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Wm. Geo. Wright

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December, 28th, 1862.

THE BLIND SEE AND THE DUMB SPEAK.—Matt. ix. 27-34.

1. THE EYES OF THE BLIND OPENED.

Two blind men followed him—What a source of usefulness and enjoyment is the sense of sight! Of all the senses it is the one with which we would most unwillingly part. How helpless are the blind! Yet infinitely more deplorable, infinitely more to be deprecated, is the case of the spiritually blind. To them the Sun of Righteousness shines in vain. They see no beauty in Jesus that they should admire him. The Spirit of Light has never irradiated their hearts to give them a knowledge of themselves, of God the Father, and of Jesus, whom to know is eternal life. No vision of the bright celestial city, with its streets of gold, and gates of pearl, cheers their lone pilgrimage through this dark world. *Thou son of David.*—In their prayers for mercy they acknowledged the Divinity of Jesus, the title by which they addressed him, shows that they recognized his humanity.—While he was the great God who created and preserves the universe, they knew him as “the root and offspring of David,” as bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. It is the realization of this great truth that gives the believer a holy boldness (so to express it) in approaching the throne of grace; Heb. iv. 15-16. *See that no man know it.*—Self-preservation was doubtless a reason why the Lord gave them this injunction. He would not incur needless danger. As man he also acted upon the injunction which he gave his disciples, “Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;” Matt. vi. 3.

2. THE DUMB SPEAK.

They brought to him a dumb man. We should endeavour to bring others to Jesus.—*The devil was cast out.*—Man since the fall has become subject not only to be tempted but even to be possessed by devils, and to every other evil. But as the shadows flee before the rising sun, so do all our enemies at the coming of our Saviour. Whilst the multitudes marvelled at this unprecedented miracle, the Pharisees attempted to account for it by an evident absurdity, their judgment being darkened by the mists of evil passions.

Learn. 1. *That we should bring our sorrows to Jesus.* This the blind men did, and we never read or heard of any, who did so in sincerity and truth, whose prayers were rejected.

2. *The necessity of faith*—the answer to

the blind men's prayer was dependent on their faith; ver. 29. Their faith was genuine, as was proved by their eyes being immediately opened.

3. *We should according to our talents and opportunities bear witness for Jesus.*—Our Lord had good reason for enjoining silence on these two men. But they could not be silent. They had experienced his love, his mercy, and his power, and could not but utter his praises wherever they went; Ps. cxlv. 1.

4. *In doing good we may expect to be opposed and misrepresented.* Our Lord was so, ver. xxxiv, and his disciples cannot expect to fare better; John xv. 20; 2 Tim. iii. 12. Our great consolation should be that there is One who is intimately acquainted with our conduct and motives, One who judges righteously, and by whose judgment alone we must stand or fall, and who will not fail, on the appointed day, to acquit his servants before assembled worlds; Matt. xxv. 34; 1 Cor iv. 5; 2 Cor. v. 10.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

A WORD FOR THE DYING YEAR.

This present year's last day is now within sight. Earth has gone round its vast orbit once more, bearing upon its shoulders our sinning millions. And the old sun is still in the blue sky, and the old mountains stand, and the old forests wave, and the old rivers run. All these are doing their work, and doing it well as they have done for ages. They are, all of them, noble fulfillers of the mighty will of God, ministers of His eternal purpose. To them there is no past and no future. As each finished day drops off, their past disappears for ever; and as each new dawn comes up, there comes with it a new present, beyond which there is nothing.

With us it is different. Our present is the least part of us. Our past and our future are the great things of being. It is by them that our present is what it is. The past throws itself onward, and the future throws itself backward; the influences of both meet in the present. Each works in its own way, and according to its own nature. The past is all a certainty, and we know what it has been. The knowledge of its certainties, great and small, moulds us; for they have all a meaning and a bearing on our present. The future is an uncertainty; we know not what it contains for us. The thought of this uncertainty moulds us; and the desire of being ready against whatever may be coming, affects our present state of feeling and action.

What, then, has the *past* been to us; and what is the nature of that influence, which it is now exerting upon us? Has there been waste of life, waste of power, waste of feeling, waste of mind, waste of soul? And is it this waste that is now telling on us, and making us so unlike what we ought to be? Have these past twelve months been but links in a long chain of vanities, pleasures, dreams, disappointments, follies, sins? And is it this that is now telling upon our present, and stamping it with a character, which we feel to be infinitely undesirable, as well as perilous in the extreme?

Let us deal honestly with ourselves. Let us examine our present; let us understand its connection with the past; and let us gather up eagerly the teachings which such a scrutiny must inevitably present to us. So shall the past not be wholly lost; so shall the present be extricated from the connection in which it stands with past evil; or rather, all that evil shall be transmuted into good.

What is the *future* to us? It stands before us, with its cloud of uncertainties; and into that cloud we must enter. Is it then exercising a right influence upon us? Are we better men because of this prospect? Are we becoming holier, truer, greater, more fervent, more prayerful, more watchful? It is said that men, living in a region of mountains, whose peaks and cliffs are the resort of the mist, and the tempest, and the thunder, acquire a higher character and a bolder will; so ought it to be with us; looking perpetually on that mountainous future that faces us, with all its crowding mists, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness."

To speak, however, of our connection with the past and the future, is to speak vaguely. Connection with the great Being in whose hands are all our pasts, presents, and futures, is the really weighty point. His being and will spread over the whole breadth of these three regions of life; for He *was*, and He *is*, and He *is to come*; and He is the same *yesterday*, and *to-day*, and *for ever*; "from everlasting to everlasting God."

That it may be well with us, He, and we must be at one; having no separate interest, or walk, or will. His past must be our past; His present our present; His future our future. Our *was* must be linked to His *was*; our *is* to His *is*; our *to come* to His *to come*. Disjunction, alienation, enmity, in such a case, can be to us nothing save sorrow, and darkness, and alarm. If, during the "yesterday" of our life, we have secured this oneness, through the reconciling and cementing blood; then it is well with us "to-day," and it will be well with us "for ever." But if there be

still no sure reconciliation, and no conscious relationship, then is our whole being, with all its interests, and hopes, and longings, still in jeopardy, like a ship, without anchor, sail, or pilot, drifting shorewards, in the night of storm.

The life of a sinner, as such, can only end in the second death. If it is to end in gladness, and to run on into the life everlasting, it must be *begun over again*. The evil does not merely lie in the leaves and branches of the tree, but in the stem and root; the sap is tainted, and unless that is healed, all efforts at improvement are vain. It was this, evidently, that the Lord meant to tell Nicodemus, when he startled him with the awful words, "Ye must be born again." Our whole life must be treated as utterly evil, our spiritual life-blood thoroughly corrupted; and no remedy can be of any use save that which goes to the very source. The sinner's life must be recommenced from its very first outset. It is not merely to be gone over and retouched; but it is to be *begun anew*, as if it had never existed before. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" John iii. 3.

WITNESSES TO THE SAVIOUR.

The heavens gave witness. A new star passed through the sky at His incarnation; and at His crucifixion, for three hours the sun was darkened.

The winds and seas gave witness when, at His word the tempest was hushed, and rough billows smoothed into a calm. At the same word the inhabitants of the waters crowded around the ship, and filled the net of the astonished and worshipping disciples.

The earth gave witness. At His death and at His resurrection it trembled to its centre.

Disease gave witness. Fevers were rebuked; the blind saw their deliverer; the dumb published His glory; the sick of the palsy were made whole; and the lepers were cleansed at His bidding.

The grave gave witness when Lazarus came forth, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose.

The invisible world gave witness. Devils acknowledged His divinity, and fled from His presence. Angels ministered to him in the desert, the garden, and the tomb. A multitude sang an anthem in the air, in the hearing of the shepherds; and as our risen Lord ascended up to glory they accompanied Him.—*Herald of the Truth.*

DISCERNING TIME.

"A wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment."—Eccles. viii. 5.

BY THE REV. PATRICK GRAY, KINGSTON, C.W.

Before another issue of this publication, one of time's great periods shall have closed, and a succeeding one shall have commenced its course. Another year shall have been added to the world's age; a new wrinkle furrowed in its brow. We shall be one year nearer to eternity—to the vast boundless, unbeginning, unending;—from which time, may be looked back upon, as a little episode in the grand epic of Being and Duration—one page of history, all important but brief—a fragment of a volume, without a commencement or a close.

And when we reflect, that we are deeply interested in the matter, as inhabitants of the earth, as pilgrims here, travelling to an undiscovered country beyond; appearing on this scene for a little season, then stepping out into that unknown future, when we call to mind, that our days are numbered by these passing years, and that, long before earth's story ends, while yet its years are rolling on with unflagging force, and undiminished speed, our sojourning will cease, and our name and memorial, which may linger for a little while in the treasured affections of those who loved us, shall at last utterly perish from among men. When we think on what is our appointed and proper business here, and how we have conducted it, and so prepared for meeting the Judge and Master, whose scrutiny we shall encounter there. And when we think of sins committed, and guilt incurred, and wrath deserved;—of Christ and grace vouchsafed to us;—of death and judgment inevitable;—of heaven with its glories, and hell with its horrors; of this the *mercy-time*—our day of grace, so swiftly hurrying down to night:—surely the deep toll of time's great bell

reverberating o'er the world should awaken the sleeper, alarm the negligent, rouse to agony the conscience of the unsaved sinner, and startle and solemnize us all.—Surely, we are called upon to try to discern something in the time that will induce thoughtfulness, and lead us to prayer, and heaven-directed effort, which, by God's blessing, may result in the redemption of time by us, and in lasting benefit to our souls. "A wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment." Fools only are unheeding, and content to be ignorant in such a case.

1. Discerning time, is looking at it, considering it and all about it; to know what it is, and what we have to do with it.

Time is to us, to all; the period of earthly mortal life; a portion of it already gone, beyond recall; a present moment in possession;—and a probable lengthening of our term a little farther into the future.

Time is a fragment of eternity yet not detached. It is a link in the endless chain of infinite duration. It is a point in the great circle, whose line of circumference has neither starting point nor terminus.

We are now in life; we are immortal; as such, we have begun a deathless life; we are already in eternity. A portion of that eternal being is to be spent by us here—our *appointed time* on earth: It is measured by a few short years. They are passing—will soon be past;—and then we shall exchange our present form and mode of life for that state of existence to which no numbering of years, no measuring line can be applied.

Discerning time is to notice and verify.

1. Its vast importance.

Our eternal destiny—an unchanging character of good, or evil, and an unchanging condition of weal or woe—is a result or consequence of what we gain or lose in time.

Like to our fellow-men scattered over the face of the whole earth, of whom it cannot be said that there is one just, and who sinneth not. Like to the generations who have preceded us, back to our common ancestors who apostatized from God, We are alienated from the Holy one—excluded from paradise we see no Eden here—We find that “although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground; yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.” Laden with sin, oppressed and harassed oft by guilt and misery together, yet blind, careless, reckless, impenitent, we are unworthy to live, and unprepared to die. We are unable to answer in judgment, and unqualified to enter heaven. Dry fuel, fit material for the all-devouring fire! Such are we all in our natural state now. Such—till we experience a gracious change—till we are born again, “not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God,”

But the Lord has refrained from visiting in strict requital. He looked in pity on the rebellious and ruined race. He remembered that ‘they were but fading flesh.’ He knew the fearful consequences of sin, and “in the good pleasure of his goodness,” He laid the sinner’s help upon a “mighty one,” and sent His own eternal Son to be the Redeemer and King of a people saved by grace.

He sent Jesus to be “the light of the world”—to illustrate the known, and to reveal unknown truth, to inform men of God’s good will, and His longing for their return to Him, and His readiness to draw, help, and receive them to his gracious favour.

He sent Jesus as the Messenger of the new covenant, to ratify it with his blood to assure men of its betterness, to invite

them on its ground, to awe them, convict them, melt them, and satisfy them by the greatness of the sacrifice with which it was sealed. He sent Jesus—made “Son of man,” our Brother—to speak to us as only a Brother with fellow-feeling could—to charge men that their Father in heaven designed that covenant’s blessings for them,—“the wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked;”—and that in all this, while loving them himself, as no brother but Jesus could love, He was only discharging his duty as Mediator—only doing God’s will when he presented to them—to one, to all, to any sinner whatever, a complete salvation without price; and that he was determined, and able to save every rebel laying down his arms, and submitting to God’s righteousness, and accepting His grace.

Further, God who sent his Son in the first instance to bless us by turning us from iniquity, gave, and gives yet His Holy Spirit to enlighten man’s darkened intellect, and soften his hard heart, and bend his stubborn will;—to lead him as a penitent to the cross; as pardoned there to God’s family; as redeemed and adopted to holiness; and so transform the sin-ruined into a living soul, and seal it for Christ and heaven.

All this is of grace—all this is done in time. Our life term here is God’s “accepted time,” in which, if ever, we are to come to “know God and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent, whom to know is everlasting life.” “To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.” “Work while it is to-day; the night cometh when no man can work.”—Now! then, if we are ever to be saved, we are to be saved from sin, and to fear and love, and serve our God. Now! if we are to have a dwelling-place with him in bliss, we are to be sanctified—set apart for God, and a holy, happy, eternal life.”

When time ends there shall be no longer sins, temptations, fears, sorrows, or dangers to harass Christians. And no more instructions, invitations, remonstrances, or warnings for ungodly men.

O Time, Time! might each of us say. Time lost, Time yet given. Important, much and long neglected time! My salvation or perdition is to be recorded in God's book before I am done with thee.—O God! give me thy grace that I may be saved in time.

2. Discerning the time is to notice and know its brevity—to mark how swiftly it passes away from us.

The history of mankind is a long and tragic tale, running so far back into the misty past, that, except what we find in one Book, no trace remains of the beginning and early stages; and nothing more than a trace remains—a dim vestige of one dire and universal catastrophe, which overwhelmed the race of men after centuries of human life had passed away. And yet how brief the whole period! 6,000 years or so. That's all. Four figures sum it up. And how swiftly the 6,000 have glided along—never stopping, never minding what men said, or did, or thought all the while.

The origin of all existing nations is involved in mystery. From the time when authentic history casts its first light on their barbarous beginnings, down through all their blood-stained annals, to this, the day of their maturity or decay seems long indeed. How many generations have lived! How many kings have reigned! How much of toil, and misery, and oppression, and suffering, must have been borne! How many social convulsions, religious and political changes have taken place! How many great battles fought! How many great men flourished! And how many little, or unnoticed men must have lived—fought life's sore battle—now joyous and hopeful, now stricken, and sad, and weary,

and then have gone away to fatten unknown church-yards! And look back. Ten or twelve hundred years ago, these nations had not a name. How quickly time has passed from Charlemagne to this nineteenth century!

The pedigree of families can be ascertained in some cases. A reputed ancestor may be found in some man of note, who lived long since, and was famed perhaps for his crimes. And then when we enumerate the years that have elapsed since the patriarch lived, they are so few, that it seems to us as if these old times and men of renown must have vanished to be so completely lost to view.

Those of us who have reached maturity or old age, can remember their childhood, when years looked like unending things, and life was a summer day—sometimes o'ercast and stormy, but still a summer day. And coming winter was unthought of, and every prospect was radiant with hope and beauty. They can look back from their autumn or winter time, and with their sad experience, smile or sigh at the visions that charmed them once. But with all their experience, and with knowledge so certain of the fact, they can hardly realize the truth that so much time has passed so swiftly. 'Why it looks like yesterday,' the grey-headed man will say, 'when I ran, and laughed, and played with young companions;—where are they now that merry band? Two or three bowed down with years and cares,—the rest all gone! And it is not long since. There is the tree I planted when a boy; it is but a young tree yet, when my heart and flesh are fainting and failing! So swiftly passes time.

It has not paused in its flight. It is passing now—the time to secure an interest in Christ. The acceptable year of the Lord will soon be over. We cannot stay its progress. Let us try then to find

—let us cry for His grace to whom a thousand years are as a day.

6. Discerning the time is to notice the changes that have occurred during its progress, and to be rightly affected by the thoughts which these changes suggest.

Just try to think of what must have been witnessed and felt, of joy and sorrow, of glittering hope and moody despair, by all the men of all generations, from the beginning to the last. "They all died. But before death, what varieties—what vicissitudes!

Think of the mighty empires which have been—their growth, extent, strength decline, and fall, one after another. All bearing at one period, the marks of stability. All passed away!

If one had looked upon Imperial Rome, the day that Christ was born, surveying its vast dominion, estimating its strength riches, civilization, and other elements of power, could he have thought it possible, that in the course of 400 or 500 years, the proud mistress of the world, with all her pomp, would be lying a bleeding, spoliated suppliant at the feet of then unknown savages? and that darkness and barbarism would cover her most enlightened provinces, and even sacred Italy? Or could that man have believed that, in the course of another 500 years, there would arise a new power in that old Rome, with spiritual pretensions greater than any authority ever exercised by the *Cæsars*; with spiritual fulminations as its weapons; with armies of cowed monks and shaven priests and mitred bishops, to carry its aggressions into every land; with lying promises decoying, with lying threatenings terrifying, with lying superstition imposing on the religious sentiment of man;—and, having bound all in spiritual fetters, receiving a homage and a tribute which stern old pagan Rome never extorted, and would have rejected with scorn?

Or, worse still, could that man have anticipated the spectacle presented in the 'eternal city' now? Could he have believed that, after men awoke from the sleep of the dark ages, and found that their life-action, and aim, and thought, had been but dreams,—distressing, terrible, degrading, leaden, cursed unrealities,—a phantom would be found in old Rome—a ghastly rather than a ghostly successor and caricature of the *Dream King*? Like a bird of night and evil omen, winking its eyes unused to light, and trying to bear itself defiantly amid the glare of the noon-day sun of knowledge which scorches it, like grinning death's head, lifeless, soulless, trying to chatter and mutter, and peep. Like maniac raving, endeavouring to persuade itself, that again it will enslave the world!—the world! that pities it, that helps it for its own bad ends—that props it up with bayonets in Italy, and elsewhere with legislative provision, and laughs in scorn at the miserable imbecility!

Who, that may have walked through the streets of London, or Paris, or who has heard of the extent, power, and influence of the great empires, of which they form the centres, could easily think of utter desolation brooding o'er the site of these cities; utter prostration as the doom of these empires?—It may not be for long, long ages; but the destruction cometh, and no man knows how soon. The end of all things is at hand, however lengthened that infinite period may appear to the perceptions of men. And Time is what it has been. It passed, and all things withered, grew old, and died. It passes and all things wither and shall die.

Concluded on page 669.

HUMILITY.—The Christian graces grow only under the shade of the Cross, and the root of them all is humility.

OLD HUMPHREY ON TIME.

"And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou? Gen. xivii. 8.

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me how to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger, and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge than I set off scampering to join my companions, at a game of ring-taw; but my father called me back again:—"Stop, Humphrey," said he, "I have something else to say to you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought that I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

"Humphrey," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of the day, I must now teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was Dutch to me; so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of man to be three-score and ten or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of the clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you; when you arrive at fourteen years, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My great grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock; my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you and I shall die, Humphrey, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think that I have even looked at the face of a

clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not, my friends, what o'clock it may be with you, but I know very well what time it is with myself; and that if I mean to do anything in this world which, hitherto, I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial-plate of a clock, which it never would, perhaps, have possessed in my estimation if these words had not been spoken. Look about you, my friends, I earnestly entreat you, and now and then ask yourselves what o'clock it is with you.—*Weekly Visitor*

GROWTH IN GRACE.

True grace is a growing principle. The Christian grows in *discernment*: a child may play with a serpent, but a man gets as far off from it as he can; a child may taste poison, but a man will not suffer a speck of poison near him. He grows in *humility*: the blade shoots up boldly, and the young ear keeps erect with confidence; but the full corn in the ear inclines itself towards the earth, not because it is feeble, but because it is matured. He grows in *strength*: the new wine ferments and frets, but the old wine acquires a body and firmness.

HOUR OF HEALTH—When you say, "Prepare for eternity," to the healthful man, he may say, "My pulse beats strong, my constitution is in good order, and there is no complaint which afflicts me. Go to the sick-man and tell him to get ready—tell him to prepare." "Yes, but I must tell you too. Remember Job's sons and daughters were all taken off before him, and, we have reason to believe, when in perfect health. How many, in full bloom, have been called from our neighbourhood—the high and the low—and been removed to another world!

TOUCHING REBUKE—The celebrated La Motte, who had lost his eyesight, being one day in a crowd, accidentally trod upon the foot of a young man, who instantly struck him a blow in the face. "Sir," said La Motte, "you will be very sorry to what you have done, when I tell you that I am blind."

LINEs ON THE DYING WORDS
OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE SAINT'S EVERLASTING
BEST."

"The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick."—Isaiah
xxxiii. 24.

He lay upon a bed of pain,
From whence he ne'er should rise again;
Pain that exhausted by its power,
Pain still increasing hour by hour.

Though well he knew death would be gain,
He could not say, "Pain is not pain;"
God wrought for him no miracle,
Day after day he suffered still!*

But was the love to him denied,
Which in the furnace stood beside
The saints of old, with watchful care,
Nor let its hot flames singe one hair?

Which shut the mouths of lions wild,
Lest they should harm His captive child;
Nor let the viper's venom'd sting
To His beloved servant cling?

Oh, no! that love was still the same,
Although pain shook the wrecking frame;
Not yet to bid all suffering cease,
But to infuse a hidden peace.†

And more than that, a hope so bright
In joys not yet revealed to sight;
A trust so steadfast and so sure
In his Physician's promised cure,
That, when one asked him, "How fare you?"
(Oh! precious words both just and true!)
With gladness inexpressible,
He promptly answered, "ALMOST WELL!"‡

Anticipation bright and blest,
Brought to his soul a present rest—
A foretaste of the rest of heaven,
Soon to the weary pilgrim given:
Like streaks of glory ere the tide
Of sunset hues spread far and wide,
Till lake and mountain, wood and field,
Glow like a burnish'd golden shield;
Or like the lull, before the storm
Assumes its most tremendous form,
Sweet presage of an after-peace,
More perfect, when its tumults cease.

Faith saw the land of glorious rays;
Faith fixed upon the King its gaze;
And, looking up from suffering's dale,
Scanned the blest heights beyond the veil.

Prophetic were his parting words,
Sweet echoes from celestial chords,
Whose music, falling on his ear,
None else were privileged to hear,
Till, with a joy too deep to tell,
They caught his dying "Almost well!"
Scarcely said, ere his calm eyelids close
Upon earth's many sins and woes,
To open in a home above,
Upon his father's smile of love!

There, in full joy, and glory bright,
Crown'd with a coronet of light;
All pain forgotten, as a dream
Dispelled by morning's rising beam;
Admitted with his Lord to dwell,
Not almost now, but wholly well;
The bliss his pen sought to portray
In time's oft dark and cloudy day;
Then but imagined, now possessed,
"His is The Saint's Eternal Best!"

* "I have pains," said the Rev. Richard Baxter
when near the close of his earthly life; "there is
no arguing against sense."

† "I have pains," he said, "but I have peace.—
I HAVE PEACE."

‡ The words uttered.

STORIES FROM THE BOOK.

(FOR THE LITTLE CHILDREN.)

THE BIRTH OF MOSES ex. ii. (1—10.)

The promised time is drawing nigh—
Four hundred years have run;
But Israel still as bondmen lie,
Beneath an eastern sun.
The despot still, with cruel sway,
Wields the oppressor's rod
And wantonly contrives a way
To heal the crushing load.
A bloody barbarous plan's designed—
A cruel law is passed,
And ev'ry male child now we find
Into the Nile is cast.
But he who's word is ever sure,
Whose promise never fails,
Beholds the trials they endure
And hears the host that wails.
His unseen, providential hand
Which ever worketh good,—
Supporting life in ev'ry land,
Conveniently with food,
Guides on events from hour to hour—
Their issues he directs,
Till he at last with mighty power
Deliverance effects.
To Jochebed and Amram's born
A goodly child indeed,
A son alas! his birth they mourn—
They know what is decreed.
But still they cannot think that they,
This tender little bud
Can inhumanely cast away,
Into the roaring flood.
The infant, one surpassing fair,
They hide from ev'ry eye,
Nursed by a mother's tender care,
A sister watching nigh.
But when three months their course had run
The matter comes to light,
No longer can they hide their son,
Afrail of Pharaoh's might.
A little bulrush ark they make
All carefully daubed within,
This to the river's brink they take
And place the child therein.
Now gently 'mong the flags they lay
Their precious little boat,
And unto Israel's God they pray
As it is set afloat.
Afar there stands with anxious eye—
All eagerly intent,
Their daughter Miriam, as a spy,
By a fond mother sent.
But shortly then a royal train

Towards the river trod,
 Onward they march, the bank they gain,
 Divinely led by God.
 'Tis cruel Pharaoh's daughter!
 Her maiden's at her side,
 Who now is at the water,
 And bathing in the tide.
 But as she laves herself she spies
 Afloat the little bark,
 And quickly off her maid she hies
 To fetch the bulrush ark.
 Among the sedges she descends
 According to command;
 Where crocodiles abound she wends
 And brings it safe to land.
 The covering of the ark is raised
 In which the prophet sleeps;
 But maid and mistress stand amazed
 For lo! an infant weeps.
 The child they saw and pity felt,
 Till otherwise their part,
 This outcast infant's sobbings melt
 The royal lady's heart.
 His sister who has now drawn nigh,
 Speaks forth in accents kind
 "Who'll call a nurse to thee, shall I
 A Hebrew woman find?"
 "Go" said the daughter of the king
 And quick the maid is gone,
 Egyptia's best nurse to bring;
 Her mother and his own.
 And soon the happy twain appear,
 And with the princess stood,
 Who said "this take it for me rear
 Thy wages I'll make good."
 What joy and gladness filled that breast
 Such a command to bear
 Now in her arms the child she pressed,
 The child!—her infant dear.
 To lead from thralldom the enslaved,
 To give their legal code,
 Moses the drowning babe is saved,
 By faithful Abraham's God.
 The joy in Auram's house that night
 Speech is at fault to tell,
 What pen can picture its delight
 Or justly on it dwell.
 They praised the High and mighty one
 Who supplication hears,
 Who swings the planets round the sun,
 And marks an infant's tears.

X. Y. Z.

THE PURPOSE OF PRIVATION.

The Germans have a profitable narrative of which the following is the substance:—The only child of thoughtless parents died. The parents became on this account, not not only sorrowful, but disposed to question the goodness of God. They even petulantly inquired of their minister how it could be possible that a God of love could have dealt so hardly with the ^{son} as to

take their only child. To this question the pastor promised a reply, and he gave it.

"You would know from me why God, has taken your child from you. Well then, he is determined to have from your family at least one member in heaven. You, parents, would not prepare to enter into heaven; and if that child of yours had been allowed to remain, you would also have prevented it from going thither.

"Hear, farther, a parable. There was a good shepherd, who had prepared costly fodder in his fold for his sheep, but the sheep would not enter. He gave himself much concern to induce them to enter, but they always retreated farther backward from the open door. Then he took a lamb from the flock, and dragged it in; and behold the parent sheep ran in after it! The good Shepherd is Christ; the open fold is heaven; the lamb your child. Have ye the hearts of parents? Prepare to follow your child. It has been taken from you on purpose to allure you to the skies."

SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS.

Think not God can forget;
 Trust to His righteousness, be still and wait;
 What if He linger yet?
 Thou know'st not what with Him is soon
 or late.

He counts not hours with thee;
 No sun metes out for Him a daily round;
 His time—eternity!
 Death is no mark for Him, the grave no
 bound.

Agess His moments are,
 A thousand years as nothing in His gaze;
 Thy trust is in His care,
 And thou may'st find it after many days.

PRAYER is not to inform a Being who is perfectly wise, but that we may be affected with our condition, and be prepared for the display of his mercy. It is we who are changed by prayer, not God.—The land is not drawn to the boat, but the boat to the land—the result of the contact is the same.

THE GOOD NEWS.

DECEMBER 15th, 1862.

THE END OF THE SECOND YEAR.

With this number of the *Good News* the second year of its publication closes.—Through the good hand of the Lord upon us, the *Good News* has been steadily increasing in circulation, and we trust, has been blessed to the individuals among whom it has circulated.

We enter upon the new year with enlarged experience, and with the continued favour of God, we trust that our circulation, in the ensuing year, will still continue to increase, and the reading of its contents be still more largely blessed.

We enter upon the new year under the disadvantage of an increase in the price of paper, which is a material difficulty, and of the discouraging prospect of a still higher increase. We have not yet decided whether this advance in price will require us to make any change in the size or form of our publication, but trust that the increase in the number of subscriptions will help us to send it on as usual.

We have some prospect of being able to improve the mechanical appearance of the *Good News* during the coming year. Our means of executing good work are not as complete as we expect they will be, and being limited we have been unable, through pressure of business, to send out our papers as regularly to the day as we would like they should be sent. We trust that with additional machinery we will be able to attend to that during the year.

Our subscribers and friends would materially aid us in keeping the *Good News* at its present size, with the increase in price of paper, if they would save us the necessity of sending agents into their district. If any of our subscribers send us in Five Dollars with subscriptions to that amount, they will be entitled to a copy of the *Good News* for themselves.

If our subscribers would send in their own

subscription direct without waiting on a visit from our travelling agent it would aid us.—Our travelling agents are sent mainly to those who are subscribers, or who may not have seen the paper.

We send on the papers to subscribers after their term is expired. In the last number of their year we send an account for the next year. Those who do not wish to continue it will be kind enough to let us know. Those who do, will oblige us by sending on their subscription as early as possible.

We ask our Christian readers to pray for us. While we are engaged in this department of the Lord's work, the Lord's enemies are busily engaged in hindering us, and their devices are varied. The Apostle Paul entreated his fellow-disciples to pray for him, and surely we have more need, for the same support, that the work of God may advance in us, and through us.

POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

The following, from the pen of a missionary in the Bombay Presidency, gives a striking instance of the power of the Gospel: "Pandu, a Mahar of Kolgaw, was a victim of that terrible disease, the black leprosy. The loathsome state of the body was only a type of the deeper malady of the soul. He hated everybody, and hated himself. No one wanted to go to his house, or have a word to say to him. Said the catechist, 'No one would let his dog go to the house if he could help it, so vilely would the poor animal be abused.' The catechist was an especial object of his spite; indeed this was his only pastime, to abuse every one in the vilest terms he could invent. His wife's life is a burden to her. He would not only abuse her in words but beat her cruelly. At length in a fit of rage one day he seized an old razor, and was about to end his life. The scream of his wife brought a Christian neighbour to the door, who wrested the weapon from his hand. He had inflicted a ghastly wound, but happily it did not prove fatal. Nature, more kind to him than he was to himself, healed the wound, and it pleased the Lord to magnify his grace in healing the malady of his soul. It was about this time that I

first met him, and I looked on him as a novelty of wretchedness. The catechist, whom he had so abused, visited him again, and spoke kindly to him. The Gospel had a soothing sound in it which he had not before noticed. He continued to listen, and began to attend the Sabbath services. He gave up the habit of filthy, abusive talking—one of the last to leave the inquirer after truth in this land. The heathen noticed the change with wonder, and freely confessed that Christianity had made Pandu a new man. He presented himself for admission to the Church, and after some months of trial was approved. He was to have been baptized in his own village as soon as I could visit it. Some weeks elapsed before I could go, and he in the meantime was taken ill. He told the catechist that he should not recover, and with tears expressed his regret that he had not had the opportunity of professing Christ before the world, and partaking of the Lord's Supper with his Church. The catechist comforted him, assuring him that if he believed in Christ as his Saviour he would be saved, though not baptized by water. He replied, 'I do believe in Christ.' He often called for the teacher to come and read the Bible to him and pray with him. He charged his wife not to perform any heathen rites over him, but to let the Christians bury him, for said he, 'I am a Christian.' He also told her that she must become a Christian, and she is now, I trust, a sincere inquirer after the truth. Thus he died a peaceful death; and the little band of Christians buried him, and mourned for him as for a brother. His name is not on the roll of our church members, but I trust it is in 'the Lamb's Book of Life.'"—Free Church Record.

GOD'S WAY OF WORKING.

Mr. H. was a gentleman engaged in an extensive and profitable business in London, in which he employed many young men at liberal salaries. Having thus a good deal of patronage to bestow, and being otherwise a person of some influence, he was often interrupted by applications for favours, which sometimes tried his patience, although naturally of a kind and obliging disposition.

A zealous missionary who laboured amongst the poor in the district in which Mr. H. carried on his business, often heard his wealth and in-

fluence spoken of; but always with a sad feeling in his own breast as to what would become of the rich man's soul. At last it seemed to him one night, as if he heard a voice saying to him, "Go and read the Bible to Mr. H." Sensible, however, of the difficulties which would stand in the way of obtaining access for such a purpose, to a man so immersed in the world, he tried to banish the thought. Again he seemed to hear a similar voice speaking to him, and conscience told him that he was neglecting to attend to it, for fear of the cross he might have to bare; so, after much prayer, but with trembling faith, he one day entered Mr. H.'s office, and requested to see him. He had to wait several hours and then retire unsuccessful, on account of his being much engaged; but next day he returned, when one of the clerks asked what was the nature of his business? He replied, unhesitatingly, that he wished to read the Bible to him. The clerk fancied he must be out of his mind, to come there on such an errand, and laughingly told the others of the foolish object the man had come about. All that day and the next, did the missionary wait, expecting the way to be made plain whereby he might attain his object. On the morning of the fourth day, a young clerk felt pity for him, and having occasion to carry some papers into Mr. H.'s inner room, mentioned that a man had been waiting for four days to see him. Mr. H. at that moment was sorely tried by something that had gone wrong, but bid the clerk send the man in. "Well, what do you want of me?" he asked in a rather impatient tone. "I wish to read the Bible to you that your soul may be saved." "Go away,—you must be mad to think of such a thing at a time like this," was the reply. Still the missionary stood still, and did not seem inclined to move, upon which Mr. H. indignantly rose up, and pushed him out at the door. There was a slight declivity, which the poor man did not observe, and he missed his footing, and fell into the other office. Mr. H. immediately shut his door; whilst the missionary, sadly cast down with the reception, departed amidst the smiles of the young men, who had witnessed what had passed. But now it was the Lord's time to take the part of his servant, and cause his heart to rejoice at the very moment that all his hopes seemed to be laid prostrate. Conscience began to work very powerfully with Mr. H., and the following thought pressed itself upon him. "Here am I continually beset with people asking me for favours, and trying to get all they can from me, and I treat them civilly; whilst towards this poor missionary, who came to bestow on me what he considers the greatest treasure on earth, I have acted with rude and uncalled-for violence."

Quickly he opened the door of his room, and called out, "Bring that man back." One of the clerks ran after the missionary into the street, and bade him return. On again entering the office Mr. H. said to him, that he was sorry he had so treated him, and asked what it was he wanted of him. "I wish you to let me read the Bible to you, that your soul may be saved." "And how much time will satisfy you; will an hour every morning do?" "Oh yes," exclaimed the delighted servant of God. And an hour he did appropriate for this purpose, until at length the Holy Spirit applied the blessed word to his heart, and led him to find salvation through faith in the blood of Jesus. Here was the light shining as that of a candle, forcing itself on one unwilling to receive it, but blessed to the saving of an immortal soul.

THE FAMILY HERITAGE.

The Rev. W. Troup, of Bristol, was once preaching in London, from Rom. viii. 28: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." After remarking that these words were intended for the common benefit of the Christian Church, he added; "But I have looked upon them likewise as a family heritage. They formed the favourite text of my venerated father, who found in it consolation and support in the course of a difficult laborious ministry. It was no less dear to the heart of my mother, who used to quote it in her easy chair and on her pillow of rest. When the weight of affliction overcame her feelings in the hour of trial, then she used to say, 'Let me sit down and rest myself, for we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose. My father was removed in the midst of his pious career and in the vigour of his manhood, leaving behind him a large and uneducated family, possessed of but little of the goods of earth. My mother was then confined in childbed, having been delivered the day before my father expired. The last words uttered by him to my mother in this distressing situation, were, 'Call the child Christiana; all things must work together for good to them that love God.' To make the measure of sorrow full, it happened that all the rivers of the neighbourhood were overflowing at that season, causing on all sides inconve-

nience, damage, and distress; and the water was a foot deep on the ground-floor; of our house! Still she always affirmed that this season of calamity was the happiest period of her life, in which she derived the fullness of consolation from the words of the text. When, a few days after my father had been carried to his place of rest, our house was robbed of everything that could be borne away, and also of the last quarter's salary which my mother had received; and when, having discovered our loss, my eldest sister ran breathless into her mother's chamber, exclaiming, 'Mother, the thieves have stolen all we have in this world; will this also work together for good? This Christian replied, Yes, "for we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. And the result justified her confidence."

RELIGIOUS DEPRESSION.

It is a strange truth that some of the highest of God's servants are tried with darkness on the dying bed. Theory would say, When a religious man is laid up for his last struggle, now he is alone for deep communion with God. Fact very often says, "No; now he is alone, as his Master was before him, in the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." Look at John the Baptist, in imagination, and you would say, "Now his rough pilgrimage is done. He is quiet; he is out of the world, with the rapt foretaste of heaven in his soul." Look at John in fact. He is agitated, sending to Christ, not able to rest, grim doubt wrestling with his soul, misgiving for one last, black hour whether all his hopes had not been delusion. There is one thing we remark here by the way:—*Doubt often comes from inactivity.* We cannot give the philosophy of it, but this is the fact—Christians who have nothing to do but to sit thinking of themselves, meditating, sentimentalizing, (or mysticizing,) are almost sure to become the prey of dark, black misgivings. John struggling in the desert, needs no proof that Jesus is the Christ. John shut up became morbid and doubtful immediately. Brethren, all this is very marvellous. The history of a human soul is marvellous. We are mysteries; but here is the history of it all; for sadness, for suffering, for misgiving; there is no remedy but stirring and doing.

THE TASK COMPLETED.

The mother's work is never done, unless God takes it from her by a special providence, until her children are old enough to stand and act for themselves on the stage of mature life. From the birth of her oldest to the maturity of her youngest, she must work, work, work, watch, watch, watch, by day and by night, week in and week out, for months and years, following each other in long succession. We speak not here of material work; of the labor of the hands to supply the wants of the physical nature; the answering of, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Money can accomplish all this, if we have it; and if not, we will not sigh, nor fret, nor covet; for the heart-work, the solicitude of a good mother for a virtuous and honorable character in her children, walks forth with a bolder, steadier step by the side of frugality and daily labor, than it is apt to do if separated from them.

It is a well-known fact that almost all the true greatness, the noble virtues, the heroism which the world has seen, have arisen from the lap of obscurity, poverty, and toil. But the work to which we now refer is that which every mother, whether rich or poor, whatever the advantages or disadvantages of her circumstances may be, is required by the most rigid obligations to achieve the assiduous cultivation of the inner nature, of that which makes the true man or woman, that which shall live for ever and ever. For this she must be always at her post, with never so much as a recess from her maternal care and solicitude, toiling on, breaking up the ground, sowing the seed, training the tender plant, enriching the soil, watering, nourishing, stimulating every good and pleasant growth, until the flowers begin to bloom, and the fruit to ripen. Then there comes a hey-day of enjoyment, of rest and comfort to the mother, in the golden autumn of life, when, surrounded by a group of affectionate, dutiful, virtuous and noble sons and daughters, she sits among them in beautiful repose, her face radiant in the glow of her own heart's ever-burning love, and the smile of Heaven as a halo of light about her head—a spectacle to be admired and envied of all. But this season of comfort, this "Indian Summer" of maternal life, never, never, comes to those who evade their responsibilities, forsake their trust, and leave their work for others to do, for the sake of personal ease, sensuous indulgence, or selfish gratification. The very thing they seek, they lose by a lamentable and hopeless mistake, verifying the words of the Lord, "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."—*Mrs Stowe*

AMONG PICTURES.

BY W. KENNEDY MOORE, M.A.

Leaving my desk and books early one forenoon in Florence, I wandered out into the Piazza, which was glowing in the fervent rays of the bright Italian sun that lighted up with peculiar brilliance the many coloured marble front of the ancient church of Santa Maria Novella. Proceeding thence by one of those dark, narrow lanes, which turn and twist so strangely among the palaces of the old Tuscan nobles, I crossed some of the wider thoroughfares, and making my way across the Arno, landed at length in the gallery of the Pitti Palace, so justly celebrated for the wondrous gems of art that adorn its walls. Having been a familiar visitor to the place, and feeling somewhat in a passive, listless mood, instead of making the round of the paintings I stood near an open window, and gave myself up to a kind of dreamy enjoyment, in which the sweet air and glorious sunshine, and the faces looking out with such marvellous expression from the narrow bounds of their canvas, combined their influence with the memories and imaginings that floated indistinctly through my mind. While in this aimless mood, my eye caught sight of an artist in an inner room, whose quiet, earnest occupation immediately fixed my attention. She had planted herself before a picture which, by some strange oversight, I had scarcely ever previously noticed. It was rather small in size and quiet in colouring, and represented ideally the countenance of our blessed Lord. A look of deep unspeakable sadness sat on the features, but the eye glistered with intense yearning and compassion. Such might have been the look He wore when gazing across the valley of the Kedron on the proud battlements of Jerusalem, and thinking of the dark day of her coming desolation, He ceased to hear the hosannah that rang around Him, and with tears brimming in His eyes and streaming down His cheeks, spoke those touching words,—“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!” After gazing eagerly for a while at this most moving picture, I began to watch with interest the proceedings of the artist who was engaged in copying it. I could not but admire the care and patience

she displayed in adding touch to touch with such a watchful, earnest, loving purpose, ever turning her eyes to the beautiful original, and absorbed in the task of endeavouring to reproduce, as faithfully as in her lay, a likeness of its loveliness. A more serious train of thought was awakened in me, as I stood and watched her. Not in this carnal, but in another and nobler way am I too, called on to labour to produce a likeness of my blessed Lord. Not in lines and colours on canvas am I to imitate the beauty of what is after all but a work of the imagination, but in the lineaments and features of my character is my own soul to be conformed to the spiritual reality of my Saviour's living self. Shall I ever succeed, unless animated by a spirit of deepest love and admiration? Can I become like, unless I be much with Him, gazing on His glory and beauty, who is chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely? Shall I not ever compare myself with His bright example, and strive, O how earnestly, to be in all things as He was? The copy this artist will produce will, after all, be valueless compared with the priceless original, but to those who cannot see that original, it will convey some faint idea of what its beauty is. So to the world that sees not Christ, knows Him not, and cares not for Him; to that world am I called upon to be a revelation of Him, so that in me they may see a witness, faint and far off though it be, to the glory of the only begotten Son of the Father full of grace and truth. Fill me with Thy love, O Christ; may I ever dwell in heart with Thee till, when Thou shalt appear, I shall be altogether like Thee when I shall see Thee as Thou art.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

"If ye love me," says our blessed Lord, "keep my commandments." There is one of Jesus' commandments we are very anxious that young Christians, such as you, should keep, and that is, "SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

We will never prosper and be in health if we neglect the Word; for it is all we have to depend on for the nourishment of our souls. Prayer won't do; reading men's books won't do; going to Church or meet-

ings won't do; Christian conversation won't do; in short, nothing will do if the Scriptures are not searched.

"Grow in grace" is the command of God; but this is how it is to be done—"Grow in grace even in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" and there is no knowledge of Jesus to be obtained from any other source than the written Word.—"Search the Scriptures," says He, "for they are they which testify of me."

It is, therefore, a gross error to neglect the Word of God, and expect that He will give us all we need, for ourselves or others, by the immediate inspiration of His Holy Spirit. We must prepare ourselves, to the best of our ability, for speaking to others; for it is little short of blasphemy and fanaticism to neglect the study of the Scriptures, on the plea that we have the promise that it will be given us at the time what we are to speak; for that promise was only to meet emergencies in answering before magistrates, not for the preaching of the gospel.

One who is doing good to souls, but who is not possessed of much education, had the following advice from a friend, which, though rather oddly conceived, may be of use:—"Those who are much occupied in speaking in the name of Jesus to others, and, from want of education or time, are not able to prepare themselves in the ordinary way, should take a passage of God's Word and commit it to memory in the morning, and let it soak into their minds all day; and, mixing it with faith, watering it with prayer, and having it permeated by the sweet influences of the Holy Ghost, and being placed, by meditation, in a heart burning like an oven with the love of Christ, it will swell and grow like well-baked bread, and when they speak at a meeting, their lips will feed many, because, being themselves 'filled with good things,' they will have nothing more to do than cut up and hand round the fresh and substantial bread of heaven, that all who hear may eat and be 'filled.'" This is the process which I would earnestly advise you to adopt, if you would honour the Holy Spirit, and be of real service in winning souls; for if sinners are saved, it must be by means of God's truth, not by our *might* or *power*.

PASTOR HARMS.

About fifteen years since, Harms succeeded his father a pastor of Hermannsburg. He had been considered a strange youth, very independent at college, and an ardent book-worm. Hermannsburg was his village, and he loved it and its people with all the patriotism and love of fatherland which distinguishes the Lunebergers above even other Germans. But what stirred the soul of this pious young man to its inmost depths was the godlessness and indifference to the things of salvation in which the villagers lived. Harms was distinguished as a man of prayer, and he not only prayed but worked too, and God blessed his labours. Not only three sermons on Sunday, but a week-day service, too, did he establish in the village. His heart-stirring appeals from the pulpit, his fervent prayers in the church and at meetings in his own house, his visits among the parishioners, soon, with the Holy Spirit's blessing, began to take effect. Every service was crowded. Singing in worship is much more used in Germany than with us, and singing was a great means which Parson Harms employed in impressing the minds of the people. Profane and worldly songs were no more learned in the village, but in their stead the grand old hymns of Luther and Gerhardt might be heard at the morning and evening devotions of the peasant and his family, or sung by the labourers in the fields and the woodmen in the forests. Hermannsburg was soon transformed into a village of God-fearing men and women, the like of which was not to be found all over Germany.—
Sunday at Home.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

The Editor of the *Christian Treasury* writes very strongly in his last month's part in warning men to beware of approximations to this sin. The following sentences are very solemn. Let us lay their teaching to heart, stand in awe, and sin not with our lips:—

“The way in which many attack revivals, and revile those engaged in them, and ascribe the conversions to mere excitement, or hypocrisy, or love of show, or to Satan himself, is a perilous approach to the blas-

phemy against the Holy Ghost. Let men beware of how they speak of these religious awakenings. If you dislike them, or see let evidence for their genuineness, at least on them alone. Especially let those who, in their zeal for order and orthodoxy, have set themselves against such movements, and do not hesitate to throw out insinuations as to all these being the devil's work, beware lest they be found fighting against God, and reviling the Spirit of God. They may be nearer the sin of the Pharisees than they are willing to think; and their zeal for sound words, in which they pride themselves, only helps to identify them the more with these haters of the Lord. The dislike of sudden conversions looks very like a denial of the Spirit's work; just as the dislike of assurance looks like a questioning of the work of Christ,—a denial of its sufficiency to give immediate peace of the awakened conscience. Let the ungodly beware of scoffing at revivals; and let professing Christians beware of standing aloof from them, as if they were fanaticism, or excitement, or the work of Satan.”

THE BEST LAST.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy,
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank Thee Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

A. A. PROCTOR.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reasons have we then to presume that our children are not to do the same? The path upwards is steep and long. Industry, care, skill, excellence, in the present parent lay the foundation of a rise, under more favourable circumstances for the children. The children of these take another rise, and by-and-by the descendants of the present labourers become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world. The education which I recommend consists in bringing children up to labour with steadiness, with care, and with skill—to show them how to do as many useful things as possible—to teach them to do them all in the best manner—to set them an example of industry, sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness,—to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary—to let them always see good living proceeding from labour, and thus to remove them from the temptations to get the goods of their by violent or fraudulent enemies.—
William Cobbett.

THE WHITE SWAN.

"Why live here forever?" said a white swan, floating discontentedly in the heaven-lit waters; "don't I know this lake by heart?—When shall I perch on the highest crag, or sweep over the cataracts, like other birds?"

"Better stay in a station you can fill gracefully, than covet places where your awkwardness will make you ridiculous," said an old swan.

"Can't I go where others go?" cried the young swan.

"Talents differ," answered the old swan: "your long neck and web-feet show that water is your proper element. Happy is he who knows where to use his capacities."

"Wa'n't I born on the land?" hissed the young one, in a heat; what have I wings for?"

"Occasion finds uses for them," returned the old swan, mildly; "it is folly to fly into danger in order to find them."

The young swan made a great splash in the water, and then complained that the heavens had left it.

"Discontent muddies the clearest spring," said the old swan, and sailed away.

The young one then hopped on the bank, spread her wings, and drove out boldly into the air.

"What fowl is that stretching its long neck so stupidly forward?" cried the other birds, as the swan heavily rose from the bosom of the happy valley to the great world beyond.

On, on she swept over plain and forest; and as she comes, an eagle marks her for his prey. Long on the topmast bow has he watched for his morning meal. His bright, stern eye looked over the vast expanse. His quick ear hears even the lightest tread of fawns beneath. Teals and pigeons flit to and fro; wild ducks wheel around; the trumpet-note of the swan, exulting in its flight, sounds in the distance. The eagle suddenly shakes his feathers and whets his bill. With a terrible scream he starts from his perch, and like a flash of lightning strikes on the track of the luckless swan. She mounts and doubles, and Oh how gladly would betake herself to her native element, the stream below. That the eagle knows full well, and he makes her remain in the air by threatening to strike her with his talons from beneath. Her strength fails; again she tries to escape when her ferocious enemy strikes her wing, and forces her to fall upon the nearest shore. Down he tramples her with his cruel claws. His wife, perched on a crag, watches the bloody fray. At a scream from her mate, she sails to the spot, and together they despatched their fluttering, dying prey, drinking its blood, and greedily devouring its flesh with a savage delight.

Poor white swan! Flights of discontent often put us in the power of our enemies.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME

Time must be employed either in doing what is useful, or what is not, for the time that is not usefully is uselessly employed, and all the time employed uselessly is employed badly. Did time ever hang heavy on your hands. If it did, you have much to learn in order to be happy; for the wise man and the happy man have no idle time. Time is the material out of which pleasure is made; and he who makes most pleasure out of it, is the man who employs it best.

—*Bowring.*

THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

And Jesus said unto him, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise. Luke xxiii. 43.

See, reader, how the sweet invitations of divine mercy are confirmed and illustrated in the case of this dying thief, for what price could he bring, what claim could he make, or what plea offer in his own favour? None, none, and he brings none, offers none, but confesseth his sin; and we know who hath said, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," &c. Ah! if this thief was heard, whom will He refuse to hear, who comes as he did, "ready to perish?" None, none. He never has, never will, while it is written, "It shall come to pass that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved." This thief found it true, and so shall all who come to Christ as he did.

To save sinners was Jesus born. To save sinners did Jesus die. To save sinners is he exalted at the right hand of God; the Prince, that he might be the Saviour to "give," not to sell, "repentance and remission of sins." "Not the righteous—sinners Jesus came to call."

But what was there about this thief which attracted the Saviour's attention, and moved his heart towards him? Not his merit, but his misery. That pleaded his cause, and rendered him a fit object for the free mercy of our blessed Saviour. His history had reached a crisis. An inch of time, and he was lost—lost forever. That inch he improved by prayer to Jesus and that prayer—that misery, from which it came—was too great for the compassionating heart of Jesus not to be moved by it. He had not to pray twice, nor wait for an answer; immediately Jesus said unto him, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." What were now his feelings? Felt he the nail, the cross, the death? Ah, no! How must he have loved, how must he have praised, and longed to be with Christ, his adored Christ, in paradise, there to adore, and praise, and love, and serve him evermore! Now, in that paradise, how loud he sings his praise! His notes above them all are heard in praise of Him who said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." O Calvary! O Calvary's dying Saviour! what charms are thine, and ever shall be, unto his ransomed spirit! Thy charms to all eternity shall last in never-fading freshness.

But, reader, are your obligations to Jesus Christ less than were this thief's? What brought him from the throne in heaven to this cross: from yonder diadem of glory to this crown of thorns which now encircled his sacred head? Was it our worthiness, our worth? Nay, nay, but our misery.

The crown, the crown is his—his only—his all—not of this thief's salvation only; but of all who ever have, ever shall be,

"with Christ in paradise." O Christ! Most exalted, precious Christ, what crowns are thine! Oh! multiply them, magnify them, through the riches and freeness of mercy.

Oh! the freeness of divine mercy!

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

This is the only hope, the entire hope of a perishing world, "lost in sin, and doomed to woe." Salvation, through Christ, is free—free to all—free to each, "without money and without price;" so much so that dying thieves may have it. And Jesus said unto him, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Reader, as did this thief, have you and I prayed to Jesus? As Jesus said to him, has he said to us, "Thou shalt be with me in paradise?" Is the freeness of salvation the foundation of our hope, and the plea of our prayers to Jesus? If so, we, too, shall be with Christ in paradise. God grant it may be so. *Amen, and amen.—Rev. John Gray.*

TRUE AND FALSE LIGHT.

There are many false lights in the world. There is but one true light. It is our nature to be drawn forth and dazzled by those false lights—by worldly ambition, carnal pleasure, uncertain riches. We seek the sparkling but fatal deceit; we encircle it—hover nearer and nearer. Warnings there are to stop us in our deluded course. A kind hand would often stop us; often it is thrust between us and the scorching glare—too often, with too many in vain. They reach the object of their desire, but it becomes their destruction. The true light—the source of life, and cheerfulness, and peace—has shined in vain for them, has been shunned as if it were some horrible and pestilential meteor. Would you see the parallel of this in Nature's volume? See the moth drawn by the glare of a mean and rank-smelling candle. Its red and glowing flame proves only too attractive; the insect hovers nearer and nearer, and the hand of the observer is often thrust before the treacherous light. How very often is the warning offered in vain! The flame is reached, but with it death! For the same insect, the bright and glorious sun—the source of health and life—has shined in vain; the moth has shunned it; we seldom see it on the wing till the bright and beautiful sun has come to its setting.

SUNSHINE.

How we all do love the sunshine! It enlivens all the world on which it falls. Now the burden of care we are having to-day is in no wise lightened from yesterday. But it does not bend our back or gall our shoulders as it did then. I think the warm, radiant day has much to do with making the difference.

Do you remember the story of Diogenes, the old philosopher, sitting in the doorway of his hovel one morning? Alexander, his prince, came that way, and benignly inquired whether he could do anything for him? "No, no," curtly replied the cynic, uneasily waiting for him to pass on; "no, no; only you may stand out of my sunshine!"

It seems strange to think there will be no sun in heaven. When we prize the light so much here, it gives at first a thought of disappointment to be told there will be no more enjoyment there of our dawns and our twilights, our clear moons and our brilliant sun-sets. But we learn in the same breath that a new sun will be established there. The Lamb will be the light thereof. I once saw an exquisite painting of the Nativity of Christ, in which the artist had so managed his subject as to make all the light of the picture appear to proceed from the infant Jesus, striking upwards from the manger, and lying over upon the calm face of the mother, throwing the shepherds into bold relief. It made me think of this description of Christ as not only the light of the world, but the light of the heavenly city also, everywhere kindling and warming all within reach of his grace. It shows us how much of all that is beautiful and bright in heaven we can reproduce here on earth, if we will.

One expression there is, used in the Epistle to the Philippians, that always interests me very much; one little word that many readers would be likely to pass over as quite common-place. It is found in that clause where Paul prays that they may be "sincere."

The English word "sincere" is very suggestive; for it is derived from two Latin words meaning "without wax." It is the epithet applied to honey, and means that which has been strained carefully, and is very pure. But the Greek word used here, when rendered "sincere," is still more sug-

gestive; for literally it means "judged in the sunlight." Just as a lapidary would take a gem or a jewel up in his hand, that he might look through it at the sun, and see how absolutely flawless it was; so the Christian character here prayed for seems to be that which is absolutely sound and without imperfection. And so when in another place we find the expression "godly sincerity," and remember that in the original it is "sincere to God," we see how fine is the emblem.

There is something wonderfully attractive in these sunny Christians. I saw a young man at the communion table once, upon whose forehead rested a single ray of sunshine, finding its way tremulously through a crevice in the window, and lighting up his face as he turned to his place, almost as if a star had been commissioned to cast its halo around his brow, and thus invest this disciple of the cross with a diadem of light, as emblematical of the bliss and the purity of better and of brighter worlds. Ah! thought I, would that you could keep the sunlight of God's love ever clear upon your happy countenance; how you would unconsciously win souls to our Lord! "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

DEATH-BED OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

We look not always for triumph and rapture in the deathbed of the righteous; but, if there be not ecstasy, there is often that composedness in departing believers, which shows that the "everlasting arms" are under them and around them. It is a beautiful thing to see a Christian die—the confession while there is strength to articulate, that God is faithful to his promises, the faint pressure of his hand giving the same testimony, when the tongue can no longer do its office; the motion of the lips inducing you to bend down, so that you catch broken syllables of expressions such as this—"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;"—these make the chamber in which the righteous die one of the most privileged scenes upon earth: and he who can be present, and gather no assurance that death is fettered and manacled, even while grasping the believer, must be either inaccessible to moral evidence or insensible to the most heart-touching appeal."—*Rev. Henry Melville.*

Concluded from Page 656.

Not on great empires and institutions alone can we mark the changes and ravages produced by time. It respects not victims. What alterations it effects in single communities, in congregations, in families, on individuals. Some we miss at the social party, in church, and at home, whom we shall never see till the grave gives up her dead. And they were not all old. They did not all pine away before our eyes in wasting disease. Some for that matter, might have been here yet. They have gone, and we'll go next, while time is whistling by unconscious and unheeding of the desolation it leaves behind.

Should not such thoughts affect our hearts, and lead us in loving desire, to seek a home in the city which hath foundations, which shall never be moved; whose inhabitants never grow old, never sicken, never experience suffering or change?

4. Discerning the time, is to notice its uncertainty, so as to form vivid impressions of that characteristic of our present life.

In itself, time is God's clockwork.—Nothing can be more regular, sure, unfaltering in its progress to its end. That mechanism has never stopped, never jarred, never will till it stops completely and forever.

But our stay in time is a most uncertain thing, depending on a thousand unforeseen contingencies; these again depending on the will of God, who giveth not account of His matters to any. We hear the ceaseless ticking of that clock, when our cares, or pleasures, or business engagements, or household duties permit us to listen.—

But we know not at what instant our ears may lose their hearing; our eyes their seeing; and we lie down and sleep the sleep that knows no waking here.

We may be actively devising well-planned schemes of advantage to ourselves, which we are destined never to accomplish. We

may be working hard for the benefit of, and hopefully foreseeing bright prospects for our children, which we, perhaps they also, shall never realize. We may be proposing to ourselves some sinful indulgence; or we may be resolving that we shall forsake sin, and yet be cut off before we have tasted the guilty pleasure or turned to God. We may be aiming high, and have our whole souls engrossed in some useful, scientific, or religious pursuit, which, when successful, is to crown our brow with laurels, or to make our memorial fragrant as benefactors to our kind and blessed of God, and all our imaginings may be dissipated and go for nothing in a moment. God who neither fears our frown, nor is dependent on our good-will, nor necessitated to require our help, may say abruptly, "Ye sons of men, return." And we must obey.

How true, this instant only is ours; and ours as a loan! To-morrow! "If the Lord will."

If such be the case, should an account that runs into eternity be left unsettled? At this season, merchants and tradesmen generally make up their books, and present their accounts. Dilatory and delinquent debtors, are warned by threatening advertisements in the newspapers; and honest men endeavour to settle and pay what they owe. But our account with God—the only one that will turn up in eternity, men generally, many men who would resent the allegation of dishonesty, are unprepared to meet—do not try to settle!

Do not let it be said either that it is only in thoughtlessness that men so much neglect their standing with God; that they are not thinking of being called soon into His presence. That is true! But even that wretched excuse, were it as solid, as it is worthless, would not cover with its seeming the extent of this sinful negligence. For what is the fact. Men, with the *thought of death upon their souls*, and in *actual anticipation of it*, will settle the claims which fellow-men have upon them,—and make their wills—and sometimes exhibit in that act unjust partialities—sinful bias in favor of the earthly—stone blindness to the fact that they were stewards of God's bounties:—and sometimes will show unforgiving resentment—and sometimes avarice bound to them by their heartstrings;—and then

die—to the last uncertain moment refusing to reckon with God, or trusting to a false statement by a deceitful desperately wicked heart.

A course of piety alone will issue in a surely peaceful end. A thoughtfulness directed to the great objects, for the study of which the power of thought was given us, will alone place us in a position that uncertainty cannot surprise. Let us seek then “the grace that bringeth salvation.”—Think on Christ. Remember Him and He will think on you, and be with you in the hour of need. Build on Him the sure foundation, and you will never be moved nor confounded.

5. Discerning the time is to notice its worth, and its worthlessness,—to form a just judgment in regard to it, and then act in accordance with that judgment.

Time is worth much. It is valuable, not only as all important to us individually—our day of grace; but as the opportunity granted to us to improve and *do good*.

1. It is the season of gracious forbearance:—wrath sleeps:—misguided sinners are to be sought and urged to flee, before it wakens:—and God’s saved ones are to seek them. There will be no opportunities of this kind, no good of this kind to be done, hereafter. Seek good. Do good. There is much sin, affliction, want, wrong in this world. Do good as you have opportunity, wisely, heartily,—all kinds of good to all sorts of men,—as you can,—while *it is to-day*.

2. It is the season of gracious discipline—the time when the Lord chasteneth those whom He loveth. And so, God’s children are often downcast and sad. Christ’s own sheep sometimes wander and suffer.—Those that are His are to love the brethren, and to comfort the mourning and sore at heart. They are to pray for them in their calamities, and forget not to communicate, for with such sacrifices, God is well pleased.

3. It is your own time of training and preparation for heaven, believer, and this is God’s method of making you ready for the coming of the Lord. He gives Christ and all his benefits to make the ransomed like Christ. He gives the Spirit to quicken and make you active in the Lord’s work. He gives grace, all the grace He ever gives,

to fill your lamp that it may be lighted and shine.

4. But in all this, it will be seen that time is valuable only as the vestibule into eternity, and when it is regarded as such by our keeping in mind that we must enter right at this end, if we would come out in glory at the other.

Ask God then to give you sound wisdom and discretion to help you to form a proper estimate of time:—that you may prize it for all the mercies and bounties showered in its course—for its opportunities and privileges—its sanctuaries, and trusting places with God. Pray that you may never forget that it is only a way to an end, and so be kept from setting your heart on anything here that is not to see the light of heaven. “A wise man discerneth &c.,” Considers time, and life, and judgment in the light of God’s word:—feels the awful importance of these things,—governs himself accordingly. He improves time to the uttermost, while he sets his heart on heaven, where changes, deceptions, down-breakings, and losses such as happen in time, can never occur to rob him of his treasure.

Accept the solemn warning given by the notice to all men of passing time. I would see you happy—happy in God’s love. I would not like to see clouds on any countenance at such a season—or at any season. But is it a time to make mirth—such kind of mirth as is too frequently made when this poor earth’s heavy foot-step is heard striding on to the day of doom?

O look on the year now ending—on days and years long since gone. Think of mercies in continuous streams, of deliverances, of blessings manifest, and blessings in disguise. Say, “what shall I render to the Lord &c.?” Think of gifts abused, wasted: of time mispent, lost: of good left undone that cannot be done now: and of evil committed that cannot be done away—*ana pray, “God be merciful &c.”*

Consider the latter end—the inevitable coming of the king of terrors. And to Jesus now. The sinner’s Saviour,—His people’s life and joy. Death’s plague.

OUR ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
 And sin is here.
 Our age is but a falling of a leaf,
 A dropping tear.
 We have no time to sport away the hours,
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.
 Not many lives, but only one have we,—
 One, only one;—
 How sacred should that one life ever be—
 That narrow span!—
 Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
 Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil,
 Our being is no shadow of thin air,
 No vacant dream,
 No fable of the things that never were,
 But only seem.
 'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
 Though strange and solemn may that
 meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,
 No idle tale;
 No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
 On summer gale.
 They are the true realities of earth,
 Friends and companions even from our birth.

O life below—how brief, and poor, and sad!
 One heavy sigh.

O life above—how long, how fair, and glad;
 An endless joy.

Oh, to be done with daily dying here;
 Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere!

O day of time, how dark! O sky and
 earth,

How dull your hue;

O day of Christ—how bright! O sky and
 earth,

Made fair and new!

Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;
 Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the
 scene!

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

It is well adapted for distribution on the railways

cars, se'iners, at the dismissal of congregations, on household visitation, and wherever Gospel tracts can be circulated.

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

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

A Scheme of Sabbath School Lessons for every Sabbath in 1862, is supplied by post for ten cents per dozen.

For the gratuitous circulation of Evangelizer and Gospel Message,

Donations

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

Colporteurs.

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

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

ROBERT KENNEDY,
Prescott, C.W.

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