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THE GOOD NEWS:

A SEMI-MONTHLY UNDENOMINATIONAL RELIGIOUS PERIODICAL.

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CONTENTS :

THE GOOD SAMARITAN. By Rev. J. Derham Smith,....	365	Pride in Dress,.....	368
The Right End of the Skein,....	368	A Converted Indian,.....	368
Four Questions,.....	369	The Bible the Charter of Social Liberty,.....	389
"I'll think of it,".....	370	Evening Questions,.....	390
Motives to Liberality in the Missionary Cause,.....	370	Christ's Righteousness,.....	360
Preach Christ Crucified,.....	370		
Indolence in Prayer,.....	371	POETRY.	
"But if not?".....	373	The Sea of Galilee,.....	387
Our Earth,.....	377	"My Class for Jesus,".....	394
THE ACCEPTED TIME. By Rev. Thomas Wardrope, Ottawa,....	378	A New Heart,.....	396
The Canker "Discontent,"....	381	The Unseen Loved One,....	392
Rest for the Weary—but not now,.....	383		
"That I may know Him,"....	384	SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.	
The Study of the Truth,....	385	Hannah,.....	391
Condemned, or Forgiven?... 387	387	Zaccheus,.....	391
Death and Life,.....	387		

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.*

BY REV. J. DENHAM SMITH.

Dear Friends.—I have often been in France, but I think I never had so happy a visit as this, and I think I have not felt so happy in this visit as on the present occasion. I have you already in my heart; and I should like you all to be in the heart of Jesus, for then at last we shall be all with Him. Shall I tell you who are in heaven? Not the English as such, not the French as such, not Protestants, not Romanists, not Jews, not Gentiles as such,—but sinners saved by Jesus, and they are there, owing all to Jesus. He died that we might be with Him; blessed Jesus! loving Jesus! Oh, if Jesus died for you, what a wonderful thing!

I am going to read something about you all, and something about Jesus—the Good Samaritan. You will see how Jesus meets the sinner, and what He does for him. “And Jesus answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.” This man, beloved, is the exact picture of the sinner, who by the enemy has been taken, and robbed, and wounded; for what has the poor sinner, who has no God, no peace, who has been robbed by the destroyer of everything man had when God first made him? For if you go out into the street and ask him is he happy, he will say, no. Ask him is he ready to die, he will tell you, no. But if God in heaven is our Father, and we in the world His children, we should be happy to go to Him. What I want you to know this evening, is something of your ancient happiness, for when man was made he was like an angel; he was like God. Is he now like God? Nay, indeed. He would rather meet any one than God. You may tell if man is more like an angel or a devil. Oh! dear sinner, you have gone far away from God—you do not love Him. Oh! love Him. But no sinner loves God unless he first sees that God loves the sinner.

This man is not only robbed, but left for dead. What is to be done? He had money, but it is gone he had strength but now he

has none; he was a living man, but now he is good as dead.

What are we to do? Oh! there is a priest coming. The priest, according to Moses, represents the law; but what could the law do if it found one of you stealing? it would put you in prison. Law, where there is guilt, can only condemn. So the priest turned away. And it is just as well he did; all he could do would be to condemn.

Then a Levite came by. He represents ordinances—baptism, the Lord's supper, observances. But ordinances could not save him. If you were in debt, and you could not pay your debt, do you think praying would do. No, indeed. So the Levite passed by also, and it is just as well he did.

How is he to be helped? night is coming on, and he is wounded, robbed, and as good as dead. And now he does not know it, but a third person comes—the good Samaritan, Jesus. He came and looked on him.

Well, the first thing which He does is to look into his face, “Ha! my poor man.” He says, “You do not know it, but I will take you out of all your misery, and you shall one day sing my praise, and be happier than an angel.” Says the Good Samaritan, Jesus, “He does not know it, but I will give him all I have, and he will love me: and he will serve me better than any angel.”

The first thing, after looking upon him, is to lift him; and being lifted, he is led to ask, what shall I do? It led him to see he was lost, and to ask *what shall I do to be saved?*—a question which shows that he is not now wholly dead, but really alive.

But he is not in heaven, for he is wretched; and he is not in hell, for he might be worse; he is as good as dead, but he is not dead. A dead fish cannot struggle against the stream; a dead sinner—one utterly dead—never longs for God. You say, ah! me, I don't love God; I don't know Jesus; I have no peace; I am dead. Ah, no! paradox though it seem, the moment you come to know you are dead, you are not dead. And you have no life unless you are born into it. The moment we have life, we are born of God—born from heaven, which now is our home; and we are children of God; and if children, sons; if sons, heirs—heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; God is now our God, and our inherit-

* The following are notes of an Address delivered by Rev. J. Denham Smith, in Paris, at a meeting chiefly of French Romanists.—*British Herald.*

ance; and all this we get by means of the good Samaritan, who gives life. And now, having a life, all our wants are supplied.

The good Samaritan was riding, but he got off his beast, and put the poor man on it. They changed places: so Jesus came down from heaven to earth, and took us so to speak, with Him up to heaven. The good Samaritan changed places with the poor man; and Jesus, who was in the bosom of the Father, passed by angels, came and laid hold on the nature of miserable man. He became a man—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; He took me up, and all believing sinners. He bore in His own Person the punishment due to our sins—He took our place in death. And having died for us, all who believe are saved. He died as an atonement, and we who believe have now no atonement to make. We are as He is—justified, accepted, and seated with Him in the very presence of God. He gives us His life, and His peace: the love which He had with the Father is ours. He changed places with us. “The glory which Thou hast given me,” He says, “I have given them.” And all this is for poor perishing sinners. No wonder is it that we sing, “Happy day!” for we have joy, ah! yes, joy, joy! When He gives us to know something of all this it makes us happy.

But the good Samaritan does more yet. He brings him to the inn: gives him wine; heals his wounds; and pays for all. Next morning the poor man rings the bell, and will pay. But the innkeeper says, “You have nothing to pay.” “What,” he says, “nothing to pay?” “No, nothing to pay.” “What, not for the beast,” (for he knows now how he was brought into the house of wine, and healing, and rest). “Nothing.” “And nothing for the wine?” “No.” “Nor for the oil?” “Nothing.” “Who paid for me?” “The good Samaritan.” “What, when I used to despise and hate him! I would have no dealings with him. I did nothing but hate him!” “True, he saw you were all that, but he said to himself something like this, ‘Ha! when I have restored him, he shall have a harp, and a crown upon his head, and no one will praise me with greater zeal; and if he could not at first find me in heaven, he would go and search all heaven to find me.’” Thus he, the good Samaritan, had a thought also of Himself,—of the joy that was set before Him.

There are many in Paris, in your dear France, like that poor man. But the good Samaritan is in Paris. He is here to-night. Jesus is here. Don't you know, believe, and feel He is here? Blessed Samaritan! Good Samaritan! He is looking down into your hearts. He sees you are unhappy. He sees

you are left for dead. He sees Satan has robbed you, robbed your heart. The world has robbed you; you have no peace, for you know you are wicked; but He is looking on you in love. Do you not seem to see Him? He is wiping the dust from your eyes; and He tells me to give you wine—the gladdening news of mercy; spiritually speaking, I am an innkeeper; this house is an inn. Only imagine a crown upon your forehead, and a harp within your hand to praise the Samaritan. And we shall all praise Him together. All know one language! And one song! O, how blessed even to talk of it. Beloved Frenchmen and French-women, if all this be true, you may be saved to-night. The wine of God's love takes effect at once. This is His blessed wine—the truth about Jesus, which He gives to-night. See how it takes effect. I one day said to a young man who was looking very gloomy—

“What's the matter?” “Ah, Sir, my sins!” “What about your sins?” “I shall be lost.” “Can you read?” “Yes.” “Will you read this verse.—‘All we like sheep have gone astray. Have you gone astray?’” “Yes”—and am very unhappy.—“And we have turned every one to our own way.” “You have turned to your way? A drunkard has turned to his own way, an infidel has turned to his way, but God says, ‘All have turned to their own way.’ He told me, with tears he had.” “Will you read the next line.—‘The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.’ Is that true?” “Sir, may I believe it?” “You will be lost if you do not believe, but if you do believe you will be saved.” “May I believe?” “Can you believe what God says?” “May I believe it?” “You will be lost if you don't.” And that face so long and full of tears, became like the face of an angel, as he said, “I believe.” “Then you are saved?” “Yes.” “And are happy?” “Yes.” “And at peace with God?” “Yes.” He had drunk the wine of the good Samaritan. And the healing oil had been applied. Precious wine! blessed oil!

May the blessed Jesus reveal Himself to you to-night, for think, now, if He bore your sin there is—if you believe in Him—no hell, no suffering, no judgment for you. You are saved. It is the great thing to be saved! We are as Christ is, members of the body of which He is the Head. When He comes to sway His sceptre, we shall come with Him. Or, if He come in judgment, we shall judge with Him; when He makes His public appearance to the world, we shall appear with Him. O, infinite blessedness—to have Him; to be made like Him; to be forever with Him; to be no more sinful, or distrustful, but holy and happy. Wonderful! All earthly stars

fade before thee—Paris is nothing—London is nothing—the world is nothing. The stars go out when the sun shines. Jesus is our Sun, and He will soon in person shine on us.

It affords Jesus great joy to give the wine of salvation. And He is giving it to you now; and you like it, do you not? You say, "Yes, yes." O, how we shall thank Him ten thousand times! How sweet if every one of us were saved, not one left out. Mothers and fathers, the aged, the young, brothers and sisters—all saved. All together with Jesus the good Samaritan in heaven. You would like to be there, wouldn't you? You say, "Yes." "*Quel amour! Heureux jour!*"

Shall I ask you to give Him your heart? No—He takes it; you could not give it Him. The poor man while left for dead,—how could he give his heart to the good Samaritan. But the good Samaritan, on healing him, had taken it. We see this in the history of Isaac and Rebekah. Abraham wanted a wife for Isaac, so he sent his servant to get her, and Eliezer was not talking of himself or of Rebekah, but of Isaac, that he was a prince, and had great riches, and that his master had sent him across the desert to find a wife for Isaac. Eliezer did nothing but reveal the riches and talk of Isaac, that when the damsel was asked, Will you go? she might have said, she had already gone. Isaac had taken her heart; so the poor sinner hears of Jesus; hears of the wine of mercy; hears of the love of Jesus; and he says, O, I wish I had it. And to wish is to have. Yes, to have a Saviour—even one who has taken hell for you, and now hath given to you heaven. It is when we hear it all, we want it all. And it is all a gift; we could not have it unless it were.

The poor man, what had he? he had no money—no love—no peace. But when, on recovering, he heard that everything was paid, he had rest. "They that believe do enter into rest." And love: We love Him because He first loved us. If I give you a book, what have you to do, to pay a franc for it? No, indeed, but simply to take it. This is what you must do with Jesus: just take Him as God's gift; and if Jesus be mine, pardon is mine, righteousness is mine, peace is mine, heaven is mine, eternal life is mine; "this is life eternal to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

It will be a terrible thing if you slight God's gift. But happy, blessed, if you accept it. Jesus is happy, you are happy; and the angels are happy when they see the tear in your eye and the longing wish in your heart. It moves with joy all that great world of theirs when but one soul wants Jesus. If Queen Victoria were to die, all the world

would know it; but angels, I fancy, may not know it; but if one poor sinner seek Jesus, then they rejoice—they have their happiness, in part at least in ours. We who believe shall all meet again with Jesus, when He comes! adieu, beloved, adieu!

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
Oh Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And was it beside this very sea
The new-risen Saviour said
Three times to Simon—Lowest thou me?
My lambs and sheep then feed.

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

Oh, give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threesfold thy love divine,
That I may feel, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both thine and mine.

THE RIGHT END OF THE SKEIN.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Mrs. Morris had passed a delightful Sabbath. It had closed a week every day of which had been devoted to special religious offices by the church to which she belonged, and each day, by its prayers, its sermons and hymns, had lifted her as by successive wave on wave, to a higher and still serener height of religious enjoyment. Seated now in the calm twilight of the Sabbath, she reviewed the week as from some serene height the traveller looks over an evening landscape. Never had she seemed to herself to have risen to calmer religions of the spiritual life. The world of common interests and petty cares—all that had ever distracted or wearied her—seemed to lie far below her feet, as a faintly remembered dream. There seemed no longer to be any trouble she could not endure, any cross she could not easily carry.—The year had been marked with disappointment and bereavement; but now the yearning of bereavement was still; a celestial light seemed to gild even that distant grave over which she had shed so many tears. “Yes,” she said to herself, in a sort of inward rapture, “at last the mystery of sorrow begins to explain itself, and God’s will and my will have become one. This great peace is worth all it cost.”

In the midst of all this peace she was conscious of a sort of shuddering aversion at the thought of Monday. Mother of a large family, pressed with a thousand daily and hourly calls, she felt the repugnance to pass from the serene, spiritual religions of tranquil thought to the coarse commonplace of life. Then, too, she was a woman of sensitive nerves, quick to feel the jar and shock of aught that was jarring. Ah, she sighed, if it were only my duty to listen and to adore, if the worship and services of a holy week like this might be perpetual, if I could be in some serene, calm retreat where selected souls worship perpetually, surely I might almost live without sin forever.

But Monday rose—bright, positive, sharp, worldly Monday—most Martha-like of all days in the week; and with it came burned toast and washy coffee for break-

fast, to the manifest discomfort of the masculine head of the family; and when inquiry was made into causes, came back the message, “Cook says, she is not going to get the breakfast washing days, any more. Them as wants it must get it themselves.”

The second girl in the staff, from whose unpractical hands originated the defective articles, was sure it wasn’t her place to get it, and in general the week was ushered in in as uncomfortable a manner as possible; and Mrs. Morris, being thoroughly discomposed, lost patience, and spoke several sharp words all around;—the celestial peace was broken. The domestic trouble was after a while smoothed over and arranged, but she was vexed with herself, and somewhat vexed that she should be met in the very outset of the week by such a mortification.

In the course of the forenoon came in Miss Martha Bright Body, the general factotum of all the benevolent arrangements and sewing societies of the church, to hold a consultation with Mrs. Morris—and as is very apt to be the case with these excellent people who gather a handful of seed out of everybody’s vineyard, she dropped some grains of strife here and there among her good seed.

“Do you know, Mrs. Morris,” she said, “Mrs. Brown said she thought you hadn’t shown good judgment in buying those calicoes? See and you paid too much a yard by three cents. I stood up for you. For my part, I think Mrs. Brown always wants to have the lead in everything herself; and then Mrs. Simpkins said you didn’t do your part in having the society meet at your house; and I put ‘em in mind how you’d been afflicted, and all that. I always stand up well to ‘em, I can tell you;” and then came another half hour of talk, and the good soul went away, leaving the sting of two nettle strokes to inflame in her listener’s heart.

“Why should I mind it?” she said to herself a dozen times that day; but she did mind it. It came between her and her peace, and often hung on her with a vague sense of something disagreeable, even when she put it out of her mind.

It would seem as if the week, so inauspiciously begun, was fated to poor Mrs.

Morris. Her cook was in one of those early periods to which the minds of most human beings are often subject, and nobody can say why cooks shouldn't be allowed their ill-humor sometimes, as well as their betters; at all events, Mrs. Morris' head woman had such phases, which were only borne in peace because of her general honesty and ability. The second girl, a new hand, was well meaning, but blundering, and succeeded on Tuesday in breaking an elegant cut glass dish, which had come down as an heirloom to Mrs. Morris from her mother's family. Had it been the loss of a child, Mrs. Morris would have borne the stroke like an angel, but as it was only her best glass dish, she thought she did well to be angry, and was angry, accordingly. In short, so many perchances happened, in this luckless week, that when Sunday came again she seemed to herself like some chilled, shipwrecked mariner, who crawls, shivering, on to a rock to dry his wet garments and look about him. What a difference between this Sunday and last!

"How am I ever to make progress in religion?" she said to her old aunt Martha, who came to see her. "I really think if I had nothing to do but attend on the means of grace; if we could have constant Sabbaths, and prayers, and hymns, I might endure;—but one week's cares seem to wash out what Sunday does."

"Daughter!" said aunt Martha, "you haven't got hold of the right end of the skein. It won't unwind as you are doing it."

"Do tell me, then, what is the right end?"

"The right way is to call your crosses and your cares your means of grace. They are better than prayers, and psalms, and hymns, when you take them in that way. Your means of grace this week, have been your servants' ill-temperers; the breaking of your glass dish; your children's needlessness; the little, unjust, provoking little things people have said of you. Call these your means of grace, accept, value, use them as such, and you will grow faster in religion than if you went to church every day of the week."

Mrs. Morris was silent. A whole new vein of thought was awakened within her.

"Now," said aunt Martha, "have you told your Father in heaven all these things that you have been telling me?"

"These things! O, no! It has been my object to keep such trifles out of my mind in my prayers."

"Better let them in, and show them to Him."

"These little foolish things?"

"It seems they are great enough to hinder your peace; to stand in the way of your Christian life; if they can do that they are not little things. Call them your lessons; take them into your prayers; speak freely to your Father of them; look them as the daily tasks he sets you; believe every one of them has an appointed meaning, and no church or sermon can do so much for you. My child, I had not been alive this day, if I had not learned to do this."

Mrs. Morris knew that her aunt had been through the long trial which only the wife of a drunkard knows, and yet the peace of God was written in every line of her face, and these few words showed the secret of that peace. She resolved that the next week she would try and begin the skein at the right end.

Good friend, if your life skein will not wind smoothly, try the same experiment. — *Watchman and Reflector.*

FOUR QUESTIONS.

Stop, friend, and think. Think about what? About the four questions which I have now to put to you in the name both of Christianity and humanity.

1. Is your *family* the better for you? It must be either the better or the worse for you; which is it?

2. Is your *town* the better or the worse for you? Are you part of the salt that is keeping it from corruption, or are you part of the corruption?

3. Is your *land* the better for you? And would you be missed were you taken away? Would it lose a loving, praying, believing man?

4. Is your *world* the better for you? Are you, however feeble, one of its lights? Would the Church miss your help were you away? Would the heathen miss your faith and prayers? WOULD THE WORLD BE POORER AT YOUR DEATH?

"I'LL THINK OF IT."

So replied a Sabbath scholar to the earnest appeal of her teacher, when urging her to the duty of a personal decision to be a Christian.

"I'll think of it!" That is well. All matters involving personal welfare require, and should receive deliberate thought. It is worthy of the interest in question, and of the person whom that interest is to affect. There is a great deal of thinking in the world which is to little or no purpose. But where important consequences are suspended, and everything depends on prompt and careful thinking, he surely lacks wisdom who heedlessly neglects those precautions which may insure safety, and thinks nothing of it. Men think energetically, and even agonizingly, if by thinking they can devise any means to save a few pounds which are in peril. They will think earnestly and soberly when reputation or character is questioned. They will often think passionately and feelingly when their good name is traduced. And when placed in circumstances of sudden danger, burning thoughts will come rushing through the soul, stirring it to its deep foundations. And why should not one who is conscious of possessing no well-grounded hope in Christ, and who believes in the necessity of such a hope, think of the claims of God on the affections of his heart solemnly and earnestly? To think is the indispensable first step. If the attention can be arrested, and the mind led to reflect on its actual condition and its need, there is hope. The mass of men will not think of religion as a personal matter, and so never become interested in it. Oh, if the sluggish dream of thoughtlessness can be broken, and the soul allowed to grasp those themes which fix the mind's eye upon itself, it could not remain insensible.

But what if you *only think* of it. What if the Lord Jesus, when the work of a world's salvation was to be achieved, had *only thought* of it—where had the ruined race of man now been? Were one in a dwelling on fire, and urged to escape for his life, would he *only think* of it? Were one drowning, and besought to lay hold of a friendly rope extended toward

him, would he *only think* of it? In such circumstances one would think earnestly, and act with all his soul. And shall an immortal being, when the character of the eternity before him, for joy or woe, may rest on the decision of one hour, set aside the fervent appeal of a parent, a friend, a pastor, with the cool response, "I'll think of it?" To the dying Saviour's manifestation of love, to the gentle monition of the blessed Spirit, who beseeches the sinner to become reconciled to God, shall only the chilling answer be returned, "I'll think of it?" Myriads have done *no more* than think of it. There is reason to believe that the world of despair numbers many wretched tenants, who during their life on earth would only think of it, and who now mourn at the last that they *but thought* of it. To one such who pleaded for a respite, it was answered, "Son, remember!" Reader, will you be one with them for ever?—*Christian Treasury.*

Motives to Liberality in the
Missionary Cause.

1. *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*
2. *It shall be paid with interest.—There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.*
3. *The example is good to others.—Your zeal has provoked many.*
4. *By it the Gospel is preached to the heathen; for—How shall they preach except they be sent.*
5. *It is to the Lord.—He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord.*
6. *It is pleasing to God.—God loveth a cheerful giver.*
7. *It is like Christ.—He gave Himself for us.*

PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

"The greater the simplicity and earnestness," says Gutzlaff, in his book on China, "with which the doctrines of a crucified Saviour are taught, the more extensive will be the blessings following our labours. Blessings descend from on high, and are given only to those whose sole and all-absorbing aim it is to glorify God in Christ Jesus."

INDOLENCE IN PRAYER.

“Ye said also, Behold, what a weariness is it!”
—*MAL. 1. 13.*

We offer many *dead* prayers, through *mental indolence*. This fact is often forgotten, that prayer is one of the most spiritual of the duties of religion,—spiritual as distinct from corporeal. It is the communion of a spiritual soul with a spiritual God. God calls himself the *Father*, only, of our bodies, but the *Father* of our spirits. So prayer, to be a filial intercourse with Him, must be abstract from sensation. Do we not naturally seek darkness in our devotions? Why is it that to pray with open eyes seems either heartless or ghastly? So, too, do we seek stillness and solitude. Only a Pharisee can pray at the corner of a street. A truly devout spirit learns to sing, from its own experience—

“Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.”

Physical enjoyment is as much a drag upon the spirit of worship as physical pain. We want nothing to remind us of our corporeal being, in these hours of communion with Him who seeth in secret. We worship One who is a Spirit. A soul caught up to the third heaven, in devout ecstasy, cannot tell whether it be in the body or out of the body.

These well-known phenomena of prayer suggest its purely mental character. They involve, also, the need of mental exertion. “We may pray with the intellect without praying with the heart; but we cannot pray with the heart without praying with the intellect.”

True, there is, as we shall have occasion to observe, a state of devotional culture which may render prayer habitually spontaneous, so that the mind shall be unconscious of toil in it, but shall spring to it rather as to its native and wonted atmosphere of joy. This is the reward of practised effort in all things. But who can number the struggles with a wayward spirit, which must create that high deportment in devotion?

True, there may be hours when the mind is alert, from other causes; when the fountains of the soul are unsealed by a

great sorrow, or a great deliverance; when *before* we called, God has heard us, and the Spirit now helps our infirmities, so that thought is nimble, sensibility is fluent, and the mouth speaketh out of the abundance of the heart. Yet such unforeseen and gratuitous aids to mental elasticity are not the *law* of devotional life. In this, as in other things, no great blessing is given thoughtlessly, and none can be received thus. The law of blessing allies it in some sort with struggles of our own.

True, God’s condescension is nowhere more conspicuous than in his hearing of prayer. No ponderous intellectual machinery is needful to its dignity; no loftiness of reasoning, no magnificence of imagery, no polish of diction, no learning, no art, no genius. In its very conception, prayer implies a *descent* of the divine mind to the homes of men; and with no design to lift men up out of the sphere of their lowliness, intellectually. Bruised reeds, smoking flax, broken hearts, dumb sufferers, the slow of speech, timid believers, tempted spirits,—weakness in all its varieties,—find a refuge in that thought of God, which nothing else reveals so affectingly as the gift of prayer, that he is a very *present* help in every time of trouble. He whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, “has come down and placed himself in the centre of the little circle of human ideas and affections,” as if for the purpose of making our “religion always the homestead of common feelings.” It has been debated by philosophers, whether prayer be not of the nature of poetry.—Yet poetry has seldom attempted to describe prayer; and, when it has done so, what is the *phraseology* in which it has spoken to our hearts most convincingly? Is it that of magnificence and transcendental speech? No; it portrays prayer to us as only—

“The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast,”

as the mere “burden of a sigh,” the falling of a tear,” “the upward glancing of an eye,”—the “simplest form of speech” on “infant lips.”

All this is true, and no idea of the intellectuality of prayer should be entertained which conflicts with this. But we degrade the dignity of God’s condescension, if we

abuse his indulgence of our weakness to an encouragement of our indolence. Must we not wince under the rebuke of the preacher at Golden Grove: "Can we expect that our sins can be washed by a lazy prayer? We should not dare to throw away our prayers so, like fools!"

Coleridge, in his later manhood, expressed his sorrow at having written so shallow a sentiment on the subject of prayer, as that contained in one of his youthful poems, in which, speaking of God, he had said—

"Of whose all-seeing eye
Aught to demand were impotence of mind."—

This sentiment he so severely condemned, that he said he thought the act of praying to be, in its most perfect form, the very highest *energy* of which the human heart was capable. The large majority of worldly men, and of learned men, he pronounced incapable of executing his ideal of prayer.

Many scriptural representations of the idea of devotion come up fully to this mark. The prayer of a righteous man, that availeth much, which our English Bible so infelicitously describes as "effectual, fervent," is in the original an "*energetic*" prayer, a "*working*" prayer. Some conception of the inspired thought in the epithet may be derived from the fact, that the same word is elsewhere used to intensify the description of the power of the Holy Spirit in a renewed heart. Thus: "According to the power that *worketh* in us"—the power that *energizes* us in a holy life; such is the inspired idea of a good man's prayer.

What else is the force of the frequent conjunction of "watching" and "praying," in the scriptural style of exhortation to the duties of the closet? Thus: "Watch and pray"—"Watch *unto* prayer"—"Praying always, and watching"—"Continue in prayer, and watch." There is no mental lassitude, no self-indulgence here. It was a lament of the prophet over the degeneracy of God's people: "None stirreth himself up to take hold on thee." Paul exhorts the Romans to "*strive* together with him in their prayers," and commends an ancient preacher to the confidence of the Colossians as one who "*laboured* or-

vently in prayers." There is no drooping or drawing effort here.

Indeed, what need have we of more significant teaching on this point than our own experience? Setting aside as exceptional, emergencies in which God condescends to our incapacity of great mental exertion, do we not habitually feel the need of such exertion in our devotions?—Is not even a painful effort of intellect often needful to recall our minds from secular engagements, and to give us vivid thoughts of God and of eternity? I do not assume that this *ought* to be so, or need be; I speak of what *is*, in the ordinary life of Christians.

Prayer can have no intelligent fervour, unless the objects of our faith are represented with some degree of *vividness*, in our conceptions of them. But this is a process of intellect. As we must have clear thought before we can have intelligent feeling, so must we have vivid thought before we can have profound feeling. But this, I repeat, is a process of intellect.

Yet do we not often come to the hour and place of prayer, burdened by an exhausted body; with intellect stupefied by the absorption of its forces in the plans, the toils, the perplexities, the disappointments, the irritations of the day! How wearily do we often drag this great earthly world behind us, into the presence of God! Is not our first position, often, an ejaculation for the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit? But, in such a state of body and of mind, to acquire impressive conceptions of God and of eternity, is an intellectual change. I do not affirm that a state of intellect is all that is involved here; but intellectual change is indispensable; and it requires exertion.

On this topic, what can the man do that cometh after the king! Let us hear Jeremy Taylor once more. His description of a good man's prayer, though well known, one can never outgrow,

"Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our recollection, the rest of our meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our temper. Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity and the sister

of meekness. He that prays to God with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in.

"For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back by the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the liberation and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and part, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed some time through the air, about his ministers here below.

"So is the prayer of a good man.—When his affairs have required business, His duty met with infirmities of a man, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose his prayer; and he must recover it when his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of a holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven."—*Still Hour.*

Men desire thousands of days, and wish to live long here; rather let them despise thousands of days, and desire that one which hath neither dawn nor darkening, to which no yesterday gives place, which yields to no to-morrow.—*Augustine*

"BUT IF NOT?"

Dr. Erasmus Pointz was the principal of a large collegiate school in an important commercial city.

He had obtained the unlimited confidence of the public; the parents of his pupils were unanimous in their high opinion of him, and his pupils, when they had passed from youth to manhood, bore testimony to the excellence of his teaching—spiritual, moral, and intellectual.

Years flew on. It was a life of labour, but labour loved; and the black became grey, then white, on the finely-formed head of the good Doctor, without his confessing to the infirmities of age, or the effects of "wear and tear" by means of constant work and anxiety.

He had a large family, united among themselves, and devoted to their parents. A happier family circle could scarcely be imagined than that assembled round the hospitable board of Dudley Court, when the holidays had sent all the pupils to their homes, and opened the doors wide to admit poor cousins of far off degrees, whose only claim on the Doctor's Hospitality was their wanting it.

To his boys the Doctor was perfect, so far as that term can be used in regard to men. He was with them the exact pattern of what he taught, and the hope of becoming like him was the highest aspiration they knew.

And his family, to whom he came nearer, thought him perfect. His wife saw no interruption in the flow of his love and tender consideration for her comfort. His daughters revered, admired, and loved him beyond telling; while his sons depended on him, imitated him, gloried in him. The servants were one in the spirit of the house. The law of kindness in his heart extended to all, and he was a master that gave to his servants things just and equal, for he knew that he had a Master in heaven.

He had passed twenty-four winter vacations in Dudley Court, as we have described him, the source and centre of the happiness around him. Some of his children were settled in life; but others remained, for whom much had to be done.

It was on Christmas-ere—the twenty-fifth Christmas of his principalship—that

A superficial conviction brings with it a sense of duty without constraining to it.

he sat in his study alone. The fire was low in the grate, the wax lights on his table were low in their sockets, the room had but enough light to show clearly the Doctor's face, on which there was written, if not "lamentation, and mourning, and woe," yet "labour and sorrow," anxious care, distress, and perplexity.

What! on the Doctor's face?

Yes, on the Doctor's face.

"May I come in, my love?" said a gentle voice at the door.

"Come in! Oh, yes. Certainly, my love; is it you?" he cried, suddenly starting up. "What's o'clock? I have been thinking, and somehow I have sat the fire out."

"You are quite in the dark, love," said the same gentle voice, trying to raise the candles in the sockets.

"Quite—quite!" replied the Doctor, with a sigh.

"And very cold, love, surely; for the fire is out indeed. You forget it is Christmas, and you can't sit in the cold."

"Yes—no—I can't; you are right my love," said the Doctor, as with a violent effort, he roused himself, and began to stir among the fire-irons.

"Oh, it's past mending," said Mrs. Pointz. "I cannot let you stay here any longer, love; if you haven't finished your preparations for to-morrow, you must come now to the parlour, and get a good warm, while Baxter makes up the fire again, and then you can return, but I hope not for very long. We have had none of your company to-day scarcely; indeed all the week we have lost a great deal more of you than we liked."

"My love," said the Doctor, "I can't possibly come yet, for I have a very particular letter to write, and that I must get off my mind; so send Baxter with a shovel of fire and fresh candles, and when I have finished I will come."

"Off your mind! Does anything vex you? I thought something was the matter, you have been so wakeful lately. What is it? complaints from any of the parents?" said the anxious wife.

"Oh, no, no; nothing worth teasing you about. Go, my dear, and send Baxter, and get ready for me. I shall join you soon for a happy evening."

Very reluctantly Mrs. Pointz left him,

and as soon as the door closed his assumed gaiety of manner vanished, and folding his hands, he gazed into the dying embers.

"Strange that such a trial should be sent so late. After working all these years, and prospering, and rejoicing in the fruits of my labour, to be so checked."

Baxter came in to make up the fire, and interrupted him. Very soon, with a bright hearth and well-lighted table, the Doctor seated himself before his ample blotting-book, pen in hand.

That the reader may understand the inward conflict from which he suffered, as he continued to write and erase what he had written, it will be needful to give some explanation.

The collegiate establishment of Dudley Court was not a private one. Dr. Pointz had been instituted principal by a committee of management, and to which he was answerable for the manner in which he discharged the functions of his office. The surveillance of the committee had for many years been quite nominal, so thoroughly satisfied were its members of the Doctor's efficiency and high principle; but then its members changed; some died, some withdrew, and these were succeeded by men of a different way of thinking from their predecessors. At first the alteration was not felt. The Doctor's easy temper and kind disposition prevented him from easily taking umbrage. He acted on the advice he gave, and looked twice for the fault in himself before laying a wrong to the door of the faultfinder. The beginnings of opposition also were gentle; high commendations were given, as usual, at the close of every committee report, though the report contained hints and remarks reflecting somewhat on the past and present, and suggesting future amendments.

"Well, well, it is but a trifle," the Doctor would say. "I am not a man to quarrel for a straw. They shall have their own way;" and the suggestion was peaceably adopted and acted on.

But by degrees the real temper of the new members showed itself. The college had, under Dr. Pointz, become eminent for its religious training; the Bible had stood first in importance with him in forming and reforming all its regulations; and this was generally understood, and had been

approved by its proprietors and governors for many years.

But the new members were of another stamp. They objected that much of the Doctor's teaching and the studies of the boys properly belonged to a missionary college, and that men who intended their sons for the law or for medicine could not afford to have so much time so employed; it deprived their sons of the opportunity of acquiring many things absolutely needful, or at least favourable to their advancement in the life they were destined for.

It was in vain that the Doctor protested against the idea of the religious teaching engrossing hours belonging to other teaching. He appealed to the fruits produced by the system he had followed for so many years. Scholars and men high in various professions and positions had received their elemental knowledge from him; not one had ever returned to say, "I have lost caste, or been thrown out in my pursuits, by having had too much of the Bible or of religious teaching from you." He appealed also to the approbation he had been favoured with so many years by his patrons and employees and the public voice.

The answer was—times had changed, and public opinion had changed with the times. It was well understood that such a system as the Doctor had pursued, although countenanced for so long, must interfere with the prosperity of the college in making it exclusive, sectarian. There were many men of high commercial standing, large means, and important influence, who would be prevented from sending their sons to a place where opinions which they neither held nor sanctioned were to be forced on all the pupils.

The Doctor pleaded that nothing was forced, and that while the time actually devoted to the subject was really unimportant, the subject itself was never so presented as to offend pupil or parent.

All this ground had been gone over meeting after meeting. The arguments of the chief agitator, a Mr. Singleton—who wished to alter the character of the college altogether, to increase, as he thought, its pecuniary returns—were so plausible, so well worded, that the Doctor, notwithstanding all his acuteness and self-com-

mand, often retired from the combat worsted and out of heart. He saw that Mr. Singleton would soon have it all his own way. And there seemed much prospect of this, for all the new members were either decidedly for him, or willing to be led by him, while the few remaining friends of the Doctor seemed infected by his spirit of submission and compromise, and went with the stream.

The whole of the past year had been particularly trying, and increasingly so.—As he had conceded, the enemy had advanced; but on the morning of his twenty-fifth Christmas-eve the climax came in the form of a letter from Mr. Singleton:—

MY DEAR SIR,

It was decided in committee this morning that a Bible class at which all the boys in the college, day and boarders, are expected to attend, shall be discontinued. The committee have received complaints of the interruption occasioned by the same; also of the harshness of children being taught opinions and doctrines which may not accord with the views of the parents.

I am sure you will see the advisableness, therefore, of complying with the desire of the committee that it shall be discontinued—

And am,

Yours faithfully,

W. SINGLETON.

"Now it is out!" said the Doctor. "I knew something was brewing. No doubt *this* is to try me, whether I will remain here or no. This Bible class is the only open protest they have left me of the college being a Christian one; and some of those who are to be admitted next half, if they do not hear the Bible read and explained then, will in all human probability, as children, never hear it at all. *Can I give it up?*"

All day long this question was in his mind. "Can I give it up?"

"If I refuse I must retire—I see that; for Singleton will either bring me to his feet, or turn me out. To give way would be to sacrifice a plain, positive duty. I have given up my convenience, my judgment often, and my pleasures, to satisfy them—him rather; I am afraid I have

gone too far, sometimes. But to abandon this class!"

And the very thought would stir him up to write at once, and decidedly refuse; also to protest against any further interference, and to intimate that his resignation would be the result of it, if persevered in.

"But that is what Singleton wants, I believe. He wants a man here like himself, whose God is the world; he will gladly take me at my word. Well, if it must be so! but I should have been glad to have remained a few years longer, till my children were settled or provided for. Yes, it will be a serious—irremedial—almost—evil to be thrown out now."

And the father and the husband struggled hard in his heart for the victory—so hard that he was won upon to consider again the thing required of him, and to try to give a fair hearing to Mr. Singleton's arguments.

"Certainly it is not a missionary college. I am not bound to the day boys; I can do as I please in my family, with my boarders, and so on." But no—it would not do. He came back to the conviction: "I must not—dare not—give it up, whatever the consequences."

And it was in this frame that he sat, when Baxter left him, ready to reply, according to his conscience, to Mr. Singleton's letter, when a little tap at his study door arrested him.

"Come in," was answered by a pretty little curly-headed girl, his youngest child.

"It's only I, papa—we are so very tired of waiting for you; mamma said I might come and see if I could help you."

The Doctor took her on his knee, and stroked her curls, while she told him that she knew a great many secrets as to the Christmas-boxes that were going to be given the next day, that she had seen his, and that it was square, only longer one way than the other; and it was dark-blue, and three sides of it were gold—and she wouldn't tell him any more, for fear he should guess.

Her father listened and laughed till he almost forgot his trouble; and as she sat on the low stool by the fire afterwards, assuring him she would be so good and quiet if he would only let her wait till he

had done, and go back with him to the rest, his heart failed him.

"Five children unprovided for, and an eminently dependent wife!" He was unmannered, and felt that he couldn't face the danger, and so again he took his pen. "I can demand time to consider," he thought; when Baxter interrupted him, saying that a gentleman wished to see him, and laying a card, edged with black, upon the table.

"Oliver Ridley?" said the Doctor, reading the card—"show him in."

"I'm glad to see you," he said, grasping the young man by the hand, as he entered. "Run, Katie, and take that card to your mamma."

And Katie, not admiring the solemn looks of the stranger, who was dressed in black, promptly retreated.

Oliver had been a pupil of the Doctor's many years back. He had travelled since, having left England on an extensive tour with his brother, and he had passed through severe trial. He had not long been in England now; almost his first object on arriving had been to discharge a sacred mission from a death-bed.

"Poor Bernard!" said the Doctor, "I little thought when he left that his career would be so short. Full of health and vigour—in the very prime and pride of youth, how mysterious are these dispositions! And so he sent me a special message from his death-bed?"

"I must first tell you a little of what occurred to us," said Oliver; "I must, as it were, take you to his bed, and let you receive the message for yourself. Our being destitute of all near relations, bound us, as you know, in the closest union; we were, in fact, all the world to each other, and became more so daily. When he was first taken ill, although anxious for his recovery, I hadn't the most distant fear of the result of the disease. He was always cheerful; we were both naturally sanguine, and his lively temperament was further stimulated by a state of feverish excitement which I did not understand. Time glided on; instead of recovering, he wasted away, I became impatient, and one evening urged him strongly to change the climate again, and have other doctors. He smiled, and shook his head, and then, as I thought,

trying to divert me from the subject, he asked me if I remembered one particular day at Dudley Court, when you gave the morning Scripture lecture, the subject being the answer of Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego to king Nebuchadnezzar. Of course I remembered it; for whatever impressed one of us the other was sure to be made a partaker of (Daniel iii. 17, 18).

"Well," said Bernard, "I have had that strongly upon my mind this afternoon, and I can hear the Doctor's words almost as plainly as if he were saying them, 'That is a faith to be desired which can say, The God whom we serve is able to deliver us; but the faith I would have you aim at, pray for, and labour to attain, is that which follows 'But if not'—the faith that will abide all consequences.'"

"His peculiar expression in saying this made me uneasy. I again urged him to try other means. He listened calmly, and then said, 'Our God whom we serve is able to restore me; we can say that, Oliver.' I said, 'Yes.' 'But if not,' he added, and gave me an unutterable look, 'can you say *If not*, Oliver? I bless the Lord I can.'"

For some moments the Doctor and his young companion were too much affected for words; but when Oliver had a little recovered he gave a deeply touching account of the faith, patience, and holy joy of his brother's dying hours.

"Often and often," he said, "while reading the Scripture to him, he would remind me of what you had said on such and such a passage in the morning class; and it wasn't many minutes before his last sleep, from which I little thought he would never awake, that he said, 'Remember to tell my dear Br. Pointz that I was able to say *But if not*, and that the furnace hasn't harmed me.'"

That night, when the Doctor was once more alone in his study, he fell on his knees, overwhelmed with a sense of his guilt.

"Oh, miserable castaway," he cried out "that could preach to others! Doesn't this show me how I have declined in love, and allowed the world to slide in, and the flesh to have its way! No doubt I have been tested by this trial that I thought so hard, that I might learn my true state;

but God has not left me; he has pitied my weakness, and remembers I am but flesh. He has surely sent me this word of warning and instruction—glory be to his holy name!"

And so, after humble confession, and earnest prayer, and hearty thanksgiving, he rose from his knees, and wrote an explicit declaration to the committee that as long as he remained in his place he would hold that class, which was an open declaration of the college being a Christian college; and if the character of Christianity, so long claimed by it, was to be withdrawn, he must resign the principalship.

"There!" said the Doctor, when he had finished, "if God turn their hearts to what is right, they'll keep me in; and if not, blessed be his name that I can say *if not*!"

But "where is the fury of the oppressor?" So far, and no further, are the waves of persecution permitted to come.

The Doctor's reply seemed to awake his sleeping friends, who started to their feet and declared strongly on his side—so strongly that Mr. Singleton was forced to yield in his turn, for the neutrals were brought over to the side of the Bible by the staunch tone of its upholders; and a vote of assent to the matter of the Doctor's letter, with full approbation of his sentiments, and regret that he had been so annoyed, was carried by a large majority. —*Sunday at Home.*

OUR EARTH.

By the rapid motion of our globe, a person is conveyed a hundred miles while counting one, two, three, four, five, ticks of a clock! A railway carriage, running at the same rate, would travel round the globe in twenty minutes.

It has not been determined whether the earth is a solid body, or a shell; it is too large a nut for our intellectual crackers, and we cannot conveniently shake it to hear if it rattles, nor thump it so as to know whether it is an empty vessel!

If all the planets of our solar system were put together, and rolled into one ball, they would not form a globe that would be one five-hundredth part the size of the sun.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

BY REV. THOMAS WARDROPE, OTTAWA, C.W.

"BEHOLD, NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME:
BEHOLD, NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION."

When the Lord condescends to address us, it is becoming that we should place ourselves in the most attentive and reverential posture. Our minds should be pervaded by a salutary and solemn awe; and the language of our souls should be, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak." Our wandering thoughts and vain imaginations should be called in; and we should seek grace from above, whereby we may be enabled to give heed to the words of Divine truth, as we shall wish to have done, when we stand before the judgment seat of Christ.

Reader, it is the Lord who, in this solemn appeal, calls upon you to attend without delay to the things that belong to your eternal peace. Whatever be your country or your creed, whatever be your rank or occupation in life, by whatever religious denomination you may be distinguished, He speaks to you in these impressive words, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Hear this voice NOW,—while the means of grace are still continued to you.

God has given to you His word. You have in your hands the Bible, God's great instrument for the conversion of souls.—You cannot plead ignorant of the truth, that we are all by nature sinners, under sentence of condemnation, justly exposed to the wrath and curse of our offended God,—and that there is a way of salvation through Jesus Christ, in whom whosoever believeth shall not perish, but have everlasting life. How little soever you may be influenced or affected by the truth, you are not ignorant of it. Unnumbered millions of your fellow creatures are ignorant of all this, but not you. And "verily,

I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."

The throne of grace, too, is accessible to you. All men, indeed, are welcome to the mercy seat; but then "how shall they call upon Him of whom they have not heard?" Now you have heard of God as the Hearer of prayer: you know that the helpless, the guilty, the vile, the weary and heavy laden are invited to come to the throne of grace that they may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. You know that Jesus is the "way" to the Father, and that He is "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." You have been urged to ask of God heavenly wisdom, since He "giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." To you have been addressed the words,—words how precious, yet how despised—"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

And you have also the *Sabbath*. On that day your secular labors are suspended, a solemn pause takes place in the bustle of life, and it is said to you, "Let us go into the house of the Lord." Eternity is hastening on apace; and so urgently do the necessities of every-day life press upon you, that you are in danger of being hurried into the long hereafter, without having once distinctly realized that you are on the road thither. The *Sabbath*, however, is a faithful, although silent monitor, putting to you by its regular return, the searching question, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what

shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" To the eye of faith, how glorious the scenes and prospects which it unfolds! while to the careless worldling it whispers in tones of earnest appeal, Prepare—prepare to meet thy God!

All these means of grace concur in reminding you of the awakening announcement, "Behold, now is the accepted time! behold, now is the day of salvation!" And, on the other hand, Satan the arch adversary of your soul seeks to turn away your attention from it. He puts forth all his influence to make you take a vague and distant, instead of a close and realizing view of eternal things. He suggests to you that you will have plenty of time, lengthened opportunities, for attending to the things that belong to your peace.—God's word speaks loudly in contradiction of this. It thus addresses you, "TO-DAY, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts!" "Behold, now is the accepted time." "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." No attentive reader of the Bible can fail to be struck with the importance which is attached to the words "NOW" and "TO-DAY," in the messages of God to men. But Satan insinuates that there is no need for present reflection,—that death is far off,—that ample space will be afforded for repentance,—"ye shall not surely die."—Do you not, my dear reader, acknowledge and feel this to be the truth? Does not your own conscience testify that you have too long procrastinated? Do you not feel that you have too long put off till to-morrow! Do you not begin to fear that your anticipated TO-MORROW will never come; do you not begin to fear that Satan, in inducing you to put off till to-morrow, has been administering to you fatal opiates by which your deadly slumber may be deepened, your spiritual bondage perpetuated

and the ruin of your soul finally and forever sealed?

To-day, then, if you will hear the voice of God, harden not your heart. Will you turn a deaf ear to the voice of Him from whom all your comforts flow? Shall the God of all your mercies plead with you to receive His best and greatest gift, and plead in vain? Will you who are daily and hourly partaker of His benefits,—you who are fed by his bounty, and preserved by his care,—O will you refuse to be also saved by His free grace? Long, it may be, you have neglected this great salvation.—long "cast away the law of the Lord of Hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel;" yet He stills waits to be gracious,—He is slow to wrath,—He willeth not the death of a sinner, but that the sinner should turn from his way and live.

But He will not always strive. The brightest sun sets,—the longest day comes to an end; and so likewise will the precious season of Gospel grace. Soon shall the pleadings of mercy be heard no more,—soon shall the silver trumpet of peace and salvation have uttered forth its last inviting sound, and the proclamations of grace be succeeded by the thunders of vengeance. The indignation of the Lord shall soon burn in all the fury of Omnipotence against those who, with infatuated perverseness, reject the offered Saviour. Hear from His own word the awful consequences of an obstinate refusal of His grace and mercy: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as a desolation, and your destruction as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish come upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall

seek me early, but they shall not find me; for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord. They would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof; therefore shall they eat the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

Be entreated to reflect upon your present privileges and the corresponding obligations resting upon you. Seek not to stifle the convictions of conscience. Let not any man, by vain words, divert your attention from that which God declares should occupy it first of all. If awakened to anxiety about the things that belong to your peace, there will not be wanting those who, under various pretences, would persuade you of the needlessness of it. God loudly calls upon you, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" The Saviour extending His arms of benevolence and love, declares to you, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "The Spirit and the Bride say, come." These calls and invitations are all earnest and urgent. On the other hand, the enemy of your souls is not idle; no means will be left untried by him to accomplish your ruin. Will you then permit your thoughts to be turned away from the great concerns of eternity by triflers around you,—by those who, whatever they may say, are not in earnest about the salvation of *your* souls, or the salvation of *their* own?"

Do you trust to a distant day? Do you think that some more convenient season is approaching when you will be either more at leisure, or more willing to attend to those things to which God in His word urges you to give immediate and diligent heed! O most vain delusion,—most fatal procrastination! Do you act thus with regard to your *temporal* concerns? When you have an important work to do, do you not carefully select the time and adopt the means most fitted to secure its proper

accomplishment? When you are on a journey through an unfrequented wild, do you not quicken your steps as you see your shadow lengthening, so that you may reach some place of rest and safety, ere the darkness of the approaching night arrest you in your progress, or render your steps more difficult and dangerous? Does not the husbandman use all diligence to get the fruits of the earth gathered in, in due season, ere the harvest is past and the summer ended?

Why then, in spiritual things, should you leave the most momentous of all concerns to be attended to at the most unsuitable of all periods? Why should you leave the work of the day, till the shadows of the evening are beginning to lengthen and close around you? Why should you so act as to have occasion, when the door of hope and of mercy is shut, to take up the sad lamentation, "The harvest is past; the summer is ended; and we are not saved"?

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Earnestly and without delay implore the gracious influences of God's Spirit, that you may be at once inclined and enabled to fall in with the overtures of mercy, for "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation!"

Seek ye the Lord while yet His ear
Is open to your call;
While offered mercy still is near,
Before His footstool fall.

Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego;
And God, when they to Him return,
Returning grace will show,

He pardons with o'erflowing love,
For, hear the voice Divine!
My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine!

But, far as heaven's resplendent orbs
Beyond earth's spot extend,
As far my thoughts, as far my ways,
Your ways and thoughts transcend.

"THE CANKER "DISCONTENT."

BY OLD ALAN OWBY.

Where there is one entirely free from the canker "discontent," two, at the very least, are afflicted with it. The mouth betrays the disease, but its seat is the centre of the heart.

"I wish I had the chance of selling fish, but I haven't," said a thin, half-starved looking lad with a pale face, as he watched the movements of a fish boy, who, with a well-supplied basket, was carrying on a profitable trade, crying out at the top of his voice, "Live mackerel! live mackerel!" I dare say you do wish you had the chance of selling fish, but if you had it would be of little use, for all the chances, as you call them, that you have had have been thrown away; and he who, through idleness, neglects one opportunity of getting a livelihood, is very likely to neglect another. The lad was evidently one of that numerous class of young people in London, who spend most of their time in idleness, now and then getting a trifle for holding a gentleman's horse for him, running on an errand for him, or picking his pocket of his handkerchief, as the case may be. The wages of cloth and knavery are not only small, but uncertain, and most likely the poor lad found it so; most likely it was hunger, or weariness of the life he was leading, that wrung from him the exclamation, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, "I wish I'd the chance of selling fish!" Hardly had the fish boy proceeded the length of the street, before a butcher's apprentice, with a colour like a rose, rode by him, without a hat, on a hard trotting pony, leaning very much on one side, being balanced by a heavy basket of meat on the other. "I wish I was a butcher's boy," said the seller of fish; "it's fine to be him, to have as much as he can eat and drink, and a horse to ride on. Here am I, tramping about in all weathers, hardly getting salt to my porridge. If I clear a trifle by selling a few fish, by the time I've filled my belly, and paid for my night's lodging, it's ten to one if I've enough to buy any more, and then I'm obliged to sell for somebody else; I wish I was a butcher's boy." Perhaps you do, for you were once a butcher's boy; you lost your place

through misconduct, and are not at all likely to get another. It will be better to make the best of your present calling than to render it worse, by giving way to discontent. On went the seller of "live mackerel" one way, and away went the butcher's boy the other, making, nobody knew how, his pony go like a wild thing, scattering the gravel right and left, and striking fire with his iron hoof against the pebble stones. Not long was the butcher boy before he came to his place of destination. Having delivered his meat to the cook at the great gate of the corner house of the square, he was just about to mount his go-ahead pony, when, the hall door being open, he saw two tall footmen in livery sitting on a bench doing nothing. "I should like to try that game myself," said he, in an under tone. "No bad thing, to be dressed up in a drab coat and white cotton stockings, cracking jokes, and doing nothing from morning to night. I wonder what those fellows would think of my life. Up at three of a morning in the slaughter, then preparing the shop, hanging up meat, and riding about like mad till dinner-time; chipping the block when there's nothing else to do, and then called all manner of ugly names, and sometimes kicked into the bargain. I wish I was a footman!" Wishing is but a bad trade, my boy. At one time you might have been almost what you like, for you had a kind father and mother, who humoured you in everything; but how did you return their kindness? Well, they have both been taken from this world, and you can plague their hearts no longer. Leave footmen to themselves, and do your duty to your master, hard as he is, for you may be much worse off than you are now. "I tell you what, Joseph," said one of the tall footmen to the other, as the butcher's apprentice rode away, "I don't think of stopping here much longer; for what with low wages, sitting up late at night, and dawdling through the day on a bench, dressed up in clothes that belong to my master and not to me, I'm sick of it. I had rather be like the butcher's lad that has just trotted from the door, than lead the life of a footman. Look at the butler, how he takes on, and orders folks about, and the money he gets! Many a man would make a better butler than he

as full as he is of himself." "That's true, John," replied the other footman; "I only wish you and I were butlers; but that's a move that will not be made in a hurry, I'm thinking. If my master don't mind what he is about I shall cut before long. In any other line we might get on, but a footman can do nothing." "O yes, a footman, if he be sober, honest, and industrious, can do a great deal for himself and for those he serves: but you, John and Joseph, are not remarkable for any of these qualities. You threaten to leave your present situations, well knowing that at this very time you are in no small danger of dismissal. Act better and your prospects will be brighter. "Were I the master of this establishment and not what I am," said the butler as he entered his private room, "how differently things would be managed. If the squire would be advised by me, instead of carrying himself so high as he does, it would be all the better for him. I have no notion that because a man has money, he is to keep those at a distance that have more wit in their heads than he ever had or will have in his. If I were a squire, I would not be so purse proud as he is." And so, Mr. Butler, like most of the rest of the world, you are discontented with your station, and fancy that you could act better in the situation of your master than in your own. If you cannot bear the squire to be so high and mighty as he is, how comes it you lord it with so high a hand over your fellow-servants? This is, with a witness, complaining of the mote in another's eye, instead of pulling the beam out of your own eye. "I shall never be satisfied till I get into Parliament," said Squire Gordon to himself, as he laid down the newspaper he had been reading; "who knows or cares anything about my opinion in politics? If I were in Parliament it would be otherwise. Here has Sir Mark, who has no wit to spare and still less money, been making a speech on currency, that will get him into general notice. He will be talked of for months to come, while I, who could buy him up ten times over, will never be heard of. I shall never be satisfied till I get into Parliament." No; nor then neither, Squires Gordon. A man who is not thankful, possessing your abundance, would not be contented if he pos-

essed the whole world, and had his own way in everything. "Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." Eccl. iv. 6. "A fine thing to be a member, indeed!" said Sir Mark (as he sat down to breakfast at ten o'clock in his slippers and morning gown), "why a slave at the galley has an easier life than I have. Here I am dunned for money, prosecuted for subscriptions, applied to, for help on all occasions, and expected to get a place for everybody, when I can't get one for myself. It was two o'clock this morning when I left the house, and my head has been full of the debates all night. By the time my coffee has been swallowed, and the newspaper been glanced over, I must be off to a committee. Look at that pile of reports, and that table covered over with letters, notes, invitations, notices, and papers of all kinds! It is impossible for me to look over one half of them. A fine thing indeed to be a member of Parliament!" Why, Sir Mark, should you think so little of being a member of Parliament, after having taken so much trouble to become one? But as it is with the pale-faced lad and the fish-boy, the butcher's apprentice and the footmen, the butler and the squire, so it is with you. Instead of heartily thanking God for what you have, you are greedily desiring what you have not. O for less discontent, and more thankfulness!

* Thus goes on the world, each discontented with his own station, and envying the condition of those above him, foolishly encouraging the belief that in any other position than that occupied by him he should be more useful than he is and more happy. When will men all become Bible readers, and learn the truth that "Godliness with contentment is great gain." 1 Tim. vi. 6. When will their "conversation be without covetousness"? and when shall we all, from the least to the greatest, be aware, with all humility, thankfulness, and joy, that "the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave

himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Titus ii. 11-14.—*From Bible Class Magazine for 1853.*

REST FOR THE WEARY—BUT NOT NOW.

This is not thy rest. The person that is looking for ease and freedom from trouble anywhere in this world is looking in vain. To the impenitent there is no place for repose; there is no peace to the wicked.—They may say to themselves, "Soul take thine ease," but conscience will not leave them at ease; they may try to settle down into a carnal security, but something will disturb their repose; they will find their bed too short, their covering too narrow, or a thorn in their pillow, whichever way they turn something will whisper, "Prepare to meet thy God; turn ye; flee from the wrath to come; lay not up for yourselves treasures on the earth." And when at length the sinner resolves to seek salvation, he will not succeed if he attempts it in an easy, careless way; only by striving—agonizing can he enter in at the strait gate. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.

Nor have his labors ceased when he has entered the gate into the narrow way. True, that ugly burden falls off at the cross, and he begins to have a peace of conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost, but he is not yet within the holy city, and until he arrives there he is a pilgrim with all the narrow road to travel, with snares and dangers on either hand against which he must every moment be upon his guard, walking circumspectly. He is a soldier on a warfare, and cannot be crowned till the victory is won; he is in a race, and must run with patience till the goal is reached. Unsubdued lusts will ever be rising up; with these he must wrestle—he must keep them under; Satan's emissaries will assault him, others will lurk near his path to watch for his halting; therefore on almost every page of his guide-book are exhortations to watch, to be sober and vigilant, to pray always, to put on the whole armor.

Mariners on the ocean may never for an hour or minute omit their care; not

till the harbor is entered, the anchor down, and the sails furled, may they send the watch below and all hands go to sleep.—So the Christian, both in storms and calms, must be attentive, nor ever cease to watch till he has entered the haven of eternal rest.

There remaineth a rest to the people of God; the rest remaineth; but now is our time for watching, for praying, and for working, and for doing good as we have opportunity.

In this world there will always be wicked people to cause annoyance, and we will not be free from them till we reach the place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Afflictions also will try the righteous, and thus must it continue to be till his dross and tin are purged away.

In like manner the church as a body need not look for rest till the second coming of our Lord. It is now a militant church. Wicked men, principalities, and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world are arrayed against her. There is no rest for the watchmen on Zion's walls; they must know when danger threatens, and give the alarm. The shepherd must take heed both to himself and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him an overseer. As it often happens that danger is nearest when external appearances are least threatening, therefore it becomes the sentinels to be peculiarly vigilant when others cry peace. Shepherds must not forget what havoc has at various times been made amongst the sheep by wolves in sheep's clothing; and pastors must remember what is said about those who creep into houses leading captive silly ones, and what is said about false apostles and deceitful workers who put on the garb of apostles of Christ and no marvel, for even Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light; and the hearers must remember that it is for them to be always on the watch lest there come amongst them those who would pervert the gospel, for though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.

Because of all these dangers, both ministers and people are warned and exhorted

by line upon line and precept upon precept. We have such alarms and cautions as these: Awake thou that sleepest; watch and pray; resist the devil; have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness; contend for the faith; preach the word; be instant in season and out of season; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.

When the dragon is finally locked up in his prison, then the church may have rest; till then we must remember who hath chosen us to be soldiers, and we must be careful not to desert or betray his cause.—*San Francisco Evangel.*

“MY CLASS FOR JESUS.”

My precious class for Jesus,
Who did so much for me;
Who paid the price which justice claimed,
In hours of agony.
’Tis little, oh, my Saviour,
That my weak hand can give;
Oh, let me win these thoughtless ones
To look to thee and live.

My weak dear class for Jesus!
Now in their youthful bloom,
Lie shadows he across the path—
Dull sickness, and the tomb.
While life is in its morning,
And bright things cluster nigh,
May these immortal souls lay up
Their treasures in the sky!

My whole dear class for Jesus!
Oh, let not one be lost,
When Calvary was the fearful sum
— Their wondrous ransom cost.
One little step may sever
The parting veil away,
And forms that now are glad and fair,
To-morrow may be clay.

For Jesus! Oh, for Jesus!
The time is fleeing fast:
The holy Sabbaths hasten by—
Soon, soon will come the last.
O, teachers, toil for Jesus
As ne’er ye toiled before,
That each may bear a precious sheaf
To yonder shining shore.

—*English Paper.*

God sometimes gives men a taste of what he will do for me, and takes it away again, to let me see what I cannot do for myself.

—*Adams*

“THAT I MAY KNOW HIM.”

I wish I had time this morning—time will fly—I wish I had time to urge and press you, believers, onward to seek to know him.— Paul, you see, gave up everything for this—you will be seeking what is worth having.— There can be no mistake about this. If Paul will renounce all, there must be a reward which is worthy of the sacrifice. If you have any fears, if you seek Christ and find him, they will be removed. You complain that you do not feel the guilt of sin; that you cannot humble yourself enough. The sight of Christ is the very best means of setting sin in its true colours. There is no repenting like that which comes from a look of Christ’s eye: the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, and he went out and wept bitterly. So it is not a sight of the law, it is the sight of Christ looking upon us which will break our hearts.

There is nothing like this to fill you with courage. When Dr. Andrew Reed found some difficulties in the founding of one of his orphan asylums, he sat down and drew upon a little piece of paper the cross, and then he said to himself, “What, despair in the face of the cross?” and then he drew a ring round the cross, and wrote in it *nil desperandum!* and took it for his coat of arms. Oh, there cannot be any despair in the presence of the cross. Thy dying Lamb, didst thou endure the cross, despising the shame, and shall I talk of difficulties when thy glory is in the way? God forbid! O holy face, bedewed with bloody sweat, I pledge myself in thy solemn and awful presence, that though this face of mine should be bedewed with sweat of the like sort, to accomplish any labour upon which thou shalt put me; by thy will and in thy strength, I will not shrink from the task. A sight of Christ, brethren, will keep you from despondency, and doubts, and despair. A sight of Christ! How shall I stir you to it? It will fire you to duty; it will deliver you from temptation; it will, in fact, make you like him. A man is known by his company; and if you have become acquainted with Christ, and know him, you will be sure to reflect his light. It is because the moon hath converse with the sun, that she hath any light for this dark world’s night; and if you talk with Christ, the Sun, he will shine on you so gloriously, that you, like the moon, shall reflect his light, and the dark night of this world shall be enlightened by your radiance. The Lord help us to know him.

But I do seem, this morning, to have been talking to you about him, and not to have brought him forward. O that I knew how to introduce you to him! You who do not love him; O that I could make you seek after him! But you who do love him and have trusted in

him, O that I could make you hangor and thirst until you were filled with him! There he is, nailed to his cross, suffering—oh! how much!—for you; there he is, risen, ascended, pleading before the throne of God for you. Here he is: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Here he is, waiting to be comforted with your company, desiring communion with you, paining that his sister, his spouse, would be no longer a stranger to him. Here he is, waiting to be gracious, saying, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Come, Christian, come, let this be thy desire, "That I may know him."

And you who do not know him, and have not loved him, I pray you, breathe this prayer with me, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." O sinner, he is a gentle Christ; he is a loving Saviour, and they that seek him early shall find him. May you seek and find him, for his name's sake. Amen.—*Spurgeon.*

THE STUDY OF THE TRUTH.

"Albert, I wish you to come in now and get your Bible lesson," said Mrs. Worcester to her son, who was playing under the shade of a large apple tree, one Saturday afternoon.

Albert left his play reluctantly but promptly, and came into the house.

"Mother," said he, "do you think it is best for boys to learn what they do not understand?"

"Boys should learn what they do not know, unless they are willing to remain in ignorance."

"I know that, mamma; but ought they to learn that which they cannot understand?"

"Tell me the particular case you have in mind, and I can probably give you a more satisfactory answer."

"Our class is studying 'Romans,' and there are many things in that book which I cannot understand."

"There are also many things in it which you can understand. You can understand the doctrine of depravity which is taught there; that is, you can understand that neither Jews nor Gentiles can be saved by the works of the law."

"Yes, mamma, there are some things which I can understand, and yet there are many things which I cannot understand. Mr. Wells says that boys ought not to be

obliged to learn doctrines which they cannot comprehend."

"Mr. Wells gave a lecture on astronomy in your school last winter, did he not?"

"Yes, he told how large the planets are, and all about eclipses, how they are caused. I know a great deal more about astronomy than I did before."

"You know how eclipses are caused?"

"Oh, yes; when the sun is eclipsed, the moon comes between the sun and the earth, and the shadow of the moon makes the eclipse."

"Can you calculate an eclipse?"

"No, mamma; I cannot understand how that is done."

"If Mr. Wells would be consistent, he must not teach boys the doctrine of eclipses; because they cannot understand how they are calculated. In every department of knowledge, there are some things connected with the truths presented for our study which we cannot understand. This is true in regard to religious knowledge, and it is true in regard to every other kind of knowledge. Persons in a course of education commit to memory many truths which they cannot understand at the time, but which after life become intelligible to them, and of great practical importance. This is especially the case with the truths of the Bible. A doctrine which a boy twelve years old cannot understand, may be clearly understood by him when he comes to be a man."

"Mr. Wells said the practical parts of the Bible should be studied by young persons, and not the doctrinal."

"What is meant by the practical parts?"

"Those parts which tell us what to do."

"Those parts which are intended to teach us our duty?"

"Yes, mamma."

"In that sense all parts of the Bible are practical. The doctrines were given to regulate our conduct. From every doctrine in the Bible some duty is derived.—Take for example the doctrine of the divinity of Christ; what duty does a knowledge of that doctrine teach us?"

"The duty of worshipping him."

"Certainly; and we could not undertake that duty, if we were ignorant of the doctrine that Christ is divine. So of all the doctrines of the Bible. They are pri-

ciples from which we derive a knowledge of duties which would otherwise be unknown to us."

"Samuel Hall said it was time enough for him to study the Bible when he became a Christian."

"That was a very foolish as well as wicked remark. We must study the Bible in order to become Christians. We cannot become Christians without some knowledge of the Bible."

"Do not some persons become Christians who have very little knowledge of the Bible?"

"There are some persons converted whose knowledge of divine truth is very small. Persons whose knowledge of truth is thus small, are very apt to be deceived when they are awakened to a sense of the importance of religion, and are apt to take up with false hopes. A thorough knowledge of Bible truth is a great safeguard against false conversions. I knew two young lads who were both awakened at the same time. One had been carefully instructed in the doctrines of the Bible; the other had been left to grow up in ignorance, according to Mr. Wells' plan. The latter soon professed to find peace in believing. He seemed to be very happy, and very zealous in the cause of religion. Many said, 'What a remarkable case of conversion!' A mother in Israel sent for him one day, and questioned him about the grounds of his hope. She found him ignorant of all the great doctrines of the gospel, and endeavoured to convince him that he could not have faith; inasmuch as he had not the knowledge which must precede faith. He left her in anger, but his conduct soon showed that her fears were well-founded. The concern came to an end, and soon afterwards he was as careless and as wicked as he was before. Indeed, he soon became worse, and furnished another illustration of the truth of Christ's words, 'The last state of that man is worse than the first.' He was led to believe that religion was a delusion. He had been deluded for a time, he said; and so were all who professed to be Christians."

"Was the other boy converted?"

"Yes; but it was some time before he ventured to express a hope that his sins were pardoned. When he did so, he was

able to give 'a reason for the hope that was in him.' It was indulged in view of a clear apprehension of divine truth. It was founded upon a rock, as his subsequent life proved; for he led a life of usefulness, and died in the triumphs of faith. He died at an early age, but not till he had done a great deal of good. Be content, my son, to study the doctrines of the Bible. They are the great truths which God has revealed to us, in order that we may, by the study of them, become wise unto salvation."

A NEW HEART.

Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

Christian, be this a simple test,
Which, in the light of truth, makes known,
As God can only manifest,
Who are, and who are not, his own:

What know'st thou of a heart thus chang'd?
Or is thine what it was of old,
From God and things divine estrang'd,
Obdurate, earthly, stony, cold?

What know'st thou of the holy birth
Of this new spirit, born within?
Is thine still fetter'd to the earth,
The sport of folly, slave of sin?

Trust not a name, what'er it be,
If still thy nature be the same:—
The faith which wins no more for thee
Will prove, indeed, an empty name.

Turn inward to the work afresh,
Waiting and watching unto prayer;
That thou may'st know a heart of flesh
Thy stony one supplanting there.

Humbly implore, for Jesus' sake,
Whose name is yet with power endued,
That through His grace thou may'st partake
A spirit livingly renew'd.

No outward homage of the lip
Can Christian fellowship impart;
The badge of true discipleship
Is change of spirit, and of heart.

Bernard Barton, P. L.

If the often conversing with wise men
doth so teach and advance the soul in
wisdom, how much more then will con-
verse with God in frequent prayer.

CONDEMNED, OR FORGIVEN!

Who are you, and whose are you!

There are only two classes of persons in the world, the righteous and the wicked. We know that all who have died have either gone to hell because they did not believe, or have gone to heaven as the result of grace. A man must be either dead or alive. There is no neutral ground. Saved or unsaved you are, reader, at this moment. Think not to halt between two opinions. For the most part those who are said to be halting between two opinions are really of one opinion: they do not intend to serve the Lord, but they say in their hearts, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice!" Now, with a sincere desire for your good, I beg you to do me his favour—Will you spend a little time alone, perhaps this evening; take a paper and pencil, and after you have honestly and fairly thought on your own state, and weighed your own condition before the Lord, will you write down one of two words: if you feel that you are not a believer write down this word,—"*Condemned*;" and if you are a believer in Jesus, and put your trust in him alone, write down "*Forgiven*." Do it even though you have to write the dreary word *Condemned*. We lately received into Church-fellowship a young man, who said—"Sir, I wrote down the word '*Condemned*,' and I looked at it; there it was; I had written it myself—'*Condemned*.' As he looked the tears began to flow, and his heart began to break; and ere long he fled to Christ, put the paper in the fire, and wrote down "*Forgiven*." This young man was about the sixth who had been brought to the Lord in the same way, and there have been several since. So I pray you try it, and God may bless it to you. Remember you are either condemned or forgiven. Do not hope to stand between the two. Let the matter be decided; and remember if you are condemned to-day there is hope yet. Blessed be God, still is Christ lifted up, and whoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. The gate of mercy is not closed; the proclamation of pardon is not hushed; the Spirit of God still goeth forth to open blind eyes and to unstop deaf ears; and still is it

preached to you—to every creature under heaven—"Whoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life: he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." Believe. God help you to believe. Trust Jesus; trust him now; and may the Lord grant that your name may be found written in the Lamb's book of life.—*Spurgeon*.

DEATH AND LIFE.

The advances of age, the decline of health, the frailty of the body, the dejection of the spirits, the wavering mind, the unfaithful memory; do not these warn us of the change that awaits us! when the companions of our youth are removed from our sight, when a new generation rises around us, when the particular services appointed us seem at an end, when others are prepared to take our place and fill our office, when our powers fail and our courage droops; is it not time to anticipate our departure, and to stand prepared to welcome it! Such circumstances are intimations that "this is not our rest," and premonitions of the time of reckoning; and, whether the event be close at hand or at a little distance, they fitly serve both to quicken the preparation and excite the desire of the dutiful servant who waits expecting his Lord.

It is not death, but *life*, that he dreads. O life! I tremble at the prospect of thy troubled scenes, thy perplexities and toils, thy sorrows and pains, thy bewitching allurements and strong temptations. "I would not live always, for my days are vanity." "Is there not an appointed time? I am a servant that earnestly desires the shadows of the evening; as an hireling that looketh for his reward." "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" fulfil Thy promise, that "where Thou art, there shall Thy servant be." The day of my death is that in which I shall hear the blessed announcement, "To-day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." And what blessedness is this—to be *with Christ*, safe in His arms, comforted with His love, satisfied with His image, participating with Him in all His happiness and glory! For then that prayer shall be fulfilled, "I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one." Such

were the feelings of Jacob when he said, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord." Such were the feelings of Stephen, when, smiling under murderous stones, he said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." As the infant smiles fearless into sleep on the bosom of its nurse, so may the believer repose his spirit on the mercy of his Saviour. As the incense rising from the censer directs its perfume towards heaven, as the fire quivering on the altar points to the skies, so shall his spirit, dismissed from this mortal tabernacle, ascend to the bosom of his Father and his God. Take courage, ye that believe in Jesus; death can have no power over you; that last enemy shall be destroyed. And ye that mourn the departure of believing friends, you "sorrow not as those that have no hope; for them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him." "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—*From manuscripts of Dr. Henry Grey.*

PRIDE IN DRESS.

A FABLE.

A little boy and girl were once seated on a flowery bank, and talking proudly about their dress. "See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got; what a fine blue jacket and trousers; and what a nice pair of shoes; it is not every one who is dressed so finely as I am."

"Indeed, sir," said the little girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you; for I have on a silk hat and petticoat, and a fine feather in my hat; I know that my dress cost a great deal of money." "Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I know."

"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling near in the hedge; "you have neither of you any reason to be so proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think but meanly, before they were put upon you. Why, that silk hat first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, Miss, what do you say to that?" said the boy,

"And the feather," exclaimed a bird perched upon a tree, "was stolen from or cast off by one of my race."

"What do you say to that, Miss?" re-

peated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds, nor worms."

"True," said a sheep grazing close by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were yours; and as for your hat, I know that the beavers have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends, the calves and oxen in that field, were killed, not merely to get their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins to make your shoes."

See the folly of being proud of our clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them; and even then we could not use them if God did not give us the wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit to wear, and the means of procuring them for our comfort. — *Coburn.*

A CONVERTED INDIAN.

"I understand," said John Sunday, the converted Indian chief, to a congregation which he was called to address at Plymouth, in the year 1837, "that many of you are disappointed, because I have not brought my Indian dress with me. Perhaps if I had it on, you would be afraid of me. Do you wish to know how I dressed when I was a pagan Indian? I will tell you. My face was covered with red paint. I stuck feathers in my hair. I wore a blanket and leggins. I had silver ornaments on my breast, a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping-knife in my belt. That was my dress then. Now do you wish to know why I wear it no longer? You will find the cause in second Corinthians, fifth chapter, and seventeenth verse: 'Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are done away; behold, all things are become new.' When I became a Christian, feathers and paint 'done away.' I gave my silver ornaments to the mission cause. 'Scalping-knife, 'done away.' tomahawk 'done away.' That is my tomahawk now," said he, holding up, at the same time, a copy of the Ten commandments, in the Ojibwa language. "Blanket 'done away.' Behold," he exclaimed, in a manner in which simplicity and dignity of character were combined, "Behold all things are become new!" — *Alder's Wesleyan Mission.*

THE BIBLE THE CHARTER OF SOCIAL LIBERTY.

Each well ordered family is a little kingdom in itself. The husband, the father, is the little king; the mother is the little queen; the children and the servants (if there be servants) are the subjects. If you would cherish true liberty, you must cherish it at the fireside; you must nourish it in the little sacred inclosure of home.—The way to have a free people, is to have free families,—to train them up in proper order and subordination; and then the aggregate of such families constitute the strength and safety of the nation, and become the guardians of her freedom. If the father—the husband—is a tyrant, and not a wise and gentle ruler; if the mother is a scold and a slattern, instead of being a pattern to her children, and ordering all things for their good, and rendering to the husband the proper submission in the Lord, that is due to him; if the little family be torn by dissensions, and divided into parties; if there be reckless insubordination, on the one hand, or dark unreasoning tyranny on the other,—then you so far mar the liberty of the nation by marring the liberty of the social circle.

And what sad pictures of domestic life we find in many a land where the Word of God is unknown! How the husband lords it; how the wife oftentimes resists, where her happiness should be to yield; how the child, following the example of the parents, turns the little home, that ought to be a scene of order and harmony, into a scene of disquiet, dissension, and anarchy! How sad it is, that often in our own beloved land it should be so!

Think of it, parents; think of it, children: anarchy is not liberty. Liberty is freedom to do right,—but anarchy is an attempt at freedom to do wrong.

It is not, however, the fault the Blessed Book,—the charter of our liberties,—if there be not domestic liberty; for how beautifully does the Bible enter into the little home-circle, and give forth its oracles and its laws for the guidance and the direction of the whole in the various relationships of each to each, and of the whole to every member! How beautifully does it balance the relative duties, and regulate the relative powers! How beautifully does it order that all shall be according to strict equity, and the fulfilment of the law of love!

Let parents follow the instructions of the Word of God, and, so far as they are followed in the domestic circle, there will be beautiful liberty to all that desire to do right, and none will oppress and wrong the other.—

There is the safeguard of the duty of parents.

And on the other hand, how plain is the instruction to the children, that they should remember their duty to their parents: "Children obey your parents, as is fit in the Lord." See how happily there is put in the restriction, *in the Lord*. The Father of All is paramount to the earthly father. The child is to obey his parents in all things, in which he does not disobey the Lord,—and, until the child is able to exercise his conscience, unquestioning, unhesitating submission is the ordinance of heaven for the happiness of the household.

Then again, how excellently the Word of God guides and directs the husband and the wife: "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them; giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life, that your prayers be not hindered." "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord." Obedience there must be where there is liberty. There can be no true liberty without obedience. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that licentiousness is liberty; it is tyranny—the worst kind of tyranny. If there is no subordination, there can be no true liberty. The wife, therefore, must obey in all things—lawful, *in the Lord*. There is the check,—there is the governor, as we call it in our machines, that keeps and controls the play and action of the machinery, regulating the whole—*in the Lord*—so that the husband may never injure or wrong the wife.

Then, as it regards masters, the Scripture tells them: "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven; neither is there respect of persons with Him." Does not that protect the servant in his rights? Does not that enforce upon the master that which is just and equal? Does not that teach him to do to his servants, as he would have his servants do to him, if he changed places, and he were the servant and the servant the master? Let that law be introduced into the work-shop, the factory, the farm, and at once you have a noble liberty—liberty to the servants to act honestly and uprightly and truly, and to the master to act with fairness, and with love, and with kindness.

Then turn to the opposite side of the balance: "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear, and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men."

How beautifully that would keep the family, in its lower departments, in faithfulness, and honesty, in integrity, and industry!

We see, therefore, how the Word of God obeyed and carried out,—secures the harmony of the family, and transmutes the household from a chaos of disorder, into a beautiful organization of order, and subordination, and peace. Is not the Bible, then—the free Bible—the charter of social liberty in our land? What have we that is lovely in the family circle,—what that is bright and happy by the home fireside,—what have we that is virtuous and loving in the conjugal state,—what that is beautiful, subordinate, and orderly in the relation of parent and child,—what that sweetens labour to the toiling, and soothes the yoke of mastership on the part of the employer, in our own favoured land, but what we owe, directly or indirectly, to the influence of that Blessed Book, which is travelling up and down, preached in our pulpits, read in our desks, studied in our closets, influencing us often insensibly, and acting upon society and preserving it from disorder and dissolution?—*Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A.*

EVENING QUESTIONS.

1. Have I read a portion of God's Word to-day? and if I have, has it been hurriedly, and without meditation; or reverently, and with a sincere appreciation of its preciousness?

2. How have I prayed to-day? Has it been formally, without realizing thoughts of God, without sensible nearness to God; or with affection, fervor, and confident dependence on Christ's mediation?

3. Have I been sensible of any holy motion of God's Spirit in my soul? or have I encouraged or discouraged his gracious visits?

4. Have I longed after God, panted after his manifestations to my soul, and felt that in his favour and love alone could I be happy?

5. Have I studiously repressed evil thoughts, and desired to be delivered from their intrusion? and have I made any successful assaults on my easily besetting sins?

6. Have I been guilty to-day of envy, jealousy, pride, evil speaking, or unkind feelings? Have I returned good for evil? Has sin overcome me, or have I overcome sin?

7. Have I realized my nearness to eternity, and encouraged myself to meditate on, and to seek preparation for death, judgment, and the coming of my Lord?

8. Have I met crosses and disappointments, wrong, or slandering, with meekness and patience?

9. Have I been covetous? or have I resisted the tendency of my heart to avarice by the performance of benevolent and chari-

table deeds? Have I given anything to the poor, or purposed to do good unto all men as I have opportunity?

10. Have my secular avocations absorbed too much of my time and attention to-day?

11. Have I lived to God's glory, or for my own selfish ends to-day?

12. Is it a matter of consciousness with me that religion is my chief concern and the source of my greatest pleasure?

13. Have I been gentle and courteous towards my inferiors and dependants, kindly affectionate towards my equals, and respectful towards my superiors?

14. Have I spoken unadvisedly with my tongue, or rashly judged others?

15. Has the world been in any way benefited by my living to-day?

16. Have I had opportunities for doing anything for Jesus? and have they been embraced? Have I spoken well of Him to any perishing sinner? Have I given away a religious tract, magazine, or book to any one, with prayer for the Spirit's blessing?

17. Have I prayed for the prosperity of the church and the conversion of sinners, and considered all I have as given me for the promotion of the Lord's kingdom among men?

18. Have I felt with increased intensity that I am a sinner, and that my only hope is in Christ?

19. Have I avoided all appearance of evil, and set a holy example before those with whom I have come in contact, fearing not men but God?

20. In a word, have I made any advance in the divine life to-day? Ponder this, O my soul! as in the immediate presence of thy God.

CHRIST'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.—“A lady once took me into her garden, and there there were beds filled with all kinds of beautiful flowers; but at the end of the garden I came to the edge of a steep precipice, and as I stood looking down at the great, black rock beneath, I thought what a dreadful place that would be to fall down. ‘Come with me, Richard,’ said the lady, ‘and I will show you something beautiful.’ She led me round to the foot of the rock, and desired me to look up, and when I did, I could see no rock: it was completely covered with beautiful white roses. Oh! thought I, that is just a picture of a poor sinner; he is a black, unsightly thing like that rock, but the ‘Rose of Sharon’ comes and covers him, and when God looks, He cannot see the sinner, for between is Christ, and He covers him with the spotless robe of His own righteousness.”—*Richard Weaver.*

Sabbath School Lessons.

July 31st, 1864.

HANNAH.

Read I Sam. i. 9-28.

1. Samuel sought from God, ver. 9-18.

Hannah went to the tabernacle, called here *the temple*. It had long been fixed at Shiloh, a city of Ephraim. *Eli sat by a post or pillar*—a place of dignity, 2 Kings xi. 14. He was high-priest.

In her *bitterness of soul she wept sore, and poured out her soul to God, she continued praying* for a son, promising to devote him to God, as a Nazarite, like Samson.

Eli, the good old priest, thought he drunk such prayers seem to have been uncommon, and drunk women too common. Eli's wicked sons were then there.

No, my Lord—prayer had sanctified her spirit; how meekly, yet firmly, she answers him! *Daughters of Belial*—drunkenness is always a mark of the devil's children, peculiarly hateful in a woman. *Spoken hitherto*—her earnestness sought expression, but she spoke inaudibly: expression relieves, and yet deepens feelings.

How gladly Eli joins his prayer to hers! *No more sad*. Her burden was cast on the Lord: why was it not so, sooner?

II. Samuel sent by God, ver. 19-23.

They returned to Ramah when the feast was over.

Samuel means, "asked of God." Hannah recognises God's answer to her prayer most gratefully.

Elkanah was: up—though religion was unfashionable, he observed its laws. *His vow*. He seems to have had some vow too—doubtless, his prayers and vows went with Hannah's. *She went not up*—it was only males that were called on to do so. She was serving God at home. *Until she weaned him*—when three years old.

Does the expression, "only the Lord establish His word," imply a fear lest a mother's love would tempt Hannah to retain her boy?

III. Samuel lent to the Lord, ver. 24-28.

She did not think giving her little boy was enough. She presented a large offering with him. *A bottle, or skin of wine*. *Stood by thee here*. She seems to have sought Eli while sitting "at the post," and, recalling to his mind the circumstances of that, to her, memorable day, showed him the child, the answer to her prayer and his. Imagine the aged priest in his robes, and venerable with years, embracing the little child!

Lent him. God lent him to her; well might she give God his service when she had the

joy. *He worshipped the Lord there*. Though so young, his heart was already God's—doubtless in answer to a mother's prayers and labours too.

APPLICATION.

1. *When unhappy, pray*. James v. 13.

(1.) Whatever the source of your sorrow may be. A little child cries "Mother!" whatever it is that alarms or injures it.

(2.) Tell God *all* your heart—detail to him your feelings and your wants. Hannah "poured out her soul," "what will ye?" Matt. xx. 33; Hezekiah, Isa. xxxvii. 14.

(3.) Trust He will answer for Christ's sake, and you shall be *no more sad*. Phil. iv. 6, 7. It will lighten the heart and brighten the countenance.

2. *God never misunderstands his children*. Men do not know either how bad or how good you are! God did not mistake Hannah. Do you love to think God knows you so well? Peter, John xxi. 17.

3. *God's gifts are blessings when devoted to his service*. Samuel was all the more dear to his mother that he was serving God—our all is God's. If you use anything as your own to do with as you please, you rob God. They cast their crowns at the feet of Christ, Rev. iv. 10. Give God *the glory*, and you will get *the good* of his gifts, 1 Chron. xxix. 14-16.

SUBORDINATE LESSONS.

1. Ministers and teachers, though good, often make great mistakes—do not blindly trust them.

2. Drunkards shall not enter heaven. They may hide from men their sin, go to church and pretend to pray, but God knows them.

3. Seek to train the young to serve God—a young heart is a precious offering to Him. How much good one thoroughly trained may do! Samuel. Pray for them as Hannah prayed.

4. Prize a mother's prayers—they are a rich inheritance.—*Edin. S. S. Lessons*.

August 7th, 1864.

ZACCHEUS.

Read Luke xix. 1-10.

I. What happened on the road, ver. 1-6.

Jesus passed through Jericho. Though Jericho was a city of priests, Jesus found no hospitable rest there, but proceeded on towards Jerusalem.

The chief among the publicans. The publicans were a set of middlemen who raised the taxes from the people, and paid them to the Romans. They could be, and often were,

very oppressive and unjust in their actions. Zaccheus was "chief," either by office or by his wealth. *Sycamore tree*, a kind of fig-tree. We do not know Zaccheus' motives in seeking to see Christ. He was very anxious to do so. How astonished Zaccheus would be when he found Christ knew him by name, and intended to stay with him that night. *He made haste*, ran forward to his house, which evidently was on the road, and, opening its doors, received Christ joyfully.

II. What happened at Zaccheus' house, ver. 7-10.

It was probably with these words Christ was welcomed, "Behold, Lord," &c. How suitable! how sweet to Christ the voice of a repenting sinner! Zaccheus was charitable and he was just. "If I have taken" cannot be viewed as a defiant boast of his innocence of such extortion; it was a fault very common among the publicans; see Luke iii. 13. To him Christ addressed the cheering words, "This day is salvation come to this house."

The Jews murmured. Publicans were always ranked as sinners. To the Jews probably Christ addressed the words "for inasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham," "for the Son of man," &c. He has Abraham's faith; and if he is a sinner, it was to such I came.

APPLICATION.

1. *How ready Christ is to encourage any inquirer; any one who wishes to see Him!* He fixed His eye on Zaccheus, though, perhaps led by little more than mere curiosity to seek Jesus. He taught His angels to watch over such returning sinners, Luke xv. 7. "I know ye seek Jesus," Matt. xxviii. 5. God rejoices over such; the father of the prodigal, Acts ix. 11. Are you an anxious inquirer? Seek Christ till you find Him. The wise men.

2. *Christ seeks to save the lost.* How hard to save "a rich man," yet here Christ saves "a rich man"—"a publican" and a thief, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11. Are you still "lost," or has Christ found you? He says to each, "this day I will abide" with you; dare you refuse? Rev. iii. 20.

3. *When Christ enters a heart, sin is cast out.* Christ and Satan cannot dwell together. "The strong man" is cast out—light and darkness. So with a house; Christ in a family makes it like that of Bethany, John xi. 5.

4. *Be just before you are charitable.*—Giving to the poor would not have excused Zaccheus, nor will it excuse any of injustice. Isa. lxi. 8. Judas, though a thief could speak of charity, John xii. 6. True repentance will make you do justly; and undo, to the utmost, any wrong you may have done, Matt. v. 23, 24.

5. *Be charitable as well as just.* If you are not kind to man, you do not love God; you are a liar, 1 John iv. 20. All true repentance fills the heart with love. All Christ's are, like Him, kind to the poor, John xiii. 29; Job xxix. 16; Prov. xiv. 31; Gal. ii. 10.

6. *Those who know your sin should know your repentance.* You must not shrink from the shame; the shame is to have done wrong, not to repent of it. Paul; Achan, Josh. vii. 20; David, 2 Sam. xii. 13.—*Edin. S. S. Lessons.*

THE UNSEEN LOVED ONE.

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."
—1 PET. i. 8.

JETS, Thou precious One, what depths of love
My happy soul is finding out in Thee!
Lead Thou me on, till in my home above
I shall Thee, chief among ten thousand, see:
Then in unclouded light I shall adore,
And praise Thy holy name for evermore.

Thou art my portion now, most gracious Lord,
The charm of earthly things has pass'd away;
Wandering in darkness once, I heard Thy word,
Calling from nature's night to heaven's day:
I came to Thee, and, shelter'd on Thy breast,
The weight of sin was gone—I was at rest.

O, teach me, blessed Lord, to bear my cross,
And gladly follow Thee, whate'er betide!
Well may I count all else but dung and dross,
And with Thy love be more than satisfied,
For Thou hast shed Thy blood to set me free,
And now in heaven dost intercede for me.

On earth the lowest place was ever Thine—
I too would have that mind which was in Thee:
Since Thou hast made Thy heavenly glory mine,
Grant that Thy glory here my sin may be,
Cause me to know and do Thy blessed will,
To trust in Thee at all times, and be still.

Lord, Thou hast left us to prepare the place
Where thy redeem'd ones soon with Thee shall dwell;

Now, whilst we wait and long to see Thy face,
Teach us by loving much to serve Thee well:
Attune our hearts below to songs of praise,
Our sweet employ above through endless days.

Lord Jesus, every thought is read by Thee—
Those heart-desires that cannot be express'd;
Hasten the day when like Thee we shall be,
And in Thy glorious presence fully blest:
Then evermore 'twill be our joyful part,
To know as we are known—to see Thee as Thou art.

—*British Herald.*

H. K. B. E.

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