

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

EYES AND EARS;

OR, THE HISTORY OF ONE WHO WAS DEAF AND BLIND.

"Eyes and Ears,"—have you both of these, my friends? and do you see with the one, and hear with the other? if so, thank your Heavenly Father, and take heed how you use them.

I was staying a few years ago at a watering-place in the South, and was led by God's abundant mercy to desire to do some work for Him. I had "eyes and ears," and He had commanded me to use them in his service, and be thankful.

By one of those wonderful ways in which He so often finds work for His people, He found work for me, and brought it to my very door; for, as it happened, I had learnt how to read the raised letters used by the blind, and this talent, which He had committed to my charge, was now to be returned to Him.

Poor Fanny W. had "Eyes and Ears," but she could neither see with one, nor hear with the other; she was "deaf and blind."

Her early history is soon told. The child of rather well-to-do tradespeople, she was sent to school, and had just learnt her letters in writing, when she was taken ill of fever, from which she recovered only to find herself both "deaf and blind."

The day of her awaking to this knowledge, was so vividly impressed upon her mind, with all its horrors and terrors, that when she was telling me of it, some eighteen or nineteen years after, her whole frame shook, and quivered with the recollection of the appalling feeling of desolation which she endured.

Consciousness had returned after the fever and delirium abated, and she supposing it was night, all being dark and quiet, lay still waiting for morning.

Interminably long seemed that night, without a sound, without a ray of light; she remembered listening for the clock on the stairs to strike,—surely an hour must be past, but no clock struck,—still she waited, and waited, and waited; at last, with a most painful feeling of weariness, she determined to get up, and go to her father and mother's door; for, to add to her discomfort, she could not make out why her sister who always slept with her, was not in bed.

Throwing off the bed-clothes, in order to get out, she was horrified by feeling all in the stillness and darkness, a hand laid on her shoulder, but not a word or sound. Between terror and weakness, the fright was too much for her

and with a piercing shriek she fell senseless on the bed, and coming to consciousness found herself in her mother's arms. Poor child! instinct told her it was her mother; and feeling some of the late terror at the stillness and darkness, she put her arms round her neck and said, "Please mother, light the candle." Her mother kissed her cheek, but never spoke; again she said, "Mother light the candle," and again the poor woman kissed her child, but never spoke. Then poor Fanny, getting more and more frightened, called out for Mary Anne, saying, "Mother can't move, or speak to me; come, Mary Anne." Mary Anne came to her, and took her hand, and she said, "Do light a candle." This time her poor mother in kissing her let some tears fall on her cheek. Terror took possession of the poor child; she thought something dreadful was happening in the house, and they dared not have either light or sound, but she never thought that it was herself; so sinking her voice into a whisper, "Tell me what is the matter, whisper to me," but still no sound, no answer; she could not see them, she could not hear them.

Then the dreadful truth of her deafness flashed on her mind: it came in listening for her mother's whispered answer; for it struck her, that though so near she could not hear her breathe.

When this fearful thought came to her mind in the most piercing accents, she cried out, "Oh, mother, mother, am I deaf?" To fold her closely in her arms was her mother's only answer. "Take my hand and squeeze it if I am deaf." This her poor mother did, who told me that poor Fanny then lay still without speaking for nearly an hour.

She had been thinking; a recollection of her illness had dawned on her mind, and she had taken in all the trials of her deafness; but that she was blind also had never occurred to her.

Again she asked Mary Anne to "please light a candle, for she could not hear them it was so lonely;" another strain to her mother's breast was again the only answer, but no candle came. "Can I be blind too? oh, mother am I blind?" and she felt her parent's breast heave and swell, and throb convulsively. "Oh, can't I see? Is there light in the room? Tell me, tell me." In this new terror she had forgotten the old one, had forgotten that she could not hear; but soon re-

membering this also, the poor child said, "Take my hand again, and squeeze it if I am blind too." Reluctantly poor Mrs. W. did this; and her deeply afflicted child laid her head on her mother's breast, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Poor, poor child! it was a mercy that she did not then, and at once, take in the full misery of her lot. Let us who have eyes and ears think of it,—seeing nothing, hearing nothing, what a living death! and yet thus she lived, if life it could be called.

Day by day, and hour by hour, poor Fanny began to realize her position:—let us thank God that it dawned upon her little by little. When she had to take food, how was she to know it? She could neither see them bring it to her, nor hear them tell her it was there. Poor, poor child! how could she understand many things? To lie in bed and sleep as much as possible was her chief wish; and when they would raise her, and try to get her out of bed, she would beg them to let her lie still; why did they forcibly take her out and dress her? Poor child! they knew it was not well for her to remain there, but they could not persuade or tell her this,—she could not hear! they could not write it down for her,—she could not see!

Let us picture this to ourselves for a minute, and try to realize its dreadful truth.—Suppose it had been you or I,—but we are spared, we can see and hear,—are we sufficiently thankful for these mercies? if not, let us think of this poor child, and ask God to make us more thankful. Do we use these gifts of hearing and seeing in His service? or do we abuse them, by using them only for ourselves or in the devil's service, by listening to that which is evil, and looking upon that which is vile? Let us ask ourselves these questions, and let us pray God not only to make us thankful, but to enable us to use all our powers for Him.

When I first knew Fanny she had grown up into a pretty-looking young woman, with beautiful eyes to look at, and a much more intelligent face than you could possibly have supposed, for one who had been shut out so long from not only mental culture, but also from that common knowledge which is gained by merely hearing and seeing things around us.

We can hardly conceive the state of mind of one, who, for whole days, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, is deprived of the power of taking in a new thought, or seeing a new thing.

My poor afflicted friend told me, that it was like being shut up in a cold dark box; that at times the feeling was so terrifying, that unless her sister or some one would come

and take her hand, she would faint away from nervous horror. Nothing to tell her that there was life around her! nothing to hear! nothing to see! nothing to do! for they could not teach her any thing: for, besides not being able to show what they wanted her to do, they could not explain it, for she could not hear. But a little comfort came at last. She had not felt her father's hands for many days, and a dread took possession of her mind that he was ill or dead. She asked after him over and over again, but received no answer. It was then that it struck her to ask them to write in her hand. She had learned to read well at school, and also begun to write. So her sister tried by writing a word; but Fanny had not sufficiently advanced in writing to be able to understand it, so she asked her sister to make every letter separately; this she managed better, and by it received the welcome information that her father was only "gone out." This new means of communication was a great delight; and her sister was kind and patient. By degrees they established a short-hand alphabet of their own, and the poor girl once more knew something of what was going on around her, but it was very little; for, in the first place, her sister was a dressmaker, and went out to work; and in the next, though they had shortened the way of making their letters, yet each letter had to be distinctly written in the hand and pronounced by Fanny before another was made, so that it was a long process to get through a short sentence.

Hearing of her case, I determined if possible, with God's help, to try to teach this poor afflicted one to read.

Having, through her sister, persuaded her to come to our lodgings, my young friend who was with me and myself earnestly supplicated the Lord to help us to teach her. I look back and think how faithful is He that hath promised, who also will perform; for He has said, "Ask, and ye shall have." We asked for power, for grace, for wisdom to teach her, and the Lord gave "abundantly, even more than we could ask or think."

Mary Anne having placed poor Fanny on a chair, I went up and took her hand. Instantly she perceived a difference, and straightway slipped her other hand to my wrist, and felt its width, shaking her head as a sign of non-recognition. Her sister came in to our aid, and spelt in her hand, "strange lady." I watched her do this, and again taking poor Fanny's hand I began to write. She was puzzled by my letters, and said, "Please make the alphabet through." I did so, and she corrected me, showing the abbreviations they used for their letters: thus the small stroke across a capital "A" denoted that letter, and

the long stroke of small "t" (as when written) stood for it; either the pronoun "you" or the vowel "u" was made by touching her shoulder; and the dot was sufficient for "i." Though this shortened it very much, still it was a long business to spell through a whole sentence, Fanny repeating each letter as you wrote it, and then each word; but she was very quick, very patient, very cheerful, after the first tremor of nervousness: at coming to strangers wore off, and she began to talk, asking me my name. I wrote it in her hand, and she pronounced it very fairly, though a difficult one; then followed questions as to my age, whether I had a father and mother, and how many brothers and sisters. She was much surprised when I told her that I had lost both parents: she said, "Poor thing! poor thing!" and tears came into her eyes. How beautifully was the law of love exemplified in her! with her deep, deep trial she could yet weep for another! and when I told her that I had a blind sister, she was full of interest, full of questions.

In this way we spent our first evening.—She was all anxiety to come again, and on feeling my wrist pronounced my name. My young friend then took her hand, and she felt her wrist, saying as she did so, "Little lady, little lady;" and by that name she always went afterwards.

Poor Fanny! we had talked of her, we had thought of her; and we had prayed for her; we had talked and thought of how little we could comprehend the small amount of knowledge she had acquired, cut off as she was, when six years old, from all means of obtaining it, even as much as a heathen or a savage might obtain, from outward things; then spending eighteen years, and only one person to converse with, and this in so laborious a manner, besides this one person often being engaged twelve hours out of the fourteen.

Fanny's ignorance, and likewise her knowledge, were equally subjects of amazement with us. Sometimes the most simple word in our English language was unknown to her, chosen by us perhaps for its simplicity, while a more complex one, which we were driven to use instead of the simple one was perfectly intelligible; and the word which she did not know was seldom either a noun or an adjective, but more frequently an adverb, which was of course more difficult to explain or change.

Her sense of touch was good, but taste was entirely gone, and also smelling.

Out of the five senses, only one left! My friends, especially my young friends, think of this, when you walk out into the balmy fresh country air, laden with the scent of new-mown grass, or lilacs, and other sweets, and thank

God with your whole heart that He has spared you this sense; and when you enjoy the food He has provided for you, do not forget that unless He had spared you the faculty of "taste" you would have none of this enjoyment; and oh, do not, do not forget that Eyes and Ears are His gift, that at any moment for our misuse of them, or even our non-use of them for Him, He can take them away! Remember the talent hidden in a napkin, and the command "Take from him that which he hath." Let us not provoke the Lord, who gave us these good gifts, to deprive us of them.

Fanny's voice, too, was wonderfully affected by not hearing,—at times a high pitch, at times a low deep tone, but there was always cheerfulness in it.

When we found her apparently quite at ease, I asked her, "would she like to learn to read?" she said, "she feared she could not." I told her my sister had learnt; then she was quite willing. "But," said I, "we must pray for help." When she did not understand any thing, she would shake her head, and still hold out her hand,—this she did now. I repeated the sentence, and she then said, "I don't know what you mean." We found that this poor young woman did not know the use and power of prayer. Greatly it astonished us, and how it could be we were some time in finding out. She had learned to read, had begun to write, and yet knew nothing of prayer. When we knew more of the family, we were not astonished; her parents were well to do, but a godless couple. She had been sent very early to one of those schools, of which I fear there are still some few remaining, where the Bible and prayer were unknown, and she failed to learn at school what she had not been taught at home. Her sister, who was kind, gentle, modest, and unassuming, was also sadly ignorant in regard to religion, yes, far more ignorant than the youngest of our Infant School scholars.

In as few words and as simply as I could, I told Fanny of a God in Heaven, who made her, and to whom she must pray for all she wanted. She seemed not only aware of the existence of God, but she believed in Him.—Then I told her of our sinful nature, and of God's love, in sending His Son to die for us, so that if we believe in Him and love Him, He will take our sins upon Himself, and that God will accept us for His Son Jesus Christ's sake, who is the sinner's friend. Then we wrote in her hand a little prayer, and asked her very often to pray, "Lord Jesus, make me Thy true child; be my friend, and help me to read and understand about Thee."

Every evening we wrote some plain, simple text in her hand, which she repeated to us the

next evening; and in teaching her to read we always chose one of these texts which she had learnt.

It seemed, before we began, an almost hopeless task to think of conveying to her mind the characters which stand for letters in the blind reading; but it did not prove so at all. Putting her finger on one of the most simple ones, I wrote in her hand that that stood for M, and then made her find me another; then I put her finger on O in the same way, and S and T followed. Then finding these united in one word, I told her to read it. She felt, and named each correctly, and discovering that it spelt "Most," she quite screamed it out in her pleasure: and thus she went on from time to time, overcoming one difficulty, then another, till she could read the texts she had learned, and finally the whole Scriptures. The empty heart, the unoccupied brain, had now food and work in abundance; with the faith of a little child she received "the truth as it is in Jesus." He had heard her prayer, He had heard ours. He was indeed her "friend." And though it was some little time before we could teach her about the Holy spirit, His work, and His offices, He had Himself been teaching her, and she was beginning to bring forth the fruits of that teaching, in love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, and meekness.

Her father and mother, who knew not the cause of it, nevertheless saw that there was a great change, a very great one. They used to say, "She is so patient now, never puts herself about, and is so loving to us, and so anxious to get us to Heaven."

With so few things entering her heart, those which did remain there abidingly: thus she retained with wonderful tenacity every text we had told her, every precept we had taught her. And so it was with persons. When Fanny was sitting with us one day, Dr. M. came to see me; he had attended her when she had the fever, and became "deaf and blind," but she had never met with him since. I asked him to take her hand, and see whether she would recognize him. As usual she felt his wrist, then raising her head and her eyebrows (her usual way of showing astonishment), she exclaimed, "Dr. M., Dr. M."

The one sense left to her was, as is usual under such circumstances, strengthened by the loss of the others. A day or two previously to this she had found out that I was not well by the measurement of my wrist; on shaking hands with her, she felt it, as usual, and shook her head very sadly, saying, "Middling well, indeed you must have the doctor."

Her belief too in what was told her was as strong as the faith of a little child; the fact of

the ever-loving presence of our Saviour was never doubted; and so fully did she realize it, that I have heard her literally talking with Him.

Never afraid of being alone now, she would sit with her raised Bible on her knee, and, perfectly unconscious of any one being present, would read a verse, and talk with her Lord about it.

I went in one morning when she was thus alone, and before I had time to reach her hand, and let her know that, some one was in the room, she had spoken to him about the verse she was just reading,—it was the fifteenth chapter of St. John, the fourteenth verse, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Looking up as though her Lord stood by her side, she said, "Oh, I like to hear you say that: you only told me before that you were my friend, the sinner's friend. I did not know that we were friends of yours." Then turning it into a prayer, as she had been taught to do, she said, "Teach me, O Lord, to do the things which you command me."

Such prayers as these were not likely to remain unanswered. No, I am convinced that they were answered to the full. Unless the Lord had intended mercy to her soul, like Manoah's wife, "He would not have shown her these things;" but His time was come to make "darkness light before her," and great was that light. His time was also come that, having revealed Himself to her on earth, He should take her to fill the place He had prepared for her.

We left H——, and received several letters from Mary Ann, written by Fanny's express wish, to convey to us some of the love and gratitude that swelled her heart towards our Lord, and us whom he had sent to her.—It was wonderful how clearly she understood the truths she had received; and yet I should not say "wonderful," for the Holy Spirit had taught her. She never seemed to confound the relative positions of ourselves and our Saviour. Though we were to strive to be holy, yet she perfectly understood that all our salvation was His. And though she felt deep gratitude to us, for having taught her to read, and opened a new life to her, yet she rapidly passed over her thanks to us, to give praise to Him who had sent us.

Her illness was short; death came somewhat suddenly upon her. We had received a most loving, touching letter from Mary Anne, with tender, grateful messages; and shortly another followed it, to say that our young friend was gone to her rest.

The Lord's time was come to teach her; the Lord's time was come to take her.

Like the vivifying power of the northern

sun; when it shines on the cold barren tracts of that land lying so long in darkness, was the vivifying power of the Sun of Righteousness shining on her hitherto darkened heart and mind. As flowers and seeds rapidly spring up and ripen in the north, so did the fruits of the Spirit rapidly come to perfection in her heart through Christ.

I have since heard more particulars of her illness and death.

As long as she was able to read, her Bible was her constant companion; and her sister said that she spent almost all her day in reading it, and talking with Christ; that her happiness seemed unbounded. When any of them came to her side she would say, "Do listen to this," and would read some favourite passage.

They returned to me the Bible I had given her. Full well it tells of favourite pages pored over and over, felt over, and prayed over.

When no longer able to hold her book, she would still keep up her conversations with Christ; and for the few days that she was thus ill, she was most earnest in supplicating Him to bring her sister, and father, and mother to Himself. And she felt sure that they would be brought; for had He not said to her, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you?" This promise she had pleaded, and she knew that "He was faithful which promised."

And fanny entered into her rest. The blind eyes were opened, the deaf ears unstopped; she is now with her Lord, seeing Him face to face, and hearing Him with the "hearing of the ear." She has seen her Lord, in whom her soul delighteth; she has found the Saviour to be all that He promised, "the friend of sinners."

And we, too, have seen the goodness of the Lord; we have seen His love to this poor afflicted one; we have seen Him smite, but heal; we have seen Him lay low and raise up, and we have seen Him true to His word and His promise, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Isaiah xlii. 16.

THE CLOCK OF DESTINY.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." As if he had said, Mortality is a huge-time-piece wound up by the Almighty Maker; and after he has set it agoing, no

thing can stop it till the angel swears that time shall be no longer. But here it ever vibrates and ever advances—ticking one child of Adam into existence, and ticking another out. Now it gives the whirr of warning, and the world may look out for some great event; and presently it fulfils its warning, and rings in a noisy revolution. But there! as its index travels on so resolute and tranquil, what tears and raptures attend its progress! It was only another wag of the sleepless pendulum; but it was fraught with destiny, and a fortune was made—a heart was broken—an empire fell. We cannot read the writing on the mystic cogs as they are coming slowly up; but each of them is coming on God's errand, and carries in graven brass a divine decree. Now, however—now that the moment is past, we know; and in the fulfilment we can read the fiat. This instant was to say to Solomon, "Be born;" this other was to say to Solomon in all his glory, "Die!" That instant was to "plant" Israel in Palestine; that other was to "pluck him up." And thus, inevitable, inexorable, the great clock of human destiny moves on, till a mighty hand shall grasp its heart and hush for ever its pulse of iron.

See how fixed, how fated is each vicissitude! how independent of human control! There is "a time to be born," and however much a man may dislike the era on which his existence is cast, he cannot help himself: that time is his, and he must make the most of it. Milton need not complain that his lot is fallen on evil days; for these are *his* days, and he can have no other. Roger Bacon and Galileo need not grudge their precious being, that they have been prematurely launched into the age of inquisitors and knowledge-quenching monks,—for this age was made to make them. And so with the time to die. Voltaire need not offer half his fortune to buy six weeks reprieve; for if the appointed moment has arrived, it cannot pass into eternity without taking the sceptic with it. And even good Hezekiah—his tears and prayers would not have turned the shadow backward, had that moment of threatened death been the moment of God's intention. Yes, there is a time to die; and though we speak of an untimely end, no one ever died a moment sooner than God designed, nor

lived a moment longer. And so there is a time to plant. The impulse comes on the man of fortune, and he lays out his spacious lawn, and studs it with massive trees; and he plants his garden, and in the sods imbeds the rarest and richest flowers or he piles up little mounts of blossomed shrubbery, till the place is dazzled with bright tints and dizzy with perfume.— And that impulse fades away, and in the fickleness of sated opulence the whole is rooted up and converted into wilderness again. Or by his own or a successor's fall, the region is doomed to destruction; and when strangling nettles have choked the geraniums and the lilies, and, crowded into atrophy, the lean plantations grow tall and branchless, the axe of an enterprising purchaser clears the dank thickets away, and his ploughshare turns up the weedy parterre. There is a time when to interfere with disease is to destroy; when to touch the patient is to take his life; and there is a time when the simplest medicine will effect a marvellous cure. There is a time when the invader is too lappy to dismantle the fortress which so long kept him at bay; but by-and-by, when he needs it as a bulwark to his own frontiers, with might and main he seeks to build it up again. Nor can any one fix a date and say, I shall spend that day merrily, or I must spend it mournfully. The day fixed for the wedding may prove the day for the funeral; and the ship which was to bring back the absent brother, may only bring his coffin. On the other hand, the day we had destined for mourning God may turn to dancing, and may gird it with irresistible gladness.—*Dr Hamilton.*

MIGHTY MEN.

Dr Adam Clarke said that "the old proverb about having too many irons in the fire was an abominable old lie. Have all in it, shovel, tongs, and poker." It is not so much the multiplicity of employments, as the want of system that distracts and injures both the work and the workman. Wesley said, "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry; leisure and I have long taken leave of each other." He travelled about 5000 miles in a year; preached

about three times a day, commencing at five o'clock in the morning; and his published works amounted to about 200 volumes! Asbury travelled 6000 miles a year, and preached incessantly. Coke crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, preached, wrote, travelled, established missions begged from door to door for them, and laboured in all respects, as if, like the apostles, he would "turn the world upside down." At near 70 years of age, he started to Christianize India! It is said that Luther preached almost daily; he lectured constantly as a professor; he was burdened with the care of all the churches; his correspondence, even as now extant, fills many volumes; he was perpetually harassed with controversies, and was one of the most voluminous writers of his day. The same, or even more, might be said of Calvin. While in Strasburg, he preached or lectured every day. In a letter to Farrel, dated from that city, he says that on one day he had revised twenty sheets of one of his works, lectured, preached, written four letters, reconciled several parties who were at variance, and answered more than ten persons who came to him for advice. In Geneva he was pastor, professor, and almost magistrate. He lectured every other day; on alternate weeks he preached daily; he was overwhelmed with letters from all parts of Europe; and was the author of works (amounting to nine volumes folio) which any man of our generation would think more than enough to occupy his whole time. And this amid perpetual infirmity, headache, catarrh, gout, and even worse troubles. Baxter says of himself, that, before the wars, he preached twice every Sabbath, and once in the week, besides occasional sermons, and several regular evening religious meetings. Two days in the week, he catechised the people from house to house, spending an hour with each family. Beside all this, he was forced, by the necessity of the people, to practise physic; and as he never took a penny from any one, he was crowded with patients. In the midst of all these duties, though afflicted with almost all the diseases which man is heir to, he wrote more books than most of us can find time to read.

COMPEL THEM TO COME IN.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 340.

I know not what arguments to use with you. I appeal to your own self-interests. Oh! my poor friend, would it not be better for you to be reconciled to the God of heaven, than to be His enemy? What are you getting by opposing God? Are you the happier for being His enemy?—Answer, pleasure-seeker: hast thou found delights in that cup? Answer me, self-righteous man: hast thou found rest for the sole of thy foot in all thy works? Oh, thou that goest about to establish thine own righteousness, I charge thee, let conscience speak. Hast thou found it to be a happy path? Ah, my friend, “wherefore dost thou spend thy money for that which is not bread, and thy labour for that which satisfieth not; hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.” I exhort you by everything that is sacred and solemn—everything that is important and eternal, flee for your lives: look not behind you; stay not in all the plain; stay not until you have proved, and found an interest in the blood of Jesus Christ—that blood “*which cleanseth us from all sin.*” Will you still cold and indifferent? Will you not the blind man permit me to lead him to the feast? Will not my maimed brother put his hand upon my shoulder and permit me to assist him to the banquet? Will not the poor man allow me to walk side-by-side with him? Must I use some stronger words. Must I use some other compulsion to compel you to come in?—Sinners, this one thing I am resolved upon this morning, *if you be not saved, you shall be without excuse.* Ye, from the grey-headed down to the tender age of childhood, if ye this day lay not hold on Christ, your blood shall be on your own head. If there be power in man to bring his fellow, (as there is) when man is helped by the Holy spirit,) that power shall be exercised this morning, God helping me.

Come, I am not to be put off by your rebuffs. If my exhortation fails, I must come to something else. My brother, I **ENTREAT** you—I entreat you, stop and consider. Do you know what it is you are rejecting this morning? You are re-

jecting Christ, your only Saviour. “*Other foundation can no man lay;*” “*there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.*” My brother, I cannot bear that you should do this, for I remember what you are forgetting. The day is coming when you will want a Saviour. It is not long ere weary months shall have ended, and your strength begin to decline; your pulse shall fail you; your strength shall depart; and you and the grim monster, death, must face each other. What will you do “in the swellings of Jordan” without a Saviour? Death-beds are stony things without the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a solemn thing to die. He that hath the best hope, and the most triumphant faith, finds that death is not a thing to laugh at. It is an awful thing to pass from the seen to the unseen—from the mortal to the immortal—from time to eternity; and you will find it hard to go through the iron gates of death without the sweet wings of angels to conduct you to the portals of the skies. It will be a hard thing to die without Christ. I cannot help thinking of you. I see you acting the suicide this morning, and I picture myself standing at your bedside, and hearing your cries, and knowing that you are dying without hope. I cannot bear that. I think I am standing by your coffin now, and looking into your clay-cold face, and saying, “This man despised Christ, and neglected the great salvation.” I think what bitter tears I shall weep then, if I think that I have been unfaithful to you, and how those eyes, fast closed in death, shall seem to chide me and say, “Minister, I attended the Tabernacle, but you were not in earnest with me. You amused me, you preached to me, but you did not *plead* with me. You did not know what Paul meant when he said, “As though God did beseech you by us, we *pray* you in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God.”

I entreat you, let this message enter your heart for another reason. I picture myself standing at the bar of God. As the Lord liveth, the day of judgement is coming. You believe that? You are not an infidel; your conscience would not permit you to doubt the Scripture. Perhaps you may have pretended to do so, but you cannot. You feel there must be a day when God shall judge the world in right-

teousness. I see you standing in the midst of that throng, and the eye of God is fixed on you. It seems to you that He is not looking anywhere else, but only upon you, and He summons you before Him; and He reads your sins, and He cries, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!" My hearer, I cannot bear to think of you in that position. It seems as if every hair of my head must stand on end to think of any hearer of mine being damned. Will you picture yourself in that position? The word has gone forth, "Depart, ye cursed." Do you see the pit as it opens to swallow you up? Do you listen to the shrieks and the yells of those who have preceded you to that eternal lake of torment? Instead of picturing the scene, I turn to you with the words of the inspired prophet, and I say, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Oh! my brother, I cannot let you put away religion thus. No, I think of what is to come after death. I should be destitute of all humanity, if I should see a person about to poison himself, and did not dash away the cup; or if I saw another about to plunge from London Bridge, if I did not assist in preventing him from doing so; and I should be worse than a friend, if I did not now, with all love, and kindness, and earnestness, beseech you to "*lay hold on eternal life, to labour, not for the meat that perisheth, but for the meat that endureth unto everlasting life.*"

Some would tell me, I am wrong in so doing. I cannot help it. I must do it. As I must stand before my Judge at last, I feel that I shall not make full proof of my ministry unless I entreat with many tears that ye would be saved—that ye would look unto Jesus Christ and receive his glorious salvation. But does not this avail? Are all our entreaties lost upon you? Do you turn a deaf ear? Then again I change my note. Sinner, I have pleaded with you as a man pleadeth with his friend, and were it for my own life I could not speak more earnestly this morning than I do speak concerning yours. I did feel earnest about my own soul, but not a whit more than I do about the souls of my congregation this morning; and therefore, if ye put away these en-

treates, I have something else;—I must THREATEN you. You shall not always have such warnings as these. A day is coming, when hushed shall be the voice of every Gospel minister, at least for you; for your ear shall be cold in death, It shall not be any more threatening; it shall be the fulfilment of the threatening. There shall be no promise—no proclamations of pardon and of mercy—no peace-speaking blood; but you shall be in the land where the Sabbath is all swallowed up in everlasting nights of misery, and where the preachings of the Gospel are forbidden, because they would be unavailing. I charge you, then, listen to this voice that now addresses your conscience; for if not, God shall speak to you in His wrath, and say unto you in His hot displeasure, "*I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; therefore will I mock at your calamity; I will laugh when your fear cometh.*" Sinner, I threaten you again. Remember, it is but a short time you may have to hear these warnings. You imagine that your life will be long, but do you know how short it is? Have you ever tried to think how frail you are? Did you ever see such a marvellous thing as the human frame?

"Strange, a harp of a thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long."

Let but one of those cords be twisted—let but a mouthful of food go in the wrong direction, and you may die. The slightest chance, as we have it, may send you swift to death, when God wills it. Strong men have been killed by the smallest and slightest accident, and so may you. In the chapel, in the house of God, men have dropped down dead. How often do we hear of men falling in our streets—rolling out of time into eternity, by some sudden stroke. And are you sure that heart of yours is quite sound? Is the blood circulating with all accuracy? Are you quite sure of that? And if it be so, how long shall it be? Oh, perhaps there are some of you here that shall never see Christmas-day. It may be, the mandate has gone forth already, "*Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.*" Out of this vast congregation, I could not with accuracy tell how many will be dead in a year; but certain it is that the whole of us shall never meet together again in any

one assembly. Some out of this vast crowd—perhaps some two or three—shall depart ere the new year shall be ushered in. I remind you, then, my brother, that either the gate of salvation may be shut, or else you may be out of the place where the gate of mercy stands. Come, then, let the threatening have power with you. I do not threaten you because I would alarm you without cause, but in hopes that a brother's threatening may drive you to the place where God hath prepared the feast of the Gospel.

And now, *must I turn hopelessly away?*

Have I exhausted all that I can say?—

No, I will come to you again. Tell me

what it is, my brother, that keeps you

from Christ? I hear one say, "Oh, sir,

it is because I feel myself too guilty."—

That cannot be, my friend; that cannot

be. "But, sir, I am the chief of sinners."

Friend, you are not. The chief of sinners

died and went to heaven many years ago.

His name was Saul of Tarsus, afterward

called Paul the apostle. He was the chief

of sinners. I know he spoke the truth.

"No," but you say still, "I am too vile."

You cannot be viler than the *chief* of sin-

ners. You must, at least, be second worst.

Even supposing you are the worst now

alive, you are second worst, for he was

chief. But suppose you are the worst, is

not that the very reason why you should

come to Christ. The worse a man is, the

more reason he should go to the hospital

or physician. The poorer you are, the

more reason you should accept the charity

of another. Now, Christ does not want

any merits of yours. He gives freely.—

The worse you are, the more welcome you

are. But let me ask you a question; Do

you think you will ever get better by stop-

ping away from Christ? If so, you know

very little as yet of the way of salvation.

No, sir, the longer you stay, the worse

you will grow; your hope will grow

weaker, your despair will become stronger;

the nail with which Satan has fastened

you down will be more firmly clenched,

and you will be less hopeful than ever.—

Come, I beseech you; recollect there is

nothing to be gained by delay; but, by

delay, everything may be lost.

"But," cries another, "I feel I cannot

believe." No, my friend, and you never

will believe, if you look first at your be-

lieving. Remember, I am not come to invite you to *faith* but am come to invite you to *Christ*. But you say, "What is the difference?" Why, just this: if you first of all say, "I want to believe a thing," you never do. But your first inquiry must be, "What is this thing that I am to believe?" Then will faith come as the consequence of that search. Our first business has not to do with faith, but with Christ. Come, I beseech you, on Calvary's mount, and see the cross. Behold the Son of God—he who made the heavens and the earth, dying for your sins. Look to him. Is there not power in him to save? Look at his face so full of pity. Is there not love in his heart to prove him *willing* to save? Surely, sinner, the sight of Christ will help thee to believe. Do not believe first, and then go to Christ, or else thy faith will be a worthless thing.—Go to Christ without any faith, and cast thyself upon him—sink or swim.

But I hear another cry, "Oh, sir! you do not know how often I have been invited—how long I have rejected the Lord." I do not know, and I do not want to know. All I know is that my Master has sent me to "*compel*" you to come in; so come along with me now.—You may have rejected a thousand invitations; don't make this the thousandth-and-one. You have been up to the house of God, and you have only been *Gospel hardened*. But do I not see a tear in your eye? Come, my brother, don't be hardened by this morning's sermon. O Spirit of the living God! come and melt this heart, for it has never been melted, and compel him to come in! I cannot let you go on such idle excuses as that. If you have lived so many years slighting Christ, there are so many reasons why *now* you should not slight him. But did I hear you whisper that this was not a convenient time? Then what must I say to you?—When will that convenient time come?—Shall it come when you are in hell? Will *that time* be convenient? Shall it come when you are on your dying bed, and the death rattle is in your throat—shall it come *then*? Or when the burning sweat is scalding your brow; and then again, when the cold clammy sweat is there, shall *those* be convenient times? When pains are racking you, and you are on the bor-

ders of the tomb? No, sir, *this morning* is the convenient time. May God make it so. Remember, I have no authority to ask you to come to Christ *to-morrow*. The Master has given you no invitation to come to him next Tuesday. The invitation is, "*To-day* if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts," for the Spirit saith "*to-day*." "Come *now*, and let us reason together." Why should you put it off? It may be the last warning you shall ever have. Put it off, and you may never weep again in chapel. You may never have so earnest a discourse addressed to you. You may not be pleaded with as I would plead with you now. You may go away, and God may say, "*He is joined to idols: let him alone*." He shall throw the reins upon your neck; and then, mark—your course is sure; but it is *sure damnation and swift destruction*.

And now again, is it all in vain? Will you not now come to Christ? Then what more can I do? I have but one more resort, and that shall be tried: I can be permitted to *weep* for you; I can be allowed to *pray* for you. You shall scorn the address, if you like. You shall laugh at the preacher. You shall call him a fanatic, if you will. He will not chide you. He will bring no accusation against you to the great judge. Your offence, so far as he is concerned, is forgiven before it is committed; but you will remember that the message that you are rejecting this morning, is a message from One who loves you, and it is given to you also by the lips of one who loves you. You will recollect that you may play your soul away with the devil—that you may listlessly think it a matter of no importance; but there lives at least one who is in earnest about your soul, and one who before he came here, wrestled with his God for strength to preach to you, and who when he has gone from this place, will not forget his hearers of this morning. I say again, when *words* fail us, we can give *tears*—for words and tears are the arms with which Gospel ministers compel men to come in. You do not know, and I suppose could not believe, how anxious a man whom God has called to the ministry feels about his congregation, and especially about some of them. I heard but the other day of a young man who attended here for a long time, and his

father's hope was that he would be brought to Christ. He became acquainted, however, with an infidel; and now he neglects his business, and lives in a daily course of sin. I saw his poor father's wan face. I did not ask him to tell me the story himself, for I felt it was raking up a trouble and opening a sore. I fear, sometimes that good man's grey hairs may be brought with sorrow to the grave. Young men, you do not pray for yourselves, but your mothers wrestle for you. You will not think of your own souls, but your fathers' anxiety is exercised for you. I have been at prayer-meetings, when I have heard children of God pray there, and they could not have prayed with more earnestness and more intensity of anguish, if they had been each of them seeking their own soul's salvation. And is it not strange that we should be ready to move heaven and earth for your salvation, and that still you should have no thought for *yourselves*—no regard for eternal things.

Now I have preached the Gospel to you. I have preached it earnestly. And I look to my Master to honour His own promise. He has said, "It shall not return unto me void;" and it shall not. It is in His hands—not mine. I cannot compel you; but Thou, O Spirit of God, who hast the key of the heart, *Thou* canst compel. Did you ever notice in that chapter of the Revelation, where it says, "Behold I stand at the door and knock"?—a few verses before, the same personage is described, as he who hath "the key of David." So that if knocking will not avail, he has the key, and can and will come in. Now if the knocking of an earnest minister prevail not with you this morning, there remains still that secret opening of the heart by the Spirit, so that you shall be compelled.

I have thought it my duty to labour with you, as though I must do it. Now I throw it into my Master's hands. It is with *Him*. He is master of the heart, and I trust the day shall declare it, that some of you, constrained by sovereign grace, have become the willing captives of the all-conquering Jesus, and have bowed your hearts to him through the sermon of this morning.

"CALL YE UPON HIM."

Rev. A. A. Bonar, Glasgow.

(ISAIAH lv. 6.)

We ought to be fully persuaded of these two things,—viz., that the Saviour is always "near," and that He is "waiting." The former is asserted in this very clause, the latter in chap. xxx. 18. If so, we are taught to "call" upon One both near at hand and attentive to our voice, for He is waiting to hear. We do not need to exert ourselves in the vehement effort to stop One going away, to bring toward us One at a distance, to arrest and turn round One who was not minding us or looking our way. On the contrary, He is near, and He is in the attitude of waiting for us. His "Call ye upon Him," tells us that He wishes you to avail yourself of His nearness. "Call;" "Call" on Him.

But what is this "Call?" It is not a long time spent in prayer. It is not a series of prayer. It is not what we call earnest or vehement prayer. Indeed, strictly speaking, it is not prayer at all, in the usual sense. What is it, then?

It is the soul's appeal to the Saviour for acceptance. *It is the sinner pleading what he sees in the Saviour.* The drowning man, who perceives on the shore one able to help and rescue him, presents his case to the man on the shore by calling on him for help. But he puts no stress on the manner, or number, or reiteration of his cries—his expectation lies in the man's kindness and compassion. So it is with the sinner. Out of the many waters of sin and guilt, he, as one needing deliverance, and utterly helpless, calls on the Saviour, whom he now discovers to be such a one as he needs.

The call is drawn forth by "apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ," by what is revealed concerning Christ. He turns his thoughts to that quarter now, because in no other can he discern what meets his sad case; whereas in Jesus he has been enabled to see the law fulfilled and the law's penalty borne, and all this held out to the sinner's acceptance. His call, therefore, is simply a decided recognition of the Saviour, as having all this provision for sinners; an appeal to Him

on that ground; the presenting of a plea for pardon and acceptance, founded entirely on the merits of Him to whom the sinner speaks.

Look on His life-obedience, and His pouring out of His soul unto death; look on it all as provision made for the guilty soul's approach to God; and, resting your eye on all this, "Call." Like the dying thief, cry, if you choose, "Lord, remember me." Be as Esther; she first made sure that the king was well-inclined toward her, by watching the stretching forth of the golden sceptre, and then she told her petition and request, asking her own life and the life of all her people. It is even thus you are to act. You read in the Word the sure testimony,—*"We have a Great High Priest, who is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God; let us, therefore, come boldly, that we may obtain mercy,"* (Heb. iv.) You see in these words the stretching out of the golden sceptre of the King of kings; and, emboldened hereby, you "Call." You ask, "Save me." And if you ask on grounds like these, He cannot say Nay. If this be your pleading, His reply forthwith is, "Yea, Amen."

Yet, more simply still; the Lord, by the offered sacrifice, by the blood that speaketh peace, calls on you. He stands pointing to that blood, and calling on you, "Sinner wilt thou present this as thy plea to the Judge and be pardoned Thy part is to respond, "Yea, Lord." This is real calling, for this is thy heart's expression of its desire to be saved in this only way.

And, after all, we have this other remark to offer, You are to put the emphasis of the clause on "the Lord." The Prophet is summoning us away from other objects in which we seek rest, and happiness, and satisfaction; and he had shewn us the Lord of whom he speaks, as "waters" to the thirsty. He had told us of His coming into our flesh, doing our work, dying our death, all for our sakes; and here, with his finger still pointing to that object, he addresses us,—*"Call ye upon Him."* Try no other; apply to no other; beg of no other. Leave off your constant application to the creature and to self. Come now and "Call on Him." In the first moment of thy reasoning with Him, there shall be

a lifting off of thy load. Not after a hundred prayers; not after thou hast knocked for the thousandth time at this door, but in the very hour wherein thou forsakest other hopes, and betakest thyself to *Him*, "Calling on *Him*," and on no other, thou shalt be saved. When, like the disciples in the storm, despairing of helping thyself by oar or sail, by swimming, or by skill in steering, thou ceasest from all efforts, and simply awakest *Him*, simply callest on *Him*, thou art sure of the result. He will arise; He will say, Peace, be still; there shall be a great calm.

In times passed how often have you called on the creature! You have made much of the things of this world; that was *calling* on them to make you happy. You have depended on ordinances; that was *calling* on them to save your soul. You have expected that much supplication, a strict watch over your words and ways, a scrupulous endeavour to fix your heart on God, you have expected that all this would help on thy soul's salvation; that is, you have *called* on them for rest and peace. In short, you have CALLED ON *self*; you have *called* on what originated with self, and on what self could do; you have looked for the answer of peace from self-righteousness. But now, O fellow-sinner, let all these alone; *call on the Lord*, who has set Himself before thee in Chap. liii., as a Saviour so fully fitted for thee. Never mind what words, few or many; never mind words at all. An *imploring*, *look* from a dying or suffering child is a quite sufficient call on the anxious loving mother; she runs to help when appealed to by that look. And thou, too, art sure that if thy soul casts its *imploring look* on Him who waits to be gracious—"the Lord,"—that *call* will be enough. He will hasten to give thee peace, rest, salvation.

FEAST IN SIMON'S HOUSE.

The arrangement of the table and seats around it was in the form of three sides of a square, the end being left open for the attendance of servants. In the "Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews," the writer describes a fast in the house of the vice-consul at Damietta:—"We were interested in observing a custom of the country. In the room where we were received, besides the divan on which we sat, there were seats all round the

walls. Many came in and took their place on those side-seats uninvited, and yet unchallenged. They spoke to those at table on business or the news of the day, and our host spoke freely to them. . . . We afterwards saw this custom at Jerusalem. . . . We were sitting round Mr. Nicolayson's table, when first one and then another stranger opened the door and came in, taking seats by the wall. They leaned forward and spoke to those at table. This made us understand the scene in Simon's house at Bethany, where Jesus sat at supper, and also the scene in the Pharisee's house, where the woman, who was a sinner, came in, uninvited, and yet not forbidden. . . . In (this latter case) . . . Christ is dining at a Pharisee's table. As the feast goes on, the door opens, and a woman enters, and takes her seat by the wall just behind Him. The Pharisee eyes her with abhorrence: but as custom permits it, he does not prevent her coming in. After a little time, as Jesus is reclining with His feet sloped toward the back of the couch, the woman bends forward, pours her tears on His feet, and anoints them with precious ointment."

The practice of washing the feet of visitors is thus referred to by Mr. Jowett:—"Went with Mr. Lewis to Deiri el-Kamr, which may be called the capital of Mount Lebanon. The journey took us nine very hot and tedious hours. . . . We arrived at sunset. . . . We had a letter to a very respectable man in the town, and had an enthusiastic welcome from his family. Before supper, the master of the house directed his servant to bring in a large brass pan, full of warm water, in which for the first, and indeed the only time, that I ever experienced such attention, he illustrated the ancient custom of washing the feet of strangers, and no compliment could have been more reasonable."

Robinson, in his "Researches," also describes the same custom which he experienced at Ramleh:—"Our youthful host now proposed, in the genuine style of ancient Oriental hospitality, that a servant should wash our feet. This took me by surprise, for I was not aware that the custom still existed here. . . . We gladly accepted the proposal, both for the sake of the refreshment and of the scriptural illustration. A female Nubian slave accordingly brought water, which she poured upon our feet over a large shallow basin of tinned copper; kneeling before us, and rubbing our feet with her hands, and wiping them with a napkin."

Two things, though oft neglected, demand serious thought: "the sin of our nature," and "the nature of sin."

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

As a young friend was standing with me in the street, a very stylish and elegantly-dressed girl passed.

"What beautiful hands Miss — has!" exclaimed our friend.

"What makes them beautiful?"

"Why, they are small, white, soft and exquisitely shaped, and the fingers taper down so delicately."

"Is that all that constitutes the real beauty of the hands? Is not something more to be included in your catalogue of beauty, which you have not enumerated, to make hands desirable?"

"What more *would* you have?"

"Are they *charitable* hands? Have they ever fed the poor? Have they ever carried the necessities of life to the widow and the orphan? Has their soft touch ever soothed the irritation of sickness, and calmed the agonies of pain? Do the poor bless those rosy-tipped fingers as their wants are supplied by them?"

"Are they *useful* hands? Have they been taught that the world is not a play-ground, or a theatre of display, or a mere lounging place? Do these delicate hands ever labour? Are they ever employed about the domestic duties of life—the homely, ordinary employments of the household? Or does the owner leave all that to her mother, while she flourishes her delicate hands in idleness?"

"Are they *modest* hands? Will they perform their charities or their duties without vanity?—Or do they pander to the pride of their owner by their delicacy and beauty? Does she think more of their display than of the improvement of her intellect and character? Had she rather be called 'the girl with the beautiful hands,' than to receive any other praise for excellency or character?"

"Are they *humble* hands? Will their owner extend them to grasp the hard hand of that old school-fellow, who sat at the same desk with her, and on the same recitation bench, but who now must earn her living by her labour?" Or will they remain concealed, in their exclusiveness, in her aristocratic muff, as she sweeps by her former companion?"

"Are they *religious* hands? Are they ever clasped in prayer, or elevated in praise? Does she remember the God who has made her to differ from so many of her sex, and devote her mind, her heart, her hands to His service? Does she try to imitate her Saviour by going about doing good? Or are her hands too delicate, too beautiful to be employed in such good works? These are the qualities that make the hand a beautiful one, in my estimation. There is a loveliness in such hands, superior to the tapering slenderness of the fingers, or the roseate hue of the nails."

THE WAY TO EMINENCE.

That which other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?

Long ago a little boy was entered at Harrow School. He was put into a class beyond his years, and the advantage of previous instruction, it was denied to him. His master chid him for his dulness, and all his efforts then could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But, nothing daunted, he procured the grammars and other elementary books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these; till, in a few weeks, he gradually began to rise, and it was not long till he shot far ahead of all his companions, and became not only leader of that division, but the pride of Harrow. You may see the statue of that boy, whose career began with this fit of energetic application, in St. Paul's Cathedral; for he lived to be the greatest oriental scholar of modern Europe—it was Sir WILLIAM JONES.

When young scholars see the lofty pinnacle of attainment on which that name is now reposing, they feel as if it had been created there, rather than had travelled thither. No such thing. The most illustrious in the annals of philosophy once knew no more than the most illiterate now do. And how did he arrive at his peerless dignity? *By dint of diligence; by downright painstaking.—Life in Earnest.*

THE PRESENT.

In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present. To be doing one thing and thinking of another is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing well, and to please nobody. It is better to be interested with inferior persons and inferior things, than to be indifferent to the best. A principal cause of this indifference is the adoption of other people's tastes, instead of the cultivation of our own—the pursuit after that for which we are not fitted, and to which, consequently, we are not in reality inclined. This folly pervades more or less all classes, and arises from the error of building our enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion.

THE GOOD NEWS.

JULY 15th, 1863.

THE GOSPEL PIONEER AT WORK.

Every person has a commission from heaven to discharge. The son of Zacharias and Elizabeth had a high and glorious one. To him it was given to announce the arrival, and to herald in the Son of God, as the Son of man. With the flush of early manhood on his brow, the fire of youth in his eye, attired in camlet robes begirt with a girdle of skin, he is heard, day after day, amid astonished crowds in the villages of Judea, uttering the startling cry, "Repent ye," "Repent, for the long-looked for era is at hand."

Unlike the preachers who read the prescribed lessons in the synagogues, John drew crowds after him, wherever he went. He was eloquent because he felt what he said, and he feared not to speak his mind. Like Elijah, he was bold for his master. He preached telling sermons, and, the strange preacher, from the wilderness, soon became the country talk. "Have ye heard the prophet?" "What do ye think of the young preacher?" and such questions as these were often asked, and as often answered concerning him. But let us hear him for ourselves. The citizens of Jerusalem are thronging in thousands along the Jericho road, towards the ford of the Jordan, to hear the illustrious one, for his fame has reached the capital. With the bank of the river for his pulpit, and a sea faced around him, John, in trumpet accents, fearlessly denounces their sins. The Sadducee, with his short-life creed, he warns of a wrath to come. The Pharisee, with his "stand-aside for I am holier than thou" doctrine, he calls upon to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and not to trust in his descent from Abraham. His arrow

to the unjust taxgatherers is, "Exact no more than that which is appointed you." To the ruthless, heartless soldier he says, "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages." Nor do the wealthy escape his rebukes. He calls upon them to exercise charity, "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat let him do likewise." John faithfully declares to each one his duty, in that sphere in which his lot has been cast, and he does not forget his own. Many are willing to accept him as the Christ, but he tells them he is only the precursor of the Mighty One, and not even worthy to untie his sandals. He had not come to usurp the honor of his Master, but to point the people to the Lamb of God.— John preached no selfish sermons to gain applause. His name and his fame were established before he was born. And he did his work nobly, irrespective of the consequences to himself. Did the king sin? John went into him, and told him of it, for it was his mission to make the crooked straight, and to make ready a sovereign, as well as people prepared for the Lord. Herod ill repaid the kindness, for he deprived him first of his liberty, and then of life. Nay not of life! for the words of the great Master are, "He that loseth his life for my sake the same shall find it." And Herodias and her daughter shall yet see that head on which they glutted with delight, as it lay all bloody on their salver, and which was worth more than the half of Herod's kingdom, arrayed with a martyr's crown. For "among them that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." He had the twofold honour of living for Christ, and of dying for him too, and of that other honor he will not be deprived, he shall reign with Christ for ever and ever.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE PLAIN.

It was on the evening of a beautiful Autumnal day, having gone out to take a solitary ramble among the fields from which the ripened grain had recently been reaped, that I began pensively to muse on the briefness and uncertainty of human life, when that deeply affecting lamentation of Jeremiah was forcibly brought to my recollection. "The summer is past, and the harvest is ended, and we are not saved."

Feeling fatigued, with my long walk I lay down on a sloping bank under the shade of a large chesnut tree, and ere long my eyes closed, and I fell into a profound and peaceful slumber.

Methought while asleep, that a vast plain was presented to my view—the greater part of which was shaded by a dense and heavy cloud. The extremity of this plain was bounded by a river whose waters appeared dark and disturbed. On the plain were innumerable collections of boathouses or tents, all thickly tenanted by human beings of different ages, and also differing in their customs, manners, dress, &c., according to the part of the plain they inhabited. I could also observe that a great variety of enjoyments was provided, pure and innocent in their nature, and that appropriate faculties were given, so that these enjoyments might afford delight; but great was my astonishment to find that owing to a certain perversion of these faculties the pure and innocent enjoyments were not sought after (except by a few who formed an exception to the general mass,) but others of a baneful character eagerly pursued.

While lamenting the sad infatuation of the vast multitudes before me, and knowing not how to account for it, I was accosted by a person possessed of such mildness and gentleness of manner, and yet so majestic in appearance that my love and respect were instantly drawn to him.—

With a look of such tenderness and affection as I shall never forget, he placed in my hands a sheet of parchment in which he said I would find an explanation of all I saw passing on the plain; but added he as none can understand the contents of that scroll while under the shadow of the cloud that overhangs greater part of the plain, I shall guide and assist you to one of those bright spots where even a way-faring man tho' he were a fool may not err therein.' Subjecting the pride of my own reason to the simple command of my heavenly friend, I submitted to be guided to the wished for spot and opening my sheet with what pleasure did I find I could read the manuscript and understand its contents. The cause of the perversion of the faculties giving them a wrong bias was I found owing to a deadly and malignant disease which was hereditary. "I was brought forth in sin, and in iniquity did my mother conceive me," the few whom I observed that formed an exception to the many around them were those, who, feeling this malignant disease, had been led to call upon the only physician who could cure it. "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" I could not help remarking the willingness of the physician to cure the disease of all who applied, without paying any respect to persons, and I also remarked when any individual came wishing to pay for his cure, he was sent away with his disease as he came, indeed, nothing seemed to displease this kind physician more than to offer a price for his cure. "His invitation was, "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

I could also see, that tho' this fatal disease was cured, it was not wholly irradicated, but the seeds were left which compelled those who had experienced the

healing virtue of the cure, daily to come for a fresh supply. "As the branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

What is the reason thought I that so few apply to this kind physician to be cured of this deadly disease? My scroll informed me that it had such a deadening effect, that those who laboured under it felt it not, and that even frequently after it was felt, an enemy of the human race whose address was equal to his art, sought to direct them to other methods of cure, and as those he presented were more suitable to their depraved understandings and wills, he too frequently succeeded in his malignant attempts, verifying the words of my scroll. "He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him." I was not a little surprised to see that many of tender years were brought to feel the disease which all alike inherited, and that when such little ones came, a look of heavenly joy beamed in the countenance of the kind physician as he affectionately said "Suffer little children to come to me."—So deep and pleasing was the impression made upon my mind in my dream of the cure of some of these interesting young ones that I must relate the circumstances. In one very handsome tent, ornamented with beautiful flowers and evergreens, I observed a lady sitting with a group of lovely children around her, they were all over shadowed by that thick dark cloud which I have formerly described, except one little girl, with dark blue eyes and flaxen hair hanging in natural and glossy ringlets over a fore-head and neck that vied with the snow in whiteness, she had a thoughtful and mellowed expression of countenance, and when she smiled it seemed to speak of inward peace and joy, she was sitting in an arbour reading a copy of the

same sheet of parchment I had received, and I could see that it was on one of those bright spots, so that she could understand what she read. After reading a little I saw her lay the sheet aside, and go to play with her little brothers and sisters; but how unlike the others did she appear! In them there were manifested impatience, restlessness, and constantly giving bent to unruly passions, while in her there were exemplified patience, forbearance, gentleness and love.

In another tent at no great distance, mean in its appearance, I saw an old woman sitting with two children beside her, she was instructing them from a similar sheet of parchment, and from the deep interest they seemed to take in what was read, and the sweet remarks they made. I could discover that they with their aged grandmother, had felt their disease and applied for the cure. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God perfects his praise." A little brown bread and a jug of milk were placed on the table, of which they all thankfully partook, the old woman telling them how unworthy they were of such mercies. "Godliness with contentment is great gain." After the meal was ended and thanks returned, I saw in my dream, that each of the children took pleasure in assisting their aged relative, and rendered cheerful and prompt obedience to all her commands. "Children obey your parents in the Lord for this is right." I saw scattered here and there along the plain, where the inhabitants were in possession of the sheet of parchment, great numbers of tents of a larger size to which vast numbers of the people resorted at certain times, and were there addressed by messengers who were sent by the kind physician to instruct them in the nature of the disease under which they all laboured, and of the willingness of their master to effect a cure. Some

of these messengers were so warm, zealous, and impressive in their addresses, that many of their hearers old and young were in tears. I saw in my dream that tho' many resorted to these large tents at the appointed time, yet all were not led by the same motives—some attended from habit, others to see and be seen, and a third class merely to hear but not to practice what they heard. "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." There was one very gay lady who attracted my attention, she was accompanied by a lovely boy about eight years of age. He had a commanding and noble appearance, and seemed possessed of a great flow of animal spirits. They entered one of these tents, which seemed quite filled with people. An earnest and impressive address was delivered from these words taken from the sheet of parchment, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?—While the messenger spoke, I could see in my dream that the little boy's large intelligent eyes were fixed on the speaker, and ere long the tears came down his cheeks, and the first sigh of contrition, for having neglected the tender invitation of the kind physician escaped his heaving breast, and ere he left that tent did I see the dark cloud dispel, and the clear bright light shine above. So that he could say "Once was I blind, but now can I see."

I observed that great joy and gladness of heart were evinced by those who were cured of their disease, and that it was not till the cure was effected that they felt themselves "Pilgrims of the Plain." The horizon which bounded the view was dark and lowering to those who were under the shadow of the dense cloud, causing them to shrink from looking at it, and extorting from them the language of my scroll descriptive of their feelings. "This is my rest, here do I wish to dwell." But far different was it with those who were no longer

under its saddening and infatuating influence, to them the horizon appeared beautifully bright, and views were given them of a better and a happier home than the one they now possessed, leading them exultingly to exclaim in the words of their scroll. "Tho' here we are as strangers and pilgrims on earth, yet joyful is the thought that there remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." I could not help noticing in my dream, that those who were cured of the disease, while journeying across the plain, had many trials, crosses, and temptations to suffer, which the others had not, or from the deadening influence of their disease did not seem to feel, in fact it was feeling these that led them to know they were "pilgrims of the plain." As it may be interesting to hear what some of these trials and temptations were, I shall relate a few as I saw them in my dream.

One of the severest trials was that experienced by those who had been cured of their disease, when they could not prevail upon their dear relatives to apply to the kind physician for a cure, and I could see that their earnest entreaties were too often treated with scorn and contempt. One pilgrim mother I saw earnestly beg of her wayward and rebellious children to obey the call of the physician; but it seemed of no avail. There was however one thing that softened this trial, which was that all who were cured of their disease, were allowed, nay even invited to come to the physician themselves, and ask of him to send his all powerful messenger whose influence none could resist, and whose sweet promises were given, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you. If ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask it."

One sweet child I saw begging from

time to time that her dear father might feel his disease, and journey along the plain with his motherless daughter.— With what strong affection did I see her plead with him while the tears moistened her cheeks, and the sighs heaved her breast. She knew the tenderest chord to touch, it was her mother's love for him, that mother who had but very recently finished her journey across the plain, and had with joyful feelings entered into that blissful abode where neither sorrow nor pain can enter. "And 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, for the former things are passed away."

I observed that those parents who were feeling themselves pilgrims on the plain, had in very many instances the pleasing satisfaction of alluring their young ones to the kind physician and that for two reasons, the first was that in early life the disease was more easily felt, and the second, that the innate stubbornness of the will was more easily overcome. There were many encouraging promises given to such pilgrim parents, such as "Those that seek me early shall find me." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. And oh what a lovely sight it was to see the happy parents with a group of innocent pilgrim children around them. All living in harmony and loving one another with a dear love verifying the statement of my scroll. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Another severe trial was nearer as each pilgrim ended his journey, those of his dear relatives who were left behind, felt a void that nought could fill, and I saw in my dream that all were disposed when so bereaved to yield too much to selfish sorrow, forgetting that what was their

present loss, was to the dear objects of their fond affections everlasting gain.— Sometimes the loving mother had to part with her sweet engaging child, sometimes the child had to part with his affectionate parent, sometimes the attached wife had to part with a husband whose society and love had sweetened and cheered her pilgrimage journey, and sometimes the widowed mother was called upon to part with an only son, who was the support and comfort of her declining days. In such seasons of trial nature was allowed to feel; but hopes and promises were given in abundance to cheer and comfort. Such as, "But I would not have you ignorant brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." "Wherefore comfort one another with these words," "For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Those who did not feel themselves pilgrims on the plain had similar trials; but were not permitted to take comfort from such promises, so that their situation was lamentable indeed.

As to the temptations by which the pilgrims were beset on their pilgrimage journey, these arose from the seeds of the malignant disease, still lodging within, and the adversary of their peace working upon these, got them to think, and do, and say many things contrary to their renewed nature, leading them often to cry out in the bitterness of their hearts. "I feel a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, bringing me under subjection to the law of sin and of death." "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and of death. Sometimes the tempter also made

them fear their disease was not cured, and that the pure land of delight they viewed beyond the bright horizon was all an illusion of the imagination, he also tried all his art to make them fear when they finished their journey, that they would sink in the dark and troubled waters, they must cross ere they reached that happy home; but in such seasons of distress, seasonable comfort was given, such as "Fear not for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." "When thou passest through the waters I shall be with thee, and the floods they shall not overflow thee."

The tempter was also busy at work with those who were still uncured, and how subtle were his ways of dealing with such. —First he tried to make them believe their disease was of a very harmless nature; but when he found this temptation did not succeed, he told them it was quite incurable, and so causing many to fall into a despondent and hopeless state, to those who resolved upon going to the physician, he used every argument to prevail upon them to seek to pay a price for the cure, and last of all he prevailed upon many to postpone seeking to be healed till they got over the plain, and as there were no restrictions of time and place, he made them believe it was well to delay till then; forgetting the warning, work while it is called to day; for soon will the night of death come, in which no man can work, and again—"There is neither work nor device in the grave whither we are all fast hastening."

Turning around to my heavenly guide, I asked how it was that so many of tender years and even very many little ones before their pilgrimage journey had well commenced, were snatched from the fond em-

brace of their loving parents and friends, and carried across the plain where the dark and troubled river had to be crossed. Oh said he, it is in mercy and love that these young ones are removed, for they thus escape all the troubles, trials, and temptations of a pilgrimage journey, and are wafted to a bright and happy home.—
"The redeemed of the Lord."

My curiosity being excited, I again asked what effect did the removal of these little ones produce in the minds of their sorrowing and disconsolate parents? I was answered by having my eyes turned down to the sheet of parchment in my hand, where I read—"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and I was told by my guide that it often happened that such early removals had the blessed effect of causing the parents themselves to feel the disease which they had as pilgrims of the plain. "I shall go to Thee," etc., "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now I keep thy word."

On awakening from my dream, I heard as it were a voice saying—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

EARNESTNESS.

The late Rev. Rowland Hill, once addressing the people of Wotton, raising himself, exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, and saw a gravel pit full in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at a distance of near a mile; help came, and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall on poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am no enthusiast in so doing, and I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel."

SAVING FAITH.

Saving faith is not a mere conviction of the understanding—an assent of the mind; no mere insipid, lifeless belief, which residing only in the thought, has no root in the heart—no command of the will—no sanctifying influence on the life. We are speaking of a faith, while it essentially embraces the assent of the understanding, establishes its seat in the affections and will; a faith which receives Christ as a Saviour, to be delivered not only by his righteousness from the condemnation, but also by his Spirit from the indwelling unholiness of sin; a faith which embraces the will as well as the invitation and promises of Christ; which hungers after purity of heart as well as joyfulness of hope, finds its pleasure in obedience, its clothing in humility, its exercise in love and every good work, and proves that it is of God by its watching unto prayer—its diligence to overcome the world and glorify God “*This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*”

We are speaking of that faith. Again, “We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, because your faith *groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth.*”

We are speaking of a faith which grows, and should grow, to the end of life, in vigour, in hope, in consolation, in fruitfulness; a faith which just in proportion to its growing, is attended with a growing charity—so that if the former grows *exceedingly*, the latter will grow *abundantly*. Again, “The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them, and rose again.” We are speaking of a faith which deliberately forming that judgment of the love of Christ in His death and of our infinite indebtedness thereto, rises from its believing contemplation of the cross and passion, and obliges us (faith working by love) to live henceforth, not unto ourselves, but unto that most loving and precious Saviour. By any other faith we have no idea that a sinner can obtain a part in Christ. All other is dead, and leaves us

dead in sin and under sin, without Christ and without hope.

But while we are thus careful to maintain the essential connection between faith and all good works as the fruit and evidence of its life, we must be equally careful to hold that it is not *because of these*, its works, that it justifies. These prove it to be what it is—these are the consequences of its being what it is; but these do not make it what it is—namely, efficacious to our taking hold of the righteousness of Christ. Without them it is not living, but by them it is not justifying. When a sinner goes by faith to Christ, it is not because his faith is accompanied with these virtues and works that it has power to receive the Saviour's grace, and merit to engage his favour. The sinner comes as a beggar. He stretches out his empty hand to Christ. That hand is his faith. It is not made acceptable by being filled with something to show that the suppliant is not entirely a beggar. Its emptiness is part of itself. The more price it brings, the less of faith it is. The more the sinner looks at what he fancies his faith takes with it to recommend to Christ, the less he looks to Christ as all his righteousness.

The efficacy of faith to justify is not in the least, as it is a virtue in us, a part of our personal holiness, one of the fruits of the Spirit, a work of grace in our hearts, and the parent grace of all others; but simply as it is the empty hand whereby the beggared sinner takes and relies on what Christ is, and has done for him in the salvation of his soul. It is not saving because it works by love, but it works by love because it is saving.

A patient goes in faith to a benevolent physician, who will take no price for his skill. In consequence of his going, the physician devotes his whole care and skill, to his cure. In consequence also of the faith that puts the case into the physician's hands, the patient cheerfully obeys all the physician prescribes. Now it is not this obedience that at first drew upon him all that the physician could do to heal him. It was his faith, his application only that did that. The obedience resulted from that faith. He obeyed because he trusted.—Thus faith takes us to Christ. Immediately that precious physician of souls is

engaged, with unutterable love, to be our Saviour. All his righteousness is ours to justify us. Immediately also we accept implicitly all his directions and will. First faith immediately follows acceptance on Christ's part, then obedience on our part.
—*M' Ivaine.*

JEHOVAH—JIREH.

Though troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite:
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.

The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.

We may, like the ships,
By tempest be tossed
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost:
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages
The Lord will provide.

His call we obey,
Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold:
For though we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has tried,
This heart cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.

He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek,
We ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions—
The Lord will provide.

No strength of our own
Or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide:
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting.
With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting
The Lord will provide.

A WORD FOR THE ANXIOUS.

What for eternal life shall I
Give to the Almighty King?
Will gold or pearls, diamonds bright
Or changing opals flashing light,
Salvation to me bring?
Not these O man, not these.

Will prayers, or tears, or penitence
Ease to the sin-sick give?

Will nights of sorrow, days of grief
To souls sin-laden bring relief
And make them lifeless live?
Not these O man, not these.

Who then can meet my wretched need,
Can succour me distressed?
'Tis Christ alone, the risen Lord,
Whose precious blood can peace afford,
And give the weary rest.
He only life can give.

For all who heavy laden are
Bore down by sense of sin,—Matt. ii. 28.
For all who simply Him believe,—John 6. 42.
Who will eternal life receive,—Rev. 22. 17.
Who thirst to enter in,
These, Jesus died to save.

CARELESS SOULS.

Acts 17: 18—"And Gallio cared for none of those things."

The things about which Gallio cared not were religious things. Multitudes now manifest the same carelessness. This is unreasonable, for the things about which they care not are not trifling matters. They are things of the most weighty and solemn import, and which demand the first and chief attention of men. They pertain to *the soul*. Our bodies are frail and decaying. The seeds of disease and death are planted in our systems and soon the fruit of corruption will be brought forth. Sin reigns unto death, and our bodies must soon return unto the dust. But the soul, who can measure the period of its existence? Who can tell how much it may enjoy or suffer? Who can estimate its value? What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Mark ix. 36. 37.

And these things pertain to *eternity*. How we prize the things of time! We toil and fatigue ourselves for the sake of a little money; and we think it well worth our while to spend a whole life in accumulating a little property. And when we get it, what is it? How uncertain! how soon may it vanish! and how soon may we be called to leave it for ever! But eternity—who can count the years of its duration? Who can measure the circle of its revolutions? And shall we be so taken up with the matters of time, and yet be thoughtless of eternity?

"Eternity is just at hand
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?"

But our eternal state depends on the manner in which we live here in time.

"But an eternity there is
Of endless woe or endless bliss;
And swift as we fulfill its round,
We to eternity are bound."

We are hastening towards heaven or hell,
Happiness or misery that shall never end.
And does it become us to trifle or be un-

ferent, when so fearful realities are before us?

Reader, can you be careless and indifferent about these things?

FAITH.

A little boy once sailed down the waters of the St. Lawrence. He was but six years old, and images of beauty floated for him on every distant cloud.

The day wore on; the islands were passed, and now the boat began to descend the rapids. A head wind lifted the breakers, the sky was darkened, but the child and mother felt the excitement of the scene. Like a living human creature the strong boat kept its way. It took a manly pride, it seemed, in mastering the obstacles to its course, and as it rose and fell with heavy swing, a sense of power filled the hearts and souls of the passengers.

The boy stood still. Tighter and tighter he grasped his mother's hand, and, with blue eyes darkened with earnest thought, looked upon the face of the water. Soon the rain began to fall heavily, the water was still more agitated, and the mother felt that when the keel of the boat grated against the rocks, visions of storm and wreck passed through the little one's mind.

She saw that he was frightened, and began to question whether it would not be best to carry him to the cabin, and by song and story beguile his excited mind. Just at this moment he gently pressed her hand, and looking down upon him, she saw the expression of serious thought give way: a sweet smile dawned on his lips as he said softly to himself, rather than to her, the following lines—

"Then the captain's little daughter
Took her father by the hand
And said, 'Is God not on the water,
Just the same as on the land?'"

The mother felt thankful for this pleasing proof of her little son's confidence in his Heavenly Father's love and tender care, and prayed that the same sweet trusting spirit might cling to him through life.

Sabbath School Lessons.

July 19th 1863.

LIFE AND DEATH PROPOSED.

Deut. xxxii, 1, 43.

1. MERCY PROMISED TO THE PENITENT.

Call them to mind. The blessing and the curse. Consideration is one of the first steps in repentance. Thus the prodigal in the parable, came to himself, he considered his present position; the many comforts enjoyed by the meaner servants in his father's house, in which, from his knowledge of his father's goodness, he still hoped on returning to share. *Obey his voice.* True repentance is always followed by obedience. *With all thine heart.* This obedience must be internal. God must be obeyed in thought as well as in word and deed. It must be universal:—God will not share the heart and soul with sin. *Gather these from all the nations.* One of the Chaldean paraphrasts' applies this to the Messiah. God's covenant with Christ was that he should restore the preserved of Israel. Isa. xlix 6; this was the design of his death, to gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad," Juc. xi. 51, 52: to him shall the gathering of the people be. This prophecy was fulfilled in the restoration of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity; it will have a still more striking and more glorious fulfillment when the Jews return to their God in obeying the gospel.

2. THE COMMANDMENT EASY.

This commandment is not hidden from thee. Their duty to God and each other was clearly revealed in the precepts of the moral law. *It is not in heaven.* They needed not hence a further revelation of the will of God: the light they had was amply sufficient for their guidance. *The word is in thy mouth and in thy heart.* This is especially applicable to the moral law, which however obscured, obliterated by sin, is written in the heart of every man. The apostle applies this passage to the gospel of Christ, and makes it the language of the righteousness which is by faith Rom. x. 6. 8. The law was plain and easy, but the Gospel is much more so.

3. LIFE AND DEATH.

Life and good, death and evil. These are inseparably connected.

Moses first shews them the benefits which they would receive by loving and obeying God, and in case they should fail to attract, he, as a faithful preacher discloses to them the fearful consequences of disobedience.—

This also is the purport of the New Testament; "he that believes shall be saved; he that believes not shall be damned."

Learn 1. *The mercy of God.* None so great a sinner that he need despair of grace; Isa. i. 18. No sin so great that the blood of Jesus cannot wash it away; 1 Jno. i. 7. Repentance is not the cause but the effect of God's mercy. His mercy draws the sinner to Christ, his mercy keeps the sinner in Christ; and his mercy reclaims the backsliding, working in them that godly sorrow for sin, that "repentance which is not to be repented of."

2. *That the easiness of the command should induce us to obey.* What is it that God requires of us for our salvation and his own glory, but faith in the Lord Jesus Christ? Acts xvi. 31; faith in his love—faith in his power—faith in his willingness to save.

3. *How foolish are those who prefer death to life.* Yet the Bible informs us that the many do so, Matt. vii. 13, and the divine testimony is confirmed by all Christian experience. Man's judgment is perverted in sin—his understanding darkened, and all would make the foolish choice, were it not for the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

July 26th. 1863.

THE HEALING OF A DEMONIAC

MATT. XVII. 14. 21.

The event described in the lesson took place immediately after the transfiguration. The Lord Jesus did not tarry long on the mount of Olives. His communion with Moses and Elias was very short. He soon returned to His accustomed work of doing good to a sin-stricken world.

The period of Christ's descent was early morning. As they descended from the mountain they found a crowd, gathered round the other disciples, and the Scribes engaged questioning them. Either surprised at his sudden, or unusual appearance the multitude ran to meet him.

THE FATHER TOLD HIS SON'S STORY.

He told how he had been brought to his disciples, but they could not cure him. The father fell on his knees, and implored Christ's aid. When Christ told him that faith could cure. He exclaimed "Lord I believe, help my unbelief."

These disciples were *faithless*. They seemed to have doubted if their commission could reach so bad a case. They were *perverse*.—For while the boy was suffering from an unseen spirit, they trusted not the power of an unseen Saviour

In Matthew ch. xvii. 20, we are told that his disciples had failed because of their un-

belief, and he takes occasion to impress a high idea of his power on their minds, and of the power which they might have through faith.

THE LESSONS

Learn 1. That Satan works in the young; This man's son was 'lunatic and sore vexed.' The evil spirit pressed him on to the destruction of body and soul. This was one of these cases of Satanic possession which, however common in our Lord's time, in our own time is rarely seen. Yet there are many instances of Satan's spiritual dominion over young people. There are thousands of young men who seem to have given themselves up to Satan's temptations, and to be led captive at his will. They serve diverse lusts and pleasures. They run wildly into every excess of riot. Such are to be seen in town and country. They are to be found among rich and among poor.

2. What should be done with each. They should be taken to Christ himself. Many Christian fathers and mothers at this day, are just as miserable about their children as the man here referred to, their hearts are well nigh broken. The iron seems to enter into the soul. The devil appears to triumph over them, and rob them of their choicest jewels. Now what should they do in a case like this. They should do as the man in the lesson did. They should go to Jesus in prayer, and cry to Him about their child. God's time of conversion may not be ours; but his delays are not denials.

3. How ready Christ is to show mercy to young persons. In this instance he said to the afflicted parent, "Bring thy son hither." Then he rebuked the unclean spirit and healed the child, and delivered him again to his father.

The daughter of Jairus, the nobleman's son at Capernaum, the daughter of the Canaanitish woman, the widow's son at Nain are all instances of our Lord's interest in these who are young. The young are exactly those whom the devil labours to lead captive and make his own. The young are those in whom the Lord takes a special delight in helping. These facts are meant to encourage all who try to do good to the souls of the young.

BREATHINGS AFTER HOLINESS.

My God, give me not merely to abstain from that which is evil, but to abhor it—not merely that in my conversation and doings I might maintain the most strict guarded decorum, but that in my heart I might be enabled to maintain an ethereal purity—glorifying the Lord with my soul and spirit, as well as body, which are the Lord's.

Sanctify, O Lord, and elevate my family regards, that I may consult for their real and permanent, and not for a mere counterfeit good to them in the deceitful and fleeting interests of time; lest, after all, I shall be found to have given them not a loaf, but a stone; not an egg, but a scorpion; not a fish, but a serpent.

Let me, O God, at all events, and in all circumstances, sanctify thy Sabbaths; let no imagined necessity lead me to break in upon their sacredness. Incline me, O God, to make thy sabbath, at all times, a day of rest and a day of holiness. On the first day of the week, I would purpose and resolve for a higher pitch of observance than heretofore—though more in the way of animating than of multiplying thy services. Give me in particular to be more spiritual in my secret prayers, more attentive at church, more earnest, and, O thou Giver of all grace! more successful with my children.—*Dr Chalmers.*

I AM ON THE ROCK.—The late Rev. James Smith says, "A short time since I called to see one of my hearers, who was near death.—She was an aged woman, remarkably quiet and unobtrusive, whose life had adorned the gospel. When I approached her, I saw that death was evidently doing its work; but she was calm and composed. I took her proffered hand, and said, 'How is it with you?' In her own calm, quiet way, yet with considerable earnestness, she replied, 'Well sir, I AM ON THE ROCK.' O what a mercy, thought I, to feel thus, after a long life, in which so many trials had been experienced, and so many changes seen! It brought to my mind what I had heard of a good woman in humble life, who when visited by her pastor, when she was near to death, and being asked by him if she felt sinking, replied, 'How could you ask me that? Did you ever know any one sink through a rock? I AM ON THE ROCK.' My friend lingered for a time, experienced a few more conflicts with the foe, and then died in peace. No one that knew her, doubts but she is with the Lord. She felt her need of Christ when young, sought the Lord with the heart, found peace in believing, battled through a long life with many fears and troubles, but has now entered into rest. The religion she enjoyed in life sustained her in death, and gave her a victory over it."

THE STRANGE LAND.

BY A RETURNED MISSIONARY.

We had been at sea nine weeks;—nine long, weary weeks, had we been confined on board a barque of three hundred tons burden. We had been a very happy company, and a shade of sadness accompanied the thought of separation as we came in sight of the mountain tops of the tropic island in which we were so soon to enter upon our new life in the service of the Redeemer. Our voyage had not been marked by any special incidents. We had been terribly tossed about in the Downs; had suffered very rough weather in the Bay of Biscay; had been delighted and refreshed by a run on shore at Madeira; and then, getting within the trade winds, had learned to enjoy our sea life except when tantalised by calms, which are quite as disagreeable, though not so dangerous as storms. We had watched the gambolling of porpoises, the flights of flying fish, and admired the beautiful forms and hues of the dolphins, which often congregated in large shoals about the vessel's bows, and which we found were not at all like the dolphins of which we had seen pictures in books: we had watched with no very amiable feelings the huge sharks which occasionally followed us, waiting, the sailors said, for some one to die, or for the chance of picking up any one who might fall overboard; but obstinately refusing to be caught with the bait of a huge piece of salt pork which was hung by a line and hook in the wake of the vessel; we had seen whales "spouting" in the distance, and the bright-hued, flower-shaped nautilus floating past us, and at night had stood on deck in the bright moonlight watching the phosphorescent waves breaking, as with flame, against our vessel's bows. I well remember how body and mind were braced and exhilarated by that long sea-voyage. It was all new to me, and with a profounder awe, and a more loving trust, I thought of Him, the wonders of whose power I now saw for the first time in the great waters.

It was, on the whole, a very happy voyage—the captain and first mate were kind, quiet, gentlemanly men, and the crew efficient and orderly sailors. We

had family worship every day in the cabin, and Divine service on deck every Sunday, weather permitting. By the exercise of Christian forbearance, unbroken harmony and much of really pleasant and profitable intercourse was maintained throughout the voyage; and now that the last day of our companionship had come we anticipated our separation with regret.

Those of us who composed the missionary party landed sooner than we expected to do. We were sailing smoothly down the north side of Jamaica, admiring the panorama of mountains piercing the clouds at an elevation of seven thousand feet, the dark patches of woodland, and the bright green cane fields, with the white buildings glowing in the sunlight, when we observed a sailing boat making towards us. There were in it three negroes and a white man, who was standing up in the middle of the boat, and making signals that he wished to speak to us. In a few minutes the boat was within hail, and we were informed by its white occupant that he had come off to take the missionaries ashore at the harbour opposite, as the missionary at the port for which we were bound had been compelled by illness to leave home, and there would consequently be no one there to receive us. The ship was "hove to," and without delay we and our wives, in the undress in which we had been lounging about on ship-board since we had entered the tropics, were lowered into the boat and were "standing in shore." The ship which had for weeks been our happy home pursuing her way to the more distant port, taking on our baggage "to be left till called for." We were soon landed at the wharf in the harbour of F— in the parish of T—. The sun poured down on us his burning rays, the sands into which our feet sunk at every step were glowing hot, and from every object about us came gleaming heat and blinding glare. This was the land of which we often thought by day and dreamed by night, and not without some emotion did we realize the fact that we were at length treading on the "strange land." We were conducted to the centre of the town, and received a hearty welcome at the Mission House, where several members of the "mission family" had assembled to greet us, some

from "stations" at a considerable distance; and very soon we felt that "though in a foreign land" we were surrounded by loving hearts, and for Christ's sake had already been adopted by our new-found friends as members of the family. That loving, smiling group has long since been dispersed. The senior member of it, a man of noble form, and nobler mind, has entered upon his everlasting rest; his widow is now awaiting in another home the summons to rejoin her noble husband; one only of the group still lives and labours on the island; the others are scattered, but in different parts of the world are still pursuing the Lord's work. Each one of us has seen many changes since then; one more change, and we shall meet again, and gratefully review "the way by which the Lord our God has led us"—the "right way" doubtless. The friendly greetings over, we were soon seated at the hospitable board of our kind hosts. I mention this only because it is connected with some of our earliest impressions of strangeness in this "strange land." It was about noon, and the meal of which we were invited to partake was termed "second breakfast." The "first breakfast" was more substantial—salt beef, salt pork, plantain, captain's biscuit, oranges, mangoes, bananas, pine apple, and tropical fruits. Dinner at which the only variation from the foregoing bill of fare was fresh fish, or fresh meat when it could be obtained, was usually served about three o'clock, after which nothing more would be taken except a cup of coffee. Tea and supper were unknown, except in the instance of a few imprudent people who will persist in living in every country and climate precisely as they have been accustomed to live in England.

The houses were of all dimensions, and most diverse in appearance, and constructed of a great variety of material. Some were framed with rough wood, boarded outside and plastered within. Some were posts and wattle, daubed with mud, and only one story high; and in many instances, had no foundation except posts about two feet from the ground, and in some cases even rested on old flour barrels. A few of the larger, two-storied houses were built of stone or brick, but the greater

number of them were entirely constructed of wood, and elevated three or four feet from the ground on brick pillars. The site of the town had been redeemed from a swamp: and underneath almost every house; the Mission House not excepted, was a quantity of slimy stagnant water.—This is one cause, without doubt, of the extreme unhealthiness of the place.—About many of the houses were large umbrageous trees, flowering shrubs, and luxuriant climbers, and in all directions clumps, or rows of cocoa-nut palms rising to the height of from thirty to sixty feet, crowned with the long, graceful feathery leaf bunch, and the clusters of delicious fruit. We were soon supplied with green cocoa-nuts, and found the cool liquid, of which each nut contains nearly a pint, a most grateful beverage, and the jelly a fine substitute for ice cream.

Our attention was speedily caught by a huge ugly bird which flapped his great mud-coloured wings as he descended on the housetops or into the streets, or sat with others in groups on the ridges of the various buildings spreading out his feathers and blinking his great filmy eyes in the sunshine. These we were told were the turkey buzzards or "John crows," the scavengers of the island. They are most useful in picking up the refuse and filth cast into the streets, which would otherwise become intolerably offensive. These useful birds are under the protection of the legislature, any person wantonly killing one of them being liable to a heavy fine. We were somewhat surprised, and annoyed to find the floors of the rooms, and even the tables, covered with ants, black, brown, and red, and occasionally were a little startled at the sharp pinches we received from the keen mandibles of these lively and voracious insects; but we soon learned that these were among the useful and industrious workers for human benefit, being house scavengers, as the John crows were the scavengers of the highway. We were not so satisfied to learn that we should find the mosquitoes very troublesome, and must have patience until we got used to them. On first making acquaintance with these troublesome gentry I was surprised to see a small-winged insect, who approached me through a series of concentric circles, sounding his minute shrill trumpet

as he advanced to the charge, and finally settled himself down on my face or hands in the shape of a maniacal gnat. The sting of these thirsty blood-suckers is most tantalising, and frequently produces most painful inflammation of the skin. Our bed, we found, was surrounded by gauze curtains called a mosquito net, to protect us from the ravages of these insects by night.—Nor did it add to our comfort in this strange land, when we were cautioned to carefully examine our bed before getting into it, and to be sure to shake our clothes and shoes well before putting them on again, lest we should find ourselves stung by a scorpion, or bitten by a centipede.—However, we got accustomed to all these things and a great many more in time; and though having our share of mishaps and narrow escapes from snakes, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, etc., we never suffered any serious injury.

In the evening of the day of our landing, a service was held in the Mission chapel to thank God for our safe arrival, and to introduce us to the people. Never shall I forget the scene. We sung together the beautiful hymn commencing

“How are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is thy defence.”

Words of affectionate Christian welcome were again addressed to us; some of the negro Christians thanked God on our behalf, and in earnest, artless, but hearty prayers commended us to our Father's protection and sought for us his blessing. It was good to hear men who only a few years before had been slaves—mere chattels—now pouring out their hearts at the “throne of grace” on our behalf, with as much fervour and propriety as would have marked like exercises in our own beloved land; and we felt that we could go to our work cheered and strengthened by the love and the prayers of these black brethren. Another hour or two of social intercourse with the mission family, and we thankfully retired to rest. Thus ended our first day on the “strange land.”

EARNESTNESS IN MINISTERS.

I know not what others think, but for my own part I am ashamed of my stupidity,

and wonder at myself that I deal not with my own and other's souls as one that looks for the great day of the Lord; and that I can have room for almost any other thoughts or words; and that such astonishing matters do not wholly absorb my mind. I marvel how I can preach of them slightly and colilly; and how I can let men alone in their sins; and that I do not go to them, and beseech them, for the Lord's sake, to repent, however they may take it, and whatever pains and trouble it should cost me. I seldom come out of the pulpit, but my conscience smiteth me that I have been no more serious and fervent in such a case. It accuseth me not so much for want of ornaments and elegancy, nor for letting fall an unhandsome word; but it asketh me, “How couldst thou speak of life and death with such a heart? How couldst thou preach of heaven and hell in such a careless, sleepy manner? Dost thou believe what thou sayest? Art thou in earnest or in jest? How canst thou tell people that sin is such a thing, and that so much misery is upon them, and before them, and be no more affected with it?—Shouldst thou not weep over such a people, and should not thy tears interrupt thy words? Shouldst thou not cry aloud, and show them their transgressions, and intreat and beseech them, as for life and death?” Truly, this is the peal that conscience doth ring in my ears, and yet my drowsy soul will not be awakened, O, what a thing is a senseless, hardened heart! O Lord, save us from the plague of infidelity and hard-heartedness ourselves, or else how shall we be fit instruments of saving others from it? O, do that on our own souls, which Thou wouldst use us to do on the souls of others!

The God of mercy pardon me and awaken me, with the rest of his servants, that have been thus sinfully negligent! I confess to my shame, that I seldom hear that bell toll for one that is dead, but conscience asketh me, “What hast thou done for the saving of that soul, before it left the body?” There is one more gone to judgement? And yet I have been slothful and backward to help them that survives
—*Baxter.*

It is our main business in this world to secure an interest in the next.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There is much clamour in these days of progress respecting a grant of new rights, or an extension of privileges for our sex. A powerful moralist has said, that "in contention for power, both the philosophy and poetry of life are dropped and trodden down." Would not a still greater loss accrue to domestic happiness, and to the interests of well-balanced society, should the innate delicacy and prerogative of woman as woman, be forfeited or sacrificed?

"I have given her as a helpmeet," said the Voice that cannot err, when it spake unto Adam, in the cool of the day, amid the tears of Paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a prize-fighter. No; a *helpmeet*, such as he was fitting for man to desire, and for woman to become.

Since the Creator has assigned different spheres of action for the different sexes, it is to be presumed, from his unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them, and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the benefit of both. If he has made one the priestess of the inner temple, committing to her charge its sacred shine, its unrevealed sanctities, why should she seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates or rock its turrets? Need she be again tempted by pride, or curiosity, or glozing words, to barter her own Eden?

The true nobility of woman is to keep her own sphere, and to adorn it; not like the comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is the first to light the day, and the last to leave it. If she share not the fame of the ruler and the blood-shedder, her good works, such as "become those who profess godliness," though they leave no deep "footprints on the sands of time," may find record in the "Lamb's Book of Life."

Mothers! are not our rights sufficiently extensive—the sanctuary of home, the throne of the heart, the "moulding of the whole mass of mind in its first formation?" Have we not power enough in all realms of sorrow and suffering—over all forms of ignorance and want—amid all ministrations

of love, from the cradle dream to the sepulchre.

So, let us be content and diligent; awe, grateful and joyful, making this brief life a hymn of praise, until called to that choir which knows no discord, and whose melody is eternal.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

When I was a boy, said an old man; we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called to us:

"Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case."

"Ah!" thought I to myself, "there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed?" said he; "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did! and were your eyes on your book, when you saw him?"

I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again.

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we will have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

PROFIT OF PRAYER.—The profit of prayer is thus excellently set forth in a few sentences by the French writer, La Mannais: "After praying, is not the heart lighter, and the soul happier? Prayer renders affliction less sorrowful, and joy more pure. It mingles with the one an unspeakable sweetness, and adds to the other a celestial perfume. Sometimes there passes over the fields a wind which perches the plants, and then their withered stems will droop toward the earth, but, watered by the dew, they regain their freshness, and lift up their languishing heads. So are always burning winds which pass over the soul and wither it: Prayer is the dew which refreshes it again."