on the good work He in love and mercy commenced, and make it shine more and more unto the perfect day.

The time of the Communion was drawing near, and I felt the command of Christ imperatively binding upon me, and yet I would not go without the wedding garment, but I could not see how I was to get it. I was still coming to God out of Christ, and consequently I found no peace. I had no deep convictions of sin, the all-absorbing thought was to be reconciled to God, to be made holy, I seldom remembered that there was either future happiness or misery. I went to speak to my minister, and when I told him my state of mind, I burst into tears. He turned and said kindly and firmly, "Ah, you must look to Christ; you must look to Christ!" I saw then that Christ Jesus and him crucified was my only hope. A new light broke in upon my soul. I thought that night that I could see my way clearly, but next day I read a book that, although sound and excellent, was food too strong for my soul,

struggling in its birth-pangs as it was, and I went mourning for the next three days. On a Saturday evening I went to call on a girl that I met with at the communicant's class. She was a believer, and proved a faithful friend to me. She gave me that evening to read the book entitled, Bunyan's "Come, and Welcome," and the Lord was pleased to accompany it to my soul with demonstration of the Spirit and with power. I read the part where the inquirer's objections are answered; then I fell on my face and cried unto the Lord to receive me, a poor wretched sinner, for the sake of his own dear Son. I was enabled to hold the Lord Jesus up to the Father as my sacrifice, as my surety, as my all, and then the sweet accents fell on my ear, "Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." I knew, then, that the Lord will not cast out any one who comes to him, if they come in his own appointed way. I had been coming all my life to the Lord, but it was with the sacrifice of Cain; but whenever I came with the blood, with the Lamb of God who was slain to take away the sins of the world, I through him, and for his sake was accepted. O, that blissful night! Next day I could really exclaim in the House of God, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, Lord God of hosts!" A strange wonder filled me: my sins forgiven, was it possible! O, how sweet the thought!

### THE PREACHERS.

Among the cheering signs of the times, we not only perceive a softening of theological asperity, but what is almost more important, an arousing of the clergy from that unreasonable, unnatural, unfruitful, apathetic method of dealing with human hearts as though they were mere abstractions, and inane and inanimate things. Preachers are, here and there, awakening to such methods as those who expect to interest men and succeed with them; are addressing human nature in appropriate and living ways; are imitating the fresh and beautiful examples of Christ; are taking away the keen reproach which Garrick uttered when he said, "the actors treat unreal things as if they were true, and preachers treat eternal verities as if they were mere simulations." We are glad to see in this line of things a greater attention paid to the extemporaneous delivery of sermons. We are confident that the preacher gains a large accretion of power, who can accustom himself to this method. He engages more efficiently the attention, and controls more certainly the sympathy of his hearers. There is in public speaking an electric "tide," which follows the eye, and which, "taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." The lecturer cannot command it, however able his compositions may be. We do not regard this as the easiest way, but the best.

## Sabbath School Lessons.

January 5th.

### JOSEPH SOLD INTO SLAVERY.— GEN. xxxvii. 12-36.

#### I. *Joseph is sent by his father to visit his brethren.*

Jacob's sons were feeding their flocks many miles off in Shechem. Probably fearing that the inhabitants of the country might rise against his sons, to avenge themselves for their barabrous murder of the Shechemites, Jacob commissioned Joseph to go and enquire into their condition. Though Joseph was the favourite of his father, yet was he a dutiful son; with what promptitude does he present himself to execute his father's commands, v. 13. Doubtless, too, he would have shared his father's solicitude concerning the welfare of his brethren, and for this reason he would have been the more willing to depart in quest of them; love would have added wings to the messenger. He was not to be averted by discouragements from his search, for when he found not his brethren in Shechem, and when he might have returned to his father on the ground that he had obeyed his command, he still wandered about seeking to discover the objects of his affection and undertook a still greater journey on their account, v. 17. Both Jacob and Joseph in their affectionate anxiety seem to have lost their prudence—they had evidently less of the wisdom of the serpent, than of the innocence of the dove.

#### II. *Joseph's brethren purpose to murder him.*

It was not under the influence of any sudden passion that the sons of Jacob contrived the murder of their brother; but "when they saw him afar off even before he came near unto them they conspired against him to slay him," v. 18. Their purpose of murder was therefore, cool and deliberate, and arose from long-cherished and deeply-rooted malice, envy, and hatred. They said one to another, "behold this dreamer cometh." Joseph's dreams of future superiority over them was the great cause of their envy, and by putting him to death they vainly expected to frustrate the designs of Divine Providence, v. 20. But God raised up for Joseph a friend in the midst of his enemies. Reuben contemplated his deliverance. He knew that by openly opposing those determined fratricides he would not only not benefit his brother, but he would endanger his own life. He, therefore, seemed to enter heartily into their project, only he proposed to them what appeared a less revolting way of putting him to death than that of immediately despatching him with their hands, v. 22,

#### III. *The execution of their murderous design.*

The intended object of their cruelty came to them quite unsuspecting of their most wicked design. We may conceive of his joy on perceiving his brethren at a distance alive and well. His emotion may have manifested itself as on a future occasion, in tears of delight—tears which would have prevented him from reading their murderous intentions in the expression of their countenances. But alas! how different was their reception of him from that which he must have naturally anticipated. Their first act was to strip him of the distinctive badge of his father's preference—his coat of many colours, v. 23.—Their next was to cast him into a pit in which there was no water, there to perish of hunger and thirst. We can conceive his earnest pleadings for his life, his heart-rending cries, and tears, Gen. xlii. 21. He would have urged the fear of God, the love they bore to their common parent, their near relationship, to turn them from their wicked purpose.—But these considerations were of no avail to move their hearts of stone. How insensible must their consciences have been when, in the very act of putting their brother to death, they could sit down and eat bread, v. 25.—But Joseph's allotted time was not yet come to an end. God had still many years in store for him, of adversity and prosperity. Joseph's brethren instead of thwarting, as they fondly imagined, the ends of Providence, were only promoting them. Joseph was to go to Egypt and there to be the means of saving much people alive, Gen. i. 20. The spot which was the scene of Joseph's intended murder was on the direct thoroughfare of the caravans between India, and the well-known, and much frequented mart, Egypt. Judah proposed to his brethren to sell Joseph to the merchants; as in thus ridding themselves of him there would be less guilt and more gain, v. 28. They agreed to his proposal and Joseph was sold to the Midianite merchantmen, and by them was brought into Egypt, v. 28. During this transaction Reuben was absent. He afterwards returned to the pit with the view of bringing back Joseph to his father, and when he found him not was overwhelmed with grief, v. 29, 30. What he thought was his ruin was eventually to be the means of the preservation of himself and all his family.

#### IV. *The way which Joseph's brethren took to avenge themselves on their father for his partiality to Joseph.*

Having killed a kid of the goats, and dipped Joseph's coat in the blood, they brought it to their father and abruptly said: "This have we found; know now whether it

be thy son's coat or no." Jacob at once recognized it, and rather rashly concluded that some evil beast had devoured his beloved child. Mark how one sin leads to another. Those wicked young men had only been prevented, by their cupidity, from murdering their brother. They had deprived him of his liberty, and now sought by falsehood to conceal their sin. Jacob mourned for his son, and "refused to be comforted," v. 35. A word from his sons might have set his mind at ease, but unmoved by the tears of their father they took care to keep their secret.—Meanwhile Joseph was sold by the Midianites to Potiphar an officer of Pharaoh; the favourite son of Jacob had to change his coat of many colours for the livery of a slave.

Learn 1. That we should love even those who hate us, Matt. v. 44.

2. That anger, envy, and every evil passion are in God's sight *murder*, they being the seeds from which murder spring, Matt. v. 22.

3. That evil propensities terminate in murder if not restrained by Providence or Grace, James i. 15.

4. That we should love no object on earth with inordinate affection, Col. iii. 2-5.

January 12th, 1862.

### THE WIDOW'S SON RAISED,—LUKE vii, 11-17.

I. The stupendous miracle which our Saviour performed at Nain, viz: that of restoring a dead man to life was witnessed by two great companies of people—by those who accompanied our Lord, and by those who attended the funeral of the widow's son.

II. "And when the Lord saw her he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not." Her husband had been taken away from her, and now succeeded another most severe affliction, her son, her only son was dead.—No doubt, he had constituted her hope and her pride; to him she had been wont to look as the support and consolation of her old age. It is not told us the manner in which he died, but we can imagine her anxiety when she first observed the colour fade from the cheek of her darling boy, and how she watched him on his sick-bed, day after day, and night after night, with a mother's love and patience. We can fancy how, when life forsook that beloved form, she was scarcely able to realize the stroke. Rendered insensible by grief to external objects, and weeping in the bitter anguish of her spirit, the widow was accompanying the remains of her only son to the grave. Our gracious Lord could not look unmoved on her tears of grief. His gentle heart was touched with sympathy. "In all their afflictions he was afflicted," Isa. lx. 9.

III. "And he came and touched the bier, and they that bare him stood still," v. 14.—"The most common way of carrying a corpse to the grave, was on a bier or bed, (2 Sam. iii. 31), which in some cases must have been furnished in a costly and elegant style. The bier, however, in use among the common and meaner sort of people was nothing but a plain wooden board, on which, supported by two poles, the body lay concealed only by a slight coverlet from the view of the attendants.—On such a humble vehicle was the widow's son, of Nain, carried, and 'this mode of performing funeral obsequies,' says an intelligent traveller, 'obtains equally in the present day among the Jews, Mahomedans, and Christians of the East.' The nearest relatives kept close by the bier, and performed the office of bearers in which, however, they were assisted by the company in succession."—[Kit. Cyc. of Bib. Lit.

IV. "And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise," v. 14. Here again we have an instance of a command being given to one who had of himself no power to obey. But with the word, there went forth a quickening energy, and "he that was dead sat up and began to speak." In like manner does our Lord give life to the spiritually dead. His word is the means, but the means to become effectual must be accompanied with the all-powerful operation of the Holy Spirit, James i. 18; 1 Cor. ii. 4. "He began to speak."—This was an evidence that he was alive, and by speaking, thinking, and acting for Christ, the quickened soul gives evidence of its spiritual life.

V. "And he delivered him to his mother," v. 15. Then indeed, did the "widow's heart sing for joy." Her mourning was turned into gladness. We, too, when the Lord, by death removes from us any of our friends, should by faith hear him saying unto us, in accents sweet, "*Weep not.*" Soon shall our dear departed ones be restored to us. By his bloody death, our blessed Lord vanquished death, and him that had the power of death, 2 Tim. i. 10; Heb. ii. 14.

VI. "And there came a fear on all," v. 16. We should fear God as much for his goodness as for his greatness. "They glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us." The great prophet whom they were all at that time expecting—the Christ. "And, that God hath visited his people." In all times of revival, when dead souls are raised to spiritual life, the Lord visits his people. The report of this miracle quickly spread through the adjoining country and through the distant region of Judea, v. 17.

Learn 1. That Jesus is a compassionate Saviour,—Heb. iv. 15.

2. That Jesus has power over death,—Hos. xiii. 14; 1 Cor. xv. 54.

3. That, therefore, the Christian should not mourn for his deceased friends, as those that have no hope.—1 Thes. iv. 13, 14.

January 19th, 1861.

**THE LORD WITH JOSEPH.—GENESIS XXXIX. 1-23.**

**I. Joseph in servitude.** The sale of Joseph by his brethren, is the first instance on record of that nefarious traffic which has disgraced humanity. Joseph was sold by the Israelites to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard and a native of Egypt. The servant of God may be separated by the wicked from every earthly friend, he may be deprived of liberty and every worldly good, but he cannot be separated from his God, Rom. viii. 39. The improvement in the circumstances of the Egyptian officer from the time that Joseph was taken into his service was so remarkable that it became evident to Potiphar that God was with Joseph, v. 3. By his faithfulness, diligence, and wisdom God so recommended himself to his master, that he was gradually raised to the position of overseer, v. 5. Divesting himself of every care, Potiphar committed all that he had to the care of Joseph, he soon learned that his affairs prospered immeasurably better under the management of Joseph than under his own, v. 6. Thus even a wicked family may prosper in its temporal affairs for the sake of a righteous servant, a neighbourhood may thrive or a nation flourish on account of a few godly families, and we learn that it is only on behalf of the righteous that the world is preserved from total destruction, Matt. v. 12.

**II. Joseph's temptation.** The tempter was his mistress. Her sin like Eve's began with the eyes—"she cast her eyes on Joseph," v. 7. She was persevering and importunate in her evil solicitations, "she spake to Joseph day by day," v. 10. From words she proceeded to violence, v. 12. What sad work does the lust of uncleanliness make in that heart in which it obtains the supremacy—religion, reputation, natural affection, are all forgotten! Here worldly interest would have inclined Joseph to yield to the desires of his mistress. By obtaining the favour of so influential a personage, he would pave the way to future promotion, by incurring her displeasure he would forfeit the confidence and esteem of his master. Add to this consideration the youth of Joseph, and the frequent opportunities he had, from the nature of his business, of committing the crime without the risk of discovery, and it was only by a miracle of grace that

Joseph was kept from falling. The reasons which, under the grace of God, were made effectual in supporting Joseph were:—1st. Gratitude to his master, and 2nd. Love to his God, v. 9. He saw not the thing with the eye of conscience bedimmed by the mists of passion, as a trivial matter; but he regarded it in its true light, as "great wickedness," v. 9.

**III. The Revenge of Joseph's Mistress.** Unhallowed love is easily converted into sinful hatred, 2 Sam. xiii. The adulteress now turns a false accuser. First she endeavoured to lower him in the estimation of his fellow-servants, v. 14, and next she sought to ruin him by defaming him to his master, v. 17.—The unjustly slandered have not always the means, in this world, of establishing their innocence, but it will soon be made to appear before assembled worlds. Joseph's master believed the false testimony of his unfaithful wife, and Joseph was cast into prison, v. 20. But even in the prison the Lord was with Joseph, and so favourably inclined towards him the heart of the keeper of the prison, that he too, like his former master, committed the charge of all his business to Joseph's care, v. 22, 23.

Learn 1. That God often prospers even the ungodly for the sake of the righteous,—Gen. xxix. 27.

2. That there is no temptation so strong that we cannot overcome it by grace,—1 Cor. x. 13.

3. That the righteous are often falsely accused and unjustly condemned in this world,—1 Kings xxi.

4. That the Lord is present with his people in all their troubles, to bless them and to do them good,—Isa. lxiii. 2.

**The Voice from Galilee.**

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast.

I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in him a resting-place,  
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream,  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.



## THE TIME IS SHORT.

Listen! the time is short. It does not do to talk too long about it. Something must be done. If you won't hear, another may; and we must go round with the Lord's word to all we can reach. This is a short word, therefore, about the Short Time.— How short the day often seems! You have to borrow from the night to make the day longer. You have, perhaps, scarcely a minute to spare. You have scarcely time to read this. You have no time to pray. You have no time to spend upon your soul; the body takes it all. Yet your Day's Work is nothing to your Life's Work, and your Death's Work. There may be one short hour yet, when you would give the world for another. Take a few minutes now to think earnestly about this. Pray God to bless this word to your soul.

*The Time is Short at the Longest.* The time is not as long as life. From an ordinary life you must cut off infancy, and perhaps much of youth. Perhaps you must cut off every year and hour up to this present, for they are lost. From what is yet to come, you must cut off the hours spent in sleep, and many, or most perhaps, of those spent in work. Of your leisure time, how much is left to prepare for eternity! You grudge even the Sabbath-time, which God made expressly for this end.— How much, when you thus reckon, is left? How long are you sure to live? Can you depend on another week? Are you sure of a day? The time is shorter than you think it. Yet you cannot count on all the time in which you might prepare, but only that shorter time, in which you may be made willing to prepare. Have you ever had such a favourable time yet? Is it not possible that this hour, in which the word has been brought to you, may be this turning-point in your life? Is it not possible there may be only one such point in all your life?— The time in this sense, is short. God's mighty hand, for a moment, drives back the crowd of common thoughts, and puts His truth in a clear space before you. If you will earnestly and prayerfully look at it, he will keep the crowd back still, but if you will not, he may let the crowd close in again; and its gathered force, like a flood, may carry you hopelessly away.

*The Time is Short for the Work.* The

work is that which has to be done for the Judgment, and to be tried there. It is the work for eternity, and therefore for time. It is the main work, and therefore the work that should be first settled.— After that, all other right work will be better done. What is the work? To believe in the Lord Jesus Christ! but to believe in order to learn of him. The longest life is not too long for this. Your time is surely short for this. You have no time to lose. Think of what is to be done. To be reconciled to God, to be assured of his pardon, to get the dominion of sin broken in you, to grow in grace and in meekness for the inheritance of the saints, to serve the Lord in this very world in which you have dishonoured him. O! if you once look at this work earnestly, you will be overwhelmed with the thought that the time for it is so short. Remember, that if you resolve to begin, or even if you really begin, there are many interferences.— There is your own *unfitness* for the work, your *habits* utterly opposed to it, your *unwillingness* almost to think of it. There are many Invisible Enemies, whose great work is to spoil this work. How much has interfered with this work already?— And yet perhaps, you never tried with all your might to put your hand to it. It is when you really begin to it that the battle begins. The Devil knows there is but a short time. If he can keep you from the work till the short time is over, then he knows all is over.

*The Time is getting Shorter and the Work is more pressing.* You are like one whose lease is out, or who never had one. You are warned, and may be turned out of life without further notice. Another generation is waiting to fill our place.— They also have their eternal work to do, and their time is short like ours. They must get to our working-place, and to our instruments, and they will soon push us from our stools. It won't do to waste the working time in play, or even in other work than the Master sets us to. His work presses. There is no time to carve our life as we please. It must be done to the pattern. When the time is over it will be an everlasting sorrow to know that there was time enough, if the time had been rightly used. We shall see that yet, from God's great Time-book.

*There is Time Enough then, although the Time is Short.* Think! There are nearly two months of Sabbath-time in every year; a whole year of Sabbath-time every seven years; at least seven complete years of Sabbath-time in every ordinary life. If every year had two complete months given you, with nothing else to think of from morning till night, than the worth of your soul and the provision God has made for it, if you had a whole year in every seven for the same purpose, could you think there was not time? Well, you have really better than that; for you have all that time, and you have it spread over the length of your life at fitting intervals. Has not the Lord left you without excuse? Will not your Sabbaths be swift witnesses against you? Think how many hours and minutes in these Sabbaths, and between them, were sufficient at least to begin the work, and secure its being completed. For, after all, Christ has finished the work. We have only to let him make that work ours. Will you accept what he has wrought? Your work is to believe in His. Your work is to rest in His, and let His work now be done in you. This must be done now. The Gospel is the mighty power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; but there is no Might where there is no Faith. Many a sinner like you has escaped from hell, *by running the moment he was roused.* Many a sinner like you is now in heaven, *who looked to Christ when he was told.* Why will you die? Why? Will you put your real reason in words? Will you look at it seriously? Will you kneel before God, and look at it under his eye? Will you leave it there, to be preserved for the Judgment?—*Wynd Tracks.*

Time is going—time is going,  
Like a stream that's ever flowing;  
Am I sowing?—am I sowing?  
Will the crop be worth the mowing?  
When the mowing—when the mowing  
Shall declare what's been the sowing!  
Oh, the tears all overflowing,  
If good fruit has not been growing!

Life is flying—life is flying,  
All creation groaning, crying;  
Am I sighing—am I trying  
That my death may be no dying?  
When the dying—when the dying  
Makes an end of all the trying!  
Oh, the sighing and the crying,  
Is to Christ there's been no flying!

## THE BANK OF FAITH.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

When a merchant wants to draw money from the bank, he knows he must first put in as much as he draws out. The bank does not aid him, however much he may need, beyond what has been put in. But there is one bank from which we may draw, though we have put nothing in it. I call it the bank of faith; and I will explain just what I mean.

Some years ago an old man died, and at his funeral a great multitude were gathered—some to weep, some to look at his face once more, some to tell of his great skill as a physician, and all to speak a kind word about him. More than five thousand blind people—mostly poor people—had been restored to sight by his skill and care! He lived and died a poor man, for he lived only to do good. When a young man, he used to go to God in prayer for direction, for guidance, and for aid. At the time when he made up his mind that he must study and go to the University, in order to prepare himself to be useful, he knew not where to go, or how to get the money to pay the expenses. So he went to God. A friend asked him where he intended to go. He replied, "I don't know." "Oh," said she, "our neighbour Mr. T. is going to Strasburg; go with him!" A few minutes later, and Mr. T. entered the room, and was greatly pleased to have young Stilling—for that was his name—go with him. "I wonder," said Stilling, "from what quarter my heavenly Father will provide me with money?"

Forty-six dollars was all he could raise.— Meeting with unexpected delays when he got to Frankfort, still three days from Strasburg, he had but a single dollar left. He said nothing to any one, but went to his Bank of Faith, *i. e.* he went to God in prayer. He then went out to walk the streets, praying as he walked. Soon he met a merchant from the place of his own residence.

"Why, Stilling, what brought you here?"

"I am going to Strasburg to study medicine."

"Where do you get your money to study with?"

"I have a rich Father in Heaven."

"How much money have you now on hand?"

"One dollar, sir."

"So! Well I am one of your Father's stewards," and handed him thirty-three dollars. With tears in his eyes Stilling says, "I am now rich enough; I want no more."

A while after, his thirty-three dollars were again reduced to one. Again he laid his case before his Father in earnest prayer. One morning, his room-mate, Mr. T., said to him

"Still, I believe you did not bring much money with you?" and offered him thirty dollars in gold, which he thankfully accepted as the answer to his prayers for aid.

Some time after this, the time arrived when he must pay the lecturer's fee, or have his name struck off from the list of students. The money must be paid by six o'clock Thursday evening. Thursday morning came, and the poor fellow had no money, and knew not where to get it. He spent the whole day in his closet in prayer. Five o'clock came, and no money. His faith began to fail. He walked the room in a perspiration, and with weeping. Some one knocked. "Come in." It was the gentleman of whom he rented the room, almost an entire stranger.

"I called to see how you liked your room?"

"Thank you sir; I like it very much."

"I thought I would ask you one other question. Have you brought any money with you?"

Stilling says he felt like the prophet when the angel took him by the hair of the head, and carried him to Babylon! He thought it a delusion.

"No sir, I have no money."

The gentleman looked at him with surprise; and at length said,

"I see how it is; God has sent me to help you."

He left the room, and returned at once with forty dollars in gold. Stilling says he then felt like Daniel in the lion's den, when the angel came to help him.

To the end of his long and most useful life, he always drew on the Bank of Faith, and it never failed him!

—*E. S. Times.*

### TOUCHED IN THE RIGHT SPOT.

I once had occasion to present a certain character as a prosperous mechanic. He seemed not much inclined to help it; but after listening to my representations a while, he at length suddenly gave way, and made a handsome subscription. In due time he paid it cheerfully, and said, "Do you know what carried the point with me that day when you made the application?" "No," I replied. "Well, I'll tell you: I was not much moved by anything you said, till you came to mention that much about the Israelites: (He that gathered much had nothing over; and he that gathered little had no lack.) Thinks I, that's just my own history. Once I was a poor, hard-working man. Now I've got a good deal of property. But as for real comfort and use, I've got more out of it now than I did then.—When I gather much, I've nothing over; and when I gathered little, I had no more than I need. It came so pat to my case, that I was touched about knowing it," "touched him in

the right spot." And that point will touch many a man in the right spot. What thoughtful man who has passed through various conditions, has had his ups and downs, as the saying is, does not know that abundance can yield a man no more than simple competency; that compensating weights are somehow put in both sides of the scales which pretty nearly equalize our different conditions. Why, the heathen knew it long ago. Hesiod and Horace have expressed it with a simple force and beauty not to be surpassed. And the wisest and wisest observer of human life has told us, that, "when goods increase they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?"

John Jacob Astor was once complimented on the enormous wealth he had accumulated.—"Would you be willing," said he to the person who made the remark, "to take care of all this property just for a maintenance?" "No," said the other; "I should think myself entitled to better commissions than that." "Well," said Mr. Astor, "that's all that I get out of it."

That's all that any man can get out of the largest heaps of worldly accumulations; except as he "shakes the superfluous" to holy and charitable objects, and so turns the mere unused surplus of his wealth into its most solid and enduring part, treasuring it up in "bags which wax not old," and converting it into "a treasure in the heavens, which faileth not."—*Tract Journal.*

### QUARTER OF AN HOUR WITH A BAD BOOK.

About twenty-five years ago, I formed a most intimate acquaintance with a young man of fine education and commanding talents, and we soon became bosom friends. One morning after school, at a street corner, he handed me a book which he said he could lend to me for only one quarter of an hour. We stood at the corner a few moments, while I looked at the obscene pictures, and read a few pages in that polluting volume. I handed it back to him and never saw it again; but the poison took effect, "the sin left its mark." I cannot erase the effects of the impure thoughts which in that quarter of an hour that vile book lodged in my heart, and which, may God forgive me, I harboured there. I can and do pray against the sin, and for God's grace yet to conquer it; but it is a thorn in my flesh, and still causes me great bitterness and anguish.

Young men, as a lover of your souls, I tell you in all sincerity that there is nothing

which I would not willingly give to have the veil of oblivion cast over the scenes and the sentiments of that corrupt volume, which still haunt me like foul spectres during my hours of private devotion, in the sanctuary, and at the communion table. Oh, what sad work did that quarter of an hour make upon a human soul. *Young man, beware of bad books, and beware also of evil companions.*

My early friend, after well-nigh accomplishing my ruin, became a dissolute man, imbibed evil sentiments, and at last, as I greatly fear, died by his own hand. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

I love Thy furnace, and I kiss Thy rod;  
I ask not that these fiery trials cease;  
My soul is bowed before Thee, O my God!  
For pardon, patience, purity and peace!

### A WISE LITTLE BOY

I was well acquainted with a little boy by the name of Hans. One day, when his pastor left the horse, he went to his mother and said, "Mother, why did you not tell the minister to ask God to give me a new heart?" That was truly a great question for a boy so young, that he had never even thought of going to Sabbath school. Hans felt that he needed a new heart. He had likely prayed for a new heart himself. His godly parents had, doubtless, asked that best of gifts for him, and he was anxious to have others ask that great treasure for him. Children, I am not only telling you about somebody that did live, but about somebody that does live. I could any day step up and lay my hand on the head of that same littlered-haired Hans. He has now become a dear little Sabbath school scholar. I hope God has given him a new heart, and he is learning more and more about the Saviour.

Now, dear children, I think I hear you saying, "I would like so much to have a new heart, too." I am so glad to hear you say that. But you say, "Will God give a new heart to unworthy sinners?" Yes, he will, for he expressly says, "A new heart also will I give you." Then go and pray, O Father, give me a new heart, according to thy promise, for Jesus' sake. May your great desire be to get a heart to believe all that God says: to love him more than any

other object, and to do whatever he tells you. And, in order to secure this precious jewel, make a good improvement of all your privileges, and trust in the Holy Spirit to make you holy and happy, and prepare you for going to heaven.

"A broken spirit is to God  
A pleasing sacrifice:  
A broken and a contrite heart,  
Lord, thou wilt not despise."

I will ask God to give you all this new heart.—*Youth's Evangelist.*

### "VERY PROUD TO-NIGHT."

It was a very cold night in winter. The wind blew and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath the cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and notwithstanding the storm, the villagers ventured forth to hear him. William Annesley, buttoned up to the chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the new-fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother—

"Couldn't you walk more easily if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his, and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had grown up so tall that she could now lean on his. They had not walked far before he said to her—

"I am very proud to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him, with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should, in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who watched over him in his helpless infancy. It was a noble pride, that made his mother love him, if it were possible, more than ever; and made her pray for him with new earnestness, thankful for his devoted love and hopeful for his future. There is no more beautiful sight than affectionate, devoted, obedient children. I am sure He that commended children to honour their father and their mother, must look upon such with pleasure. May He bless dear William, and every other boy whose heart is filled with ambition to be a blessing and "staff" to his mother's Independent.