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# THE GOOD NEWS:

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## WHAT DOES THE EARTH TEACH?

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A.

“Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee.”—Job xii, 8.

God has provided two great books for man's instruction—the book of revelation and the book of creation. The one is that volume whose name is familiar to us all—the Bible; the other is that wonderfully framed universe, whose silent pages are ever lying open to an observant eye.

The lessons of the book of revelation are known to a comparatively small portion of mankind. There are many millions of men and women who never heard of a Bible and are utterly ignorant of its saving truths.

The lessons of the book of creation are within reach of every human being. The most unlearned savage has a great teacher close at hand, though he knows it not.

To both of these great books one common remark applies. A man may live in the full light of them, and yet be no wiser for them. The book of Scripture may be possessed, and yet confer no benefit on the possessor. To understand the Bible rightly, we need the teaching of the Holy Ghost. The book of creation may be open on every side of us, and yet we may see nothing of God in it. It is pre-eminently a volume which is instructive to none but an enlightened eye. “But he that is spiritual discerneth all things.” (1 Cor. ii, 15). Once let a man's mind be guided by the Spirit of God, and he will see in both volumes things that he never dreamed of before. The Bible will make him wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. Creation, read with a spiritual eye, will confirm the lessons of the Bible. The word of God's mouth, and the work of God's hand, will be found to throw mutual light on one another.

The season of the year to which we have come has drawn me into this train of thought. Harvest with all its interesting accompaniments, is upon us. Thousands of strong arms are clearing their way,

over fields of wheat, and barley, and oats, from one end of the land to the other. Thousands of eyes are reading every square yard of our English cornfields. I think it good, at a season like this, to remind people of the many lessons which the earth is continually teaching. I should like to sound in the ears of every farmer and laborer, and gleaner in the land the striking words of Job—“Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee.”

But what are the special lessons which the earth teaches? They are many and various—far more than most people suppose—more even, I believe, than many true Christians ever consider. I am one of those who hold firmly that there is a close harmony between nature and revelation. Let me give a few examples of what I mean:—

1. I believe, for one thing, that the earth teaches *the wisdom and power of God*.

This is a point which requires very little proof. None but an atheist, I think, would attempt to deny it. That the globe in which we live and move must have had a beginning; that matchless wisdom and design appear in every part of the framework of creation; that the minutest plants and animals, when viewed under a microscope, proclaim loudly “the hand that made us is Divine”—all these are great first principles, which few will attempt to dispute. The denial of them involves far greater difficulties than the acceptance. No wonder that St. Paul declares: “The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse” (Rom. i. 20.)

2. I believe, for another thing, that the earth teaches *the doctrine of the fall of man*.

How, I should like to know, can we

account for the many enemies which often attacks the best products of the earth, and prevent them coming to perfection? The weeds which impede the growth of corn, and require to be rooted up; the insects and vermin which prey on it—the slug, the caterpillar, the wire worm, and all their companions; the diseases to which the plant is liable, such as mildew, rust, smut, and many others; from whence do these things come? They exist, as every farmer could tell us he finds to his cost. They interfere with the full development of many a harvest, and cause many a field to disappoint its owner of a full crop. But how can they be accounted for! I am bold to say that only one answer can be given to this question. That answer must be sought in the third chapter of Genesis, in the old familiar story of sin coming into the world. I assert confidently that nothing but the records of that chapter can explain the state of things which we see continually under our eyes. We cannot for a moment suppose that God created anything imperfect. Everything that God made was like him who made it, "perfect and very good" at the beginning. But something has evidently come in since the day of creation, which has defiled and marred God's handiwork. That something is sin! The earth, with all its beauty and fertility, is an earth which is still under the primeval curse—"Cursed is the ground for thy sake. . . Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee" (Gen. iii. 17, 18.) I look for better days to come on the earth; I believe that the words of the Psalmist shall be fulfilled when Christ returns the second time, and the curse is taken away. "Then shall the earth yield her increase," &c. (Ps. lxxvii. 6.) But in the meantime I believe firmly that the earth shows everywhere the footprints of sin.

The infidel and deist are fond of pointing to the works of nature, and bidding us look up through nature to nature's God. But let them explain, if they can, the anomalies and imperfections which no student of nature can fail to observe on the earth. I tell them boldly that they never can be explained without the Bible. The Bible alone can solve the problem.

The Bible alone can make things plain. Without the Bible there are a thousand things in nature which would perplex and puzzle us. But when I read what happened in the garden of Eden I see a solution of all my difficulties. I find that nature confirms revelation.

3. I believe for another thing, that the earth touches *the great truth that life comes out of death.*

No man, I imagine, can study what goes on yearly on the face of the soil without seeing that the death of one thing is the life of another. The annual death and decay of millions of leaves and plants is a part of the process by which vegetation is continually maintained. Leaf after leaf perishes, and contributes to the fertility and productiveness of coming years. Plant after plant is turned into rich mould, and helps forward the growth of another season. Even the seed corn which is sown exemplifies the same great principle. Grain after grain must die before they can appear "the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear." The golden harvest which is reaped every autumn could never exist unless this great principle was annually worked out—that life springs out of death.

Now what is all this but a confirmation of one of the mightiest truths of Scripture? What have we here but light thrown on the great foundation of Christianity—Christ's death the life of the world? Hear what our Lord himself says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (John xii. 24.) The sacrificial death of Christ as our substitute on the cross is the foundation stone of the whole Gospel. From his cross and grave spring all the lessons of a Christian. Take away his atoning death, and you take away everything worth contending for in revealed religion. His death is our title to life; his sufferings the ground of our claims to glory; his crucifixion our warrant for expecting a crown. What intelligent Bible reader does not know that these are among the first principles of our faith? Is it nothing, then, that this great truth is pictured out every year on the face of the earth around us? To my mind

it is an unspeakable comfort. It helps, and strengthens, and confirms my faith.

4. I believe, for another thing, that the earth teaches the deep truth that *God act as a sovereign in giving life where he wills.*

The profusion of vegetable life which the earth puts forth every year is so great as to baffle all calculation. Millions and millions of living seeds are called into existence which might, for anything we can see, become the productive parents of future vegetation. Yet millions and millions are never used for this purpose. Some are picked up by birds and insects, and used as food. Some fall into the ground and rot, and pass away. Even in the most carefully prepared corn-field, the proportion of seed corn that springs up and yields a harvest is far smaller than most people would suppose.

Now, why is all this? We cannot tell. The wisest course is to confess our ignorance. The facts are before us, and we cannot deny them. But how to explain the enormous annual waste of life which is incessantly going on is a problem that baffles man's understanding.

But does not this state of things assist us in considering that deep and mysterious truth, the sovereignty of God in saving sinners? We know that there are nations on the earth at this moment to whom God has never been pleased to send the light of the Gospel. We know that there are thousands in our own land who living in the full sunshine of religious privileges, remain dead in sin, and utterly careless about their souls. Graceless and godless they live, and graceless and godless they seem to die.

Now, if we attempt to explain this condition of things, we are brought to a standstill at once. It is a high thing, and we cannot understand it; it is a deep thing and we have no line to fathom it. We can only fall back on our own ignorance, and rest satisfied that what we know not now we shall know hereafter. They that are lost at last will be found lost through their own sins and folly. The Judge of all the earth will certainly do right.

Yet surely the face of the earth around us may help us in considering the subject. The great fact that meets our eyes on

every side, that not every living seed is allowed to live and grow up into a plant, is a fact that should be pondered well, and kept continually upon our minds. Whatever men may please to say about the doctrine of election in theology, they cannot deny its existence in vegetation.

5. I believe, for another thing, that the earth teaches us *the importance of a diligent use of means.*

The things that grow upon the earth contain in themselves a boundless capability of improvement. The gardener and the farmer know this perfectly well. It is one of the first principles of their business. They cannot give life. They cannot command success. 'The earth bringeth forth fruit of itself.' But when life has once been given, it seems to admit of indefinite strengthening and increase. By breaking up the earth and manuring it, by weeding and watering, by cleansing and protecting, by draining and irrigating, the results that may be produced are without end.

There is a spiritual lesson here, which is clear, plain, and unmistakable. Life is a thing that no man can give to his own soul, nor to the soul of another. But when life has once been imparted by the Spirit of God, there is no end to the results that may be produced by spiritual diligence and by pains in the use of means.

He knows but little who fancies that once converted he may sit still, and dream lazily along his journey to heaven. Let him know that his soul's prosperity is most intimately bound up with his soul's carefulness and labour. Let him resist the spirit of laziness, and work hard in the ways that God has appointed. Let him take heed to his Bible reading and his praying, to his sermon hearing and use of the Lord's Supper. Let him watch daily over his temper and his tongue, his company and his employment of time. Let him strive and agonize after a complete victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Let him remember that if it is worth while to do anything for his soul, it is worth while to do it well.

Well would it be for the Church if these simple lessons were more constantly kept in mind. Happy is that Christian who cultivates his soul as if it were a farm or garden, and learns the wisdom of spiritual

diligence from man's treatment of the land.

6. I believe, lastly, that the earth teaches *that great truth, the resurrection of the body.*

Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable than the wide difference between the appearance of earth at the beginning of winter and at the beginning of spring. Thousands of herbaceous flowers in winter are dead down to the very ground. Not a vestige of life remains about them. The great majority of trees are naked and bare. The little child is ready to think they are dead, and will never put forth leaves again. And yet both flowers and trees are alive, and in due time will be clothed again with bloom and beauty. As soon as the warm air of spring begins to be felt a resurrection takes place. To use the beautiful words of the Canticles—'The winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth' (Cant. ii. 11, 12).

Cold must that mind be, and dull that heart, which does not see, in this great annual change, a lively type of the resurrection of man's body. He who formed the world foresaw the weakness of man's faith. He foresaw our slowness to believe spiritual things. He has taken care to provide us with an annual remembrance of what he intends to do for our bodies at the last day. As plants and trees put forth life in spring, so in due time 'our bodies shall rise again.' Well may we say, when we look at the difference of the earth in winter and in summer, 'Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?' Well may we say when sneering scoffers ask the question, 'How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?' 'Who are thou that talkest of difficulties? Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee.' 'Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead' (1 Cor. xv. 36—42).

## HOME IN THE EVENING OF LIFE.

The evening of life draws on apace.—The heads of the family feel that they are swiftly floating down the stream of time.

The "olive branches" that sprang up around their table are becoming men and women. The youths are entering on the busy scene of life; and around the daughters suitors are gathering. It is a season of deep parental anxiety. A thousand doubts and fears fill the mind. The need is felt, or ought to be felt, of that counsel and guidance which God alone can give.

Like vessels, our sons are launched upon the sea of life, and fearfully we realize the rocks and quicksands which will endanger their voyage. We give them solemn counsel. We bid them take on board the true chart, the Word of God. We remind them that the only breeze which can prosperously fill their sails must proceed from the Spirit's influences; and we urge them, to secure as their pilot at the helm, the Lord Jesus Christ. We warn them against snares and temptations; we exhort them to rectitude and purity of life.—And then away they go, north, south, east, and west! But they are not forgotten.—We remember them at the throne of grace; and our greatest joy is to hear tidings of their safety and success.

Then our daughters leave us. One after, another we give them to those they love and they form the centres of other circles. We hail their happiness with gratitude, nor once repent the care we spent upon them.

The fireside becomes lonely. The happy faces and merry voices that gave it life are now departed to cast their lustre elsewhere. Some, too, have been numbered with the dead, and their cheerful tones are silent for ever. We cherish no longer the sweet anticipation of seeing them in their familiar places, yet we look forward to another and a happier meeting, where death hath no office, and the grave no place.—

The evening shadows grow deeper and deeper. Other years have fled. Age and decrepitude have advanced with equal step. In the same old house where childhood's hours spent so joyfully, the aged pair are sitting by the familiar hearth, around which

loved children clustered in bygone years. They are unfolding the scroll of memory, and they read it every line. One page lights up their faces with a smile, another is wetted with the big heavy tears. Now they are on the hill top, bathed in the beams of brilliant sunshine; now in the deep shadowy valley of sorrowful remembrance. Now the marriage bell rings its merry chimes in their ear, and now the solemn toll speaks to them of death.—But one recollection above all others irradiates each countenance as if with sunset glory—they are remembering how lovingly they have journeyed together on life's pilgrimage: and gratefully acknowledging the goodness of Him who has so long spared them to each other.

Sons and daughters! reverence the relics of the past; guard the drooping flower from the winter blast of cold adversity, and withering neglect. Venerate the aged, around whom the sunset is closing, over whose watery eyes the dust of evening is thickening, and on whose understanding the shadows of twilight are growing broader and deeper. Prop up the old oak under whose branches you have so often enjoyed the shade; and act the part of the ivy to the old tower, in which you have often gambolled. Trace the furrows on the brow, and count the wrinkles on the cheek; then think how many, through folly and thoughtlessness, you laid there, and seek to smooth them down.

And what thou doest do quickly. You will not be required long, for the sun is fast sinking. The chill breeze of evening is blowing, the silver cord is loosing, the golden bowl is being broken, the pitcher is being shattered at the fountain, and the wheel is nearly worn at the cistern. The sound of the grinding is low, and the windows are being darkened; the voice of the grasshopper is becoming a burden, and the daughters of music are being silenced; the pulsings are feeble, and the words are indistinctly uttered; the hand is trembling and the step is tottering; the memory is failing and the mind is wandering, the film is thickening, and dust to dust is hastening. Life's closing hour is at hand. Tread gently, speak kindly, watch lovingly, pray fervently. Mark that smile that

plays upon the features. It is Heaven's sunbeam! Hear the faint word,—“Jesus Christ!” It is hope's watchword, and faith's assurance. Hush! a moment more, and all is still. The spirit is gone to the God that gave it. The night has dropped upon the old home. The fire has gone out, cold ashes lie in the grate, the chairs are empty, the fireside of early days is no more!

Thanks be to God for the gospel of His grace, which “brings life and immortality to light!” Else when the sun of earthly life sinks behind the horizon, spectral night would indeed wrap all in gloom.—But it is not so. Beyond the darkness of the present we see the daylight of the future. We follow the departed spirit of the triumphant Christian; and far away from broken homes and scattered families, from graves and funerals, from sighs and tears, we see the region of eternal sunshine. The final home is reached, the undying Father welcomes the pilgrim, the elder Brother joins the rapture of the angels, the festive-board is spread, the heavenly minstrels sing, and the banner of love waves over the scene!

Glorious prospect! Rich consolation! Blessed beams of hope! Should not the anticipation illumine the darkness of the present; and may not the thought of a home in heaven reconcile us to the breaking up of the home on earth?—*Rev. J. M'Connel Hussey. M.A.*

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### CHRIST AS A SERVANT.

Only one servant has ever been upon the earth. His name is—JESUS CHRIST. All other saints have been and are half servants and half masters—a compromising race—Christ was a perfect servant.

Practically, that servant left his own will in heaven, and came to earth without one. ‘I came not to do mine own will.’ His will was, of necessity, perfectly good, but He did not allow it to be his master, but came to earth a true servant—a servant both as to the WILL of God, and as to the WAY of carrying out that will. When a servant enters a house, what is it that so often disqualifies him from being a good servant? It is that he enters with a will of



his own, and with a way of his own. If the servant be content to leave his will at home, and to enter service without one, how valuable does such an one become to the household. And if content to leave "own way" as well as "own will," how doubly valuable is he.

Now look at Jesus—the perfect servant—his Father's will, his Father's words, his Father's glory, were always his work. His language could always be, "Wot ye not that I must be about my Father's business." The Father had a marvellous work for Him to accomplish, and the Son was a true son, and a true servant, always about his "Father's business."

Again, those who have known anything about large establishments, know that the majority of servants form themselves into little cliques and parties, various small underhand ways are adopted, concealments are common, and the servant that dares to be open, bold, frank, and completely obedient, is a torment and an annoyance to others. The general rule is to hide faults, not only the faults of others, but our own faults. Even a good servant is expected to conform to the general opinion, to submit to the dictation of others, and to make in some measure a common cause with them. The good servant is thus expected by his fellows to acknowledge many masters—not only the master of the household, but a good many general officers. General opinion; general silence about mistakes and errors; general agreement with any small underhand plans; general conformity to struggles against strict and literal obedience.

A struggle thus goes on, not to be really obedient servants, but to be in as far as possible masters also, and the struggle to be masters over one another is perhaps one of the commonest features of such service.

When Jesus entered his Father's service on earth, He saw that the whole establishment had wandered away from the Master's orders. He saw that the faces of all the nominal servants (and who amongst us is more than this?) were turned against the Master's strict orders, but although a Son, yea the Son—heir of all things—He entered upon uncompromising service. He met the professing servants at every turn with the Master's written word, 'Have ye

not read?' 'Do ye not remember?' 'Is it not written?' He gave no quarter to the 'traditions' of the servants, to their disobedient compromise or errors. He could take no part in disobedience, and the frowns and the smiles of the servant's half had no power over Him. A chief Pharisee asks the apparently poor and humble servant to dinner (Luke xi. 37; xiv. 1-12), but the kindness will not seduce Him from his duty as servant, and He sets forth the Master's will fearlessly and clearly.

A good, frank, and literally honest servant must be the terror of a large establishment. Christ was the terror of all the nominal servants of his day. Wrath could not shake Him; favour could not buy up his honesty; He must be put out of the way, or they would be all exposed and ruined. He was never influenced by the fear of man's anger; He had no master but God; no rule but the written word; no Spirit but the Holy Spirit; yet even towards men He only acted as a servant; He proclaimed the truth, stood by the truth, died for the truth (as well as for sin), but He never attempted coercion, and used no violence (save in the cleansing of the temple, which has characteristics of its own, and which I must not take up now.) His life was spent in asserting the Master's orders; the Master's written word; the Master's love; and the Master's corrections; and in being an 'ensample.' Alas! how often do we follow others instead of being ourselves 'ensamples.' All the servants would be obedient if obedience were the popular way and brought no trouble and no cross, but we in the household of faith see unpopularity nailed to the mast of the ship of faith, and we flee to the ship of unfaithfulness and endeavor rather to serve there.

Again, servants are wont to labour and wait for their wage—it is due at the end of the term of labour. The Lord does not promise to pay his wage until the end of the term. This is the working time, the pay-day has not yet come. The Lord Jesus for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross and despised the shame. Despised shame, and after toiling through years of scorn is now 'set down at the right hand of the throne of God' (Phil. ii. 7-9). We are not to expect the wage just now; 'the peace of God' is to keep

our hearts. That is a glorious gift in this troubled earth, but no earthly comfort is promised to the saints who follow Christ; an 'approved ministry' is to produce as a present earthly wage a very sad list of trouble; read the list in 2 Cor. vi. 4, 5; xi. 29—28. But at the end of our term the wage is to be paid, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

The joy set before Him shall be our joy hereafter, but mark the words 'good and faithful servant.' Faithfulness as a servant is the demand now; faithful in cleansing ourselves 'from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. We must be faithful in the household of faith: faithful amongst the faithless; the fear of servants must never move us, the gifts and rewards they give must not corrupt our faithfulness: They will endeavor either to kill it or to buy it up, but do not sell the truth of God—'sell it not' (Prov. xxii. 23). Keep it, show it, proclaim it; let no man give thee money in order that a truth should be concealed by thee, or parted with. 'Sell it not,' saith the Lord. Yet all must be done in love, it must be the faithfulness of love, Love suffering for the truth and for others, that it may win others. Let us pray much that we may imitate Christ, and be true servants, not masters, always serving, and like Christ serving in the lowest places, expecting to reap present sorrow, persecution and affliction, desiring no present reward but looking forward to the joy we shall have with our Master hereafter, when He shall say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord' (Matt. xxv. 21; observe also Matt. x. 24, 25, xx. 27; Luke xii. 47). Let us pray that we may not presume to be God's master; to alter his truth, his word, his way. Let us have no controversy with God, no arguments, only obedience, that his will, all his will, may be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

GORDON FORLONG.

— Grace and glory differ but as the bud and the blossom: What is grace, but glory begun? What is glory but grace perfected?

## A WORD OF CHEER.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

Many a pastor and many a parent and Sabbath-school teacher grows disheartened from the failure to reap *immediate* results from their labours. They have sown the seed; and yet they reap no harvest, except the pleasant satisfaction of having done their duty. Now what does God promise?

'Be not weary in well-doing for *in due season* ye shall reap, if ye faint not.' The 'due season' is God's own time—not ours. All the discouragement arises from impatience and improper haste to witness results. But God has no *years* in his existence. It is all to him an everlasting *now*. His 'due season' may come after many years to us—yea! after many generations.

For example, a praying mother sows the seed of gospel-truth in the mellow heart of her dear boy. The boy becomes a man, without showing even a blossom of true piety. On the contrary, his heart is dead in sin. 'The dust has grown into hardness, and the cloths cleave fast together.' But within that hard heart the dormant seed yet lurks, even as grains of corn hidden in the Egyptian pyramids centuries ago still have the germ of life within them. At length that seed is reached. The good mother has lived to old age, and has died without seeing the harvest. But when the rank grass has long waved over that mother's tomb, that son, in mature manhood, has bowed his proud neck to the gentle 'yoke,' and given his heart to Jesus. The 'due season' has not come to that faithful sower until she has got home to heaven; and the joy of her darling son's conversion gives a new thrill to her halleluiah song of praise.

Sometimes, too, the seed sown by one hand is reaped by another. An earnest pastor toils on through the pulpit and the fireside-labors for many a year. He sows beside all waters. A few sheaves he brings in with gratitude and joy. But so much of his seed seems lost that he almost fears that his life was wasted, and he goes up from his dying bed to his Master with some shadow of discouragement on his soul. Has he labored for naught?

Wait a little and see. His successor

comes, and truth from new lips falls upon that congregation. In the 'due season' the Holy Spirit descends upon them. Seed long dormant, seed sown by the departed pastor, spring up, and the rustling of ripe grain is heard by angel ears. A revival comes. Shocks of corn stand full and golden on the spiritual field. Whose is the harvest? Certainly it belongs, under God to both. The first pastor dropped the gospel seed; his successor watered it; God brought it to maturity. Herein is that saying fulfilled, 'One soweth and another reapeth; but he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.' A large number of those whom every pastor receives into the church have received their first religious impressions, or have been converted under another's labors.

I could give scores of historical illustrations of the truth before us. Stephen's teachings and Stephen's prayers ripened into results long after his martyr-death. Paul is leading thousands to Christ today, Humbler men have had the same experience of reaping long after the seed was dropped.

A zealous Christian was entering, one Sabbath morning, the vestibule of his church in Glasgow. He notices two noisy vagabond youths, who pass along the sidewalk with boisterous merriment. He stops them and after much entreaty, prevails on one of them to go in. At the close of the service he hands the young stranger a Bill from his pew and sees him no more. Some years afterwards he visits one of the West India islands, goes to a church there, and is accosted by a gentleman who sits near him. He eyes him closely. At length he recognises a resemblance to the face he once brought into his pew at home. The gentleman asks his name; and with much emotion inquires, 'Do you not remember a wild Sabbath-breaker whom you once invited into Dr. B.'s church at Glasgow? I am that man. I am now a missionary in this island! The bread you then cast on the waters has been found after many days.'

Fellow laborers for Christ! teachers, pastors, temperance reformers! be of good cheer. Fling unbelief to the winds. We are not responsible for results. We are *only responsible for our duty.* Have we

done that? Are we doing it? The military lesson taught by Gen. Grant before Richmond is the same lesson that we need in moral warfare. Let us '*fight it out* on that same line if it takes' all the summers of a life-time. Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Sow on! Sow in faith. Steep the seed in prayer. Sow in tears, and you shall yet reap in joy.

"Ours is the seed time; God alone  
Beholds the end of what is sown;  
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,  
The harvest-hour is hid with him.

"Then out upon the bitter blast  
The ventures of our seed we'll cast!  
Trust to God's sun and summer rain  
For the tender blade and the golden grain.

#### AFRAID TO PRAY.

Ten years ago, when an unconverted man, I boarded in the family of a pious woman, whose husband was not a Christian. There was a daughter of nineteen, another of fourteen, and a son of ten. Every morning after breakfast I heard that humble woman gather her family in the kitchen, and read with them a chapter—'verse about'—in the Bible. Then, as I could not help listening, there was a peculiarity of service which mystified me. At last I asked one day, if I might remain. She hesitated; the daughter blushed, but said I could do so if I really desired it. So I sat down with the rest. They gave me a Testament and we all read. Then kneeling on the floor that mother began her prayer audibly for her dear ones there, her husband and herself; and then, pausing a moment, as if to gather her energies or wing her faith, uttered a tender supplication for me. She closed, and her daughter began to pray. Poor girl, she was afraid of me; I was from college; I was her teacher; but she tremblingly asked for a blessing as usual. Then came the other daughter, and at last the son—the youngest of that circle, who only repeated the Lord's prayer, with one petition of his own. His amen was said, but no one arose. I knew on the instant they were waiting for me. And I—poor prayerless I—had no word to say. It almost broke my heart.

I hurried from the room desolate and guilty.

A few weeks only passed, when I asked their permission to come in once more; and then I prayed, too, and thanked my ever patient Saviour for the new hope in my heart, and the new song on my lip. It is a great thing to remember that there is in the Gospel, as in the law, provision made not only for 'thy son and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant' but also even, 'the stranger that is within thy gates.'

### GOING TO DWELL WITH DEVILS.

'Do think more of your soul, my dear, and less of dancing and other worldly follies,' said a Christian mother one day to her daughter who was dressing herself for a ball.

'O, I'm young, you know, mamma,' replied the girl, tossing back her curls and laughing gayly. 'Time enough yet for me to attend to religion.'

Well, it did seem as if so young and healthy a miss had time enough to serve the devil a few years before she began to think of serving God, though it strikes me that such a deliberate purpose to spend life's morning in offending God is almost diabolically wicked, and is not likely to be followed by penitence, faith, and piety.—But appearances were deceitful in this girl's case. Only two weeks afterward she was standing before a glass dressing her hair and saying:

'I intend to go to school all this winter.'

Scarcely had these words passed her lips before she was seized with sudden sickness. Thirty-six hours later she was dead! Just before she expired she exclaimed:

'O that all young people were present that I might warn them not to do as I have done! O tell them for me, when I am dead, not to live in sin as I have. *I am going to receive my everlasting fate! I am going to dwell with devils!*'

'Reader, whither are you going? Remember, a life of sin and unbelief is the way to the abode of devils and lost souls. A life of faith and holiness is the way to heaven. Whither, then, are you going? To a peaceful or a dreadful death? To

dwell with devils or with saints? To a life of boundless happiness or to endless misery? To heaven or hell, which?—*Am. Paper.*

### 'MY MASTER'S ALWAYS IN.'

A boy had been apprenticed to a Draper in a country town, was one day in the shop alone, when a countryman, whom he had before known, came in to buy some cloth. When the boy was measuring off the cloth, the countryman said to him in a sly tone,

'Johnny, your Master's not in, see and give me good measure.' Johnny looked up into his face indignantly and said with seriousness, '*My Master's always in.*'—Was not this a good answer to the tempter? It came from remembering that text,—'The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good.' Prov. xv. 3.

And so, said a teacher to his class one night, keeping this text in mind may help every one of us when we have a duty to perform to do it as well as we can.—When the master, or a friend whom a boy respects very much, comes and looks over his shoulder when he is writing his copybook, he tries to write it as neatly as he can. And if the master or friend takes up his book, and looks over its pages, does he not feel ashamed and sorry if they have been written carelessly and with blots, and proud and glad if they are well done. How much more then, should a *christian* child feel spurred on to do well every duty, when he feels that the eyes of the Lord—the eyes of the Lord Jesus who died on the awful cross to save him—are over him, seeing him doing evil or doing good?

The following simple rhyme may help some children to remember this precious text:—

God can see me every day,  
When I work and when I play,  
When I read and when I talk,  
When I run and when I walk,

When I eat and when I drink,  
When I sit and when I think,  
When I laugh and when I cry,  
God is ever watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,  
When I'm naughty, when I'm good,  
When I'm happy, when I'm sad,  
When I'm sorry, when I'm glad,

When I pluck the scented rose,  
That in my neat garden grows,  
When I crush the tiny fly,  
God is watching from the sky.

When the sun gives heat and light,  
When the stars are twinkling bright  
When the moon shines on my bed,  
God still watches o'er my head.

Night or day, at Church or Fair,  
God is ever, ever, near  
Marking all I do or say,  
Pointing to the happy way.

### "MITES."

The most important lessons are often learned from the most lowly minds.

This truth is illustrated by the following dialogue, which occurred between a gentleman collecting subscriptions for building a church for the coloured people, and a poor West Indian coloured woman:—

*Sarah.* What you 'spect to build the house of, massa?"

*Collector.* Of brick.

*Sarah.* Massa, how long you 'spect it to last?"

*Collector.* Why, till the end of the world.

*Sarah.* Here, massa, take my money, all I got handing him an old Spanish quarter of a dollar.

*Collector.* O Sarah, keep your money; we can build the house without that.

*Sarah.* No, no, massa, take it—take it. I'll put one brick in the house. 'Cause when Lord Jesus Christ come in his glory, and see the nice church, he will say, "Poor Sarah gave all she had to build that house; and that one brick shows her love as much as if she was rich, and build the whole house herself." Take it, massa, 'cause Sarah will sing better for it when she join the great song, "The kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever."

That poor negro woman was fitted by divine grace to be an ornament to any true Christian Church on earth. What if all who bear the name of Jesus here were thus working for him according to their ability?

The case reminds us of what we heard

touching a little Sunday scholar offering his silver sixpence to the missionary collector.

"Why, James," says the boy's older brother, "Mr K——has given a hundred pounds, and your sixpence won't be needed."

"Well, I'll give it," was the answer; "and then when Jesus comes again, he'll know I love him, because I *did something*."

Oh for more of this childlike religion! It is the kind that Jesus accepts, and that does his work on earth.

### PROFANITY.

The people of this land are certainly distinguished to an extent unknown in other countries by profaneness. A stranger might infer from the tone of popular conversation, from the exclamations of excited individuals, from the clamours of anger and passion, that we acknowledge the Almighty for no other purpose than that we might have a name to swear by, or a convenient expletive to fill up the chasms of discourse.

Profaneness is a sin the enormity of which the imagination cannot conceive, because no thought can compass the infinite excellencies of Him whose prerogative it is to be; who sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; who stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in.

That a puny creature of the dust, born to-day and gone to-morrow, should have the audacity to pour contempt upon that glorious name which seraphs adore with rapture is enough to astonish the heavens and convulse the earth. Yet, still more astonishing is that miracle of patience which endures the monsters, when one word would arm all nature against them, make the ground treacherous beneath them, heaven terribly above them, and hell ready to meet them at their coming.

The magnitude of the sin cannot be exaggerated. It is enough to make the blood curdle, to think of the name of God bandied about as the bauble and play-thing of fools, to point a jest, to season obscenity, and to garnish a tale. This offence cannot go unpunished. God must vindicate his own majesty and glory. There must be a period when all shall tremble before Him; when every knee shall bow, and every heart shall do reverence. The sword of justice cannot always be sheathed, nor the arm of vengeance slumber.

In the sight of angels, there can be no greater sin than that of profaneness. They know something of what God is. They fear that dreadful name, and their imaginations, lofty and expanded as they are, cannot measure the height and depth of that iniquity which can make light of so tremendous a being. It is the very spirit and core of all evil, the quintessence of ungodliness.—*Am. Rev.*

## THE CHILD COMING TO JESUS.

Suffer me to come to Jesus,  
Mother dear, forbid me not ;  
By his blood from hell he frees us ;  
Makes us fair, without a spot.

Suffer me, my earthly father,  
At his pierced feet to fall :  
Why forbid me ? help me, rather  
Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run unto him ;  
Gentle sisters, come with me ;  
O that all I love but knew him,  
Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,  
Bid me not forsake the cross ;  
Hard to bear is your reviling,  
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yes, though all the world have chid me.  
Father, mother, sister, friend ;  
Jesus never will forbid me !  
Jesus loves me to the end !

Gentle Shepherd, on thy shoulder  
Carry me a sinful lamb ;  
Give me faith, and make me bolder,  
Till with thee in heaven I am.

—*Mc Cheyne.*

## HOPE.

"The ample proposition that Hope makes,  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in the promised largeness."

One of the strangest features of our nature, and one which is, by mere human philosophy unaccountable, is the tenacity with which we cling to hope, no matter how often disappointed. Building castles in the air is undoubtedly our favorite enjoyment. We live, in fact, on hope—we

are all more or less discontented with the past and the present, and live on the future by anticipation. The youth has glorious dreams of the time when he shall be a man: the young man hopes to better his position or circumstances, which he can retire to enjoy in old age; and the old man, having toiled all his life, and felt it to be a failure, lives again in his children, and hopes that something better may be achieved by them. Hope never leaves us—it is the one star of life that never sets; and, though toned down by the almost daily bitterness of disappointment, its light never entirely departs—

"Despair is never quite despair."

Even at the darkest there is some vague hope that things will yet look brighter. The condemned criminal can scarcely believe that he will of a certainty die on a set day—he hopes that something may occur to prevent his execution; so the soldier, going into battle, expects that some of his comrades will fall, but hopes that he may escape; and we all think a quite natural that our neighbors should die, but we ourselves hope to live for a long time. Hope seems almost an innate faculty of mind, scarcely depending on the exercise of thought; for we sometimes hope we know not for what, but just feel an indefinite trust in life, from which every other hope springs.

It is this indefinite trust which gives life its only charm. Man is conscious of, hopes for, and seeks after, some unknown good, the want of which he feels.

"We never are, but always to be blest."

None have ever found it on earth; but still every one hopes on. Many follow after fame and riches, if perchance it may be there; but the few who find them are still as unsatisfied as ever—their ideal good is not there. Some hunt down one thing, and, when they do not find it there, hunt down another, and so hunt and hope all their lives. And others, who get their will of everything they want, find that, after all it is not at all that they want. The verdict of one of these, a very rich and wise philosopher, is, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

One would think that, according to reas-

on, such experience accumulating for ages, would force people to regard hope as a base flatterer and deceiver, and that the general course of their own experience would drive to despair. But, no; hope is proof against reason and everything. *Never despair* seems to be the motto of human nature. Come weal, come woe, man hopes on, and hopes to the end.

Such is the fact. But how can it be accounted for? Evidently by the reflection that there is a good beyond what this life can furnish, and that it is somewhere to be found. The mind believes it, for without belief there cannot be hope. Man seems like a traveller who has lost something of which he bitterly feels the need, and has turned back to look for it; but now it is night, and he only gropes about where he thinks he has lost it. The unsuccessful of the search does not quench the fire of hope; it is, so to speak, an instinct of the soul, constantly driving it on, though in the dark.

The soul's Artificer can alone explain this mystery of hope. It is no idle dream haunting the spirit of man. By the light of his truth our Maker demonstrates the reality of what was certainly, but dimly and vaguely, believed before—shows what we have lost, and where to find it. The distorted gleam of hope that tinges earthly objects with unearthly beauty is fitful and deceiving; but hope itself is a beacon lighted on the summit of the heavenly Zion—steady, pure, and brilliant, shining through the darkness of ages, till the latest wanderer returns. It is the pole-star of existence—the “anchor of the soul,” grounded in the love of God, on which the soul hangs by the chain of faith.

Everlasting life—the enjoyment of the fulness of God for ever—is the end of hope, and the satisfaction of our nature. No wonder that the craving of the soul is unquenchable, its loss is so great; no wonder that its hope is indestructible, its realization is so glorious.

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### LOOKING BACK.

James Brainard Taylor says in his journal, that we may regard it a *bad sign* when we find ourselves looking *back* to *past*

*Christian* experience for evidence of *piety*. Truly it is one of Satan's most effectual devices.

In the early ardour of a Christian hope, in full energy and enthusiasm of youth, we may seem to accomplish much in the service of Christ. But when that youthful ardour has abated, and enthusiasm has become tamed by defeat, when worldliness has crept over the soul, slumbering on some lap of ease, and has shorn its strength, we awake to take up the lamentation.—

“Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?”

Then the danger is that we shall not return at once to our first love and devotedness to the service of Christ, but shall be content with an indolent purpose to do so, which day after day remains unfulfilled. Then self-examination becomes a dark task from which we shrink. We avoid such present and personal questions as “Have I *to-day* prayed as much and earnestly as I ought? Have I *to-day* set a holy example before my family and the world? Have I *to-day* tried to lead any soul to Christ?” How much easier for such an one to think and speak of what he *has* done, or *means* to do, than of what he *did to-day*.

I have heard people tell what they were enabled to do for Christ twenty-five years ago, till their heart seemed to grow warm in the recital; but they spoke no word of what they had done for Christ *that day*.

O there is no more fearful crisis in the soul's history than that in which it stands while it can only look *back* for evidence of a *living* faith in Christ.

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### GOSPEL PRIVILEGES.

Who can reckon up the mercies and the blessings, the privileges, the honours, and the joys, with which the glorious Gospel overflows? Here is life for the dead, light for the blind, deliverance for the captive, food for the hungry, water for the thirsty, riches for the poor, robes of righteousness for the naked, rest for the weary, relief for the oppressed, strength for the weak, instruction for the ignorant, peace for the troubled, and consolation for the afflicted! Here we obtain conviction of sin, and con-

version of soul: genuine repentance towards God, and unfeigned sorrow for all transgression; with power to forsake iniquity, and to persevere in righteousness! Here the conscience of the sinner is filled with peace, and his spirit with purity! He is justified from the guilt he had incurred, and sanctified from the pollution of his nature. He obtains adoption into the family of God, and reconciliation with his heavenly Father. He partakes of union and communion with the Lord of life, and is blessed with wisdom and knowledge, with righteous and truth, with obedience and resignation, with direction and security, with help and comfort, with patience and courage, with contentment and humility, with gentleness and charity, with meekness and heavenly mindedness! Here his faith, love and hope, and joy abound. 'He tastes that God is gracious,' and enjoys free access to him, and full acceptance with him, in the closet, at the family altar, in social prayer, and in public worship! Grace overflows his soul as he reads the sacred Scriptures, examines his own heart, listens to the preaching of the gospel, joins in the melody of praise, and participates in the sacramental ordinances!

Many also and inestimable are the privileges which the Gospel confers. We are made by it New Creatures, Children of God, Friends and Brethren of Christ, Temples of the Holy Ghost, Fellow Citizens with the Saints, Heirs of Salvation, and Joint Heirs with Christ: a Chosen Generation, a Peculiar People, a Royal Priesthood, and more than Conquerors over sin and Satan, the world and the flesh! What shall we more say? for the time would fail us to tell of all the blessings which are contained in the cup of salvation! One word unfolds them all, REDEMPTION! Oh, who shall declare the fulness, the richness, the sweetness, of the REDEMPTION CUP! Emancipation from all curse! Introduction to all blessing! Perfection of our whole nature! Continual supplies of grace! Everlasting possession of glory! Resurrection from the dead! A spiritual and immortal body! Life imperishable! Happiness inexhaustible! And honours unparalleled! Kings and Priests unto God! A kingdom in heaven! Psalms of

Triumph! Harps of gold! Crowns of glory! Enjoyment of the blissful presence of the Triune Jehovah for ever and for evermore!

Drink then, continually, O anointed believer, of thy full cup of salvation! The Lord himself has prepared it. Thy heavenly Host has filled it for thee! Thou art privileged to drink the cup of the redeemed from thy Redeemer's hands! Receive it with the warmest gratitude! Rejoice, and be exceeding glad! Thy 'cup runneth over!' It overflows with GRACE to comfort thee in time! It shall overflow with GLORY to gladden thee throughout the endless ages of eternity!

My Shepherd is the Lamb,  
The living Lord, who died!  
With all that's truly good, I am  
Most piteously supplied!  
He richly feeds my soul  
With manna from above,  
And leads me where the rivers roll  
Of everlasting love.

He seeks me when I stray:  
Directs my every path:  
And when I walk through death's dark way,  
Draws near with rod and staff.  
My table he doth spread  
In presence of my foes:  
With oil He doth anoint my head:  
My cup with wine o'erflows.

Goodness and mercy wait  
On all my steps through life;  
They'll lead me to the heavenly gate,  
And set me free from strife.  
Then I my Shepherd's care  
Shall praise; my Host adore:  
And in his Father's house shall share  
True bliss for evermore!

ANON.

—Rev. John Stevenson.

### A GOOD MAXIM.

An apostle tells us that "some persons are ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." They never seem to be quite certain about anything in the Holy Scriptures. If they are learning all things, they hold fast to nothing. A very uncomfortable state of mind, and as dangerous as uncomfortable. There is such a thing as truth in distinction from error, and by study and prayer we can arrive at it; and this it is our duty



to do, and then not to allow our minds to be open to assaults. Richard Cecil once said:—"I have a shelf in my library for tried and proved authors. When I have read a book and found it really valuable I put it on that shelf; and though I may hear it strongly spoken against, there it remains. In the same way I have a shelf in my mind for proved opinions. When I have thoroughly investigated a subject, and have reached a definite conclusion, I put it on that shelf. I may afterwards hear it called in question, and I may not be able at once to rebut the arguments by which it is assailed; nevertheless, I do not take it down. There it remains.

### PRESSING FORWARD.

Each believer should be thirsting for God, for the living God, and longing to put his lip to the well-head of eternal life, to follow the Saviour. Satisfied I am that many a believer lives in the cottage of doubt when he might live of faith. We are poor starving things when we might be fed; we are weak when we might be mighty; feeble when we might be as the giants before God, and all because we will not hear the Master say, 'Rise up my love, my fair one and come away.' Now, brethren, is the time with you after your season of trouble, to renew your dedication vow to God. Now, beloved, you shall rise up from worldliness and come away—from sloth, from the love of this world, from unbelief. What enchants you to make you sit still where you are? What delights you to make you as you now are? Come away! There is a higher life; there are better things to live for, and better ways of seeking them. Aspire, let thy high ambition be unsatisfied with what thou hast already learned and known; not as though thou hast already attained, either wert already perfect: this one thing do thou—press forward to the things that are before.

### HOW TO HEAR.

The following quaint illustration of the necessity of a devout and meditative hearing of the Word, is from a volume of ser-

mons by an old writer, "William Fenner, A.M., some time minister of Rochford, Essex." It contains a forcible lesson for hearers of the gospel of our day:—

It is with the Word as it is with a salve: if a man hath never so good a salve should he do nothing but lay it to the wound and take it off, lay it on, take it off, it will not heal the wound; and no marvel. Why? He will not let it lye on. The best salve will not heal the sore nor eat out the corruption, unless it be bound on and let lye; so it is with the Word; many a soul hears it; *heart, conscience, affections, all touch*; but when he is gone out of the church, all is gone—his affections die, his heart dies, and his conscience becomes unfruitful.—Why? He is *still removing* of the salve, and he will not let it lye on, therefore the Word overpowers not his corruptions; the Word is like the salve; *conviction of conscience* is like the laying on of the salve; *meditation* is the binding of it to the sore.

### ADVERSITY GOD'S FAVOR.

We thank God, perhaps, when we do thank him, for health, success, plenty, and honor. We do well. They are the gifts of God's Providence, and demand our acknowledgements. But they are not the only blessings his goodness confers upon us. Adversity should be added to the number of his favors, and remembered in our most devout thanksgivings. Blessed be God for pain, sickness, disappointments, distress, and every one of those various evils with which the life of man is filled, and which are the subjects of our hasty complaints; evils which are our greatest good; which afflict but purify, tear and harrow up the soul, but prepare it for the seeds of virtue. Blessed be God that He is not so unkind as to try us by the most dangerous of all temptations, uninterrupted prosperity; that we are not undone by the accomplishment of our wishes; that he is pleased to chastise us with his legitimate children, and and with his dear and only begotten Son, whom we hope to follow through the gate of the grave to a joyful resurrection.

## NO MORE CRYING!

REV. J. C. RYLE, ENGLAND.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. xxi. 4.

## BELOVED CHILDREN,

A Bible text stands at the top of this column. I should like you to read it twice over. I am going to tell you something which, I hope, will make you remember that text as long as you live.

I am going to tell you about three places, of which the Bible says a great deal. It matters little what we know about some places. But it matters much to know something about the three places of which I am going to speak.

I. Firstly.—There is a place where there is a great deal of crying.

II. Secondly.—There is a place where there is nothing else but crying.

III. Thirdly.—There is a place where there is no crying at all.

Now, attend to me, and I will tell you a few things worth knowing.

I. First of all, THERE IS A PLACE WHERE THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF CRYING.

What is that place? It is the world, in which you and I live. It is a world full of beautiful and pleasant things. The sun shining by day and the stars by night,—the blue hills looking up to the heaven, and the rolling sea ebbing and flowing,—the broad quiet lakes, and the rushing restless rivers,—the flowers blooming in the spring, and the fields full of corn in autumn,—the birds singing in the woods, and the lambs playing in the meadows,—all, all are beautiful things, I could look at them for hours and say, "What a beautiful world it is!" But still it is a world where there is a great deal of crying. It is a world where there are a great many tears.

There was "crying" in Bible times.—Hager wept when she thought Ishmael was dying. Abraham mourned when Sarah died. Joseph wept when his brothers sold him into Egypt. David wept when Absalom was killed. There was weeping at Jerusalem when good king Josiah was slain in battle. There was weeping at Bethlehem when Herod killed all the lit-

tle children who were two years old.—These things, and many like them, you will find in your Bibles.

There is "crying" now all over the world. Little babies cry when they want anything, or feel pain. Boys and girls cry when they are hurt, or frightened, or corrected. Grown up people cry sometimes when they are in trouble, or when they see those die whom they love. In short, wherever there is sorrow and pain, there is "crying."

I dare say you have seen people come to church all dressed in black. That is called being in mourning. Some relation or friend of these people is dead, and therefore they dress in black. Well! remember when you see people in mourning, somebody has been "crying."

I dare say you have seen graves in churchyards, and have heard that when people die, they are buried there. Some of them are very little graves, not longer than you are. Well! remember that when those graves were made, and little coffins were let down into them, there was "crying."

Children, did you ever think what all this crying came from? Did you ever consider how it first began? Did you ever hear how weeping and tears came into the world? God did not make crying;—that is certain. All that God made was "very good." Listen to me and I will tell you how "crying" began.

Crying came into the world by reason of sin. Sin is the cause of all the weeping, and tears, and sorrow, and pain, which there are upon earth. All the crying began when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit and became sinners. It was sin which brought into the world pain, and sickness, and death. It was sin which brought into the world selfishness, and ill-nature, and unkindness, and quarrelling, and stealing, and fighting. If there had been no wickedness, there would have been no weeping. If there had been no sin, there would have been no "crying."

See now, my beloved children, how much you ought to hate sin. All the unhappiness in the world came from sin.—How strange and wonderful it is that any one can take pleasure in sin! Do not let that be the case with you. Watch against

sin. Fight with it. Avoid it. Listen not to it. Take the advice of St. Paul;—"Abhor that which is evil." Take the advice of Solomon;—"When sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Say to yourself every morning, "Sin caused crying, and so I will hate sin."

See again, my beloved children, how foolish it is to expect perfect happiness in this world. It is expecting what you will not find. The world is a place where there is much "crying," and where things do not always go on pleasantly. I hear many boys and girls talking of the pleasures they will have when they are men and women. I am sorry for them when I hear them talking in this way. I know they are mistaken. I know they will be disappointed. They will find when they grow up, that they cannot get through the world without many troubles and cares. There are no roses without thorns. There are no years without dark and rainy days. There is no living on earth without "crying" and tears.

II. I will now speak of the second place about which I promised to tell you something. THERE IS A PLACE WHERE THERE IS NOTHING ELSE BUT CRYING.

What is this place? It is the place to which all bad people go when they are dead. It is the place which the Bible calls hell. In hell there is no laughter and smiling. There is nothing but "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." In hell there is no happiness. Those who go there cry on night and day without stopping. They have no rest. They never go to sleep and wake up happy. They never stop crying in hell.

Beloved children, I am sorry to tell you that there are many people going to hell. 'Broad is the way that leadeth unto destruction, and many there be which go in it.' I am afraid that many children are going to hell. I see many boys and girls who are so naughty and ill-behaved, that I am sure they are not fit for heaven.—And if they are not fit for heaven, where will they go if they die? There is only one other place to which they can go.—THEY MUST GO TO HELL.

Dear children, it makes me sad to say these things. I cannot bear the thought of boys and girls going to that dreadful place where there is nothing but crying.

My heart's desire and prayer to God for you is, that you may not go to hell. But I want you to know some things which you must mind if you would not go to hell. Listen to me now while I ask you a few questions.

For one thing I will ask you.—Do you love Jesus Christ? You ought to love him. He died for your sins upon the cross, that he might save you from Hell. He allowed Himself to be shut up in the dark prison of the grave, that your sins might be forgiven, and that you might not be chained in hell for ever. Dear children, think about this! If you love nothing but play, and eating, and drinking, and fine clothes, and story books, and do not love Christ, you are not in the right way. Take care. If you do not mind, you will go at last to the place where there is NOTHING BUT "CRYING."

I will ask you another thing.—Do you try to please Christ? You ought to do so. I read in the Bible that Jesus Christ said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."—"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." Dear children, think about this! If you are selfish, or passionate, or tell lies, or quarrel with one another, or do not go as you are bid, you are not Christ's friends. Take care. If you do not mind, you will go at last to the place where there is NOTHING BUT "CRYING."

I will ask you another thing.—Do you keep the Sunday holy? You ought to do so. God commands it, and it is for your good. I once heard of a little boy who went to play upon the ice on Sunday instead of coming home straight from church.—"Tommy," said his mother, "why did you do so?"—"Mother," said Tommy, "I did not remember that it was Sunday."—"Tommy," said his mother, "that is the very thing God told you not to do. He said in the fourth commandment,—'Remember,—remember to keep holy the Sabbath.'" Dear children, think about this! If you do not like to give God one day in the week, your hearts are not right. Take care. If you do not mind, you will go at last to the place where there is NOTHING BUT "CRYING."

I will ask you another thing.—Do you say your prayers? You ought to do so. God will never be a friend to you if you

do not speak to Him, and ask Him to take care of your soul and make you good. If you never pray, or say your prayers without thinking, your heart will soon be full of mischief and sin. It will never be empty for a day. I once heard of a boy who had a little garden given to him all full of flowers. But he did nothing for it. He never raked it, or weeded it. And after a few weeks the weeds came up so thick that the flowers died. Dear children, think of this! If you do not ask God to put the Holy Spirit in your hearts, the devil will soon fill them with sin. Take care. If you do not mind, you will go at last to the place where there is NOTHING BUT "CRYING."

I will ask you one more question.—Do you read your Bible? You ought to do so. That beautiful book is able to keep you from hell and save your soul. If you use the Bible rightly, you will not be hurt by the devil. I once heard of a little boy in Africa who was sleeping with his father in the open air, near a fire. He awoke in the middle of the night, and saw a great lion close to him, looking as if he was going to seize him. The little boy took up a lighted stick out of the fire, and put it in the lion's face, and drove him away. Dear children, think of this! The devil is a "roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." But he cannot harm you, if you make a right use of the Bible. If you would drive him from you, you must read your Bible. If you can read and yet neglect your Bible, you are in great danger. Take care. If you do not mind, the devil will carry you off to the place where there is "NOTHING BUT CRYING."

Beloved children; remember my five questions. Think of them often, and try your own hearts by them. I am not afraid about children who love Jesus, and try to please Him, and keep the Sunday holy, and pray, and read their Bibles. I am not afraid that they will go to hell if they die. But I am afraid about children who care nothing about these things. I think they are in great danger.

III. I will now speak of the third place about which I promised to tell you something. THERE IS A PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO CRYING AT ALL.

What is this place? It is heaven. It

is the place to which all good people go when they are dead. There all is joy and happiness. There no tears are shed. There sorrow, and pain, and sickness, and death can never enter in. There can be no crying in heaven, because there is nothing that can cause grief.

Dear children, there will be no more lessons in heaven. All will have been learned. The school will be closed. The rod and correction will be laid aside for ever.—There will be an eternal holiday.

There will be no more work in heaven. Man will no longer need to labour for his bread. The head will no longer have to ache with thinking. The hands will no longer be stiff and brown with toiling.—There will be an eternal rest for the people of God.

There will be no sickness in heaven.—Pain and disease, and weakness, and death will not be known. The people who dwell there shall no more say, "I am sick."—They will be always well. There will be nothing but health and strength for evermore.

There will be no sin in heaven. There will be no bad tempers, no unkind words, no spiteful actions. The great tempter, the Devil, will not be allowed to come in and spoil the happiness. There shall be nothing but holiness and love for evermore.

Best of all, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself will be in the midst of heaven. His people shall at last see Him face to face, and go out from His presence no more.—He shall gather His lambs into His bosom and wipe away all tears from all eyes.—Where He is will be fullness of joy, and at His right hand shall be pleasures for evermore.

Dear children, would you not like to go to heaven? We cannot live always in this world. A day will come when we must die, like the old people who have died already. Children, would you not like to go to heaven when you die? Listen to me, and I will tell you something about the way by which you must go.

If you would go to heaven, you must have your sins forgiven, and your hearts made new and good. There is only one who can do this for you. That One is the Lord Jesus Christ. God has appointed Him to be the Friend of sinners. He can

wash away your sins in His own precious blood. He can make your hearts new by putting the Holy Spirit in them. He is the Way and the Door into Heaven. He has the keys in His hand. Children, if you want to go to Heaven, you must ask Jesus Christ to let you in.

Ask Jesus in prayer to get ready a place for you in that world where there is no "crying." Ask Him to put your name in His book of life, and to make you one of His people. Ask Him to cleanse you from all your sins, and to put the Holy Ghost in your heart. Ask Him to give you power to fight His battle against sin, the world, and the devil. Ask Him to give you grace to make you good while you are young, and good when you grow up, that so you may be safe while you live, and happy for ever when you die.

Children, Jesus Christ is ready to do all this, if you will only ask Him. He has done it for many people already. He is waiting to do it for you at this very time. Do not be afraid to ask Him. Tell Him you have heard that He was very kind to people when He was on earth, and ask Him to be kind to you. Remind Him how kind He was to the poor dying thief on the cross. Say to Him, "Lord Jesus, remember me; I want to go to heaven. Lord, think upon me. Lord, give me the Holy Spirit, Lord, pardon my sins, and give me a new heart. Lord Jesus, save me."

And now, children, I have kept my word. I have told you of three places. I have told you of a place where there is nothing but crying. I hope none of you will go there.—I have told you of a place where there is no crying. I hope you will all go there.—I have told you of a place where there is a great deal of crying. That place is the world in which you are living. Would you like, last of all, to know the best way to be happy in this world? Listen to me, and I will tell you.

The happiest people in this world are those who make the Bible the rule of their lives. They read their Bibles often. They believe what the Bible says. They love that Saviour Jesus Christ of whom the Bible speaks. They try to obey what the Bible commands. None are so happy as these people. They cannot prevent sickness and trouble coming to them some-

times. But they learn from the Bible to bear them patiently. Children, if you would get through the world happily, make the Bible your best Friend.

Shall I tell you a story that I once heard about a little boy and the Bible? Perhaps it will help you to remember what I have just been saying. I want the words I have just written to stick for ever in your minds.

"Father," said this little boy one day, "I do not see any use in reading the Bible. I do not see that it does people any good."—Little Johnny said this in a rather cross and pettish way, his father thought it best not to begin reasoning with him. "Johnny," he said, "put on your hat and come out, and take a walk with me."

Johnny's father took him first to a house where there was an old woman who was very poor, and he talked to her about her poverty. "Sir," said the old woman, "I do not complain. I have read in the Bible these words, I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."—"Johnny," said the little boy's father, "hear what the old woman says."

They went on to another house, where there was a young woman who was very ill, and never likely to get better. Johnny's father asked her if she felt afraid to die.—"No!" she said, "I find it written in the Bible, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.'" "Johnny," said the little boy's father again, "hear what the young woman says."

Children, when Johnny and his father came home that afternoon from their walk, his father asked him one question. "Johnny," he said, "do you think it is of any use to read the Bible? Do you think reading the Bible does people any good?"

And now what do you think Johnny said? I will tell you. He held down his head and said nothing. But his face got very red, and he looked very much ashamed.

Children, from that very day Johnny was never heard again to say, "It is of no use reading the Bible"

Beloved children, remember my parting words. The way to get through the world with the least possible crying, is to read the Bible, believe the Bible, pray over the Bible, live by the Bible.

He that goes through life in this way will have the least "crying" in this world. And best of all, he will have no crying at all in the world to come.

## HOW SHALL I HONOUR JESUS TO-DAY?

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SMITH, CHELTENHAM.

AWAKING from a comfortable night's rest, strengthened and refreshed in body, before rushing into the business of the world, a few moments may be spared to ask a very necessary question,—*How shall I honour Jesus to-day?* That we should aim to honour the Saviour, I suppose no one will deny, seeing he hath redeemed us by his precious blood, called us by His everlasting gospel, sanctified us by His Holy Spirit, and thus delivered us from a dreadful, but deserved hell. Our obligations to Jesus are infinite, and our gratitude to Jesus should be deep, constant, and operative. I can honour him to-day. If I do not, I shall dishonour him; and if I dishonour him, I shall grieve the Spirit, bring guilt on my conscience, and injure his sacred cause. Let us, then, seriously inquire, *How shall I honour Jesus to-day?*

First, *I must anew dedicate myself unto him.* I must surrender myself, body, soul and spirit, into his hands. I must present my time, talents and property at his throne, beg his acceptance of them, and beseech him to give me grace to hold them for him, look upon them as his, and use them for his glory. The Saviour not only purchased our persons, but our all; so that not only are we not our own, but nothing that we possess is our own. We are the Lord's, and all we have is the Lord's. But we do not sufficiently realize this, Therefore we do not feel as David did, when he gave to the building of the Temple such stores of wealth,—“Of thine own we have given thee.” If I hold all I have as the Lord's, if I daily dedicate all I have to Jesus, then I may dismiss my cares, encourage my confidence, and let the peace of God rule in my heart. Holy Spirit! give

me grace, that, mornung by morning, I may afresh dedicate my person, property, and all I value, to my Saviour's service, and day by day use all to his praise.

Second, *I must look to him for all I need through the day.* Wants will arise, but Jesus will supply them. There is not a blessing we need, but Jesus has it. Nor is there a blessing Jesus has, but he is prepared to give it us, if we are prepared to receive it. He says, “All things are delivered unto me of my Father;” and again “If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.” It is, therefore, both my privilege and duty to go to Jesus for everything I need. And if I go to him first—if I go to him in faith, if I ask of him with confidence—I honour him. But when I look to creatures instead of him, when I depend on means—instead of expecting from him through the means—I dishonour him.—If I would honour Jesus, I must look to him for all I need, both temporals and spirituals. I must carry everything to Jesus, whether great or small. I must make everything a means of communion with Jesus. So shall I pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks.

Third, *I must imitate Jesus in all I do.* He is proposed to us in his Word as our great example; we should, therefore, strive to imitate him. My object should be to think as Jesus thought, to speak as Jesus spoke, to feel as Jesus felt, and to act as Jesus acted. Often, very often, should we pause and ask, “Is this like Jesus? Would he employ such language? Would he encourage such thoughts? Would he do as I am doing? Or, if at a loss what to do at any time, we should ask, “What would Jesus do? How would Jesus act in this case? What would Jesus do under these circumstances? What would Jesus say? What temper would Jesus display?” This would often lend us to his Word. We should become familiar with his life. We should be well acquainted with his character. And what a preservative it would be! What humility it would produce!—Jesus wishes us to be like himself. He has left us an example that we should follow in his steps. He says, “Do as I have done.” If, therefore, I would honour Jesus, I must make it my study, and I must daily seek grace that I may imitate Jesus in all I do,

at all times and in all places. Oh, to be like Jesus in my family, in my business, in the church, and when alone with God! If we do not make it our aim and daily prayer to be like Jesus on earth, can we expect to be like Jesus in Heaven? Are we not here made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light?

Fourth, *I must speak of Jesus to all I can.* Jesus loves us to think of him, and to speak to him; but he loves to hear us also speak of him. We should speak of him to sinners, that they may come to him for life. We should speak of him to backsliders, that they may return to his fold.—We should speak of him to believers, to stimulate, encourage, reprove, or comfort, as the case may be. If I speak of any one at all, surely I should speak of Jesus. I cannot speak of him in vain. It must be useful in some way. It must accomplish some important end. How much there is to talk about, if we only set our hearts upon speaking of Jesus! What fine opportunities often offer, if we were only prepared to take advantage of, and improve them! We should talk of Jesus to all about us, to all we meet with, to all we visit. We should talk of his glorious person and finished work, of his gracious words and wondrous deeds, of his holy life and painful death, of his triumphant resurrection and graceful ascension, of his prevalent intercession and anticipated advent. We may sometimes speak of his wrath, but much oftener of his love. We may talk of his invitations to sinners, and how he wept over them; of his promises to believers, and the delight he takes in them. Oh, for grace to speak of Jesus, to speak for Jesus, to speak like Jesus!

Finally, *if I would honour Jesus, I must walk with him.* I must have him for my companion. I must make him my friend. I must go nowhere if I have not reason to believe that Jesus would go with me. I must engage in nothing, if I cannot expect Jesus to look on and sanction me. I must prefer the company, the smile, and the approbation of Jesus above everything besides. This would be making him my all. This would be treating him as he deserves.—This would be like an endeavour to render again to him according to what he hath done for us. O Spirit of Jesus, come down into my heart; fill me with thy grace, and

teach me to make the honour of Jesus the great end of my life—the great end of every action.

Reader! do you wish to honour Jesus to-day—every day? If so, this is the way—walk ye in it. My soul mourns before God, that I have honoured Jesus so little. Let us pray, pray right heartily, that God would give us grace to dedicate ourselves to him every morning, to look to him for all we need day by day, to imitate his beautiful example in all we do, to speak of him to all who will listen to our conversation, and to walk with him in peace and holiness. Oh, what blessed encouragement we have to honour Jesus, seeing he has said, “Them that honour me I will honour; but they that despise me, shall be lightly esteemed.” Sinner! beware how ye despise Jesus. None can save you but him. There is no hope for you but in him. If you despise him in time, he will justly punish you in eternity.

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### THE DEAR-BOUGHT FLOWER.

BY REV. J. C. SEYMOUR.

Niagara Falls! Who that has ever seen the Falls of Niagara, who that has drunk in the inspiration of that majestic sight can ever forget it. Those tall, savage cliffs and jutting rocks, those huge masses of seething, struggling waters, those fearful leaps, and deep thunder tones, as the awful abyss is reached, the spray and foam and rainbow, and the wild weird, awful magnificence is fixed like a daguerreotype on the soul never to be effaced. As we stand in the majestic presence of this great work of God's hand, the deep bass of Niagara's voice would seem to re-echo the language of the inspired philosopher of Israel as he gazed upward on the starry heaven, “Lord what is man, that Thou art mindful of him!” And yet the very vastness and immeasurable grandeur of Niagara may well suggest to a Christian soul not only loftier impressions of God's greatness, but of His goodness and mercy. A Christian eye

may take in lessons of love, wherever it is turned. But we are digressing somewhat. Some years ago a young lady was walking along the lofty and rugged banks of the river below the Falls. A pretty flower grew just on the outer edge. It looked so sweet, and seemed so nearly within reach that she stretched over to pluck it, but alas, just as she grasped it she lost her balance, and in a moment was precipitated hundreds of feet below, and was instantly dashed to pieces on the rocks. What a fearful leap, and how dear-bought was that fatal flower! Now, I could not help thinking that this tragic event suggests to the mind what too many in the world are doing—they are grasping at flowers—the flowers of sin, while every moment in danger of falling into the abyss of eternal woe and death. The vanities that attract—such thousands, the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye and the pride of life are flowers on the brink of eternity, and many while in the very act of plucking them sink into the abyss of death. How many every year go from the ball room, the card table, the horse race in the theatre, and the many, many scenes of dissipation and sin to stand before the Great Judge of the quick and dead. O ye whose hearts are set on things below remember this—remember there is but a step between you and vast eternity. Deeply may God impress the solemn thoughts on all our hearts. And when we lose our precarious footing on time's clay banks and sink at last into the tomb, may it not be with the tempting, paltry flowers of this world's vanities in our hand, but through faith in a dying Redeemer, laying hold upon eternal life.

“Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things  
Towards Heaven, thy native place;  
Sun and moon and stars decay;  
Time shall soon this earth remove—  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.”

## “THE DREAM OF HEAVEN.”

A FACT AND NOT A FICTION.

(Continued from page 421)

He sighed and was gone, many passers by looked at me with mingled pity and kindness and pressed me to follow with them, and offered me a hand up the steps. But I rejected them all and stood melancholy and disturbed, at length one bright messenger stationed on the steps came up to me and entreated me to enter with a voice and manner I could not resist. “Do not turn,” he said, where canst thou go: Do not linger for why shouldst thou weary thyself for nought. Enter here in, and taste happiness, do not all go and are any rejected, do not all tribes and all colors pass into that hall, and are they not washed and clothed and comforted?—He gave me his hand and I entered the hall along with him, here I was sprinkled with pure water and a garment of pure white was put on my shoulders and I knew not how, but I ascended the bright stairs by the side of my happy guide. O what a light burst upon my sight, when I had reached the summit. But mortal words cannot describe it, nor can mortal fancy in any way conceive it, where are the living sapphires, where are the glittering stars that are like the bright light in which I stood, where are the forms of love, or looks of love that breathed in the numerous company that stood around me. I sunk down overpowered and wretched. I crept into a corner and tried to hide myself, for I saw and felt I had nothing in unison with the blessed existences of such a place.—They moved in a dance to the music, to the songs that never fell upon a mortal ear, my guide joined in rapture and I was left alone, I saw the tall forms all fair, all bright in their own ineffable felicity, their songs and looks of gratitude forming the countenances and differences of each, at length I saw one taller than the rest, and in every way far more fair, far more dignified, more awfully, surpassing fair, what yet surpasses thought, and to Him every eye was turned, and in His face each face was brightened, the songs and the dance were in honor to Him, and all seemed to derive from and to Him their life



and joy. As I gazed in trembling and speechless amazement, one who saw me, left the company and came to where I sat and said, "Why art thou so silent; come quickly unite in the dance and join in the song." I felt a sudden anger in my heart, and I answered with sharpness, "I will not join in your song, for I know not the tune, and I cannot join in the dance for I know not the manner." He sighed and with the most humiliating pity, he resumed his place. About a minute after another came and addressed me as he had done and with the same temper I answered him in the same way. He looked as if he could have resigned his own dazzling glory to have changed me, if heaven can know anguish he seemed to feel it, but he left me and returned to his place. What could it be that could put such a temper in my heart.

At length the Lord of that gracious company, of those living, breathing, glittering forms of life and light and beauty, of those sounds of harmony, and those songs of triumph saw me and came up to speak to me. I thrilled in every part with awe. I felt my blood chill and my flesh tremble and yet my heart grew harder and my voice grew bolder. He spoke, and deep-toned music issued from His lips.—"Why sittest thou so still, and all around thee are so glad, come join in the dance for I have triumphed, come join in the song, for my people reign." Love unspeakable he seemed to heave upon me, as though it would have melted a heart of stone. I felt it, but melted not. I gazed an instant and I said, "I will not join in the song, for I know not the tune; I will not join in the dance, for I know not the manner." Creation would have fled at the change of His countenance. His glance was lightning, and in a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, He said to me: "Then what doest thou here?"

The floor beneath me opened, and I sunk into flames and torments, and with the dreadful fright, I awoke."

There was a momentary silence, for the sisters were shocked and surprised at the dream, and they, neither of them, thought that the substance of it nor the deep impression it had made, to be the effect of any natural cause on Anna's vola-

tile mind. "Anna" said they, we cannot help you to forget such a dream as this; we surely believe that it is from God and it may be greatly blessed to your soul if you seek it to be so. "Your description of the Holy City may be an impression from the word of God, for much the same account is described in the revelations. The city has no need the sun or of the moon, for the temple of God is there and the Lamb is the light thereof. O Anna you know something of the way, do give up your own will and listen to this fearful warning, join us and learn the steps which lead to heaven, and how to sing the songs of Zion."

Anna's brow darkened, and she answered "I do not want you to preach to me. I shall do as I please," she continued in this melancholy state to the end of the week, and was found in her room a corpse. No one knew the cause of death, she died without disease of body, she died without any apparent change of soul.

"Behold how is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation—"To-day if ye will hear His voice; harden not your hearts—boast not thyself of to-morrow for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

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### PRAY.—WORK.—WAIT.

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ENTER into the Lord's harvest-field, Christian reader. Look around you. It is near evening—the day is far spent; soon the dark night will shroud all in gloom—then no work can be done for God. How much remains undone! How few the labourers! How great the work! How short the time! And you, it may be, stand with folded hands and listless brow; yet while you gaze upon the heart-stirring scene, you feel constrained to cry, "Lord, send forth more labourers into Thy vineyard." Ah, can you not hear the response, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard"? Don't you hear from all quarters the imploring entreaty, "Come over and help us"? Heed you not the remonstrance "Why stand ye all the day idle"?

Do you ask, What can I do? Weak sinful, unworthy, how can I speak to others of Jesus and His love with my poor stam-

mering tongue? If such is your heart's language go to Jesus, and say to Him, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Tell Him all you need; implore the promised aid of His Holy Spirit; and even while you plead, he will show you how best you can work for Him.

A short time ago, a young lady who loved the Saviour expected to be for six months a resident in a town by the seaside. She wished to work for God, but could not herself decide what to do. She resolved to make known her request unto the Lord, and leave it with Him. The reply soon came. A lady called to see her, and asked her to take her class in the Sabbath-school for a season. It appeared an answer to prayer, and our friend at once consented.

On the following Sabbath she commenced her work. When she entered into the class-room and was surrounded by her charge—young women much older than she expected—a feeling of utter helplessness came over her. Lifting her burdened soul to God, her cry was, "Lord, who is sufficient for this work! I am but a little child and know not what to do say." Sweetly, powerfully the answer came—"Fear not, for I am with thee: I will stand by thee, and give thee words to speak. The work is Mine, and I will give thee all needful grace and strength." Then the joyous assurance of the presence of the Saviour by her side so constrained her, that, looking round on her charge, the yearning of her heart was, "Oh, to win each of these dear girls for Christ!"

So, strong in the Lord, Sabbath after Sabbath leaning upon the Beloved, her strength all derived from Him, she took her post. Some wondered; others thought she had no lack of confidence to enter upon such an important class. Ah, they knew not she took her work directly from the Hand that gave the strength, and even gloried in her littleness and weakness.

Do you, my friend, want to know your work? Follow her example. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened, unto you." And when your prayer is answered, take the given work and do it for the Lord, continuing still instant in

prayer, remembering that "God giveth the increase." In season and out of season work. By all waters sow your seed. Grow not weary in well doing. Your time for work is very short. Listen to your Master's voice, "Work while it is day, for the night cometh." Think, oh, think of the value of *one* precious soul! Your Saviour gave His life for you. Won't you make one effort to save the perishing? All around you, souls are dying, and you consent unto their death unless you strive to lead them to the cross of Christ.

If you are indeed a worker, oh, be earnest! Do you love to gather around you the little ones of your class, remembering that "of such is the kingdom of heaven"? Have you long and earnestly taught them, and pleaded for them? and do you now weep in anguish of soul because you see no fruit? Are you ready to lay aside the work in despair? Oh, think again! Remember, "he that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven."

You have prayed and laboured, laboured and prayed; now wait. Once more let me refer to my young friend, and her work of love. At the close of her six months' labour, she was deeply grieved. Where was the fruit she looked for to give to her Lord and Master? Much to encourage there was; the attendance so regular, the attention so fixed, so solemn, whilst the tear of sorrow for sin, and the desire to be saved, were the evidence of the striving of the Holy Spirit in many a youthful heart. But, alas! to leave them so was unutterable agony. The teacher's soul was bowed down with anguish as she wept before her God, and mourned the want of success. She could only commit the keeping of those precious souls to His care from whom she had at first received the charge, leaving the Almighty to do His own work, in His own time and way, asking only for each one that they might be saved, and the glory should all be His, to whom alone it was due.

Then, in peaceful rest, she waited to see the end of the Lord. Months after, when wading through deep waters of affliction,

learning by painful experience the fleeting nature of all earthly good, that teacher was cheered by the glad tidings of the conversion of three of those girls; while from many others, weak in faith, lacking confidence to cry, "Alba, Father!" she received letters, telling her they were sitting at the feet of Jesus, learning from Him the love of God to them.

"Wait, therefore, on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart." Wait I say, on the Lord. "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." What could you desire more than that? "Cast thy bread upon the waters; thou shalt find it after many days." Oh, the Lord is not slack concerning His promises. He may try you; but He cannot deny Himself. Listen once more to your Master's voice. "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." *Ye shall*—will not that suffice?

Can you longer droop in sadness? Your poor, weak, feeble words might be as water spilt upon the ground; but God's words cannot fail, nor return unto Him void. "Though the blessing tarry, wait for it." Christian labourer, be up and doing. Soon your Master will call you unto rest; *now* He wills you should labour. **PRAY! WORK! WAIT!** Then, when you come to stand before the great white throne, you will be surrounded by those whom you have brought to Jesus, saying, "Here am I, Lord, and the children Thou hast given me." How great will be your transport when you hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

### THE VALUE OF THE SABBATH.

NEXT to the gifts of revelation and redemption, there is no boon so precious as the Sabbath. Indeed, without that day, even those matchless gifts would, in a great degree, be ineffective. It is on the Sabbath that truth is specially conserved, and man aroused to embrace it. The value of time and the claims of eternity are then more impressively enforced upon the conscience; for the Sabbath is a soul-quickening parenthesis in the dark chapter of life; a blessed pause in

the unceasing career of toil and anxiety; and a faithful and eloquent voice to tell us of God and futurity. Its weekly return seems to fling a radiant bow over the dark clouds and sorrows and stripes of the other six days; while, at the same time, the voice Divine calls up man's thoughts and affections to things spiritual and holy. Oh, bright and blessed day! All human epithets are below its merits. Men speak of it as "the best of all the seven;" "the light of the week;" "the torch of time;" "the watch-tower of immortality;" "the pearl of days;" "the world's abiding jubilee;" "the memorial of Paradise past, and the earnest of Paradise to come;" "the golden clasp which binds the volume of the week together;"

"Life's sweetest calm, care's constant balm;"  
"labour's only rest;" "heaven's gracious boon;" "man's precious birthright;" "eternity in time;" "God's walking hour in the cool of the day;" "the Church's love-feast;"

"Bright shadows of true rest; shoots of bliss;  
The next world's gladness prepossessed in this."

But the highest and holiest title is that which Infinite Wisdom has given to it, "the Lord's day." Nothing has such an air of antiquity on it; nothing draws along with it such a glory; nothing has in it such a history; nothing has attacked to it such a blessedness. Some one day in the week has been set apart by many different creeds and countries for a Sabbath, although, alas! employed, in many instances, for unhallowed purposes. While we mourn over the fearful desecration of the day which prevails in our own land, we greatly rejoice in the national recognition of it which obtains. On the Christian, the Sabbath has many claims.

1. *We love it because it is the Lord's day.*—Everything that is the Lord's, demands our love: His words, His house, His sacraments, His people, His holy and happy Sabbath. Every hour of it is dear to us—more precious than gold; and that man's religion is questionable indeed who does not love the Sabbath,

2. *We love it because it is the day of holy rest,*—a safe and sweet asylum from the incessant hum of earth; a welcome refuge from its stormy billows; a quiet calm from its wearying toils. Surely in this bustling world such a respite is needed. Thrice happy day! It benefits the servant, and wrongs not the master. For a time it suspends the curse, and soothes the sorrows and hushes the anxieties which have chafed and fretted the spirit in the week. In fact, the entire week takes its complexion from the Sabbath, Spend the Sabbath in sloth, and you have a heavy

week; spend it in toil, and you have a weary week; spend it in worldly anxiety, and you have a troubled week; spend it in amusement, and you have a vain week; spend it for God, and you have a happy week. Let, then, the Lord's day be with us a day not for recreation, or idle conversation; nor for feasting or visiting; but for high and holy communion with God, and for burning zeal in His service.

3. *We love the Lord's day because of its opportunities for spiritual employment and enjoyment.*—How appropriate the Sabbath for religious retirement and private meditation! Even Creation then seems to repose in calmer dignity, as if to summon us to reflection; to withdraw from the outer world, and to separate ourselves from its distractions. We then enter more easily the solitudes and recesses of our hearts. Amid the silence of a world without, the gentle voices of truth then speak, and make them themselves heard. Everything in these stirring times has a tendency to take us from ourselves, and to draw us from God; but the soul cannot prosper that derives not its life and power from the Divine and Eternal. The Sabbath proffers its hallowed hours for this purpose. Then the spirit is in more intimate contact with the spiritual, and the heart feels a responsive sympathy with the holy and the heavenly.

4. *How favourable, too, is the Sabbath for family communion.*—Home intercourse is secular and interrupted during the regular week. The Lord's day completes the fireside circle, and opportunity ought then to be sought for spiritual conversation and intercourse. On that day, if it be not possible on the others, the family altar should be made more attractive by introducing *praise* as well as *prayer*, and *catechising* as well as *reading*. It is much to be regretted that this practice of our forefathers should have become nearly extinct. The revival of it would be fraught with blessing. Lovely sight when beneath the domestic roof, the Sabbath is rightly honoured and employed! Home then is very near to heaven. The *public worship* of God's "holy and beautiful house" has then an attractiveness about it with which, under other circumstances, it cannot be invested. The soul then longs to tread the sacred courts, and the sanctuary is the "chief joy of the Sabbath."

The Lord's day also offers special opportunities for works of mercy and charity and benevolence. The poor, the sick, the dying, the wretched, have their several claims on our zeal and pity. Many are the doors of usefulness which earnest charity will never refuse to enter.

Let us, then, hail the return of every Sab-

bath as the special day for glorious toil in the service of our blessed Redeemer. While we neglect no opportunity for doing good at any time, let us crowd into this precious day as much work for God as we can, and thus find that in such labours there is true "rest."

5. *We love the Lord's day because it is a beautiful relic of Paradise lost and a blessed type of Paradise regained.*—We sometimes loosely talk of this and the other thing as being "the only flower that survived the fall;" but the Sabbath alone enjoys this distinctive glory. Paradise and the Sabbath were born together; they stand together on the same page of the book, shining like twin-stars in the morning sky of the young world. Though Paradise is lost, yet the Sabbath remains; a glorious golden link between the Paradise that is to come. The first whole day spent by man on earth was a Sabbath. The last day of the world shall usher in a Sabbath. The day is coming when sin and sorrow shall be swept away from the world's face; and then shall come the Sabbath of eternity, cloudless and serene; the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." Rest from labour, but not from love; rest from toil, but not from service; rest from prayer, but not from praise.

Let us, then, as we throw off our week-day cares and clothing, cheerfully look forward to the time when we shall cast aside the garment of flesh, and be robed with immortal life. Let us anticipate the period when our working days of time shall be over, and the Saturday night of life shall be followed by the Sabbath of heaven, that glorious "Sunday" that knows no setting, no ending. Let the Lord have *all* His day. Let not Mammon nor Satan rob Him of any of its sacred hours. Let us avoid its profanation in every form; those forms which are doubtful, as well as those which are openly wrong. Let us touch not its life, deface not its beauty, impair not its sanctity, listen to no compromise, heed no reproach; but in every duty and engagement "Remember that" we "keep holy the Sabbath-day."—*Christian Miscellany.*

## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

The sweet Psalmist of Israel tells us that the heavens declare the glory of God. They have no voice nor language, yet their sound goes out to the ends of the earth, proclaiming their Maker's praise. And as the skies above our heads speak of his glory, so too do the flowers beneath our feet.

I. They preach to us *the goodness of God.*

There are many things in nature which seem to have been made merely for our admiration and enjoyment! Flowers have been called the smiles of creation. Their beautiful shape, their delicious scent, their varied hues, are all marks and proofs of God's goodness. Although God is provoked by the wicked every day, the sun does not cease to shine, nor the rain to fall, nor the earth to bring forth its flowers and its fruit. Truly the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

II. They also bid us trust in *the providence of God.*

Our blessed Saviour charges his disciples to consider the lilies, they neither toil nor spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of those. If then (he adds) God so clothe the grass, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Observe the care which your Maker bestows on the plants of the earth; and does he not take a higher interest in your welfare?

III. They picture to us *the excellency of the Lord Jesus Christ.*

He is compared to the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley. The rose has been named the queen of flowers; no other surpasses it in form and fragrance. The lily of the valley is a striking emblem of gracefulness, purity, and humility. So many and so varied are the Redeemer's excellences! To you that believe he is precious. To the Saviour precious to you? or do you look on him as a root out of a dry ground, and see no beauty in him that you should desire him? Would he have been bruised for your iniquities if sin had not brought your soul to ruin? Take heed that you do not drop into hell when within reach of heaven.

IV. They warn us of *the frailty of man.*

As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone. The young, the strong, the rich, often glory in their youth, strength, and

riches; but they can no more resist the stroke of sickness and accident than a tender plant can withstand the withering drought or the sudden stottin. Like the flowers of the field, we are born to die. Our home is not here; so neither let our hearts and treasures be.

V. They remind us too, of *the prosperity of God's people.*

The promise of God to his servants is, Thou shalt be like a watered garden, flourishing in graces and in comforts. Whom he loves in the world he loves to the end. Every child of grace is a plant which our Heavenly Father hath planted, and which he watches day by day. Is this your happy condition? Is the life of God in your soul? Are you rooted in Christ? Then study to adorn your Christian profession! Diligently use the means of grace, for they are your means of growth! And evermore beseech God to shed his Holy Spirit upon you abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

In every scene of life, They care  
In every age we see;  
And constant as thy favours are  
So let our praises be.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS.

Though growing old my heart is young,  
'Tis oft in fancy found  
Re-acting all the scenes of youth,  
The humble cot around.

Upon the green, and in the wood,  
Where gleesome I have played,  
And by the little laughing brooks  
Where oft alone I've strayed.

To listen to the warbling birds,  
That sung among the trees,  
Or chase the painted butterflies,  
Gay sitting on the breeze.

To smell the odoriferous rose,  
Or call some pretty flower,  
To watch the troutlets in the stream,  
To while away an hour.

How happy, happy was I then,  
My bounding spirits light,  
Life's charming race one summer day  
Of exquisite delight.

The merry crickets in the grass  
I loved to hear and see,  
And often then I wondered why  
They danced and sung to me.

My highest aspirations were  
These insects to excel;  
When high they leapt, I wished I could  
But do it half so well.

The horned creeping snail I loathed  
To see upon my track,  
Suspicious wanderer he looked,  
His house upon his back.

Whatever gave me pleasure then,  
Was beautiful or good  
I loved, and in my folly dreamt  
These last for ever would.

The ugly and the bad gave pain,  
I shuddered such to see,  
And in the visions of the night,  
Their spectres haunted me.

Whistles and slings, and childish toys  
Composed my little stock,  
And in my games with these I tried  
To mimic grown up folk.

I wondered what the clouds could be  
High floating in the sky,  
And often have I stood amazed  
To see them gliding by.

They seemed to be the hills of heaven,  
Where holy angels strayed,  
Amid whose airy, fleecy heights  
Bright armies were arrayed.

The stars that gemmed the midnight sky,  
I could not understand,  
They nightly shone as golden lamps  
To light the far off land.

When people talked to me of God—  
Through changing years the same,  
My heart heaved warm and high within  
At mention of His name.

The aged told me it was He  
Who fed me every hour,  
Who reared the oaks from acorns small,  
And decked the gaudy flower.

Who carpeted the fields with green,  
Who taught the birds to sing,  
Whose voice is heard in thunders loud,  
Whose breath is felt in Spring.

Yet still I often thought it hard,  
That I day after day,  
Should trudge to school, while lambkins  
young  
Frisked on the hills at play.

I wished that I would grow a man,  
Have all my hardships o'er,  
And then to fancy's wildest heights,  
My roving mind would soar.

Castles in either fields I built,  
Of diamonds bright and fair,  
Nor thought that they could pass away,  
Though founded in the air.

I fancy I am young again,  
Try childhood to live o'er,  
But the attempt proves only vain,  
Youth will return no more.

Alas! life's fairy time is gone,  
And hope's illusions bright  
Have vanished like ascending smoke,  
Or like a dream of night.

The world alas! would that it were  
The same enchanted ground,  
And I as guileless as I played  
You humble cot around

Surrounded by the mountains,  
Amid the grassy dells,  
Where ran the flowing fountains  
And nodded the blue bells.

X. Y. Z.

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PLAIN AND TRUE.

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You must die. You know not when;  
but, sooner or later, you must die. It  
may be soon.

You have a *soul*. Your soul will not  
die when your body dies. You will live  
for ever *somewhere*.

Where? In one or the other of two  
places. Very different places; the one all  
happiness, the other all misery.

You are a *sinner*. Therefore you de-  
serve to go to the place of punishment,  
the place of misery,

But JESUS CHRIST, the blessed Son of  
God, pitied poor sinners, and came, and  
died on the cross to save them. And  
now every sinner who believes in him  
with all his heart may be saved, The  
blood of Christ will wash away his sins,  
and for Christ's sake heaven will be opened  
to him.

Oh, reader, one or the other of these  
places is before you. At this very mo-  
ment you are in the way either to heaven

or to hell. Which? If you have not sought Christ, then you are in the way to misery. On, do not live without Christ, lest you should die so without Christ. Then what would become of your soul? Seek Christ. If you have never sought him before, seek him now. Seek him earnestly, seek him with all your heart, seek him as a perishing sinner seeking the only Saviour. Seek him *to-day*. To-morrow may be too late.

God is earnest : kneel and pray,  
Ere thy season pass away ;  
Ere he set his judgment throne ;  
Ere the day of grace be gone.

### DO YOU CONFESS?

I do not ask you now what your opinion is about matters controverted in the present day. I ask you a plain practical question,—Do you know anything of the daily habit of confessing sin to God.

You will not pretend to say you have no sins at all. Few probably are so blind and ignorant in the present day as to say that. But what do you do with your sins?—What measures do you take about your sins?—Do you use any steps to get rid of your sins?—Do you ever speak to any one about your sins?—Answer these questions, I do beseech you, to your own conscience. Whether you are rich or poor, young or old, Churchman or Dissenter, matters little. But it does matter a great deal whether you can reply to the inquiry,—Do you confess your sins?

Reader! if you know nothing of the habit of confessing sin, I have only one remark to make,—*your soul is in imminent danger!* There is but a step between you and hell! If you die as you are, you will be lost for ever! The kingdom of God contains no silent subjects. The citizens of the heavenly city are a people who have all known, and felt, and confessed their sins.

I give you one simple warning: *You will have to confess your sins one day, whether you will or no.* When the great white throne is set, and the books are opened, your sins will at last be exposed before the whole world! The secrets of all hearts will be revealed. You will have to acknowl-

edge your transgressions before the eyes of an assembled world, and an innumerable company of angels! Your confession at last will be most public! And, worst of all, your confession will be too late!

Where is the man who would not shrink from the idea of such an exposure? Where is the woman whose spirit would not fail at the very possibility of such a confession as this? Reader! this public confession will be the portion of millions. Take heed lest it be yours. Oh, think, think, think upon the question—*Do you confess?*

I invite you, in my Master's name, to *begin the habit of confession without delay.*

Go this very day to the throne of grace, and speak to the great High Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, about your soul. Pour out your heart before him. Keep nothing back from him. Acknowledge your iniquities to him, and entreat him to cleanse them away. Say to him, in David's words, "For thy name's sake pardon my iniquity for it is great." "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities." Cry to him as the publican did in the parable, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." (Ps. xxx. 11; li. 9. Luke xviii. 13.)

Arise, dear reader, and call upon God. If Christ had never died for sinners, there might be some excuse for doubting. But Christ having suffered for sin, there is nothing that need keep you back. Only acknowledge your iniquity, and cast yourself wholly on God's mercy in Christ, and life, eternal life, shall be your own. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.) But, oh, reader, begin, begin to confess without delay. *This very day begin to confess your sins.*—*J. C. Ryle.*

### SELECT SAYINGS:

Men judge of our hearts by our words and works, but God judgeth of our words and works by our hearts.

Scarlet sinners may by grace, be made milk-white saints.

The saint hates sin more because 'tis an evil against God than because 'tis an evil to himself.

## A HEALTHY CHRISTIAN.

A healthy Christian is one who can work as well as eat. If there is a heavy load to carry in Christ's cause, he takes to it at once. If there is a wall to build, he is the man to lift the big stones. If some one has to go out into the storm, and endure pelting opposition, who so able to bear it as his broad breast and brawny arm? A man that loves Christ loves work. A dyspeptic Christian dreads work. A lazy Christian shirks it. What an hospital is many a church! Here lies one poor man down with a paralysis of faith. Here is another laid up by a sprain which he got by a sudden fall into temptation. Here is one whose the fever of passion has burned out; he looks hardly worth the medicine to cure him. Alas for another! he is under pastoral treatment for the blindness of unbelief; and for another, whose gaping wound reveals the spot where Satan's fiery dart went in! A revival commonly clears the church hospital. But a long period of spiritual declension crams it to the door way. Oh, what need that He who went through Galilee, healing all manner of diseases, should come into some churches whose atmosphere is loaded with the effluvia of incipient putrefaction!—*Family Treasury.*

The old-fashioned lightning-rods were made all in one, and when they drew the bolt, it came with mighty force, and the crash often did much damage; but now the old plan is improved, and by having many points to the rod, the lightning is scattered, and made to strike with greatly divided and diminished force, and to sink harmlessly to the earth. If conviction were to strike the sinner as lightning strikes the first sort of rod, the man could no more live than he could were he to look into the face of God. But through the mercy of Jesus Christ, it strikes only point by point, a separated and enfeebled force. There is no need, in most cases, that it should be otherwise. More feeling than is needed to produce right action is unnecessary.—God be thanked that we are not allowed to see all the plague of our own hearts!

## MEEKNESS.

This heavenly virtue lies at the foundation of every Christian grace, and increases with the growth of every living stone of that building fitly framed together, which groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord. The King of Israel preaches to the self-righteous and the wicked, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" but in the language of the prophet He declares, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;" while a voice responds from heaven, "Thus saith the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with Him also that is of a humble and a contrite spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." And as it is to the meek that the good tidings are preached—for "only a broken-hearted sinner can receive a crucified Christ"—so also the saint is exhorted to "receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls"—"that ye may grow thereby."

The people of God are, like their Lord, distinguished by this estimable quality:—The Lord taketh pleasure in his people: He will beautify the meek with salvation." His people are the meek; He taketh pleasure in them, and He will beautify them with salvation. He contrasts these his people with the wicked: "The Lord lifteth up the meek; He casteth the wicked down to the ground." All who are not lifted up amongst the meek are cast down amongst the wicked.

They who are beautiful with meekness here, shall be beautiful with salvation above. Therefore does not the once impetuous Peter plead with saints, that their adorning may not be "that outward, of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." They do err, not knowing the Scriptures, who read this alone with reference to believing women. The Church holds to Christ the relation of the woman to the man.—



He is the Bridegroom, and we the bride. All outward and meretricious adorning is worthless in the sight of Him who searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men; for it is corruptible, like the honey in the goodly flower of grass.—But the meek and quiet spirit is like the incorruptible frankincense upon the meat-offering, of which the priest was to “take his handful of the fine flour thereof, and of the oil thereof, with *all* the frankincense thereof,” for it is in the sight of God of great price.

“Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. . . . Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.” It is hard to draw a distinction between the poor in spirit and the meek; we may safely say they are very near of kin, and heaven and earth are their possession and inheritance. There is only the lake of fire for all beside.

It is not the meekness of the natural man—of which some have apparently much more than others—concerning which the Scriptures speak so highly. It is “the meekness and gentleness of Christ” wrought in the believing soul; the “lowliness and meekness;” the “love, patience, and meekness;” the “humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering;” the “gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance,” which again and again are enumerated as the fruit of the Spirit—not fruits, but fruit, for the fruit of the Spirit is all one in essence, and meekness is at the core.

There is no grace or virtue so scorned in the world, or so slighted in the Church, as this of meekness. Without it it is impossible to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling; for where it is wanting the Spirit is continually grieved, and God is not allowed to work in the heart, to will and to do of his good pleasure. Without meekness there can be no power, for power belongeth unto God, and only the meek yield their members as instruments of righteousness unto God. Without meekness there can be no worship, for only the meek present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, their reasonable service. Without meekness there can be no real boldness, for fallen nature is a coward from the days of Adam downward, and it is impossible for true courage to exist unless

based upon the solid foundation of implicit faith in God. Such homely virtues as kindness to servants, patience to children, submission to parents, respect to the aged, etc., all follow in the train of Christian meekness, for “the meek *will* He guide in judgment, and the meek *will* He teach his way.”

Meekness has two aspects—toward God and toward man; the latter cannot exist without the former. And, oh, how many divisions in churches, contentions in families, sorrows and heartburnings in every relation of life, may be traced to the want of a meek spirit toward God and man.—May we not say that the whole Epistle of James, and the exhortations which conclude all the epistles, based upon the doctrine stated at their commencement, are generally and grievously treated with contempt for want of meekness in those to whom they are written? Take, for example, that one precept, “Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed.” What righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost are unpossessed by the children of God, because they are not meek enough to obey this divine direction. What contentment with such things as we have; what condescending to men of low estate; what avoidance of foolish talking and jesting which are not convenient; what restoration of others, considering ourselves lest we also be tempted, characterize a spirit truly meek.

We are by nature so impregnated with Santanic pride, that no grace is so difficult of attainment as this of meekness. There is, in this respect, a universal need to confess our faults one to another, and to pray one for another, that we may be healed of the leprosy of pride; and if these lines are by the Holy Ghost, made a blessing to any soul, the writer asks in return, prayer that he may be clothed with humility, and ornamented with a meek and quiet spirit.

“The privilege of prayer!” Do not some feel that the *burden* of prayer, the *obligation*, the *duty*, would be a truer name for it? Do not some of you feel, that to call it a *privilege* is just to give a *pleasant* name to an irksome thing?

## THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

## CHAPTER IV.

\* There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt.—ECCLES. v. 13.

“Your riches are corrupt, and your garments are moth-eaten.”—JAS. v. 2.

While Walter's career at college inspired the hope of speedy relief from the pecuniary pressure it had caused at home, in the attainment of some lucrative position, his sisters were gradually improving under the affectionate and careful instruction of their parents; and as Mrs. Severn and her daughters sat together at their pleasant window, working and reading by turns, a casual observer might have supposed, from the peaceful expression of each countenance, that no cause of disquiet interrupted the calm tenor of their lives. Yet a letter to Mr. Severn had recently warned him of the effect of intense study on the constitution of his son, and an earnest entreaty to return home for relaxation and change had been despatched in the names of all who loved him there.

Another source of uneasiness lay in the deceitful light that shone in Esther's eyes, and the fitful bloom which played on her cheek; and now and then she caught her mother's glance, as she resumed her work, after a long gaze into the blue sky, whither some secret aspiration had ascended from her warm and earnest heart.

Does thoughtlessness or unbelief ask why sorrow, pain, or death should intrude upon such scenes of peaceful love, where the grace of God has effected the translation of the soul from the power of Satan to the kingdom of Christ? God himself has condescended to assign reasons in his word. By the many avenues of affection which sin laid open to assault, the human heart is tenderly and keenly sensitive to sorrow. “To feel sorrow is not to sin, for Jesus wept; and to sorrow gently in earnest desire to profit under chastening, is “godly sorrow” not to be repented of; and though for the present it is not “joyous, but grievous,” yet “afterwards it yielded the peaceable fruit of righteousness,”\* and the sufferer, weaned from some absorbing

tie, is at last enabled to whisper in the ear of sustaining Love, “It is good for me that I have been afflicted;”† and again, “Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit;”‡ “Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.”§

Is the trial poverty and privation? Then patience and contentment are fair fruits in the Husbandman's sight. Is it pain and weariness of body? Then meekness and endurance, in uncomplaining faith, hang gracefully on the living branch. Is it the crush of cherished hopes, the removal of precious friends, the severing of dear earthly bonds? Oh! is not the covenant of everlasting love “ordered in all things and sure?” and is not part of its provision that “all things work together for good to them that love God?” ¶ “He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?”‡

But higher still. His glory is very dear those who know that Jesus died for them; and the believer remembers the Spirit's words, who said, that they who live by virtue of that death “should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.”|| “And rose again!” and now within the veil, as the great High Priest bearing on his breast the names he loves, and touched with a feeling of all their infirmities, he reigns on the throne of grace, dispensing “help in time of need.”§ So that whatever their appointed tribulations in the world, “in him they have peace.” “Peace,” he said, “I leave with you, *my peace* I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”¶ And under this soothing influence they are enabled to “glory in tribulation also;”\*\*\* and “although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; though the fields shall yield no meat; and the flock shall be cut off from the fold,” and “many sorrows” besides may afflict the righteous, yet do they “rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of their salva-

\* Gen. cxi. 71.

† John xv. 2, 5.

‡ Rom. viii. 32.

§ 2 Cor. v. 15.

¶ Heb. iv. 16.

|| John xli. 27.

\*\*\* Rom. v. 3.

\* Heb. xii. 11.

tion.\* Such might be the meditations of some of the little party as they pondered on the passage of Helen's book, which treated of "things that accompany salvation."

Suddenly, however, a youthful rider, with glowing cheek, and hair streaming in the breeze, reined up her pony at the garden gate, and throwing the bridle to the servant who attended her, sprang to the ground and advanced to the house.

"It is Miss Croyden," said Helen. How gay and bright she looks!" and hastening to meet her, they entered the room together.

"How are you, dear Esther? Helen thinks you are much better," exclaimed Mabel; and without waiting for a reply, she proceeded— "I am so glad, because I want you to come to the Lodge to-morrow. It will be my birth-day, and at last I have teased papa to break the seals, and surrender the keys of my long-promised treasures. It is quite a year sooner than I really expected, and I am half wild with delight; but I have persuaded him that I am really old enough to be trusted now. It will be like 'coming of age,' you know, and you must not refuse to come. I am sure you will allow them, Mrs. Severn.

'Certainly, my love, if Esther feels well enough.'

'But, mamma,' said Helen, 'suppose Walter should come to-morrow; and we should not like to leave you alone. Miss Croyden will excuse us when she hears of our anxiety.'

'Oh, don't disappoint me,' said the young lady, her gaiety subsiding; 'you know papa allows me to associate with so few young people, and I want you to be pleased with all my beautiful things.'

'But poor Walter may be very ill,' said Esther.

'Suppose we arrange it thus,' said Mrs. Severn: "Should no news arrive to-morrow to increase our apprehensions, and if Miss Croyden will permit me also to witness her pleasure, we will all spend a few hours with her at the Lodge, returning home in time to receive our traveler, should he really arrive, and also thus guard Esther from the danger of the evening air."

'That will do delightfully,' said Mabel: 'you are always kind, though you do lecture me sometimes.'

'And if I should presume to do so to-morrow,' said Mrs. Severn, smiling, 'will you forgive me?'

'What, on my birthday? No lectures on my birthday; I shall not have a moment to listen to them,' returned Mabel playfully. 'Then will you all come very early, for I shall be in a fever of impatience. Poor Walter! indeed I am very sorry he is ill; what a pity he is so fond of books!'

The sorrow was evidently not very deep, for in the next moment she was skipping over the lawn, humming a tune, and mounting the pretty pony, cantered away.

'Dear mamma!' exclaimed Helen, 'I cannot help wondering at your willingness to go and see Mabel's 'treasures,' as she calls them. I don't think I care much about them.'

'Nor I,' said Esther; 'but perhaps mamma thinks we ought to feel sympathy in Mabel's pleasure.'

'She did not manifest much in our anxiety,' said Helen.

'My dear girls, have you not found that before we can weep with those that weep we must know something of sorrow ourselves? And Mabel has perhaps never been under further trial than that of a hard lesson, or a rainy day. We can nevertheless rejoice with her; and I really do wish to be with her on this occasion, for I knew her dear mother, and if I can find an opportunity to say for her what she would have said for herself were she present, my visit will not have been in vain.'

'But, mamma, is it not encouraging Mabel in silly love for things that will not confer any real benefit upon her? She has always seemed to covet these jewels more for their own sakes than because they belonged to her mother.'

'I think she knows us well enough to appreciate the reason of our interests, Helen; and her volatility is such that she will tire of them as a child of its toy after the novelty has subsided. I expect in a week she will wonder that there is neither increase of happiness nor satisfaction in her new possessions.'

The next morning Mabel received her

\* Hab. iii. 17, 18,

visitors with an ecstasy of delight, and accompanied by them, with her father and governess, led the way to the scene of triumph.

'Mabel little imagines the pang she is inflicting on me to-day,' observed Mr. Croyden to Mrs. Severn, who was deeply pained at the transports of the thoughtless girl, and stepping forward whispered a gentle remonstrance—

'Mabel, my child,' said she 'you have no idea of the train of painful thought you are reawakening in your father's mind. Remember that he has never touched one of these memorials of your beloved mother, perhaps has scarcely entered her room, since her body was born from it to the grave.'

Mabel turned with instant seriousness, and shocked at the expression of woe on her father's countenance, she arrested his further progress, while the tears sprang to her eyes. 'Oh, papa, let us leave it for to-day; I will wait, indeed I will. I cannot bear to let you go there now.'

But he drew her arm within his own, and proceeded with a resolute step. 'It shall be done now, Mabel, and it will then rest with your discretion to accustom me to see you adorned with memorials of the loss we both sustained.'

It was impossible to repress the returning joy and satisfaction with which Mabel beheld the great seals broken, and the key applied to those mirror doors where she had so often exercised her imagination on the treasures they concealed. And now her heart beat with anticipation of the immediate realization of the dreams of her childhood, and drawing her young friends forward on either side, she gazed in breathless suspense. A moment more and the lock yielded, the doors flew open.

But where is language to describe the scene?

Mr. Croyden stepped back in shocked surprise, and Mabel gazed at him and at the vacant shelves by turns, stupified at the astounding disclosure. Immediately drawers and chest were rapidly opened and explored, with the same mysterious result, and then a furious peal of bells summoned the whole domestic staff to the room, to be examined on the spot concerning the re-

morless thief who had rifled the depositories of their valuable contents.

But all professed utter ignorance of the matter; and Mr. Croyden retired to the library to collect, if possible, the names of servants who had left the Lodge subsequent to the death of its late mistress, in the hope of tracing out and punishing the guilty author of the unexpected depredation.

Helen and Esther, in sincere pity for Mabel's disappointment, obeyed their mother's sign to depart also; and Mrs. Severn turned in tender interest to the couch where she lay sobbing with rage and mortification.

'Oh! Mrs. Severn,' she exclaimed, 'I cannot be comforted. How cruel to rob me of my mother's property!'

'Some one has laid a burden on his or her conscience which will prove a torment or more cruel than your disappointment, dear Mabel.'

'I hope so indeed,' she replied energetically. 'I do hope papa will find out the thief. Oh, Mademoiselle, is there nothing left? Do feel along those shelves, and try if there may not be some little thing that belonged to dear mamma.'

Mademoiselle, who had been compassionating the state of affairs in French, willingly obeyed, and dived at once along a shelf level with her face, where a colony of moths had taken peaceable possession of some remnants of furs, and whence her sudden invasion of their repose roused a cloud of dust, and startled the whole settlement into a flutter. 'Bah!' exclaimed Mademoiselle, retreating in disgust; 'they are as bad as the thief. Mais, voilà ma chère, I felt something. I will try again.'

And again she advanced to the assault, and drew from a mass of rubbish a small morocco case.

Mabel rushed towards it with a scream of delight. 'It is, it must be one of the caskets,' she cried, seizing the prize; but a doubt succeeded as she unclosed the clasp, and blank disappointment again settled on her countenance as she drew forth her mother's Bible.

Mademoiselle having completed the search, and pronounced that there was nothing worth a sou remaining, disappeared, leaving Mrs. Severn alone with Mabel and the Bible.

'If it had only been one basket!' said Mabel.

'It is your mother's lamp, dear child,' said Mrs. Severn,—'the light to her path; and it is the casket to whence, with the key of prayer, she daily adorned herself with lovely ornaments, in the sight of God of great price. Here, after all, is that which she valued most, and here she learned the secret of the happiness she is enjoying now.'

'But I could have fifty Bibles if I please,' said Mabel pettishly.

'True, but you never will find one presented to your heart in such striking contrast as this to-day. It seems to say to you as a message from the better world where its dear owner dwells, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon earth, where moth and rust do corrupt and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourself treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.'\*

'Oh, Mrs. Severn, I am too young to think about that at present.'

'Nay, dear Mabel, for you are not too young to realize the fact that the great enemy of God and man has robbed you of the holiness without which you cannot live in heaven, and the peace without which you cannot be happy on earth. This precious book tells of One who can restore both; of Jesus who was 'made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him,' and presented again faultless before his Father with exceeding joy; of Jesus who bestows 'peace that passeth understanding,' in the pardon of our sins, in the renewal of our hearts by his Holy Spirit and a life of affectionate obedience to his will and example. He was all this to your mother, Mabel—will you not try to tread in her steps?'

'I—I hope so, Mrs. Severn,' hesitated Mabel; 'but I cannot help being very disappointed and grieved at my great and cruel loss. Mamma had all these things as well as her Bible, and so ought I.'

'There is no impropriety in such possessions, and your kind father will supply you with all that are suitable to your position in life; therefore, in fact, this loss is in a great measure reparable. The loss to

which I have alluded is real and irreparable, except in God's own appointed way, which is so easy and so happy that I long to see you accept it. And one of its peculiar attractions is, that it offers the sweetest comfort and the most satisfying joy to those who are disappointed and grieved at the uncertainty and inconstancy of all earthly possessions and pleasures. It appeals to you at this moment in beautiful contrast with the failure of youthful hopes long cherished, and the loss of valued treasures supposed to be secure. It is not by chance that this book remains, dear Mabel. May its precious truths, which abide for ever, and are so immovable as their glorious Author, be your heart's resting place amidst the joys and sorrows, the changes and changes of this mortal life.'

As the keenness of first feelings subsided, Mabel's active thoughts suggested a new idea. Her desire for ornaments and jewels had been associated with the wish to resemble her mother in the personal attractions of which she had heard such glowing descriptions from her nurse. The part her ornaments had played in the tout-ensemble was now impracticable; and gazing into the mirror, she began to think that after all there was no absolute connexion between beauty and jewelry. She had never been told that she bore the gentle, placid fairness of her mother's countenance, but she could trace a strong resemblance in her own features to those of her father, and she considered that he looked handsome enough without ornaments of any kind.

'My dear Mabel,' said he kindly, soon after the occurrences of this memorable day, 'you have behaved exceedingly well about your disappointment, and I will purchase for you whatever ornaments you prefer, to remedy in some degree your loss. Let me know what kind will please you best. I have already ordered a watch and appendages; but you must choose between pearls and emeralds, or other descriptions of jewelry for yourself.'

These names sounded pleasant and pretty, and Mabel's resolution for a moment wavered.

'I shall be delighted with the watch, papa, and am very grateful to you for thinking of it; but—but for the other things—'

\*Matt. vi. 19, 20.

I cannot judge yet what I am sure to like best; and so if you please, papa, I am for the present inclined to set jewelry at defiance.'

It was not difficult for even an indulgent parent to understand the meaning of the complacent smile which played from the eye and lip of the young speaker; nor was it wonderful that he also thought she could dispense with 'the foreign aid of ornament.' So Mabel surrendered herself for a short period again to her studies and instructors; and Mr. Croyden commenced a fruitless search for the stolen property.

### CHAPTER V.

"Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."—JER. ix. 23, 24.

Walter Severn having, as he imagined, recovered from the languor and weakness induced by intense study, declined the earnest and affectionate invitation of his friends, and applied his whole energies to the attainment of his desires. The highest honours of his university were just now the goal of his ambition; human applause for past efforts added their stimulus to the present, and the idea of being hindered and thwarted in his triumphant career by the pain or weariness of a body that should be slave instead of master, was too ignoble and mortifying to be endured.

Mark Leighton warned and watched in vain, and his worst fears received their terrible confirmation, when in a moment of gratifying success, while the eyes of admiring professors were fixed upon the persevering and aspiring student, his eyes closed, his tongue faltered, and his exhausted frame was indebted to the aid of friendly arms to reach his room in safety.

Then came long and prostrating illness, aggravated by a rebellious will and disappointed ambition; and when able to bear removal he had determined to be independent of the world, to confer instead of receive obligation, was borne home a helpless burden, to inflict on those he had pur-

posed to comfort and ennoble the keenest pang of sorrow they had ever known.

After a time he was able again to rise, and recline at the window or on the lawn. But the listless mind, the languid smile, and feeble voice, long proved the shock that nature had sustained; and when bodily strength was in a measure restored, the absence of a proportionate return of mental vigour became painfully apparent. It was only for a very short space that he conversed with intelligence and coherence, and then becoming indistinct and imbecile, he seemed to realize the fact of inability to pursue his train of thought, and bursting into tears would weep himself to rest in childlike slumber.

Thus to the overtaxed energies that lately mocked at difficulties, 'the grasshopper was a burden' ere life had reached its prime, and the effort to grasp at happiness and wisdom, independently of their only true and satisfying source, was checked in the moment of anticipated gratification; the shadow disappeared, and the powers that pursued it were exhausted.

Mr. and Mrs. Severn mourned over the melancholy wreck, and the sisters, who had fondly hoped for different things for their much-loved brother, were the last to yield credit to his real condition. But as successive weeks and months passed away, and no improvement appeared, they were compelled to resign their hope, and share the sad duty of watching over his safety, and following him in his wayward wanderings.

In the mean time the expenses of Walter's illness had pressed heavily on his father's slender income. Esther's delicacy of health demanded many indulgences and attentions which it now became difficult to supply; and Helen beheld with pain the rigid self-denial of her admirable mother, which she vainly endeavored to prevent by greater self-denial of her own. She was thoughtful and considerate, and resolved to leave no effort untried which promised mitigation of the pressure that now increased the trials of those she so dearly loved.

'Ah, if Mr. Croyden had but built the new church!' thought she, as her mind retraced the causes of their present distress; but he did not, and therefore it is useless to think of what might have been, unless through negligence or omission of my own

duty I had to learn a lesson for the future. If poor Walter had not worked himself ill! But he has done so, and I must look at facts without repining at their causes. Now I could but do something to assist; and why not? I have received a substantial, if not a fashionable education. I have been taught by the Spirit of God, and the example of Jesus, that real love to God and my dear parents is not a profession in words, or a mere feeling hidden in the heart; it is, or ought to be, activity and practice. Surely I can, I ought, I will do something; and now what shall it be? 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'

'What are you thinking of, Helen?' said Mr. Severn, startling his daughter from a reverie, in which the expression of her countenance had suddenly changed from stern resolve to gentle waiting submission.

'Dear papa, come and walk with me, and I will tell you,' and they walked away out of sight from the cottage.

'Walter does not improve, papa.'

'He does not, Helen; and we should live in constant recognition of God's forgiving love in the gift of his own dear Son, that we may never be tempted to repine under chastening that can proceed only from the same love.'

'Esther is not well either,' continued Helen; and she thought her father's lip quivered for a moment as he replied—

'That also is true; but Esther is a sincere believer in our dear Redeemer, and we must not forget that heaven is her home, nor that praise should mingle with our mourning if she were called there soon.'

'Oh, papa!' said Helen, trembling with apprehension, 'do you indeed think her life in danger?'

'Not immediately, dear Helen; but our kind medical friends have been observing her during their attendance on your brother, and they fear she will gradually decline, unless——' Here he paused, and wished he could recall the word.

'Unless what? Oh, dear papa, will you not tell me the hope?'

'Unless we could give her the profit of a change of climate, which you know dearest we cannot do. Therefore it is our duty

to dismiss all ifs, and patiently abide the will of God.'

'He often works out his will by human means,' said Helen.

'But if he does not give the means, we should believe that it is not his will to use or bless them,' said Mr. Severn.

'But, dear papa, may we not endeavor to attain them? Perhaps you could exchange your duties for those of some kind clergyman who lives in the better climate. Only think—her life! my sister's life! our dear, dear Esther!'

'Be calm my Helen, and be assured that I have not neglected this and other efforts to attain the means, but no way yet appears. Our duty is to be still and wait upon our God.'

'But I too have thought of something,' said Helen earnestly, 'and I feel now encouraged to ask your approval and help in my project. Dear papa, I am strong and well, and know enough to venture on the instruction of little children. If I could be a governess I could assist you a little, and how happy I should be to do it!'

The father pressed the hand that leaned confidently upon his arm, and looked on the earnest face that pleaded for his approval of the plan. She was indeed the only one of his children blessed with health, but, as he thought, far too fragile and tender for

—the world's stern field of battle,  
Or the bivouac of life.'

Yet he understood her feelings and motives' and dared not suffer parental weakness to crush these energies of mind and will which were rising to the providential emergencies she saw around her. How knew he but that God himself might be working within her 'to will and to do of his own good pleasure?' Thousands, nurtured tenderly on the bosom of home affections, were doing the same, and were honoured to lead the steps of childhood in the way of life. He had trained his daughter to be Christ's servant, and to the direction of such a Master he fearlessly committed her.

The calm judgment of her Christian mother also took the same view. Mrs. Severn remembered, when her fair child reposed an infant in her arms, how earnestly she had desired to shield her from every evil and as she grew up, affectionate and

sensitive, talented and attractive, how intensely she had sought to guard her from worldly contact, and to retain her within the holy influences of a Christian home. And now that her prayers were answered, her obedience to God's precepts blessed, and his Spirit had taken possession of her heart, ere the world had opportunity to captivate and ensnare, she saw that the way of further activity and usefulness in some path of life must soon be suggested to her mind; and to check the indications of that way because it was not the one which jealous earthly love would have selected, were at once ungrateful and inconsistent.

To see her elevated and admired, independent and beloved, would have been gratifying to the natural heart, and an object for which mothers often toil and strive: but to see her the humble consistent follower of Jesus, toiling patiently and enduring uncomplainingly, though perhaps neglected because of her dependence, or forgotten because of her poverty, yet all the while sustained by a noble motive, and comforted by a hidden peace, which the world's favour could not give, nor its frown take away—this was precious to the Christian mother: this elevated her love with the consciousness of Divine sympathy, and soothed her under the prospect of separation from present society and attention which recent circumstances had rendered doubly acceptable.

Helen's wishes being made known at the Lodge, Mademoiselle, who was kindly interested in one about to enter on the same duties as those which had furnished herself with comfortable subsistence for many years, offered the benefit of her instructions in certain languages and accomplishments, until the much desired situation should be obtained.

But time passed on—Walter was not better, Esther was not worse. Strict economy and self-denial on the part of those who enjoyed health enabled the invalids still to receive many indulgencies, the cost of which they never knew; but the temporary change desired for Esther was still impracticable, and Helen began to fear that no means of contributing to it were in store for her, when an unexpected occurrence revived her hopes.

'News, news for you, Helen!' exclaimed

Mabel Croyden, abruptly entering the sitting room of the parsonage one morning. 'Some lady has heard of you through our relative who was visiting Helme this summer and wishes to offer you the instruction of her children. Now if you and she are disposed to be amicable, you can travel with papa and me when we go to town, where I told you I am to spend the season with Mrs. B——.'

Why Helen should wish to leave home to be a governess was a mystery to Miss Croyden, which she had never thought of attempting to fathom; and her satisfaction in making this communication was simply caused by the assurance that it would give pleasure to her friend. She had not at first perceived that Walter Severn was reclining on the couch, and for the first time since his illness he rose to recognise her presence.

'You have perhaps forgotten me, Miss Croyden,' said he, 'but I have not forgotten my impertinent contempt of a certain monument in the old abbey, and have learned to pay more respect to those who carved their way to fame, whatever road they took. May I ask the purport of your visit to London?'

'I am going to be introduced, I believe,' replied Mabel.

'To whom?'

'To the world, to society, to anybody worth knowing, I suppose.'

'And does that anticipation gratify you?'

'Oh yes, it delights me; I have been only existing here until the happy day should arrive.'

'Ah, then, take care lest you are baffled in the moment of attaining your object. I had an object in life once; I thought I was a king, and would rule in the region of mind, but my kingdom vanished from me—mind and memory are no more at my control, and I am lost—lost!—a Nebuchadnezzar, a Babel! Helen will tell you about it. Go, Helen, tell her—the world, empty—life, a blank!'

Helen hurried Mabel away, lest she should witness the painful consequences of the failing effort to follow out his idea; but the plaintive lamentation had touched Mabel's heart, and she wondered if it were possible that 'the world' on which she was about to enter could have in reserve any disappointment for her.



Helen immediately entered into a correspondence with Mrs. Gresford of Green Lawn, which resulted in an engagement, and she was to meet her future pupils in town, where the family were about to spend the ensuing months. Mrs. Gresford had graciously waived the inconvenience of Miss Severn's religious training, in consideration, she privately said, of the respectability of the connexion, and regard for the channel through which she had been introduced; and moreover, because she had remarked that the children of over-righteous people seldom followed the devices of their fanatical parents; and therefore Miss Severn, in her gratitude for an escape from the restraints of home, would probably be peculiarly manageable, and susceptible of initiation into the ways of the fashionable world where, though not destined to play any part herself, it was necessary that she should understand what was desirable for those who were.

Mr. Severn, too, had made his inquiries concerning this lady and her family, and regretted that nothing more in harmony with his daughter's principles had offered to the acceptance, but he conjectured that the gay world would present few attractions to a young dependent in the house of a fashionable woman. Besides which a relative of his former pupil Mark Leighton, was a visitor and often an inmate of the family, and Helen might possibly make a valuable friend. He therefore yielded to her entreaties, and Helen departed from the beloved ones for whose sake the sacrifice was made, to seek a home among strangers, and to enter upon new and responsible cares and duties.

'My father in heaven will watch over me; I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,' murmured she in her mother's ear, as she withdrew from the last embrace, concealing from all but the God who was guiding her away the emotions that struggled in her heart.

Mr. Croyden's pride was somewhat chafed to find himself, through his daughter's inconsiderate proposition, the guardian of a governess to her situation, as well as of a belle to her conquests; but Mabel had not seen the matter in any light but that of a kindness to Helen, which would also secure to herself a travelling companion more sus-

ceptible of enjoyment and conversation than her own silent and reserved parent.

And now the long-desired day had arrived, and under the auspicious care of her father's relative, the honourable Mrs. B——, Mabel was introduced to the gaities and captivations of 'the fashionable world.' Mrs. B—— had a daughter for whom she had performed the duties of chaperone the preceeding winter, and as the young lady's debut had resulted in an advantageous engagement with the heir to a title, there was no impediment of maternal jealousy to the presentation of a fair and wealthy young companion to the admiration and homage of her distinguished circle.

Mabel was soon initiated into the mysteries of style and toilette, and being as much intent on pleasing herself as in securing the approbation of others, she yielded to the natural volatility of her spirits, and enjoyed herself with all her might. It did indeed seem, for a time, that the dream of her childish life was realized, and that some new pleasure was prepared for each succeeding day.

One evening, being early at a party, she retired to a quiet corner where she could amuse herself by observing the various arrivals, and where a gentleman somewhat past middle life, of pleasant and easy manners joined her, after conversation with their hostess, whose attention was demanded elsewhere.

'May I take the liberty to fancy myself an acquaintance,' said he smiling, 'and ask if weariness has driven you into this solitary corner, to avoid the crowd which will presently throng the room?'

'Far from it,' replied Mabel; 'I am all anticipation yet, for such scenes are new to me.'

'Then perhaps you merely design to examine into the nature of the world's pomps and pleasures, before you try your influence in recalling its devotees to the better purpose for which man was made.'

'How shall I fall in your estimation by confessing that, on the contrary, I come to be moulded to its fashions, and to adopt all the pleasures it presents to my enjoyment?'

'I had not decidedly exalted you to any great elevation, therefore be not alarmed at a fall. But are you satisfied with the real-

ity of what you see? Is it abiding happiness that moves amidst these feathery crowds, and sparkles in jewels and flowers to the sounds of mirth and music?

'I am very happy myself,' replied Mabel, laughing; 'Why should I doubt the happiness of others, or suppose that people meet in masquerade? Pardon me for remarking that your own is the gravest face in the room, for this, I see is not your atmosphere for smiles.'

'And yet if hearts could be weighed, we might learn a useful lesson. I happened to overhear a remark just now from one of the blindest of the smiling dames before you, which revealed a load of mortification and disappointment. And here also stands a flattering spendthrift, whose chief satisfaction arises from the fact that he is safe for a few hours from arrest and may perchance insinuate himself into the favour of some unconscionable heiress, whose fortune may restore his ease.'

'I must not suppose you speak without knowledge of your subject,' said Mabel, 'but I may hope that these are two painful exceptions to the rule.'

'If you had ever studied the root of that rare and costly plant, 'heart's-ease,' you would not expect to find its flowers on thorns, its fruit on thistles," said the stranger.

'Then may I ask why you come among thorns and thistles, when such contact is distasteful to you, and where, if there be pleasure, you cannot realize it?'

'I did not say there is no pleasure; but pleasure is not happiness. Pleasure compared with happiness is as reflection compared with the sun. The one is kindled by favouring circumstances, and lives and dies as the beam is felt or obscured; the other shines on in uninterrupted peace and beauty, whatever storms may beat below. Pleasure may be of the earth, happiness can only be of God. But to reply to your inquiry, which proves your respect for consistency, I must inform you that I came as the escort of a friend who is visiting an invalid of the family in her retirement. When she has concluded her visit, we depart together.'

'Exulting in your superiority over the gay crowd you leave behind,' said Mabel, flippantly.

'On the contrary,' said the stranger

kindly, but seriously, 'we shall regret that so many, with talents, and energies probably superior to our own, should, by the tastes they cultivate and the pursuits they enjoy, prove themselves 'lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God;' and while thankful for the grace that has made us to differ, hope for the time when they also may learn the secret which influences us.' And bowing respectfully he turned away.

Mabel felt depressed for a moment, but rallied to meet an advancing bevy of young ladies.

'A conquest! a conquest!' exclaimed one. 'Who would have thought that grave old bean could be overcome at last?'

'Ah, but it is to no purpose said Miss B——, 'for Mabel will not capitulate to anything but a coronet, and Mr. Leighton has only a paltry estate in some dreary region where nothing lively and beautiful could exist.'

'But he has an inheritance that faileth not away, and a crown reserved in heaven,' said a sweet voice from behind the group. All started and made way for a graceful-looking young woman whose modest simplicity of dress and manner contrasted with those of the full-dressed belles around her.

'You here, Dora!' exclaimed several voices at once.

'Yes, I have come to request an introduction to Miss Croymden before I leave, as I have not yet had an opportunity of meeting her.'

Miss B—— immediately complied, and Mabel was charmed with the appearance of her new acquaintance, and the few words of kindness she had time to utter. But soon she excused herself, paid her respects to the lady of the mansion, and taking the arm of the extraordinary stranger, they disappeared together.

'Who are they? what are they?' exclaimed Mabel to her young friends.

'They are uncle and niece,' replied Miss B——. 'It is seldom they are to be met anywhere but in some school or alley, where you and I are not likely to seek them. Mr. Leighton is so odd, we are determined to hate him, and so kind, we cannot do it honestly. And Dora is as much his facsimile as one so thoroughly lady-like can be. They go about the

world like spirits whose home is elsewhere, who have an elfish message to deliver, and are gone. But doubtless you had a specimen, Mabel, for I saw Mr. Leighton conversing with you.

'Yes, he almost made me melancholy. Surely Miss Leighton is considered beautiful, is she not?'

'She is of that opinion herself,' said another young lady who was related to the subject of discussion. 'I said to her once, "It is too bad that you should be both handsome and rich, when you do not appreciate such possessions. I wish I were equally favoured." She did not even blush, but quietly replied, "You would then be responsible for two important talents, which should be used for the Giver's glory; but instead of coveting mine, Clara, think if you are not proportionately endowed with gifts perhaps more valuable in some other way."'

'Really, what astonishing conceit!' exclaimed one.

'I should never think myself handsome, whatever others might think,' cried another.

'You would not let others know your thought you mean,' said Miss B——, 'but I will do Miss Leighton the justice to say, that I never heard her accused of pride or affectation, and it surely is affectation to pretend ignorance of what everybody sees to be a fact. Miss Leighton's oddity consists in quiet consciousness of her attractions, without being proud or conceited about them. I would advise you to get her receipt for this phenomenon, Mabel, before you are spoiled.' And, with various feelings, the young party dispersed to their amusements.

'It is very entertaining to hear Miss B—— taking the part of my singular cousin,' said Clara Gresford to Miss Croden, 'I do not believe she would have done so last season.'

'Why not?' asked Mabel, not comprehending the insinuation.

'Do you not observe that she can now afford to be generous and philosophical, and to scatter oracular warnings among her friends?' returned the young lady, smilingly directing Mabel's attention to Miss B——, who was at that moment met

by several members of the noble family with which she was soon to be connected.

'Such a reason is unnecessary to generous vindication of your interesting cousin,' said Mabel, 'when it appears that she voluntarily excludes herself from the admiration she deserves. I have seen no one so lovely or so natural since I came to town; she does not seem to know or to heed who may be observing her, and such dignity and self-possession cannot be the result of habit, because you say she rarely visits in fashionable society. How can she have acquired it?'

'Dora has great depth of character,' coldly, replied Clara.

'Of what kind, I wonder?' thought Mabel: but she did not press the subject. Clara was right; assuredly Dora had depth of character.

*To be continued.*

## WHICH.

'The angels of God point upward to glory, where the palm is waved in victory! The lost angels point downward to perdition, where the undying worm gnaws for ever! Reader, your body will soon be in the coffin, and your soul will soon be winging its flight to heaven or hell. Angelic spirits will bear you to Abraham's bosom, and you will sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, to enjoy for ever the society of the glorified Church, with Christ at the head of the feast, shedding his glory on all the guests; or you will be hurled like fates, bound in bundles to be burned, into the pit which hath no bottom, where you will cry in vain for a drop of water to cool your parched tongue, and for ever will have to weep and wail and gnash your teeth in agony unending.

## WHICH ?

O, which shall it be? There is no middle course: you *must* be with Jesus where He is, to behold his glory, or you *must* be cast into the lakes which burneth with fire and brimstone! Jesus will either say to you, "Come ye blessed," or "Depart ye cursed;" He will either award you the kingdom, or condemn you to the place prepared for the devil and his angels.

## WHICH ?

O which, dear reader, of the two shall be your portion? Sin is the easy road to ruin,

you have but to follow it and you will meet your due reward. Christ is the way to heaven whosoever believeth in Him shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of His hands. Sin and Satan—are these your choice? or does the Holy Spirit lead you to lay hold on Christ Jesus and his salvation. Friend sit down and ask thyself

## WHICH?

—*Sword and Trowel Tracts.*

## BLESSEDNESS.

There are multitudes who are looking for happiness in some favourable and hoped for change of circumstances. While thus longing for happiness, as something not to be expected in the troubled present, but which may be hoped for in the more fortunate future, it never occurs to them that something better than happiness might be secured even under present circumstances.

A clergyman, while delivering a series of discourses especially rich in Christian doctrine and experience, often used the term blessedness. One of his hearers, struck by the frequent use of this term, remarked to him, "Where many use the word happiness, you speak of blessedness."

"There is a wide difference between the two," was the reply. "If you should see a boy at play on the village green, you would call him happy, but you would not think of calling him blessed." The derivation of the word happiness suggests something external and beyond our control, a fortunate, or, in common language, a lucky event. It suggests also the idea of dependence upon these external circumstances. Not so of blessedness. We may say of blessedness what another has said of joy, "It is not the bliss of condition, but of character."

Reader, cease to look too eagerly for happiness in external circumstances and conditions. Cease your vain hopes and longing to find it in the guise of some good fortune which may yet befall you. Be assured that you can never find satisfaction by drinking of the streams which flows past your dwelling. At one time you may bring from thence a cup which fills your soul with pleasurable excitement, but the next time you take your cup to the stream you may find that some bitter herb has been infused into its waters, causing you to turn from them in loathing and disgust.

Jesus says of the water that he gives, "It shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Jesus alone can open a perennial fountain of blessedness in your

soul, a fountain whose gushing waters can transform the most sterile desert of outward circumstances into a fertile garden. Look unto Him for more than happiness. He can give you blessedness.—*American Messenger.*

## "THE LETTER."

It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge by many, and by his own master among the rest, but it seemed to be without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the gospel by writing a note asking him to come to see him at six o'clock after he left "the work."

He came promptly with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room, his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?" James was confounded, and, holding up the note requesting him to come, said, "The letter! *The Letter!*" "Oh," said his master, "I see you believed that I wanted to see you; and when I sent you the message you came at once."

"Surely Sir! Surely Sir?" replied James.

"Well, see here is another letter sending for you by one equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it.

James took the paper, and began to read slowly—"*Come—unto—me—all—ye—that labour,*" &c. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and, like to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket-pocket, grasped his large red handkerchief with which he covered his face, and there he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired—

"Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "*If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater.*" This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Calvary, and walk in the narrow way.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation, be persuaded to believe God when He speaks to you in His Word, in the same way you would credit the word of an honourable man, and you will obtain peace through the precious blood of Christ. "*He cannot deny Himself.*"

## CONSTANT JOY.

REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

"Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say: Rejoice."—PHILIP, iv. 4.

Rejoice in the keynote of creation. Joy should be our normal, habitual condition. We were made for it. Our Maker is eternally blessed and happy Himself, and He wishes all His creatures to be the same. Even we like to see all about us looking cheerful and happy. You remember how king Artaxerxes challenged Nehemiah, when burdened by his people's afflictions, he looked sad in his presence. Why is thy countenance sad? And so the blessed God wishes all about Him to rejoice before Him, and serve Him with gladness. I am often rebuked by the happiness of the lower creatures the song of the lark, the gambols of the lamb, and the quiet satisfaction of the older animals, when, having fed to the full, they lie down to ruminate and prolong their enjoyment. Yet things are not with them as at the beginning. The world which they inhabit suffered by the fall; they have suffered themselves; they are subject to bondage, and sinful man has become their tyrant. Still, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, how happy they are! We also were made for joy. God's purpose was, that we should glorify Him and enjoy Him for ever. What a noble end it was! But we came short of the glory, and so came short of the joy. Yet the original command comes to us. Rejoice, rejoice! You say, How can we rejoice? We are sinful, weak, dying, full of cares and sorrows, with frail bodies and infirm minds. Is not bidding us rejoice like Pharaoh: calling for bricks without straw? No; our God is not like Pharaoh. When He gives a command He always gives the means, and power and grace to obey.

What is the spring of a saint's joy? It is the Lord. Rejoice in the Lord. This is evidently Christ. He is the Consolation. He has come to take away the causes of our sorrow, and to give more than the original causes of joy. When He came, angels said, "Behold we bring you glad tidings of great joy." Many had tried before Him to stop the springs of human sorrow, or to modify and sweeten their bitter streams. But they never got to the bottom of the evil; they could never put away the real cause of all our woe—sin, death, the curse, the wrath. They could not heal the breach between the sinner and God; they could not enable him again to joy in God, and draw water out of the fountain of life. But Christ has done

all this. He has made an end of sin, taken away the curse, destroyed death, vanquished the great enemy, made peace with God, and brought back favour and eternal life. He took our burdens, sins and sorrows, and so He became a sorrowful, weary, dying man. But all that is past, and He is now made most blessed for ever with the light of God's countenance and the powers of an endless life. Receiving, using, feeding on Him, we share His blessedness. It is a significant circumstance to find the angels saying to Mary at the empty grave, "Woman, why weepest thou?" and then to find the Master reiterating the inquiry, "Woman, why weepest thou?" and then, again, to find Him overtaking the two on the way to Emmaus, and saying, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?" It seems as if Heaven thought that there should be nothing but joy in a world so highly favoured. "Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth, and break forth, into singing, O mountains; for the Lord had comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted." Oh, what a change it makes upon a poor sinner when he finds Christ! There is a new peace in his conscience, a new joy in his heart, a new song in his mouth. He is in a new world. The sun is brighter, the sky clearer, the face of nature fairer. His common mercies are doubly blessed. He eats his meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God. Even things that before seemed evil are sweetened and blessed. Trial becomes privilege, temptation joy, daily toil delight, and even old age is full of hallowed gladness.

There should be a constant joy. Rejoice always. You say, is there to be no sorrow, no heaviness, no casting down? Is it to be unmingled joy? No; we are still in the body, in an evil world; we are absent from the Lord. He says, "Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn, while the bridegroom is with them, but the time comes when He shall be taken away, and then shall they mourn." Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus. He wept, He burst out weeping as He looked on perishing Jerusalem. His apostle says, "Sorrow for believing friends, though not as those who have no hope." Another says, "Wherein (that is, the inheritance) ye greatly rejoice, though now, for a season, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations." It is a chastened, bridled joy a chastened bridled sorrow. Serve the Lord with gladness, and yet serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Joy without fear would become levity and presumption. Fear without joy would become gloom and despair. Sorrow-

ful, yet always rejoicing, is the right state of mind for God's pilgrims who are waiting for their Lord. Through all the trials and sorrows and contumely which they must meet with in a world which neither knows them nor their Master, there should still run a perennial current of joy and gladness. You say, how can this be? It is the secret,—“in the Lord.” He is the spring, He is the fountain. Keep ever near to Him, and your joy will be as a flowing river. If you seek your happiness in anything else, you need not wonder if it is changeable, fading and short-lived. Keep near the Fountain; Satan will do all he can to draw and keep you away from Him. Anything will answer his purpose; the world, business, books, companions, good works, self-inspection. If he can get you occupied with yourself, whether in a way of complacency, saying, “I am rich and increased in goods, my mountain stands strong, I shall never be moved;” or in a way of dissatisfaction, complaining of our deadness, coldness, barrenness, he has attained his end, he has interrupted your supplies. Poor captive, may this word break the snare and set thee free. Hasten to Him in whom are all your springs, from whom comes all your fruit. Hear Him again saying, “Look unto me;” and in doing this your cheerful song will soon be, “Surely in the Lord have I righteousness and strength.”

But why the repetition of the command, “Rejoice, and again I say, Rejoice.” This shows how apt we are to neglect this duty; we need to be often exhorted, often reminded of it. We should stir up ourselves. “Bless the Lord, O my soul.” We should stir up one another, “Exalt the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.” It shows also, how very important it is that we should rejoice, always rejoice. It is pleasing and glorifying to God. It is strength for work and trial. It makes us attractive to an unhappy world. It makes it easy to love, forbear, forgive. When we are unhappy we are apt to grow peevish, suspicious, morose.

#### NOT A BIT AFRAID.

“Yes, I know it's a serious case; the doctor said so. But I don't trouble myself about that; I'm not a bit afraid.”

“But you told me just now, that you had not attended to religion a great deal. You know this is the first time I ever saw you; so I know nothing about you but what you tell me. I suppose, in fact, you have lived like many more, without much thought about your soul?”

“Yes, sir, that's it.”

“And yet you are not afraid?”

“No, sir, I don't feel afraid at all. I'm not troubled in my mind. I have been nowise wicked.”

The minister looked grave.

“You mean you have not been a thief, or a great drinker, or a swearer, or a liar, or anything of that sort?”

“No, no; I have not been anything of the kind. I know plenty who have; but I've always tried to live respectable.”

“Well, but do you mean to say you are not a sinner?”

“Oh, we are all sinners of course.”

“But does not that mean anything? Does it not *signify*, being a sinner?”

“I've never done anything bad in particular, as I know of. At all events I don't feel afraid.”

“I wish you did,” said the minister earnestly; “I wish you did with all my heart. I know I should if I were you.”

The sick man looked surprised; but he made no answer, so the minister went on:

“As for me, I could not speak as you do. I know that I am a poor sinner; and that, but for my Saviour, I must be lost for ever. But I have gone to Him, and sought His blood to wash away my sins, and I do humbly believe in Him; and He, and He alone, takes *my* fear away. You have told me what you feel, and now I have told you what *I* feel.”

“Well, that's all right, sir, no doubt,” was all the sick man said. The minister went on again:

“Oh, my friend, it will never do to say you are not afraid, while you have not gone to Christ; you ought to be afraid, you have good reason to be afraid, I *must* be plain with you. I dare not build you up with false hopes. Don't you know that you must stand before God, and give account for all your life? Don't you know about the great judgment day, when the books will be opened? Those books will have in them all you have ever done in all your life. Can you face that? Are you not afraid, when you think of *that*? There will be another book opened then, the book of life. That will contain the names of all who are saved by Jesus Christ. And everybody else (do you re-

member that?) will be cast into the lake of fire. You know you have not lived to God, you know you have not sought Christ, your religion has been nothing but a name; and, say what you will, you know quite well that you have often and often done wrong. Now, how can you say you are not afraid?

The man shifted uneasily on his bed.

'Perhaps,' said he, 'I ought to be more afraid than I am.'

'Yes, indeed, you ought. I don't want to give you pain, I want to comfort you; but I dare not give you false comfort. I want you to see the *truth*. You are a poor sinner in need of a Saviour. You may think lightly of your sins now, and hardly call them sins at all; but if you saw them as they really are, oh how black they would look to you! I pray God to teach you to see *yourself*, and to see your sins *now*, before the books are opened. And now let me speak to you about Jesus Christ. He pitied us poor sinners, and came and died on the cross to save us. Thousands have been saved by Him. He has never turned *one* away who went to Him for salvation. I hope I have gone. I *know* I have. I could not rest in my bed if I had not. I want *you* to go to Him too. He calls you to him. Just as you are He bids you look to Him and be saved. *Now*, remember, *now*, He is willing to be your Saviour. Do not put this off. Sometimes people put away such thoughts, because they trouble them. Oh, do not *you* do so. Here you are alone on your bed, away from everybody. Now *pray*, pray for the Holy Spirit to teach your heart, pray that Jesus may be your Saviour. Let me pray with you before I go.'

And the minister knelt down and prayed. And when he rose from his knees, the sick man held out his hand, and his eyes were wet with tears, and he did not say again that he was not afraid; but he said in a low voice, I hope God will forgive me. You'll come and see me again, sir? — *English Paper.*

The great comfort of a believer, on his death-bed, is faith in CHRIST, hope in the promise, and an interest in the covenant.

## HIS BLOOD WILL I REQUIRE AT THY HAND."

Richard Baxter was accustomed to say to himself, when he heard the bell toll for the dead, "What hast thou done for the saving of that soul? There is one more gone into eternity; what didst thou do to prepare him for it, and what testimony must he give the Judge concerning thee?"

Reader, did you ever ask your soul this question when an impenitent friend has passed into eternity? Did it never occur to you that when requisition should be made for the blood of that soul, the deadly stain might be found upon your garments? Oh, be faithful while yet the lamp of life is burning, while yet the heart may be impressed and mercy found.

A young man, who was a clerk, once felt strongly impelled to converse on the subject of personal religion with an irreligious companion. But many excuses were suggested by the great adversary. The person was older and might not receive it kindly from one so young; the time was hardly appropriate; indeed, on the whole, it seemed best to wait until "a more convenient season." The voice of conscience was disregarded and the young man went his way. The next intelligence that the clerk received of him was that he was dangerously sick. Remorse and anguish of spirit filled his soul as he stood by the bedside of his friend, and saw that reason had deserted her throne. So no appeal could be made now. And thus he died without a word of warning from one who might have exerted a powerful influence for good upon him. "Oh that I had done my duty," was the constant agonizing thought of the young man's heart.

A word from a young associate will often make a deeper impression on the mind than all the pious counsels of a pastor, of parents or any older friends.

Let me entreat you, dear Christian, not to neglect this important duty. The memory of such neglect, when the condition of your friend is fixed in an eternity of misery, "will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

## ANNE BELL.

• O R

## THE FAULTS.

"Ah, butterfly, pretty butterfly, let me catch you," said Anne, as she ran after a very beautiful little red one, that was sporting over a bed of flowers.

But the butterfly did not choose to be caught: it often rested, as if to invite the child's approach; then, as soon as she stretched out her hand, away it flew, leaving her farther off than ever.

Still Anne followed; at last it alighted on a rose, and seemed inclined to make a long visit, for it folded its pretty, soft wings, and was very quiet. "Now, butterfly, stay a minute, and I shall have you," said Anne, as she drew near with great caution. She struck her hard quickly down, but missed the flower, and was sadly scratched by the thorn, while the insect flew merrily off unharmed.

Anne was now quite angry. "Ah, naughty butterfly, if I can but catch you, I will make you pay for all this!"

She ran on, keeping close to the object of her pursuit, until it settled itself on some tangled grass.

"Now I will have you," exclaimed the child, as she pounced upon it with outstretched hands. The butterfly was caught, and so was Anne, for in her eagerness she lost her footing, fell head foremost, and was stung by some nettles that grew here and there among the grass. Her crying brought her mamma from the parlor, where she was writing. Mrs. Bell lifted up her little girl, and seeing how her face was marked, said, "Oh, Anne, how did you get this fall?"

Anne did not like to tell, she knew how often her mamma had checked this cruel sport. She therefore said nothing, but continued crying.

Mrs. Bell, seeing her hand clinched, opened it; and there, crushed to death, was the pretty red butterfly. "So," said she, gravely, "I now know whose fault it was."

"It was the butterfly's fault, mamma, for leading me such a chase; and the gardener's fault for leaving those nettles near the walks."

"If you can prove," said her mother, "that the butterfly insisted on your catching it, or that you were obliged to tumble into the long wild grass, I may partly agree with you; but at present I think that little Anne Bell, is the person to blame, and that the many faults which led to this disaster will deserve the punishment that they have brought."

Mrs. Bell, bathed the swollen face of her child with a lotion that abated the smart, and then seated her on the sofa at her side.

"Now, Anne, how many faults did you commit in this business?"

"I suppose it was a fault to do what you bade me not to do, mamma."

"Yes, that was disobedience: then you chose a time when you knew I was engaged, and could not observe you—there was deceit; and passion is another fault."

"Then I have committed three faults, mamma."

"More than that; you were not only unwilling to confess the matter, but when discovered, threw the blame elsewhere, which showed that you were hardened against the chastisement which you received; and then you were quite sullen and resentful because I did not suffer my pity for your pain to blind me to the greatness of your offence."

"O mamma," interrupted Anne, crying, "don't reckon any more; I am frightened to think how bad I have been, pray forget my faults."

"Anne," replied her mother, "I am happy that you now persevere them: at first you would scarcely allow that you had been to blame. But I have only shown you the faults of which you were guilty within a few short minutes. Look into your heart, my child, and you will discover many other offences, daily and hourly committed; and what will it avail you that I should forget them, if the almighty God, who knows all you do and say and think, should keep these faults in remembrance?"

Anne sighed deeply, and said, "What shall I do, mamma?"

"Beseech your heavenly Father to blot them from his book, through the blood of him who was called JESUS, because he should save his people from their sins."

Anne knelt down, and implored forgiveness in the name of her Saviour, her mother adding a petition that the Lord would create in her a new and a contrite heart.

"I am afraid, mamma, you think me very cruel," said Anne, after she rose up, "but indeed it was not that which made me hurt the butterfly; I only wanted to look at it."

"Could you not do so as it rested on the flowers?"

"Yes, mamma; but—but it amused me to run after it."

"And that was cruelty," said Mrs. Bell, "distressing a harmless creature for your diversion. It was presumption too. He who made you to run about, also formed this insect to fly about. The same sun warmed you both; the same air refreshed you; nay,



the birds and insects are more immediately God's care, as they have nobody to feed and provide for them like you."

"Do you think that he cared for the butterfly, mamma?"

"Undoubtedly; his tender mercies are over all his works. It is said, 'Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are, and were created.' Our blessed Lord declares that a sparrow falleth not to the ground without his permission; and directs our attention to the care which the Almighty takes of his helpless creatures. I am quite sure that the Spirit of Christ and the spirit of cruelty cannot dwell in the same breast."

"But what did you mean by my despising God's work, mamma?"

"We have no right to say of any thing it has pleased God to make, that it is of no value; and in all the creation, probably there is not a more beautiful object than the butterfly. I am sure none ever led me to such serious and profitable thoughts."

"How so, mamma?"

"First, as I spoke of its beauty, let me tell you, that if I was to show you in a microscope even the speck of dust that still cleaves to your hand, you would be astonished to find it composed of the most lovely feathers, richer than those of the peacock, or the peasant. Then the little delicate fibres that stretch along its wings, the beautiful regularity of every part, and the manner in which it is enabled to move so quickly through the air, would delight you. But above all, when I think on what a butterfly was, and what it is, the change fills my whole heart with that great event of which it is the type or representation."

"What event, mamma?"

"The resurrection of the body. You know, Anne, that the first form in which the insect appears is that of a worm, a creature bred in the earth, and unable to rise above it. Such creatures are you and I, Anne, who are formed out of the dust, and must return to it again, and who find ourselves little disposed, and less able to rise to contemplation of heavenly things—chasing some fancied pleasure as you did the poor butterfly to-day, continually offending God in our eagerness after perishing enjoyments, that bring only bitterness and pain at the last. Like the caterpillar, we eat the fruits of the earth, and often with as little sense of thankfulness to him who gives them."

"But this is very sad, mamma; how can the thought of it afford you pleasure?"

"My pleasure arises from considering the wonderful power of God displayed in the insect, and leading me to his promise of chang-

ing my vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

"The worm having surrounded itself with a sort of shell, remains enclosed, like a corpse in the tomb, without life or motion; after a time, the shell breaks and gives liberty to a creature so different from the one which entered it, that I often think the butterfly was made to leave the infidel without excuse, even in the sight of men. When I trace the flight of that beautiful creature through the air, into which it could not possibly lift up itself without such a wondrous change, I am lost in astonishment and adoration of the hand that produced it. I am led to say in a deep feeling of my present state, 'My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken thou me according to thy word.' And my spirit rises into those regions of life and light and joy, into which I hope by the sufferings and merits of my glorious Redeemer, to be admitted at the close of my pilgrimage on earth."

"O mamma," exclaimed Anne, in tears, "how sorry I am that I killed the butterfly."

"To kill or to hurt any thing without sufficient cause, my dear, is very sinful—very far from being like Christ Jesus. You have sadly experienced to-day that in your heart are the seeds of disobedience, passion, pride, cruelty, deceit, and indifference to the glory of your Creator in his works. The flight of a butterfly across your path has called all these evil dispositions into action in a moment. O my child, what must these hearts be in the sight of Him who is perfect righteousness and purity! What need we have, daily, hourly, to implore the aid of the Holy Spirit to cleanse and to sanctify us who cannot make our own hearts clean; and how should bless the Lord, and all that is within us bless the holy name of Him through whom alone we escape eternal death; who hath redeemed us to God by his blood, and made the believer an heir of everlasting life."

Glory to Him who made the world;

Whose hand its flowery garment wove,

And o'er its rolling orb unfurled

The banner of eternal love;

And brought from dust the various race

Of living forms that crown its space.

Glory to Him whose care upholds

The works his wondrous skill hath wrought

Whose arm each helpless form unfolds,

Whose wisdom hath a lesson taught

E'en in the worm that crawls along,

The meanest of the reptile throng.

Glory to Him whose power shall raise

The forms of men that sleep in earth,

And give, to His eternal praise,

The splendors of a heavenly birth;

bidding us burst the tomb, and see

Where sin and death are known no more,

## THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

This commandment is about bearing witness. At once the question arises,—What is to bear witness? As commonly understood, this refers to what takes place in courts of law, where a person is being tried for some offence with which he is charged.

Suppose you are in the market. While you are standing there, two men get to quarrelling. From words they fall to blows. At last one of them draws a dagger and stabs the other. If the wounded man dies, the other will be brought into court, by and by, to be tried for his life. Then, you, and the rest of the people who saw the fight, will be summoned into court as witnesses. This means, that you would have to stand up there, and tell all that you know about the quarrel, everything that you saw and heard.

When you were telling this, you would be hearing witness. If you gave a correct account, you would be a true witness. But, if you keep back part of what you saw and heard, or told about it differently from the way in which it took place, then you would be bearing false witness. It is a great sin to bear false witness, because before a person begins to speak as a witness, he is obliged to take a solemn oath that he will tell nothing but the truth; and to tell a lie after this, is very dreadful. Simple-minded persons, and very young children, are not allowed to appear as witnesses in court, because they are not supposed to understand how solemn the oath is, which they are required to take before they speak as witnesses.

Not very long ago, a little girl, only nine years old, was brought forward as a witness, on a trial of a person for stealing. The robbery had been committed in the house of the little girl's father. She had seen it. Her testimony was very important. The lawyer who was defending the thief, didn't want this little girl to appear as a witness. He knew that what she had to say, would be very much against his side of the question. So when she was brought in, he said to her:—

'Emily do you know the nature of an oath ?

'I don't know what you mean, sir, said she.

'There, may it please your honor,' said the lawyer to the judge; 'she doesn't understand the nature of an oath. Is not this sufficient evidence that she is not fit for a witness! I submit that she be rejected.'

'Let us see,' said the judge. 'Come here, my little daughter. Have you ever taken an oath?'

The red blood rose to her face and neck, at the very thought of it, she answered,—

'No, sir.'

'I don't mean a profane oath,' said the judge. 'Were you ever a witness in court before?'

'No, sir.'

'Do you know what book this is?' said the judge, handing her a Bible.

'Yes, sir; it is the Bible.'

'Have you ever read that book?'

'Yes, sir; I read it every evening.'

'Do you know what the Bible is, my child?'

'It is the Word of the Great God.'

'Now, my little dear, place your hand upon this book.'

She put her hand upon it tremblingly. He then repeated to her the form of the oath taken by one who is to be a witness. With her hand upon the Bible, she said: 'I do solemnly swear, that what I am now about to say, is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help me God.'

'Now, my dear,' said the judge, 'you have sworn as a witness; do you know what the result will be if you do not speak the truth?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What?'

'I shall be locked up in the state Prison.'

'Anything else?'

'Yes, sir; I can not go to heaven.'

'How do you know that?'

She took the Bible, ran her fingers over the leaves, and turned to the 20th chapter of Exodus, the 16th verse, and read;— 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.' 'I learned that,' said she 'before I could read the Bible.'

'Has any one told you that you were to be a witness in this case?' asked the judge.

'Yes, sir; after mother heard that I was to be called, she took me to her room, and asked me to tell her the ten commandments; and mother and I knelt down, and prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against a neighbour; and that God would help me to tell the truth, if I had to go to court to-morrow. And when I went away mother kissed me, and said to me;—'Remember the ninth commandment, and remember that whatever you say in court, God hears every word of it.'

'Do you believe this?' asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

'Yes, sir,' said the child, in a way which showed that she meant what she said.

'God bless you, my child,' said the judge, 'you have a good mother. This witness is competent,' he added. 'If I were on trial for my life to-day, and innocent of the charge, I would pray God to give me such a witness as this child. Let her be examined.'

This little girl told the truth when she was called upon to speak, as a witness, in court. But we should feel as if we were in court, at all times; when we open our lips to speak. This world is like a great court. God is the Judge. Whenever we speak, we speak as witnesses about some person or thing. God the Judge, has a great book, in which He writes down every thing we say. Whenever we say anything that is not true, we are bearing false witness. God says, 'for every idle word we speak, we must give account in the day of judgment.' And if for every *idle* word, much more for every *false* word.

This commandment requires us, as the Catechism says, 'to keep our tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering.' Slandering means one thing that will injure the character of another person. Those who do this break the commandment.

There was a company of ladies once at the house of a clergyman. As he entered the room, he heard them speaking of an absent friend. 'She's very odd,' says one. 'Yes, very singular indeed,' says another. 'Do you know she often does so and so?' says a third, mentioning certain things to her discredit. The clergyman asked who it was. When told, he said;—'Oh! yes,

she is odd; she's *very* odd; she's remarkably singular. Why, would you believe it?' he added in a slow impressive manner; *she never was heard to speak ill of any absent friends!*

A clergyman was once examining the children of an infant school upon the commandments. He put his hand on the head of a little boy, and said;—'My little man, can you tell me what the ninth commandment means, by 'bearing false witness against your neighbour?'

The boy hesitated a while, and then said;—'It means telling lies, sir.'

The minister didn't exactly like this answer, so looking at a little girl, who stood next to him, he asked;—'What do you say?'

Without waiting a moment, she replied;—'It's when nobody does nothing, and somebody goes and tells of it.' 'Very good,' said the minister.

The little girl's answer was a very funny one; but the little boy's was true. Bearing false witness is telling lies; and telling lies is bearing false witness. We break the ninth commandment, every time we tell a lie. We sometimes hear people talk about different kinds of lies. They call some *little* lies, and others *big* lies, some *white* lies, and some *black* lies. But the Bible only speaks of one kind of lies. Every lie that is spoken, is big enough, is black enough, to break the ninth commandment.

This commandment is so plain that it needs very little explanation. In talking about it then, it will only be necessary to give some reasons why we should not tell a lie, or bear false witness. I wish to speak of reasons why we should not break this commandment. And I wish you to remember, that whether I speak of breaking this commandment, or of bearing false witness or of lying, I mean the same thing.

One reason why we should never bear false witness or tell a lie, is, because it is a *MEAN* thing.

Who was the first person of whom we know, that ever told a lie? Satan. Where was this lie told? In the garden of Eden. Satan bore false witness against God. He contradicted God. He told Eve that she would not die, if she ate of the forbidden fruit—that it would do her good instead of harm. Satan will be known forever as

**The first liar.** This is the reason why the Bible calls him "the father of lies."

In this way he got Adam and Eve turned out of Eden, and filled the world with misery, sorrow, and death.

This was man of Satan. He did it out of spite. Adam and Eve had done him no harm. But because he was miserable himself, he couldn't bear to see anybody else happy. So without being able to do himself any good he tried to do them the greatest harm that he could. He is the meanest person that can be found.

But every liar or slanderer, every one who bears false witness, is becoming like Satan. To lie is to do Satan's work. This is his mark. Who wants to bear it? It is one of the meanest of all things. It is a shameful, a disgraceful thing to tell a lie. There is no greater offence than that can be given to a respectable honorable person, than to call him a liar. And the reason is that all such persons know how mean and contemptible a thing it is to tell a lie.

When some miserable wretch is hung on the gallows because he is so wicked that he is not fit to live in decent society, wouldn't you be offended if any one should tell you that you were like him? Certainly. But Satan is the meanest and wickedest of all creatures, and there is nothing that helps to make us like him more than lying.

It is said that there is one place in India, where, when a person is found guilty of lying, he is taken to a public place, and in the presence of a multitude of people, his mouth is sewed up.

A gentleman once sent his servant to market with the direction to bring home the best thing he could find. He carried home a tongue. He was sent again with the direction to bring home the worst thing he could find. Again he brought home a tongue. This was right. For the tongue is the best thing in the world, when properly used; or the worst when not so used. The Bible calls it our "*glory*,"—when used to speak the truth, and to praise God. But when used for lying and swearing, it calls it "*a fire—a world of iniquity—an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.*" A false tongue is a disgraceful thing; but one that speaks the truth, is an honour and glory.

Let me give you an example of this.

There was once a little boy named Duncan. The boys used to call him "*True Duncan*," because he would never tell a lie. One day, during recess, he was playing with an axe, in the school yard, and while he was chopping a stick, the teacher's cat, old Tabby, came along. Duncan let the axe fall right on poor Tabby's back, and killed her.

What to do he knew not. She was the master's pet, and used to sit on a cushion at his side, while he was hearing the lessons.

Duncan stood and looked at the dead creature. His face grew red, and the tears stood in his eyes. All the boys came running up, and every one had something to say. One of them was heard whispering to the others thus:—

'Now, fellows, we'll see whether Duncan can't make up a fib as well as the rest of us.'

'Not he,' said Tom Pooley, who was Duncan's friend. 'Not he; I'll warrant you, Duncan will be as true as gold.'

John Jones stepped up, and taking the cat by the tail, said:—'Here, boys, I'll just fling her into the alley, and we can tell Mr Cole, that the butcher's dog killed her; you know he worried her last week.'

Some of them thought that this would do very well. But Duncan looked quite angry. His cheeks swelled and his face grew redder than before.

'No!' said he; 'no! Do you think I would lie for such a creature as that? It would be a lie, a LIE!' Each time he used the word his voice grew louder.

Then he picked up the poor thing in his arms, and carried her into the school-room. The boys followed to see what would happen.

The master looked up and said: 'What is this? my poor Tabby killed! Who could have done me such an injury?'

All was silent for a little while. As soon as Duncan could get his voice, he said:—

'Mr. Cole, I am very sorry—but here is the truth. I killed poor Tabby. Indeed, sir, I am very sorry. I ought to have been more careful, for I saw her rubbing her side against the log. I am more sorry than I can tell, sir.'

Every one expected to see Mr. Cole get

very angry, take down his rattan, and give Duncan a sound thrashing. But instead of this, he put on a pleasant smile, and said:—

‘Duncan, you are a brave boy! I saw and heard all that passed in the yard, from my window above. I had rather lose a hundred cats than miss such an example of truth and honor in my school. Your best reward is what you now feel in your own conscience; but I beg you to accept this handsome pen-knife, as a token of my approbation.’

Duncan took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

The boys couldn't keep in any longer; and when Tom Pooley cried, ‘Three cheers for True Duncan,’ they all joined, and made the school-house ring with a hearty hurrah.

The teacher then said:—‘My boys, I am glad you know what is right, and that you approve it; though I am afraid some of you could not have done it. Learn from this time that nothing can make a lie necessary. Suppose Duncan had taken your evil advice, and come to me with a lie; it would have been instantly detected, and instead of the honor of truth, he would have had only the shame of falsehood.’

We should never bear false witness, or tell a lie, because it is a mean thing.

The second reason why we should not do it is, because it is an UNPROFITABLE thing.

People generally expect to make something when they tell a lie. They think it will be profitable to them.

You remember about Gehazi, the servant of Elisha. When Naaman was cured of his leprosy, by the prophet, he felt so thankful that he wanted the man of God to take ever so much money from him. But Elisha refused to take any thing. Gehazi thought this was very foolish. It seemed to him like a good opportunity to get money. So he ran after Naaman, told him a lie, and asked for a talent of silver, and two suits of clothes, in the name of his master. He said his master wanted these for two theological students, who had just come to see him. A talent of silver was worth nearly two thousand dollars. Theological students must have been better off then than now, if they were in the habit

of receiving such princely presents. Naaman was so glad to think he was cured of his dreadful leprosy, that he was ready to give away almost anything he was asked for. He made Gehazi take two suits of clothes, and two talents of silver, instead of one. I know not how much the clothing was worth; but the two talents of silver were worth between three and four thousand dollars. And when Gehazi had got these treasures carried to his home, and stowed safely away, we may imagine how he chuckled to himself, and rubbed his hands with glee at the thought of his gains.

‘A pretty good day's work!’ he may have said to himself. ‘They may talk as they please about the unprofitableness of lying. I think I have done quite a profitable business to-day!’

But wait a little. He goes into the room where his master is. Elisha looks sternly at him, and asks:—‘Where have you been, Gehazi?’

‘Nowhere, sir,’ says the miserable man, used to lying now, but trembling, and turning deadly pale. Then Elisha began and told him what he had done, and gave him a lecture on lying: the latter part of which, at least, he would never forget. It ended in these dreadful words:—‘The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed forever!’ As quick as lightning the fearful disease broke out upon him. ‘And he went out from the presence of Elisha, a leper, as white as snow.’

Poor Gehazi! You have lost your situation, your health, your character, all at once! What do you think of lying now? I am very sure if he could speak to us now, in answer to this question, he would say:—

‘I can tell you from my own experience, children, that lying is unprofitable.’

And Ananias and Sapphira could tell us something about this matter, too, if they could speak. And what multitudes besides could testify to the same thing!

A shopkeeper has a piece of damaged goods which he wishes to be rid of. A person comes into his store, and offers to buy it, if he will warrant it a good article. Now, he thinks he can profit by telling a lie. He says it is of the very best quality, sound, and good. He sells

the article. The purchaser finds he is deceived. He says to himself!—'I'll never buy any thing at that store again!' And thus, without any reference to the sin he committed, his lying is unprofitable.

A fashionable lady, once, was busy doing something in which she did not wish to be interrupted. She called her servant and said: 'Biddy, I wish to be undisturbed to-day. If anybody calls for me, tell them *I am not at home.*'

How many fashionable ladies and others, do this, without reflecting that they are not only breaking the ninth commandment themselves, but teaching their servants to break it also! In the evening this lady found, to her great distress, that one of her particular friends had been taken suddenly ill, and died during the day. She was very anxious to see her, and sent several messengers to bid her come, but these were always told she was not at home. You can imagine how dreadfully she must have felt when she understood this.

After all these instances of the unprofitableness of lying, I must give you one story to show the profitableness of telling the truth, before leaving this part of our subject.

It is related of a Persian mother that, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and then said;—'Go, my son; I consign thee to God; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment.'

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was attacked by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had got, and he said:—'Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments.' The robber laughed, and thought he was only jesting. Another asked him the same question and received the same answer.

At last the chief called him, and asked him what he had. He said:—'I have told two of your people already, that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes.' He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and found the money.

'And how came you to tell this?' asked the chief.

'Because,' replied the child, 'I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie.'

'Child,' said the robber, 'art thou so mindful, at thy tender years, of thy duty to thy mother, and am I insensible at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it.'

He did so. His followers were all struck with the scene.

'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to the chief, 'now be the same in the path of virtue.' They immediately gave back what they had stolen, and began at once to lead an honest life.

We ought not to lie, or bear false witness, because it is *unprofitable.*

*The third reason why we ought not to do this is because it is DANGEROUS.*

Lying is like letting water through a bank. When it once begins to run, there is no telling where it will stop.

Here is a large ship. It is made up of a vast number of great pieces of timber, all fastened together. It is very strong. It can cross the ocean, breasting the storms, and riding over the angry billows, without receiving any harm. But what holds those pieces of timber together, and makes that ship so strong? Why, the bolts of iron, or copper, which are driven through her timbers.

Now, suppose it were possible, all at once, to draw every bolt and fastening out of that ship, as she sails over the ocean? What would become of her? She would fall to pieces directly, and all her cargo would be lost.

Well, every family, every village, or town, is like such a ship. It is made up of a number of persons bound together. And what binds them together? Why, truth, or confidence. Truth among people in society, is like the bolt in the ship. If nobody told the truth, and people had no confidence in one another, they could no more live together, in families, or communities, and do business together, than a number of pieces of timber, without bolts to fasten them together, could make a ship.

Would it not be very dangerous to have a person on board a ship who had a machine for drawing the bolts out, and who was trying to use it all the time? Certainly it would. Well, *lying* is such a machine, in families, and societies. Every

one who bears false witness, in any way, is using this machine. He is trying to draw the bolts out of families, and societies, so that they can't hold together. This is very dangerous.

Let me show you what injury may be done by lying.

There was a large river, across which several dams were built within the distance of a few miles. These dams were built to form as many ponds, and carry on as many mills. But during a severe storm, which greatly swelled the river, the upper dam was carried away. This brought the flood with so much pressure on the second dam, that *that* went, too; and so with all the rest, one after another. If the first dam had been strong enough to resist the pressure of the current, none of the others would have given way.

So it is with falsehood, and other sins. If we stop the *first* lie, we stop all the rest. If we are not disobedient the *first* time, we never shall be disobedient. If we do not use the *first* profane word, we never shall use the *second*. It is consenting to the *first* sin that does all the mischief.

Some time since, a youth about fifteen years of age, whose name was James, came to this city to reside. He was employed as a clerk in a store. He was faithful at first, and his employer liked him very much, and treated him with great confidence. One day he stepped into the store of a young man whose acquaintance he had formed. He was offered a glass of wine. He hesitated, but finally yielded, and drank it. On the following day, this young man called in at the store where James was employed. His employer was not in at the time. James thought he must return the kindness of his young friend, on the previous day, and accordingly he treated *him* to a glass of wine. But, in drawing the liquor, he did not close the stop-cock securely, and it was left running a little. As his employer passed through the store, he discovered it.

'Have you been at this barrel; James?' he asked.

The youth hesitated, as if there was a struggle in his breast between right and wrong, but finally replied,—

'No, sir.'

Here the first dam was carried away. We shall see how the others followed.

His employer looked as if he doubted it, but said no more.

The next day the young man came in again, and said to the owner of the store: 'Will you sell a barrel of wine, such as James gave me yesterday?' The gentleman gave a searching look at James, who felt almost ready to sink into the earth. He took the first opportunity to see the young man, and asked him to tell his employer that he drew the wine himself. Here was another dam gone. The young man promised to do so, if he would treat him to an oyster supper. James agreed. Both parties fulfilled the agreement. But James had no money of his own, and hence he took some from the drawer in the store to pay for the supper. Here was another dam gone. After the oyster-supper, he was invited to gamble. At first he declined; but then, thinking he might make as much money as he had taken from his employer, and thus be able to replace it, he yielded. He played, and lost. But still, supposing he might win, he continued to take money from the store, until it was missed. Seeing that he was likely to be detected, he resolved one night that he would take two hundred dollars that were in the desk and endeavor to win enough to replace all he had taken from his employer.

At midnight he arose. He entered the store, took the two hundred dollars, and went to the gambling house, where he *lost the whole*. Now he was desperate. What could he do? He did this. Knowing that his employer had money in a certain bank, he forged a check in his name. He hastened to the bank and presented it. It was discovered to be a forgery. He was taken up, and sent to the penitentiary. Thus all the dams were swept away. And all this followed from the *first lie*. If James had told the truth then, the first dam would have been protected, and all the others saved.

This shows the truth of our third reason. We ought not to bear false witness, or tell a lie, because it is a *dangerous* thing.

*Our fourth and last reason is, we ought not to do it, because it is a wicked thing.*

There are two things that show us how wicked it is to bear false witness.

*What God says of those who do it; and what God does with them.* These both show us how wicked it is.

Now, look at what God says of those who lie, or bear false witness.

He says in one place:—'Ye shall not deal falsely, neither lie, one to another.' Levit. xix. 11. He says in another place: 'The Lord hates a false witness that speaketh lies.' Prov. vi. 19. Again he says:—'He that speaketh lies shall perish.' Prov. xix. 5. He says:—'A lying tongue is but for a moment.' Prov. xii. 19. And in another place, He says;—'Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord.' Prov. xii. 22. How fearfully wicked that must be, about which God uses language so strong as this! Who would want to be an abomination before Him who is the wisest and best, and most gracious of all beings? When you are tempted to tell a lie, of any kind, or under any circumstances, think of what God says about lying, and say to yourself,—shall I make myself hateful in the sight of God?

What God says of lying, shows how wicked it is.

But then look at what God does with liars.

You know we read in the last two chapters of the New Testament, of a glorious vision which the apostle John had of heaven. As it appeared before him, it was more beautiful than any thing he had ever seen or thought of. It was like a great city. Its foundations were of precious stones. Its walls were made of jewels. Its gates were made of pearls, its streets were paved with golden stones, but the gold was like crystal, as transparent as glass. A river of clear water flowed through the city. On each side of the river, the tree of life was growing. He saw the throne of God, and of the Lamb, within the city. There is no night there. No sorrow—no crying—no sin. He saw the angels going in and out of the city. He saw the redeemed from among men, there too. They were clothed in white raiment, and were walking with Jesus beside that beautiful river. Presently, he came to the gate of the city. When he looked over the gate, he saw some writing. This writing told who they

were that should not be allowed to enter into the city. He was very anxious to read that writing, and find out who they were who should never go into that beautiful place. He read the writing. He has told what it was. This was part of it:—*There shall in no wise enter herein, anything that—MAKETH A LIS!* Think of this. *No admittance for liars.* This is written as with a sunbeam over the gate of heaven. Bear this in mind, when you are tempted to tell a lie.

But if liars can not enter heaven, what becomes of them? If God does not let them go into the glorious city, what does He do with them? There is one dreadful passage of scripture which tells us. We read, Rev. xxi. 8, 'All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.' This is fearful indeed!

What God says of liars, and what God does with them, both help to prove how wicked a thing it is to lie.

Thus we have had four reasons why we should not bear false witness. Let us see if we can recollect them.

We ought not to do it, in the first place, because it is a MEAN thing; secondly, because it is an UNPROFITABLE thing; thirdly, because it is a DANGEROUS thing; and, fourthly, because it is a WICKED THING.

In conclusion, my dear children, let me entreat you to make it a point on every occasion, to speak the truth. Let this be a settled rule with you; a rule, too, that shall never be broken. Let nothing ever tempt you to tell a lie. God calls Himself 'The God of truth.' He loves the truth; and while 'lying lips are an abomination to Him,' those that speak truly are said to be 'His delight.'

Speaking the truth, is the thing that especially distinguishes Him. And this is one of the ways in which we should strive to live to be like God. What an honor it is for any young person to have it said of him, he always speaks the truth! A crown of gold upon the head, would not be half so desirable an ornament, as a crown of truth.

"Oh! 'tis a lovely thing for youth  
To walk by times in wisdom's way!  
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,  
That we may trust to all they say!"



If you ever find yourself saying, what is not true, repent of it as a great sin. Pray God, for Jesus' sake, to forgive you. And ask him to give you grace to forsake every false way and word:—to hate lying, and always to love and speak the truth.

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### THE SEA OF GALILEE.

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How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,  
O sea of Galilee!

For the glorious One who came to save  
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,  
Where pine and heather grow,  
But thou hast loveliness far above  
What Nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle  
Comes down to drink thy tide,  
But He that was pierced to save from hell  
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig tree grows,  
And palms, in thy soft air,  
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding rose  
Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,  
Thou calm reposing sea;  
But ah, far more! the beautiful feet  
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

These days are past—Bethsaida, where?  
Chorazin, where art thou?  
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,  
The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments tell,  
Was the Saviour's city here?  
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,  
With none to shed a tear?

Ah! would my flock from thee might learn  
How days of grace will flee;  
How all an offered Christ who spurn,  
Shall mourn at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea  
The new-risen Saviour said  
Three times to Simon, "Love, art thou me?  
My lambs and sheep then feed?"

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand!  
Yet the same Saviour still,  
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand  
And every fragrant hill.

O! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,  
Threifold thy love divine,  
That I may feed, till I find my grave,  
Thy flock—both thine and mine.

—*McChayne.*

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### THE HEAVENLY HOME.

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We must be prepared for the company of heaven, as well as for its employments, if we would be happy there. It is not the walls of the building in which we live that makes our earthly home, but the company of those we love.

A little boy, about five years old, was returning from school one day. He bounded into the house, exclaiming, as he hung his hat up in the entry, "This is my home! this is my home!" A lady, on a visit to his mother, was sitting in the parlor. She said to him, 'Willie, the house next door is just the same as this. Suppose you go in there and hang your hat up in the entry, wouldn't that be your home as much as this?'

'No ma'am,' said Willie very earnestly, it would not.'

'Why not?' asked the lady. 'What makes this house more your home than that?'

'Willie had never thought of this before. But after a moment's pause, he ran up to his mother, and throwing his arms around her neck, he said, 'Because my dear mother lives here.'

It is the presence and company of those we love which makes our earthly home; and it is just so with our heavenly home.

A little Sunday-school boy lay upon his dying bed. His teacher sat at the bedside, holding the hand of his scholar.

'I'm going home to heaven,' said the little fellow. 'Why do you call heaven your home?' asked the teacher. 'Because Jesus is there.'

This dear child loved Jesus. He felt that it was the presence and company of Jesus that would make heaven feel like home to him. This would make him happy there. And if we love Jesus as we ought, we shall feel so too. When we think of him, we shall be ready to say:

'Tis where thou art is heaven to me,  
And heaven without thee cannot be.

## PATHS FOR LITTLE FEET.

## THE PATH OF PRAYER.

This is the first path we enter upon in our heaven-ward journey.

A great crowd one day gathered upon the sea-shore—a boat was being launched in haste,—and all the people were anxiously waiting the result of its errand on the deep. Soon it returned, and in it the body of a young man who had been bathing, and gone beyond his depth. The apparently lifeless form was hurried to a neighbouring house, that means might be used to rekindle, if possible, the spark of life. The crowd became still more anxious; and, waiting round the door, eagerly inquired at every one who came out if there was yet any sign of life;—but ‘none’ was the sad and oft repeated answer. At length one rushed out with the glad intimation—‘The lad has drawn a breath!—He has drawn a breath!’ The crowd immediately caught up and quickly re-echoed the joyful news.

Dear reader, you have perhaps read, or heard, the story of Saul of Tarsus, afterwards the great apostle Paul. He was rushing to destruction along the ‘broad road,’ but was miraculously turned; and the first intimation that we have of his entering upon the ‘narrow way’ is the announcement from God himself:—‘Behold he prayeth!’ He has drawn a breath!—a breath of heavenly and eternal life!—he liveth now!—he is safe! Oh, how you myriad throng of holy angels would, like the crowd, catch up and re-echo the joyful tidings.

Young friend, HAS THIS GLAD MESSAGE REACHED HEAVEN REGARDING YOU? Or is it the case that God, and Jesus, and the blessed Spirit, and holy angels, and Christian friends, and your Sabbath School Teacher are still anxiously watching for the first breath of true prayer, that they may rejoice in your safety.

Take care that you do not deceive

yourself, by thinking that your little feet are safely treading this path, when it may be they have never once entered it. Remember the lesson of the hymn:—

“I often say my prayers,  
But do I ever pray?  
Or do the wishes of my heart  
Suggest the words I say?”

“I may as well kneel down  
And worship gods of stone,  
As offer to the living God,  
A prayer of words alone.”

\* A little boy, in one of the mission schools in Jamaica, teaches us a lesson on this point. He had been very ill, and after he recovered he told the missionary how he often wished his minister had been with him to pray for him.

‘But, Thomas,’ said the missionary, ‘I hope you prayed yourself?’

‘O yes, sir.’

‘Did you repeat the words I taught you?’

‘I prayed.’

‘Well, but how did you pray?’

‘Why, sir, I begged.’

Yes! this is the way to tread the Path of Prayer. This Sabbath scholar had got beyond the mere repeating of a form of words. His was an urgent case. He had an errand to the mercy-seat; and, as he ‘begged’ there, the fulness of his heart brought words to his lips. We are all pressing in want of what God has to bestow, and will give abundantly in answer to prayer. Who can tell how much we need to carry us safely through this year? Let us cease not, day by day, to ‘knock’ and to ‘beg’ for it at that door of mercy whence alone it is to be obtained.

Martin Luther was the son of a poor miner. He was most exemplary in attention to his studies, and obedient to his parents. When but a youth, and while attending the university of Erfurt, he earnestly entreated the Divine blessing on his labours, beginning each day with prayer, and frequently remarking:—‘To pray well is more than half my study.’

Luther had arduous work to perform, and innumerable enemies to encounter, in carrying out the great and glorious reformation. So mighty an instrument in this work was he, that he has been styled ‘the

solitary monk that shook the world.' Young reader, would you like to know where he got his strength and courage? It was in the Path of Prayer.

The most remarkable illustration of this in Luther's life, was his appearance at the Diet of Worms. It was the most imposing assembly that could then be convened in the world, and the reformer was for a moment overawed when ushered into it. But when called upon to retract what he had written, and what he believed to be the truth of God, he was bold as a lion, and calmly replied;—'I NEITHER CAN NOR WILL RETRACT ANYTHING. . . . HERE AM I, I CANNOT DO OTHERWISE. GOD HELP ME.' 'The assembly were amazed. Several princes could scarcely conceal their admiration.' Whence came his strength we again ask. Ah! here is the secret. During the night he had been walking the Path of Prayer in company with the Mighty One, and in His strength he stood there and spoke so nobly.

Dear friend, if your feet are strangers to the Path of Prayer you have not yet begun to walk the heavenly road. Will you not begin now and walk all through it along this path? And be not ashamed that it should be known and seen that you pray to God. That was a noble little fellow, who, in the crowded cabin of a steamboat, knelt at his father's knee before retiring to rest.

In this path you will find the footprints of all the truly good and great that have passed through this world; and, best of all, remember the 'child Jesus' walked in it.

#### THE PATH OF FAITH.

"We walk by faith, not by sight."

This is a text which my young reader may perhaps know where to find. It came from the inspired pen of Paul; and was true of all who in his day were journeying to the 'Better Land.' FAITH IS STILL THE PATHWAY TO THE HEAVENLY HOME: and that saying is as true to-day of all Zion's pilgrims, as when it was penned, nearly two thousand years ago.

Little children have all FAITH of certain kind. How great the FAITH is which a child often reposes in a parent the following story will show:—

"A father had gone into a cellar which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trapdoor. A little daughter only three year's old was trying to find him, and came to the trapdoor, but on looking down all was DARK, DARK, DARK, and she called out, 'Are you down cellar, papa?'

"Yes; would you like to come, Mary?"

"It is dark. I CAN'T come, papa."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself, I will catch you."

"Oh, I should fall; I can't see you papa."

"I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost, but she could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little further, then summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms.

A few days after, she again discovered the same cellar-door open, and supposing her father to be there, she called, 'Shall I come again papa?'

"Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when, in her childish glee she fell shouting into his arms, and clasping his neck, said, 'I KNEW, dear papa, I should not fall!'

Young reader, would you not like to leap thus into Jesus' arms. THAT WOULD BE SAVING FAITH. The little girl could not see her father, for he was in the dark. Had she seen him while springing into his arms, it would have been walking by SIGHT, not by FAITH. FAITH takes hold on what we cannot see. We cannot see Jesus—He is now the unseen Saviour; but we can hear His voice in the Bible, and hear Him telling us that He is near us, and is able to save us from sin and hell, and will do it, if we will but trust Him, and thus throw ourselves into His arms.

Here is a beautiful incident. This child had learned to walk the Path of Faith:—

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother, of one who had not: her mother was dead.

“Mother told me who to go to before she died,” answered the little orphan. “I go to the Lord Jesus: He was mother’s friend, and He’s mine.”

“Jesus Christ is up in the sky: He is a way off, and he has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you.” “I do not know anything about that,” said the orphan: “all I knew, He says He will, and that’s enough for me.”

O, that we had all the simple confidence of this little one. Then would we walk along Faith’s Pathway reading on every flagstone thereof the precious promises of the Word of God. We cannot tell what troubles, and temptations, and trials await us during this year; but in the Path of Faith we shall certainly hear our Father’s voice assuring us that He knows them all, and will overrule all for our good, and bidding us let ourselves down into the dark future with out a fear, for ‘UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS.’

Little reader, this Path will even lead you safely and triumphantly through the dark ‘valley of the shadow of death.’ When Dudley Atkins Tyng upon his dying bed, and rapidly sinking, his father, Dr. Tyng of New York, at the physician’s request, asked him in a loud voice: ‘Do you see me, my dear son?’ ‘No.’ ‘Do you know me?’ ‘No.’ ‘Do you not know your dear father’s voice?’ ‘No.’ His wife then made the same attempts, but with the same result. His father then said: ‘Do you know Jesus?’ ‘Oh! yes,’ he said, in a voice of wonderful strength and deliberation, very loud, as if to be able to hear his own voice, as if the power of speech was passing away, ‘I know Jesus. I have a steadfast trust in Jesus. A calm and steadfast trust.’ ‘Are you happy?’ his father again asked. He answered distinctly: ‘Oh! perfectly happy.’

See how firmly and joyfully this pilgrim trod the Path of Faith in that dark hour! May you and I be able so to walk it!

“Look up to yonder world,  
See myriads round the throne;  
Each bears a golden harp,  
And wears a golden crown:  
With zeal they strike  
The sacred lyre,  
And strive to raise  
Their praises higher.”

“BELIEVING in His name,  
They in His footsteps trod;  
His righteousness their hope,  
Their only plea His blood;  
Lo, now they reign  
With Him above,  
Behold His face  
And sing His love.”

“And shall we not aspire  
Like them our course to run?  
The crown if we would wear,  
That crown must first be won;  
Divinely taught,  
They showed the way:  
First to BELIEVE  
And then obey.”

## THE MOUSE AND THE TRAP

I WONDER if any of our little readers think it is very hard to have to do as they are bid. If they do, let them remember the fable of the mouse and the trap.

“Do not put your nose into the trap, though the cheese smells so good,” said the old mouse to her young one. If you do, the trap will bite you.”

But the disobedient young mouse thought he could get a little bit of the cheese with safety. The trap looked so harmless, that surely he could venture in just a little way; and then the cheese looked so tempting, and had such a pleasant smell! Thinking thus to himself, little mousey crept up very slyly, and put his nose cautiously into the hole. But just as his teeth touched the cheese, snap went the trap-spring, and caught him by the neck.—Just then the old mouse returned, but she could not help him; the next moment he was dead.

Now, little children, when your parents, teachers, or others who have charge of you, tell you not to do anything, mind what they say, lest, like the poor mouse, you get caught in a trap; for there are dangers in many things which seem harmless to you, as the trap seemed to the mouse.

## Sabbath Lessons.

Oct. 1st, 1865.

### THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

Exod. 20, 16.

In this lesson we are taught:

(1.) That we must at all times speak and maintain the truth.—Zech. 8, 16.

(2.) That we must endeavor to promote the truth.—Phil. 4, 8.

(3.) That we must endeavor to promote our own and our neighbor's good name.—Matt. 5, 16. Tit. 3, 2.

(4.) That we are required in a special manner to speak the truth in witness bearing.—Prov. 14, 5.

(5.) That we are forbidden to do anything which is prejudicial to truth.—Eph. 4, 25.

(6.) That we are forbidden to do anything which may be injurious to our own, or our neighbor's good name.—Job. 27, 6. Exod. 23, 1.

See further illustrations of the commandment in this paper, on page 69.

Oct. 8th, 1865.

### JESUS BEFORE HEROD.

Luke 23, 6-12.

At the time of Christ's death Galilee was in a turbulent condition. Its people were frequently fomenting disturbances, and rising against the power of Rome. Pilate had had some trouble with Galileans at Jerusalem. Ch. 13, 1, 2, and afterwards the wars in which ultimately the Jews were entirely overthrown, were occasioned chiefly by Galileans. In their eagerness to get Jesus into their power, the chief priests mentioned his connexion with Galilee.

PILATE TRANSFERRED JESUS TO HEROD.

Pilate, glad enough to get out of the difficulty, as soon as he learned that Jesus was from Galilee, remitted the cause against him to the jurisdiction of the ruler of that province. That ruler was Herod Antipas, who had slain John the Baptist at the instigation of the daughter of Herodias, and who, in compli-

ance with the Jewish clamour, would be likely to put Jesus to death. Thus, at all events, Pilate would be free from the odium and danger incurred by ordering an innocent person to execution.

HEROD DESIRED TO SEE JESUS:

Herod had heard in his own province of the fame of Jesus, of his miracles and of his teaching. It is not likely that Herod cherished any regard for Jesus, to account for this desire. He was too bad a man to have had any such regard. He wished only to gratify curiosity.

Herod might in his own country have seen Jesus work a miracle, but he would not give himself the trouble. Now his wish was not to be gratified.

Herod was proud, and fancied perhaps that he could command a miracle from a prisoner placed, as Jesus was, under his power. It was needful to rebuke his pride and to teach him different views.

HEROD'S CONTEMPT FOR JESUS.

Since Herod could not have his curiosity and pride gratified, he treated Jesus with contempt and scorn. To this he was incited by the clamour.

With his body-guard Herod set Jesus at naught, speaking and acting as if he were a fit object only for scorn.

Observe (1.) *God has all men under control.* If Herod had taken action in the case of Jesus, Jesus would have been put to death after the manner of the Jews. This, however, would have been contrary to the repeated declaration of Jesus.

(2.) *We should value opportunities while we have them.* Herod did not care about witnessing a miracle when he might; and he could not when he would.

Oct. 15th, 1865.

### SHIMEI CURSES DAVID.

2 Sam. 16, 1-19.

This lesson shows

(1.) A specimen of *successful villainy.* Ziba took advantage of his master's circumstances to betray him. If this were the only

world, honesty would not always be the best policy, for sometimes the dishonest become the richest, but when wrong is not adjusted in this world it will be in the next, when honesty will be seen to have been the best policy.

(2.) How a *bad motive spoils a good action*. The provisions Ziba brought were most acceptable, and such as a loyal subject ought to bring, but then they were offered to serve his own base ends.

(3.) That we should be slow in *believing idle tales*. David was very hasty in condemning Mephibosheth unheard. If we knew both sides of a question we should sometimes reach a very different conclusion from what we do. Generally speaking a man is never so bad as he is reported.

(4.) A noble example of *forgiveness*. Abishai was a man of violent temper, 1 Sam. 26, 8, and might have been justified in killing this rebel, but David bore his cursing with great meekness.

(5.) How David recognized the *hand of God in every thing*. He does not mean to say that Shimei was *inspired* to curse him; but that his sins had deserved this and more.

22nd Oct. 1865.

## THE JEWS DEMAND BARABBAS.

Luke 23, 13-25.

Learn from this lesson:

(1.) That the Lord Jesus was found both by Pilate and Herod innocent of *perverting the people*. This was the charge brought against him by the Jews, but it was not proven.

(2.) The *crudelty* of Pilate, in threatening to chastise Christ though he found no fault in him, and afterwards in yielding to the clamour against him.

(3.) The *deliberate* determination of the Jews to crucify Jesus. Pilate did not take them at a disadvantage, but asked them three times, and three times they desired his crucifixion.

(4.) The humiliation to which Christ was exposed in having so vile a man as Barabbas chosen in preference to him.

(5.) The Chief Priest who ought to have controlled the tumultuous multitude, sided with them.

(6.) The honour put upon Simon the Cyrenian. This honour was unexpected, and was thrust upon him.

Oct. 29, 1865.

## ABSALOM SLAIN.

2 Samuel xviii. 1-33.

v. 1-5. *The preparations*. V. 1, 2, David had many tired soldiers with him when he left Jerusalem, chap. xv. 18; and now he marshals them, appointing what would now be called lieutenants, captains, and colonels; Joab, Abishai, and Ittai being Generals, and he himself commander-in-chief. V. 3, The people's regard for David was no doubt genuine, for they were risking their lives for him; but they perhaps feared that David would be a bad general against a son to whom he was so much attached, and that his cause was safer in Joab's hands. Learn *when you have a good cause to be hearty in its support*, Neh. iv. 16-23. V. 4, David was easily persuaded to remain in the city, and took his station at the gate, partly to cheer the soldiers as they marched out, and partly, v. 5, to warn each division of the army to save Absalom's life. See the strength of David's affection; all Absalom's iniquity had not destroyed it. If rebellious and wicked children only knew what agony they inflict on their parents who love them! Pro. xvii. 25.

v. 6-8. *The battle*. It was fought in the same place where Jephthah defeated the Ephraimites, Jud. xii 5, 6, hence called the wood of Ephraim. Absalom's hasty and undisciplined levy could not stand the shock of David's trained battalions. The chief slaughter was in the flight (v. 8.) More would have fallen, but for Joab's forbearance, v. 16. Twenty thousand men were slain for one man's ambition; such is the price they paid for listening to Absalom's flattery, chap. v. 5, 6. A flattering mouth worketh ruin, Prov. xxvi. 28. Learn *not to meddle with him that flattereth with his lips*, Prov. xx. 19.

v. 9-16. *Absalom's death*. Mules were much used in Palestine, 2 Sam. xiii. 29. It is supposed Absalom was caught by the hair, that being long and becoming entangled; and lessons have been drawn from this to show how our punishment grows out of our sin, chap. xiv. 26. This is not said, however; and it is just as probable his head was wedged in the cleft of a bough. This was a *just* punishment of his unnatural rebellion, for death by

haaging was accursed, Deut. xxi. 22, 23. What unutterable pangs of conscience must he have endured while suspended there! Learn that there is no suffering like that of a guilty conscience; Psal. xxxi. 10; Job xxx. 15. v. 17, 18. *Absalom's burial.* The king's dale was near Jerusalem. Absalom had three son's, but they must have been dead. He took a worse way to keep his name in remembrance than by building a pillar, for his sins make his memory infamous. What inscription should you like on your tomb-stone? Rev. xir. 13.

v. 19-32. *The news from the battle field.* Joab knew that no one would be acceptable to the king who brought him word of hisson's death, and therefore prevents Ahimaaaz, who was a favorite, from carrying the intelligence. David knew on learning that a single runner was seen (v. 25) that he was not a fugitive, and that therefore the day was won; and when he learned that Ahimaaaz was foremost, he made sure such a true (good) subject bore good news. It is not known whether Ahimaaaz spoke truth or not (v. 29), since he might be imperfectly acquainted with what happened. What a blessed day will that be when the only heralds will be those of salvation! Isa. lii. 7.

v. 23. *David's grief.* He had lost a son—a beloved son—a son by a bloody death—a son who died in sin. What could assuage grief like this? The manner of our death is of less consequence; but the *state of our souls when we die is all in all*, Luke xvi. 22, 23. How like our conduct to that of Absalom! Isa. i. 2, How great the love of God! Hos. xi. 8; John iii. 16.

### THE OPEN DOOR.

A STORY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

MADAME VAN LOON was a poor widow who had four children the eldest named Richard, was but eight years old. One evening they were all very hungry, for they had had nothing to eat all day, and their mother had no food to give them. Then she lifted up her heart to God, who she knew was able to help her, for she trusted in her Saviour and taught her children also to do so.

When she had finished praying, Richard said, "Mother, does not the Bible tell us that God once sent some ravens to a man, to take him bread when he was hungry?" "Yes my child," answered the mother;

but it is a long time since then, a very long time."

"Very well," said Richard, "God could still send ravens to feed us; I am going to open the door, that they may be able to come in," and in a moment he was at the door and set it wide open, so that any one passing on the street could not fail to notice the light in the room.

A few minutes after, the mayor of the town happened to pass, and seeing the door open, and such a happy looking group in side, could not resist entering.

"Ah my good lady," said he, how is it that your door is open so wide at this hour?"

Madame van Loon was rather embarrassed at the presence of such a fine gentleman in her small cottage. She rose in haste and bowed to the mayor; then passing her fingers through Richard's light hair, answered, "That was an idea of my little Richard's, who thought the ravens might come, and bring us food."

The gentleman was clothed in black from head to foot.

"Ah, really!" said he laughing, "Richard was not so very far wrong: Here is a raven, and a large one, too. Come, Richard, with me, and I will show you where the bread is."

The little boy followed him to his house, and returned to his mother with a basketful of provisions. The children began to jump for joy and clap their hands at the sight of such plenty. They did not, however, forget to give thanks to Him who had heard their prayers; and little Richard, when he had finished his supper, went to the step of the open door, and taking off his cap, said, "We thank thee, God, for having sent the raven."

Little children, learn to put your trust in Jesus whilst you are young, and He will not forsake you when you are old.

### GENTLE WORDS.

"A good word doeth good like a multi cine."—Prov xvii. 22.

Use gentle words, for who can tell  
The blessings they impart?  
How oft they fall (as manna fell)  
On some nigh fainting heart.

In lonely wilds by light-winged birds  
Rare seeds have oft been sown;  
And hope has sprung from gentle words  
Whore only griefs had grown.

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Ingersoll,	Alex. Wallaco.
Kirkwall,	Win. McMillan.
Kipping P.O.,	R. Mellis.
Kincardine,	Henry Daniel.
Lansdowne,	D. U. Reid.
Lanark,	A. G. Hall.
London, C.W.,	Robert Scott.
" "	James Gillean, G. W. Sec. B. A. O. of G. T.
" "	B. H. Currier.
Long Island Locks,	Moses Gamble.
" "	A. Gordon.
Manilla,	James Stewart.
Middleville,	John Ballantyne.
Millpoint,	H. McLean.
McDonald's Corners,	Jas. Wichtmann.
Newburgh,	Thomas Elliott.
Niagara,	James Lockhart.
Newtonville,	Wm. Stewart.
Ottawa,	John Hart and G. Walker.
Perth,	David Abel.
Port Dover,	Jas. Laird, Bookseller.
Port Hope,	W. R. McLaren.
Portage du fort,	T. C. Fernan.
Prince Albert,	Rev. D. Marsh, Bible Society's Dept.
Quebec,	George Brown.
Richmond,	Robert Thynne.
Seneca,	R. McClelland.
St. Catharines,	"The Review," and J. Washburn.
Smith's Falls,	Mr. Hugh Waddell.
South Monaghan,	Jas. McArdeil.
Scarboro,	W. Wesbrook, at Parson Bros.
Toronto,	Jared Lloyd.
Whiterose,	Mr. Malone.
Wolfe Island,	J. Veitch.
Woodstock,	James Eberner.
Wick,	