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THE

GOOD NEWS:

A Semi-Monthly Denominational Religious Periodical.

Vol. 2.

APRIL 1st, 1862.

No. 7.

CONTENTS:

THE EARTH—Framed and Furnished as a Habitation for Man.	Glimpses of Glory,	189
By Rev. W. Arnot, M.A., Glasgow. 169	Grace put in Christ's Place,	190
The Deaf and Dumb Shepherd Boy. 171	Thoughts from the German,	190
Not Yet,	The Swearer's Prayer Answered,	192
Saving Faith,	The Chain; or, The Deceitfulness of Sin,	193
Whole-heartedness for Jesus essential to Success in United Prayer. 173	Come to Jesus,	194
Earnest Christianity,	Without Money and Without Price,	195
174	He Dieth no More,	195
BARTIMEUS—An Exposition. By Rev. P. D. Muir, Kingston, C.W., 175	Do You Love Christ?	196
Avarice,	Vastness of China,	196
"I Lost It,"	POETRY.	
A Christian all Over,	Christian Devotedness,	186
Hope,	God is Near,	186
Wisdom and Goodness of God displayed in the Ocean,	SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.	
181	The Humiliation of Joseph's Brethren,	191
THE GOSPEL HISTORY.—By Rev. W. B. Clark, Quebec,	What Disciples of Christ Are,	192
182	FRAGMENTS.	
Salvation through Faith,	On page 174.	
Eternity,	ON COVER.	
The Enemies of the Church,	Traces of Henry Martyn,	ii.
Theology and Piety,	Preaching to the Hindus in India,	iii.
Worry,		
189		

EDITED BY

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PRESCOTT, C.W., & OGDENSBURGH, N.Y.:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE "EVANGELIZER OFFICE,"

AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

TRACES OF HENRY MARTYN.

"Having received an invitation to dine, or rather sup, with a Persian party in the city, I went and found a number of guests assembled. The conversation was varied, grave, and gay; chiefly of the latter complexion. Poetry was often the subject, sometimes philosophy, and sometimes politics, prevailed. Among the topics discussed religion was one. There are so many sects in Persia, especially if we include the free-thinking classes, that the questions which grow out of such a discussion constitute no trifling resource for conversation. I was called upon though with perfect good breeding and politeness, to give an account of the tenets of my faith; and I confess myself sometimes embarrassed by the pointed queries of my companions. Among the guests was a person who took but little part in the conversation, and who appeared to be intimate with none but the master of the house. He was a man below the middle age, of a serious countenance and mild deportment; they called him Mahomed Raheem.—I thought that he frequently observed me with great attention, and watched every word I uttered—especially when the subject of religion was discussing. Once, when I expressed myself with some levity, this individual fixed his eyes upon me with such a peculiar expression of surprise, regret, and reproof, that I was struck to the very soul, and felt a strange mysterious wonder who this person could be. I asked privately one of the party, who told me that he had been educated for a mollah, but had never officiated; and that he was a man of considerable learning, and much respected; but lived retired, and seldom visited even his most intimate friends. My informant added, that his only inducement to join the party had been the expectation of meeting an Englishman, as he was much attached to the English nation, and had studied our language and learning. This information increased my curiosity, which I determined to seek an opportunity of gratifying, by conversing with the object of it. A few days afterwards I called upon Mahomed Raheem, and found him reading a volume of Cowper's poems. This circumstance led to an immediate discussion of English poetry, and English literature in general. I was perfectly astonished at the clear and accurate conception which he had formed upon these subjects, and at the precision with which he expressed himself in English. We discussed on these and congenial topics for nearly two hours, till at length I ventured to sound his opinions on the subject of religion.

"You are a mollah, I am informed." "No," said he, "I was educated at a Madrassa (college), but I have never felt an inclination to be one of the priesthood." "The exposition

of your religious volume,' I rejoined, 'demands a pretty close application to study, before a person can be qualified to teach the doctrines of the Koran. I understand he must thoroughly examine and digest volumes of comments, which ascertain the sense of the text and the application of its injunctions. This is a laborious preparation if a man be disposed conscientiously to fulfil his important functions.' As he made no remark, I continued, 'Our Scriptures are their own expositors. We are solicitous only that they should be read: and although some particular passages are not without difficulties, arising from the inherent obscurity of language, the faults of translations, or the error of copyists, yet it is our boast that the authority of the Holy Scriptures is confirmed by the perspicuity and simplicity of their style, as well as precepts.'

"I was surprised that he made no reply to these observations. At the hazard of being deemed importunate, I proceeded to panegyrize the leading principles of Christianity, more particularly in respect to their moral and practical character; and happened among other reflections to suggest, that, as no other concern was of so much importance to the human race as religion, and as only one faith could be right, the subject admitted not of being regarded as indifferent, though too many did so regard it. 'Do not you esteem it so?' he asked. 'Certainly not,' I replied. 'Then your indifference at the table of our friend Meerza Reeza, when the topic of religion was under consideration, was merely assumed, out of complaisance to Mussulmans, I presume?'

"I remembered the occasion to which he alluded, and recognised in his countenance the same expression, compounded half of pity, half of surprise which it then exhibited. I owned that I had acted inconsistently, perhaps incautiously, and imprudently: but I made the best defence I could; and disavowed, in the most solemn manner, any premeditated design to contemn the religion which I profess.

"I am heartily glad I was deceived," he said; 'for sincerity in religion is our paramount duty. What we are, we should never be ashamed of appearing to be.' 'Are you a sincere Mussulman, then?' I boldly asked.—An interval struggle seemed, for an instant, to agitate his visage. at length he answered mildly, 'No!' 'You are not a sceptic or a free-thinker?' 'No, indeed, I am not.' 'What are you then? be you sincere. Are you a Christian?' 'I am,' he replied.

"I should vainly endeavour to describe the astonishment which seized me at this declaration. I surveyed Mahomed Raheem at first, with a look which, judging from its reflection from his benign countenance must have betokened suspicion or even contempt. The

THE EARTH.

FRAMED AND FURNISHED AS A HABITATION FOR MAN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, M.A., GLASGOW.

Our subject is the "wide, wide world;" but, as our instrument is this narrow, narrow mind, and our allotted space this short, short hour, you must not expect either the fulness of an elementary treatise, or the freshness of original discovery in geographic or geologic science. Few have time, and fewer talent, for doing the work of Dr. Livingstone on the surface of the globe, or of Hugh Miller in the strata of its crust: we must be content with the humbler task of examining and exhibiting the facts and laws which others have found out. But the facts and laws of nature are jewels that do not grow dim with age: bright, bright jewels the oldest of them are to-day, and fit to glitter on a royal crown side by side with those which have been fished out of the ocean or quarried out of the earth in our own time. God's work does not, like man's, grow shabby by length of wear: real pearls will shine as brightly after they have been worn a thousand years, as when they first emerged from the mother shell.

I occupy the humble place of working jeweller: the old brilliants are placed in my hands, with orders to set them in a diadem yet once more; and be sure—so my instructions seem to run—be sure to set them so that they shall receive the sunlight on different sides, and glance upon each other with new varieties of colouring.

We start, then, with the globe as it came into our possession, whirling round on its own axis once a day, and round the sun once a year. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth:" this is the whole amount of our knowledge regarding the *creation* of the world: the process of finishing and furnishing it as a habitation for man has been much more fully revealed. In Genesis a perspective view of the work is given on a scale all but infinitely reduced. As nearly all the space of the Bible was required for displaying the moral government of God and prosecuting the moral education of man, only a single page could be spared for all the processes of nature, throughout all the prehuman

periods of time. On that page the work of unnumbered ages is represented in miniature. The landscape, from that eastern horizon where created being first dimly dawns, down to where the historic period lies on this late evening-tide of time, is reduced on the camera to an handbreadth, and so photographed upon the first leaf of Revelation. Most precious is that unique ancient gem: as the magnifying instruments of science increase in power, and gradually resolve its mysterious nebula into separate stars, it will become more and more manifest that, though its scale is marvellously diminutive, its execution is divinely true.

When a microscope reveals the Lord's Prayer all beautifully legible on the space of a pin-head, if the observer were not aware of the modern art of painting by sunlight on any scale, he would suppose that a miracle must have laid the letters on. It was a miracle indeed that sketched the processes of creation on a page, at a time when photography was unknown. The coincidence between the days of Genesis and the successive periods of geology, corroborates the proof of the inspiration of Moses, whatever special interpretation you may prefer: such knowledge of the geologic successions as is implied in the first chapter of Genesis, seems not possible, without an extraordinary divine intervention, in that day.

A fuller record of the earth's prehuman history is written, as with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond, on the rocks which constitute its crust. As might have been expected, some doubts and disputes have sprung up in regard to the meaning of the ancient manuscript: the learner in this book penetrates from the surface downwards and reads, like a Chinaman, in vertical, not horizontal lines: the characters, moreover, like the hieroglyphs of ancient Egypt, are not alphabetical letters, but plants and animals figured in full. These circumstances render the process of deciphering difficult and slow; but the meaning of nature's hieroglyphs, when the key is found,

becomes more sure than that of the Pharaoh's; and the sense, when obtained, will better repay the labour of translation. The learners in this subterranean school were astounded, indeed, to find, on opening their hornbook, instead of sober letters, words and sentences, a huge dinotherium here and an enormous crocodile there—a pretty fern-leaf spreading beneath, and a tall pine towering over it; but, after recovering from their first surprise, they have been couning their lesson diligently for several years, and have now traced, so far, a clear and connected record of the process by which the habitation was finished and furnished before the inhabitant was born.

The earth on which we live has a somewhat rough exterior: it is not smooth, like a child's marble; and none but children find fault with it on that account. Too much smoothness of surface is not a desirable quality either for the earth or man. Things that are excessively smooth are apt to be slippery. Some people would level the earth by way of improving it: but to level it would be to lose it; for it would all become a sea. Neither politically nor physically are we at the mercy of those rash reformers; and for this we should be duly thankful. The mountains are too high and too hard for becoming plains under the onset of their picks and shovels. They collected a mighty band of navvies in France about the outgoing of the last century, and proposed, politically, to level the earth by the labour of the gang: they succeeded in levelling their own bit of it; and over the levelled France the deluge came. It is but a sorry sort of ark that our neighbours are fain to float in to-day: Louis Napoleon or the deluge!—that comes of levelling a world which God has made with undulating ridges. *Ye plains, do not absolutely and in all cases fret against the ridges: for if the ridges were not there, the water would not run away.*

Throwing up ridges, or throwing them down again, is a rugged process at the best: but there is a wide difference between the manner in which the Creator threw up material ridges on the surface of the earth, and the manner in which Frenchmen threw down the social elevations which variegated the face of France. Old men and women, and children, were nestling thick upon the soil while these later levellings were going

on: multitudes accordingly were crushed in the process. When the crust of the earth had become hard by cooling, and the struggling heat of the interior threw up the hills, there was nobody on the spot to be hurt by the rude operation; all the rough work which was necessary in furnishing the house was over before the children were brought home. Ah! this world would have been an uncomfortable dwelling for mankind, the little children of the great Father's family, at the time when the Andes and Himalayas were rising, and the basins of the Pacific and the Atlantic sinking down. The foundations of the house were fixed, and its walls reared, and its star-spangled canopy overhung, and its floor carpeted with soft green, and fuel and water laid up in storehouses, before the favoured family were allowed to come in.

A very remarkable expression occurs in the Apocalypse (xvi. 18) bearing on the work of preparing the earth for man, before man was made. "And there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great." There the advent of man, as an inhabitant of this earth, is formally given as the epoch after which great earthquakes did not occur. It is well known now that earthquakes must have rent this globe before the birth of man, which make all that have occurred since sink into insignificance: but how was John, the fisherman of Galilee, led to employ, eighteen hundred years ago, a phraseology which the researches of our own day have now for the first time shown to be philosophically exact? Speaking of this verse, and quoting it freely, John Bunyan (*Reign of Antichrist*) says, "For the earthquake, it is said to be such as *never was*, so mighty an earthquake and so great." He thought the phrase "since men were upon the earth" was equivalent to "never;" so he wrote, and fell into the blunder. Who led John the Apostle safely past the mistake into which John Bunyan fell?

Whatever the process may have been, the actual result is very like the effect produced on an apple which a boy has roasted by suspending it in a thread before the fire, whirling it rapidly round, and changing from time to time the point of suspension. The internal heat causes a lava-like stream to rise, which bursts through the rind, and

becomes mountains in miniature on the surface, very picturesque in form, and very savoury in character. These mountains rise chiefly in ranges along the line which, for the time, is the horizontal equator of the apple; and if its revolving axis is changed now and then, the disposition of the ridges will be very similar to that which is actually exhibited on the larger world: the main ranges of a continent are parallel; but local exceptions occur here and there, and the backbone of one continent may be found at right angles to that of another.

In a human dwelling, water, warmth, and light are essential requisites: if any of these is altogether wanting, the house is not habitable; if any one is seriously defective, the house is not a happy home. In framing and furnishing the earth as our dwelling-place, our Father in heaven has provided these three in great abundance, and in due proportions. Omitting the last, as our time will not permit us to touch them all, we shall glance at the grand and simple contrivances of the Supreme Architect for *watering* and *warming* his world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Deaf and Dumb Shepherd Boy.

In the neighbourhood of Bordeaux there lived a poor deaf and dumb boy, named Massieu. Being thus deprived of the ordinary means of receiving knowledge, he seemed utterly devoid of intellect, and was generally considered an idiot. The benevolent Sicard took him under his care and began to teach him. His intellect gradually developed and increased in strength. By showing him a watch, a chain, and several other objects of a similar nature, and explaining to him their construction, he impressed upon his mind the relation of cause and effect. In this way he led him on step by step, advancing from simple to greater and more complicated cases, until at last the great conception to which he had all along been aiming to bring him, namely of a Great First Cause, a Divine Being, of whom, and THROUGH whom, and TO whom ARE ALL THINGS (Rom. ii. 36), fully took possession of his soul. "He trembled," says his historian; "he was deeply affected, prostrated himself, and gave signs of reverence and adoration. And when he arose, he uttered, by signs also, for he had no

other language, the beautiful words which his instructor declared he should never forget: 'AH! LET ME GO TO MY FATHER, TO MY MOTHER, TO MY BROTHERS, TO TELL THEM OF A GOD—THEY KNOW HIM NOT.'

What noble, tender language! How beautifully touching an exemplification of the true Christian spirit—an earnest, longing, agonizing desire to tell those whom we love, but who "know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thes. iv. 8), that there is a God, and that Jesus Christ is their Saviour. It is a trait of character which, above all others, marks the true believer. Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, when he heard John speak and say, "Behold the Lamb of God!" (John i. 36), "first findeth his own brother Simon, and brought him to Jesus" (John i. 41, 42). "Come see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" was the earnest entreaty of the woman of Samaria (John iv. 29). Let us imitate their example; and when we hear of hundreds of millions of our fellow-creatures perishing "for lack of knowledge" (Hosea iv. 6), and the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" (Isa. vi. 8), let our reply be, "Here am I; send me."

NOT YET.

"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball. "When I grow older I will think about my soul."

The little boy grew to be a young man.

"Not yet," said the young man. "I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper.

"Not yet," said the man of business. "My children must have my care. When they are settled in life, I shall better be able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a grey-headed old man.

"Not yet," still he cried. "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."

And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.

SAVING FAITH.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."—John iii. 14, 15.

The way in which the sinner obtains the salvation provided in the Gospel, is analogous to the way in which the serpent-bitten, dying Israelite obtained the temporal salvation provided for him by the uplifting of the brazen serpent upon the pole in the wilderness. In the latter case, the man was directed to look to the serpent of brass, with the express assurance that, in doing so, he should live, and not die. Consequently, whenever the look of the death-stricken man was directed to the serpent upon the pole, *that moment* he was healed of the plague. This was a sensible temporal salvation from a great evil; and the fact of dying men becoming healed by the act of looking to the brazen serpent was visible to all, and could not be gainsayed or denied by any.

But what was the great actuating principle which directed the eye of the Israelites to the serpent upon the pole? It was *faith*. They believed God, or in other words, they believed the word which God gave to them concerning this brazen serpent, which was simply "*Look, and live.*" They believed that God would do as He had said, and hence they turned the eye, which might be well nigh glazed in death, to the serpent upon the pole, and lived.

God has in like manner provided a sure and certain salvation for sinners, who have been so bitten by that old serpent the devil, that the sure and certain issue is death. God has lifted up the Son of man upon the cross, with the express assurance that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. In this glorious statement, from the lips of the Saviour himself, the word "believeth" is made use of instead of the word "look;" thus denoting the principle itself from whence all the acts of spiritual life flow.

Indeed, the principle of faith, and the corresponding acts of looking, coming, trusting, are all one, and cannot be distinguished from each other, even as cause and effect. When a man believes in Christ, he simply believes all that God has declared

concerning Him; and the result is, that the man rests his everlasting all upon that Saviour, whom God hath set forth as the propitiation for our sins, and who hath suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us unto God. On the ground, therefore, of what Christ did and suffered eighteen hundred years ago, the sinner believes that God has nothing now against him (the sinner), for that *then* Christ made an end of sin, and brought in an everlasting righteousness, and received for him all the benefits and blessings of a full and complete salvation.

This great analogy between the serpent on the pole and the Saviour on the cross, and the faith in both cases, as the means for the bestowal of the blessing of life, is freely acknowledged by all evangelical Christians. But in one particular the analogy fails in the estimation of many. In the wilderness the "look" was instantaneous, and the healing instantaneous; but not so can it be, some think, with the Saviour on the cross. In this latter case, it is supposed that many looks, and earnest, anxious waiting, it may be for months or years, at the foot of the Cross, and the experience of many of the graces of the Spirit are necessary, before the sinner is warranted to have the assurance and the comfort of being or feeling himself a saved man.

This is the *grand mistake* so prevalent in the Church, and which hinders so many from entering at once into the life, and liberty, and joy, which an assurance of immediate reconciliation with God is fitted to produce.

We state it, therefore, on the authority of the Word of God, that *the moment* the sinner believes in Jesus, or in other words, looks to Him, trusts in Him, for complete salvation, that moment the sinner, as it were, touches the hem of his garment, and immediately life from Christ passes into his soul. He is, by that look of faith, that touch, in *one moment* pardoned, justified, regenerated, adopted into the family, and translated into the kingdom of God.

This is the glorious Gospel of the grace of God—the good news, the glad tidings of great joy which God has commanded to be told to every creature throughout the whole world, and which were so freely and fully published in the apostolic age, so that

multitudes of saved souls were daily added to the Church.

Hence may we see the significance of the Divine and glorious direction, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." "For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*Wynd Journal*.

Whole-heartedness for Jesus essential to Success in United Prayer.

We should attend to the *quality* of the persons who take part in our meetings, to pray for a special baptism of the Holy Ghost, and a great work of conversion. They should not only have the matter of their acceptance settled, and enjoy "the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father," but they must also be "*virgins*, who follow the Lamb wheresoever He goeth,"—not "adulterers and adulteresses," who know not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God,—but *virgins* "espoused to ONE husband," and waiting for the celebration of the marriage nuptials, when they shall be presented "*as a chaste virgin to Christ*." If we are knowingly guilty of the *generous* folly of asking professing Christians, who are not *wholly dead* unto the law, and *dead* unto the world, to join us in praying for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, "we sow to the flesh, and shall of the flesh reap corruption:"—they will be the *death* of our meeting; for, in such circumstances, even "*virgin*" souls who are "crucified with Christ," and are "led by the Spirit," will feel the Spirit within them grieved and hindered: and if placed side by side with *even one* who is known to be fresh from the concert, the oratorio, the dancing party, or any of the haunts of worldliness, they will feel "shut up," and "silent" before God. As the mixing of truths that ought not to be confounded is the greatest *doctrinal* hindrance to the progress of the work of revival, so the mingling of Christ and the world is the greatest *practical* hindrance. How precise and decided is the teaching of the Holy Ghost on this point in 2nd Corinthians, sixth chapter!

If we are anxious to have the Holy Spirit poured out in such *plentifulness* that all the past outpourings shall be regarded as

but the watering of a garden by the hand, compared with the heavy summer rains falling over a whole region, there must be in those who compose our prayer-meetings, childlike whole-heartedness for Jesus, thorough separation from the world, a putting "off concerning the *former* conversation, the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts," for pungent is the question of the Holy Ghost, "Know ye not that *a little leaven* leaveneth the *whole lump*? Purge out, therefore, the *old leaven*, that ye may be a *new lump*, as ye are unleavened." "Therefore let us keep the feast,"—let us join in special prayer,—but "*not with the old leaven*," but with "*sincerity and truth*."

In the history of the youth of Samson, one of the judges of Israel, we read that "the Spirit of the Lord began to *move him at times*." This accounts, perhaps, for his strange and repeated plunges into worldliness of the grossest kind. Had he been filled with the Spirit from his mother's womb, as was Samuel, Jeremiah, and John the Baptist, the *steadiness* and *decision* of their characters might have been exhibited by his. God may give His Holy Spirit "*as He will*," but ought not some of us to fear lest we be hurried away by "the former lusts in our ignorance," if we are *conscious of being moved only "at times"*, it may be, once a month, or only once or twice a year, by THE SPIRIT OF JESUS! O, how sad that any of us should have the consciousness that the Spirit who is always with us and in us, should be so *grieved* and *quenched* by us that He withdraws Himself up into the solitudes of the soul; and His energizing of our Christian graces is only a *periodical* and *intermittent* experience! O to "be filled with the Spirit!" O to feel His divine breathing and quickening energy without a pause from day to day, and from year to year!

This leads us on to inquire, whether by *entire consecration* to the Lord, and *united prayer and effort* for His glory, we might not only be the means of rich blessing to the ungodly, but also be enabled constantly to "*live in the Spirit and walk in the Spirit*." The royal Psalmist says, "My heart *bubbleth up* good matter (marg., like water springing up in a well); but he had been fixing his thoughts on the glory of Jesus, for his next words are, "I speak of

the things which I have made touching the *Kina*." Now, united prayer being the audible expression of the *spiritual concern* for Jesus and His glory which is produced by the Holy Spirit in believing souls, this quiet, earnest breathing out of the spiritual mind's deepest yearnings for the display of His glory is always fragrant with the savour of His "good ointments" (for His NAME is as ointment poured forth), and is fitted to stir up the latent grace that is in every believing soul present; for "the feet of Jesus" being "anointed," "the house" is "filled with the odour of the ointment." This "communion of saints" possessed of true spiritual *virginity*, "praying in the Holy Ghost," and thereby keeping themselves in the love of God and edifying one another, seems to us the invariable precursor of a genuine work of the Spirit on the souls of the unconverted; for the Lord has said, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty; and floods upon the dry ground."

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY.

"Could ye not watch with me one hour?" said our Divine Master to his slumbering companions. Can ye not give me one day out of seven? may He now say to his thoughtless disciples. Let none of us ever subject ourselves to this bitter reproach. Let us resolve from this moment to make the Christian Sabbath a day of holy joy and consolation; a day of heavenly rest and refreshment.

"It is to be hoped, indeed, that we shall not confine our religion and our devotion to that day only; but even that day, properly employed, will in some degree sanctify all the rest.

"It will disengage us, as it was meant, to do, gradually and gently from the world, which we must soon, perhaps sooner than we imagine, quit forever; it will raise our thoughts above the low and trivial pursuits of the present scene, and fix them on nobler and worthier objects; it will refine and purify, exalt and spiritualize our affections; will bring us nearer and nearer to God, and to the world of spirits; and thus lead us on to that celestial Sabbath, that everlasting rest for which the Christian Sabbath was meant to prepare and harmonize our souls."—*Bishop Porteus*.

SPRING.

Ah, how wonderful is the advent of *Spring!* the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches! the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees, gentle, and yet irrepresible, which no force can stay, no violence restrain; like love, that wins its way, and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power. If spring came but once in a century instead of but once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.—*Longfellow*.

It was inspiring and animating, this first awakening of Spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and tender blade; and the trees and shrubs in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The bleating of the new-dropped lambs was faintly heard from the fields; the sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves, and budding hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain; and the lark, springing up from the green bosom of the meadow, towered away into the light fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of sweetest melody.—*Washington Irving*.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness and Thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.—Ps. lxx. 11, 12.

TALENT AND ACTIVITY.—Every individual should bear in mind that he is sent into the world to act a part in it. And though one may have a more splendid, and another a more obscure part assigned him, yet the actor of it is equal, is awfully accountable. Though God is not a hard, He is an exact Master. His service, though not severe, is a reasonable service. He accurately proportions his requisitions to his gifts. If he does not expect that one talent should be as proportionable responsibility is annexed.—*Hannah Moore*.

BARTIMEUS.

PART II.—THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

In Bartimeus sitting spiritlessly by the wayside, and Bartimeus importunately pleading with Jesus, we have one fine contrast, not as we have seen without its rich instruction. In the conduct of those who rebuked him, as contrasted with that of Jesus himself and those sent by him, we have still another. It is not difficult to understand the reasons by which those who rebuked the unfortunate pleader could possibly vindicate their conduct in so doing. They would just be the reasons with which the cold-hearted formalist or lukewarm Christian have ever taken it upon them to remonstrate against the importunate eagerness of the deeply earnest, as disorderly, unseasonable, irreverent, uncalled-for. Why should this man by his bawling disturb the quiet and hinder the benefit of the hundreds who were hanging on the lips of the great teacher! Did he expect that everything else was to be abandoned that he might be attended to; that Jesus would leave his higher work of enlightening darkened minds to open his eyes? Where was his respect for the great prophet? What need was there of so much shouting? Was not once as good as ten times? If Jesus meant to attend to him he had heard him already. Let him wait; if the prophet meant to help him, he would do so in his own good time. Such irreverent importunity, and impatient troubling was more calculated to provoke than to win a favourable answer. Such would be the reasoning doubtless; but through it all, three things make themselves manifest, which are not even as plausible as these empty platitudes, selfishness, want of sympathy, and utter ignorance of the spirit and temper of the Saviour of mankind. Selfishness, inasmuch as it is manifest enough that the greatest objection of all was to the personal annoyance; want of sympathy, or

they would have felt more inclined to help forward than to drive back one in so sad a plight, when there was a prospect of deliverance; and utter ignorance of the Messiah, or they would have known that, more ambitious of the title of the great physician than even of the great teacher, with a heart overflowing with pity and a hand ever ready to help; he would count it no interruption to be called away from the discussion of the highest doctrines of God's truth to heal and to help the lowest creature of God's universe. Would have known that what pestered them, prevailed with him; what moved them to anger, moved him to admiration, and was calling up all the deepest sympathies of his nature. Oh, that men understood, appreciated, thought and felt with the Saviour more; then would we see not indeed the thoughts of a lofty science abandoned, but the deeds of a loftier charity far more readily and deeply entered upon, and far more earnestly prosecuted. But however, the men who surrounded the Saviour then, and the staid and sober formalist now, may mistake him and his nature; let not the poor, anxious, earnest and troubled sinner mistake him. Cry aloud, you will not disturb him. Be importunate, you will not provoke him. He will neither chide your impatience, nor charge you with irreverence. He may let you shew that you are in earnest, but by and by, and all the sooner, the more urgent you are, he will shew how deeply he sympathizes with you and how ready he is to help you.

In beautiful contrast with the harsh, unsympathizing spirit, and hard-hearted selfishness of these, is the gentle kindness of those whom Jesus sent. It is the spirit of Christ as contrasted with the spirit of the world; the one harsh, the other gentle; the one cruel, the other kindly; the one wrapped up in self, the other expansive and generous; the one full of reproof, the other love; the one prone to find fault, the other more

incline to sympathize with the miserable. The spirit of Christ we have called it; for, and this gives it, at least to the Christian, a deeper interest; it is not the spirit of the men themselves. These are the same parties who not so long ago, could find nothing better in a similar case to say than "Master send this woman away for she crieth after us." No; it is not their own spirit, but the sweet savour of Christ's kind and gracious temper stealing over them and imbuing them with his own lovely spirit. And it is ever so. All real benevolence, all that working in the heart brings out the consoling word, and the helping hand is of Christ originally, and from Christ directly. The world indeed claims something for itself in this particular; claims to have a something originating in itself which it calls humanity; but before we can grant this claim, we must see it where Christ is not known. Even where it does exist in those who love not the Lord Jesus, does it not exist by virtue of that atmosphere of love with which the savour of Christ's name has enveloped all things. The ointment poured forth will make even dead corpses smell of cassia and myrrh and cinnamon. All real humanity, all that is really pitiful and kind on earth, is only the reflex of Christ's humanity, and is only to be found where his glorious shadow falls. And after all, what the world does borrow from Jesus in this way, is for the most part more show than substance, at best the idle and unfruitful play of emotion and sentiment, ending in sympathizing talk, and worse than all, talk of the poor and wretched, rather than words of comfort and encouragement to them. The works, the deeds of charity have ever to be done by men on whom not only has Christ's image fallen, but in whom he himself has come to dwell. At this present time we have a worldly literature embued with the spirit of human sympathy and kindness, the

spirit that descends to embrace the lowliest and the least regarded. But what then, the words of the fine writing, the passionate utterances come from men who are far remote from Jesus; but who plunges into the dens of misery, like Christ into the tomb, to rescue the lost? Who strives to bring the Magdalene to repentance? Who picks up the forlorn ragged child felon and strives to develop the blasted buds of immortality within him? Who carries counsel and warning and help and hope into the wynds and alleys of our city heathendom? Who sits night after night in our ragged schools, patiently, tearfully hearing with perversity, and striving to thaw out frozen souls in the warmth of their own living bosoms? Who visits the widow and the fatherless in their affliction? Who really takes the dust-begrimmed hand in his as that of a very brother, and lays the touch of genial kindness on the averted shoulder of him whom poverty and oppression, and ignorance, and want have laden. Is it our Dickinnes and Carlyles, high priests of literature as they claim to be. Ah, no! the priests of literature, like other priests, pass by on the other side and content themselves with eloquent words and pathetic descriptions, and the good Samaritans are found now as ever among the men of Christ whom the one denounces as shams, and the other holds up to execrations as hypocrites and deceivers. When you can find a John Howard or a Florence Nightingale among the ranks of the unbelievers, or the spirit of these in any considerable measure apart from the love of Jesus, it will be time enough to allow the world's claim to a humanity inherent in itself. Till then, wherever we see love and kindness, we claim to see Jesus, mirrored as in a pool by the unregenerate, or reproduced in living embodiment by his brothers and sisters, the men and women born of his grace and baptized with his spirit.

And here let us observe the true *rationale* and explanation of the fact that Jesus commissioned his followers to do what he might as well and would as gladly have done himself. He appreciates his own spirit in them and would gratify it; he desires his own spirit in them and would practice and train it. Have you ever seen a father put the penny which he had destined for some poor man into his child's hand? He does it for a twofold purpose, to gratify the benevolence he rejoices to see, and to train the beneficencies he desires to strengthen. It is thus and therefore our Saviour acts, when he whose glowing love and pity, bore him on swift-wing from heaven to earth, and would have borne him as swiftly to the side of this poor beggar, stood still and commanded him to be brought. It is thus and therefore he acted, when he sent out his disciples two and two, saying, "As ye go p each, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give." And it is in the same spirit and purpose, that he has commissioned his followers still, with the care of the bodies and souls of men, made the forlorn and the outcast, the sick and the sorrowful, nay the ignorant and brutal, their charge and care; and faithful to the charge have his followers been, for the same mind that was in Jesus, is also in them. Yes, in face of a sneering, blaspheming—and with all their hatred of bigots—miserably bigoted world, in the face of a world that in its real or pretended blindness cannot or will not distinguish jewels from paste, substances from shadows, names from things; we repeat it, faithful have his followers been to his charge. A baptized heathendom, it is true, and priests and Levites amongst them, may have passed by on the other side and left him who fell among thieves to perish in his blood—may have been clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day—while starving Lazarus perished at their gates, may have feasted on the luxury of an æsthetic gospel, while souls were perishing unheeded, for lack of knowledge, but not the true disciples of Christ, not those called and chosen by him, not those to whom he had set his seal. It is not amongst them you find the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" No; faithful to their charge, they are off and away, away from the haunts of folly, from the *salons* of fashion, from the halls of mirth, from the marts of gain, away amidst dust and dreariness, amid squallid poverty and loathsome vice, battling with fearless patient souls, against evils of every shape, their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, their loins girt about with truth, and in their hand the sword of the spirit which is the word of God. Where the orphan grins with hunger, where the ignorant need instruction, where the vicious crowd together corrupting and corrupted, by the bedside of sickness, in the chamber of death, where sorrow wails and gaunt despair blasphemes, down low alleys, up craggy stairs, amid squalor and rags and wretchedness, fit emblems of the moral rain, which, but for them reigns unchecked, amid the off-scourings of society, the neglected children of debased humanity; wherever there is woe, wherever there is sorrow, wherever there is want, or ignorance, or sin, there with love in the heart, and pity in the eye, scattering broadcast the leaves of the tree of life, are the brethren and sisters of Christ, the sons and daughters of God, the men and women who have cast in their lot with Jesus, put on his image and drank in his spirit. Would that their number were multiplied a thousandfold; but oh! by our belief in God, by our hopes of humanity, by our knowledge of Christ, let us not faithlessly fancy that their number is small or their work slightly done.

And now, not to stop to look for more in this narrative, though much more might be found, in the light of these examples what are we? As petitioners to Jesus what are we? As going to him what are we? As his professed friends and followers what are we? Begging his help are we in earnest? Approaching on his invitation are we resolute? Following him are we imbued with his spirit and fashioned in his likeness? And if, as is altogether likely, we find deficiencies in every respect, this is what we must do. Let us go away by ourselves into our closets, with our Bibles for our companion, God for our witness and the Spirit for our helper. Let us face in prayer and meditation the great realities of death, judgment, and eternity. Let us take the cross for our standard, and try to estimate the height of salvation, the depth of the fall, the value of the soul, and the dreadfulness of God's wrath, until these earnest truths make us earnest like themselves. Let us go often; let us go daily; it is in secret the foundation of the Christian life is laid. And then thus strengthened let us be honest, let us be resolute; let us speak as we think, act as we feel; dare if need be, and need will be, to be singular, without fearing the world's sneer or the world's frown; dare to break through every obstacle, to cast away every hindrance, to sacrifice every tie, to change every practice, to alter every arrangement which stands between us and Jesus, between us and a Christ-like life. Such a course will amply repay us in the blessed experience of a real salvation, an actual participating in the redemption purchased by Christ. But the ordinary course of a formal and frivolous Christianity will not repay us for the trouble of such a pursuit, faint and feeble as it is. The world may call us mad. His brethren and sisters thought Jesus mad, Jesus the calm, the self-possessed, the intensely reasonable! Festus thought Paul mad, and even some Christian brethren, as we may gather from his epistle to the Corinthians, thought him beside himself. But what cared he for that, who was willing to be accounted a fool that he might be really wise. The world is fond of accounting and calling earnest Christians crazy, and sometimes perhaps the world is right. It may well craze a feeble mind to stand at the foot of Sinai and hear the triumph of God, or at the edge of the pit and look down into the blackness of darkness. It may well burst a feeble vessel to hear the song of angels and drink the cup of salvation. Be it so, men have been crazed by terrors far less awful, or joys far less transcendent. But O! there is that about this craze which I, for one, would infinitely prefer to all the wisdom of this world. Yes, far before the logical madness and fearfully rash prudence of the world's insanity, give me the shattered intellect, down upon whose ruins the day star is pouring its calm and blessed radiance, and whose rebuilt fabric the Sun of righteousness will yet gild with the glories of heaven; give me that darkened reason whose dim and feeble light is aided and guided by the glorious instincts of a new creation. Yes, it is my serious and sober choice, give me to be the crazy worshipper of Jehovah, the crazy lover of Jesus, the crazy possessor of the Spirit, rather than the brightest unsanctified genius that ever shone its brief hour in the firmament of humanity, a star of the first magnitude, to be quenched thereafter in the blackness of darkness for ever. But earnest-minded Christianity, even when it looks to the world most *outré*, extravagant, and imprudent, is only the perfection of enlightened, earnest reason, and can well afford to despise the judgment of ignorance that pronounces against it, and pass calmly on in the assurance that the time is coming when that judgment will be reversed. In the management of our affairs, in the employment of

our time, in the expenditure of our money, the world may account us imprudent, unwise, lavish. But what, then; the world judges from a far different point of view, from a far different estimate of things, from far different ideas of value; and if we are right in these things, we can afford, without presumption, to despise the judgment.

And hardest of all to bear, our friends may think us undutiful, negligent of their interests, careless of their fortunes. But what of that, if we and they differ about far higher claims, and we feel in our heart of hearts that we are right and they are wrong. What of that, if we feel that after all we are doing better for them if they would only think it, than if we procured for them an inheritance of much money or lands. All these things we must prepare ourselves to meet. Something of this, more or less according to circumstances, we will be sure to meet, expressed more or less openly, by looks, by innuendoes, by serious opposition, by remonstrance, rebuke or reasoning, it may be by active persecution. The world without and within the church can hardly let real Christianity pass without it. It is hardly real Christianity which does not provoke more or less of it from the world. But what, then; we will be able to stand it all and press through it all, and get away from it all, if in going to Jesus we are sustained by the abiding impression of that great truth, "what will it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul;" and if in following Him we are quickened by the thought that if one died for all then were all dead, and we who live should not live unto ourselves but to Him who died for us and rose again. And O, when this vain world has passed away with its strife of tongues, its idle chattering and vain contentions; its honours as fading as the parsley crowns that were wont to fire the hearts of Roman youth, its riches which lie so heavy on the shoulders of the living

and on the breasts of the dead, when from the smouldering ashes of a burnt-up world come forth the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, we will praise that grace which taught us how to be sincere and earnest Christians.

AVARICE.

This, among all other sins, is perhaps the most prolific source of evil. It closes church doors, drives pastors from the pulpit, starves missionaries, and hushes the "joyful sound of salvation." It pinches the poor widow, steals the orphan's crumb, and robs God. Nakedness, famine, wretchedness and want all follow in its wake; while darkness, death and hell are triumphant in its march. The prayers of avaricious persons are not heard. But the kind of prayer which the Holy Spirit indites, while it lays one hand imploringly and reverentially upon the throne of Grace, *unties the purse strings* with the other.

It is not only, "Lord have mercy on the poor and needy," but have mercy on my covetous, selfish soul, and help me to throw open my granaries and store-houses to feed the hungry;—give me grace to use large amounts of my interest-drawing cash, to support the Gospel and clothe the naked.—Such a prayer will always be "accompanied by consistent action," and will do more towards feeding the hungry, and supplying the destitute churches with pastors, than all the soulless prayers that ever passed from the lips. To those who merely say their prayers, I would commend the following lines:—

"I do not like to hear him pray.
On bended knees about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbour has no flour.
I'd rather see him go to mill,
And buy his luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray—
'Let blessings on the widow be.'
Who never seeks her home, to say
'If want o'ertakes thee, come to me.'
I hate the prayer so loud and long,
That's uttered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with his lips can feel.

I do not like to hear her pray
With jewelled ears and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to work for less.
I do not like such soulless prayers,—
(If wrong, I hope to be forgiven.)
No angel's wing them upward bears—
They're lost a million miles from heaven!"

"I LOST IT."

With what cool indifference the lawyer speaks of a case which he has argued in court, saying, "I lost it." The fortunes of a family may have depended on the result—a prisoner's liberty, or even life, may have been at stake—but what of that? The lawyer sums up the matter—"I lost it." He stops not to weep that a man who may have been innocent has gone to prison or to death—he stops not to weep for a stricken family, or that a family are unjustly deprived of property, and reduced to abject poverty. No, he has lost his *case*. He tells his professional friend, "I lost my case; but what of that? I shall gain next time." "Next time" never comes to the starving family, the bankrupt merchant, the dead criminal; for the truth is, that it was *they* who lost not the lawyer.

"I lost it," says the mother; "the first and finest flower of my garden, my sweet babe," clasping nearer to her breast those which are left. "It was a lovely child, quiet as a lamb, meek and gentle; it was endeared to our very souls; but I lost it." And the mother refuses to be comforted because it is not.

In one of those dens which are the curse of our large cities is a youth. It is past midnight, but no sleep has come to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids. Pale and haggard excited with wine, he gazes with wild intensesness on a table around which sit company. There are others in the room, but he sees them not; the table now claims his entire attention. All his own money, and money belonging to his employer, lie on it. The cards are dealt; he suddenly rushes from the room, exclaiming, "I lost it." Aye, he lost it. Not only money, but character, social position—aye, everything which makes the man. But a few years at least, and he may be found in prison or the grave.

A poor boy is run over on the railroad, and shockingly mutilated. He is carried to a neighboring house; the surgeon is summoned; he decides that it is a desperate case; amputation is commenced; the poor boy groans and shouts, but no one comes to his relief; he cries again, but more feebly than before; the operation goes on, the leg drops, the boy swoons, revives for a moment, and then dies. The surgeon simply says to his assistant, "This is, indeed, a bad case: I have lost it."

Less than half a century ago, an enthusiastic army of seventy thousand men crossed the French boundaries, shouting to the returned exiled commander, "Live the Emperor." In a few days, that Emperor and that army stood face to face against the allied armies of Europe. It was a terrible moment. Either Na-

oleon should march over that field as Emperor of the whole world, or retire an outlaw, in danger of life. The deadly clash of arms kept the termination in doubt. Soon he was seen flying from the field; the game of the world had been played, and he lost it.

Ah, this losing it is a sad, sometimes an awful thing. Look at that old man, tottering along; his form is bent, his step unsteady, his speech not clear. Let us talk to him,—nay, he is old, let us hear him talk. He tells a sad story. "Once I was as young and joyous as you, my friends. I had wealth, a loving happy family, a pleasant home. Misfortunes came; my wealth vanished—I lost it. I strove hard; I laboured incessantly to retrieve my broken fortunes; but when I lost my money, I lost my influence and my business facilities. A few years, and the cursed wine cup, was my only friend. My reputation—that priceless jewel—oh, God, I lost it, never to be regained. And soon I, too, shall be lost, not missed, from earth; and the only fruit of repentance which I *dare* leave behind is, though I am lost, *learn of me*."

Reader, there is one other case sadder, far sadder, than any of these. Have you ever imagined a soul in hell looking back to life, with its time misspent, its opportunities wasted, its appeals despised, and saying, "I lost it?" Yet there are some saying this even now. It will yet be the language and the case of thousands. Oh, that it may *never* be yours or mine!

A CHRISTIAN ALL OVER.

Says a young man recently, in writing home to his friends from a situation in a large city mercantile house, "It has been my lot to be associated in business successively with several merchants, all of them members of Christian churches; but I am constrained to say that Mr. S., the man with whom I am now employed, is the first one of them all who really governs himself by his religion in his business transactions. He does this sternly and faithfully, and I call him "*a Christian all over*." A high compliment this to Mr. S.; but alas! that he should seem to stand alone among so many. One is found to give glory to God; but where are the nine?"—*Religious Herald*.

HOPE.—Hope, it hath been well said, is a compound of expectation and desire. In order for hope to be strong and healthful, these must be in proper proportions. Many real saints, who sincerely *desire* spiritual things, have not enough confident *expectation*. God does not exhibit spiritual blessings to disappoint us; He loves to see His people ask in faith for whatever He has taught them to desire.—1 John v, 14, 15.

Wisdom and Goodness of God displayed in the Ocean.

The area of the sea is about three times as large as that of the land, and its average depth is about three miles. If there were more water, or the basin of the ocean were more shallow, the sea would encroach upon the land; if, on the other hand, there were less water, or the sea beds were deeper, the quantity of land would be increased.

In the former case, the sea would inundate our shores, destroy our ports, devastate our fields, and do incalculable mischief. In the latter case, it would change our coast line, dry up our bays and harbours, render our ports useless, and frustrate much of the skill and labours of man. That Being, therefore, who set bounds to the sea, said not only "thus far shalt thou go," but also added in his wisdom the no less important prohibition, "and no further."—The quantity of water contributed to the ocean by rivers is enough to make a new one every year, and this has now been going on for many thousands of years, and yet the sea has not been augmented.

Why is this? Simply because it loses every day by evaporation just as much as it receives from tributary streams. What a wonderful adjustment is this! If it received more than it lost, its quantity of water would constantly increase; if it received less, it would gradually diminish. In either case, the whole character of the world would be perpetually changing, and "we should never continue in one stay."

The thousands of rivers which flow into the sea are not formed of water only, but contain numerous impurities, such as lime, magnesia, potash, soda, and iron. This fact may be easily proved by filling a kettle from any river and boiling the water, when it will be found that a fur is deposited on the sides of the kettle. This fur is composed of the impurities left behind by the steam. Every quart of sea water contains as much as an ounce of such impurities; and if all the solid matter of the ocean could be extracted from it and dried, it would suffice to cover for a thousand feet in thickness the whole surface of the old world. Now, we know that the water of the ocean is being incessantly turned into vapour, and that vapour carries off no impurities. How is it, then, that the character of the sea never varies? How is

it that a quart of sea water contains no more solid matter now than it did some thousands of years ago? The reason is this,—fishes take their bones from the solid matter of the sea, shell fish obtain from it the material of their shells, sea-weed the ashes which make up their texture, and corals the lime which they build into reefs. By these and similar contrivances, the state of the sea is kept in one and the same condition. The fishes, weeds, and zoophytes abstract from it the impurities which the vapour leaves behind. Again, we say, what wonderful wisdom and goodness does not this unfold! Evaporation goes on much more rapidly in the torrid zone than in the polar seas. Indeed, no less than 15 feet of water is turned into vapour every year in this belt of the earth, yet its brackishness is not increased. This arises from the never ceasing interchange of waters between the tropics and the poles. The equatorial waters flow into the polar seas, prevent them losing their saltness, and the polar waters flow into the torrid zone and constantly dilute its thick brine.—*Dr. Brewer's Theology in Science.*

"GONE, BUT NOT MISSED."

There are even professors of the religion of Jesus, over whose graves it would be difficult for devout men to find great occasion for lamentation. Such persons would doubtless be missed in their families, shops, stores, and accustomed places of recreation; but as to her peculiar and noble offices, the Church would be compelled to say of them, "Gone, but not missed." She would not miss their charities for Christ and His poor; she would not miss them in her circles of prayer and benevolence; she would not miss them at the bedside of the sick, nor in the house of the mourner; she would not miss them when great trials were to be borne or hard labour to be done for the extension of the Gospel. In her Sabbath school efforts, and tract distributions; in her endeavours to evangelize our city, our land, our earth, with truth and holiness, she would not miss them, for they have not cheered these labours of love with their presence, their counsel, their charities, or their prayers. Like the on-hangers of an army, they move with the host to share the results of victory, but are absent when martyrs are to bleed upon the field. The loss of such to the Church, by death, would be graded by the benefit which their lives confer upon the world; and hence you can judge whether devout men would make great lamentation over them. Stephen fell at his post, and this pointed the grief at his loss.—*Dr. Braineard.*

THE GOOD NEWS.

April 1st, 1862.

THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARK, QUEBEC.

Luke II. 13-20.

No sooner had the angel of the Lord announced to the shepherds of Bethlehem the birth of the Saviour, and described the situation in which they would find him, than he was joined by a multitude of the heavenly host, who united with him in celebrating this glorious event, in the most sublime and heart-elevating strains. There is a striking combination of outward humility and moral greatness, of worldly abasement and celestial glory, in the circumstances attending our Saviour's birth. It was amidst neglect and unkindness on the part of men, and great apparent discomfort, that Jesus was ushered into our world. But however much this great event was neglected by men, it was regarded with intensest interest by the celestial inhabitants, who were fully alive to its supreme importance. We may be assured that they watched over the holy family with unwearied care, ministered to their wants with invisible hand, and supplied every necessary comfort. And when the word was made flesh, when he whose goings forth had been of old, even from everlasting, was introduced into our world, as an infant of days; and the glorious work of redemption thus fairly began, these ministering spirits, in the presence of the shepherds of Bethlehem, sent forth the melodious song of congratulation and praise.

How glorious must have been that vision of the heavenly host in the plains of Bethlehem! When even one solitary angel appeared, the glory of the Lord shone round about the shepherds; and well may we suppose that when a multitude of them were present, the accompanying radiance must have been of surpassing magnificence and glory. We may regret that never in our day have such visions appeared to bear testimony to Jesus. But we have continually before us a testimony still more appropriate, and beautiful, and decisive,

in the moral improvement, the spiritual glory of the world, which has been effected through the agency of his disciples, in preaching the everlasting gospel, assisted by the mighty operation of the Holy Ghost.

The strain which the angels sang has happily been recorded, and transmitted for our instruction. It is short but emphatic, and full of most weighty and important meaning. The general import of this noble strain is obvious enough; but from the sententious style in which it is expressed, most appropriate as it was to the fervid feelings of the angels at the moment, it is not quite so easy to ascertain its precise shades of meaning. The song may be regarded as altogether declarative, and interpreted thus:—Glory is now brought to God in the highest degree, peace is introduced to earth, and good will manifested towards men. I am inclined, however, to regard it rather as a doxology, or ascription of praise to God, and interpret it thus: "Glory be to God in the highest, because peace is now established on earth, and good will manifested to men." If we translate the song as a doxology, the expression "on earth peace, good will toward men," cannot with propriety be translated as wishes, thus—"May there be peace on earth, and good will toward men;" and still less can they be translated as commands—"Let there be peace on earth, and good will towards men;" they must, therefore, be taken as statements or declarations, explaining why the angels ascribed glory to God in the highest. They ascribed glory to God in the highest, because he had now given peace to earth, and manifested his good will or mercy to men.

Let me direct your attention to each one of the clauses of this angelic song in succession: 1st. The angels ascribe glory to God in the highest. Some would explain the expression "*in the highest*," as meaning in the highest heavens, others as meaning "among the highest orders of celestial beings." It appears to me that it means rather in the highest possible degree—that in consequence of the birth of Christ, and the infinitely important events which would thereby be accomplished, glory of the most exalted kind, or glory in the highest possible degree, would be brought to God. The expression may be thus paraphrased—

“That birth which has now taken place, and the glorious effects which will result from it, will redound more to the glory of God than all that has yet occurred in the history of the universe, during the eternity that is past. Never was the glory of God so illustrated, never was his character so sublimely set forth, never were his attributes so prominently brought forward, never was their harmony so beautifully manifested, as in the incarnation and sacrificial death of the Son of God.

What a heart-movng display have we here of the quenchless love of God, who so loved a lost, guilty, ungrateful world—a world which had so unprovokedly wronged him, and so grievously rebelled against him—so loved it that he gave his only begotten Son, that who-soever believeth on him, might not perish, &c. But great as his love was, fathomless as was its depth, even to it justice could not be sacrificed. All her righteous demands must be rigidly complied with. Even in the case of the Son of God, the requirements of the law would submit to no abatement. He must not only submit to the infinite humiliation of taking our nature upon him—to a life of self-denial, and labour, and reproach, but to a death of ignominy and intensest agony—agony chiefly of soul, inflicted upon him by the immediate hand of God. Because we hear of this so often, because we are so familiar with it, it seldom affects the heart so deeply as might reasonably be expected. But O! its sublime and infinite importance! O that we could realize it more fully, and live under its influence more habitually.

Most strikingly and beautifully are God's attributes manifested in the work of redemption, so that even from this exhibition of them alone, glory might be ascribed to God in the highest strains, glory in the highest possible degree; but this glory is still more resplendent, when we think of the effects which resulted from this manifestation of the Divine attributes. When we think of the salvation of an innumerable multitude from all nations and kindreds and ages, this heightens our idea vastly of the importance of the work of redemption, and of the revenue of glory that consequently accrues from it to God. But the

glory is still farther increased, when we think—1st. Of the infinite misery from which the redeemed are delivered, not only from a state of everlasting exclusion from the presence of the Lord, and all the happiness which the saints enjoy in his heavenly kingdom, but from the eternal punishment of hell, from the torments of the fire that cannot be quenched, and the gnawings of the worm that can never die. But, 2ndly. The glory of God in redemption is increased, when we think of the glorious transformation of character which is produced in the righteous here. Just think of the drunkard reformed through the restraining and purifying grace of God—the thoughtless, improvident, unkind husband, changed into a considerate, loving, industrious and happy husband and parent—the house once resounding with curses, now transformed into a house of prayer; the house where terror and misery once reigned, now radiant with happy faces, and hallowed by the songs of Zion. Think of Paul the persecutor, keeping the clothes of the men who had stripped to stone Stephen to death; think of him entering the houses of the saints in Jerusalem, and dragging out his innocent victims to prison and to death; think of *this* man thirsting for blood, volunteering his services to hunt out the people of God in distant cities, as if he really delighted in shedding the blood of the righteous—thinking of the same man afterwards—longing with such earnestness for the salvation of souls, burning with such zeal, and exerting himself with such ceaseless and untiring energy in extending the kingdom of him whom he once so unrelentingly persecuted. Think of his self-denial, his renunciation of the brightest prospects, his endurance of the greatest hardships, and his submission to a life of ignominy and death of violence, that he might bring sinners to Jesus, and get them reconciled to God, and O! say was not God's glory magnified in the beautiful transformation of such a character? and still his glory is continually displayed in similar manifestations of transforming and sanctifying grace. 3rdly. God's glory will be promoted from the perfection to which his saints will attain, and the inconceivable happiness which they will enjoy in the heavenly state, and from the effects produced by all this on

all the different orders of intelligent beings throughout the vast empire of his universe.

2nd. The second part of the angelic song relates to the peace that would be introduced into our distracted world by the work of redemption. In the prophecies of Isaiah, the Messiah was termed the Prince of peace. And what an appropriate designation is this, since by the atonement which he made by the sacrifice of himself, he procured our reconciliation to our heavenly Father, established peace between God and believers, and procured for them that gift of the Spirit whereby the enmity is removed from their hearts, and they become the friends and devoted servants of God. Now, brother, the blessedness and infinite advantage of being at peace with God, can only be fully realized, by forming an adequate estimate of the terrible consequences of continuing at enmity with God—that God who, though long suffering, will assuredly at last let loose the executioners of his justice against those who refuse to be reconciled to him, and whose resources of punishment are as tremendous as his treasures of goodness are inexhaustible. Again, those who are reconciled by the blood of the Lamb are not only at peace with God, but they are at peace with themselves, and at peace with the world. Through the purifying efficacy of the Holy Spirit, they enjoy peace of conscience, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. Once more, in proportion as the gospel is diffused throughout the world, and men are guided by gospel principles, will peace prevail on earth, and wars and contentions disappear. Well, then, might the angelic choir celebrate peace on earth, which was introduced at the Saviour's advent, and will be consummated at his glorious return.

3rd. The third part of the angelic strain respects the gift of the Saviour, as the most striking evidence of the good-will of God to man. And surely no greater evidence of his love can be conceived, than the sending of his own dear Son into the world, that he might suffer and die in the room of the guilty. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend, but God manifested his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Some,

however, are of opinion that, by the good-will here spoken of, we ought to understand the feelings of love and good-will that would be produced in the hearts of the regenerate, by the indwelling of the Spirit. But whether this be the meaning of it or not, let me assure you, dear brother, that just in proportion as we are imbued with the spirit of the gospel, will love to God and good-will to men be the prevailing sentiments of our hearts; and when these are not manifested in the outward life, there is sufficient evidence, that whatever may be our profession, we have but a name to live whilst we are dead.

When the angels had finished their sublime song of praise, disappeared, and returned to heaven, the shepherds resolved without delay to repair to Bethlehem, that they might witness that great event which had been communicated to them by the Lord. The angel did not command them to go, but by giving them a sign by which they might recognize the heavenly child, it was very obviously implied that it was *his* wish and their *own* privilege and duty to go. O, brother, let us never be slow to go where Jesus may be found. Though there may be no positive injunction laid upon us in any particular instance, yet if we are told where we shall find him, and how we may recognize him, let us esteem it our highest privilege to go, and omit no favourable opportunity.

The shepherds, we are told, came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. Strange spectacle, striking contrast to the glorious scene which they had but lately beheld. But it is probable that these shepherds were men of God, accustomed to maintain spiritual communion with him—not only to seek him, but to find him, humble as their circumstances were; and therefore they would be less surprised at the humble circumstances in which their Saviour appeared. But they found him, in precise conformity with the description of the angel. Thus their faith would be strengthened, and their hopes confirmed. And so, dear brother, if we find Jesus amidst such scenes of hardship and privation as his word teaches us to expect, let us be content and magnify the Lord, even though it

be in the midst of affliction, that he reveals himself to our souls.

We have no account of the interview which took place between the shepherds and the holy family. But doubtless the heart of Mary would be encouraged, and her faith strengthened, and her spirit elevated, by the account of the angelic vision which the shepherds saw, and the song of praise and congratulation which they heard. Well may we suppose that this would be a season of the communion of saints; and that Joseph and Mary would not withhold from those visitors of kindred spirit, an account of those divine communications which had been made to themselves. Thus by a mutual communication of Christian experience, the faith of the saints is strengthened, their hearts encouraged, and their knowledge increased.

In the true spirit of men, who were themselves deeply impressed with the infinite importance of the great discovery which they had made, these holy shepherds published, throughout their neighbourhood, the divine announcement which had been made to them, regarding this wonderful child. And so, brother, whenever the awakened sinner has found Jesus, he burns with a holy desire to make him known to others. Having himself experienced his preciousness, he is anxious that others too should find, like himself, the pearl of great price.

These humble shepherds, then, may be regarded as the first preachers of the gospel; and they succeeded in attracting attention and exciting wonder, but we read of no permanent effects. Ah, brother, how like is this to the experience of many ministers even now, when we have the glad tidings of great joy so much fuller and more explicit to communicate. How often do men attract attention and excite interest for a little season, and when the charm of novelty is gone, themselves and their message are alike disregarded. It is a small matter that the minister is neglected; but O the folly, the insatiation, the madness of men, to neglect *that* which alone can make them wise unto salvation; and to aggravate their guilt by acting thus in the face of knowledge abused, professions belied, and resolutions broken.

But it is comforting to think that, wherever the gospel is faithfully preached, there are always a few who are duly affected by it, who, like Mary, retain in their memory the things which they hear, and ponder them in their heart. Thus *Mary* acted, and remember that, in all that is of essential importance, we are quite as much interested as she regarding the great things connected with Jesus as the Saviour of sinners.

Lastly, we are told that the shepherds returned to their flocks, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen. And well they might; for they had seen the commencement of the fulfilment of that series of prophecies which had been delivered from time to time by those ancient seers, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. They had seen the angels of God manifested in the most resplendent glory, and heard them celebrating, in seraphic strains, the birth of this glorious child, who was to redeem a fallen world. They had been directed by them to where they would find the holy child, and had found him in conformity with their statements, so that it was impossible that any doubt could remain regarding the divine origin and mission of this glorious child. They had actually seen *him* whose day the old prophets saw only afar off, and were glad; and well might they rejoice in the certain prospect of the great salvation, which he was to work out for sinners.

Brethren, we have not actually seen Jesus with the eye of sense, but for all that, we have seen, and do see, greater things than these shepherds were privileged to behold. We see the glorious effects which the gospel of Jesus has already produced, throughout so considerable a portion of this sin-ridden world. We know what the state of society actually was, among the most civilized and refined nations of antiquity, morally degraded to a degree of which few have any adequate conception; and we know what it has become, under the purifying and ennobling influence of Christianity. Or look at the state of the Indians of our own continent, who have not come under the ameliorating influence of Christianity, and contrast this with the condition of men who have been trained under the hallowing influence of the

gospel, and well may we exclaim, with grateful emotion, What hath God wrought! Well, then, brother, what I wish to impress upon you is, that we have all just as satisfactory evidence, before our eyes, of the divinity of Jesus, as the shepherds of Bethlehem, and if we neglect the great salvation, we are guilty of as great inconsistency and wickedness as they would have been, had they remained unmoved by all that they heard and saw.

CHRISTIAN DEVOTEDNESS.

O Lord! thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee,
To thee, my God, to thee!

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee,
On thee, my God, on thee!

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee,
To thee, my God, to thee!

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee,
In thee, my God, in thee!

Oberlin.

"GOD IS NEAR."

O'er Time's great ocean, O my God,
My shallop frail I calmly steer,
Safe in the storm as in the calm,
For Thou, my God, art ever near.

When raging winds with angry voice
Sound wildly on the listening ear,
They wake no echo on my breast—
I smile, and murmur, "God is near."

In all my doubts, in all my cares,
I know no grief, I shed no tear,
For welcome joy, or welcome woe,
If thou but tell me thou art near.

When sickness comes with pallid face,
And death would strike my soul with fear,
I smile at his uplifted dart,
And tell him thou, his Lord, art near.

In youth, in age, in joy, in grief,
One hope I have, my soul to cheer:
In heaven my joys shall perfect prove,
For there, for ever Thou art near.

SALVATION THROUGH FAITH.

(Translated from the French for this Periodical.)

Reader! listen to a few words of peace, which shall impart lasting comfort to thy soul, if thou receivest them with meekness. The Holy Scripture, which is the word of God, teaches us that there is not a just man on earth, that there is no man who doeth good, no, not even one; that by one man who sinned, sin has come into the world, and by sin, death, that is, the eternal curse of God, and that this death has come on all men, for all have sinned. Thou art then, thyself, a creature far off from God, and needing to be reconciled to Him that thou mayest not perish in his wrath. Now, Jesus Christ, His only-begotten Son, God manifest in the flesh, has fully wrought out this reconciliation for all those who believe in Him. It is written that He has borne our sins in His own body, on the tree,—that He has redeemed us from the curse of the law, having been made a curse for us,—and that whosoever believeth shall not be condemned, but have eternal life,—and that man is justified (that is, made righteous before God) by faith, without the works of the law. If, then, thou desirest to be saved, accept salvation from God in believing on Him; accept it as a gift which the Lord bestows on thee as a poor sinner on whom he has pity out of his pure grace, and whom he pardons according to his good pleasure, and for the sake of the redemption wrought out on the cross by the blood of His Son. Believe that He hath saved thee; but believe it with all thy heart, acknowledging thy sins and preferring this salvation to all other riches. And God will seal thee with his Holy Spirit, who will fill thee with peace and joy, and change thee daily into greater conformity to thy Saviour, in righteousness and true holiness.

METIS, C.E.

T. F.

ETERNITY.

(Translated from the French for this periodical.)

Whether thou art old or young, whether thou art burdened with sickness and infirmity, or whether thou art full of health and strength, every moment carries thee nearer eternity.

Eternity!! Weigh this word well, and consider what a distance there is between God and thy soul. Thou art a sinner by nature, a sinner by practice, guilty, justly condemned by the holy law of the Eternal, and lost for ever, unless Jesus deliver thee from the hell which thou deservest, by giving thee faith in His precious blood and in His salvation. Hast thou believed in Him as thy Saviour? Does His Holy Spirit dwell in thee? Hast thou redemption through His blood, that is, the forgiveness of thy sins? Has he clothed thee with the robe of His righteousness? Does His Spirit bear witness with thy spirit that thou art a child of God? Hast thou peace with Him, and dost thou rejoice in the hope of His glory which shall be manifested at the last day? If it is not so with thee, pray to God in the name of His Son, cry to Jesus with thy heart. It is still the day of grace. The Lord is willing to receive thee; He waits to do so, and He is always able to save to the uttermost all those who come to God by Him. He has created thee, He has shed His blood on the cross for thee, and He is now exalted as a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and the forgiveness of sins. Ask from Him these gifts; ask Him to enable thee to rest on Him by faith, in order that He may receive thee into the arms of His mercy. There, thou shalt never perish; no one shall be able to pluck thee out of His hand; and He shall present thee without spot before the throne of His Father, with fulness of joy.

MERRIS, C.E.

T. F.

The Enemies of the Church.

The Church of Christ has always had to contend with enemies. Her enemies are the enemies of Christ. Her prayer has always been, "Arise up, Lord, and let Thine enemies be scattered; and let them that hate Thee flee before Thee." But in praying for the overthrow of her enemies and the enemies of her Lord, the Church does not necessarily pray for the death or destruction of those who are enemies. When these are the children of men and not evil spirits, the prayer is, that, *as enemies they may perish; but as blood-bought souls they may be saved.* The church

never had enemies that were more hostile than in the period immediately following the death of the martyr Stephen. Next to "him who goeth about as a roaring lion," none were more bitter or more furious than Saul of Tarsus. In his heartless work he had no pity. He broke the holy ties of friendship; and made desolate and sad the homes of the saints of the Lord. "Many of the saints he shut up in prison, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them he persecuted them even unto strange cities."

The Church could only pray to her Lord. She was in fear of Saul, for even in distant cities she had heard "how much evil he had done to the saints in Jerusalem." Her prayer was, doubtless, that this enemy might be rebuked. "The Lord hearkened and heard. He came to contend with the destroyer. He fought with the invincible weapon of His love. And, O the grace! the foe became a loving friend. "So let Thine enemies perish, O Lord!"

PINE GROVE, Feb. 24, 1862.

R. H.

THEOLOGY AND PIETY.

It is sometimes objected to the study of theology as a science, that by making the truths of the Bible the subject of intellectual analysis, it diminishes their otherwise simple and natural power over the heart; that the theological student forms the habit of scientific disquisition upon religious truth at the expense of that simple-hearted faith which makes such truth the life of the soul. Now it may be true that the study of theology as a science at the first disturbs the repose of an unreasoning faith, and sometimes begets a tendency to speculate where it were more comforting simply to believe. And unless this tendency is regulated by the habit of prayerful communion with God, religion itself may come to be more a matter of intellectual processes than of heart-experience. As Isaac Taylor suggests, one who has been through a course of theological training, "may often be tempted to envy the felicity of some simple-hearted Christian people, who, uninformed in such matters, and quite mindless as toward every species of gainsaying, are content to

hold fast the form of sound words which they have been taught; and thus they live, and breathe, and thrive, walking and resting in the sunny Beulah of untroubled faith." But as the same writer observes, "although it is not permitted us to fall back upon the immunities of simple ignorance, if once these have been forfeited, there is still a way in which a more solid peace may be secured than the peace of ignorance can be, and where a safer anchorage may be found than is that of the shoal of mindless assentation;" and that way is, to "think on to the end." But in order to gain this peace, one must be careful to keep his heart in constant communion with truths already settled, and thus hold fast his anchorage of faith. Hence the study of theology should always be attended with prayer for that spiritual illumination which will make the truth the light of the soul.

In an address at the inauguration of Rev. H. R. Reynolds as President of Cheshunt College, Rev. Thomas Binney of London thus clearly and forcibly sets forth the mutual relations of theology and piety:

"The difference between your office and that of the ordinary minister may be said to be this—that while the minister is to be most intent on instructing in religion, in exciting the religious feelings, and nourishing the religious life, the divinity professor has to teach theology, properly so called; to set it forth systematically and orderly before the reason and understanding, and to sustain it by proofs and processes of argument which directly bear on the intellectual apprehension of the objective truth. Not but that the minister and the tutor have alike to do with both theology and religion. All the appeals of the preacher must be based on correct theological conceptions; and all the discussions of the professor must be religiously conducted. In the preacher, scientific theology must be felt rather than seen; felt as the firm basis underlying all his religious teaching, and all his earnest appeals. Religion, as a spiritual and practical power, must be with him the more obvious and manifested element, coming into contact with the spiritual affections of the audience; but this, to be effective, must be sustained and regulated by a true theology—a theology which, without being scientifically set forth, shall be there as the soul and strength of the discourse; just as all eloquence, to be worth anything, must be based on argument, according to the description of the eloquence of Demosthenes—'Strong logic made red-hot by passion.' In the preacher, then, theology

is not so much to be set forth and seen, as understood and felt. Sermons very frequently have been too much theological discussions, and too little religious appeals. On the other hand, in the professor, this process is to be reversed; in his hands theology must be seen,—that has to be the great object of contemplation and study presented to the intellect and reason of his class; but it should be so taught, that the religious element shall always be felt, and the religious faculty stimulated and developed. In the preacher, warmth must emanate from light; and in the professor, the light must be accompanied by warmth. Even scientific theology is not a thing to be adequately understood by the intellect alone; it is not perceived and apprehended solely by the reason; the spiritual faculty is the proper organ for correctly admitting it. The understanding may see the shape and stature of the truth, but it cannot hear its voice or mark the expression of its living countenance.—The religious mode in which the scientific truth is presented, must call forth a sentiment in the soul, thus kindling the affections as well as stimulating the reason. The demonstration and argument must glow and burn as well as reveal."

The same address makes a practical application of this thought to the work of the theological instructor, which may be read with profit by both teachers and students of divinity.

"Dependence on divine help attaches itself, in a devout mind, to everything. It can be taken with us into the ordinary business of life, and felt in relation to the meanest duties; but it is more especially to be recognized when we come to touch divine things. If the ministry is to be exercised under the influence of the sentiment, much more must the duties of that office be so discharged, the end of which is to prepare men for the sacred function. Other professors, those at least of the profane or secular sciences, may pursue their demonstrations and make their statements, and the powers of teacher and pupil alike may be fully adequate to their respective responsibilities;—the one carrying everything successfully to the intellect, and the other exercising a perfect intellectual reciprocity. But though this, too, may be the case in respect to the dogmatic or mere scientific statement of sacred truth, it is by no means sufficient to the full spiritual impression of that truth, or such a perception of it as shall call forth the religious faculty as well as the rational—and without this your work would be but half done. Hence the necessity, both for professor and student, of divine help and heavenly influence; hence, too, the necessity of constant dependence on and earnest prayer for the blessing by all concerned. Especially will the professor feel the solemn obligation

of daily seeking divine guidance, both for himself and his most important charge.—It will be for you, my dear friend, so to conduct your instructions that your devout dependence on God shall be something always to be felt by the pupil, a presence and influence constantly affecting him for good. The divine Spirit operates more directly on the moral feelings and faculties than on the intellectual; on the heart rather than on the understanding; or on the reason and intellect, through the spiritual and moral affections. The temperament of the soul being raised and purified, objective truth can then be perceived in its clearness of outline, and felt in its attributes of beauty. 'The life is the light of men.'

The study of theology thus pursued may prove a most delightful and profitable means of grace; and the theological lecture-room become the highest school of personal religion.
—Independent.

WORRY.

Don't you know that multitudes of human beings turn away from the many blessings of their lot, and dwell and brood upon its worries? Don't you know that multitudes persistently look away from the numerous pleasant things they might contemplate, and look fixedly, and almost constantly, at painful and disagreeable things? You sit down, my friend, in your snug library, beside the evening fire. The blast without is hardly heard through the drawn curtains. Your wife is there, and your two grown-up daughters. You feel thankful that, after the bustle of the day, you have this quiet retreat, where you may rest and refit yourself for another day, with its bustle. But the conversation goes on. Nothing is talked of but the failings of the servants, and the idleness and imprudence of your boys. Every petty disagreeable in your lot, in short, is brought out, turned ingeniously in every possible light, and aggravated and exaggerated to the highest degree. The natural and necessary result follows. An hour or less of this discipline brings all parties to a sulky and snappish frame of mind; and instead of the cheerful and thankful mood in which you were disposed to be when you sat down, you find that your whole moral nature is jarred and out of gear. And your wife, your daughters, and yourself, pass into moody, sullen silence over your books—books which you

are not likely, for this evening, to appreciate much or enjoy.

Now, I put it to any sensible reader, whether there be not a great deal too much of this kind of thing. Are there not families that never spend a quiet evening together, without embittering it by raking up every unpleasant subject in their lot and history? There are folks who, both in their own case and that of others, seem to find a strange satisfaction in sticking the thorn in the hand farther in; even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their lot has its innumerable blessings, but they will not look at these. Let the view around, in a hundred directions, be ever so charming, they cannot be got to turn their mental view in one of these. They persist in keeping nose and eyes at the moral pig-sty.

GLIMPSES OF GLORY.

"He beheld Jesus standing at the right hand of God" (Act. vii. 55.)

I do not say, nor do I believe, that every martyr of the Lord Jesus Christ has had the same open vision revealed to him, as here met the enraptured gaze of this first martyr of the Christian church, but I do believe that to many and many a dying one of the Lord's family is something of the same glorious scene presented, even in the hour of death; and though there may be indistinctness in the vision to all earthly objects; and no power of utterance in the lips, though to the outward sight of weeping friends and relatives around all may appear a blank and unconscious insensibility, yet even before that dimmed and closed eye may be visible forms and sights and glories in that brighter home to which the spirit is hastening.

I remember once standing by the dying bed of a Christian girl; she was unconscious of all around, and lying in such motionless and noiseless stupor that her mother deemed her already dead, and stooped down to imprint a last kiss upon her brow. The pressure of a Mother's lips seemed for a moment to recall the departing spirit; the dying girl just opened her eyes, a smile, such as earth never gave, played upon her lips, and she faintly uttered, "Oh! mother, don't detain me;" and she, too, fell asleep in Jesus.

How entirely, too, had that glorious manifestation of the Lord not merely overcome the fear of suffering and death, but, if we may so speak, had moulded every feeling of the martyr's heart into perfect conformity with the spirit that was in Jesus. If in his dying moments the expiring Saviour cried, "Father! into thy hands I commend my spirit," so the expiring martyr cried, "Lord

Jesus! receive my spirit!" Then the prayer was *from* Jesus, now it is *to* Jesus; then it was from Jesus on his cross of shame on earth, now it is to Jesus in heaven, at the right hand of God himself, God blessed for evermore! Did Jesus, with his last accents of love pray for his murderers, "Father! forgive them, for they know not what they do!" So did Stephen with his last accents breathe the same prayer of love for those that were crushing him to death, "Lord! lay not this sin to their charge!"

More than thirty years after, another servant of the Lord Jesus went to his martyrdom for the same noble testimony, and we have the very language in which he, too, welcomed his blood-stained end. "I am now ready to be offered, the time of my departure is at hand; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." This latter martyr was he that held the clothes of those that were stoning Stephen. We can only cry out in his own words of astonishment and gratitude, "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"—*Barton Boucher*.

GRACE PUT IN CHRIST'S PLACE.

Here is a woful course of a great many; when Christ bestows his grace, grace many a time is put in his own room; when he makes his grace to dwell in us, we are apt to forget that our standing is in himself alone, who created, and infused, and dispensed the grace that is lodged in us. That a believer should live the less dependent upon Jesus Christ, is a snare that you have great need all of you to take good heed of, and beware of. Remember that you do not live, and that you do not stand by the grace that is in you, but only by the grace that is in Him. Our strength stands in the fountain: "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." A believer thinks himself exceedingly weak, when he can see nothing of Christ's grace in himself; but that is a great mistake: that man is exceedingly weak indeed that can see no grace in Christ Jesus; that man is fallen wofully. How excellently does the apostle speak of it, 2 Cor. xii. 9, 10: "Most gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.—For when I am weak, then am I strong." It is best with me when I am nothing. What a mighty word is that, "Though I be nothing!" ver. 11.—*Trail*.

Thoughts from the German.

The countenance is the title-page to the book of the soul, and it may also be regarded as the preface,—a portion of the work we should by no means leave unread.

As without the sun there could be no sunlight, so without Christ there could be no Christians. And as the sun's rays enlighten and enliven the world,—although they are not the sun,—so Christians too are the light and life of the world.

A noble mind, weighed down and obscured by suffering, may be likened to one of the plain wooden clocks of our forefathers' days. A glance at the outside discloses nothing brilliant or beautiful; nothing strikes the eye but the dark, heavy weights which give it motion; but for usefulness, these are the best of clocks.

With our finite understandings, we comprehend sacred things just as a child which has just acquired a knowledge of the alphabet might be supposed to read a volume: what manner of insight into its contents would it gain?

How frequently, in the course of our lives, do we gain an experience by the loss of a pleasure!

As we may notice, even in a calm, by the inclination of a tree in a forest, from which side come the fiercest and most frequent blasts of the storm, so an attentive observer of men may easily distinguish the heaviest gales of passion.

Beneath what a load of wordliness and worldly cares is the soul of the Christian often buried; and how anxiously and perseveringly he struggles to penetrate the mist, to return again into the bright, clear light of heaven! Yet, at other times, how easily, and by what trifling matters, we suffer ourselves to be led away from God!

A noble person needs but a plain garment to set it off; a beautiful picture but a simple frame; a great thought is best dressed in the simplest language. But all these need a spirit of understanding to be appreciated.

Our thoughts should depend from our souls as leaves from a tree—so natural, so unconstrainedly ornamented, so easily stirred, so closely connected, so entirely one in nature. And like leaves upon a tree, when a storm-wind shakes them, we shall see only the sickly, the pale, and the dead fall to the ground.

Sabbath School Lessons.

April 13th, 1862.

THE HUMILIATION OF JOSEPH'S BRETHREN—GEN. XLIV. 1-34.

I. *The further means adopted by Joseph to bring his brethren to a sense of their sin.*

Joseph commanded the steward of his house to fill his brethren's sacks with food, as much as they were able to carry, and again without their knowledge to put each man's money in the mouth of his sack. He directed that his own silver cup should be secretly conveyed into the mouth of Benjamin's sack as well as the price of his corn, v. 2. These instructions having been obeyed, the men were dismissed at day-break. They had not proceeded far till they were overtaken by Joseph's steward, who in obedience to his lord's command, accused them of having stolen the silver cup.—They repudiate the charge with horror; how, after being treated with such distinguished kindness and hospitality, could they be guilty of so base an act! how could they thus requite good with evil. "God forbid," said they in answer to the accusation, "that thy servants should do according to this thing," v. 7.—They remind the steward of their previous honesty in restoring the money, which they had found in their sacks; and, with all the confidence of innocency, themselves propose that he, with whom the cup should be found, should be put to death and that the rest should become Joseph's bondsmen, v. 9. To this proposal the steward consents. They take down the sacks to the ground—*speedily*—they are in haste to clear themselves of the hateful imputation. The search begins.—Each man's sack is examined, and lo! the missing cup is found with Benjamin. The astonishment and horror of his brethren at this are more easily imagined than described. Benjamin was to them their father's sacred charge. The old man's life was bound up in the lad's life, v. 30. Nothing but dire necessity could make the patriarch part with his darling son, even though he had every reason to expect to see him soon again. Far rather would the sons of Jacob have faced death than the evil which now confronted them.—"They rent their clothes and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city," v. 13.—Having been brought to Joseph's house Judah and his brethren fell before him on the ground. In their former hatred and jealousy of him, they had understood his dreams to signify; that he would have dominion over them, and this, in the arrangements of divine Providence, had indeed taken place. In reply to the questionings of Joseph, who feigned to be-

lieve them guilty, Judah declares, "God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants," v. 16. When, twenty years before, they had with deaf ear to their brother's supplications laid violent hands upon him, the Almighty arm was not seen to interpose on behalf of the innocent; it was as though the Judge of all the earth regarded not their act of wickedness. But now, after the lapse of so many years, the Lord stood up to plead with them for their crime. Although innocent of the offence of which they were now accused, they attempted not to justify themselves. They felt that they justly merited all the evil which had, apparently, befallen them, on account of their conduct towards Joseph. Judah offers that they all together with Benjamin, in whose sack the cup had been found, would become Joseph's bondsmen. This Joseph refuses as unjust, but proposes to retain the pretended thief alone, as his servant, v. 17.

II. *Judah's special pleading.*

Judah was probably put forward as spokesman by his brethren, being the best speaker. In his speech he says everything to conciliate their judge and move his compassion, and most scrupulously avoids the mention of anything that might give offence. He does not even attempt to clear them of the charge for which they were arraigned; this might have been construed as a reflection on the justice of him at whose bar they stood. He addresses Joseph with the utmost humility and respect; he calls him lord, and puts himself, his father and brethren in the position of his servants.—In the commencement of his address, Judah compliments his judge by saying that he was even as Pharaoh; for like Pharaoh he had power to justify or power to condemn. He reminds Joseph that it was at his own request that they had brought Benjamin thither, v. 21. He describes the difficulty they had experienced in inducing their father to part with Benjamin, he being the only remaining son of his mother. And as the most persuasive argument of all, he describes the effect which the retention of Benjamin would most assuredly have on their aged parent, v. 31.—He concludes by beseeching Joseph that he might be kept as bondsmen in place of his brother. These arguments might well have moved the most hard-hearted stranger much more the loving Joseph. The attachment, however, manifested to Benjamin by his brethren, proved satisfactorily to Joseph that since he had parted with them, they had become wiser and better men. Though Benjamin was now the favourite of his father, they regarded him with none of those malignant feelings, which they had entertained towards Joseph, who now felt himself at

liberty to show kindness not only to Benjamin, but to them all.

Learn 1. That all our sins are known and remembered by God; Psal. xc. 8. Ezek. viii. 12.

2. That sooner or later we shall be punished for our sins, if we do not repeat of them; Luke xiii. 3. Rom. ii. 5.

3. That conviction of sin is graciously designed by God to lead us to Christ; Rom. vii. 24, 25. Gal. iii. 24.

April, 20th.

WHAT DISCIPLES OF CHRIST ARE.

Matt. v. 13-16.

I. *Christians are the salt of the earth, v. 13.*

Salt is useful for its preservative quality, and so also are Christ's disciples. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom and Gomorrah from destruction, Gen. 18. 32; and it is to the people of God that the world owes its preservation. Salt possesses the quality of penetrating and spreading over the substance which it is meant to affect, like leaven it gradually pervades the whole mass, and just so does Christianity extend over society till it shall at length embrace the world. We scatter salt over that which we purpose by its influence to preserve, and so Christ's disciples were not permitted always to remain at Jerusalem, or in their own country, but were soon scattered abroad over the world, (and even so is it with believers still,) that the genial influence of their principles might be universally diffused. Salt makes savoury many articles of food, which without it would be insipid and unpalatable, and the vital Christianity, which flourishes in many parts of the earth, makes this world pleasant to God, to angels, and to good men. "But if the salt have lost its savour," &c. v. 13. If after receiving a knowledge of the truth we still continue in self-righteousness or in sin, if after our minds have received a certain degree of illumination our hearts still remain unchanged, un sanctified, better for us had we ever remained in total darkness, Pet. 2. 21.—Heb. 6. 8. If the gospel fail to renovate the man there is no other power which can do it; "if the salt have lost its savour wherewith shall it be salted?"

II. *Christ's Disciples are the light of the world.*

Like beacon-lights they soon attract the attention of those around them. Some look upon them with delight as models to imitate, but the great majority regard them with hatred, envy, and censure. Christians are said to be the lights of the world, because their qualities are as different from those of unbelievers as light is from darkness. There is nothing in the world more useful than light.

Most of our knowledge of surrounding objects we owe to its agency. Its nature is to reveal, and the effect of true Christianity is the same. It is meant under the agency of the holy Spirit, to bring sinners to a knowledge of their lost condition, and to point them to Jesus. A light to be useful is placed in the most prominent position, and so is it with the believer. When grace is shed abroad in the heart, it is not for the benefit of the recipient alone, but that its benign influence should spread to all around. It is in vain for the professed Christian to plead for his retirement, modesty, want of talents, or influence. True Christianity will soon make itself be felt: it cannot be concealed, a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Christ calls himself the light of the world, John viii. 12. But Christ shines with an inherent, while believers, like the moon and planets shine but with a borrowed, light; they reflect the light of Christ, their spiritual sun.

III. *The injunction which Christ gives to his disciples.*

He enjoins them to let their light shine before men, viz: by every means in their power to seek the spiritual and temporal welfare of those around them. Of what kind the Christian's works should be, we learn from the recorded lives of our blessed Saviour, and his disciples, and from numberless passages of Scripture. From those works the Christian is not to shrink, from fear, indolence, or any other reason. "Whosoever, says our Saviour, does not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple." Luke xiv. 27. And the works of the Christian must not, like those of the Pharisee, be done ostentatiously, for the sake of the praise of man, but with a single eye to the glory of God.

Learn.—1. That Christians occupy in reality the most important as well as the most conspicuous position in this world, Heb. x. 32; 1 John iii. 1.

2. That Christians should endeavour by every means in their power to propagate their holy religion.—Phil. i. 27.

3. That the sole aim of believers in doing good, should be the glory of their heavenly Father.—Rom. xiv. 8.—1 Cor. x. 31.

The Swearer's Prayer answered.

The following anecdote is translated from the supplement to a German copy of the well-known tract, "*The Swearer's Prayer; or, his Oath explained.*" The awful event of which it gives an account, took place in Hamburg in Germany:—

J. G., a day-labourer, who was so much addicted to the vice of swearing, that on every

occasion he called down on himself the horrible curses—"God burn me," "God punish me." "God damn me," was heard in one of his prayers.

On the 19th of February, 1819, a fire broke out, at which J. G. was present as a fireman. In the basement of the house where the fire was burning, was a fat-shop,* which, on the following day, was still uninjured by the fire. No one, however, would go into it to save something, till J. G., with a "God burn me" in his mouth, went in for that purpose. Four men followed him. They had scarcely set foot in the place when the loft fell down. The four men who followed J. G. escaped unhurt, but the unhappy swearer was buried up to the arm-pits among the hot stones and other materials of the fallen loft. All possible means were tried to rescue him from his painful situation, but in vain. For two hours he must have suffered the most awful agonies from the yet glowing stones in which he was buried, before he breathed his last with shrieks and groans.

(Reader! art thou a swearer? O! then let this anecdote sink deep into thy memory and heart. Take warning from the sad end of poor J. G. Darest thou say, "Let me die his death, and let my last end be like his?" Repent, else thou mayest likewise perish. "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy;" Prov. xxix. 1. O! let thy curses be immediately changed into prayers for mercy, for the sake of Him who has been made a curse for sinners.—*Translator.*)

METIS, C.E.

T. F.

* This is the literal meaning of the original word *Fetthandlung*, which is a term given to a place where such articles as lard, butter, and tallow, are bought and sold. There is no single word in English which gives the full meaning of the original.

THE CHAIN; OR, THE DECEITFULNESS OF SIN.

"The wicked," saith the Scripture, "worketh a deceitful work;" Prov. xi. 18. Men refuse to obey the voice of conscience; they stifle its reproachful cries; conscience speaks not so loud next time; its utterances become less and less clear and distinct.—

This is the fearful process; and then it is silent altogether; and because it says nothing, the sinner fancies it has nothing to say here or hereafter—now, nor by and by.

Men turn away their eyes from the prospect set before impenitent sinners, and at last persuade themselves there is no such prospect before them. They reason falsely about God's attributes, about his truth, about their own state; and so they are deceived as to the final results of sin. "There is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.— See how this is illustrated in the history of Ahab. His heart is set on the inheritance of Naboth. Religion, as well as love for the memory of his ancestors, prevented an Israelite from alienating his inheritance.— The king is repulsed and vexed. Jezebel reminds him that he is king of Israel. He allows her to do that which perhaps he would not have done directly himself. The coveted inheritance is obtained at the price of Naboth's blood. The king rises with alacrity to go and take possession. But the sentence of Divine retribution sounds in his ears: "Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood." How little did the result present itself to the mind of Jezebel when she planned, or to his when he approved, the deed of wickedness. Then his refusal to send for Micaiah, because he knew he would tell him the truth, and even after that, his disguising himself as if the vengeance of God could not find him out; while in spite of all his attempts to delude his own mind, or to disguise his person, the arrow of the strong archer, "shot at a venture," falls by a destiny, and there falls where it may carry death to a hidden transgressor.

A minister, while preaching on the nature and deceptive influence of sin, made use of the following illustration. "Suppose a man should go to a blacksmith, and say to him, 'Sir, I wish you to make me a very long and heavy chain. Here are the dimensions; have it done at such a time, and I will pay you the cash for it.' The blacksmith is pressed with other and more important work, but for the sake of the money he begins the chain, and after toiling many days, finishes it.

The man calls. 'Have you made that chain?'

"Yes, sir, here it is."

"That is very well done. A good chain; but it is not long enough."

"Not long enough? Why, it is just the length you told me to make it."

"Oh yes, yes; but I have decided to have it much longer than at first; work on it another week; I will then call and pay you for it."

"And thus, flattered with praise, and encouraged with the promise of a full reward for his labour, he toils on, adding link to link till the appointed time when his employer calls again, and, as before, praises his work; but still he insists that the chain is too short."

"But," says the blacksmith, "I can do no more. My iron is expended, and so is my strength. I need the pay for what I have done, and can do no more till I have it."

"Oh, never mind; I think you have the means of adding a few links more; the chain will then answer the purpose for which it is intended, and you shall be fully rewarded for all your labour."

"With his remaining strength and a few scraps of iron, he adds the last link of which he is capable. Then says the man to him, 'The chain is a good one: you have toiled long and hard to make it. I see that you can do no more, and now you shall have your reward.' But instead of paying the money he takes the chain, binds the workman hand and foot, and casts him into a furnace of fire."

"Such," said the preacher, "is a course of sin. It promises much, but its reward is death; and each sin is an additional link to that chain which will confine the transgressor in the prison-house of hell. 'Now, therefore, be ye not mockers, lest your bands be made strong.'"

Providentially, there was in the congregation that day a blacksmith, who had lived a very wicked life. He was much excited, and at the close of the meeting, declared that the whole discourse had been directed to him; and he wished to know who had been telling the preacher all about him.—The preacher had never even heard that there was such a man; but, in the course of the week, he had the pleasure of knowing him as a brother in Christ.

COME TO JESUS.

YE WHO ARE YOUNG, COME.

Youthful reader, be persuaded to give your early years to God. There is a special promise for you: "Those that seek me *early* shall find me." Perhaps you think, "I am too young to be religious yet; let me enjoy the world a little; I have plenty of time before me." Too young to be religious? But you are not too young to sin, nor too young to die, nor too young to be cast into hell. You may not live to reach manhood, much less old age. Multitudes die as young as you. If you enter a burial-ground, how many of the graves are those of young people. Death may be even now preparing to strike you. Oh then come at once to Jesus. You greatly err, if you think religion will make you gloomy. It alone can render you truly happy. Many young people have tried it, who will all tell you that the pleasures of piety are far better than all the delights of sin and vanity. You will find that this is true, if you come to Jesus. Is it likely he will let his followers be less happy than the servants of the world? Besides, how can you dare to live a day longer rejecting him? He commands us *at once* to believe and obey him. Every day we put off repentance we commit a fresh act of rebellion, and treasure up wrath against the day of wrath. You say you will repent when you are old. But we need the Spirit of God to help us to repent; and if you say, "While I am young I will serve Satan, and not till I am near death will I turn to God," do you think God will give you his Holy Spirit at all? Is not this to *quench* the Spirit? May you not become quite careless, and indisposed to repent? Very few are converted when old. If you come not to Jesus when young, it is not likely you will come at all. Habit will fasten strong chains around you, which will be harder to burst asunder every day. While you wait, Satan works. He is busy tying knots. You are his prisoner; and he is making the cords which bind you more and more secure. Whenever you sin he ties another knot. Every impression you smother, every hour you delay, adds a fresh knot. If you do not escape now, how can you expect to break loose when

You are weaker, and your fetters stronger! Oh then, "remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Come at once to Jesus, if you wish to come at all. He will be your guide amid the snares, your comfort amid the sorrows, your guardian amid the dangers of life. Lose not for one day the privilege of possessing such a friend. Say from this moment, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth." Prov. iii, 1-24; viii, 17. Eccles. xii, 1.

"WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE."

The poor say there is little chance or hope for them in this hard world. Well, are you poor? I had almost said, so much the better. "To the poor the gospel is preached." You can get on well enough without gold. The wealth on which the kingdoms of this world set so high a value, and which, for all their talk of blood and breeding, has bought the coarse plebeian a marriage into proud patrician families, is here rather a hindrance than a help. Has not the Lord of this kingdom said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God?"

In the freest and best governed states, birth, and wealth, and rank, and blood, give to their envied possessors great—often too great advantages. It is the high-born chiefly that approach the person of the sovereign, enjoy the honours of the palace, and fill the chief offices of the state.—Royal favours seldom descend so low as humble life. The grace of our King, however, is like those blessed dews that, while the mountain tops remain dry, lie thick in the valleys; and, leaving the proud and stately trees to stand without a gem, hang the lowly bush with diamonds, and sow the sward broadcast with orient pearl. This is the kingdom for the mean, and the poor, and the humble! Its King has said, "Not many mighty, not many noble are called," "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

There is no degradation in honest poverty. But are you degraded, debased, an outcast from decent, good society—characterless? Nor does that exclude you from the mercy and grace of God—"Go

ye," he said, "into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Go to the gallows; and preach it to the man with a rope on his neck, and his feet on the drop. Go to the jail; and preach it to the scum of the city. Go to her dens of iniquity; and preach as freely and fully as in her highest and holiest congregation. Saving, gentle, pitying mercy turns no more aside from the foulest wretch than the wind that kisses her faded cheek, or the sunbeam that visits as brightly a murderer's cell as a minister's study. Nay—though the holiest of all kingdoms—while we see a Pharisee stand astonished to be shut out, mark how, when she approaches who, weeping, trembling all over, hardly dares lift her hand to knock, the door flies wide open, and the poor harlot enters, to be washed, and robed, and forgiven, and kindly welcomed in.

Have you done nothing to merit this kingdom? Who has? Did Manasseh?—Did Simon Peter? Did Saul of Tarsus? Was it his hands, reeking with the blood of Stephen, that earned for him the saving grace, and the honours of the chief apostleship? Was it for one look of pity, one word of kind sympathy from their lips, that, as his murderers nailed him to the tree, our dying Lord raised his eyes to heaven and prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do?" No. They say, and why may not we, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost?"—*Dr. Guthrie.*

"HE DIETH NO MORE."

A deathless Saviour! Jesus "once dead dieth no more;" and it is not only to make intercession for us that He ever liveth, but to manage and administer all those matters which might cause our hearts to be troubled. You are going a long journey, and you deposit with some trusty friend your most valued effects, and if only he lives, you know that on your return you will get a good account of them. Or the night is pitchy dark, and you are stepping from the slippery bulwarks of the ship on to the steep acclivity of the unknown shore; and although between ship and shore there

is an interval and a black abyss beneath, the extended hand which grasps your own is so powerful, and is accompanied by a voice so cordial and true, that without any tremor you spring forward and exchange your heaving barque for solid land. You are going the way of all the earth, and as there is no one else to whom you dare intrust it, in the words of the only Christian whose dying words Scripture has preserved, you cry, "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" and as the anchor drops, and as from earthly life you step forth into the unknown hereafter, you exclaim, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me," for you know whom you are believing; the everlasting arms are around you, and He who says, "Lo, I am with you," is able to keep you.

"My friend, sincerely yours *till death*;
The world no farther goes;
Perhaps, while 'earth to earth' is laid,
A tear of pity flows.

"Be thou, my Saviour, then my friend,
In thee my soul shall trust;
Who false will never prove in death,
Nor leave me in the dust.

"Home while my other friends return,
All solemn, silent, sad;
With thee my flesh shall rest in hope,
And all my bones be glad."

—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

DO YOU LOVE CHRIST?

Christ comes to every man and demands of him love. He presents himself in every aspect in which a greater mind can be presented to a lower; he presents himself as the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, your personal friend, and your elder brother; he embodies in himself every tender relationship of which we can conceive; and he asks, he claims as his right, that you should love him.

If love were a sealed fountain, if you had never learned to love, you would be less to blame for neglecting to love Christ. But among the things most experienced in life, is love; and among the things remembered latest is love. When the child comes into life, almost the first thing he does is to send out his heart in trust and confidence and love; and though the objects of his primal affection are

limited and imperfect, they are sufficient to excite in him the dormant spark of love. But when it is the infinite Creator; when it is the glorious God; when it is he that for you has laid down his own life; when it is he, rather, that has taken it up again, and lives to intercede for you; when it is he that sends you, day by day, fresh glories, and that night after night, surrounds you with mercies; when it is he that through all the periods of your life watches over you with most tender solicitude and scrupulous fidelity, when it is he that outvies all other affections, and showers his own upon you more copiously than clouds ever rained drops, or seasons ever gave forth fruit—when it is he that comes to you and says, "My son, give me thine heart," what will you do with this Jesus that yearns for your love? Will you love him?—*H. W. Beecher.*

VASTNESS OF CHINA.

Said a former missionary to China:—"It is impossible fully to realize its vastness, and the number of its people. It is larger by one-third than the whole of the continent of Europe—France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Italy, all the smaller kingdoms, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Africa, Turkey, and Russia. Add a third to each of these nations, and then the empire of China is larger than the whole of them combined. And the population of China. It is usually estimated at 360,000,000, but he believed it actually exceeded 400,000,000. The census is taken every year with great care, for purposes of government, and if there is any temptation to make false returns, it is not on the side of excess; and severe corporeal punishments are inflicted upon any who should be discovered in putting down an untrue statement. He believed, therefore, that the census might be fairly relied upon. Now, it appeared from the returns in 1812, that the population was 360,000,000, and that in 1852 it was 396,000,000. That showed an annual increase of 900,000, and leads to the conclusion that the people of China at the present time exceed 400,000,000. But who could conceive of that number? Suppose 400,000,000 were placed rank and file, ten abreast, the column would almost surround the globe at the equator; or if they marched thirty miles a day, it would take two years and thirty-eight days for the whole to pass any given spot. But the 1200 converts, if there were so many in China, could pass in three minutes and a third. These few are passing heavenward, but where are the others going?—Suppose 400 missionaries were sent to China now, and began their work at once, even then 12,000,000 of those now living would change time for eternity, before they could hear the glad tidings of salvation."

consideration that he could have no motive to deceive me in this disclosure, which was of infinitely greater seriousness to himself than to me, speedily restored me to recollection, and banished every sentiment but joy. I could not refrain from pressing silently his hand to my heart.

"He was not unmoved at this transport, but he betrayed no unmanly emotions. He told me that I had possessed myself of a secret, which, in spite of his opinions that it was the duty of every one to wear his religion openly, he had hitherto concealed, except from a few who participated in his own sentiments.

"And whence came this happy change?" I asked. 'I will tell you,' he replied. 'In the year 1223 (of the Hejira) there came to this city an Englishman, who taught the religion of Christ with a boldness unparal- leled in Persia, in the midst of much scorn and ill-treatment from our Mollahs, as well as the rabble. He was a beardless youth, and evidently enfeebled by disease. He dwelt amongst us for more than a year. I was then a decided enemy to infidels, as the Christians are termed by the followers of Mahomed; and I visited this teacher of the despised sect, with the declared object of treating him with scorn, and exposing his doctrines with contempt. Although I persevered for some time in this behaviour toward him, I found that every interview not only increased my respect for the individual, but diminished my confidence in the faith in which I was educated.—His extreme forbearance towards the violence of his opponents, the calm and yet convincing manner in which he exposed the fallacies and sophistries by which he was assailed—for he spoke Persian excellently—gradually inclined me to listen to his arguments, to inquire dispassionately into the subject of them, and finally to read a tract which he had written in reply to a defence of Islamism by our chief Mollahs. Need I detain you longer? the result of my examination was a conviction that the young disputant was right. Shame, or rather fear, withheld me from avowing this opinion. I ever avoided the society of the Christian teacher, though he remained in the city so long. Just before he quitted Shiraz I could not refrain from paying him a farewell visit. Our conversation—the memory of it will never fade from the tablet of my mind—sealed my conversion. He gave me a book—it has ever been my constant companion, the study of it has formed my most delightful occupation—its contents have often consoled me.'

"Upon this he put into my hands a copy of the New Testament in Persian, on one of the blank leaves was written: 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.—HENRY MARTYN.'

PREACHING TO THE HINDUS IN INDIA.

"The missionary arrives perhaps alone, perhaps with a younger colleague or a native preacher, and enters the place. He has nothing specially clerical about him. No congregation is waiting his appearance. It is not even as in the London theatres on the Sabbath, where hundreds unaccustomed to hear and to obey the word of God, yet gather in silence and with devout attention, aware that it is to that word they will now listen. There is actually no one in the place. Yet, like some unpopular preacher in Europe, the missionary is used to it; and, unlike such a one, is not discouraged, and proceeds to remedy what is wanting. The junior of the two missionaries stands up in desk, and proceeds to read, in a clear, loud voice, a portion of the Bible. Let it be a parable, the story of one of the miracles, the ten commandments, or Paul's sermon at Athens. This last passage, by the way, is never to be fully understood, except in a heathen city, surrounded by twenty temples, and by groups of devotees, who are either presenting their offerings of fruit and flowers, or prostrate before the idol in their prayers. Sometimes, though rarely, no one comes in during the reading; and, though the reader continues, the streets may remain deserted, and the desired congregation fail to appear. Generally it happens that during the reading one comes in, then another; and perhaps twelve or sixteen may be collected by the time it is finished. Then the preacher stands up and proceeds with his discourse. He announces no text; but merely stating that he will describe a story taken from the Word of God, he proceeds to relate it, and fill up all details of time, place, and circumstance, as if his hearers had never heard of such a thing before. He expounds, illustrates by stories and incidents, argues, explains, enforces. The hearers listen with attention; sometimes one will object, and he must be wisely silenced till the end, or his objection skillfully woven into the thread of discourse, and answered. If they are interested, they will remain, and at a striking argument, a pointed story, or a good-humoured exposure of the gods, they will laugh with pleasure, or say, 'Capital!' If not interested, they will go away after a few minutes, and others come: these also go after a time, and others take their places: and so there is a perpetual current of change going on through the whole service. A wise missionary will be careful to repeat the essential principle of his discourse three or four times as he goes on; so that all who come may understand the subject he is seeking to enforce, and safely carry it away. At times, with an earnest, impressive sermon, a large portion of the congregation will remain the entire time. The sermon concluded, a short prayer is offered; and then the people gather round the preacher to receive his tracts and Gospels. Thus goes on the preaching of the gospel to the Hindus day by day: unsatisfactory, indeed, in its constant change of forgetful hearers: but pleasant in the fact, that even idolaters hear something of the love of Christ, and that a few hear to life eternal. The congregations are always different: perhaps a few individuals, wishing to learn about Christianity, may appear again and again at the same place: and often has it been found, that among the chance visitors at these chapels were men from distant villages, who, among other results of a trip to the chief city of India, have carried away to their homes some knowledge and some books descriptive of that religion of Jesus of which they had already heard."

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ROBERT KENNEDY,
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