

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |

THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

THE ALMOST CHRISTIAN.

ACTS XXVI.

BY THE REV. PETER GRAY, MINISTER OF CHALMERS' CHURCH, KINGSTON.

There is not, in all human language, a sentence more replete with true benevolence, nor an expression more eloquent than the answer of Paul to King Agrippa, when the latter, after listening to the interesting narrative and earnest pleading of the great Apostle said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian:" and Paul replied, "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." Let us first look upon the group presented to us by the narrative, and think:

I. There was a King, whose rank was very nominal indeed, a king by the grace of imperial Rome, a puppet labelled with a high-sounding title, and draped in a purple robe,—but who still had such authority and power as made him an object of fear or flattery to those subjected to his rule. There was a Roman Governor, placed under authority too, but exercising all the real power in the Province. And there were Chief Captains, and the principal men of Caesarea, Jews in the retinue of Agrippa, and Roman guards perhaps from every country under heaven.

One at least in that assembly so understood and felt the force of the Apostle's argument, as to be almost persuaded to be a Christian. Another, whose knowledge had probably been acquired more in the camp than the school, expressed with military frankness his serious conviction,

that Paul was "beside" himself—that "much learning" had made him "mad!" The polished Greeks, courtiers, and learned and wealthy men of the world, surprised and delighted with the speaker's eloquence, were yet too clever to believe much in anything. The narrow-minded countrymen of the Apostle, who thought that God's sole regard was fixed on Abraham and his posterity, and were quite sure that they were the special favorites of heaven, would doubtless listen with angry impatience to the intrepid advocate of the cause of the Nazarene, all ready, if they durst, to curse the name of Jesus, and wreak their vengeance on His servant.—And the rude soldiers, who believed in the god of every temple they approached, and lived as if there were no God at all, perhaps as they looked on the unwonted scene, and admired the boldness and fervor of the Apostle, wondered at what could be the meaning of all this; perhaps some of them too were almost persuaded to be Christians.

There they were, high and low, learned and unlearned, Jew and Gentile, the world of that age in epitome. To them was the Gospel preached. "But the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." And beside them was the unseen God, in whose hands was the breath of their nostrils; God, marking all their thoughts, as His messenger made Him known, and implored

them to seek His grace. It is all over now. They are at this moment as they made their choice on that day.

Like to them are the Christless now.— Among them there are diversities of rank, and age, and character; but all, the noble and the lowly, the old and the young, the wise and the foolish—all need salvation. As were even the ransomed of the Lord, “by nature the children of wrath;” so unbelievers of ever description are unsaved; and, continuing far from Christ, refusing to heed the voice that speaks from heaven, rejecting the counsel of God against themselves, they remain “the children of wrath.” They stand in jeopardy every hour.

Poor sinners! Even though some may laugh, or scoff, or rage when you speak; even though some, slumbering in fancied security, and roused up now and again, wonder what you mean. They are poor sinners! Lost sheep, not found, because they will not hear the Good Shepherd's voice. Unhappy souls, not at rest, seeking enjoyment in vain amusements, in hollow pomps, in earth-dross, or in course sensuality, trying to gratify a heaven-born spirit with husks fit for swine to eat, coming for drink to broken cisterns, or to putrid waters, while the river of life flows by untasted. They are sufferers. Satan's is a hard service. Like the unexorable and senseless cruelty of the despot whose taskmasters demanded more brick while they withheld the materials from the groaning bondmen, so is sin inexorable and cruel in its exactions. It has no love for the little child, no pity for weakness, no sorrow for the afflicted, no mercy for the unfortunate, no reverence for grey hairs, no respect for the dying hour. Its every attribute is as unhuman as it is ungodly. And though men, perverted by it and turned aside by the deceived heart, may love it, it is a degrading tyranny, assailing its victim with incessant, unfortunate, increasing demands, till the infatuated slave led step by step into the mystery of iniquity, no longer tries to resist, no longer can deceive himself, but says, “I will seek it again, though it bite like an adder.”

Poor sinners! worn and weary, hopeless, doomed. And they hate the God who pities and spares them. Who warns and

threatens to deter them from the bitter end. Who bids them take the Remedy He has provided for all woes.— No true guide directs them, for they vex His Holy Spirit. No solace have they in the hour of calamity, for God is not their Refuge, but their Dread. No better prospect brightens before them, for their's is a downward darkening path. They are “like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh.” Death will come and find them in terror or stupor. Judgment will come, and they must give account of themselves to God. They “rise to shame and everlasting contempt.”— Why? They neglect the great salvation, and shall not escape. They are senseless of the Cross of Christ, for whom the strong man wept. The “stone, tried and precious” shall fall upon them, and grind them to powder. And, because “this is the portion of wicked men from God, and the heritage appointed unto them by God,” therefore the Christian is impelled by every feeling of our common humanity, and by every motion of grace to cry to fellow-sinners, stop, brethren. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? Flee from the wrath to come. Lay hold on eternal life; and to cry to God on their behalf, “Turn the disobedient to the wisdom of the just”—save them for Thy mercies' sake. So did Paul pray for his hearers in that audience-chamber at Cæsarea; and like to his is the prayer of every gracious soul, “I would to God, that . . . all . . . were both almost and altogether such as I am.”

II. Let us consider next the position and prospects of those who are *almost persuaded to be Christians*. To the case of one in this condition the Apostle referred, and evidently with some degree of pleasure.— Plainly he gave his hearers to understand that nothing short of their becoming “altogether” Christians would satisfy him, or benefit them; but as “almost persuaded” is a great stride in the right direction, to that extent, and in that sense, it was very gratifying—“I would to God that . . . all . . . were almost”—that is good, but not enough—I would that they were “altogether”—that is best. That is the end, the attainment of which alone gives value to the approximation.

The day of small things is never to

despised—least of all in religion. The ways of men are so irreligious, so heedless, many are so opposed to Christianity, that it is a pleasant sight to see any serious, reflecting, “almost persuaded.”

We are not to cast disparagement on one “almost” a Christian. Certainly, in many respects, he is better than an infidel, or a “sinner at ease in Zion.”

Many of the readers of this paper will remember a good old book entitled Mead’s “*Almost Christian Discovered; or the False Professor tried and Cast.*” The title-page of that book, which is really a sound and excellent treatise, perhaps originated, gave currency to, and stereotyped the opinion that “Almost Christian,” and “False Professor,” or “Hypocrite” were synonymous terms, describing precisely the same individuals. This is an error, and an error of a mischievous nature. In Christian lands, in all congregations, there are some laying the truth to heart at times, really moved by the Spirit of God, and led very near to the Saviour, “almost persuaded” to venture all upon Him, yet, after all, linger and stop short on the threshold. They are in a critical state. The right word fitly spoken might help them, and arouse them to take the decisive step, and pass from without to within the door of Christ. They hear startling warnings addressed to the undecided, to those who, seemingly near, are yet “out of Christ”—“almost,” but not “altogether” persuaded; and they are alarmed. But then they hear, probably in the same discourse, the “almost” Christian called “a false professor,” “a hypocrite.” And though in the sincerity of their hearts, and under a deep sense of sinfulness, they sometimes accuse, and try to convict, themselves of falsity and hypocrisy, in this matter, yet as in truth they are not consciously harboring deceptions, they cannot make themselves believe they are. And hence they come to the conclusion that, as they are not false, not mockers, not acting the part of base dissemblers, therefore they are not “almost,” but likely “altogether” Christians, in a better state than they supposed! And this, through the indiscretion of “leaders of the blind,” they may be led from a state of honest doubt and enquiry, to indulge a security again, which may be-

come deep, lasting, fatal. There is nothing like the truth in guarded, accurate, unexaggerated language, in dealing with souls.

The man there, of whom it may be said in our day, that he is “almost” a Christian, may be thus described. He possesses a knowledge of God, of man’s condition, of Christ and the work of redemption.—A fear of God lies upon his spirit, and he is unwilling to be classed with the enemies of Christ either here or hereafter. He pays attention to religious duties more or less faithfully as he has been taught or trained, and he exhibits a general propriety in the actions of life, a useful and honest servant, a just and kind master, a friendly neighbour, a careful parent, an obedient child. He forms good resolutions, and keeps some. He is sorry for faults, and forsakes some.—He frequents the house of God, and uses means of grace. He is probably a professor of religion. He may be a diligent teacher in the Sabbath school. He may be a minister, and honestly meaning to be faithful. Though lacking the “one thing needful”—a mistaken man, he is not a dissembler. No two are much farther apart than the “almost” Christian and the hypocrite.

As the character is better, so the advantages are greater, of almost a Christian. The sense of obligation and responsibility to his family, to society, and to God, is itself a safeguard and a good to him. And religiously, he is in a safer way than the scoffer, the reprobate, or even the inconsiderate. He is in the way where God meets with men, and God may bless him. There is a hopefulness about his prospect—he is in the state which every Christian occupies for a larger or shorter period.—

At one time, just before he became a follower of Jesus, the Christian was “almost” Christian. The man of this description is in more favorable circumstances than those that are far, and keep far from the Kingdom of God. Even as it was said of the young Ruler, who was not far from, “almost” in the kingdom, “Jesus loved him,” so there is a sense in which it may be said, Jesus loves the person we are thinking of. Yet, after all, the difference between the “almost” Christian and the most impious of men, is but formal, circumstantial, not essential. Until the heart be given to God,

which is the turning point into spiritual life, the sinner is unsaved—the “old man” is there, only more decently clad—the old corrupt nature is there, having undergone no thorough transformation. The Spirits’ work is wanting—the “holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord”—and union to Christ are wanting, without which no fallen man will ever be justified and holy. That soul is yet a lost soul. In view of eternity, the difference between the “almost” Christian and the Atheist is just—nothing!

If these statements seem harsh and untenable to any readers, let them reflect before they reject them. Some may be disposed to reason in this way: “The ‘almost’ Christian is in many respects a good man, upright, useful to society, even treating religion with respect, and reverencing his God. Granted that Christians ‘altogether’ may be more devout, more spiritual in their sentiments, their thoughts more in heaven, and giving them credit for their superiority; yet, for all practical uses, and surely religions main design is to make men practically good, there is no such vast disparity between the man that is ‘almost’ and the man that is ‘altogether’ a Christian, as would warrant such denunciations on the former. There is the objection fairly stated. Now for its answer.

Sin in this world, casting its deadly blight upon all—its wages, its inseparable accompaniment and result is death. God in grace has restrained wickedness and wicked men. God wards off for a while its most fearful consequences, and keeps the disordered world in conerance, that he may make this present life of man probationary—a “day of mercy.” Sin has corrupted our whole being—an actual removal of our nature is necessary before sin and its consequences can be removed.—“Marvel not” that it is said, “Ye must be born again.” There are men in this world not fit to associate with other men, till they have undergone a radical change of a certain kind; and no sinful man can be fit for heaven, for the presence of God, till he is transformed by the Spirit—made a new creature—born again from above. In order to do this God must receive and renew the heart, and that the “almost”

Christian does not yield to Him. Sin and death lie in the heart withheld from God. The fair exterior at present is but the result of a combination of circumstances, for which God, not the almost Christian, is entitled to praise. If God let that man go; if He allowed sin to flow unchecked to its destiny, you would soon see what our world would turn to, even if all in it were “almost” Christians. Even now, and as things are constituted, “almost” Christianity could not exist, but for an “altogether” Christianity beside it, which if it serves in any way, it does far more hamper and obstruct.

The “almost Christian, allowing him every good feature and principle he possibly can possess, is an exemplary man, loves his children, his friends, and his kind, and is a benefactor in the community. Yet he withholds his affections from God, sees no beauty in Jesus to draw him with his whole soul to that Lamb of God, and lead him to consecrate life, talents, his all to Him who in mercy has spared him and done him good, and who in grace designs to get His highest glory in the salvation of a countless multitude from sin and everlasting ruin. If, instead of being almost a Christian, he has been a miscreant, nurtured in ignorance and crime, to whom the sight of good was irritating, his conduct would not appear so revolting; but he has been led to see the worth of virtue, he has understanding to comprehend, and reason to prefer truth; he has affections to bestow on objects deserving affection, and yet keeps God’s truth at a distance, and gives to the Divine love and excellencies, at best, but a cold recognition. To come so near to God, to be approached so closely by God, to hear Him say, “A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master; if then I be a father, where is mine honor? and if I be a master, where is my fear?”—and yet resist God’s appeal; to allow Christ to stand knocking at his door, and refuse to let Him in; to be moved by the Spirit of grace, and yet resist the Spirit’s main design to place him on the side of God and truth, and make him a decided, regenerate, right-hearted man; all this marks the man who continues “almost” a Christian, the possessor of an aversion to God more deeply rooted and virulent than we can ever see among the vilest of un-

disguised sinners. This presents the most painful manifestation of the power of sin to deceive and pervert and debase the soul of man.

The greatest danger to which the better class of people in our country is exposed, is that of resting satisfied with being "almost" Christians. Are any of the readers of these pages "almost persuaded," yet holding back? Have not some been in this condition long? If so, will you take warning now? Christ is not far from you—and you purpose to seek Him yet.—What if your reasons for delay till this hour should become more numerous and stronger? Almost ready to follow the Saviour, as you think, what if you should be cast away at last?

An old man lay a dying once. In common with many, he had felt a reluctance about making his will, and delayed to the last. According to that absurd and iniquitous statute—the law of primogeniture—when a man dies intestate, the eldest son, to the exclusion of more helpless members of the family, becomes inheritor of all. He had three daughters who had been a comfort to him, and one son for whom he trembled. He saw his neglect, and thought of the suffering he might thereby entail upon his orphan girls, and the temptation he might present to their erring brother to defraud and do them wrong; and he endeavored now to make amends for his oversight while yet there was time. In haste the instrument was prepared, by which he devised his property to his children, apportioning a competency for each. All was about ready, just his signature or assent was wanted; but death, that would not wait a little longer, unnerved his arm and drove expression from his face. His worst forebodings were realized. The son grasped all, and soon after expelled his sisters from their home. The will was almost completed that would have given them a legal right to their shares of the father's property, and saved them from the miseries of penury. What was the value of the "almost" to them? It only lent additional pangs to their heavy sorrows. So the man "almost" a Christian, may have the covenant almost made between his soul and Christ, but he hankers over some besetting sin, some be-

loved idol, he delays, hoping for a more-convenient season, waiting for a mightier spiritual impulse; the deed is yet unsealed, when death steps in unannounced, and that soul is portionless for ever!

A poor man left his native land, with his wife and children, and all that they had, to seek a home in this country, expecting to better his circumstances and provide sufficiently for those dear to him, which hitherto he had failed to do by constant toil. They safely crossed the ocean, and looked, and trod upon the land of promise, and anticipated bright and happy days. But just when danger and disappointment were dreaded no more, when the family was in safety on the steamer that was to convey them through our inland waters to their new home, the father ran up to the town on a little errand. The steamer's bell rang, he heard it, and hastened to return—the bell rang again, and he ran faster. He reached the dock, but the boat started, and everything seemed placed in his way—still the boat hardly moves, he gets to the edge of the wharf, thinks he can do it, and leaps. He miscalculated the distance and his strength.—His anxious wife touched his hand as it caught at the vessel's side, and that was the last touch of two warm hands belonging to two true and loving hearts. He sank in the deep waters, and a widow and fatherless children were left in a strange land to the mercies of a cold world. They were *almost* at their destination.—He was *almost* on board. What was the value of *almost* to them? It made the sudden sad bereavement a more stunning calamity—it gave the exquisite sharpness to the afflictive stroke.

So the best possible advantage the being "almost" a Christian can secure for you in that world to come, to which we are all hastening, may be a sight of heaven's gate, and of others entering in, and safe for ever. You may see father and mother, wife and husband, son and daughter, sister and brother there, and you yourself excluded—the door shut against you! You may hear the despairing cry, "Lord, Lord, open to us," and know that you are included among those to whom the reply is given, "Depart from me, I never knew you, ye workers of iniquity." Your names are not found written in the book of life.

There is an unpassable gulf between you and the gate of heaven. The ground you stand on is sinking beneath your feet. The yawning abyss opens, and you are lost forever.

And in the place of woe, we may think of some in frenzied agony, tossing their arms, smiting their breasts, cursing their folly: their haggard looks, their bitter self-reproach, and the matter of their wailing distinguishing them from others there. These were almost persuaded to be Christians.

Reader, seek to be a Christian "altogether"—"full of the Holy Ghost"—"complete in Christ"—"lacking nothing." Complete redemption has been secured.—Christ is able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him. He who "died for the ungodly," "ever liveth to make intercession for us." Come then—and see that you Come all the Way—lingering, halting, no more.

The Work of Life.

"Life is the season God has given,
To fly from hell and rise to heaven."

If we have but one life, and that lifetime so very short, surely no question can be more deeply interesting to those beginning life, than—How SHOULD WE SPEND IT!

A noble vessel was lately overtaken by a terrific storm, and driven to pieces on a barren island. Only a few of the crew reached the shore in safety. Fortunately one of the ship's boats, along with a cask of water and some provisions, were saved from the wreck. When the storm ceased, the little boat was launched, and the sailors made for the mainland. They had a considerable distance to go; but with care their provisions were sufficient for the voyage. The sea was smooth and the wind favorable, and they glided along very swiftly. They began, however, to draw largely on their stock of water, and in many ways so foolishly did they waste it, that it was soon gone. Now their distress began—one by one they died of thirst, and when the little vessel reached the land there was but one sailor alive in her.

Young reader, your life is not less precious than was that water to those seamen. Neither can you afford to waste it. Life,

YOUR life, is not a second too long for the work to be done in it. O what a terrible look from a dying bed is the glance backward upon a WASTED LIFE! If you would never know what that is BEGIN NOW to 'redeem the time.'

But take care that you begin aright.—A wrong start may lead you only to deeper ruin. There is an incident in the life of Italy's noble hero, Garibaldi, which may illustrate this. At eleven o'clock, evening, he had raised the anchor and set sail.—"At daybreak," he tells us, "to my great astonishment, I found myself in the midst of the breakers of the Predras-Negras!—How could I have placed myself in such a situation? I who had not for an instant failed to consult the compass, and to direct our course according to its inspirations!—This was not the time to ask myself questions; the danger was immense. We had breakers both larboard and starboard, ahead and astern; the deck was literally covered with foam. I sprang upon the mainyard, ordering the men to luff on the larboard; whilst they were accomplishing this manœuvre, the wind carried away our fore-top-sail. After an hour, during which we were between life and death, and when I saw old sailors become pale, and the most incredulous pray, we found ourselves out of danger. From that moment I could breathe more freely. I was anxious to account for the means which had driven me through these terrible rocks, so well known to navigators, so clearly marked upon the charts, and from which I thought myself three miles at the moment I found myself among them. I consulted the compass; it still continued to diverge; if I had attended to it, I should have run the ship aground. But at length all was explained. I had given orders to bring up all the guns and sabres upon deck in case of attack. This order had been attended to, and the arms had been deposited in a cabin close to the binnacle. This mass of iron had attracted the needle. The arms were removed, and the compass resumed its normal direction."

Just so is it with many in our Sabbath Schools. They make a promising start, and their teachers are led to rejoice in the hope that they have set sail for the "better

land." But in a very short time they are seen struggling amid the breakers. They followed the inclinations of their hearts, as Garibaldi did the movements of his compass, and hence the fearful mistake. The Bible says, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." (Prov. xxviii. 26.) Sin encompasses our hearts, and has rendered their movements deceitful as did the guns and sabres the needle of Garibaldi's compass. Read Jer. xvii. 9.

What then is to be done? The remedy is the same in both cases. Remove the iron and the compass will point true.—Take away sin from the heart, and then we BEGIN the work of life—we live to some purpose, and we "redeem the time."

Young reader, how is it with you?—How have you started with this New Year? Or, if this little book has come into your hands before the year has begun we ask you, How do you intend to start? With or without the encompassing load of sin? Think of it, and decide QUICKLY.—There is not a moment to lose. Garibaldi's sailors would no doubt rush to remove the implements of war the instant the cause of danger was discovered. We fancy we see each one trying to outrun the other in carrying the iron to the deepest part of the vessel. In much less time may your sins be removed, and buried in the depths of the sea for ever. Look yonder, see the dying Jesus on Calvary's cross, and believe God's testimony to the preciousness of that streaming blood—that it can cleanse from ALL SIN; and so wash away yours. Looking thus you live; and freed thus from the burden of sin, you begin to run the way of God's commandments, and fulfil the end of life. You now discover, too, that your short life on earth is but the beginning of an endless existence, and that the best part of all is the glorious hereafter. "He that believeth on Me shall never die."

In reading the story of the bitten Israelites in the wilderness, did you ever notice how kindly God suited the remedy to the circumstances of the children?—Had the brazen serpent when made, been laid on the ground, the grown-up people would have so crowded around it, that many of the children, unable to see over their heads, had perished. Then, when it

was raised on a pole,—it was not whosoever reached up his hand and TOUCHED it that was healed, but whosoever LOOKED at it. An act as easily performed by a child as by a man or woman. So is it with the forgiveness of sin:—

There is life for a LOOK at the Crucified One;

There is life at this moment for thee;

Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,

And know thyself spotless as He.

Reader, we press the subject of PARDON upon your notice; for until you know what it is to be forgiven you spend your life in vain. Till then you are like a watch without a mainspring, and as a harp with its cords unstrung. It is the sense of forgiveness that gives ENERGY to the child of God, and makes him ask earnestly, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." Did you never observe how much a happy state of mind helped you both to get through your lessons and your work well and speedily? An eminent and godly minister,* now in glory, wrote thus to a boy:—

"Tell me, dear G., would you work less pleasantly through the day—would you walk the streets with a more doleful step—would you eat your meat with gladness of heart—would you sleep less tranquilly at night, if you had THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS—that is, if all your wicked thoughts and deeds—lies, thefts, and Sabbath-breakings—were all blotted out of God's book of remembrance? Would this make you less happy do you think? You dare not say it would. But would the forgiveness of sins not make you more happy than you are? Would not you be happier at work, and happier in the house, and happier in your bed? I can assure you, from all that ever I have felt of it, the pleasures of being forgiven are as superior to the pleasures of an unforgiven man, as heaven is higher than hell. The peace of being forgiven reminds me of the calm blue sky, which no earthly clamours can disturb.—It lightens all labour, sweetens every morsel of bread, and makes a sick bed all soft and downy—yea, it takes away the scowl of death."

Few short lives have been so filled up with useful labour, as was the life of that noble, brave man, who met death before Sebastopol, Captain Hedley Vicars. But

mark the beginning of that life of usefulness. "It was in the month of November, 1851, that whilst awaiting the return of a brother officer to his own room, he idly turned over the leaves of a Bible which lay on the table. The words caught his eye, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin!' Closing the book, he said, 'If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ.' 'The past,' he said, 'then, is blotted out. What I have to do is to go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with his own blood.' THENCEFORTH HE LIVED!"

"I must—I will—yes, I will trust my soul, my sinful lost soul in His hands. If I perish, I perish!" With the utterance of these words began the Christian life of that distinguished author and preacher, Andrew Fuller.

Perhaps some young reader may here be ready to excuse his idleness by saying "I am but a child, I cannot do anything worth much till I am a little older." Take care, is not this deceiving yourself?—it is not a MAN'S work, but a CHILD'S that is expected from you. Go you, and look at Jesus on the cross till you feel your sins dissolve away, and the fire of His love kindling in your heart, and then you will find it impossible to remain idle. A poor sick boy came home from the Sabbath School one day in tears. A missionary had been addressing the children on the sad condition of the heathen, and at the close asked if any of his hearers would prepare themselves to go abroad and preach the gospel in foreign lands. On the way home many of the boys boasted of what they would do. One would go to China, another to India, and a third to Africa. The sick boy wept because he would never have health for that; but the Lord opened a door of usefulness for him at home, and thus taught him that he was not expected to do the work of a strong man. When a boy he was the means of leading some of the wildest lads in the village to attend the Sabbath School; and one of the worst of those he reclaimed became a most successful preacher of the gospel.

The experiment was once tried of raising a harvest from a single seed. A gentleman dropped a kernel of corn into the ground. It yielded two full ears. The next year the corn of these two ears yielded nearly a bushel. This he again planted, and broad acres waved with the yellow grain. A rich and precious harvest from one little seed. So may it be, young reader, with your efforts to do good. **WILL YOU TRY?**

Remember, the starting point is the Cross of Calvary; and the work of life is to glorify God by believing on His Son, and loving one another.

A BILLION.

How long do you think it would take you to count a billion? A billion is a million of millions; and if you were to count at the rate of two hundred every minute, it would require more than nine thousand years to finish it.—Now, you must live a billion of years either in heaven or in hell; and when that billion of years are past, you must live another; and even then your life will only be as it were beginning. *You must live forever whether you will or no.* Is it not an awful thought that you are an immortal creature, and there is no escape into nothingness.

Dear friend, you are making an awful blunder if you are living for this world only; and if you die unsaved, it is a blunder that can never be remedied.

Jesus offers to save you now—he died to save you; and if you will come to him as you are—no matter how great a sinner you may be—he will save you.

Jesus says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out (John vi. 37.) But "When once the Master of the house is risen up, and HATH SHUT TO THE DOOR, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence you are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity."—(Luke xiii, 25-27.)

Pray, saying, "Lord I am a poor sinner, and deserve thy wrath; but Jesus died to save sinners like me. Oh! save me, and leave me not to perish; for Jesus' sake. Amen.

What's the News?

Where'er we meet, you always say,
What's the news? What's the news?

Pray, what's the order of the day?

What's the news? What's the news?

Oh! I have got good news to tell:

My Saviour has done all things well,

And triumphed over death and hell—

That's the news! That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary—

That's the news! That's the news!

To set a world of sinners free—

That's the news! That's the news!

'Twas there his precious blood was shed;

'Twas there he bowed his sacred head;

But now he's risen from the dead—

That's the news! That's the news!

To heaven above the Conqueror's gone—

That's the news! That's the news!

He's passed triumphant to the throne—

That's the news! That's the news!

And on that throne he will remain.

Until as judge he comes again,

Attended by a dazzling train—

That's the news! That's the news!

His work's reviving all around—

That's the news! That's the news!

And many have redemption found—

That's the news! That's the news?

And since their souls have caught the flame,

They shout Hosannah to his name;

And all around they spread his fame—

That's the news! That's the news?

The Lord has pardoned all my sin—

That's the news! That's the news!

I feel the witness now within—

That's the news! That's the news!

And since he took my sins away,

And taught me how to watch and pray,

I'm happy now from day to day—

That's the news! That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you now—

That's the news! That's the news!

Your sinful hearts he can renew—

'That's the news! That's the news!

This moment, if for sins you grieve,

This moment, if you do believe,

A full acquittal you'll receive—

That's the news! That's the news!

And then if any one should say—

What's the news? What's the news?

O tell them you've begun to pray—

That's the news! That's the news!

That you have joined the conqu'ring band,

And now with joy at God's command,

You're marching to the better land—

That's the news! That's the news!

R. R. W.

It is Hard to Die Without an Interest in Christ.

Mary Ann — was a beautiful girl, eighteen or nineteen years of age, of an esteemed and intelligent family. Though acknowledging some regard for religions she gave it but little attention, and seldom allowed it an entrance into her thoughts; and, like many of those around her, she allowed 'the pleasures of the world,' and the deceitfulness of earthly joys, to withdraw her attention from the all-important things which 'made for her eternal peace.'

In a time of revival, when many of her young friends becoming pious, she was strongly and repeatedly urged to dedicate her soul to Christ. She listened respectfully to all that was said, and sometimes, under the solemn appeals made to her, a tear was seen to glisten in her eye; but still her heart was set upon the world, and she persevered in, putting off to a more convenient season, the concerns that THEN demanded her *immediate* consideration.

Soon after, however, she was taken ill. The physician was summoned to her bedside. He found her dangerously ill with the typhus fever. He alluded to the state of her soul; but she told him she was too weak then to converse with him. After an absence of several hours he returned, and found her on the brink of dissolution. 'The patient,' he says, 'had fallen into a state of stupor, so fearfully ominous of the fatal termination of the typhus fever.— The tongue and lips were covered with a dark tenacious fur, the speech was scarcely intelligible, and the eyes were partially closed. A sort of murmur or moaning was heard from her half-opened lips. Yet when called by name, she would open her

eyes, and seemed to recognise those around her. She continued in this condition for several hours, during which period she occasionally uttered the most heart-touching and unearthly groans I ever heard from a mortal being. They distressed me—they distressed us all.

At last, putting my mouth close to her ear, I said, "Mary Ann, do tell me, what mean these unearthly groans which we hear from you? What is the matter, my dear child? If it is in your power to tell me, do, I beseech you." And never shall I forget the reply. She opened her once beautiful eyes, slowly raised her pale and attenuated hand, and fixing on me a look that made my very soul ache—such was its solemn intensity—she said, with an audibleness of voice that utterly astonished us all, "*Doctor, Doctor, there is a difference between a life of amusement and a life of prayer. Oh, it is hard to die without an interest in Christ.*" She closed her eyes, her hand fell and all was silent. And, my soul, what a silence was that!—Soon the earthly anguish of the sufferer was ended,—she spoke not again.—*The Appeal.*

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

Alas for the knowledge that knows no Saviour. Alas for the science which includes no gospel. The most erudite of lawyers was Selden. Some days before his death he sent for Archbishop Usher, and said,—I have survived most of the learning which is among the sons of men, and my study is filled with books and manuscripts on various subjects, yet at this moment I can recollect nothing in them all on which I can rest my soul, save one from the sacred scriptures, which lies much on my spirit. It is this—The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a people, zealous of good works.'

THE BROKEN SPRING.

'What is the matter, sister? something has disturbed you,' said Mr. A—, as he found his sister angrily demonstrating with her little boy, who stood like a young culprit before her,

'Yes, I am angry and hurt with Charley; I believe he has carelessly thrown down my watch, which I desired him never to touch, and he stoutly denies it. Go away, sir, and when I ask you again, let me find that you have determined to tell the truth;' and away flew the little delinquent, most happy to make his escape.

'He is getting a naughty boy,' said his mother; 'I cannot imagine where he has learned that dreadful habit of lying.'

'It seems that he disobeyed you by touching the watch, and is afraid that you will punish him for having injured it?'

'Yes, and instantly denies all knowledge of it, that he may escape; but I shall punish him for the falsehood if he persists in it: and really, if you knew how carefully I kept him from all risk of contamination through associating with other children, you would wonder how he could imagine anything so abominable as a falsehood.'

'No, I should not, sister. Has it not occurred to you that he may inherit such an imagination?'

'Inherit it, brother!' exclaimed the lady, with a look of indignation and astonishment. 'Pray, from whom can he inherit anything so disgraceful? His father's character is truth and honour itself, and I believe his mother abhors deceit with all her heart.'

'I beg your pardon, dear sister; I did not mean to insinuate anything disrespectful of either of you.'

'Well, I know you have some very odd notions, brother; still I should be thankful if you could advise me how to correct my child. Of course everything will depend on his education, which we are endeavoring to conduct on the most approved plans. I must content myself with hoping that when his mind expands with knowledge, and his reasoning powers are developed, he will rise above these degrading propensities, and learn to love only what is noble and true. But, brother, do look at the watch for me, it does not go.'

'I fear it is seriously injured,' said Mr.

A—; 'yes, indeed the main spring is broken.'

'Is it really? How very provoking! and there is no watchmaker in this out-of-the-way village of yours to repair it.'

'Can you not do it yourself?'

'Do it myself, brother! what can you mean?'

'Only that I know you are very clever and persevering, my dear Alice, and have attempted more impracticable things than mending a watch.'

'And you like to laugh at me; but I am not disposed to attempt the watch, so think again.'

'Well, there is Smithson; suppose we let him look at it.'

'Smithson, the blacksmith! Do you think I would let him touch the delicate machinery of a watch?'

'He is a very respectable man, and a very clever blacksmith, however lightly you may estimate his skill. You should have seen the neat, and quick, and skillful manner in which he shod my horse yesterday.'

'Why, brother, excuse me, but really I never heard you talk such nonsense before. Does it follow that a man who can shoe a horse well can mend a watch?'

'If you despise such an inference I cannot help it; but still the resources of our village are not exhausted. We have a very good doctor, who can set a broken limb and reduce a dislocation as skillfully as any man in England, and his fingers are certainly more delicate than the blacksmith's; let us take your pretty little watch to him.'

'You are insufferably provoking, brother; but as I have just sense enough to know that only a person who understands how to make a watch can mend one, and that a new spring must replace the broken one, I must wait an opportunity to send it to town and get it properly done.'

'I think that is the right decision, under the circumstances; and as I purpose going myself next week, I shall be happy to take it for you.'

'Thank you my good brother; you are getting reasonable again. But, pray, tell me why you talked about sending it to the blacksmith and the doctor; you do not usually indulge in such nonsense?'

'I have heard you talk with equal wisdom upon a much more important subject,

sister, and I thought your watch furnished me with an apt illustration. It has been injured, it will not go, and no one can repair it who does not know how to make it.'

'True; but what you are thinking about I cannot imagine.'

'I am thinking of a scene that occurred one evening, sister—a singular scene of affecting interest and importance, which I think throws some light upon the conduct you deplore in your dear child.'

'Indeed! I should like to hear an account of it.'

'It was in a lovely garden,' a voice was heard calling to the owner of it, in familiar terms, and well-known accent, 'Adam, where art thou?' but the usual joyous response was gone. There had been a grievous fall. The once perfect machinery of the heart, that beat in time and tune to all the will of him who made it, stood still: the spring was broken.'

'What has this to do with little Charley's conduct? I thought you were going to tell me something that concerned him.'

'And it does concern him, dear Alice. The nature he inherits from fallen Adam is corrupt, and you know 'a corrupt tree can not bring forth good fruit.' Disobedience and lying are the natural fruits of the natural heart, and I am never astonished to discover them. It is written that every imagination of the natural heart is 'evil continually,' and that as soon as they be born they go astray, telling lies. That holy communion with a holy God, which would have preserved a sanctifying influence over conduct, was broken up by the first man's disobedience, and all his offspring lie dead to God in trespasses and sins.'

'Brother look here,' and Alice pointed to his own little infant, that lay sleeping on its mother's knee: 'Do you mean to say that the unconscious infant, the very emblem of innocence and peace, falls within such a description?'

'I do, sister, the sleep may be the emblem, but not the child. She is by nature sinful, and nothing but the mercy of God can save her from the sinner's doom.'

'Dreadful indeed, brother! It would make me wretched to believe that every body I see is a sinful lost creature.'

'But your wretchedness would not alter the fact. God has said it, experience pro-

ves it, and only those who believe it are the real benefactors of mankind.'

'I believe there is an immensity of wickedness in the world, from evil associations, ignorance, and such like causes, and therefore I gladly encourage every effort to educate, to enlighten, and to elevate the mind.'

'Precisely like sending your watch to the blacksmith to mend when the spring is broken, and no clumsy patchwork can make it right again.'

'Then do you anticipate no benefit from education, brother? Are all the efforts of philosophy, all the achievements of science, uninfluential upon society.'

'Philosophy and science can no more mend the ruined heart of man, than the doctor or the blacksmith could mend your watch. They may alter the position of the works, but can never make them act in harmony with the mind and will of God. What you call 'education' may, indeed, hang mock ornaments around the neck of society, but it cannot produce one true jewel for the heavenly diadem.'

'But if we are all inevitably possessed of this nature, that you talk of, it is useless to try to do good, and my poor Charles tells me a lie because he cannot help it.'

'Ah! take heed, dear sister, of making excuses for sin. I took you to the Word of God to find the origin of sin, but not an excuse for it. There is enough of right conscience left every intelligent creature to convict him, when he does wrong, and to render him inexcusable for persevering in it. Charles knows full well that it is wrong to utter a falsehood, and he deserves to be punished for it; but though the punishment may make him fear to repeat the offence, it will not make him love truth.'

'Then, what can be done, brother? for according to your theory, no one ever does a right thing from a right motive.'

'That is the point, Alice, to which I wished to lead you—the source of motives, the spring of action. A new spring must be supplied, and nothing else can be of any use in the desperate case of immortal sinners. You see all your efforts fail to eradicate sin in your child; and pardon me, dear sister, if I probe deeper still, and add that, if you deal honestly with your own

heart, you will find it equally unmanageable.'

'I am not perfect, certainly, any more than others; but I would not do anything that I imagine would be displeasing to God, or injurious to man.'

'But, dear Alice, let me consider and compare yourself with the only true standard: not your imagination, but God's Word must decide between right and wrong.'

'Ah! but here come in those bigoted ideas of so many religious people, who interpret the Scriptures by their own narrow prejudices. I may not gather from God's Word the same meaning as you have done; and I am not disposed to condemn the millions who cannot read with my eyes, nor believe with my faith.'

'Sister, the 'binding' and the 'loosing'—the sin that condemns and the sin that is forgiven—the faith that saves and the unbelief that damns—are not left to your judgment or mine to decide about. A clear and simple proclamation has been made by God himself, who knew how hard a thing it is to make a proud heart humble and contrite. He has given a law which he created man able to keep, and he still maintains it, that we may compare ourselves with it, see how deep our fall has been, and cast ourselves entirely upon him whose life was the only perfect compliance ever made to it, and whose death is the only atonement acceptable for the breaking of it. Tell your Charles of his sinful heart, of the God who, nevertheless, 'so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, for it: tell of that Saviour who died for him; that believing in Jesus, is the way to be saved, to be happy, and to be good; that God the Holy Spirit gives faith, creates a new heart, puts a new spring, and makes children and men, and women love to speak truth instead of falsehood. Do this, and you use the only means on which a promise of success and blessing rests. You send the complex machinery, which sin has damaged, the only artificer who can redeem, renew, reset it.—'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' No work is acceptable in his sight which springs from any other root. The paroxysm of a pricked conscience, the efforts of a sentimental philanthropy, the

superstitious rounds of devout observances, may satisfy man with himself for a time; but they cannot stand the scrutiny of Divine justice, nor reach the deep sources of sin.'

'Then you allow nothing to ignorance, nothing to sincerity, You are content to believe that millions though they are ignorant of God, though they are sincere in error?'

'Alice, I read from the pen of the apostle of Jesus, that 'there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved;' that Jesus himself declared, 'Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be who go in thereat;' and 'straight is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.' There will be no excuse for you and me if we chose the broad rather than the narrow way; no excuse for us if we neglect to teach your children what God has said about both. And I am persuaded, that the secret motive which prompts the Satanic liberalism which would smooth away for heathen ignorance, and sincere idolatry, or unbelief, into the kingdom of God, is just hope that we might also get in without laying down our sins, our pride, our self-conceit, at God's appointed 'door.'—Nay, nay, Alice! the humbling truth must be told—the new spring must be had, or we cannot see the kingdom of God. Your arguments may sound kind and charitable in the flattered ear of self-love; but they offend the heart that trusts in God's Word, and has learned there his true character of holy love. To learn that glorious lesson we must look to the cross of Christ.—There we behold how he loved us; there we see the hatefulfulness of sin; there we feel the need of a new nature; there we begin the infant lisplings that penetrate a father's ear, 'Create in me a clean heart, Oh God; and renew a right heart within me;' there alone is self surrendered, and the rebel's flag cast down. Oh! try, dear sister, to teach your precious child these truths, and you aim at the root of the lie that distresses you, and the disobedience that causes the lie to be invented. Now, I will get your watch mended. Think whether you will

carry to the mercy seat of Him who made it, that other little piece of machinery, which, whether you will or not, must beat through eternal ages either in sin and sorrow, or in holiness and joy.'

THE SILVER DOLLAR; OR, HOW GOD PROVIDES.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

It was a season of great scarcity on the hill regions of New Hampshire, when a poor woman who lived in a hut by the woods had no bread for her little family. She was sick, without either friends or money. There was no helper but God, and she betook herself to prayer. She prayed long—she prayed in earnest; for she believed that He who fed the young ravens, would feed her.

On rising from her knees one morning, her little bare footed girl opened the door to go out. Something shining on the sill stopped her. The child stooped down, and behold, a silver dollar. They looked up and down the road; not a living person was in sight, and neither footsteps or waggon-wheels were to be heard.

Where did the dollar come from? Did God send it? Doubtless it was from his hand; but *how* did it get there? Did it rain down? No. Did he throw it from the windows of heaven? No. Did an angel fetch it? No. God has ways and means for answering the prayer without sending *special* messengers. He touches some little spring in the great machinery of his providence, without in the least disturbing its regularity, and help comes. Something we do not *see exactly how*, as this poor woman did not; then it seems to come more directly from him; while in fact, *our all being taken care of* ever since we were born, comes just as directly from him, only he employs so many people to do it, fathers, mothers, servants, shopkeepers, that we are apt to lose sight of him, and fix our eye only on them.

But how *did* the silver dollar get on the door-sill? some boy may ask. It happened that a pious young blacksmith was going down to the seaboard in quest of business. It was several miles before he could take the stage-coach; so instead of going in the waggon which carried the

chest, he said he would walk. 'Come ride,' they said; but it will be hot and dusty.' He kept answering 'No,' to all his friends urged. 'I'll walk, and take a short cut through the pines,' and off he started with a stout walking stick. As he was jogging on through a piece of woods, he heard a voice, and he stepped forward on tiptoe; then he stopped and listened and found it was the voice of prayer, and he gathered from the prayer that she who offered it was poor, sick, and friendless.

'What can I do to help this poor woman?' thought the young man. He did not like to go into the hut. He clapped his hands into his pocket and drew out a dollar, the first silver dollar he ever had—and a dollar was a big sum for him to give, for he was not as rich then as he is now. But no matter, he felt that the poor woman *must* have it. The dollar being silver, and likely to attract notice as soon as the door was open, he concluded to lay it on the sill and go away, but not far; for he hid behind a rock near the house, to watch what became of it. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing the little girl come out and seize the prize, when he went on his way rejoicing. The silver dollar came into the young man's hand for *this very purpose*. for you see a paper dollar might have blown away; and he was led to *walk* instead of *ride*—*why?* he did not exactly know, but God who directed his steps, *did* know. So God plans, and we are the instruments to carry on his plans. Oftentimes we seem to be about our own business, when we are about his, answering it may be, the prayers of his people.

The young blacksmith is now in middle life. He has been greatly prospered, and given away his hundreds since then; but perhaps he never enjoyed giving more than when he gave his first silver dollar.

The Grip of Faith,

John Welsh, one of the early reformers of Scotland, born 1570, has given a lively picture of faith, which may serve to encourage some trembling believer.

'It is not the quantity of thy faith that shall save thee. A drop of water is as true water as the whole ocean. So a little faith is as true faith as the greatest. A child eight days old, is as really a man

as one at sixty years; a spark of fire is as true fire as a great flame; a sickly man as truly living as a well man. So it is not the measure of thy faith that saves thee, *it is the blood that it grips to, that saves thee*; as the weak hand of a child that leads the spoon to the mouth, will feed as well as the strongest arm of a man; for it is not the hand that feeds thee, albeit it puts the meat into thy mouth, but it is the meat carried into the stomach that feeds thee. *So if thou canst grip Christ ever so weakly, he will not let thee perish.*

'All that looked to the brazen serpent, never so far off, they were healed of the sting of the fiery serpent; yet all saw not alike clearly, for some were near hand, and some were far off. Those that were near hand might see more clearly than those that were far off; nevertheless, those that were far off were as soon healed of the sting as those that were near hand; for it was not their look that made them whole, but he whom the serpent did represent.—So if thou canst look to Christ ever so meanly, he can take away the sting of thy conscience, if thou believest; the weakest hand can take a gift as well as the strongest. Now, Christ is the gift, and weak faith may grip him as well as strong faith, and Christ is as truly thine when thou hast weak faith, as when thou has come to those triumphant joys through the strength of faith.' Let every trembling sinner grip Christ by faith.

The Atonement of Christ,

The two great ends of public justice are the glory of God, and in connection with it, the general good of his creatures. It is essentially necessary to attainment of these ends, that the authority of the government of God should be supported, in all its extent, as inviolably sacred—that one jot or one tittle should in no wise pass from the law—that no sin, of any kind, or in any degree, should appear as venial—that if any sinner is pardoned, it should be in such a way as, while it displays the Divine mercy, shall at the same time testify the Divine abhorrence of sins. All this is gloriously effected, in the gospel, by means of atonement—by the substitution of a voluntary surety, even of him whose name is Emanuel, to bear the curse of law in the room of

the guilty. In this substitution we see displayed, in a manner unutterably affecting, and awful, the holy purity of the Divine nature; for no testimony can be conceived more impressive of infinite abhorrence of sin than the sufferings and death of the Son of God. Here too we behold the immutable justice of the Divine government inflicting the righteous penalty of a violated law. It is to be considered as a fixed principle of the Divine government, that sin must be punished; that if the sinner is pardoned, it must be in a way that marks and punishes the evil of his offence.— This is effected by substitution; and as we can judge, could not be effected in any other way. In inflicting the sentence against transgression on the voluntary and all-sufficient Surety, Jehovah, while he clears the sinner, does not clear his sins; although clothed with the thunders of vindictive justice against transgressions, he wears to the transgressor the smile of reconciliation and peace; he dispenses the blessing of mercy from the throne of his holiness; and while exercising grace to the guilty, he appears in the character, equally lovely and venerable, of 'the sinner's friend, but sin's eternal foe.'

In this way, then, all the ends of public justice are fully answered. The law retains its complete, unmitigated perfection, is 'magnified and made honorable;' the dignity and authority of government are maintained, and ever elevated; all the perfections of Deity are gloriously illustrated and exhibited in sublime harmony.— While the riches of mercy are displayed for the encouragement of sinners to return to God, the solemn lesson is at the same time taught by a most convincing example, that rebellion cannot be persisted in with impunity; and motives are thus addressed to the fear of evil, as well as to the desire of good. Such a view of the Divine Being is represented in the cross, as is precisely calculated to inspire and maintain, (to maintain, too, with a power which will increase in influence the more closely and seriously the view is contemplated) the two great principles of a holy life—the love and the fear of God; filial attachment, freedom, and confidence, combined with humble reverence and holy dread.— *Wardlaw.*

A Happy Man.

A zealous divine, who had prayed earnestly that God would teach him the perfect way of truth, was directed to go to a certain place, where he would find an instructor. When he came to the place, he found a man in ordinary attire, to whom he wished a good morning.

'I never had a bad morning,' replied the man.

'This is very singular. I wish you may always be so fortunate.'

'I was never unfortunate,' said he.

'I hope you will always be as happy,' said the divine.

'I am never unhappy,' said the other,

'I wish,' said the divine, 'that you would explain yourself a little.'

'That I will certainly do,' said he. 'I said that I never had a bad morning; for every morning, even if I am pinched with hunger, I praise God. If it rains, or snows, or hails; whether the weather be serene or tempestuous, I am still thankful to God; and therefore, I never have a joyless morning. If I am miserable in outward circumstances, and despised, I still praise God. You wished that I might always be fortunate; I cannot be unfortunate, because nothing befalls me, but according to the will of God; and I believe that His will is always good, in whatever He does or permits to be done. You wished me always happy; but I cannot be unhappy, because my will is always resigned to the will of God.'

GOD'S MERCY.

BIBLICAL writers employ the richest terms to declare the mercy of God, but how meagre is language for such a theme! Isaiah tells us that it is "great." Paul declares it, "rich." Jeremiah dwells on its " manifold " character. With Peter it is " abundant " mercy, Micah rejoices it as " sure." Luke is melted by its " tender exhibitions. But David most of all magnifies the mercy of God as " plenteous " " everlasting," " high as heaven " " filling the earth," " and over all His works."

THE GOOD NEWS.

February 15th, 1861.

THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARK.

Luke I. 1-4.

The historical record of the New Testament is contained in the Four gospels and Acts of the Apostles. The gospels may be regarded simply as Biographies, of the Lord Jesus. And with great propriety, they have been termed gospels, or repositories of good news; since they contain the full development of those glad tidings of great joy to all people, which were first darkly announced to prophets, and afterwards explained by the Saviour Himself, and illustrated by His death and resurrection, and ascension.

The authors of the first and fourth of the gospels,—Matthew and John,—were Apostles of the Lord, and consequently, eye and ear witnesses of the scenes which they describe, and the discourses which they record. The authors of the two intermediate gospels,—Mark and Luke,—though not apostles themselves, were the intimate friends of, and constant attendants upon apostles. From the account in the history of the Acts of the Apostles, it appears that Mark accompanied Paul, on one of his missionary expeditions, but returning home to Jerusalem, contrary to the Apostle's sense of duty, an estrangement between them was the consequence. It is pleasing, however, to find that afterwards, these servants of God were cordially reconciled to each other. Towards the close of the Epistle to the Colossians, Paul mentions Mark, along with some others, as his fellow-workers unto the Kingdom of God, and as having been a comfort unto him. Again, in the second Epistle to Timothy, we find Paul speaking of Mark

in the following terms, "Take Mark, and bring him with thee; for he is profitable to me for the ministry." Thus it is evident that Mark had the unspeakable privilege of enjoying much, and intimate communion with Paul. It would appear, however, that, after that unseasonable return to Jerusalem, with which the apostle was offended, Mark attached himself to the Apostle Peter, on whom, from this period, he chiefly attended; and it is the concurrent testimony of all antiquity, that the gospel of Mark was published under the auspices, and with the full sanction and approbation of Peter. And it is this only which can account for the universal acknowledgement of its canonical authority, on the part of the church, from the very first.

With regard to Luke, the author of the gospel which bears his name, it has been alleged by some, that he was one of the seventy disciples; but this report rests upon no solid authority; and I am inclined to treat it as altogether groundless. From a comparison of Col. iv, 11, with verse 14, it appears pretty clear that Luke was a heathen by birth. In the 11th verse, you will observe, the apostle speaks of Justus, and those mentioned in the preceding verses, as being of the circumcision; from which we infer that those mentioned in the following verses were Gentiles.—Moreover, the name Lucas, an abridgement for Lucanus, indicates that he was of Gentile origin. Instead of being one of the 70 disciples, the likelihood is, that he was not converted, till some years after the ascension, when the gospel was fully preached, and a church formed at Antioch. It is certain that he was a physician by profession, and probably a native of Antioch. Thus he must have been a man of superior education, a fact, which is plain enough, from the purity and classic elegance of his composition, both in his biography

of the Saviour, and history of the Acts of Apostles.

From his use of the personal pronoun *we*, in the xvi chap. of Acts and onwards, it would appear that after the rupture between Paul and Barnabas on account of Mark, Luke accompanied Paul on several of his missionary tours. It is probable that he remained with him and ministered to him, during his imprisonment in Cæsarea, and there is no doubt, that he accompanied him to Rome, and continued with him during his imprisonment in that city. Repeatedly does Paul mention him with great affection, in his letters written from Rome. Thus in his Epistle to the Colossians, we find him saying, Luke the beloved physician and Demas greet you. And when Demas had forsaken him, and having loved this present world, and Crescens had gone to Galatia, and Titus Dalmatia, we find the aged Apostle, writing to Timothy—"Only Luke is with me."

It is exceedingly probable that, if the Gospel of Luke was not written during Paul's imprisonment in Cæsarea, the materials for it were collected during his residence in that city; where, both from leisure and his proximity to the scenes of our Saviour's history, he would have the most ample opportunities for doing so. It is certain that he was in Judea at that time, and what so likely as that he would employ his leisure in collecting information for his history, amidst the very scenes where the great events, which he describes, occurred. According to ancient accounts, whose accuracy there is no reason to question, the Virgin Mary was alive at that time. And well may we suppose that Luke would court her acquaintance, and receive from her own lips, the sublime account of the miraculous conception of the Lord Christ. From her too, he would no doubt receive his account of the interesting

circumstances, regarding the birth, the infancy, and boyhood of the blessed Jesus, which are omitted by the other Evangelists. If either of the parents of the Baptist were then living, them doubtless he would endeavour to see, that he might receive from their own lips, the account of the wonderful circumstances connected with the birth of their son. But if, by this time, they were both dead, which is probable, the Virgin would no doubt supply him with those interesting details regarding the birth of John the Baptist, which so appropriately introduced the history of the Saviour. It appears probable, to say the least of it, that Luke's gospel was written at a pretty early date, not later than the time of Paul's imprisonment in Cæsarea; from the fact, that at the time, when the second epistle to the Corinthians was written, the gospel of Luke seems to have been well known, and highly valued throughout the Churches; for there can be little doubt that it is of Luke that Paul speaks, when he says, that he had sent with Titus, the brother whose praise in the gospel was throughout all the churches.

But, at all events, it is clear that the gospel of Luke was published under the auspices, and with the sanction of Paul.—So much has this been felt to be the case, that it has been alleged by some, that when Paul says in Rom. ii. 16,—“In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel,” he means the gospel of Luke, which he thus claims as substantially his own. However this may be, the gospel of Luke appeared with the full sanction of Paul; and hence was immediately received, as of divine authority, by the universal Church of God.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Christ dwells in that heart most eminently that hath emptied itself of itself.

THE ALBATROSS.

The albatross has often served poor Jack a good turn when his larder has run low, or when he has been cast upon some desolate sea-bird island; and many anonymous anecdotes are told in the fore-castle respecting them. But the most remarkable I have ever heard, bordering indeed on the marvelous and incredible, if not itself a providential miracle, is the following, contained in substance in a letter from an officer in the eighty-third regiment of the English army to his friends in Montreal. While the division to which the writer belonged was on its way to the Orient, being at that time a short distance eastward of the Cape, one of the men was severely flogged for some slight offence. Maddened at the punishment, the poor fellow was no sooner released, than, in the sight of all his comrades and the ship's crew, he sprang overboard. There was a high sea running at the time, and, as the man swept astern, all hope of saving him seemed to vanish. Relief, however, came from a quarter where no one ever dreamed of looking for it before. During the delay incident on lowering a boat, and while the crowd on deck were watching the form of the soldier struggling with the boiling waves, and growing every moment less distinct, a large albatross, such as are always found in those latitudes, coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached and made a swoop at the man, who in the agonies of the death-struggle, seized it and held it firm in his grasp, and by this means kept afloat until assistance was rendered from the vessel.

Incredible as this story seems, the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, places its authenticity beyond a doubt. But for the assistance thus offered, no power on earth could have saved the soldier, as in consequence of the tremendous sea running, a long time elapsed before the boat could be manned and got down, all this time the man clinging to the bird, whose flutterings and struggles to escape, bore him up. Who, after this should despair? A raging sea—a drowning man—an albatross; what eye could see safety under such circumstances? or who will dare to call this chance? Is it not rather a lesson intended to stimulate Faith and Hope, and teach us

never to despair, since, in the darkest moment, when the waves dash, and the winds roar, and a gulf seems closing over our heads, *there may be an albatross at hand*, with a commission to save us from Him, of whom it is said, "As birds flying, so will the Lord of hosts defend Jerusalem; defending also, he will deliver it, and passing over, he will preserve it."

There is another lesson taught me by this most majestic and beautiful of birds, for which, I think I am a wiser man than before. We observe that when captured and set at liberty in the ship, it can never of itself rise from the even surface of the deck, though outwardly unconstrained and free; but we must toss the noble bird over board, or lift him quite clear of the ship's rail, before he can raise his glorious pinions and mount aloft into the air. Then he will stretch those ample wings, and sail away through space in the very poetry of motion, as if the elastic element of the air and the bird were one, making the gazer wonder and fairly long to be taking the same aerial flight.

Even so it is sometimes with the Christian. He is brought by Providence into straits and perplexities, whence he cannot rise and extricate himself alone, where the wing of faith and love seem to be of no avail to him, until a friendly hand lifts him up and throws him out upon the deep, where he must say with Peter, "Lord save, I perish." Then at once he loses despair; he surmounts the difficulty; he breaks his prison; he mounts up as on eagle's wings; now the pinions of faith and love nobly sustain him and bear him away aloft, and he wonders at the night-mare of doubt and fear that kept him from using them before. He is ashamed of the wrong thoughts of God that had begun to gather and darken in his mind. He sees that God was infinitely wise and good in appointing the discipline to which he has been subjected, and he flies all the higher and better for it in holiness now. Like the Ancient Mariner, who has served us for illustration once before,

"He goes on like one that hath been
stunn'd,

And is of sense forlorn;
A better and a wiser man

He'll rise to-morrow morn."

—Rev. H. T. Cheever.

THINE.

Thou know'st my weakness, Lord, my every
failing,

Thoughts unexpress'd;

Those sinful thoughts my better ones assailing,

That throng my breast.

More than I think my wicked heart contains;

Thou canst divine ;

Lord, at Thy feet. Thy love that heart detains,

For I am Thine.

Thou art my Master ; may Thy arms of love

Around me twine,

And raise me to that blessed land above :

Lord, I am Thine.

Save me, that never more from out Thy fold

I go astray,

Within Thy arms my feeble spirit hold :

Turn not away.

Pardou, dear Lord, all that has been amiss,

That grieves Thee so ;

Grant me a foretaste of that heavenly bliss,

I long to know.

Thy seal is on my brow ; may a sweet calm

And hope be mine ;

That I may sing with joy this gracious psalm,

Lord, I am Thine.

J. P.

TELLING JESUS.

One morning after a painful night, a sick mother, calling her daughter to her bedside, said to her, "Amid my sufferings I have learned to get rid of trouble;—with repentance for sin, carrying it all right to Christ."

She was in a peaceful frame. She seemed to feel so sweet a repose in resting on her Lord, and in casting all her sickness and sorrows on him that she could tell her joys to all around; and in this delightful state of mind she continued till she fell asleep in Jesus, dying gently, as if

"Angels kissed her breath away."

She spoke of this method of relief as a new discovery; though she had been a professor, and indeed an ardent and devoted Christian, for more than forty years, and had undoubtedly experienced before similar exposure on going with her sorrows to Christ. But such are often the effects of

the Spirit's workings on the soul. As Christ, his offices, his loveliness, and fullness, are more vividly revealed; as we lay hold of him with a firmer faith; as he dwells in us with increased vitality; and as love, hope and joy are more lively and intense; we feel almost as though we had found a new Saviour—a new way of deliverance from sin and suffering. Thus it is that the rejoicings of him who lives near to Jesus, from whom he draws his daily supplies, are ever fresh, ever new.

What an interesting truth is it, that Christ can relieve us of our burden, if, with repentance, we will cast it upon him!—This is indeed the only true method of getting rid of trouble. How happy for us if we could always realize it! How happy, if, when oppressed with bereavement, we could go, as did the disciples of John when they had buried their master, and tell Jesus! if, when harassed with dread of sickness, when contagion is breathing its blasting mildews around us, or when disease is actually revelling in our veins, and nature giving way, we could go with this childlike spirit and tell Jesus! How happy, if, when suffering from the evil tongue or malicious dispositions of others, convinced that we too are sinners, we could look for relief to him who, "when reviled, reviled not again." How happy, if, in all our little troubles—those insect sorrows, which are continually swarming about us, chafing and vexing the spirit, often more annoying than the far greater afflictions—we could carry them right to Christ, crying "Lord breath into my ruffled breast!"—How happy, if, when anything occurs that tries, goads, and agitates us, and preys like a vampire on the spirit, saddening us by day, and driving sleep from our pillows by the tumult of thoughts it awakens by night, we could carry it to Him "who filleth all in all," and rest satisfied with committing it into his hands! Ah, how much the sorrows of life are aggravated by brooding over them, by nursing these little briers and thorns in the breast, instead of leaving them at the foot of the cross and finding relief in prayer!

It is now many years since this remark of the dying mother was heard by the writer, and often has its recollection quieted agitation, and quelled alarm, fanning

the soul as an angel's wing, and buoying it up with hope. May it have a similar effect on others. Let it be treasured in the memory. Let us not try to find relief from trouble by seeking the gratification of our passions, or plunging into the cares and amusements of life, but by going to Jesus.

Democracy of the Bible.

Christianity, avoiding anarchy on the one hand and despotism on the other, sets the race on a path of unlimited advancement. It pronounces all men equal. In express terms, the Christian revelation declares all nations of the earth to be of one blood; it pronounces all men equally the subjects of one King; it makes the value of a soul infinite, and shows no difference between the worth of that of a beggar and that of a prince. Look into the stable of Bethlehem, on that night when crowned sage and humble shepherd knelt by the cradle of that babe who was their common King: do you not see, in that spectacle, the bond of an essential equality uniting all ranks, and making the regal purple and the peasant's russet faint and temporary distinctions? Well might Coleridge say, that the fairest flower he ever saw climbing round a poor man's window, was not so so beautiful in his eye as the Bible which he saw lying within. If all classes forsook the Gospel, one might expect the poor, the hard-toiling, the despised, to cling to it.—Whatever Christianity may have become in our churches and in our times, the great class of the workers can find in its aspects no excuse for abandoning itself, unless they can show that the churches have rewritten the Bible; unless they can allege that it no longer exhibits the Divine Founder of Christianity preaching to the poor, accompanying with publicans and sinners; unless they show that it was the sanctioned usage of apostolic times to honor the rich in the Christian assemblage; unless, in one word, they can deny that the Gospel holds forth to every man the prospect of being a king and priest to God.—*From Bayne's work, "The Christian Life, Social and Individual."*

The Dignity Of the Ministry.

When the celebrated George Herbert informed a court friend of his resolution to enter into holy orders, he endeavored to dissuade him from it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, and the excellent abilities and endowment of his mind. To whom Herbert replied: 'It hath been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be the noblest families on earth.—And though the iniquities of the late time have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of Priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them, knowing that I can never do too much for Him that done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to do like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my beloved Jesus.'

THE LITTLE THIEF.

Willie was a fine little boy; but one day he was careless and just see what it cost him.—He forgot to get his geography lesson in time, and so, when his teacher asked him a question, because he did not know the answer, he "peeped into his book and stole it," passing it off as his own. Poor little boy! His teacher saw him do it, but did not scold him; she was too sorry. She only said, "Willie is making God angry," and Willie's face got very red, and he began to cry, for now he saw how wicked he had been. He had done wrong in the first place to forget, and then he had tried to cheat his teacher, and to cheat God too.—Poor fellow! all the little boys in the class were sorry for him; and one who sat beside Willie, whispered, "Don't cry, the teacher won't whip you." But Willie kept on crying; there was some one besides the teacher to be afraid of, and nobody could tell him that God would not punish him. He knew that it was not a little thing to try and cheat the great God and steal too; and he had stolen the answer out of the book. His good mother had taught him that it was stealing to take what did not belong to him. Yes, Willie knew that the answer was not 'his,' for he had not studied the lesson at all, and so he went home, feeling that God was angry with him.

Sabbath School Lessons.

February 25th, 1861.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.—MATTHEW. I. 18-25.
LUKE. II. 1-7.

I. It was a great honour conferred on Mary to be the mother of our Lord. This was testified by the Angel Gabriel.—Luke i. 42. This was thought so by herself.—Luke i. 48. But great joy is often followed by great sorrow. Great honour is usually accompanied by great tribulation. Though she was honored to be the mother of our Lord, doubtless her relatives, except Elizabeth's household, her acquaintances, and even Joseph himself to whom she was betrothed, were so loathe to believe in her virtue, that they regarded her account of her state to be a pious fraud. Doubtless many of them jeered and sneered at her, calling her not only an hypocrite, but one deserving of death. This must have been a sore trial to her pure mind, to be unjustly blamed by neighbours, but to be blamed, and not believed in by Joseph, the man, whom of all others, she loved. She had the consciousness of innocence. She could commit her care to Him who judgeth righteously. This was her consolation in the midst of trial, yet it was a trial notwithstanding.

II. It was a great trial to Joseph to find his dear, beloved Mary to whom he was betrothed, in a condition that showed she was faithless to him, wanting in respect to herself, and a great sinner in the sight of God. The strange, wonderful, but incredible story which she told to account for her apparent guilt, perplexed but did not convince. He pondered over it, v. 19. He was a just man, just towards God, just to himself and to her.—He determined to put her away, but not willing that she should be made a public example as law required.—Deut. xxiv. 1. He thought of putting her away privily.

III. The Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream. God often manifested Himself in this way—see Gen. xx. 3; xxxi. 23. Numb. xii. 6. 1 Kings iii. 5. Matth. ii. 13. Observe the Lord did not manifest himself to Joseph till after Mary and Joseph had been sorely tried. He could have appeared earlier, and have told Joseph of the high honour conferred on Mary. He did not, however, in order that their hearts might be exercised.

IV. Jesus was the name given by God to this Holy Child. The name Jesus means Saviour. The reason is assigned for calling him by this name, "For He shall save His people from their sins,"—Matth. ii. 21. This was the grand object Christ had in view in coming into the world. To save *His people*,

not the whole world. To *save*, not simply to be an example. To save His people from *their sins*, which alone condemns men to perdition. The birth of Christ was a matter of prophecy,—Isa. vii. 14. In it His name is called "Emmanuel," which is "God with us."

V. As soon as Joseph rose in the morning he did as the Lord had bidden him. Joseph's promptness and courage in the discharge of duty commends him to us. He feared God, and to please Him was not afraid to do his duty, in spite of the contumely that would arise. In taking Mary to wife in the circumstances in which he was called, he endorsed her position, and subjected himself to the blame that was cast upon her.

VI. The time of Jesus' birth was during the taxing or enrolment ordered by Caesar Augustus, who was Emperor of the Roman Empire. This was about the first year before the beginning of what is called the Christian era. With regard to the extent of the enrolment, there can be little doubt that the words 'the whole world' in our common version, should be rendered the whole land as it is clear Judea only is meant.

VII. The place of Jesus' birth was Bethlehem. This was not the place that Mary usually resided in,—Luke ii. 4. But she and Joseph came out of Galilee into Judea to Bethlehem to be enrolled. The reason for this is given,—Luke ii. 4. 5. It was foretold that Jesus should come out of Bethlehem,—Micah v. 2: Matth. ii. 4, 6.—John vii. 42.

See how the Divine purposes will be accomplished in the most minute particular.—Caesar Augustus had no idea of being instrumental in fulfilling a prophecy when he issued his decree,—Isa. x. 7.

VIII. Christ was born of the family of David. This was the burden of prophecy,—Psal. cxxxii. 11. Jer. xxv. 5. Though for royal descent, He did not appear in royal circumstances. Joseph His reputed father was a carpenter living obscurely in Nazareth.—When he and Mary came to Bethlehem, they found no other accommodation than a stable. There Christ was born. There He was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.

Learn, 1. That the path of honour is the path of difficulty.

2. That every thing God says, He will do. No distance of time. No complexity of circumstances will interfere with the minute fulfilment of His promise.

3. The humility of Christ. He humbled himself to become a little child.

March 3rd, 1861.

ENOCH.—GEN. v. 18-24.

We are not told much about Enoch in the sacred Scriptures. He is referred to in the four verses of our lessons. In one verse in Hebrews, xi, v. And in two verses in Jude 14, 15. From these sources we learn.

1. That he was the seventh from Adam.—Jude 14. That is a descendant of the seventh generation. He was born in the 622nd year of the world. Adam did not die till 930, A. M., so that Enoch was cotemporary with Adam, from whom he would have, no doubt, full information concerning the creation, fall and redemption of man. He had also the advantage of the conversation and example of his father, grandfather and others, whose relationship was more remote, such as Jared, Mahalaleel, Cainan, Enos, &c. His father's name was Jared, and in giving to his son the name of Enoch, which signifies "initiate," or "dedicate," we may infer, that he dedicated him to God from his birth, and was concerned in training him up in the way he should go. Besides these advantages, he had also the disadvantage of witnessing the prevailing ungodliness in the earth, for he lived at a time when men both acted and spoke wickedly against God.

2. That he was a prophet. Jude 14. "He prophesied" of the General Judgment. Of convicting of sin, &c. Jude 15.

3. That he was a pious man. "He walked with God." v 24. A man is known by the company he keeps, and particularly by the companions with whom he delights to associate. So the character of Enoch is determined by his keeping company with God.

Enoch's walking with God implied faith in him in two senses. We walk with man whom we see, but if we walk with God we do not see him with the bodily eye. Though Enoch had not seen Him, he believed that He was.—Walking with one implies trust or confidence in his character. In this sense also, Enoch had faith in him. Walking with God implies reconciliation. "Can two walk together unless they be agreed." Amos iii. 3. Walking with God implies that we walk in the way God walks, which is the way his word indicates and his providence leads.

4. Enoch began to walk with God when he was about sixty-five years of age, and walked with him three hundred years. Though 65 years is an old age in our day; it was but the period of youth in Enoch's time. He therefore gave his heart to the Lord when he was young, and by a long life in a dark age, he made his light to shine.

Learn 1. That early piety is acceptable to God. Prov. viii, 17.

2. The pleasures of religion are lasting.—Psal. lxxiii, iii.

3. God's grace is sufficient for the longest pilgrimage.

5. Enoch walked with God in *private*. He had secret communion with God, and had a testimony from God. Heb. xi, 5. He walked with God before *his family*. Gen. v. 22-24. He walked with God *before the world* as a public teacher. Rebuking the world by his life as by his lips. Jude 14, 15.

Learn 1. We can serve God in the world as well as in solitude.

2. We can serve God when we are not engaged in acts of devotion. We can make *our work worship*.

3. Those who teach others to walk with God, ought also to walk themselves.

6. Enoch walked with God in trying times. Around him ungodliness prevailed; piety was generally reprobated. Jude xv. But he stood for God. He confessed Him before men, and God has already confessed him before the world.

Learn 1. It is our duty to confess God even when iniquity abound. God's people are a peculiar people. Tit. ii, 14. Rom. xii 2.

7. "God took Enoch." He was translated body and soul to heaven without death.—Elijah was also translated. 2 Kings ii. 11. True believers do not *taste* of death. Many of them see death coming upon them, but all of them after death enter upon the eternal consummation of their happiness. Phil. i, 21 23.

Learn 1. That it is our privilege to walk with God. Micah vi, 8.

2. That it is our duty to walk with God.—Psal. v. 4, 5.

3 That it is our interest to walk with God. Psal. lxxxiv. 11.

4. That we have free access to God through Christ. Eph. ii. 18. ; and strength to walk with Him promised. Zach. x. 12

March 10th, 1861.

THE ANGEL APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS,—LUKE ii. 8, 20.

1. This is the third instance of the appearance of an angel within a short time. First to Zacharias, next to Mary, now to the Shepherds. In the two former instances, the individuals honored had formerly honored God and was honored by Him in return. We may assume that the Shepherds were of like character. Yea we may assume, from the narrative, that they were among the waiters referred to in Luke i. 38.

There were several Shepherds. We may assume that they conversed with each other of

the things of heaven, till their heart burned within them,—Luke xxiv. 32.

II. When the glory of the Lord shone around the Shepherds, and the angel appeared to them, they were sore afraid, v. 9. If good men are afraid when some of the glories of heaven appear on earth, how much more reason have they to be astonished if suddenly called to appear in glory? If good men are afraid in the presence of an angel how must bad men feel when suddenly summoned in the presence of God?

III. One angel appeared with a message, and many others with a song. The message was one of good news, v. 10., of great joy to people of every country and every time, because it announced the birth of an anointed Saviour. The song which the angels sang was a short song, but it was sweet and full of meaning. Angel's had sung a song of praise, on the morning of creation.—Job. xxxviii. 5. They had sung a song on the survey of God's providence,—Isa. vi. 3,—but now they sing a higher and more glorious song, v. 14.

IV. The Shepherd's were not long of acting on the information they received from heaven. Let us go, &c., v. 15. It was with them as with the sinner. When the word of the Lord comes to them with power they do not think so much of the messenger as of the message. They felt that the thing which the Lord communicated to them was of more importance than the angels. It is interesting to read of them stirring each other up to go in company to seek Jesus,—John i. 41.

V. As soon as the Shepherds saw Christ, v. 16, they published the tidings abroad, v. 17. This was the way with the woman of Samaria,—John iv. 29. With Andrew,—John i. 41. With sinners converted. Now it is interesting to note that the very first preachers among men of a Christ come to save sinners were shepherds, and that their labours were blessed,—1 Cor. i. 27. They found Christ themselves before they commended Him to others.

VI. The Shepherds imitated the angels, by their praising, and glorifying God. Like them they did not keep the information to themselves, but spread it abroad. The higher Christians become in spirituality, the more do they become like the angels in their endeavours to serve and glorify Him.

VII. Mary was a wise and humble woman. She heard many things, but she kept and pondered them in her heart, v. 19.

Learn, 1. To seek Jesus, Seek Him when young. Seek Him at once.

2. When ye have found Jesus yourself, urge others to seek Him also.

A great and good man died a few years ago in Edinburgh, Scotland. On his death-bed

he gave a parting counsel and blessing to each of his children. To the youngest of a tender age, he simply said with his blessing, "Seek Jesus." These words were impressed on the Child's memory. When the spirit of the father had departed to the God that gave it. When the weeping friends and visitors were overwhelmed with sorrow. The little child, unconscious of her loss, was going about addressing each individual she met, the sweet and appropriate words, "Seek Jesus, seek Jesus." Reader, go and do likewise.

Who are your Companions ?

It is said to be the property of the tree-frog that it acquires the colour of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus, when found on growing corn, it is commonly of a dark green. If found on the white oak it has the colour peculiar to the tree. Just so it is with men. Tell me whom you choose and prefer as companions, and I certainly can tell you who you are like. Do you like the society of the vulgar?—Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek to be with the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choice friends? He who laughs at folly is himself a fool. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Would you rather take the lowest seat among such, than the highest among others? Then you have already learned to be good. You may not have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way, and seek to be the companion of all that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself, and wise for eternity.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Lord Jesus, thou light of truth and Sun of righteousness, shed thy bright beams upon my heart, that I may know, and knowing, Love thee. Help me, my strength, by whom I am sustained; shine upon me, my Light, by whom alone I see, and quicken me, my Life, by whom alone I live. For thou only art my Help and my Light, my Life and my Joy, my Lord and my God?—
[St. Augustine.]

Revival Intelligence.

Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Weaver are preaching daily to the masses in London. The London Correspondent of the *Presbyterian Banner*, gives the following account of Mr. Weaver.

"Two nights ago I had the opportunity of hearing him in Southwark. When I arrived at the appointed place, although it wanted about half an hour of eight o'clock, the church (Presbyterian) was fast filling. Repairing to the vestry, I found about six or seven persons uniting in special supplication for a blessing on what was about to be spoken. All were on their knees. One voice was loud and impassioned; and a special petition was offered that the speaker might be emptied of *self*. This was the voice of Richard Weaver.—When each person present had prayed briefly, all stood up. Then I recognized Mr. Radcliffe, pale and worn, but saying he was in better health than when last I saw him. Two ministers were present, beside myself. I was introduced to Richard Weaver, a man under the medium height, about thirty years of age, of comparatively spare frame, but lithe and quick in his movements, his voice in conversation unusually quiet, his manner calm, his face frank and kindly. He was dressed in a kind of a frock coat, and had on a cravat, not white, but coloured.

The service was begun by Mr. Weaver, by giving out a hymn, which he led himself, with a voice both powerful and sweet.—"Weaver's Hymn Book. (price one penny) was in universal use; the tunes are not so grave as is usual, but I confess that I had reason ere long, to admit, in spite of associations to the contrary, that there are some song tunes which are admirably adapted to sacred words and themes, especially to the passionate and jubilant utterances of earnest souls amongst the sons and daughters of toil and trouble. Next came a prayer, begun in a low voice, but soon swelling to loud and besieging importunity. This over, Mr. Radcliffe gave out a second hymn, and addressed the congregation very solemnly on the words, "Except a man be born again," &c.; exposing the false and common idea that people who like Nicodemus, are observers of public worship, are quite safe, and concluding with a vivid exposition and application of the words, in the same discourse, "As Moses lifted up the serpent," &c.

He was followed by Richard Weaver, who led another hymn, and who then, for three quarters of an hour, continued to pour forth, with vehement earnestness, a series of illustrations, anecdotes, awful and open denunciations upon sinners, both male and female, united

with closing appeals to Christ, without delay. His action is something like John B. Gough. He wants his refinement and imagination; but he is a true orator, and a God-made messenger to the masses. On that night as well as previously, a number of persons remained to be conversed with. Four such persons I came personally in contact with."

2 Intelligence of a very interesting character has just been received in a letter written by a British Officer, dated Moulmien, 26th October 1860. The ship "Forbes" sailed from the United States, bound for Rangoon with a cargo of Ice.

She had as passengers, three American Baptist Missionaries. These men determined to take advantage of the opportunity which they had for labouring for those individuals who were now bearing them to the scene of their future labours, amongst the degraded heathen on the plains of India.

Immediately on leaving America, they commenced holding prayer meetings, which at first were but poorly attended, but the attendance rapidly increased.

Not many weeks elapsed before the captain was brought under the deepest conviction, and not long afterwards found peace in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. One after another the ship's officers and seamen were convinced and ultimately converted. Ere she arrived at Rangoon, only one of the crew, a Roman Catholic, was still dead to the power of the truth.

LOVE OF GOD.

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

Now, reader—what have you to say to this blessed declaration,—made to rich and poor—of EVERY DENOMINATION throughout the world!

What excuse would you make for not accepting this gracious assurance of mercy.

Will you plead your *unworthiness*? There is nothing said about worthiness—or *unworthiness*,—but it is, *whosoever*,—therefore it is addressed to you; to you individually, and woe to your soul if you refuse this gracious invitation.

Were you as holy as an Archangel—this would not make you *worthy* of the Lord's mercy;—it is all of *free grace*—to the *unthankful*, as well as the *thankful*;—without money; without price.

Arouse yourself, then, and come forth at once—and embrace the offered pardon; embrace it while you have *life*;—embrace it *instantly*—or *death* may cut you off from the promised blessing—even *EVERLASTING LIFE*.

The writer of this portion (now gray-headed—a monument of the LOVE of God)—was as far off from salvation as the vilest of the vile,—but, before he takes his final leave of this world, he now for the last time, (as a redeemed sinner,) earnestly entreats,—implores, and exhorts his fellow-sinners to turn to the Lord, and seek him while he *may* be found. Think of the LOVE of God. Will you despise such a love as *this*? Love,—to save your soul!

Oh, if you reject this offered mercy—eternal misery (instead of eternal life) must inevitably be your certain doom,—not a ray of love (now offered) to soften the awful endless gloom of a hell—made more painful by the bitter reflection—that you *might* have been saved—but WOULD NOT. The Lord *help you to believe. Amen.*

“O taste and see that the Lord is good.”

Psalms xxxiv. 8:

The LOVE of God, in Christ Jesus, secures redemption to ALL who come in his blessed Name.

COME;—come;—come and be saved.—*Sinner's Friend.*

“Whence Came They?”

See these pure white clouds that stretch, in ranks like rolling waves, across the canopy of heaven, in the still, deep noon of a summer day. Row after row they lie in the light, opening their bosoms to the blaze of a noontide sun; and they are all fair; they are “without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.” Who are these that stand, as it were, around the throne of God, in white clothing: and whence came they? These are they that have come from various places on the surface of the earth and sea. Some have come from the briny ocean, and some from miry land; some from yellow, overflowing rivers, and some from cool crystal springs; some from stagnant pools in lonely deserts, and some from the slimy bed of the Thames or Clyde, where living creatures can scarcely breathe upon their banks. All are alike welcome to these heavens, and all in their resurrection state equally pure. May I, spiritually distant and unclean—may I rise, like those snow-white clouds, from earth to heaven, and take my place without challenge among the stainless witnesses who stand round the Redeemer's throne? I may,—not because my stains are few, but because the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. I may,—not because my sins are small, but because my Saviour is great.

True Happiness.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From the grand tranquility that reigns on every side I turn my thoughts to those whirlpools of excitement where men strive for honour, and know not what is honourable; for wealth, and do not know true riches; for pleasure, and are ignorant of the first elements of pleasure. There comes to me a sad sense of the turmoil of men fiercely bent upon happiness, who will never know it. They are starving amidst unexampled abundance. In their Father's house is bread enough and to spare, and a divine wine that breathes odour, without intoxication, upon the soul. Why should they be furrowed with care, and my unwrinkled heart be purpled over with blossoming joy? Are we not made alike?—Have they not every one of the faculties that I have? Every sense that rings to the strokes of joy with me, they have even as I have. But having eyes, they will not see; ears, they will not hear; and a heart, they will not understand. As the old prophet touched his servant's eyes, and he beheld the mountains filled with the angels and chariots of God, and feared no more; so, methinks, if I could but bring the eager thousands forth who pant and strive for joy, only for joy, and unseal their eyes, they should behold and know assuredly that happiness was not in all the places where they delve and vex themselves. In the presence of these heavenly hours, riches, touched with the finger of God, would say, “Joy is not in me.” Fame would say, “It is not in me.” Passion, hoarse from toils of grossness, would say, “It is not in me.” And, amidst their confessions, a voice should come down through the clear air from heaven and the very bosom of Christ, saying, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

Christians are not only called upon to live as becometh the Gospel; but so as to adorn it and set it off to advantage.

Presbyterian Church of Canada.

1.

THE REV. JOHN ALEXANDER.—We observe that Mr. Alexander has been not only immersed, but called, *ordained*, and inducted as a Pastor of the Baptist Church in Brantford. Mr. Alexander has apparently separated himself by a very broad line from his former brethren. By being re-ordained he seems to deny the validity of his Presbyterian ordination. Hitherto we had supposed that it was Episcopacy alone that denied the validity of a Presbyterian ordination. But we were mistaken. The Presbyterian Church admits the ordination of other evangelical churches and does not re-ordain.—*Ecclesiastical Missionary Record.*

2.

BEAVERTON.—The congregation of Beaverton, hitherto associated with that of Eldon, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. John McTavish, has given a call to the Rev. John McLachlin of Acton.—The field is large. Mr. McTavish has long laboured with little assistance: but now he will be associated with a man of *kindred* spirit.

3.

The Congregation of Galt, to which the late Dr. Bayne was minister, has given a call to the Rev. Dr. Thomson, of New York, who has accepted of it. Dr. Thomson will be quite an acquisition to the Canadian Ministry.

4.

The Rev. Mr. Blount of Bosanquet, and the Rev. Mr. Scott of St. Sylvester, have tendered their respective charges through impaired health. We regret to hear this as both gentlemen have been represented to us as faithful labourers in the Lord's Vineyard.

5.

The Rev. D. E. Montgomery of South-Gower and Mountain, has tendered the resignation of his charge through inadequate support. He like many other Ministers in the church have been deceived by false subscription lists. We call them false not because the individuals who got them up intended to deceive when they allowed

names to be attached to certain sums, on the strength of which subscriptions they called a minister; but, because names that are given for a year only, or names belonging to other communions are put down without specific explanations. The Minister Elect, ignorant of these specialities, accepts the list as bona-fide and as lasting for a series of years, enters on the charge, and to his dismay, a few years show him that he depended on broken reeds. We think many of these subscription lists are great evils. In fact, we think they ought to be dispensed with altogether. We shall, if the Lord will, enter more fully on the subject. In the meantime, we heartily wish Mr. Montgomery true success in whatever field the Lord may call him to.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

1.

This church has very appropriately set apart one Sabbath in the month to be observed as a day of special prayer for the out pouring of the Spirit on the rising generation. We rejoice to observe such tokens of spiritual life.

3.

The Rev. Mr. Hay has been inducted as Minister of the Church at Mount Forest, and the Rev. A. Stewart, late of Chatham, New Brunswick, has been inducted over the congregation at Hornby.

3.

A new church has been opened in Port Hope. The Minister of which is the Rev. D. Camelon.

UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

1.

Esqueping. The congregation is now greatly increased in numbers. The external prosperity appears to be marked, we trust that that is but an emblem of the progress of divine life.

2.

The Church Organ for the month, contains an account of donations and good will received by Ministers from their congregation. They are not of that nature that we can specially refer to them in the Good News. We make, however, one exception, as it is much to the credit of the Rev. Mr. Hill of Caledonia, Co. of Haldimand.

It is worthy of remark, that the Rev. Gentleman has officiated on this Mission for a little

over twenty-two years, and, if we are to judge a minister according to his work, certainly his equal is not easily to be found. For instance, until very lately, he has always ridden thirty-six miles on the Sabbath, and held Service in five different places, and besides other duties appertaining to his charge, he preaches five times through the week in other places. For the last year or two, his ride on the Sabbath has been shortened to about twenty-two miles; which I believe, is owing to new roads and bridges which have been built; though he holds the same number of Services on the Sabbath. He saves about an hour and a half in his rides, which time he studiously devotes to a Sunday-School. C.

We love to read of such devoted labourers in the Lord's Vineyard, and we pray that he may raise up many more trained in head and in heart by Himself.

The Presbyterian Historical Almanac, and Annual Remembrancer of the Church for 1861. By Joseph M. Wilson, Philadelphia.

We have received this volume, the third of the series, and have examined it with some satisfaction. It is a large sized volume of over 300 pages and contains accounts of the Presbyterian Churches throughout the world. The information contained in it is large, important, and interesting. The manner in which it is presented is simple and satisfactory. And the enterprising publisher deserves the patronage of Ministers, Elders, and others interested in the progress of Presbyterianism.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

Oh blessed rest! when "we rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!"—when we shall rest from sin, but not from worship—from suffering and sorrow, but not from joy! O blessed day! when shall I rest with God—when shall I rest in knowing, loving, rejoicing, and praising—when my perfect soul and body shall together perfectly enjoy the most perfect God—when God, who is love itself, shall perfectly love me, and rest in His love to me, and I shall rest in my love to Him—when he shall rejoice over me with joy, and joy over me with singing, and I shall rejoice in Him.—*Barter*.

NEVER TELL A LIE.

How simply and beautifully has Abdel Kadir of Ghilon impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then, taking out eighty dinars, she told me, as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it to me, *never to tell a lie*, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, "Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

I went on well till I came near Hamadai, when our Kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me "what I had got?" "Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed under my garments." The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him. "What have you got?" said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," said I. "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments."

He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

"And how came you," said he in surprise, "to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised *I never will tell a lie*."

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued. "that I may swear repentance upon it." He did so. His followers were alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the path of virtue." And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of the spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.

LINES ON PRAYER.

"He kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed."—DANIEL vi, 10.

Three times a day, O Christian friend !
To God, the Father, bend the knee;
Three times a-day, with thankful heart,
Thy heavenward prayer directed be.

When morning ope's her gray, cold eye,
A matin offering do thou bring ;
When day flames forth in noontide high,
Seek thou to rise on soaring wing.

When night steals down and silent flings
Her grateful shade o'er man toil-worn,
In sweet retreat meet thou with Him
Once lowly laid and lowly born.

Thus trebly blest and trebly drest,
In faith's strong armor shalt thou stand;
No sun shall smite, nor night afright,—
On thee all blessings shall descend.

When heaving waves and waving trees,
And beasts afoot and birds on wing,
A never-ceasing offering raise
To Him who rules as Lord and King.

Be not thou slow to raise thy voice
Three stated times each day in prayer;
Come to the Cross and lowly bend
And God in Christ shall meet thee there.

Then in the resurrection morn,
When circling hosts the throne surround,
God shall on high exalt thy horn,
Whilst angels' praises loud resound

W. B.

A LESSON FROM GARIBALDI.

At one period of disaster and deep depression in the struggles for Italian independence, the heroic patriot-general, whose fame has gone over the world, issued this proclamation: "In reward for the love you may show your country, I offer you hunger and thirst, cold, war, and death.—Whoever accepts these terms, let him follow me." It was a sublime assertion of moral nobleness as a superior good to self or pleasure,

Are we, then, to allow the love of country to move men more profoundly than

ourselves are to be swayed by the love of God? There is a *heroic* element in genuine piety, which, in our luxurious age, we are in danger of losing out of it. Martyrdom is out of date; but the martyr *spirit* belongs to all lands and ages alike. It is that spirit which our Lord discovered and honoured repeatedly in His disciples when there was no blood to be shed. He throws no chill of mercenary prudence over their enthusiastic self-abandonment. He had no rebuke, but the heartiest praise, for the poor widow—wildly rash as men would account her—who threw into the treasury her whole living at once. He would suffer no carping at Mary for expending the amount of at least fifty dollars on a vase of perfumery for his sacred head. And His own self-immolating spirit is seen at times proving contagious. Even doubting Thomas catches it. "Let us all go that we may die with him!" How aptly that rallying cry chimes with the words of Jesus: "Whosoever forsaketh not all he hath, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

"Oh! learn to scorn the praise of men!

Oh! learn to lose with God!

For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road."

—*Congregationalist.*

God's Ways and our Ways.

Wouldst thou have thy heart rest nowhere but in the bosom of God? What better plan canst thou imagine Providence should take to accomplish thy desire, than by pulling from under thy head that soft pillow of creature delights, on which thou restedst before? And yet thou dost fret at this, peevish child! How dost thou exercise thy father's patience! If he delay to answer thy prayers, thou art ready to say He regards thee not; if He do that which really answer the scope and main end of them, but not in the way thou expectedst, thou quarrest with Him for that, instead of answering, as if he were crossing all thy hopes and aims. Is this ingenuous? Is it not enough that God is so gracious to do what thou desirest, but thou must be so impudent as to expect He should do so in the way thou prescribest!—*Flavel.*

WILL NEVER FORGIVE HIM!

"I'll never forgive him—never!"

"Never is a hard word, John," said the sweet faced wife of John Locke, as she looked up a moment from her sewing.

"He is a mean, dastardly coward, and upon this holy Bible I—"

"Stop, husband! John, remember he is my brother; and by the love you bear me, forbear to curse him. He has done you wrong, I allow, but oh, John! he is very young and very sorry. The momentary shame you felt yesterday will hardly be wiped out with a curse. It will only injure yourself, John. Oh, please don't say anything dreadful!"

The sweet faced woman prevailed; the curse that hung upon the lips of the angry man was not spoken; but still he said, "I'll never forgive him!"

The young man who had provoked his bitterness, humbled and repentant, sought in vain for forgiveness from him whom, in a moment of passion, he had injured almost beyond reparation. John Locke steeled his heart against him.

In his office sat the young village merchant, one pleasant morning, contentedly reading the morning paper. A sound of hurried footsteps approached; but he took no notice of it, until a hatless boy burst into the store, screaming at the top of his voice, "Mr. Locke, Johnny is in the river—little Johnny Locke."

To dash down the paper and spring for the street was the first impulse of the agonised father. On, on, like a maniac, he flew, till he reached the bank of the river, pallid and crazed with anguish. The first sight that met his eyes was little Johnny lying in the arms of his mother, who, with her hair dishevelled around her, bent wildly over her child. The boy was just saved. He breathed, and opening his eyes, smiled faintly in his mother's face; while she, with a choking voice, thanked God. Another form lay insensible, stretched near the child. From his head the dark blood flowed from a ghastly wound. The man against whom John Locke had sworn eternal hatred had, at the risk of his own life, been the saviour of the child. he had struck a floating piece of driftwood as he came to the surface with the boy, and death seemed inevitable.

John Locke flung himself down on the

green sward, and bent over the senseless form. "Save him," he cried, huskily, to the doctor, who had been summoned; "restore him to consciousness, if it be only one little moment—I have something important to say to him."

"He is reviving," replied the doctor.

The wounded man opened his eyes—they met the anxious glance of the brother-in-law and the pale lips trembled forth, "Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes; God is witness, as I hope for mercy hereafter, I freely forgive you and in turn ask your forgiveness for my unchristian conduct."

A feeble pressure of the hand and a beaming smile was all the answer.

Many days the brave young man hung upon a slender thread of life; and never were there more devoted friends than those who hovered over the sick bed. But a vigorous constitution triumphed, and, pale and changed, he walked forth once more among the living.

"Oh, if he had died with my unkindness clouding his soul, never should I have dared to hope for mercy from my Father in heaven!" said John Locke to his wife, as they sat talking over the solemn event that had threatened their lives with a living trouble. "Never—now, I have tasted the sweetness of forgiveness—never again will I cherish revenge or unkindness towards the erring; for there is no new meaning to my soul in the words of our daily prayer, and I see that I have only been calling *judgment upon myself* while I have impiously asked, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

Reader, never say, 'I will never forgive!' God has not said so of you, though you have offended and grieved him a thousand times more than any man has ever offended you. Would you wish God to say of you, 'I'll never forgive?' Remember, we must all forgive—if we would hope to be forgiven!

REPENTANCE—Repentance has a sort of double aspect, looking upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.—*South.*

Scraps of Good News.

1.

CHINA.—The severe manner lately adopted by the Allies seem to have brought the Chinese to a right appreciation of their position. They were made disposed to treat of peace and now the ratifications of the treaty are exchanged. We trust the followers of the Lord will be up and doing what they can towards the Evangelization of that vast population.

2.

INDIA.—Recent intelligence from India is not specially interesting. Dr. Duff writes that several of the converts had been thinking, more especially since the death of Dr. Ewart, of the call to the Ministry. At Nagpore the missionaries have been encouraged with tokens of the Lord's blessing and presence. One or two have been added to the little flock, and there were two or three others in a state of hopeful inquiry. A convert who had apostatized about eighteen months ago had returned, and asked to be taken back. Interesting mention is made of a Sepoy Evangelist,—a pay-master in a native regiment, who had been called to suffer to some extent for his Christian consistency. The missionary says: "It is most interesting to see a neat little house which he has built in the lines, where he is in the habit of reading the Bible to any who wish to hear it. Does not this heathen show more zeal than many Christians who seem to grudge even the trouble of attendance at the worship of God."

3.

HASKIOY.—"The Lord seems indeed to be very gracious. During the Jewish festivals, from this New Year down to the last day of the feast of Tabernacles, we had between sixty and eighty Jews in our house. On two occasions I had to spend two entire days in giving instruction, or conversing with people. It reminded me of blessed days in Pesh. On Saturday we have always a number of Jews attending, yea, often two or three different parties are waiting in different parts of the house till their turn comes. Our evening classes are well attended, and among these are five Spanish Jews, four of whom are now our own people. If the Lord should delight

in us, and grant us His presence, these may be a nucleus of a congregation. Our Spanish service on Sabbath is going on; we have a regular attendance of eight, and two or three more. Among these are several very interesting inquirers. One especially, Abraham by name, is a very ardent spirit, and is now far advanced in Christian truth. He is very near the kingdom. This night there are two Jews from a neighbouring village on the Bosphorous with us. And this is now often the case. Lately, another spent the night along with Abraham in our house; and the one was so affected and interested that he sat up all night. This is quite Oriental. These visits are now so frequent that I had to prepare a little room for them. And a sanctuary it is. We have many friends here who take the deepest interest in this unexpected movement, and assist us with their prayers."

4.

JAPAN.—Mr. Brown, missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church in Japan, writes to the New York Evangelist as follows:—"We find the language very difficult, but a much pleasanter one to study than the Chinese, and yet the Chinese is much infused into the language and literature of Japan. The Japanese are all taught to read Chinese, and the classics of Confucius and Mencius are the classics of this country. There is one obvious inference, viz: that all the books written in China by the missionaries, for that people, will be available here. So a christian literature has been growing up in the neighbouring continent, which will be of great use to the people of Japan, when they are permitted to read it. I regard this fact respecting the literature of China, as one favorable to the progress of our work in Japan.

A singular fact has been related to me. It is said by Mr. Harris, interpreter, that there are at Jeddo 100 families, living in a quarter of the city by themselves, receiving each five rations of rice per day, who are the descendants of Roman Catholics, who recanted at the persecution 200 years ago, and who were required to keep up a knowledge of Romanism, so that from generation to generation they might act as de-

tectives of Romanists in the country.—
[News of the Churches.

5.

MISSIONS IN AFRICA.—In many parts of Africa the missionary cause is advancing. At Morley, in Caffraria, there has been a revival in religion. Among the Zulus, near Port Natal, where American missionaries are laboring, the truth is gradually working its way, and considerable additions have been made to the churches. A new mission is to be established in Eastern Africa under the auspices of Dr. Krapf.—Recent intelligence has been received from the veteran missionary, the Rev. R. Moffat. He had returned to Kuruman after the absence of a year.

FEARLESS LOVE.

I love thee and fear not, O God!
Thou liftest Thy chastening rod;
It touches my heart with a thrill,
For the magnet is Thy blessed will,
And the rod is the mystical wire
That writeth in letters of fire,
Thy love to me,
My love to Thee.

I love Thee and fear not, O God!
Thy terrors are scattered abroad,
And stout hearts are quailing for fear;
But through all the thunders I hear
The pean of Right over Wrong,
A whisper as sweet as a song,
Thy love to me,
My love to Thee

M. E. B.

DIFFICULTY AND EFFORT.

It is not ease, but effort; not facility, but difficulty that makes men. There is, perhaps, no station in life in which difficulties have not been encountered and overcome before any decided measure of success can be achieved; those difficulties are, however, our best instructions, as our mistakes form our best experience. We learn wisdom from failure more than from our success; we often discover what *will* do, by finding out what will not do; and he who never made a mistake never made

a discovery. Horne Tooke used to say of his studies in intellectual philosophy, that he had become all the better acquainted with the country through having the good luck sometimes to lose his way.—And a distinguished investigator in physical science has left it on record that whenever, in the course of his researches, he encountered an apparently insuperable obstacle, he generally found himself on the brink of some novel discovery. The very greatest things—great thoughts, discoveries, inventions—have generally been nurtured in hardship, often pondered over in sorrow, and at length established with difficulty.

Beethoven said of Rossini, that he had in him the stuff to have made a good musician, if he had only when a boy been well flogged; but he had been spoilt by the facility with which he produced.—Men who feel their strength within them need not fear to encounter adverse opinions; they have far greater reason to fear undue praise and too friendly criticism. When Mendelssohn was about to enter the orchestra at Birmingham, on his first performance of "Elijah," he said laughingly to one of his friends and critics, "Stick your claws into me! Don't tell me what you like, but what you don't like!"

It has been said, and truly, that it is the defeat that tries the general more than the victory. Washington lost far more battles than he gained; but he succeeded in the end. The Romans, in their most victorious campaigns, almost invariably began with defeats. Moreau used to be compared by his companions to a drum, which nobody hears except it be beaten. Wellington's military genius was perfected by encounters with difficulties of apparently the most overwhelming character, but which only served to nerve his resolution, and bring out more prominently his great qualities as a man and a general. So the skillful mariner obtains his best experience amidst storms and tempests, which train him to self-reliance, courage, and the highest discipline; and we probably owe to rough seas and wintry nights the best training of our race of British seamen, who are certainly not surpassed by any in the world.—*Self-Help.*

THE GOOD NEWS.

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

It contains :

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

Back numbers can be supplied.

THE EVANGELIZER,

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

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

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

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

Gratis Circulation.

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

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

In this work all classes of our readers may

engage, but especially would we like to enlist a number of females, as we have always found them able and devoted distributors.

THE GOSPEL MESSAGE.

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

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

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

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

For the gratuitous circulation of Evangelizer and Gospel Message,

Donations

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

Colporteurs..

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

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

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

ROBERT KENNEDY,
Prescott, C. W.

PUBLISHED BY ROBERT KENNEDY
PRESKOTT, C.W., to whom all communications and contributions must be addressed, prepaid.

C. J. Hynes' Steam Presses, Prescott, C. W.