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THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG.

GOD'S PURPOSE IN THE CONQUEST OF CANADA.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARK, MINISTER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, QUEBEC.

"The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his Kingdom ruleth over all."
PSALM CIII., 19.

If it be admitted that the world was created by God; it would require a vast amount of credulity to believe that it is not governed by Him. We believe that He interests himself in all its affairs, and superintends, and controls even its minutest concerns; and that He has ulterior purposes in view, both with regard to this world, and the human race, far beyond what it is possible for man, in his present condition, to comprehend. If then God ruleth over all the affairs of this world, it is plain that He raiseth up, and casteth down princes, according to His sovereign pleasure; and that He presides over the formation, growth, decay, and destruction of empires; and especially, that every thing connected with the cause of true religion on earth, is the object of His constant watchfulness and care.

It is true, that the wicked sometimes do prosper, and acquire such power; and that systems of superstition, and idolatry, and oppression, so prevent the truth, and persecute its faithful professors, that it might almost seem as if God were indifferent to the cause of righteousness and truth altogether. This, however, though a very

natural, is a very unreasonable idea. God often permits wicked men, when they avail themselves of His established and well-known laws, to prosper greatly; while good men, by disregarding them, are often brought to hardship and poverty. Thrones of iniquity are sometimes permitted to be firmly established, and exercise the most cruel tyranny for generations; and systems of superstition, and idolatry, and idol-worship, and spiritual despotism are sometimes permitted to deface and prevent the truth, and bury it under heaps of ceremonial rubbish, and persecute unto death its faithful defenders. But these things are permitted for wise purposes, and though they may be inscrutable to us now; yet when lively views are thus conveyed to us of the evil of sin, and those excesses of cruelty of which the opposers of the truth can be guilty; and of the tremendous moral ruin, from which the redeemed of the Lord are delivered. Men believing all this sometimes find it difficult to possess their souls in patience, and realise the truths which they admit; and imagine that God's justice is slow, and the promises very long in being fulfilled. It may be that God's justice is slow, but it is sure; and

that the promises tarry long, but they will certainly all be fulfilled in their season.— Man, being the creature of a day, must hurry the execution of his purposes, or they may never be executed at all: but with God there is no such necessity for haste, for He has eternity to work in. And by thus allowing evil systems to develop themselves, the consequences of error and sin are more fully apparent, the forbearance of God more beautifully exhibited, and His justice, in their punishment at last, more gloriously displayed.

The existing state of Romanism affords a striking illustration of this truth. For upwards of thirteen hundred years, He has borne with this monstrous system of spiritual despotism, and civil tyranny united: and yet though vastly weakened, it still exists: in many places exhibiting tremendous energy and exercising most mischievous power. It is scarcely possible for an enlightened observer to contemplate this terrible system, without wonder and alarm. Engrafting some of the practices and dogmas of heathenism upon the pure and simple truths of Christianity, and inventing others of which heathenism would have been ashamed, it conciliated and deluded the crowd, whilst it degraded, and enervated the religion which it perverted. It did not ignore the truth, but it dragged it into a sacrilegious alliance with superstition and idolatry, and overlaid it with heaps of rubbish. We do not say that it completely concealed the truth. It was always discovered and embraced by a few devoted Christians within the Church of Rome, who shone like brilliant stars in its dark night; but the masses of the people have been so drenched with superstition and idolatry, that the divine light within them has been darkened; a ferocious fanaticism has been substituted for the gentle and loving spirit of the gospel; and they have become in all thoroughly Popish

countries stunted in intellect, and degraded in condition, unfit for the exercise of liberty, and reduced to the condition of slaves. That this is no exaggerated and partizan statement may be evident to any well-informed person, who reflects on the social and political condition of Roman Catholic countries at the present time.— Just in proportion, as the spirit of Popery predominates, is the country degraded and ruined.

For more than a thousand years this evil system lorded it over Europe, paralyzing the energies of man, and impeding all social improvement; substituting a gaudy and idolatrous ceremonial for the simple, and intelligent worship of the only living and true God—a religion of forms for the religion of the heart—frustrating, to a large extent, for a long time, the work of Christ, and almost subjecting the world to the effects of a second fall. At length the darkness was broken, the light of truth dawned upon the minds of men and the glorious reformation took place, by which the half of Europe was emancipated from the mental bondage and spiritual despotism, under which it had been so long prostrated. To all the nations the light was offered; but many of them extinguished it with the blood of the saints, and are suffering to this day the consequences of their guilt,—writhing in the chains of despotism which they have vainly endeavored to break, and affording to the world an awful evidence of the impossibility of maintaining liberty, in a land where true religion is proscribed and persecuted.

It is alarming to contemplate the vitality of error, and its readiness to spring up afresh in the congenial soil of the human heart. In the succeeding century, the reformation had lost much of the ground which it had gained in Europe; and the contest was transferred to the northern shores of the New World. As “westward

the star of empire took its way," the ever watchful leaders of the Papacy made the most determined and well sustained efforts to establish the supremacy of their religion in the lands beyond the Atlantic. In Spanish America their efforts were unopposed and completely successful. But in the northern parts of that great continent, the British and French races,—the champions of the two opposing forms of Christianity,—had both established themselves, and soon began to contend for the mastery. It was a religious, no less than a political struggle from the beginning. The Pilgrim fathers, who settled New England, had fled from persecution in their native land, that they might enjoy that religious liberty in the wilds of the new world, which was denied them in their native land. The French, on the other hand, with a zeal which does them honor, were anxious to extend that religion, which they believed to be the only true one, and convert the red men of the Forest to Christianity.—And no one can contemplate, without admiration, the heroic efforts of the early French Missionaries, in their explorations of the vast countries along the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, on the borders of the great lakes, and down the Mississippi and its tributaries to the gulf of Mexico. But God had very different objects in view with these labors, than they ever intended or even imagined. They were preparing the way for the opening up of these countries, that they might furnish an asylum for the oppressed protestants of Europe. And thus we obtain a glimpse of the great truth that God often not only bears long with error, and oppression, and iniquity, but employs sometimes the zeal which they engender, in working out his own glorious and beneficent purposes.

It must have been an alarming thing for the public-spirited protestants of Britain and America, some 120 years ago, to con-

template the efforts which were being made by France, to obtain the ascendancy in North America. At that time they possessed the valuable islands at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with the Labrador coast, and the territories on Hudson's Bay, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and a large part of what is now the State of Maine,—the whole of Canada and a large part of what are now the States of New York and Vermont, with the whole country extending from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. We do not mean to say that they actually occupied these countries, but they claimed the possession of them, had settlements scattered through most of them, and parts extending from the great lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi. There were clashing interests between the British and French colonists, which led to mutual jealousies and bitter animosities; and these again to sanguinary and cruel conflicts, till at length it became a struggle for national existence, when the mother countries took part in earnest, in the contest. But neither party was at all aware of the important nature of the warfare, which was there being waged, or of the sublime nature of the results, which were depending upon it. It was not the interests merely of a few trading companies which were concerned; it was not the honor or commercial superiority merely of France or Britain. It was the destiny of vast future empires that was then being determined—it was the question of future freedom, or tyranny for the world, that was then being settled; and most important of all, it was the fate of religion and the future welfare or woe of the human race, which was then in the balance.—Popery and Protestantism had then marshalled their hosts for a great struggle, though neither party was, at the time, fully aware of the momentous nature of the issues which were at stake. To those

who have not reflected seriously upon the subject, it may seem extravagant to assert, that, at the battle of Quebec the doom of Popery was sealed; but it was even so. It was there that the fate of Canada was determined, and French influence extinguished on the American continent. It was there that a vast impulse was given to the onward movement for liberty and independence in New England; and the dominion of Popery in North America rendered impossible. And though it still predominates in Lower Canada, and makes its power felt in the United States; it is only the prevalence of the French language acting as a barrier to the free circulation of British literature and thought, and the strong feeling of nationality, and a natural aversion, on the part of a high spirited people, to receive a religion at the hand of their conquerors, that has preserved it in the former; while in the latter, it is the social debris of Ireland and Germany carried down upon them, that has impeded the stream of liberal thought and independent action; but it will soon be swept away, by the advancing tide of intelligence, and a revived and invigorated piety. Do not let us murmur at the long suffering of God, or fret because the wheels of his providence move less quickly than we could wish; for just as certainly as Protestantism presents, and defends the pure truths of Christianity, as drawn directly from the Bible, will it prevail over the world, and bless men with its hallowed and enlightening influences. It has the God of omnipotence and truth on its side, and the gates of hell will never be able to prevail against it.

It is little more than a century since Quebec fell into the hands of the British. On the 13th of September, 1759, the decisive battle was fought, on the plains of Abraham; and four days afterwards the city capitulated. The armies engaged on

that occasion were comparatively small; and the place is much less famous than it deserves to be; for it is truly what it has been termed by a great American historian,—“the Battle-field of empire;” and interests were decided there, big with the seeds of great events, and springs put in action which have ever since impelled the cause of political freedom, of social progress, and, above all, of pure and undefiled religion, and will not cease to operate till superstition and spiritual despotism are banished from the continent.

The conquest of Canada by the British was a great event in Providence,—a thing arranged and brought about by Him, whose kingdom ruleth over all—for arresting the progress, and ultimately extinguishing the influence of Popery in America, and thus hastening its downfall throughout the world. With the Protestant population of this country, therefore, God has a great object in view. They are the instruments appointed to mould the character of a great people, to establish and develop free institutions, and to build up, on a secure foundation, the liberties of a vast empire. Let them never forget that they are placed here by God for this purpose. And let the consideration, that they are God's chosen, fill their hearts with love and gratitude to Him, who has thus highly favored them. Let the thought of this prevent them from ever forgetting God, or making light of their great destiny. Let a sense of their high vocation serve as an additional inducement to them, to be on their guard against all sin, and animate them to greater effort, in seeking to adorn their characters with every Christian grace, and every moral virtue, so that they may commend not only by the vigor of their character, but by the holiness and blamelessness of their lives, the religion they profess, to their compatriots of a different creed, and a different origin. The duty which

we have to perform to our French Canadian brethren, is a difficult and a delicate one; but we have no doubt that by kindness, and love, and honest and straightforward dealing, it can be done successfully. Our interests are one, and indivisible.—Our rights and privileges are already the same; and we believe that the time is coming, when there will be a fusion of the two races into one people.

The Norman conquest of England must have been felt as a tremendous calamity by the Saxon people. Deeply for many years must the iron have entered into their souls. But great as the calamity was, terrible as must have been the cases of individual suffering, yet, in the wise arrangements of a mysterious Providence, from the depths of these terrible evils, an incalculable amount of good was brought up. The succeeding history of England proved, and its present position demonstrates, that the Norman conquest was, in its results, a blessing,—it may be a terrible one,—but still a blessing not only to England, but to the human race.

At the period of the conquest, the Normans were not only among the most warlike, but among the most polished and intellectual people of Europe; and they brought over to England with them not only their chivalry, and skill in the art of war; but their literature, and enthusiasm, and proficiency in agriculture and manufactures. After a long period of wrongs, and mutual jealousies, the two races coalesced; and the noble English people of the present day are the fruit of the union, which was inaugurated amidst scenes of blood and suffering.

There is good ground for believing that the great body of French Canadians are of Norman descent. Jacques Cartier was a native of the little town, of St. Malo, in Normandy; and many of the early settlers belonged to the same province. The

French Canadians then are the descendants of a noble race; and, if delivered from the yoke of spiritual despotism, might reasonably be expected to assert for themselves a distinguished place among the people of this continent.

It is an interesting fact that, in the conquest of Canada, the English just did for the Canadians, what the ancestors of the Canadians had done for the progenitors of the English a few centuries before. And if the same good effects result ultimately from the conquest of Canada by the English, as resulted from the conquest of England by the Normans, none will have greater cause to rejoice than the French Canadian people. Whatever they may themselves think, there can be no doubt, that they have derived immense advantage from their connection with England.—They were spared the horrors of the first French revolution. The civil rights and privileges of all were respected, and secured. Their priests were not massacred, as their brethren in France had been, by their own countrymen. The English, who now so strenuously assert civil and religious liberty for themselves, freely conceded it to those whom they had conquered. And now, the French Canadian enjoys the same rights and privileges, as the British themselves; and whatever be their sentiments now, they will ere long, come to be satisfied that they have greater advantages, under the mild sway of Britain, than they could ever have enjoyed, under the arbitrary domination of France. It is quite natural that the French Canadians should look with affectionate interest to France. We cannot blame them for that. We respect them for it. But whatever may be the changes in Europe, the time is irrevocably past, for their ever again becoming politically connected with France. And all who are permanently settled in Canada, whether of British, French, or Irish origin, should feel

that they are bound to each other by the tie of a common country, with which their earthly interests are bound up. Let this feeling,—that we are all Canadians *now*, unite us together, and teach us to cherish warm and friendly feelings to each other.

A closer union, we believe, is coming among the different races who inhabit this country, when their various nationalities will be lost in the absorbing one of Canadian. And from the gradual amalgamation of these races, it is probable that a nobler one may spring, than the present stock of any of them. The grand obstacle to this union is diversity of religious creed; but such is our confidence in the power of the truth, and the blessing of God upon exertions honestly and earnestly made in His cause, and our faith in His predicted purposes, that we firmly believe the time is near, when a great awakening will take place in the French Canadian mind; when the light of divine truth will find its way into their souls; when they shall rise up in their might, from the sleep of ages, and break, like tow, those shackles of spiritual despotism by which their energies have been so long cramped, and the manly independence of their character crushed.

WE SHALL BE CHANGED.—1 Cor. xv., 51. Some men went to China once, and because they were forbidden to carry the silk-worm out of the country, they hid some of the little creature's eggs in the top of their staves; and so out of those two dry staves came all the silkworms and all the silk in Europe since! What a wonder! A poor rag-picker takes a short stick in his hand, and goes into the dirty gutters of the streets of the city, and picks up little bits of rags and of paper. These he puts into his dirty bag. But these are washed and made over, and come out the pure, white sheet of paper, beautiful enough to have the Queen write on it! Who can doubt that God can take these poor bodies, and out of them raise up a new and better body? Out of the very darkness and bones of the grave, he can make something that will be brighter than the sun forever!

Prayer

There is an eye, that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear, that never shuts,
When sinks the beam of light.

There is an arm, that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love, that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs,
That ear is filled with angel's songs;
That arm upholds the earth on high,
That love is throned beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is PRAYER, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss, beyond the sky.
ANON.

The Importance of a Living Ministry.

HOW MUCH MORE WOULD A FEW GOOD AND FERVENT MEN EFFECT IN THE MINISTRY THAN A MULTITUDE OF LUKEWARM ONES? Such was the remark of one who had been taught by experience, and who has recorded that experience for the benefit of other churches and other days. It is a remark, however, the *truth* of which has been but little acknowledged and acted on; nay, whose *importance* is to this day unappreciated even where its truth is not denied.

The mere multiplying of men, calling themselves ministers of Christ, will avail little. They may be but "cumberers of the ground." They may be like *Achans*, troubling the camp; or perhaps *Jonahs*, raising the tempest. Even when sound in the faith, yet, through unbelief, lukewarmness, and slothful formality, they may do irreparable injury to the cause of Christ, freezing and withering up all spiritual life around them. The lukewarm ministry of one who is theoretically orthodox, is often more extensively and fatally ruinous to souls than that of one grossly inconsistent

or flagrantly heretical. "What man on earth is so pernicious a drone as an idle minister?" said Cecil. And Fletcher remarked well, that "lukewarm pastors make careless Christians." Can the multiplication of such ministers, to whatever amount, be counted a blessing to a people? The fathers of the Scottish Church, acting upon this principle, preferred keeping a parish vacant, to appointing over it an unsuitable pastor. And when the Church of Christ, in all her denominations, returns to primitive example, and walking in apostolical footsteps, seeks to be conformed more closely to inspired models, allowing nothing that pertains to earth to come between her and her living Head; then will she give more careful heed to see that the men to whom she intrusts the care of souls, however learned and able, should be yet more distinguished by their spirituality, and zeal, and faith, and love.

In comparing Baxter and Orton together, the biographer of the former remarks, that "Baxter would have set the world on fire while Orton was lighting a match." How true! Yet not true alone of Baxter or of Orton. These two individuals are representations of two classes in the Church of Christ in every age, and of every denomination. The latter class are far the more numerous; the Ortons you may count by hundreds, the Baxters by tens; yet who would not prefer a solitary specimen of the one to a thousand of the other? "When he spoke of weighty soul concerns (says one of his contemporaries, of Baxter,) *you might find his very spirit drenched therein.*" No wonder that he was blessed with such amazing success! Men felt that in listening to him they were in contact with one who was dealing with realities, and these of infinite moment.

This is one of the secrets of ministerial strength and ministerial success. And who can say how much of the overflowing infidelity of the present day is owing not only to the lack of spiritual instructors; not merely to the existence of grossly unfaithful and inconsistent ones; but to the *coldness* of many who are reputed sound and faithful. Men cannot but feel that if religion is worth anything, it is worth everything: that if it calls for any measure of zeal and warmth, it will justify the utmost

degrees of these: and that there is no consistent medium between reckless atheism, and the intensest warmth of religious zeal. Men may dislike, detest, scoff at, persecute the latter, yet their consciences are all the while silently reminding them that, if there be a God and a Saviour, a heaven and a hell, anything short of such life and love is hypocrisy, dishonesty, perjury! And thus the lesson they learn from the lifeless discourses of the class we are alluding to, is, that as the men do not believe the doctrines they are preaching, there is no need of their hearers believing them; if ministers only believe them because they make their living by them, why should those who make nothing by them scruple about denying them! The inconsistencies of the Popish priesthood have made Italy a land of infidels; and ought we not to search ourselves and see how much of modern infidelity may be traced to the indolence, the coldness, the *cold orthodoxy* of the Protestant ministry at home? *

It is not merely unsoundness of faith, or negligence in duty, or open inconsistency of life, that mars the ministerial work and ruins souls. A man may be free from all scandal either in creed or conduct, and yet may be a most grievous obstruction in the way of all spiritual good to his people.— He may be a dry and empty cistern, notwithstanding his orthodoxy. He may be freezing up or blasting life, at the very time that he is speaking of the way of life. He may be repelling men from the Cross even when he is in words proclaiming it.— He may be standing between his flock and the blessing, even when he is, in outward form, lifting up his hands to bless them.— The same words that from warm lips would drop as the rain, or distil as the dew, fall from his lips as the snow or hail, chilling all spiritual warmth, and blighting all spiritual life. How many souls have been lost for want of earnestness, want of solemnity, want of love in the preacher even when the words uttered were precious and true!

We take for granted, that the object of

* "*Rash* preaching disgusts; *timid* preaching leaves poor souls fast asleep; *cold* preaching is the only preaching that is owned of God."—*Rowland Hill*.

the Christian ministry is, *to convert sinners, and to edify the body of Christ*. No faithful minister can possibly rest short of this. Applause, fame, popularity, honour, wealth; all these are vain. If souls are not won, if saints are not matured, our ministry itself is vain. The question, therefore, which each of us has to answer to his own conscience is, "Has it been the end of my ministry; has it been the desire of my heart, to save the lost and guide the saved? Is this my aim in every sermon I preach, in every visit I pay? Is it under the influence of this feeling that I continually live, and walk, and speak? Is it for this I pray, and toil, and fast, and weep? Is it for this I spend and am spent, counting it, next to the salvation of my own soul, my chiefest joy to be the instrument of saving others? Is it for this that I exist; and to accomplish this would I gladly die? Have I seen the pleasure of the Lord prospering in my hand? Have I seen souls converted under my ministry? Have God's people found refreshment from my lips, and gone upon their way rejoicing?—Or have I seen no fruit of my labors, and yet am I content to remain unblest? Am I satisfied to preach, and yet not know of one saving impression made, one sinner awakened? Can I go contentedly through the routine of ministerial labor, and never think of asking how God is prospering the work of my hands and the words of my lips?"

Nothing short of positive success can satisfy a true minister of Christ. His plans may proceed smoothly, and his external machinery may work steadily, but without actual fruit in the saving of souls, he counts all these as nothing. His feeling is, "My little children, of whom I travel in birth again, until Christ be formed in you." And it is this feeling which makes him successful!† The resolution, that in the strength and with the blessing of God, he will never rest without success will insure it. It is the man who has made up his mind to confront every difficulty, who has counted the cost, and, fixing his eye upon the prize, has determined

†, "Ministers are seldom honoured with success, unless they are continually aiming at the conversion of sinners."—OWEN.

to fight his way to it; it is such a man that conquers!

The dull apathy of other days is gone. Satan has taken the field actively, and it is best to meet him front to front. Besides, men's consciences are really on edge. God seems extensively striving with them, as before the flood. A breath of the Divine Spirit has passed over the earth, and hence the momentous character of the time, as well as the necessity for improving it so long as it lasts. The "earnestness" which marks the age is not of man, but of God. It is the fruit of God's last dealing with man in love, ere He smites in wrath. To give the right direction to this earnestness is the great business of every one that would be a fellow-worker with God. It is taking so many wrong directions, such as scepticism, ritualism, rationalism, Romanism, &c., that we must make haste to put forth every effort to lead it aright. The one true goal or resting-place, where doubt and weariness, and the stings of a pricking conscience, and the longings of an unsatisfied soul would all be quieted, is *Christ Himself*. Not the Church, but Christ.—Not doctrine, but Christ. Not forms, but Christ, Not Ceremonies, but Christ; Christ the God-man, giving his life for ours; sealing the everlasting covenant and making peace for us through the blood of His cross; Christ the divine storehouse of all light and truth, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;" Christ, the infinite vessel, filled with the Holy Spirit, the enlightener, the teacher, the quickener, the comforter, so that "out of His fulness we may receive, and grace for grace." This, this alone is the vexed soul's refuge, its rock to build on, its home to abide in, till the great tempter be bound, and every conflict ended in victory.

It is to give this direction to the varied currents of earnestness that we must strive. How these may multiply; what strange directions they may yet take; with what turbid torrents they may pour along the valleys of the earth, what ruin they may carry before them, and with what a hideous deluge they may yet overflow the world, dissolving and levelling everything divine and good, everything true and noble, who shall adventure to foretell?

Let us, then, meet this "earnestness,"

which is now the beast, but may ere long be the bane of the age, with that which alone can bring down its feverish pulse, and soothe it into blessed calm, "the Gospel of the Grace of God." All other things are but opiates, drugs, quackeries; this is the divine medicine; this is the sole, the speedy, the eternal cure. It is not by "opinion" that we are to meet "opinion;" it is the TRUTH OF GOD that we are to wield; and, applying the *edge* of the "Sword of the Spirit" to the theories of man (which he proudly calls his "opinions,") make him feel what a web of sophistry and folly he has been weaving for his own entanglement and ruin.

It is not opinions that man needs, it is TRUTH. It is not theology, it is GOD. It is not religion, it is CHRIST. It is not literature and science, but the knowledge of the free love of God in the gift of His only-begotten Son.*

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

selves, or else how shall we be fit instruments of saving others from it? O do that on our souls which thou wouldst use us to do on the souls of others!"

NEGLECT NOT THE BIBLE.

It is surprising to notice how this sacred book is neglected by sinful men. The votaries of taste and fashion will spend their days and nights poring over the morbid pages of sensual and fictitious narratives; yet if their God were to ask them if they had read the book which he sent them from heaven, where would they look? How could they say that they had never read the precious book throughout. Wherever you go, learn not of those. Take the Bible in your hand; make it the companion of your way. In the thirsty desert of this world it will supply you with the water of life; in the darkness of doubt and apprehension it will cast a gleam of heaven over your path's in the struggle of temptation and the hour of affliction, it will lift up the voice of warning, encouragement, and comfort. Never let the Bible be by you unperused. It is the only helm that can guide you through the ocean of life; and bring you safely to the immortal shores. It is the only star that leads the wandering seamen by the rocks, and breakers, and fiery tempests of utter destruction, and points him away to the heights of everlasting blessedness. The Bible contains the only food that can satisfy the hungerings of the soul; it presents us with the only laver in which we can wash ourselves and be clean; it alone tells us of the garments that are worn in the courts of heaven; it is from the Bible alone that we learn to prepare a torch to conduct our footsteps throughout the valley of the shadow of death; and it is the Bible alone which can introduce us at last to the glories of immortality.—[Dr. Pollock.

EVIL THOUGHTS.

Beware of evil thoughts. They have done great mischief in the world. Bad thoughts come first, bad words follow, and bad deeds finish the progress. Watch against them. Strive against them. Pray against them. They prepare the way for the enemy:

"Bad thought is a thief; he acts his part; Creeps through the window of the heart; And if he once his way can win, He lets a hundred robbers in."

GOD'S LOVE OF THE WORLD.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN iii. 16.

GOD, Himself, is the FOUNTAIN of all goodness and *grace*. The 'unspeakable gift' which has flowed from His perfect love, is His own Son: and the object which God so loved, the world—a world of sinners who are enemies to Him by wicked works. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to die 'for the ungodly,—to seek and to save that which was lost.'

When you read that God gave His Son, you are told that the Lord Jesus left the glory which he had with the Father before the foundation of the world: and that having become 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' He endured on the cross the full measure of the wrath of God against sin; all of which He did and suffered that *sinners who believe might be forgiven and saved*. Thus has God displayed both His grace and His holiness.—His holiness in the strength of His hatred against sin, proved by His pouring the wrath due unto it upon the head of His Son: His grace in the depth of His love to sinners, which thus provided for them a perfect, free and everlasting salvation.—*But the measure of the love who can tell?*

Will not the force of this question reach you, when you consider that the only living God gave His beloved Son on the behalf of sinners, who by their works deny His glory and his Godhead?

God not only gave His Son, as the first great act of His love: but when the world had cast Him out, and crucified him, He raised Him from the dead, and exalted Him to His own right hand, as The Prince and The Saviour, 'to give repentance and remission of sins.'

The end for which God has shown all this love towards sinners is—that 'whosoever believeth' in His Son 'should not perish, but have everlasting life.' All men deserved to perish, and all must have perished, had not 'God so loved the world.'—And further, the gift of the son of God was no more desired by men than it could have been deserved: yet he came to save

sinners from the pit of destruction,—from the 'lake of fire;' and to give them 'everlasting life.'

EVERLASTING LIFE! *Think of that.*—Think of the free forgiveness of all sins: and of living and reigning with the Lord Jesus, as a child of God in a redeemed and glorified body, and in the presence of the glory of God.

Do you ask, 'How may this salvation become my own?' To this there is but one reply: 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' For 'whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life.' In Him *alone* there is salvation: and if He is received by you, as Jesus of Nazareth, 'the Son of God,' 'raised from the dead,' and 'Lord of all,' this salvation shall be yours at once and for ever.

Consider, now, the sin of despising this great love of God, and of not receiving and confessing Jesus Christ the Lord. Think what *must* be the consequence of this *greatest of all sins*. Ask yourself the question, 'How shall I escape if I neglect so great salvation?' Receive the *free grace* of God: depend *alone* upon the precious blood of His RISEN SON, for pardon and eternal life: confess Jesus 'Lord of all,' and prove it in your own souls that 'God IS LOVE.'

SELF-RIGHTEOUS.—It is no uncommon thing for men to flatter themselves that God cannot be displeased with them because they have omitted to do a great many bad deeds, which they would have done had they not been restrained by the fear of the law or of public opinion. The soundness of such morality is very well exhibited in Lessing's parable of "The wolf on his death-bed." "A wolf lay at his last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. 'It is true,' said he, 'I am a sinner, but yet I hope not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once, I remember, a bleating lamb that had strayed from its flock came so near me, that I might easily have throttled it; but I did it no harm.' 'I can testify to all that,' said his friend, the fox, who was helping him to prepare for death. 'I remember perfectly all the circumstances. It was just at that time when you were so dreadfully choked with that bone in your throat.'

THE ELABORATE SERMON.

Bene orasse est bene studuisse.—M. LUTHER.

It was a week in summer-time—

In August, fifty-three,
A modern pastor sat him down—
He took his pen and scratched his crown,
To do theology “up brown,”
So smart a man was he.

A text he chose—a sermon wrote.

About the “fatted calf:”
He toiled away the whole week long,
To rectify what'er was wrong,
And make it elegant and strong;
But 'twas too long by half.

He cut it down—he wrote it o'er.

Retouching every point—
Till he was *pleased* it read so well,
And pride began his breast to swell,
To think how his brave speech would tell—
So smooth in limb and joint.

The Sabbath came:—to-day, thought he,
My people must respect
My talents more than e'er before;
And though they may not cry encore,
Will ask to have me preach it o'er,
Because of its effect.

So, marching to the sacred desk,
He uttered forth “his views”—
Declaimed about the calf so fat,
But finished feeling rather “flat;”
For half his congregation sat
And slumbered in their pews.

Returning home, dejected, sad,
He turned aside to pray;
His soul was humbled to the dust—
He prayed and felt that pray he must,
And exercise a firmer trust,
Or else must “go away.”

His strength was spent—he'd done his best—
Yet all had been in vain;
While half his struggling heart within
Reproached him that he did not win
A single soul from guilt and sin,—
He ne'er would preach again.

When Monday came, he prayed again,
Then went from door to door;
He saw the sick, the lame, the blind,
And words of blessings left behind,
Till half he thought to change his mind,
And preach one Sabbath more.

But what? and how? he wept and prayed
Then sat down sore perplexed;
For ah, so busy all the week,
On what theme could he hope to speak?
He took his Testament in Greek,
And ransacked for a text.

Before the book he knelt, and prayed
For guidance from on High.
Poor man!—what sorrows filled his breast!
He felt he needed sleep and rest,
Yet he must try to do his best,—
A good text met his eye.

A sermon on it soon he planned,
And sketched its meaning plain.
He could not elegantly write:
'Twas Saturday, and nearly night,
And he was in a woful plight—
He knelt and prayed again.

The Sabbath came—a lovely morn—
The pastor prayed again;
Then humbly forth in fear he went,
With spirit meek and penitent,
To where last Sabbath he had spent
His choicest strength in vain.

He rose and read the opening hymn:—
Drew nigh to God in prayer;
But judge of his extreme surprise,
When, closing, he observed all eyes
Suffused with tears, and heard deep sighs,
As if the Lord were there.

He rose to preach, though sore oppressed
And mortified was he;
For oh, his sermon was so slim,
The light it gave so very dim,
'Twas strange all eyes were fixed on him:
What could they wish to see?

His words—they seemed to fail with power,
Though simple words were they:
So simple, he could hardly bear
To utter them; but after prayer
The people whispered everywhere
How well he preached that day.

The humbled pastor homeward went,
Ashamed to show his face,
To think so smart a man as he
Should lower himself full one degree,
By preaching what he deemed to be
So very commonplace.

That week, abased, before the throne
He mourned, he wept, he prayed;
But ere another Sabbath came,
The pastor, in this “prayerful” frame,
Discerned a little kindling flame,
Which sovereign grace displayed.

In many a soul—which blazed and burned
 With pure revival light—
 What could it mean? The Lord was there,
 Who scorns the weapons men prepare,
 Yet honors humble, fervent prayer—
 Who, not by power or might,

Nor by the wisdom of the wise,
 His kingdom buildeth up;
 But by his Spirit strikes the blow
 Which humbles e'en his haughtiest foe,
 And opens in Achor's valley low,
 To faith, a door of hope.

Till he, who oft in wisdom's pride
 In vain had preached the word,
 Beheld with joy God's work go on,
 As day by day some ransomed one
 Was built on Christ, the corner-stone,
 And glorified the Lord.

Where is the scribe? and were the wise?
 Hath not Jehovah said,
 His folly wiser is than men?
 Yet oh, what thousands still complain
 Their labor in the Lord is vain—
 Yet, tell me how they prayed,

And I will tell you why they failed
 Their hearer's hearts to win.
 No human voice the dead can wake:
 But he who pleads for Jesus' sake,
 Impression cannot fail to make
 On souls deep sunk in sin.

THE BOY WHO CONQUERED.

Some few years ago, a lad who was left without father or mother, of good natural abilities, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand-boy or otherwise, till he could command a higher position; but this boy had been in bad company, and acquired the habit of calling for his 'bitters' occasionally, because he thought it looked manly. He smoked cheap cigars also.

He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant in Pearl-street wanted a lad of his age, and he called there, and made his business known.

'Walk into the office, my lad,' said the merchant. 'I'll attend to you soon.'

When he had waited on his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and he espied a

cigar in his hat. This was enough. 'My boy,' said he, 'I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found cigar-smoking in lads to be connected with various other evil habits, and if I am not mistaken, your breath is evidence that you are not an exception.—You can leave; you will not suit me.'

John—for this was his name—held down his head, and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who, upon her death-bed called him to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, said, 'Johnny, my dear boy, I'm going to leave you. You know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death, and I want you to promise me before I die that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace.'

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink spirituous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant he remembered what his mother said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and and people gazed at him as he passed along, and the boys railed at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon the bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed he made up his mind never to taste a drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar as long as he lived. He went straight back to the merchant. Said he, 'Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not to do, and have not followed the good advice of my poor mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor

smoke another cigar; and if you, sir, will only try me, it is all I ask.

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years, this lad was a partner in the business, and is now worth two-thousand pounds.—He has faithfully kept his pledge, to which he owes his elevation.

Boys, think of this circumstance as you enter upon the duties of life, and remember upon what points of character your destiny for good or for evil depends.

“THIS IS THE GOSPEL.”

A few days after one of my meetings, I learned that one of the Roman Catholics present on a previous occasion, had been affected to an unusual degree, and in an unusual manner—that his mind had been so disturbed and his feelings so agitated by something that had been said, that he could not rest that night in his bed—that since then his whole thoughts seemed absorbed and lost in the one subject of his soul's salvation—that he believed himself a lost man, without hope and without help—and that so completely was he overwhelmed by these feelings, that he was unable to attend to his ordinary work and necessary occupation.

I sent for him. When he came, he looked worn and haggard—wan and pale. He had the appearance of wakeful nights and troubled days. He was silent for a few moments after I spoke to him, but it was because he was unable to speak. After he had recovered, he told me that all he had suffered arose from what I had said on the subject of Purgatory,—that till that evening, when he heard me speaking about death and the after-death, he had always believed in a Purgatory—that Purgatory was instituted for Catholics, and that hell was reserved for the Protestants—that he left the Protestants to their own fate, and always looked forward to Purgatory for himself; that he knew, and God knew, and no man knew so well as himself his own sins, and that he had been taught to look forward to suffering for a time in Purgatory, till he could atone for all and be saved in the end. And now, said he, in a paroxysm of feeling, you say there is no Purgatory!

There was no Purgatory. It was gone—gone forever! And there was—now—nothing—but Hell! He uttered the awful words in a slow, solemn, low tone, that gave them an appalling significance. And a shudder seemed to pass over his whole frame. He paused and gazed as if looking intently into another world.

I then spoke very gently—I felt keenly for him—to remind him, that when I told them that there were no purgatorian fires after death, there yet was something else infinitely more powerful, and infinitely more efficacious for purging away sin before death.

O yes, yes, he exclaimed—the blood of Jesus—the blood of Jesus, “The blood of Jesus, Christ His Son, cleanseeth from all sin.” Those were the very words you read from the Bible. They sunk into my very heart, and I remember them well. And this, he added, was the second thing that was on his mind. You have taken away all hope, he said, by taking away purgatory, and then you raised my hopes.—O so high!—by speaking of the blood of Jesus.

This led to a long conversation, in which I reminded him of the truth that had already so strongly affected him, namely: that the blood of Jesus Christ was the true means of atonement for the sinner. I read the words: “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world;” and again, “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseeth from all sin.” And I observed that if Christ has taken away the sins of his people there can be no need of a Purgatory to take them away again, and that if the blood of Christ cleanseeth from all sin, emphasizing the words “all sin,” there can be no sin, venial or otherwise, remaining to be chased away in the fires of Purgatory.

He at once exclaimed, that the two things were inconsistent. They could not both be true. And he added earnestly, that his hope must be in the blood of Jesus Christ,—Blessed be His holy name!

I said that he was right, but that he might see how full and clear the Word of God was on the subject, I would read some other passages, that showed that Christ and only Christ, by His blood, took away our sins. I then continued, we read that “we have redemption through His blood, the ‘forgiveness’ of sins.” Eph. i. 7. We read of Him as “having forgiven all trespasses, ‘blotting out’ the handwriting of ordinances that was against us.”—Col. ii. 12. We read, “Every branch that beareth fruit, He ‘purgeth’ it, that it may bring forth more fruit.” John xv. 2. We read, “How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, ‘purge’ your consciences from dead works to serve the living God?” Heb. ix. 14. We read, “He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to ‘cleanse’ us from all unrighteousness.”—1 John i. 9. We read of those in glory, as those who “have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Rom. vii. 14. And as verse after verse was read, his eye would brighten, and his cheek

glow, and his countenance smile, while his exclamations, at one time, "the precious—precious blood!" at another, "the words are sweeter than music," and again, "that is the blessed—blessed truth,"—all showed that the Holy Scriptures were doing their destined work.

But, I continued, we have not done with this doctrine. There is no truth in the whole of Revelation more certain, than that the sufferings of Jesus Christ are accepted instead of the sufferings that we deserved. He was foreshadowed in all the types of the law, where the sacrificial victim was brought to the altar instead of the transgressor. The victim was accepted in the stead of the transgressor, the victim was slain in the stead of the transgressor, the blood of the victim was accepted for the blood of the transgressor, the death of the victim for the death of the transgressor; the throes, the struggles, the suffering of the victim were accepted for the throes, the struggles, the sufferings of the transgressor. The whole ceremonial represented a vicarious atonement. The law demanded the suffering of the transgressor, but the law was satisfied to accept the suffering of the sacrificial victim in his stead. This was the type of Him, who is our sacrificial Victim, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." He has been our sacrificial victim; His suffering, His blood, His death, has been accepted as a vicarious atonement for our suffering and blood and death. It is therefore the prophet says "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." Isa. liii. 4—6. THIS IS THE GOSPEL. And this it is, that, while it comforts and encourages the believer, confounds that fiction, which would teach us that Jesus Christ remits the guilt without remitting the punishment of sin.

A TRUE STORY.

The Hebrides, as you know, my dear child, are islands on the west of Scotland, and form (as it were) a breakwater to the waves of the Atlantic Ocean.

The inhabitants have little intercourse with the mainland, and are exposed to great distress during the long winter, and live chiefly on fish, sea-fowl, and their eggs,

which are found in the fissures of the rocks.

On St. Kilda, one of the smallest and most desolate of those islands, lived a poor widow and her son. Her husband, a fisherman, had perished, and left her with one only child to cheer her sad heart.

She trained him in the love and fear of God, and well did he repay his fond mother's care. He was her stay and support, though only sixteen years of age.

The winter of 1846 will long be remembered as one of unexampled suffering by the poor, especially in Ireland and Scotland, owing to the failure in the potatoe crop.

Ronald and his mother suffered with the rest in their wild sea-girt home. To help their scanty meal, he set off one morning to collect some of the wild-fowls' eggs from the neighboring cliffs. It was often a dangerous thing to attempt; for should the parent bird be there, she might dart off the nest and strike with her powerful wing the enemy of her young.

But Ronald was brave, and was nerved with the desire to obtain food for his beloved mother.

Having received her blessing, supplied himself with a strong rope by which to get down the cliff, a knife to strike the bird should she attack him, and a basket for the eggs, he set off.

The view as he went was grand in the extreme. The cliffs rose perpendicularly three or four hundred feet from the sea, whose wild waves dashed madly against them, and then broke into fantastic spray, glittering like so many gems in the bright sunshine of a fine frosty morning.

Nor was young Ronald generally indifferent to these glorious scenes. Oh no! for he had learned to look on them as the works of his loving Father's hand. But now his eye was heavy, and his heart was sad; for anxious fears arose for the future, and he saw not in the distance the steamer approaching, laden with food sent by kind Christian hearts in England for the poor starving people.

Ronald now reached the highest point of the cliff whence his companions were to let him down by a thick rope of many plies.

It was fastened round his waist, and he was slung down until he got half way; he

then gave the signal to his friends to halt opposite one of the fissures in which the birds build.

He planted his foot on a slight projection of the rock, grasped with one hand the knife to defend himself should the bird be on the nest, and with the other tried to take the eggs.

Just then the bird flew out, and with its strong wing attempted to strike him. He made a blow with his knife, but, O horror! in place of striking the bird, he cut the cord, and, having severed most of the plies, hung suspended by only a few threads.

He uttered one wild shriek. Below him raged the wild abyss of waters! Above him rose the steep cliff! He hung suspended midway!

His companions saw his danger, and gently tried to draw him up.

As they draw in each coil, Ronald feels thread after thread giving way.

"O God, save me!" was his first agonizing prayer.

"O God! comfort my dear mother," was his next, as closing his eyes on the awful scene, he felt the cord gradually breaking.

Another and another pull—then a snap—now he feels, but one thread supports him. He opens his eyes, he is near the top, his friends reach over to grasp him. He is not yet within reach. One more haul of the rope. It strains, it cracks under his weight.

He looks below at the dark abyss of waters yawning to receive him—above to the glorious heavens, whence alone he looks for help.

He feels he is going.

He hears the wild cry of his companions; the frantic shriek of his fond mother, as they hold her back from rushing to try and rescue her precious child from destruction.

He knows no more. All is dark around. He becomes insensible.

But just as the rope gives way, a strong hand grasps him, and at the risk of being dragged down the cliff, one of his friends saves him, and places him in his mother's arms.

His prayers were heard. God did save him. God did comfort his mother.

And now, let me ask you to apply this story and to think of your life as a cord, and each year as one of the various plies or threads of which it is composed. Every year, as it ends, is (as it were) the breaking of a ply; and when the last goes, you will be ushered into the presence of God, "to give an account of the deeds done in the body."

You know not, of how many or how few plies or years the cord of your life may be composed.

Oh, then! think, ere the last ply gives way, of Him who is able and willing to save you and all who come to him, through Jesus Christ, his well-beloved Son. Cling to his almighty arm, and you will be guided into that calm haven, where no loud billows roar, no storms rouse the wild waves, but all is peaceful, bright, and happy, because sin, and consequently sorrow, cannot enter.

WISE REPLY.

I was sitting in a public room, at Brighton, where an infidel was haranguing the company upon the absurdities of the Christian religion, I could not but be pleased to see how easily his reasoning pride was put to shame. He quoted those passages, 'I and my Father are one.' 'I in them, and Thou in me?' and that there are three persons in one God. Finding his auditors not disposed to applaud his blasphemy, he turned to one gentleman, and said, with an oath, 'Do you believe such nonsense?' The gentleman replied, 'Tell me how that candle burns?' 'Why,' answered he, 'the tallow, the cotton, and the atmospheric air produce the light.' 'Then they make one light, do they not?' 'Yes.' 'Will you tell me how they are one in the other, and yet but one light?' 'No, I cannot.'—'But you believe it?' He could not say he could not. The company instantly made the application by smiling at his folly; upon which the conversation was changed. This may remind the young and inexperienced, that if they believe only what they can explain, they may as well part with their senses, being surrounded by the wonderful works of God, 'whose ways are past finding out.'

THE GOOD NEWS.

January 1st, 1861.

To Our Readers.

Authors seem to find the writing of the preface the most difficult part of their book. Preachers usually find the introduction the most difficult part of their sermon, and like them Editors also, if we may judge from our experience, find it most difficult to write the introductory article to their readers.

We need hardly say here, that the present number is the first of the "GOOD NEWS," the prospectus of which has been some time before the readers of the EVANGELIZER. It is possible that it may appear with more defects than we, while we write, can imagine. We trust, however, that these will be looked on with a charitable eye, and we shall aim at improving by experience, and at making every succeeding number better than its predecessor.

We have been induced to commence this publication from the expressed desire of many subscribers to the EVANGELIZER, who wished a larger periodical of the same character, and if it receive a portion of the success that has attended the smaller publication it will fill an important and unoccupied place in the field of Canadian Religious Literature. We feel, however, that the duties involved in its management are arduous and responsible, and were we not constrained by what we believe to be the call of duty, we would shrink from the undertaking. We cannot help but go forward when the Lord, the God of providence points the way, and we look to Him for that wisdom and grace which we need, and which He has promised to bestow.

We trust that the title which we have been led to adopt may always be expressive of the contents of the publication. It may not, in each number, contain "good

news" in the form that every reader may expect; but we trust that it will be a frequent bearer of "glad tidings of great joy" to anxious awakened sinners, who are yearning to know *what they must do to be saved?*

We trust that it will frequently carry a "word in season" to the desponding, careless or backsliding believer and a message of encouragement to those who are "bearing the burden and heat" of the Christian warfare. We trust also, that it will be refreshing as water to a thirsty soul, when it brings "good news" from a far country of the manifestations of the Spirit of God, in awakening sinners, and in reviving his heritage.

Now that we are at the close of 1860, and on the threshold of 1861, we cannot take a cursory glance at the manifestations of God's Spirit and providence in the church and in the world, without seeing that they are pregnant with hope for the future, and that they excite the liveliest expectations that the day of the Lord draweth nigh.

Look for example at

Italy.

What a sudden and unexpected change has come over it. Only a few days ago the Pope seemed secure in the hold of his temporal possessions. By his power he fettered the gospel, persecuted its supporters and raised up barriers to prevent it from entering within the limits of his dominions. But now his temporal possessions are reduced, his power is shattered, and almost the whole of Italy is free to the Heralds of the cross.

Look at CHINA, the latest intelligence from which, tells us that "Pekin is fallen, and is in the hands of the allies." Though this intelligence awakens our sympathies for the thousands of our fellow-men who must have suffered from the horror of war and from the desolation it brought to their hopes and their homes. We cannot but

see that it is the opening of a wide and effectual door for the "Good News" of the Kingdom, and that sooner than we expect, the whole of that vast kingdom may be leavened with truth, and even a "nation born in a day."

Look also across the border, to the commotion in the South and the secession of one of the States from the Union. It seems but a speck on the horizon of American politics, but it may be that it will swell into terrible magnitude, and pour its torrents of fury on the land cursed with slavery. It may be that it is the "beginning of the end" of human bondage, and the first indications of that retribution which must sooner or later come on the people who shut their ears to the cry of oppression. If it be so, we shall pity and pray for those over whose head the tempest shall break; but we shall also rejoice in the healthy calm that succeeds, and in the liberty that allows that all men are free.

These and many other indications in the world, concurring with the various forms in which the Spirit of God is manifesting Himself, conspire in preparing our minds for great things. 'The Revival of Religion in Great Britain and Ireland,' in America and on some parts of the Continent—the various forms which Christian energy assumes—the zeal for Missions and the great regard for the lapsed and the fallen, which characterize our day, are all encouraging indications. To the record of these and other manifestation of the Spirit and Providence of God in the world, the "Good News" will be partially devoted.

It is of course impossible at the outset of a publication such as this, to say exactly what class of articles shall receive a place in its pages. Reflection and experience may modify or change our views on minor points. But it is due to our readers and ourself to say, that like our "Evangelizer," it will at all times be strictly un-

denominational and will have for its sole object the interests of the Kingdom of God in the world.

In an undertaking of this kind we need and look for the co-operation and prayers of God's people. We ask our readers to help us, just in so far as they think we are doing the Lord's work. We are not conscious of having any object other than advancing His cause and promoting His glory, and if any of them are disposed to help us, they can do so in various ways. Some can subscribe and others can procure subscribers. Some can write original articles, and others can send us extracts.—Some can send us accounts of revival work, and others can send us "News of the Churches." But all can pray for us. And it is of great importance that they should do so. The press has an influence, often of tremendous power, that affects both pulpit and pew. That it may have an influence for good only in our hands,

BRETHREN PRAY FOR US.

Words to the Winners of Souls.

This is the title of a little volume thrown in our way, published by Nisbet & Co., London, which we have read with pleasure and profit. It is not a recent production as we think it was published in the early numbers of the "British Messenger," and in its present form has passed into the seventh edition; but though not recently produced it is fresh enough to interest, stirring enough to arouse; and well adapted to benefit the class to whom it is addressed, in our day. We rose from its perusal deeply humbled on account of our sins and short comings, and firmly resolved that for the future we would pray more and labour more than ever in winning souls to Christ. It is a book that every minister of Christ would feel himself the better for perusing; and if some friend of Christ's were to send a copy to every minister in the land, it would undoubtedly prove a blessing.

We would do it ourselves if we were able, but as we are not, we shall do what we can by transferring some of its chapters to our own publications.

Sabbath Lessons.

The two lessons in this number are intended as aids to Sabbath School Teachers and Parents, and are therefore commended to their attention. We have not followed the example of those who breach up the lesson, and put it in the categorical form, as our observation has shown us, that when that is done teachers do not study the lesson for themselves, but take the printed lesson to the school and ask questions from it. We mean ours to be an aid in studying the lessons, and I expect that teachers will study the lesson thoroughly for themselves; and leave the periodical at home when they go to teach the class.

We are aware that many Sabbath School Teachers in the country, have not access to suitable volumes for aid, and have not the advantage of Ministerial assistance and advice, and we trust our lessons will prove useful to them in preparing for the lambs of the flock.

Copies of the "Scheme of Lessons" for the year are kept on hand, and will be supplied to Sabbath School Teachers at 6d per dozen.


The following lessons will appear in the 2nd number of the "Good News," published on the 15th January.

For Jan'y, 20th.—The Garden of Eden,—Gen., ii. 8, 25.

" " 27th.—The Angel appearing to Mary,—Luke i. 26, 38.

" Feb'y, 3rd.—The Fall of Man,—Gen., iii chap.

Articles bearing on Sabbath Schools and the best mode of teaching, will appear from time to time.

 Mercies make a humble soul glad, but not proud. A humble soul is lowest when his mercies are highest; he is least when he is greatest; he is most poor when he is most rich.

The Dying Peer.

"I had always thought religion was a melancholy thing, but I now find it is the only thing worth living for. Here am I, a poor penitent sinner, clinging to the cross of Christ; all is peace, all is right."

Such was the death-bed testimony of Lord Fitzhardinge, an English nobleman lately deceased. He had great possessions, fine talents, a vigorous intellect, vast influence, and a frank and generous disposition, with the will and the means to try the world, and he did try it to the full, and found it vanity.

While he was not an unbeliever in Christianity, he was an objector to it, because he thought it was a "melancholy thing."—He lived in pleasure and alas! knew not that he was dead while he lived; for no man cared for his soul, and no man spake to him about it, until he was advanced in life, when a Christian minister reminded him that he had a *soul to be saved or lost*. It was a word in season, including reflection, and was the means of his conversion to God. His dying testimony stands at the head of this paper.

Reader, let me remind you of the same solemn fact. You have a soul to be saved or lost! Have you ever seriously thought of this? or are you being deceived as Lord Fitzhardinge was, by the idea that religion is a melancholy thing? Do as he did, *try it*, and you will find, like him, that it is "the only thing worth living for."

Should any one who reads this paper, conclude *not* to try it, he will assuredly find, and that perhaps shortly, that it is a very melancholy thing to die without it,

Especially do we appeal to *you*, for if you try it *now*, not only will you find safety and happiness, but we may hope, you will be useful to others. You have delayed this matter long enough, delay no longer, for delays are dangerous. Leave not the

vast concerns of eternity to the mercy of a moment. Decide now and try it, and God will help you.

“Let reason vainly boast her power,
To teach her children how to die;
The sinner in a dying hour
Needs more than reason can supply;
A view of Christ the sinner's friend,
Alone can cheer him in the end.

Montreal,

S. M.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER AND HIS RULE OF LIFE.

“For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear.” Such were the dying words of the Christian soldier, Sir Henry Havelock. He had a “rule” to live by, to guide his thoughts, words and deeds. And what was that “rule?” It was the Bible—the Word of God. That was his rule of *faith* and *practice*. His companion in all his travels, at home or abroad. Whether surrounded by the splendor of an eastern mansion, on the camp ground, or on the weary march, it was always by his side or on his person. Nay, more, he could say with David, “Thy word have I hid in mine heart.” It was a “light to his path and a lamp to his feet” his *rule*.

“The lamp from off the everlasting throne
Which mercy took down.”

Being guided by this rule, when death came he faced it without fear! “Come,” said he to his son, “come and see how a christian can die.” Brother what is your rule of life? Have you any rule? Are you being drifted about on life's ocean like a ship without rudder or compass? Pause a moment and consider what must be the inestimable result of such culpable negligence or obstinance—wreck and ruin.

Take the Bible—that despised and neglected Book, as your rule; and like “Sir Henry,” you will face the “last enemy” without fear. Life's path is full of intricate windings, snares, and pitfalls, and any other

rule would endanger your safety, the Bible will prove your best guide. Many a gallant ship has been wrecked for the want of a *true* compass. Many a traveler on the mountain wilds has been lost through the recklessness or incompetency of his guide, and many a precious soul has been lost through the neglect or refusal to take Havelock's “rule”—the Bible—as the guide of life. Brother, life's journey will soon close, and then, oh then, we “cross the line” and find ourselves in the shoreless ocean of eternity, saved or lost forever.—Take the Bible then as your rule of life, that—

“Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of
bliss securely!”

Montreal.

S. M.

The Evangelizer.

The Evangelizer has now a circulation of 15000 copies a month, and is supplied as heretofore at the low charge of Twenty-five cents a month. Those who subscribe for the “Good News” will have no need for the Evangelizer, as the matter that appears in the latter will also appear in the former,

☞ Grace is a sweet flower of paradise, a spark of glory

☞ Seneca calls sloth “*the nurse of beggary, the mother of misery.*” And slothful Christians find it so.

☞ One of the ancients used to say, that humility is the first, second, and third grace of a Christian.

☞ A humble soul is like the violet that by its fragrant smell draws the eye and heart of others to it.

☞ Those sins shall never be a Christian's bane that are now his greatest burden. It is not falling into the water, but lying in the water, that drowns. It is not falling into sin, but lying in sin, that destroys the soul. If sin and thy heart are two, Christ and thy heart are one.

The Year of Grace.

A History of the Revival in Ireland. A.D. 1859, by the Rev. William Gibson. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

This is a work not only of deep interest, but of great ability. From what we knew before of the great work of God in Ireland, during the year 1859, and of the character of the writer who undertook to describe it, we expected great things, and our expectations have been more than realized.—The writer begins with a brief sketch of the planting of the Scotch colony in Ulster, from which it would appear, that though a goodly number of the early settlers might be godly men who had fled thither for conscience's sake, still that a large proportion of them were wild and reckless adventurers. They were followed by some seven presbyterian ministers, whose labors were accompanied by extraordinary success, inasmuch that, in the course of a short time, the lawlessness of the early settlers was tamed and they were transformed into a race of God-fearing and sober men. A revival in short took place about the year 1628, which, according to the testimony of the elder Fleming, "may be said to have been one of the largest manifestations of the Spirit, and of the most solemn times of the down-pouring thereof, that almost since the days of the Apostles hath been seen."

The author then records the sad declension which took place in the Irish Presbyterian Church, with the gradual revival of sound doctrine and ministerial activity; and after that proceeds to give a view of the spiritual condition of the Church immediately before the breaking forth of the great revival in 1859; from which it would appear that though the people were generally intelligent, moral and well instructed in the doctrines of religion, yet that they were in most places, in a cold and indifferent state, having a profession of religion.

"They were a people," it has been said, "trained to reason, warm in party and cold in religion—among whom capital crime was rare, true piety equally so, religious fervor dreaded, and fanaticism unknown; whose wanderings had been towards unitarian, not enthusiasm, and whose wills are remarkably unyielding."

It is evident, however, that there had been, for many years, a gradual preparation for this great work, both in ministerial activity, and devotedness, and missionary effort among the people; and above all, in the fell impotency of mere human exertions to renew the corrupt heart, and make men really new creatures in Christ. It has been thought by some that the account of the great American Revival served as a match to kindle the holy fire, the materials of which had been already provided; and no doubt the accounts of that great work, frequently brought before the people, directed increased attention to the subject, and quickened the desires, and stimulated the efforts of many. But we think there is sufficient evidence that, as in the case of the great reformation, the divine flame broke out simultaneously in several places. It was in September, 1857, that the Fulton Street prayer meetings were commenced in New York; and it is very remarkable that in the same month of the same year, a prayer-meeting was commenced by four young men in the district of Conner, Ireland, which was the means of a great awakening throughout that district. This work went on quietly for about 18 months, at the end of which time, there were 16 prayer-meetings held every night in the week, throughout the district of Conner. And this appears to have been the grand centre, from which the awakening spread throughout Ireland.

It is a striking fact, and but very little known, that a similar awakening took place in the autumn of the same year, in the re-

mote township of Winchester, C.W. The revival at this place continued throughout the winter, and when the writer of this article visited it, in the following May, he could obtain a large meeting every night in the week, during the hurry of a Canadian seed-time. Cases of prostration were common during the winter, long before anything of the kind was heard of in Ireland. From whatever the cause, unhappily this revival did not spread; but that it was a genuine work of God, we have no doubt; and though there have been cases of sad declension, we doubt not that the work of God has received an impulse throughout the districts, the effect of which will be permanent.

The cases of prostration, in these recent revivals in Ireland, have naturally excited much attention; but they are no new thing. In the days of David Dixson, of Irvine, they took place extensively, and especially in the parish of Stewarton, from their prevalence in which place they were termed the 'Stewarton Sickness.' They took place under the preachings of the Wesleys, Whitfield and Ven. They took place during the great revival in Arran during the early part of this century; and we have the privilege of knowing one able, calm, and most excellent Wesleyan Minister in Canada, under whose ministry, at least one very remarkable case took place some years ago, in the neighborhood of Brockville. They are extraordinary, but we do not look upon them as out of place. When the awful truths of religion burst suddenly upon the views of the sinner, it seems to us more remarkable that he should be enabled to contemplate them with calmness, than that he should be overwhelmed by them.

We have seen various attempts to account for them on natural principles, but we believe they can be accounted for on no other principle than that they arise from the powerful application of the truth, by

the Spirit of God to the soul, and they appear to serve substantially the same purpose to the world now, that miracles did in the days of the Apostles: they compel attention, to the subject of religion, and afford visible evidence that there is a mighty spiritual power at work.

This subject is considered fully and judiciously in Professor Gibson's book, and statements given from several intelligent ministers, who have had much experience in the matter. We shall make a quotation from the account given by the Rev. W. Johnston. "In this class" (the careless) he says "the bodily manifestations seem to have been blessed. These manifestations have been far too much talked about, and regarded by many at a distance, as if they formed the whole work or the principal feature of it. This is a great mistake. In our congregation, there were not many cases of the kind; but such as did occur, served to my certain knowledge, very much the purpose of the rushing mighty wind preceding the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. They aroused the slumbering mass; they startled whole streets; they called special attention to the deep conviction of the person affected; they awed and awakened the minds of many, whom curicisity had brought to come and see, and they employed and over-ruled to send many back to their homes and their closets, to think of their own lives, to cry to God for their own souls, and to look back to Christ for pardon and acceptance as they had never looked before.

One great excellence of Professor Gibson's book consists in this,—that it is made up in no small degree, of papers written by ministers, and others giving an account of the revival in their districts. Many of these papers are written with great power, and have the advantage that they contain the testimony of highly educated and trust-

worthy men, who give an account of what they themselves heard and saw. Wonderful indeed are many of the scenes which they describe, reminding one strongly of what took place in New-testament times; and we feel persuaded that the careful and candid perusal of this book will do more to remove doubts as to the truths of religion, than the study of the most elaborate treatises on the evidences of Christianity.

Nothing has struck us more forcibly in the perusal of this book, than the extraordinary elevation of intellect manifested by some of the converts. The washer-woman's prayer given at page 245, affords an instance of what we mean. And we may mention that we have seen letters written by people in the common rank of life, in Ireland, to their friends in this country, which for correctness of thought, and beauty of expression would have done credit to the most educated and intelligent. And we have witnessed similar things ourselves in Canada,—prayers offered up by uneducated women, which for appropriateness, power, and beauty of expression, we have never heard surpassed in any circumstances.

It is our privilege to live in extraordinary and exciting times, when God seems to be coming forth out of his place, to tread upon the high places of the earth. Thrones of iniquity, and ancient system of superstition and spiritual despotism are crumbling to pieces. Judgments are being poured out on heathen, Mahomedan, and Popish nations; whilst God's choicest blessings are being bestowed on those nations when true religion is respected and held in honor. We know not but that by these special spiritual blessings, God may be preparing his people for times of trial and suffering. But however, this may be, let us strive and labor, and pray that we in this land, may be made partakers of similar spiritual blessings, so shall we be fitted either for times of trial, or times of rejoicing and triumph.

THE CREATION OF MAN.—GENESIS I. 26, 31.

FIRST.—THE COUNCIL.

Let us make man, v. 26. This language conveys the idea of a council where individuals are present, and is different from that employed on the other days, and on the creation of other objects. There God said, "Let there be light," v. 3, "Let there be a firmament," v. 6, &c., &c. Here God said, "Let us make man." The waters brought forth the fowl, v. 20, and the earth brought forth the cattle and creeping things, v. 24; but God Himself proposed that the Godhead should make man.

Let us make man. This word *us* proves the plurality of the Godhead. We know that earthly sovereigns usually speak in the plural; but we have authority from Scripture to warrant us in believing that a plurality of persons is meant by the word *us* when used by God.—See Gen. iii. 22. John i. 1, 3. The unity of the Godhead is taught also by this question being submitted to the other persons; and the proposal being harmoniously carried out, v. 27. Before the council was held, a place was prepared for man. His habitation was fully furnished. Every thing was provided that was calculated to make them happy.

SECOND.—MAN MADE.

Man was created on the last day of Creation, v. 31. He was the last object created, and the most perfect of the living creatures brought into being, v. 20 24.

Man differed from animals inasmuch as they were made after their kind, but he was made after the likeness of God, v. 24, 25.—Gen. ii. 7.

Man was created after Angels. They existed previous to the creation of the universe.—Job xxxviii. 6, 7. Dan. vii. 10.

Man was made lower than Angels. Psal. viii. 5. They are represented as excelling in strength. Psal. ciii. 20. They occupied a superior abode, for they were placed in heaven and surrounded the throne, while man was placed on earth.—Psal. cxv. 16,—and worships God at his footstool. They were made spirits—Heb. i. 7.—not having flesh and bone.—Luke xxiv. 39.—while man was made with a living soul and a material body.

Man was created male and female on the sixth day and both were called Adam,—Gen. v. 2. Mark x. 6. Matt. xix. 4.—In the creation of man, notice is particularly taken of the distinction of the sexes, which is not adverted to in reference to the other creatures.

Luther regards this as an intimation that "the woman was also created by God and made a partaker of the divine image, and of dominion over all," and adds, "We should observe from the expression, that the women should not be excluded from any honor of human nature, although she is a weaker vessel than the man.

THIRD.—MAN MADE FROM THE EARTH.

Man was made from the dust of the ground.—Gen. ii. 7.

Man was called Adam.—Gen. v. 2,—which is an indication that he was of the earth,—1 Cor. xv. 47.

Man was made to live from the products of the earth. Herbs were appointed for the food of man, v. 29, 30.—Psal. civ. 14. Some individuals have inferred from this that man and the lower animals were at first granted only the use of vegetable food; but it seems natural to conclude that nothing more is to be inferred than that plants are the ultimate support of animal life.

Man's name and food teaches him what he was, what he is and what he will be,—Gen. iii. 19,—and the consideration ought to make him humble,—Gen. xviii. 27. 'Do you know who I am?' is the indignant question which the lips and lives of some men ask. Creation answers, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.'

FOURTH.—MAN MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

Man was made in the image of God.—Gen. i. 27. A photographic likeness of a man is an image of him, and though small, is very correct. Man at first was, so to speak, a photographic likeness of God. He was a small but accurate representation.

He was made in the image of God:—

I. In body. It has been a long time assumed that only man's soul was made in the image of God. We think the whole man is meant, because:

1. The plain meaning of the language conveys that idea.

2. All that we know of God is from the Scripture, where He is represented as having eyes, ears, mouth, hands and heart.

3. The Lord Jesus appeared to the Old Testament Church in the form of a man. To the New Testament Churches, in the body of a man, and now he stands at the right hand of God, a man as well as God.

4. Angels behold God's face,—Matt. xviii. 10.

5. God revealed his back parts to Moses. Exod. xxxiii. 18, 23.

6. The fall of man destroyed God's image in his body, and the death of the body is,

in consequence necessary, before it can be restored to the same image a glorified body.

7. The fact that God is a spirit, and is omnipresent, is not inconsistent with the idea which these reasons support, that God manifests himself to angels and to men in a form, and that form, that of man, the highest order of being.

See note from Owen.*

II. In soul.—Gen. ii. 7. The soul is the thinking principle; including, of course, all emotions and passions. It is told in story that an infidel once asked a little girl what her soul was. She replied, 'It is *my think*.' It was an excellent answer. Man's soul was made in the image of God.

1. Invisible,—1 Tim. i. 15.

2. Intelligent,—Job xxxv. 18.

3. Immortal.—Matt. xxv. 46.

III. In Spirit. Man was made a *living* soul. Gen. ii. 7. Man in Scripture is represented as comprised of three parts, Spirit and soul and body.—1 Thess. v. 23. Some commentators say that "the soul is the seat of the emotions and passions—and the spirit is that portion of his nature, in virtue of which, man is a reflective, reasoning, knowing, intellectual being." To us that distinction is not intelligible. We think that the spirit is that property of the soul given to Adam which is called the *living soul*, which *died* when he fell, and which is only brought to life again, when God, by His word anew, breathes life into the soul. Man unfallen had a living soul. Man fallen has a soul, a dead soul. Man renewed has a living soul, brought to life by Christ, who was a quickening Spirit. "Hear and your soul shall live,"—Isa. lv. 3. The spirit of a man is the candle of the Lord,—Prov. xx. 27.—This living soul was made in the image of God. In righteousness,—Ecc. xxix. In Holiness,—Eph. iv. 24. &c., &c.

FIFTH.—THE IMAGE RESTORED.

The image of God in man was destroyed by sin,—Gen. iii. 10. The same likeness reappeared on earth in the man Christ Jesus,—2 Cor. iv. 4. Col. i. 15. This image is restored to man only in connection with Christ.

* Owen in his work on the Holy Spirit, says: "That our *entire* nature was originally created in the image of God, I have proved before, and it is by all acknowledged. Our whole souls, in the rectitude of all their faculties and powers, in order unto the life of God, and His enjoyment, did bear his image.—*Nor was it confined unto the soul only; the body also*, not as to its shape, figure or natural use; but as an essential part of our nature, was interested in the image of God by a participation of original righteousness."

THE ANGEL'S VISIT TO ZACHARIAH'S.—LUKE i. 5, 25.

This lesson is about an Angel's visit. They frequently visited this earth with special messages, and on special occasions, in Old Testament times. They visited Sodom,—Gen. xix. 1. One visited Manoaah,—Judges xiii. 3, 9,—and others,—2 Sam. xxiv. 17. 1 Kings xix. 5. They did so in New Testament times. An angel visited Mary, Luke i. 26. Peter, Acts xii. 7, and Herod, Acts xii. 23. They visit the earth still as ministering spirits,—Heb. i. 14,—watching over and taking care of those that fear God,—Psal. xxxiv. 7.

FIRST.—THE PERSON VISITED,

Was one Zacharias, who lived in the day of Herod the king of Judea,—Luke i. 5,—about 1866 years ago. This was the same Herod who caused the children of Bethlehem to be murdered, thinking that among them he would destroy the child Jesus,—Matt. ii. 16.—Zacharias was a priest, whose duty in common with others, was to offer sacrifice to God, instruct the people and intercede for them.—When the priests had become numerous, David divided the whole body into twenty-four classes or courses, which were appointed to do service in weekly rotation, so that each of the courses had to attend at the temple twice in the year, for a week each time. Of the twenty-four courses, that of Abijah was the eighth,—1 Chro. xxvi. 10, 19. He had a pious wife named Elizabeth, and they were both righteous. Some individuals are righteous before men; but they were righteous before God—in secret as well as in open day—in their heart as well as in their outward actions. Mary Laidie Duncan tells of a minister who made it a matter of conscience to control his thoughts. Those who are righteous before God always do. Zacharias had no child because Elizabeth was barren.

SECOND.—THE TIME OF THE VISIT.

It was while he executed the priests' office before God, burning incense, which was performed every day, just before the morning and evening sacrifice. He was in his turn in the temple, in the Holy place which none but priests dared enter. This Holy place separated the holy of holies from the court of the people. In it stood the table of shew bread, the golden candlestick, and the golden altar of incense.—On the altar a fire burned, over which the priest held the incense; which as it was consumed filled the air with fragrance. The angel appeared standing on the right side of the altar of incense; and when Zacharias saw

him, he was troubled and afraid,—Luke i. 11, 12.

If a good man like Zacharias, while engaged in performing his duties in the temple, was afraid at the appearance of an angel; what must a bad man feel, when suddenly brought in the presence of God.

THIRD.—THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT,

Was to announce to Zacharias the birth of a son, v. 13. When the Queen sends one of her servants to a foreign country on an errand, the object is of some importance. So if the Lord of hosts, the King of kings sends an angel from heaven on a message, it must be of great importance—it must be for an adequate object. In this case the adequate and important object, was to put honor on prayer.—Zacharias had prayed long and fervently for a son. God kept him long waiting; but His delays are not denials. He kept him long waiting; but He gave him something worth waiting for. He gave him a good son, who would be a joy to his father,—Luke i. 14. Prov. x. 1. He gave him a great son. One great in the sight of the Lord, and none else are great,—Luke i. 15, 17.


The Rev. Dr. Judson late in life, remarked that he never prayed for anything but he got it, at one time or another. This is the expression of most saints. If they pray long and earnestly for anything they usually get it, though it may be after long delay, or after they have forgotten that they had prayed for that object.

FOURTH.—THE RESULT OF THE VISIT.

It drew out Zacharias' unbelief. He had prayed for a son, and though God sent an angel from heaven to earth, to assure him that his prayer was heard, he was not satisfied—he wanted a sign. He forgot the example of Abraham, who took God at His word against probability,—Rom. iv. 18, 21,—and God rebuked his unbelief, by smiting him with dumbness for a season. "Without faith it is impossible to please God,"—Heb. xi. 6. Learn 1st,—Like Zacharias to be righteous before God.

" 2nd,—Like him to pray for what you want.

" 3rd,—Unlike him, believe whatever God tells you whether you understand it or not.

 He that wants love to his brethren, wants one of the sweetest springs from whence assurance flows. A greater hell I would not wish any man, than to live and not to love the beloved of God.

Scraps of Good News.

1.

The Christian Medical Society of London was formed seven years ago, with the definite purpose of bringing Christian men of the medical profession into closer fellowship, and with special reference to the spiritual welfare of medical students, who attend lectures and examinations at the various schools and hospitals in the metropolis. The number of medical students who repair annually to London is estimated at 1200. They form a class which is exposed to peculiar temptations, and up to a recent period, no man has cared for their souls. Now a goodly and increasing number of them are gathered into classes for the study of the Scriptures, presided over by Christian physicians and surgeons.—Those already in Christ have found spiritual aliment and fellowship, while others are brought into an atmosphere of purity; separated from evil companionships, and many of them are led to the Saviour's feet. The writer had the pleasure of attending the annual meeting of the Christian Medical Society. It was a most unexpected and gratifying spectacle—a large room crowded to the doors with medical men and medical students only. There were only two persons present who did not either belong to the profession, or were not candidates for it. The addresses delivered by senior medical men were most stirring and suitable, and a devout and earnest spirit pervaded the whole assembly. There is good reason to believe that there is a rapid increase going on of true piety among medical men in London, and that the scepticism, materialism, and ungodliness which once largely prevailed among the profession are waning fast before the light of a living Christianity.

2.

The promoters of the Midnight Mission movement have resumed their labors, and have recently held another meeting at the Restaurant, at St. James' Hall, Regent

Street, with marked results. On this occasion, twenty-eight of the women present left immediately after the meeting, for the "homes" provided for penitents. There is good reason to believe that many come to the promoters, or to Christian ladies ready to converse with them, after the meetings, and finally and forever forsake their evil ways. Two hundred have already been saved from degradation and misery by this movement, although it was only begun in February last.

The movement for the reclamation of fallen women is being prosecuted in Edinburgh with encouraging success. During the past month considerably upwards of a hundred women have abandoned their sinful life, and accepted the asylums provided for them.

3.

The Famaie Aid Mission employs *female* missionaries for the reclamation of outcasts, and has been much blest. The efforts made for the reduction of the social evil are all leavened and pervaded by evangelical truth and love, and the salvation of the souls of the fallen, and their conversion to God, is prayerfully and pre-eminently aimed at.

4.

The Bible-Woman movement in London has now assumed gigantic proportions, and is spreading far and wide a blessed influence among the most degraded of the population.

Tokens of genuine Revival are not wanting in Ragged Schools, and among some of the *sweeps* we have good reason to believe that a work of grace has manifested its power.

5.

A very pleasing illustration of the progress of home-missionary work has been presented in Glasgow during the month.—The Bridgegate Mission has made such progress in the spiritually destitute district where it has been established, that it was found necessary to engage the City Hall on a recent Sabbath, to enable all connected with the mission to be present at the celebration of the holy communion. The Hall, which is capable of holding upwards of 3000 persons, was quite filled upon the occasion, and the sacrament was dispensed

to 700 communicants. This Bridgegate Mission Church is an off-shoot from the Wynd Church, and is itself ready to hive off another congregation, as soon as means can be obtained for housing them, and providing them with a pastor. Thus, in less than six years, the Wynd Mission Church of Glasgow has given birth to other two mission congregations.

Revival Intelligence.

FROM SCOTLAND.

The revival movement is continuing to attract the attention of all who are interested in the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, and even to strike the attention of many who are living at ease in Zion, or outside the pale of the Christian church altogether. Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, and Mr. Richard Weaver, the converted prize-fighter, left this city on Friday the 23rd November, after holding a series of crowded meetings in churches and public halls, and having been the means of accomplishing much good among all classes of the community, from the highest to the very outcasts of society. A circular, signed by influential members, lay and clerical of the various evangelical denominations, has been widely distributed, calling upon Christian people to unite in prayer on Thursday the 29th November, for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Edinburgh and Leith. United meetings for that purpose took place in Queen Street Hall on the forenoon of that day; in the New Assent-Hall in the afternoon; and in the various churches in the evening. In Glasgow, the movement is still making gratifying progress, chiefly in connection with the labors of a band of zealous young men who hold meetings in various parts of the city, and occasionally (as on the evening of the 22d ult.) in the City Hall. At Dunlop, in Ayrshire, there have been exciting scenes, which have been described as outrageous and profane by a portion of the local press, but which, on the testimony of more competent and trustworthy observers, are represented in a very different light. The singing of hymns to lively tunes, and in places not usually devoted to the worship of God, appears to be sufficient in the estimation of some to warrant outcries about ex-

travagance and wild enthusiasm. The movement is not confined to the parish of Dunlop, but is making progress in Beith, Kilwinning, and other parts of the surrounding country, including Stewarton, where, as many of our readers are aware, a remarkable work of grace took place in 1830, under the preaching of Mr. Castlelaw, minister of the parish, and the celebrated David Dickson of Irvine.

FROM IRELAND.

The following extract from a paper by Prof. Gibson, of Belfast, gives a view of the interesting movement now going on in Dublin and portions of the South. The history and continuous results of the Northern movement are well known:—

The reports from Kingstown having been much circulated in the city, some Christian friends invited the Rev. J. D. Smith, of the Congregational Church there, to conduct a weekly prayer-meeting in the Metropolitan Hall. This he has done for months, with an interest which, so far from declining, is steadily on the increase; and the place is filled at two successive diets every Tuesday, in the forenoon and evening, for several hours together, by an attendance of between two and three thousand persons.— This meeting, however, although it is by far the most noticeable in Dublin, and has been a direct means of positive good to many, exhibits rather than produces the religious fervour of the people. The reading of numerous letters, asking prayer, or giving thanks for the conversion of the writers and their friends, the singing of lively and Evangelical hymns, the earnest and pointed prayers and direct addresses, and the informal, easy, and natural character of the meetings, render it peculiarly interesting and attractive. Those whose spiritual aspirations have found no expression, perhaps little sympathy, in the more formal and regular services of their respective churches, breathe here a congenial atmosphere, and they eagerly throng the place. Ministers of all Evangelical communions are to be found occasionally taking part in the religious exercises, while others, on varied, and even altogether on opposite grounds, hesitate to be identified with the meetings. Whatever opinion, however, may be entertained of such services, it cannot be doubt-

ed that a good work is going forward in the capital of Ireland. That conversions are taking place in greater numbers than usual hitherto, that a deeper seriousness prevails among the people, that ministers themselves, when they are at all in earnest, preach more directly and fervently, and to larger numbers, are facts attested beyond the possibility of question. At the same time, there is no overwhelming popular movement, and there have been no marked or decided "bodily manifestations." There are, however, it is believed, by those most intimately conversant with the state of things in that city, two features of its condition on which the eye of faith and hope may satisfactorily repose. The first is the amount of energy and earnestness that is infused into the various congregational operations, in preaching, Sabbath-schools, and young men's associations. Here it is that the real steady work of grace is being carried on, and the truth brought into contact with the heart and conscience. The second is, the amount of prayer now offered up in meetings held for that specific purpose. "I have a list before me," says a friend, to whom I am indebted largely for the above information, "of fifty of those meetings, most of them unconnected with congregations, and many more, congregational and otherwise, might be added. A gentleman, for instance, throws open his drawing-rooms; the young men of a congregation meet by themselves in one place, the young women in another; in others, the young men of large commercial houses by themselves; and others, an increasing band of God's people, are crying unto Him for the blessing that has gladdened so many hearts. A feeling of expectation of great things grows in many minds, and if the whole movement is regarded by some as savouring of excitement and dissent, it is looked upon by others, and these the bulk of the Christian people, as to be earnestly sought and heartily rejoiced in as a great good from the hand of the Lord."

In some more southern districts there are pleasing indications of a revived religious interest. In common with several brethren appointed to that duty by the General Assembly to visit the south and west, for the express purpose of communicating information in regard to the work of grace in

Ulster, I had, a few weeks since, an opportunity of addressing large and attentive audiences—the work assigned me being in the counties of Wexford, Waterford, Tipperary, Limerick and Clare; and though there did not appear to be any decided awakening in these districts, the interest created, and the sympathy evinced by all denominations in the statements submitted, could not but be regarded as a token for good.

Thus it is that the work of grace is spreading and perpetuating in our land.—This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Our country, so long depressed, has of late years been emerging with unprecedented rapidity into a condition of extraordinary temporal prosperity, and now, by the visitation from on high, which has descended upon her, she has been lifted up into a new position before the nations. May not all that has been witnessed among her people be but the commencement of a mighty wave of life, that shall sweep on in swelling majesty, till it has laved the shores of every continent and island of the sea, and carried as in a spring tide of salvation, the healing waters of salvation over all the earth?

FROM WALES.

There is scarcely a county in the Principality of Wales, says the Rev. John Venn, of Hereford, in which there has not been, in the course of the last two years or so, a work of grace more or less remarkable.

In some counties the work has truly been marvellous and glorious beyond all precedent. In others it has been confined to a very limited district, and left the great body of the people untouched.

There have been no great leaders in this movement, and no organization. No preachers of burning zeal and stirring eloquence have gone about awakening the population. The Spirit of God has wrought in a more unusual, and in, as it would appear to us, a more sovereign manner.

Sometimes a whole congregation has been deeply moved "under the ordinary ministrations."

Sometimes at a prayer-meeting, especially a "united" prayer-meeting, the spirit of conviction has come down upon almost every heart. "The second week in January," writes the Rev. E. Edwards, Baptist minister, at Llanelly, "the memorable week of universal and united prayer, was a season of wonderful power in this place. Two of the meetings

especially were characterized by an influence absolutely overwhelming. So general was the influence of those meetings, that it reached every individual soul; so intense, that the stoutest heart was unable to withstand its searching, melting power! For three or four months subsequent to this, accessions to the several Churches became numerous and constant.

Sometimes in the *Quarry* the whole body of workmen have suddenly felt that they were sinners, and have paused in their work, under an agonising sense of guilt, to cry for pardoning mercy. In October last, two young men came from a neighboring village to work in the quarries of Festiniog. Whilst they were working they were observed to weep.— They were in deep spiritual distress. The following day they kept at their work till dinner-time; but as soon as they had dined (the men bring their dinners with them) they got up, unable to go on with their work, and began to ascend the mountain, intending to pray on the mountain-top in solitude and quiet, till it should please God to take the heavy burden from their souls. A sudden impulse came upon the rest of the quarrymen; every one of them, 500 in number, followed the young men; and soon they were all kneeling on that mountain top; and numbers who had been drunkards and scoundrels till that hour were then weeping and crying for mercy for themselves. They continued on that mountain-top till evening. They then came down to Festiniog, but only to carry on their prayer-meetings in the church and chapels. The whole of the following day, with one consent, was spent by them in prayer and religious exercises on the top of that same mountain. And so commenced a revival which has continued to this day, and which has also spread through the county of Merioneth, changing the moral wilderness into the very garden of the Lord."

FROM THE UNITED STATES.

The *New York Observer* gives an account of a remarkable work of grace going on at present among seamen in New York.— "Nothing like it," it says, "has ever before been known in the history of seamen. It is confined to no locality, but is spreading itself everywhere among the sons of the ocean."

The following account is given of a prayer meeting recently held among the seamen:—

It was held on Sabbath evening in the main audience room of the large Mariner's Church. The church below was densely crowded, and the galleries were well filled.— The Rev. Mr. Jones, pastor, took the lead of the exercises. He said that the present in many respects is without a parallel in the history of religious interest among seamen.—

Fourteen sailors had that day made public profession of their faith in Christ, and had been received into the church. Four of these await the period of probation before coming to the communion. They have established a morning prayer-meeting, which is held daily from 9 to 10 A.M. He hoped that, like the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, it would become a permanent institution. It was an encouraging fact that twelve seamen had become hopefully converted within the last ten or twelve days.

After the reading of some letters, the leader remarked that seven-eighths of the male portion of the audience were seamen, as he well knew, and yet members from our up-town churches would probably inquire where are your sailors?

He would now throw the meeting open for sailors, who would take the meeting into their hands, and no others but men of the sea would be expected to speak or pray.

After prayer, a sailor sprang to his feet, and said: "Brothers, sisters, shipmates, I am a monument of God's amazing mercy and grace. I was a bold blasphemer. Now a new song has been put into my mouth, even praise to God. It is peace within and peace without. I cannot express my feelings."

Another said: "A few minutes ago this meeting was given to us sailors; now we will have it. Let us have it, for we have much to tell of the Lord's goodness to us. The Lord called me, while at sea. Do not say that a seaman cannot live religious on board a ship. It is the very place for him to live religious. He called me on board a large ship. I soon saw that I could do nothing; oh, I could do nothing of myself! The Lord found me in this despair. He seemed to ask me, 'Are you willing to live for me now?' 'Oh, I am willing,' I said. 'Then cast yourself on me.' I cast myself on him, and I carried my flag to the mast head."

Another said: "It is now ten months since I began to love God. I found the way of wickedness in which I was a hard road to travel. I was always in some kind of trouble. I began to pray over my bad heart, and the more I prayed the worse it seemed. I felt that I could not live with such a bad heart as I had; I went and asked the Lord to take it—I could not live with it. Oh, I was such a vile sinner. I begged Him to cleanse my heart in His own precious blood, and he did. Oh, when I felt forgiven, can I ever tell what joy I had; it cannot be told. Now, I go to sea to-morrow; I do not know that I will ever be in such a meeting again. It is this that moves my heart; pray for me."

Another said: "I was one who committed sin after sin, and thought I was leading a very

moral life. But when I went down on my knees and began to pray, I began to find out what sin was. Go down on your knees in prayer to God, and you will know what sin is. The Holy Spirit will teach you what your rotten Morality is, and what a poor creature you are, and what sin is, and he will lay a load on your heart, which he alone can take off."

Many others spoke. When the meeting was drawing near a close, the leader said they would give all who wished to be remembered in prayer an opportunity to manifest it by rising. More than twenty rose for prayer.

The Rev. Professor Hitchcock made a few short, pertinent remarks, and then was closed by singing and the benediction one of the most remarkable meetings of these days, as illustrating the work of grace which is going on among the men of the sea.

Proposed Week of Prayer.

The Committee of the Evangelical Alliance have proposed a week of prayer in the beginning of 1861. We copy the following brief notice, issued by the Committee of the Alliance.

PROPOSED WEEK OF PRAYER IN 1861.

Our missionary brethren at Lodianna invited Christians throughout the World to begin this year with united supplication for the enlarged outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The cordial response to their appeal is fresh in the memory of us all. The earth was girdled with prayer. The sun for seven days never set on groups or congregations of praying believers. Many striking answers to these prayers are known to have been received. Eternity alone will reveal all the blessings which were vouchsafed.

The recent Missionary Conference at Liverpool directed their attention to the subject, and expressed their earnest hope that "the whole Church of God through out the whole world," would set apart a week for special prayer at the beginning of next year; and the promoters of the Conference have communicated their desire that the Evangelical Alliance would prepare and issue an invitation to that effect. A similar wish has been expressed by the Lodianna Missionaries. The Committee of the Alliance cannot hesitate for a moment to undertake the duty to which they are thus called, and they do it the more readily since it is so entirely in accordance with their antecedent practice.

It is proposed that the eight days from Sunday, January 6th, to Sunday, January 13th, inclusive, 1861, should be observed as a season of special supplication. This would leave the first few days of the year free for other engagements, to which, in many cases, especially on the Continent, they have long been devoted; and the commencement on the Lord's day would afford pastors and teachers an opportunity of urging united prayer.

With a view to give something of precision and agreement to our worship, the following subjects are "suggested" for thought, prayer and exhortation, day by day.

SUNDAY, Jan. 6.—The promise of the Holy Spirit.

MONDAY, 7.—An especial blessing on all the services of the week, and the promotion of brotherly kindness among all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

TUESDAY, 8.—The attainment of a high standard of holiness by the children of God.

WEDNESDAY, 9.—A large increase of true conversions, especially in the families of believers.

THURSDAY, 10.—The free circulation of the Word of God, and a blessing upon Christian Literature.

FRIDAY, 11.—A large outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all bishops, pastors and elders of the Churches, upon all seminaries of Christian learning, and upon every Protestant Missionary among the Jews or Gentiles, upon the converts of his station, and upon his field of labour.

SATURDAY, 12.—The speedy overthrow of false religions, and the full accomplishment of the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come."

SUNDAY, 13.—Thanksgiving for past revival; and the enforcement of the solemn responsibility resting on every Christian to spend and be spent in making known the name of the Lord Jesus at home and abroad; Missionary Sermons.

These subjects are capable of every variety of treatment. Union is strength. United prayer, united praise, has power with God, and prevails—2 Chron. v. 13, and xx. 20-22; Acts iv. 31-33. Every day the standard of the Cross advances. Every day new fields of holy warfare open before us. Every day the conflict thickens. The aggressions on the camp of the enemy are stirring up all his wrath. The very successes of Christ's soldiers multiply the calls for reinforcements. Our only hope is in God. Our expectation is from Him. Shall we not arise, and with one heart and one voice call upon Him from whom cometh our salvation? The Lord hath done great things for us, Showers of blessings have fallen on many lands. There is a sound of abundance of rain. Shall the posture of the Church be that of

Elijah, prostrate in importunate prayer? It was when all the people shouted with a great shout that the walls of Jericho fell. Who will refuse to raise the voice of supplication? The last words of the Son of Man reverberate through Christendom, "Surely I come quickly." Who will respond, "Amen. Even so: come Lord Jesus."

C. E. EARDLEY, Chairman.

Change Carriages.

Riding one day from the Waterloo Station to Kingston-on-Thames, on the train stopping at Wimbledon, the porter called out, 'Change here for Croyden!' upon which there arose a bustle and confusion, as the passengers eagerly left the carriages to take their seats in those which were to carry them to their destined station. As soon as our train moved onward, my thoughts began to move likewise; I thought how many are there who will one day have to change carriages, or else lose heaven. There I see a venerable-looking gentleman comfortably seated in a carriage called 'Self-righteousness.' He imagines it will carry him across the river of death, and put him down just inside the city of Paradise; but, alas! how deceived is he; for instead of reaching heaven, he is travelling to hell. He must *change carriages*, for none other carriage save that which is called 'CHRIST'S RIGHTEOUSNESS' goes all the way to that city which hath for its maker God.

What a goodly crowd there are in that train called 'Ordinances!' Let me look in the carriages. There is one called 'Regular attendance at church on Sunday'; it is a first-class carriage. How nicely the seats are cushioned; what beautiful easy springs it has. 'Guard, where is that train going?' 'To 'Respectable City,' sir.'—'But those nicely-dressed people expect they are going to the city called SALVATION?' 'This train is not going there, sir; they will have to *change carriages*.—

'Broken Heart' train is the one they must ride in.' 'Tis not a regular attendance at church or chapel, dear reader, that will save you; 'tis a heart broken by a sense of sin, and healed by Jesus.

But let us look in the second-class carriage; it is called 'Baptism and the Lord's Supper.' How many are there here who are travelling in the wrong carriage, for they imagine they are right for heaven because they have attended to the outward sign, whereas they must *change carriages*; for outward signs, without inward grace, are in themselves useless. Ah, ye poor misguided travellers, *change carriages*; get in that one called '*Repentance and Faith*,' or else at your journey's end you will find yourselves lost.

'This way, sir; this way for third class passengers; there, that's the carriage, sir, it says on it, 'Forms and ceremonies.' 'Is it going to heaven, guard?' 'No, sir; it goes no farther than the river called Death.' 'How am I to get across the river?' 'You must *change carriages*; get in on the other line, called 'The Narrow Way to Life Eternal; our company has no connection with that.' Ah, my friends, if you remain in that carriage of 'Formality,' or that one of 'Good Works,' you will surely reach the city of Destruction. Oh, be persuaded to *change carriages*.

'Excursion train! this way for the excursion train!' 'Where to?' 'To hell, sir, unless they change carriages.' Yes, ye giddy men and women, seated so comfortably in the carriage of 'Carelessness,' ye are on your way to HELL. There is no escape unless you repent of your sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; then you shall be saved. 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'

And now, dear reader, let me address thee personally on this all-important matter. On which *line* art thou journeying? In which *carriage* art thou seated? There are but two lines, and one of them you must journey on. The one called 'The Broad Line' leadeth to destruction; it is a 'through line' to hell; no passenger remaining thereon can escape; lost, lost, for ever lost, must be his doom. This line is *apparently* a pleasant one; it seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof is destruction. Sin has its *fancied* enjoyments; but

who would feel safe, however pleasant the road might be, if he was being hurried onward to a precipice over which he was to be cast? Yet thus it is with all those who are on 'The Broad Line,' for them hell is open, and into it they must be cast. There is much *companionship* to be found on this line; many have taken tickets, and are now bound for the same destination; but what pleasure can there be in the society of the many, if a pit is yawning for all.— Yet this is the condition of those who are still carelessly riding in the carriages of sin, on the broad line of destruction. O ye heedless travellers, be ye warned; *change carriages*, I beseech you. Speed your way across yonder to that other line called 'The Narrow Line,' but which runneth to life eternal; it is a 'through line' to the city of 'Salvation.' Go, *repent* of your sinfulness in riding on the broad line so long. Ask for a ticket called 'Faith,' with that in your hand enter the carriage called 'Promise,' and you are safe. No fear of collision or mishap; you are safe for heaven and happiness.

All who are travelling to destruction are willfully doing so; they are each and all responsible for their journey; they have voluntarily entered the carriage knowing that its destination is death. '*THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.*' All who are journeying to life, eternal life, are doing so by the pure, free, unmerited mercy of God as displayed in Christ Jesus. '*THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE.*'

Dropping the figure, let me now write plainly. Men, brethren, and fathers, ye are all sinners; ye have fallen in Adam, your first parent, and do inherit his nature. Ye have sinned actually in your daily life and conversation. God's holy word declares, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God;' therefore I ask you to consider *where* you are; *what* you are; *what* you are *doing*; and *where* you are *going*. Put not these questions off, but seek truthfully in the light of Scripture to reply to them. If your reply should cause you uneasiness and disquietude, then let me tell you, that though you are a sinner actually and by nature, yet that *Jesus is the Saviour of all who believe*. If you believe, Christ died for you, you shall never die; Christ and

was punished for you, and you shall never be punished. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Jesus says, 'Him that *cometh* to me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, *all ye ends of the earth.*' 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin.' 'WHOSOEVER WILL, let him take of the water of life FREELY.' 'HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH, COME!'

The Orange Boy.

"Very fine oranges indeed!" said Mr. Warner, to himself, as he saw the golden fruit peeping from his handkerchief. 'Nice curly-headed boy, too; looked poor,—is poor, I dare say; I wish I'd given him more than I did; pretty boy!'

O sir, if you please!—sir, if you please!

What panting voice was that? whose hurried footsteps? Mr. Warner stood still, and then turned his portly person,

"Why! it's the little orange boy again. Well, my lad?"

"O sir, did you know you gave me a gold piece, sir; I didn't see it among the bright pennies; here it is, sir."

The merchant stood confounded.

"A gold piece eh?—and you have brought it back, eh? Really took the pains to run after a stranger, who might have plenty of such things, and never miss one piece. What did you do that for, boy, eh?"

The child hung down his head, for the man spoke with a sharp voice.

"I thought it was right; sir," he said very low, half abashed.

"Well—yes—of course it was right; of course it was. But I wonder where there's one orange boy in ten would do it? Who told you it was right?"

"My mother, sir. She never lets me keep anything that isn't my own. She says God would be angry with me."

"Your mother—yes. So my mother taught me, or I should have grown up a world-fearing and unbelieving man," muttered the merchant to himself. "I didn't really think there was such honesty in all the great city," he added a little louder.—"Come, my boy, I'm going to see your mother," he said; "just lead the way, little hero!"

Johnie Macfarlane—for that was his name—felt his cheek glow, and yet he could not tell why. Did the man mean to praise or blame him? How queer he was! pleasant yet stern; and not exactly a Christian after his mother's stamp. He was so glad to see his mother, standing in the little shop, that he sprung in, and placing his basket on the floor clung to her dress. The good woman looked up in astonishment and some dread. Of what had her darling boy been guilty? "What has he been doing, sir?" she asked.

"Doing, madam, doing," said the strange gentleman; "he's been doing what I never believed any boy would do to me, he actually returned me a gold piece given him by mistake. Now, I wish to know if that is the way you train your children?"

"Yes, sir, she said promptly, smiling on the little boy. "Johnie never would have come home with what he did not come honestly by, I bring him up in the bible sir."

"You do, you do? Well, just keep on, my good woman; give him plenty of the Bible, and the day he's twelve years old, I'll take him into my counting-room, and make a man of him. I promise you I'll look out for Johnie."

He did look out for Johnie, as God put it into his mind to do; and to day the lad, now a young man, can say with truth, as he points to his own prosperous business, "I honored God, and God has fulfilled his promise by honoring me.

Even in this way the Almighty sometimes shows that it is the best and the safest way to do right and keep his holy commandments.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Once in a happy home, a bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice the eldest said, "Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill; now, mother, "who took her on the other side?" "On the other side of what Alice?" "On the other side of death! who took the baby on the other side, mother; she was so little she could not go alone; "Jesus met her there," answered the mother. "It is He who took little children in His arms to bless them, and said, "Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!" He took the baby on the other side."

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