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THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

LIVING FOR JESUS.

BY REGINALD RADCLIFFE, ESQ.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—PHIL. I. 21.

I would like at present to say a few words to those of you who are believers.—Perhaps every one present would say, if I asked, "I am a believer;" but, as I do not wish to be misunderstood, let me say that I wish to speak to those who are *really saved*—to those happy ransomed ones, who are now "in Christ Jesus," and who, were they to die this moment, would go to heaven, and on entering its pearly gates would be greeted with the Saviour's approving welcome, "Come ye blessed of my Father:"—not to those who, being "without Christ," are exposed to the wrath of God, and who, were they now to die, would go right down to the pit that's bottomless!

Let me then entreat you, dear Christian friends, to be of good courage, and fight the good fight of faith, that ye may glorify your God and Saviour, and lay ho'd of eternal life. Think over the record of the lively faith, and courageous deeds performed by that noble band of worthies of the olden time, mentioned by the pen of inspiration, in the 11th chapter of Hebrews. By faith they were enabled to take hold of Him who is invisible, and to live to the praise of His glory. Their faith and deeds are recorded "for our learning." If they lived such lives under the comparatively dark dispensation of old times, what manner of persons ought we to be, upon whom the Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing under His wings!

There are some devoted followers of Christ in our own day, who appear to be living lives worthy of their high calling, and whose faith and works we might almost venture to place side by side with those of the believers of the ancient Church "of whom the world was not worthy."

As an illustration of this, I may tell you that, in reading of the progress of religion in Burmah, I find that, within the last twenty-five years, about twenty-thousand souls have become communicants—perhaps the great majority of them being really saved ones, who leaving their heathenism, have embraced Christianity at the rate of about a thousand a year, and all, through God's blessing, accompanying the labours of believing, devoted men, who, taking their lives in their hands, had gone forth to that heathen land under the constraining influence of the love of Christ, and animated with fervent zeal for the salvation of souls. They found the country most unhealthy. They died at the rate of one every year, so that, in the space of forty years, there were forty deaths amongst the missionaries. Death ever stared them in the face, and Jesus at God's right hand stood beckoning them to glory as He did His first martyr, Stephen. But they continued to labour with undaunted faith, and the Lord crowned their labours with success. It is by such men that the world and the Church are taught the value of

vital Christianity. When placed side by side with men of such faith and devotedness, we may well take to ourselves shame and confusion of face, because we come so far short of their martyr-spirit and holy zeal.

If Christian men and women, speaking our language, and enjoying all the advantages of Christian lands, are willing to go and work and die for Jesus in heathen lands, what ought you to do for Him in your different spheres of life? What will you do for Christ in the family circle?—What will you do for Him in your calls of friendship; at the next dinner party or social evening meeting? When asked to attend a ball will you say, "I am Christ's and cannot go?" What will you do for Christ, ye who are men of business?—What will you do for him in the counting-house to-morrow? Will you conduct your business, with the Christian motto ever before your mind's eye, "For me to live is Christ?" Will you, working young men and women, live for Christ in the warehouse, shop, and kitchen? Will you wear "Holiness to the Lord" on your foreheads by acting and speaking as if your Lord Jesus were standing by your side? What efforts will any of you put forth for Christ in the market place, "the streets and lanes of the city," in your homes, in Sunday-schools, in the railway carriage, or wherever you are? I pray God that all of you, old and young, were thrust forth of the Holy Ghost to testify of Christ.

I fear there are many amongst us to whom Jesus would have to say, as He said to the Church of Ephesus, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy *first love*. Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the *first works*." Oh, that the Lord would now give fresh life, and send back into his vineyard some of you who many years ago worked with much apparent zeal for Christ. You have left your *first love*, and, as a consequence, you have left your *first works*. Such backsliders as you would God receive back if you would only return as conscious, broken-hearted penitents. His own gracious words to such is, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings." Oh, that you would bethink you of the sweet experience you had of Jesus, and the zeal

with which you performed the "*first works*" of your "*first love*" in other and fresher days, then surely you would repent and return, and do your *first works*" with former love and devotedness, and if you did so, you would hear the life-giving voice of Jesus, whispering in your heart His own precious loving words, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

When some of you were young, when you had only a salary in some office, and none of the world's riches, you were enthusiastic in Christ's cause. But now you have married, succeeded in business, prospered and increased in riches, you have grown colder and less zealous for the world-rejected Jesus. Oh, how hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God! You who have comfortable houses, plenty of credit, a large balance at the banker's, take heed lest your souls be injured and Jesus be neglected, or less fervently loved. Oh, you prosperous men, so regular in your church-attendance, and at your post as Sabbath-school teachers, in office in the church it may be, your name figuring on almost every subscription list for Christian and benevolent purposes, and who are so ready to entertain Christ's servants, have not some of you grown cold in your love to Jesus? and although you work, and work, and work, your labours are not instinct with vitality, nor are they productive of those spiritual results which gladdened you in times gone by. "You sow much, but bring in little" for Jesus, because you have been too much occupied with thoughts of your "own things," and the world has chilled your once burning love to Him. We may have society after society, and their coffers may teem with gold and silver; we may have noblemen as presidents and chairmen of their annual meetings, with influential committees to boot; but if after all they are mainly upheld by backsliders like you, who have left their first love, may it not be feared that God will "blow upon" all their efforts, and say in righteous displeasure, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? Who hath required this at your hand? Bring no more vain oblations."

Dear Friends,—I am persuaded that

there never was a time when there was so much preaching of sound doctrine—so much precious gospel truth proclaimed—as there is at the present time throughout this land of ours: but is the result, in the conversion of souls, at all proportionate? I believe the reaping is not what we expect from this abundant sowing. Many souls have been saved by “the precious blood of Christ,” but the great majority of those who have been listening from week to week to the fullest exhibitions of “the Gospel of Christ” are still unsaved, trusting to their own righteousness, in one form or another, notwithstanding God has held up every piece of it to loathing and ridicule as *filthy rags!*

Such a state of things ought deeply to affect our hearts and make us lie down in the dust before “the throne of grace” and cry “to the Lord of the harvest” to send His Holy Spirit to breathe upon us, and fill our souls with faith, life, love, strength and zeal. Ministers need much of the Holy Ghost’s breathing in their souls: God’s people all need more of the Divine Spirit as “the Spirit of grace and of supplications:” and the missionaries of the Cross, at home as well as abroad, are all in need of a fresh “anointing” from “the Holy One.” Ah, brethren, how much we all need the life-imparting power of the Holy Ghost!

And when men and women have sacrificed home, ease, prospects, and life itself, to save souls among the heathen nations, why not pray fervently for the power of the Holy Ghost to come upon the Lord’s labourers in this country, that they may become so full of zeal and devotedness, that through their instrumentality multitudes of sinners shall be won to Christ?

I fear that many of you are in a very luke-warm state with regard to the service of Jesus Christ and the conversion of sinners: and this condition has been got into, as I have already said, by allowing “the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches” to overrun your souls.

When you, who are now the mother of a family, were a young lady, you were much occupied in the Lord’s work, and you never tired of visiting and giving tracts, speaking to the little children about Jesus, and you were delighted to be working for

Jesus as opportunity offered. But you have married an unconverted husband—(a communicant, it is true, but still a world-loving man); your attention has become absorbed in household duties and family cares; your husband does not urge you to labour for Christ, but rather discourages your efforts, and says you have other duties now to attend to; and you lay the blame of your lukewarmness in Jesus’ service on your less favourable circumstances.

“My husband thought there was no use continuing to be so zealous, and I was constrained to give it up. He led me into society, and I could not help myself. He brings people to the house—his friends, his companions, his ungodly relatives—and, of course, I must entertain them.—My time is so taken up that I have hardly a moment to get a few verses of the Bible or two sentences of prayer in a day for myself; and as for attending to the souls of others, it is entirely beyond my power.”

But what does God say to all that? “*Thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.*”—Why blame God for your fall when it was *thine iniquity* in marrying an unconverted man that has caused it? It is not God’s fault, but thine. “*Thou has fallen by thine iniquity; but in Me,*” says the very God against whom you have sinned, “is thine help.”

If there is a poor backslider who is now listening to me, and who feels very uncomfortable and unhappy,—God does not give thee up, dear brother or sister; but He says, lovingly, “*In Me is thine help.*”—That Jesus who was betrayed by one and forsaken by all His disciples, shewed a special love to poor backsliding Peter, who denied him with oaths and curses. He looked upon him, and that look of love melted the cursing one, and “he went out and wept bitterly.” And after His resurrection, He sent a special message of love to Peter, and he spoke to him in such a way as deeply to humble him and attach him to His person for evermore:—“*Lovest thou me?*”

Jesus comes to thee, dear backsliding one, and He speaks, and looking on thee with unutterable love, He asks, “*Lovest thou me.*” Have you altogether forgotten Jesus? Surely not. He loved thee, and

gave Himself for thee! The Lord of light, the Lord of love, the Lord of compassion and tender mercy, looks in now upon thy soul with infinite love; and in one moment, by His Divine Spirit, He can cut the earthen cords that have been binding thee so firmly to the counting-house, the shop, the farm, the family, and the world, and He can draw thee again under the warm sunshine of His countenance, and bind thee as a living sacrifice to the horns of His altar with the cords of a heaven-created love.

O backsliding men, when countries abroad are being thrown open to the Gospel; when you hear of the people of England, Ireland, and Scotland assembling in thousands thirsting for the living water which Jesus gives them; when tracts, periodicals, books and newspapers are teeming with the blessed news that multitudes of men and women are getting saved by the blood of Jesus; and when those whose souls are burning with love to Jesus and compassion for dear perishing ones, are labouring night and day, until faint, weary, and worn, to get the children of wrath brought nigh to their Father in heaven, through the blood-shedding of the precious Lamb of God: why, oh why will ye stand like stumbling-blocks in the way of salvation, and hinder the glorious work of God? One is tempted to think it would be better were you to die and be saved "so as by fire," that you might be out of the way, and might not hinder the conversion of souls, and weaken the hands of those who are in earnest to preach "the glorious Gospel of Christ?" The river of the water of life is now, in some places, overflowing its banks; and can you who profess to be Christ's be content to be like mere painted posts in the rising tide, useful only as indicating the direction and rapidity of the current?

If you, beloved professors of the name of Jesus are not moved and melted at such a time as this, I would earnestly beseech you to examine yourselves whether you are converted, or whether it may not all be a mistake in you to profess to be Christ's and yet be so *unchristian* in your conduct in reference to the salvation of souls.

Jesus said it with his own lips, and it holds good still—"Not every one that

saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." The Father's will as revealed in the Bible—loving and living for Jesus—have you or have you not done? Examine yourselves: and ask yourselves the solemn question, "Am I going to hell with a religious lie in my right hand?"

Don't flatter yourselves, dear friends, by saying, "I know all about Jesus Christ: I have gone regularly to church and to communion; I was once awakened and wept about my soul; I have lived a blameless life; I have given largely of my substance to ministers, and missionaries, and every good object; I take an interest in my church, and do all I can to advance the Gospel;" for to such as do all these things, but have no love to Himself in their hearts, He has told you He will say at the great day,—“I never knew you: Depart from me, ye that *work iniquity!*” The great question with you who have fallen by your *iniquity* and who “work iniquity,” ought to be, “Am I saved? Am I going to heaven, or am I still on the way to hell?”

It is only while we are walking in living, loving, holy fellowship with Jesus, keeping “in the light as He is in the light,” and working with all our might the works of God, that we have any good reason for concluding ourselves “the children of light and the children of day;” and as you have been living for years so as to give no positive evidence that you are “not of the night nor of darkness,” you had better strip yourselves at once of the “filthy rags of your own righteousness,” and get Christ's “white raiment” to clothe you, that the shame of your nakedness appear no longer; better trample all your fancied goodness and all your religion under your feet, and get washed and settled in the blood of Jesus, that you may make a fresh and safe start for Immanuel's Land.

Dear Friend,—If you are *unsaved*, to you I would address the angel's words—“Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.” One says, I have broken God's law in being a drunkard: *Fear not!*—Another,—I have been a liar: *Fear not!* The same word is to every sinner now as

was addressed to the trembling shepherds near the town Bethlehem when Jesus was born into our world—*Fear not!* Whatever your sins may be—“evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness.”—*Fear not!* “Why not fear when I am such a sinner, and God is ‘of purer eyes than to behold evil’ and cannot ‘look on iniquity?’” The reason is this: Christ Jesus has come into the world to save sinners: “for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.” *For unto us is born a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.* Bring before me the most abandoned profligate, whose sins are like “crimson” and “scarlet,” and I can say to him, *Fear not, only believe in this Saviour and you, even you, shall be saved upon the spot where you stand.*

Some may say, “Stop! you are going too far. We know that man’s character better than you do. He is one of the worst of sinners—a lost, abandoned wretch.” I do not care how bad he has been; I now come right up to him with God’s blessed truth and say even to him, “*Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.*” God’s Gospel is to all, and if the blackest sinner receive the “good tidings,” and believe on the Incarnate Saviour, he shall be saved. The “good tidings,” blessed be God, are “to all people”—to the liar, the drunkard, the thief, the fornicator, the murderer, the blasphemer, the persecutor—yea, even to that sinner of sinners who has gone careless and unconverted to the holy table of the Lord.

Oh, let me entreat you, men and women, who make a profession of being Christians and are not, to receive the “good tidings” and be saved. I offer you “salvation with eternal glory” in Christ. I entreat you to be reconciled to God.—Am I asking you to do as many have done—be strict Sabbath-keepers, moral, benevolent, charitable, and holy, and thereby endeavour to ingratiate yourselves with God, and get His “mercy to pardon?” No! I warn all against such self-righteous and self-deceiving ways, and tell them that if they continue to hang by this rope it will by-and-by break, and they’ll descend right down to the pit of hell! Why, I bring

you the “good tidings of great joy” that having come here “dead in trespasses and sins,” you may return “quickened together with Christ”—guilty, you may return justified—polluted, you may return holy! How? By endeavouring to be good and please God? No! only by listening to the “good tidings” about Jesus, who says “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me: and him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.”

Jesus is the way to the Father. He does not say prayers are the way—repentance is the way—eating the sacramental bread and drinking the wine is the way.—No! “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” We tell you about the blessed Jesus, a present Saviour, and ask you simply to come to Him that you may be saved. To go in any other direction than that of the cross of our Lord Jesus is like the woman with the issue of blood going year after year from doctor to doctor and getting no cure, but rather growing worse. One faith’s touch of Jesus brought virtue out of Him, and she was healed at once. Now this Christ Jesus—this Living One who was dead—this One who is full of love to sinners—full of healing balm for wounded, dying souls, is before you, and the “good tidings of great joy” we bring you are that He is willing and able to save to the uttermost of guilt, pollution, and wrath, *for His blood cleanseth us from all sin.*

Jesus can meet the case of the most sinful and hell-deserving one—and Jesus only. Your best religious performances are useless unless you get Him as your Saviour, life and righteousness. The Scripture does not say your dishonesty is as filthy rags, nor your uncleanness, nor your profanity, but your “righteousnesses are as filthy rags”—that is your benevolence, amiability, honesty, almsgiving, and so forth! Ah, take care lest in your mistaken religiousness you go to God in the self-righteous spirit which, if translated into language, would read thus—Receive me O Lord, for I have a good character and desirable frame of mind, I am very sorry for my sins. I attend the ordinances of grace, I read the Word and pray in my family and in my closet, I give to the poor and make sacrifices to send the Gospel to

the heathen, and many other "such like things I do:" for all that, without Christ, is reckoned by God mere rags—"filthy rags."

Turn your back upon all your own doings. Have no confidence in the flesh. Say "None but Christ, none but Christ," and you will make a good beginning. We are not redeemed by tears of penitance—by earnest prayers—by church attendance or benevolent and praiseworthy deeds; "but with the precious blood of Christ."—Wherefore listen to the "good tidings" of a Saviour born into our nature that He might die for our sins, and you will be "born again" into His, be saved from all your sins, and have everlasting life. "*This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.*"

THERE'S ROCK AT THE BOTTOM.

When my Willie was sixteen, he accidentally dropped a valuable watch into the well. His father was absent from home; and without consulting me, he resolved to recover the treasure. Providing himself with a long-handled rake, he gave it in charge to his sister Jennie, two years younger, and bidding her lower it to him when he called, he stepped into the bucket, and holding fast by the rope, commenced his descent. The bucket descended more rapidly than Willie expected, and struck heavily against the side of the well: the rope broke and he was thrown into the water.

'Mother, I shall be drowned!' was his despairing cry; which Jennie re-echoed with a wail of anguish. But I knew the depth of the water, and shouted to him as calmly as I could, 'Stand upon your feet, Willie; the water isn't over four feet deep.' 'But I shall sink in the mud,' said the poor boy, still striving to keep himself afloat by clinging desperately to the slippery stones. 'No, Willie, *there's rock at the bottom.*—Let go the stones, and stand up.'

The assurance of a hard foundation, and the impossibility of holding much longer to the slimy surface of the stone wall, gave him confidence. He felt for the rocky bottom, placed his feet firmly on it, and, to

his great joy, found that the water scarcely reached to his shoulders. I sent Jennie to the house for a new strong rope, and fastening one end of it securely, I lowered the other to him to be tied on to the bucket, and we drew him safely up. 'O! mother,' said the dear boy when he was rescued, 'those were precious words to me, '*There's rock at the bottom;*' I shall never forget them.'

Two years after, in a commercial panic, my husband's property was swept away, and we were reduced to poverty. At first I bore bravely up. I did not prize wealth and luxury for my own sake, neither did I covet it for my children. I chiefly mourned for my husband's disappointment and his crushed hopes, and strove by unflagging cheerfulness to chase away the gloom which settled so heavily upon him. I endeavoured to assist him, not only by the utmost economy in my household expenses, but by devising plans for the future. Willie and Jennie were old enough to earn their own support, and even to assist in the education of the younger children. I succeeded in putting them in the way to do this. I felt strong and brave, and almost wondered at my husband's despondency.

But now reverses came. The bank in which Jennie had deposited her quarter's salary, which might partially meet our necessities, suddenly failed, and her money was lost. I could bear this too; she would soon be able to replace it. Next, the school in which she taught was disbanded, and Jennie had to take much lower wages; but she soon earned a little, and I said cheerfully, 'We will not murmur; half a loaf is better than no bread.' Next, Willie's hand was disabled by an accident, and he lost his situation. My courage began to give way; but rallying myself for one more effort, I resolved to brave the reproaches of friends, and the world's dread laugh, and seek remunerative employment for myself. It sorely tried my womanly delicacy, yet it brought the needful aid, and I battled with my wounded sensitiveness, and again screwed up my failing courage. But the last blow came; sickness suddenly laid me prostrate. 'I shall give up now; we must all sink together,' was the language of my despairing soul.

'Dear mother,' said Willie, when he heard my lamentation, 'do you remember

what you said to me when I was at the bottom of the well? I have often thought of it of late. I know we are in deep waters, but God has promised that they shall not overflow us. And is not His word a solid foundation? Let us plant our feet upon His precious promises, and stand firmly. We cannot sink, dear mother, for 'there's rock at the bottom.'

I heard, and took the lesson to my heart. I saw that I had been clinging to the slippery stones of human strength and self-dependence; and so, when the providence of God bade me let go my hold, I was in despair. But the bank of heaven had not failed; God was able to redeem His promises; and though I stood in deep water, it should not overwhelm me, neither should I sink, for 'there's rock at the bottom.'

So from the chamber where pain and illness still hold me prisoner, I send to each burdened and weary child of God, who is tempted to feel that all is lost, the key-note of my grateful psalm. Whatever your sorrow or strait may be, plant your feet trustingly upon the Rock of Ages, and with me, thank God, and take courage.

W. C.

THE WIDOW'S TWO MITES.

"The widow's mite" has passed into a proverb. But the widow of the gospel not only gave her mite into the treasury, which would still have left her its fellow; the other little brass coin, wherewith to buy a morsel of food; but both mites, all that she at that moment had, all her living, in the fullness of her heart's devotion, was cast into the treasury of the Lord, for the repair of the holy and beautiful house where she was wont to worship. The widow's mite has not often been contributed; the widow's *two mites* more seldom still. It is not, however, without its parallel, as the following account will show.

On a cold stormy night of the present winter, I was preaching in a kind of district chapel for the expenses connected with the public worship. The place was very poor, and it seemed hard to ask for those pence, which with so much difficulty were earned. I knew, however, that many of those present esteemed it a privilege to give what little they could afford towards the object in hand. They had, through the liberality of others,

enjoyed the privilege of worship in a place near to their own homes; they had heard, week after week, the glad tidings of a Saviour's love and mercy, and they were now only asked to defray the expences which had been incurred for lighting and fires during the winter season.

In the congregation was a poor widow, who had come with two pence in her pocket; her only two pence in the world, till by hard toil she earned more. She intended to give one penny—the widow's *mite*. But as the sermon proceeded and as her heart warmed, as she felt the value of the privileges provided for her, and heard how David of old (Psalm xliiii.) longed for the ordinances of God's house; as, too, she saw that many people were absent, either owing to the inclemency of the weather, or unwillingness to contribute, she determined to trust in God to supply her future need; and as she passed the door, she dropped her two pence (all she had, even all her living) into the collecting-plate. It is needless to describe her feelings as she returned home. The school-boy, whose heart is first touched at the sight of some object of charity, and who, in fullness of a bursting heart at some tale of distress, secretly drags out the new half-crown—the gift of some kind parent or relation—and places it with a choked sob into the hand of the sufferer, knows something of this feeling; the Father, who seeth in secret, rewards him in his deed. But the poor widow's case goes beyond even this. The boy returns home to a well spread table, and lives in plenty on his kind parents' care. She has no one on earth to whom she may look; she has cast away her all, and her morrow's strength must earn her morrow's bread.

Our collection was somewhat over a pound. It was small, but it was as much as could be expected. I left the money, which was nearly all in pence, in the hands of the schoolmaster, and by the help of a lantern, was picking my way back through the deep miry lanes of this district. At a turn of the road, I came upon a woman clad in widow's weeds—ever a touching sight to me, a father and a husband. I (a stranger to her) said, "You live in a lonely spot; is this your cottage?" "Yes, sir; just over this stile." "You are in mourning for your husband; how long has he been taken from you?" "Just fifteen

months come next Wednesday, sir." "I hope you have some sons who support and cheer you in your loneliness?" "Indeed, sir, my boys are very good to me, but work has been slack, and they have been very ill, so that I have been able to do little besides waiting on them, and we have been hard put to it this severe weather."

After a little more conversation, I felt, from her modest and quiet answers, that hers was a case deserving help, and slipped into her hand half-a-crown; not a mite, far less two mites yet as much as I could then well afford, or thought it prudent without further inquiry to give. Not a word was said. I could not tell what was passing through her heart. Had I been able to perceive it, I should have known the reason of her silence. Her feeling of gratitude was, in fact, too deep for utterance. It seemed so marked a providence. If my steps had been delayed so that I had been ten paces further back, or had she quickened hers, so as to be ten paces further forward—in fact, had all those impediments not been removed, which in a meeting of this kind always *are* removed—the widow's heart would have lost this cheering token of her heavenly Father's care.—*Exchange.*

DYING POOR AND DYING RICH.

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker, "the saddest I have attended for years."

"That of Edmondson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor, poor as poverty—his life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfilment."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! he was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."

"Did he not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance.

"No, sir, he died poor, as I had just said. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and thought he died rich."

"No; he has left nothing behind," was replied.

"The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of the estate."

"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

"And precious examples," said another.

"Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence, when no sunbeams fell upon his path," was the testimony of another.

"And high trust, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich!" was the emphatic declaration; "richer than the millionaire who went to his long home the same day, a miserable pauper in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was rather a triumphal procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonial attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed! Why his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. No, no, he did not die poor, but rich, rich in neighbourly love, and rich in celestial affections."

"You have a new way of estimating the wealth of a man," said the one who had at first expressed sympathy for the deceased.

"Is it not the right way? He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide forever; and he who has to leave all behind on which he has placed affection, dies poor indeed. Our friend died richer than Girard or Astor; his monument is built of good deeds and noble examples. It will abide for ever."

A CROSS WORD SPOILT IT ALL.

"Why didn't you hurry along?" said a teamster to a stranger, who was passing him. That teamster had very kindly driven his team to one side of the highway, and waited for the other to pass. This act of kindness had excited in the bosom of his unknown friend emotions of gratitude which would soon have been expressed in thanks. But just then the man of a kind act cried out in a *cross* tone, "Why don't you hurry along?" Ah! that expression spoilt it all. It swept away in an instant all grateful emotions from the bosom of the other, and produced dislike. Thanks were no longer felt, and were never expressed. Oh, what a pity that *kind acts* should sometimes be spoilt by *cross words*!

GRASPING THE PROMISES.

On entering one of our Indian hospitals, on a September morning in 1857, I saw a young boy, of about fourteen years of age, lying on one of the *charpoy*s, evidently in much suffering. On going up to him, I asked him about his illness; on which he replied that he belonged to the artillery, and on the march up from Calcutta had, as usual, been sent one day to water a horse. The animal had become restive, and had thrown him. In consequence the poor boy had his leg broken, and received some internal injuries.

"What is your name?" I asked.—
"Willy."

"Do you know anything of the Lord Jesus?"

"Of whom?"—"Of Jesus, the Son of God."

"I never had my schooling much cared for; so I don't know anything about him."

"Can you read?"—"Oh yes, ma'am."

I asked if I should sit down on his *charpoy*, and tell him about Jesus. "If you please, ma'am. But it must be very easy, for I'm a poor ignorant boy; so you will please begin from the beginning."

"How do you mean, Willy?" "Why, speak hard and plain; tell me how I may be saved. Speak as if I were to die in an hour."

"I will try; but first let us pray that Jesus may be with us, and teach me how to speak, and teach your heart to come to him."

When I had prayed, I told him, as simply as I could, the story of the creation and of man's fall; and of the birth, life and death of the Son of God "to save our ruined race." He listened with great interest, and then asked me to tell him just how he could be made one of the "little flock" who should be saved.

"I'll tell you a Bible story, Willy, to explain it," and I opened my Bible at Mark x. 46.

"Oh ma'am, please, it's easier to understand you tell it; the book words are so much harder."—"I do not think, Willy, you will find this word hard. God has written it so simply, that little children may learn and love it. Many children

have been led to Jesus." I then read to him the story of Bartimeus.

"Now, ma'am, will you please tell me what that blind man has to do with me; for I can't get my leg made well all of a sudden now."

"Willy, do you know you are just like that blind man?"—"I don't see how that can be. I've got two eyes, and can see as plain as possible."

"Yes; God has been so kind as to give you and me our bodily sight; but your poor heart is blind; every day is bringing you nearer to the world of spirits, and yet you have been living in sin—going on the straight road to hell."

"Yes, ma'am, but then I don't see as how I'm so much to blame. I've scarcely ever heard a word of these things; and father and the men are mostly drunk and cursing."

"Well, now at least you have been told of Jesus. Will you come to him?"—"I don't see as how I can; he's not in the world now."

"Yet, Willy, he is near us, in this very room. Just as you cannot see your soul, so you cannot see God, because he is a Spirit."

"Then how can I go to him like the blind man?"—"Why, lift your heart to him, think of him, believe his word, believe he is present listening to you, and pray to him; tell him all your thoughts and wants; tell him how you have forgotten him up to this time."

"I don't know how to pray; I don't know what I want, except not to go to the place of torment."—"Well, begin with the blind man's prayer: 'Jesus have mercy on me.'"

"Yes, ma'am, but I don't see now how I'll know he hears me. He won't answer me aloud."—"No, Willy, but he has had this story, and all his Bible, written for us. They are God's own message to us; and you must simply believe the message, and, like Bartimeus, rise, and come to him, and expect he will change your heart."

"I should think, ma'am, if it's true he died for us, he must want to save us."—"Yes, he has sent me here this morning to tell you of him; and you must take the message I bring you from him, just as if you heard him speak aloud. Here is a little Bible for you; and when I am gone,

look into it carefully, and see if I have not been telling you true."

After earnest prayer that Jesus himself would be present, and guide this poor boy to give up his heart, I said, "Willy, when Bartimeus cried out, Jesus stood still to listen; and I am sure Jesus is beside us now, looking into your heart, and listening to know your wants. He is saying to you, 'What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?'"

"But, please, ma'am, what does 'He calleth thee' mean?"—"It means that Jesus has written us this Bible to tell us his will, to tell us how we can be saved; and he wants every one who reads it to come to him. He wants you to come to-day, Willy. Can you see, Willy, what casting away his garment means?" The boy thought a moment. With his Bible open, he seemed to be drinking in every word. Presently he joyously clapped his hands and said, "I have it, I have it. I have seen the black men, when they wanted to go fast, take off their sheet; and I can guess what it means for us," said he in a more solemn tone; "it means, does it not, that, if I want to be made one of Jesus' flock, I must put away my bad words and my crossness. It means, we can't come to Jesus, and keep our own ways too, both at once."

"Yes, Willy; and now when Bartimeus had come, what did Jesus say to him?"—"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

"Yes, he had prayed for an earthly blessing, and it was granted him; and so you and I may take each little want to God. But if we seek blessings for our souls, he will certainly grant them."

"Thank you, ma'am; now I see how pretty the story is both ways."

"But, Willy, I do not want you only to think it pretty; I want you to come as the blind man, to the Lord Jesus."—"Well, ma'am, there's no saying but I may."

"But now, Willy, at once; I want to have you ask for mercy before I leave you."—"I can't yet; I'll try to by and by."

"But if you should die first?"—"Oh, I don't think I shall die; the fever's gone down pretty considerably, the doctor says."

"But, Willy, I'm afraid to leave you until you have come to Jesus. I

should be so miserable if you died without hope."

"But I can't now; I can't pray to nothing. It seems like speaking to the air as you do it; only you seem to see some one as you pray."

"Yes, Willy, by faith I see Jesus. I know he is listening to us, and willing to receive us as his own forever. May I pray with you, believing the promise, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out?'—"Yes, please."—"And, Willy, pray with me;" and so we pleaded together that light might shine into his heart, and that he might receive his sight.

"Do you think you have really come to Jesus, Willy?"—"I've tried to wish what you prayed; but I still seem to think it strange to pray into the air. I don't feel as if God were near. But your praying does me more good than talking; it seems, as you pray, that I can feel something is moving my feelings."

"Well, Willy, I must go now; God willing, I will come again to-morrow."—"Oh stay, please, a little while longer. The only chance of my getting to see Jesus is by your praying and reading his words to me."

"Oh no, Willy, the Lord is always near you; and if you will but try to look up to him, and believe that he died for sinners, he will give you to know the joy and peace of his love."

"Please, pray just once more, and I will wish very hard to find him." His voice joined mine in once more pleading the promises.

When I came up to his bed the next morning, he clapped his hands, and gladly exclaimed, "I've found him! I've found him!"

"Found whom, dear boy?"—"Found Jesus; I know now what you meant about my heart being blind. I couldn't sleep all night, my poor leg ached so dreadfully; but as I was crying—for I hardly could bear the pain—it came to my mind, all the story of the cross on the hill; and I thought how bad it must be to be hung up by nails—it would drive me mad, I think.—And I thought, if Jesus bore it all gladly to save us, I ought to be glad of my pain, as it makes me care for nothing but religion. And then it seemed as if I understood how my sins had helped to nail

him there; and I did ask so hard to be made sorry for my cruel, wicked doings, that I got into a burning fever. But it has done me good. I feel quite happy like now. I've had a dream that Jesus put his bleeding hands on my head, and whispered that thing you told me yesterday, 'My blood has availed for thee.'

One morning, about a week after, Willy said, "Do you know I'm dying?"—"Yes, I knew you must die, when I first saw you; but you are much worse than when I saw you yesterday."

At his request I read him Ephesians ii. and iii., 2 Cor. v., and the story of Bartimeus, and then proposed prayer.

"You will come again to see me?"—"I do not think, Willy, I should find you here if I came."

"But I want you to hold my hand as I pass through the dark valley."—"O Willy, it will not be dark, I think; for Jesus will hold your hand, and pass with you right over to the other side."

"Oh but I want to hear your voice telling me his words; it would be so dreadful only to hear bad language as I pass through."

In the evening I found him lying with his eyes closed, sinking rapidly, but calmly. Stooping over him, I whispered, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "Dear Willy, is Jesus with you?"—"Oh yes." "Have you any fear?"—"No, none; I have been wondering why they call it a dark valley. I have found the light growing brighter every day since I first believed; and now it's so bright I must shut my eyes." I repeated Isa. lx. and 2 Cor. v. to him.

"There's a sweet text I'll give you to think of sometimes, ma'am. Jesus says (and he repeated the substance of John xvi. 33), 'In this world ye shall have sorrow; but be of good cheer, in me ye have peace.' I've found it all peace since I believed, for he just wiped out all my sin. Now please tell me about——"

"About what, Willy?"—"About—— I forget—my memory seems strayed, like about many——"

"About our Father's house with many

mansions?"—"Oh yes," After repeating part of John xiv. he said, "You don't know how I love that word, 'And yet there is room.'" I then repeated with him 1 John iii. 1, 2. "Oh it's such a dear word, that, and quite, quite true. I see him now. He's calling me; I must go. Just think how soon I'll be 'like him.' I am so glad to go. Just hold—my—hand. I can't—catch—my—breath."

"Are you alone, Willy?"—"No, no; thou art with me, Jesus, our Immanuel; it's all washed—clean."

"What is washed?"—"My soul. Oh, won't it be glorious—to—join the multitude who are safe!"

Then for some minutes spasms came on; the death-rattle told his hour was come.— Suddenly he opened his eyes, and fixing them on me, said, "Good-bye—remember—your—promise (to pray for his father.) We shall—be—for—ever—with—Jesus; safe—in our happy home. Oh! it's all great joy." I rose to go. "Good-bye, dear Willy; we'll meet to part no more soon." With still closed eyes, the lips seemed to move. I stooped to catch the words—"like him." He never spoke again.

A few weeks after Willy was gone, his prayers for his poor father were answered in his being awakened, through means of a godly comrade, to seek the Saviour.— Soon after, they went into action. The father fell, mortally wounded, and after forty-eight hours of great suffering, he died happy in the Lord.

"Reader! see the glorious simplicity,—freeness,—fulness of the gospel of Jesus, in this true story of the dying hours of a poor soldier-boy. May the Holy Spirit make it the means of cheering and sanctifying you, if you are lost. Remember the word the boy loved so well, "Yet there is room."— [From The British Soldier in India.

WATCH FOR SOULS.—"Watch for souls."— Chrysostom says that he never read those words without trembling, though he preached several times a day. Baxter says: "Brethren, if saving of souls be your end, you will certainly be intent out of the pulpit as well as in it." "Watch for souls." How? "As those who must give account."

THE LADY AND THE ROBBER.

In a large, lone house situated in the south of England, there once lived a lady and her two maid-servants. They were far away from any human habitation, but they seemed to have felt no fear, and to have dwelt there peacefully and happily. It was the lady's custom to go round the house with her maids every evening, to see that all the windows and doors were properly secured.

One night she had accompanied them as usual, and ascertained that all was safe. They left her in the passage, close to her room, and then went to their own, which was quite at the other side of the house. As the lady opened her door she distinctly saw a man underneath her bed. What could she do? Her servants were far away, and could not hear her if she screamed for help; and even if they had come to her assistance, those three weak women were no match for a desperate housebreaker. How, then, did she act? She trusted in God. Quietly she closed the door, and locked it on the inside, which she was always in the habit of doing. She then leisurely brushed her hair, and putting on her gown, she took her Bible and sat down to read. She read aloud, and chose a chapter which had special reference to God's watchfulness over us, and care of us by night and by day. When it was finished, she knelt and prayed at great length, still uttering her words aloud, particularly commending herself and servants to God's protection, and dwelling upon their utter helplessness and dependence upon him to preserve them from all dangers.

At last she arose from her knees, put out her candle, and went to bed; but she did not sleep. After a few minutes she was conscious the man was standing by her bedside. He addressed her and told her not to be alarmed.

"I came here," said he, "to rob you; but after the words you have read, and the prayer you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to hurt you, or touch a thing in your house. But you must remain perfectly quiet, and not attempt to interfere with me. I shall now give a signal to my companions, which they will understand, and then they will go away, and you may sleep in peace, for I give you

my solemn word that no one shall harm you, and not the smallest thing belonging to you shall be disturbed."

He then went to the window, opened it, and whistled softly. Returning to the lady's side, who had not spoken or moved, he said:

"Now I am going. Your prayer has been heard, and no harm will befall you."

He left the room, and soon all was quiet, and the lady fell asleep, still upheld by that calm and beautiful faith and trust.

When the morning dawned and she awoke, we may feel sure that she poured out her thanksgivings and praise to Him who had "defended" her under "His wings," and "kept" her "safe under His feathers," so that she was not afraid of any terror by night.

The man proved true to his word, and not a thing in her house was taken. O shall we not hope that his heart was changed from that day forth, and that he forsook his evil courses, and cried to that Saviour "who came to seek and to save that which was lost," and, even on the cross, did not reject the penitent thief!

From this true story let us learn to put our whole trust and confidence in God.—This lady's courage was indeed wonderful, but "the Lord was her defence upon her right hand," and with Him all things were possible.—[Monthly Packet for October.

We have received an extract from a letter fully corroborating the remarkable anecdote of "The Lady and the Robber," in your October number, and adding some facts that enhance the wonder and mercy of her escape. We quote the words of the letter:

"In the first place, the robber told her if she had given the slightest alarm and token of resistance, he was fully determined to murder her; so that it was really God's guidance that told her to follow the course she did. Then, before he went away, he said, 'I never heard such words before; I must have the book you read out of;' and carried off the Bible, willingly enough given, you may be sure. This happened many years ago, and only comparatively recently did the lady hear any more of him. She was attending a religious meeting in Yorkshire, where after

several noted clergymen and others had spoken, a man arose, stating that he was employed as one of the book-hawkers of the Society, and told the story of the midnight adventure, as a testimony to the wonderful power of the word of God. He concluded with, 'I am that man.' The lady arose from her seat in the hall, and said quietly, 'It is all quite true; I am the lady,' and sat down again."—[Monthly Packet for December.

HOME AMONG THE FLOWERS.

He who describes this world as all sunshine, makes a great mistake, but he who talks of it as being all shadow, makes a still greater one. It has in it much that is bright, and fair, and loveable. Oh for a quick eye to see in it what is beautiful and good, and a grateful heart to turn it to advantage!

As you may never have heard of the *Rauhe Haus* (Rough House) at Hamburg in Germany, we will describe it in a few words. At one time this house, or homestead, was no doubt rough enough; but, as it is much altered for the better, we will describe it under the more pleasant name which some people have given it of 'Home among the Flowers.'

It is now about seventeen years since a kind-hearted friend to young people, of the name of Wichern, formed a new plan for the welfare of vagrant children. A little broken-down farmhouse was to let so he took it, that it might become a home for his poor outcasts. He was not long in want of young people to fill it with, and since then other buildings have been added to it. The new plan of Mr. Wichern was to form the young people into families and educate them, and teach them useful trades.

Now fancy to yourself a number of small houses with ten or a dozen boys in each, just such boys as we have in our English Ragged Schools. Every house has a Christian-hearted young man, with two assistants, at the head of it, and these take care of the boys and instruct them in piety and usefulness,

"And guard and guide them every day,
And lead them on the heavenly way."
But, perhaps, if we describe one of these small houses by itself, you will understand the plan better. Here, then, is a little

wooden building, one story high, standing among the flowers and the apple-trees, with one room above for the assistants. The boys have their time divided, so much for out door-work, so much for study, so much for play, so much for taking their food, and so much for sleeping. Now they are at their books and slates, now working at farm-work, or at shoe-making, tailoring, printing, and other trades, in shops built for the purpose; now enjoying their sports, now taking their meals, and now taking their rest in sleep. In these happy homes among the flowers and the apple-trees, clean, comfortable, and well employed live those who were penniless, and homeless, and friendless.

When a wretched little vagrant from the streets is sent in here, he is not at once placed among the rest. The little stranger is put with a few other new-comers into a separate house, where two or three young men have charge of him. He eats at their own table with his few companions, and has enough. The overseers study his temper, and either set him to a trade, or to garden and farm-work, as he seems best fitted. He has his play and playmates, and free fresh air, and friends to care for him, who hold it a labour of love to do for the fatherless ones, in a feeble manner as Christ did for them.

After a little time the new-comer is received into one of the other houses, and regarded as a part of the family. Here he takes his share of their work and their play, and is treated with kindness. What a change must a life in a home like this be, among the flowers and the apple-trees, to the life of a poor friendless lad, living by his wits, cheating, lying, and swearing, and suffering, as a homeless outcast, all the evils of poverty and want!

If you could see some of the poor, ignorant, dirty-faced lads in their ragged clothes, without shoes and stockings, first going into the Home among the Flowers, and then look at them after they had been received into one of the happy families, you would hardly know them again.

In the Home among the Flowers, girls are received as well as boys. There are as many as thirty or forty of them, who learn to wash, iron, sew, and to attend to household affairs. After being trained five or six years, the boys are put out as apprentices

and the girls go to service; nor are there, throughout Germany, any better servant-girls or apprentices to be found than those who were brought up in this quiet family home

Besides the school-rooms, workshops, and sleeping-rooms of this youthful household, there is a room for the sick, a kitchen for cookery, and a neat little chapel; and then a printing-press has been set up there, where the tracts and little books needed in the schools are printed. The different articles which are made and not used in the household, together with many little books printed there, and sold, and help to pay the expences of the home.

Since this Home among the Flowers was first opened, many other places of the same kind have been formed in Germany.

You now know something of this German refuge for the destitute, which is a shelter to many a poor homeless boy and girl. Would that the poor children of every land were cared for and guided the way to heaven! that all the ragged were clothed, the hungry fed, the ignorant instructed, and the houseless provided with a clean and happy abode! Oh for a hundred kind-hearted Wicherns to befriend the friendless! Oh for a thousand happy Homes among the Flowers!—*The Child's Companion.*

GOD SPEAKING.

Man's enmity to God is wonderful.—God, and everything godlike, man hateth. That God, the infinitely wise, just, and gracious, should have his way and carry out his purposes, is considered a grievance. Fallen man continually testifies in a variety of ways that he considers that he ought to be God, and that God should act in subordination to him. Never was this more clearly manifested than in the birth, life, and death of Jesus; and afterwards in the history of his Church. Therefore the Lord asks, "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" Do they think to frustrate the Lord's purpose, or to hinder the accomplishment of his deep decrees? It can never be. He may allow them to go on for a time, but soon, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision. *Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and*

vex them in his sore displeasure." Ps. ii-5. This will be terrible, and on these latter words I want to fix attention for a few minutes. Observe,

God speaks to men in love now. The gospel is the dispensation of love. It breathes mercy. It publishes salvation. It represents God standing in a suppliant posture, and by his servants beseeching sinners to be reconciled unto him. O wondrous words, "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God!" Does God speak to us of duty? It is to convince us of sin. Does he speak to us of sin? It is to show us our danger. Does he speak to us of our danger? It is to urge us to flee for safety to the refuge he has provided. Does he speak to us of the value of the soul? It is to rouse us to seek salvation. If he speaks to us of hell, it is to warn us that we may never go to that place of torment. If he speaks to us of mercy, it is to encourage us to seek it. If he speaks to us of heaven, it is to attract us to it. He speaks to us of his Son, just to draw us to him. He speaks to us of salvation, that we may seek and find it. He speaks to us of his love, to surprise us, and bring us to his feet. He speaks in simple words, in terms the easiest to be understood. He speaks in the gentlest tones, that he may not terrify or alarm. He speaks to us by human lips, pleading with us as a man pleadeth with his friend. He speaks to us with the most gracious design, even to save us from the wrath to come. But will he always speak so? Will he ever treat us thus? No, if we continue to manifest our opposition to him, if we refuse to be reconciled, the time is coming when all will be changed. The door of mercy shall be closed, the way of escape will be closed, and death and destruction will ride in triumph.

God will speak in wrath ere long. Then he will speak of your sins, but it will be to condemn you for them. He will speak of you treating his salvation with neglect, but it will be to silence you, as he sentences you to your dreadful doom. He will speak of your obstinacy and determination to live in sin, to exhibit you as inexcusable before all worlds. He will speak then in alarming tones. By the terrific blast of the archangel's trumpet—by the opening graves—by an awakened conscience—and

by the just sentence of the righteous judge, he will speak, and speak to you in his wrath. "He will vex you in his sore displeasure." How will the proud be vexed, to be sentenced to the same doom, and have as fellow-sufferers for ever, those whom they have despised and disdained on earth! How will the cruel be vexed, to be bound up in the same bundle with those whom they have oppressed and punished, and be forever taunted and tormented by them! How will the seducer be vexed, to have associated with him forever those whom he has seduced, charging their destruction on his guilty head! He will vex them, by casting them out of his presence, by inflicting the severest pain, by shutting them up in despair, and terrifying their consciences forever. Then will he rebuke them for their crimes, terrify them with a sense of their guilt, trouble them on the waves of the ocean of his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

Then, after he has long borne with them. Then when he gives them up to their own heart's lust. Then, when He shall render unto every man according to his works. O sinner! *God speaks lovingly to you now*, for he is slow to anger, and of great mercy. Hear him, and flee from wrath! Hear him, and come to Jesus! Hear him, and be saved with an everlasting salvation! *He will not long speak as he does now.* Patience, even the patience of God has its limit. Mercy, the mercy of the eternal God has its bound. Long suffering will not last forever. Will you neglect God's warnings. Will you neglect his great salvation? Will you force your passage to the flames? O extreme of madness! O amazing folly! Shall it be said of you, that Jesus would have gathered you, and have safely housed you from the storm, but ye would not? shall it be said, that God called and ye refused, until at last he laughed at your calamity, and mocked when you were filled with fear? Must He, who now speaks to you with all the love of a tender Father's heart, be compelled by your careless indifference, by your stubborn perverseness, to speak to you in his wrath, and vex you in his sore displeasure?—*The Appeal.*

For the Good News.

THE SAINT'S ADIEU TO EARTH.

Ye objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart;
I soon shall exchange you for joys more sub-
lime,

For joys that will never depart.

Ye wonderful orbs that astonish mine eyes,
Your glory recedes from my sight;
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies
And stars more transcendently bright.

Thou Lord of the day, and Thou Queen of
the night,

To me ye no longer are known;

I soon shall behold with increasing delight,
A sun that will never go down.

Ye mountains and valleys, ye rivers and plains,
Thou earth and thou ocean adieu;
More permanent regions where righteousness
reigns,

Present their bright hills to my view.

My weeping relations, my brethren and friends
Whose souls are entwined with my own;
Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends,
Where friendship immortal is known.

The sight of transgression shall grieve me no
more,

'Mid foes I no longer reside;

My conflicts with sin, and with sinners are o'er,
With saints I shall ever abide.

Ye Sabbaths below which have been my de-
light,

And thou blessed volume divine,

You've guided my footsteps like stars during
night,

Adieu my conductors benign.

Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,
Adieu my dissolving abode;

I soon shall behold and possess thee again.
A beautiful building of God.

Come, come my dear Jesus, come quickly, re-
lease

The soul Thou hast bought with Thy blood,
And bid me ascend the bright regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.

THE GOOD NEWS.

September 15th, 1861.

SCENES IN MISSIONARY ENTER-PRIZE.

BY REV. T. SHARP, ASHBURN, C.W.

Strange as it may seem, it is not very long ago since Missionary Enterprise was looked upon with an eye of scorn, associated as it then was in the minds of men with all that was childish, feeble and contemptible, as an undertaking beneath the notice of statesmen, philosophers, aye and even of certain learned divines. But the times are greatly changed, and blessed be God they are changed for the better, and if there is one feature of these changes more auspicious than another, it is the significant fact, that rich and poor churches and states in many lands are groping their way in the direction of Missionary Enterprise. Now, we should endeavour to disabuse our minds of those crude and narrow views which from childhood we have been accustomed to entertain, limiting our ideas and efforts in the missionary cause to an annual collection, or the perusal of a monthly magazine descriptive of the trials and success of missionaries abroad, without realizing the great though oft forgotten truth, that we are ourselves missionaries upon a smaller, but no less important scale, and in this sense every man, woman, and child on earth is a missionary to himself, the church and the world.

This subject being so extensive in its nature, let me merely exhibit a sort of diorama or huge picture of it:

FIRST.—AS SCENES AROUND THE HEARTH.

In casting your eye with a comprehensive glance over the face of the globe, you are struck with the fact that the largest portion of it is covered with the waters of stream, lake, and ocean, which at one time

displays the foaming surge adequate to founder the mightiest ship, and at another, the calm when sailing is impracticable.— Now, however numerous our sea-faring population may be, and, however desirous of naval enterprise and exploits as even to spend the greater part of a lifetime on the bosom of the deep, yet the thought is never entertained for a moment, that they should there seek and obtain a home. The sea with its varied occupations is to the mariner only the means of securing a competency for life, and when this is obtained, he retires to spend the years of old age amid the scenery of his native place, and enjoying the society of early friends.— There are no sanctuaries on sea, no sealing ordinances dispensed, few Sabbaths sacredly kept, and few Bibles carefully perused, and the sea with its floating population is an affecting scene of spiritual destitution rising up before the Christian's eye, loudly soliciting the prayers of the Lord's people for the conversion and salvation of outcast but precious souls.

But in turning your eye from the seaward to the landward portion of the globe, you are met with another striking fact, that many of those inland regions are dreary wastes, neither tenanted nor cultivated by the hand of man, but left in the condition in which the corroding tusk of time and the operation of the laws of nature have left them. There the wild beasts of the desert roam, and have their lairs in the bush, thence to sally forth to the chase as the shades of evening begin to darken the landscape. Not a few of those dreary and barren wastes possess neither soil nor climate suitable to sustain human life or reward human industry, but would seem to be spots of the earth specially appointed by God in His providence, as a covert for the noble and fierce animal creation, the works of His hands, and the manifestations of His adorable wisdom; but we ap-

prehend that it is equally true that there are many regions at the present moment lying utterly waste and uncultivated, the breaking in of which would amply remunerate the sturdy strokes of the axe, the mattock and the hoe of the labourer.—

What then, you will be ready to ask me, hinders the occupation of these neglected but fertile regions, while here as in other civilized countries, a decent man cannot get a furrow of land for love or money? The causes of non-improvement are like the regions to which they apply both numerous and formidable. The chief of these, however, may be traced to the blessings of a Christian home not flourishing there, but the dwellings of cannibals, who like wild beasts and fishes devour each other. Who then will dare to adventure his life in a district of country the very history of which makes the heart of peasant and peer alike to tremble?

But the Christian Missionary will not be deterred from visiting those parts by the description of horrors so revolting and scenes so appalling. He goes forth in his Master's name and clothed with his Master's strength to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The warfare is begun and carried on with the Bible in his hand and the grace of God in his heart. It often happens that for self-defence from wild animals or for procuring venison for personal support the missionary is necessitated to carry a musket on his shoulder. A few years ago an African Missionary was in this position. He observed a lion before him just ready to spring. In these trying circumstances he had the presence of mind, to elevate his musket, pull the trigger, and fire. He remembered no more of what subsequently happened. His friends, on his not returning at the usual hour, dispersed in all directions expecting at every step to discover traces of his blood or fragments of his mutilated body; when lo! to their great amazement they suddenly found

the object of their search lying on the ground half-smothered by the superincumbent pressure of the dead lion. It would appear that the missionary had taken his aim and fired when the beast was up all four in the air, and the shot having penetrated its forehead, produced instantaneous death, but yet so accurate was the lion's aim and force of spring, that although killed, his momentum and weight were sufficient to make him strike the missionary, and the shock produced the stupor of insensibility for a time. But by a little care and attention he soon recovered, and thus the Lord his God delivered him like David of old, out of the paw of the lion. In savage life, though Missionary Enterprise were attempted, you could not penetrate to the fireside and home, for the savage being a hunter, roams about in quest of his prey, and very seldom knows the advantage of a certain dwelling-place. It is only as Christianity dawns upon a land, shedding abroad her benign influences on the hearts of the people, that a nation acquires steadfastness of character to her citizens, prosperity to her institutions, the spread of civilization, and the increase of all the useful arts.

But the savage is found in Christian countries, and his condition being midway between Heathenism and Christianity, is often forgotten in the benevolent efforts of Christ's people. The savage in a Christian country is the Tinker, the Thief and the Drunkard, who because their case may not appear so hopeless, are treated with as great indifference as if they had not a soul to be saved or lost; and yet to encourage our efforts for the good of this class, God has placed John Bunyan, the distinguished author of the Pilgrim's Progress, at the head of the converted and reformed tinkers, and the thief on the cross at the head of the converted thieves.

It would not be a reproach but an honour to any Christian, if when a tinker

has encamped on the road side, to sally forth, Bible in hand towards yon tattered tent, which exposes its inmates to the inclemency of the storms of every season, and to the storms of the Almighty's judgments, because the sweet incense of prayer never ascends to the throne of God, nor is his name ever mentioned but in horrid oaths and execrations, it may be, borrowed from the lips of those who wear the name of Christianity.

Such conduct would be worthy of a Christian, and it would lessen the chances of being assaulted and robbed at some lonely spot of the road. A marvellous escape of this description happened many years ago in the case of the Rev. Richard Cecil, a minister of the Church of England, whose piety and zeal for the salvation of souls will be known wherever the English language is spoken, and whose memory will be respected so long as the Church loves to venerate the just. Darkness overtook him one night as he was riding homewards through East Grinstead Common, somewhere between London and Lewes.— He saw a man on horseback who appeared to him to be intoxicated, and ready to fall from his horse at every step. Mr. C., after having warned him of his danger, without effect, rode close up to him, when the man on horse-back, who turned out to be a robber, immediately seized the reins. Mr. C. then endeavoured to escape, whereupon the man threatened to knock him down if he made any farther attempt. On this three others came up, and Mr. C. seeing by this time his truly alarming situation, thought with himself, now here is an occasion for faith, and presently that passage of Scripture presented itself, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee." Mr. C. fervently looked up to God in prayer. The captain of the gang then asked him who he was, and where he was going. Mr. C. told him; for he thought

that truth never needs a lie. The fellow then said, "Sir, I know you and have heard you preach. Let the gentleman's horse go; good night." The sum of money the good minister would have lost had the robbers been successful, was small, but then the moral victory achieved in retaining it was very great, and due to the great Hearer of prayer, who regards those who touch any of His servants as touching "the apple of His eye." Another remarkable instance of Providential interference to protect a servant of the Saviour, occurred in one of the many atrocious assaults of the notorious firm of Burke and Hare. On a Sabbath night in the Canon-gate of Edinburgh, after the minister had pronounced the benediction in his church, a man remained apparently under concern of soul, who requested him to call at his house in the West Port, situated at the end of a close with a knocker on the door. The minister did visit the place, but something came over him that he could not rap and having tried a second time with no better success he returned home. Next Sabbath evening as he went to preach his usual sermon the congregation were greatly excited, and at the conclusion of the services, informed the minister that his anxious inquirer was none other than Hare, who had been apprehended and committed to prison. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."—"Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." But let us glance for a moment at a robbers home, presenting the two-fold aspect of a family or of a promiscuous gang of all ages, congregated in some secluded and wretched hovel, beyond the ken of man.

Near one of the dens of London a missionary was passing one day, and heard terrible shrieks as of a young female voice, when on entering, he found a girl with her face streaming with tears. On his en-

quiring what was the matter, she replied, "Oh sir! I have touched the doll." Now the doll was the representation of a lady dressed in the height of fashion, and suspended by a cord from the ceiling, and if the girl had succeeded in picking out a large purse from that pocket, without making it swing, then she was a perfect and accomplished thief; but because of her failure, her mother was beating her in so cruel and unmerciful a manner. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." The fireside of the gang is as miserable as that of the family. It is a principle of thievery, that while you are dishonest and a thief to every other person you must be true and honest to the firm of which you are a member, for upon it devolves the burden of your maintenance. A young thief had stolen a few guineas, but so ragged a little urchin was he that he had not a whole pocket to hold it in. What could he do? If he went home and delivered it to the gang, then they would take it all and he would get none, but if he could conceal it, all was his. This latter step he resolved to take, but no place was found save that within the firm grasp of his fist. He suspected, however, that when he went home, some of his colleagues might notice his hand closed, and ask him what he had there, or seeing this by day, might watch their opportunity when he fell asleep on the hard floor, to open his hand and get the money. He had also a practice of dreaming at night, and rehearsing the difficulties that perplexed him during the day, and it was most likely, he feared, that he would speak out and say that he had guineas in his hand, which he wished to conceal from his companions. These considerations deprived him of his night's rest; but he was resolved by to-morrow's dawn that he should succeed in hiding his treasure. So away he went along the road and seeing some stones lying near, he bethought himself of depositing it under

one or other of them; but on reflection he said there is nothing people are so apt to turn over as a stone and then they would get my gear. He forthwith travelled a great distance off until he could not see a human being, because he said everybody that sees me, knows that I am a thief, that I am either stealing something or hiding something that I have stolen.— At last he came to a wood where was a trunk of a tree, of some considerable depth, hollow in the centre and containing a small shelf of moss on one side; and on this he deposited the object of his anxiety. But can I take it out again, was his next inquiry? In his effort to extricate it, the shelf gave way, and fell to the bottom of the tree. In his dilemma, he wept bitterly, casting himself on the ground overcome with the wailings of hopeless grief, and the impenitent tears of hopeless sorrow. He now thought of procuring the aid of a woodman to cut down the tree; but then the fear of discovery dissuaded him from this expedient; but as a last attempt he scratched the roots of the tree all around until finding an aperture large enough to admit his hand, he again clutched the stolen property. But on consideration he thus apostrophized it, "O, ye cursed gold! did ye not tempt me to steal you, then to hide you, and have you now re-appeared to give me such another night of torment, suspicion and anxiety as the last was." What a graphic illustration of the truth of God's word. "Good understanding giveth favour; but the way of transgressors is hard."

There is, however, a worse Savage even than the Cannibal and the Robber, both of whom are savages of nature's growth like the wild trees in the forest, but the Drunkard is more terrible than they; for the genial influence of christianity have been enjoyed by him, and yet he is a Drunkard still. He resembles the fruitless fruit-tree

in a well cultivated garden, which must be displaced to make room for another, and fit for no other destination than the fire.

The city of Edinburgh has been termed the most beautiful city in the world, and there is no traveller who ever viewed it from any side who could be altogether insensible to the charms of its picturesque and variegated scenery. There in one of the most beautiful streets of the New Town, on a fine morning in June, as Tradesmen and Lawyers were proceeding to their several occupations, not a few of whom were among the excellent of the earth, and the world's benefactors in the highest sense,—the sun shone brightly in the morning sky, the Lark was soaring near the white "sunny cloud," and the other songsters of the grove were striking up their melodious notes, cheering the hearts of God and man; and the flowers were perfuming the air with their sweetest fragrance, and so far as natural beauties could accomplish anything, the whole scene was like Paradise Restored; when lo! on a sudden, nature was bereft of her beauty, and the harmony and peace which had hitherto prevailed, was broken by incongruous sounds. The eye of the reader sometimes falls on the sad tale of a drunken husband beating his sober wife, but never before, and never again to see the dismal spectacle of a wife beating her husband. She was chasing him as a parent does a runaway child to school. Having overtaken him, she slapped his ears so smartly with the palms of her hands, that he had to pull up the collar of his coat for a temporary shelter, as one would from a shower of hailstones, and then in a voice like mimic thunder, she exclaimed, "What have you done with that seven-pence half-penny?" It would appear that the drunken husband on going to his work in the morning, laid down the 7½d, and wished his wife to buy the breakfast with it,

and the poor woman after searching the house in vain without finding it, came to the work-shop and was now following him home. The truth is, he had drunk it; and though repeatedly asked, never gave a decided answer. His miserable woman wore the visage of a broken heart, and the cure which seems worse than the disease, was perhaps, her last and only resort.

O Drunkenness! thou hydra-headed monster of Christian lands, when will the ravages which thou art perpetrating in the Human Family come to an end? Methinks I see in the Revivals of Religion and the near commencement of Millennium days, that thou art doomed forever, and thy reign is at an end. Want and wretchedness are engraven on thy brow—the want of principle and the wretchedness of degradation. When thou art dead and gone, all nations will attend thy funeral in an ecstasy of joy, without shedding a tributary tear, and commit thee to thy grave in the land of forgetfulness; and this will be an appropriate place for thee:

There lies W. W.,
Who will never more
Trouble you,
Trouble you,

The Christian's fireside, as seen in the memorable picture of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," exhibits cleanliness and comfort. There are two sacred hours of every day, and two sacred places in every Christian home. The hours of worshipping God; as seen in the morning and evening sacrifice, may be called sacred hours, which must neither be encroached on nor mispent. The hearth, which is the scene of this worship, is a sacred place; and here the children of the poor, commit to memory the important doctrines of the Christian Religion, of which their future life is to be the developement in the peaceful paths of a religious life. The hearth may not, therefore, be usurped or deprived of its sacredness by becoming the scene of idle gossip, obstructing the young in their lessons.

The closet is also a sacred place, because there the pious mother retires for secret prayer and here she initiates her youthful offspring to follow her living example, and bend their little knees before the throne of God.

II. But Christian influence transfers itself from the fireside to the Church, and when wanting at home you will look for it in vain in the church. There is an anecdote told of a fastidious lady, who having taken offence at the minister or office-bearers of the church, for some paltry matter, refused to drop her mite into the collection as she passed. One of the office-bearers who noticed the lady pass with a polite bow but no money, followed her straight into her pew, and said, "Give us less of your manners and mair of your siller, my lady." How different the spirit manifested by contrite worshippers. With the Psalmist they say, and feel what they say; "How amiable, O Lord of hosts! Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house, they will still be praising Thee."

Christians actuated by such a spirit, are at all times ready with their counsel, their money, and their prayers, to support and extend the blessings of the Gospel. Christ is interested in his people's happiness, and on that very account is he interested in their Christian liberty. From spontaneous and willing hearts they cheerfully contribute of their means to the Lord, and are strangers to the bitter pangs of the miser, which he inflicts on himself, from a fear lest he should become too generous and have nothing at last, and the fear of the secret contempt of wiser and better neighbours to which, so long as he has human nature about him, he cannot be altogether insensible. Jesus delights more in beholding the poor widow casting in her two mites, than in all the contributions of her wealthier neighbors, and she feels far happier too, not because she is about to starve by voluntarily depriving herself of all her living; but

because she estimates spiritual things above the value of meats and drinks, and regards Christ and his cause greater than all worlds. On these grounds, the poor widow had greater joy in the manifestation of her Christian liberty, and a higher commendation from the great master himself, than all the rest received. The Church then is the heavenly place, where on Sabbath and at other times you receive high principles and motives to actuate your souls aright, and direct your lives in a Christian channel, heavenwards.

III. The influence of the Christian is seen upon a still wider sphere, as exemplified by these Missionaries who may be said to labour in the wide wide world. The Missionary in distant lands is not merely a local official, but his influence is exerted at every stage in his route, and wherever his name and labours are known throughout Christendom, good is thereby done. Before one becomes a Missionary in the true sense, he is not to cast his eye with a covetous glance on the length and breadth of his native land, and selecting some salubrious spot, say: "Let me spend the remainder of my lifetime there;" nor on the other hand, is he with the morbid imagination, corrupted taste, and perverted judgment of the Papist, to make choice of the scorching heats of India, or the piercing colds of Siberia; because these climates forsooth, would speedily torture his body, and bring disease and death to his morbid frame.— Ah, no! the Missionary's choice is to be determined by considerations infinitely higher than these. He has made a sacrifice of his talents, his genius, his health, his all! and lays them upon the altar of devotion to God and the holy fire descending from heaven consumes them all in his estimation, leaving him nothing but a heap of ashes. Then like the prophet Isaiah, when he beheld the beatific vision in the Temple, and when the seraph touched his lips with a live coal taken with the tongs from off the altar, and laying

it upon his mouth said, "Lo this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin purged!" When in such circumstances, he heard the voice of the Lord, saying: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"—He willingly exclaims,— "Here am I, send me." When the Missionary is thus sent of God unto whatever land his labour will assuredly be owned of God, whether with Neff he proceed to the heights of Piedmont, with Martyn to Persia, with Williams to Erromanga, with Moffatt and Livingstone to Africa, with Waddell to the West Indies, or with Duff to the banks of his favorite Ganges.— The field is the world, and with this faith inspiring motto, the Missionary listens to the heart-rending cries of perishing millions of immortal souls, and the loudest cry no matter from what quarter it comes, like the cry of the man of Macedonia to Paul, it says, "Come over and help us," and the Missionary says "I will go." The circumstances of the Missionary's call and his success in his Master's work soon become public property, and though we may never again behold the radiant faces of such devoted servants of Christ, or listen to the fragrant statements of their gospel-toned lips, yet their letters are weighty to us in their lifetime, and after death their works follow them in the rich harvest of souls, ripe for the granary of Heaven. These devoted men are a sweet savour of God, in those who are saved, and in those who perish, to the one they are leaven of the death unto death; and to the other, life unto life; and who asks the apostle, is sufficient for these things. "Our sufficiency," he says, "is of God." In conclusion, we invite you to become a missionary at the fireside, the church, and in the wide wide world. We now bid you adieu, and allow a venerable hoary-headed stranger to address you who has survived a period of well nigh six-thousand years, and whose voice will be heard by you after mine

is silent in the dust of death. That voice is Time:—

"Know'st thou not me, the deep voice cried,
 "So long engaged, so oft misused;
 "Alternate in thy fickle pride,
 "Desired, neglected, and accused.
 "Before my face like blazing flax,
 "Man and his marvels pass away,
 "And changing Empires wane and wax,
 "Are founded flourish and decay.
 "Redeem mine hours the space is brief,
 "While in my glass the sand grains shiver;
 "And measureless the joy or grief,
 "When time and thou shalt part forever."

Twenty-Second Report.

Relative to the new Orphan Houses on Ashley Down, Bristol, and the Scriptural Knowledge Institution: By George Muller.

This report which gives an account of the establishment, and various objects under Mr. Muller, extends from May 26, 1860, to May 26, 1861, and like its predecessors, is pregnant with interest. During this year it appears that this Establishment or Institution, as Mr. M. calls it, which had its very small and insignificant beginning on March 5, 1834, has so grown, through trust and prayer in the Living God, that during the year the sum of £24,700 14s 4d sterling has been expended for the objects thereof; and the expenditure is becoming still larger and larger.

This large amount, equal to nearly £500 sterling per week, did not all come in during the year, as about Eight Thousand pounds from a building fund, that had been accumulating for some years previous towards the erection of additional buildings, was expended for that purpose; but the balance came in within the year, in sums of different amounts, in articles of different value, and from people living in different quarters of the globe. And that too, not through any extensively arranged and complex instrumentality, but through prayer to God and the dissemination of the Reports of the Institution.

We are not disposed to say of the work of God in Mr. Muller's hands, that God

hath wrought a miracle in Bristol. Some individuals from ignorance or from consulting their own ends have spoken of it in this manner. But we think that the Lord has given to Mr. Muller a large measure of faith and prayer, has enabled him to be faithful in the exercise of these graces, and in accordance with His own word, has shown in His dealings with Mr. Muller that He is the hearer and answerer of prayer, and that all things are possible to him that believeth. The Lord has not done to Mr. Muller what He will not do to any of His children. He may give us less of the grace of faith, and place us in a less conspicuous position for its exercise. He may give us less ability to pray, and surround us with occasions for prayer of a different kind; but if we are equally faithful in the exercise of these graces, all other things being equal, we will be proportionately rewarded. The ten talents may become other ten, but the five will also become other five. God is no respecter of persons, but *in Christ*, each shall receive "the reward of the deeds done in the body."

If it be so, it is manifest that Mr. Muller's success as a Christian labourer in the Lord's vineyard, compared with the success of most individual Christians, yea even of societies of Christians, is very marked and can only be accounted for either by the fact that a greater measure of grace has been given him, or that he has been more faithful in exercising it than others, or that the principles on which he proceeds are more in accordance with the mind and will of God, or that it is owing to the whole three being combined. We think the last the true way of accounting for the difference, and would recommend the study of his career to those who are desirous of abounding in the work of the Lord.

There are many things in the Report that suggest observation. We can only refer to a few. Writing of Tract distribution he says, "2,408,659 Tracts and Books

have been sold and given away. Above Two Millions of which were given gratuitously. The tracts and books sold came to £664 10s 3½d. Tracts and books paid for came to £1264 8s 3½d. Showing a balance provided by donations towards the gratuitous circulation of £600. Now the pecuniary cost of getting this amount of donations during the year was *nothing*. A marked contrast to some of our Tract Societies. We have in our possession at this moment the Report for 1861, of a certain Tract Society on this continent. They employ a travelling agent who constantly itinerates, addressing meetings in behalf of the society, and soliciting donations. The amount received for sixteen months was £309, &c. The amount for Traveller's salary and expenses for the same period was the modest proportion of £340, &c. We do not think that this is the proportion of expenses in all similar instances, but in all other cases where this mode is adopted the expenses of collection is so high, and the spirit of liberality so questionably cultivated, that it comes to be a question whether such a mode of collection for Tracts, or even for Bibles, should be continued.

The Report says that 107 preachers throughout the world, some in East and others in West Indies, some in Nova Scotia and others in Canada, some in Continental Europe and others in England, Scotland, and Ireland, have been more or less helped. Among these £5,273 7s 6d, sterling, has been distributed. From these labourers over 700 letters were received, many of which contained very interesting information. These labourers are not Missionaries in connection with the Scriptural Knowledge Institute, nor does Mr. Muller bind himself to give them a stated salary, but when he hears of any man of God labouring for the Lord in the word, whether in a more public or private way, whether at home or abroad, who is not connected

with any society, nor in the way of receiving a regular salary, and who seems to stand in need of help and is working in such a spirit, that with a good conscience he can help such an one, he does so. His ability to help so many is a standing contrast to some large denominations of Christians, who find it barely possible to sustain a few Missionaries in the Home or Foreign field.

In the Orphan Houses, now in operation, he has 700 orphans in charge. On first November, 1861, a third orphan house will be opened, able to accommodate 450 more orphans. An additional building capable of accommodating 850 more is contemplated, which when finished and filled will make the number amount to 2000. May the Lord prosper the undertaking.

Running Over A Commandment.

One morning a gentleman was going to church. He was a happy, cheerful Christian, who had a very great respect for the Sabbath. He was a singular man, and would sometimes do and say what children are apt to call 'very funny things.' As he was going along he met a stranger driving a heavily-loaded waggon through the town. When this gentleman got right opposite to the waggoner, he stopped, turned round, and, lifting up both his hands, as if in horror, he exclaimed, as he gazed under the waggon,—

'There, there,—You are going over it! You have gone right over it!'

The driver was frightened. He drew up his reins in an instant, cried, 'Whoa—whoa!' and brought his horses to a stand. Then he looked down under the wheels, expecting to see the mangled remains of some innocent child, or at least some poor dog or pig, that had been ground to a jelly. But he saw nothing. So after gazing all about, he looked up to the gentleman who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked,—

'Pray, sir, what have I gone over?'

'Over the fourth commandment,' was the quick reply. 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy!'

ADDRESS TO A MINISTER.

A. Brother beloved, I call thee,
Likewise an herald prepared;
Go, publish salvation to sinners,
The blessings of which thou hast heard.

O! tell them their state, and true danger,
That as sheep that have stray'd, they are lost;
Then point out the work of Redemption,
How vast, and immense was its cost.

And show them their guilt in refusing,
God's message of free sovereign grace;
That if that course they persist in,
They must die total strangers to grace.

And may the Chief Shepherd direct you,
Where e'er the glad tidings you preach;
While addressing the saint or the sinner,
Give a portion in season to each.

That when Christ shall appear in his Glory,
To judge both the quick and the dead;
You may have as your crown of rejoicing
Souls in glory with Christ at their head.

There nothing shall ever divide you,
For then shall your love be complete;
Each ascribing salvation to Jesus,
And casting his Crown at His feet.

J. F.
Osgoode, C. W.

"SAY JESUS."

As the late Professor Hope, of Princeton, was lying on his dying bed, and just before he breathed his last, after saying, "My work is done, the pins of the tabernacle are taken out," etc., he began to repeat the lines,

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kiud arms I fall,"

when his power of utterance seemed to fail. His sorrow-stricken wife, who was by his bedside, finished the stanza thus,

"Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all."

"Say Jesus," said her dying husband, and then breathed his last. "Our collection has it "Jesus," and not "Saviour," but probably our lamented brother said it, not in the way of correction, but because that name sounds so sweet in the believer's ear. That delightful passage, "Thou shalt call his name JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins," was probably in his mind.—Presb.

Sabbath School Lessons.

September 21st, 1861.

THE REJECTION OF JESUS AT NAZARETH.—LUKE IV. 16-34.

I. VERSE 16-17.—Jesus having come to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, came to the synagogue on the Sabbath day according to his custom, and the book of the prophet Esaias having been handed him, he read from it the lesson of the day, and directed the attention of his audience to the fact, that the passage was specially applicable to himself.

Nazareth was not a place of any note previous to the coming of the Lord. It is not mentioned in the Old Testament Scriptures; and only by the uninspired Jewish writer as the birth-place of Jesus. It had in fact rather an evil notoriety among the Jews, in the days of our Saviour. This we may infer from the question put to Philip by Nathaniel, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth," John i. 46. It was infamous not from its wickedness, but on account of the rebellious and seditious character of its inhabitants. Being situated also at a distance from the capitol, its dialect was corrupt; and its population was of a mixed nature, being made up of Jews and Gentiles. For these reasons Nazareth was despised by the inhabitants of Jerusalem and Judca, who were, at all events, disposed to view with sovereign contempt the people of Galilee. But as has already been observed the expressions, Nazarene and of Nazareth, were not meant to convey any idea of obloquy in the days of our Saviour. The town is beautifully situated in a romantic valley, of about a mile long, and a quarter of a mile broad, and is surrounded by hills. It is about six miles north-west of Mount Tabor. From Neby Ismael, which crowns the heights about Nazareth, one obtains a most magnificent prospect. From its summit Mount Carmel is seen in the distance. The lofty Hebron, whose top is enveloped in eternal snow, fit emblem of aged time, and the Mediterranean suggestive of eternity, are also distinctly visible. The environs of Nazareth produce luxuriant palm-trees, olive-trees, and fig-trees; and its corn-fields are unrivalled throughout the length and breadth of Canaan. Amidst these scenes, were spent thirty years of our Saviour's life upon earth, v. 17.

2. "Jesus came to Nazareth." He commenced his gracious work among his own neighbours. He made them an offer of mercy whatever their reception of it might be— "whether they should hear or whether they should forbear." It is a true proverb, that "charity begins at home. When a stone is

thrown into the midst of the ocean, first a small circle is seen on the surface, which goes on ever increasing, till as philosophers tell us, though the circumstance becomes imperceptible to our senses, every particle of that mighty ocean is embraced within it. Just so with true benevolence, beginning with the family circle, and thence extending to the neighbourhood, it ceases not till the remotest countries of the earth are comprehended within its grasp. 'Tis a questionable philanthropy, which incites to active exertions on account of far distant strangers, to the neglect of our own families and neighbourhoods. While there is room enough for all in the heart where Christian love resides, yet nearest home we witness its warmest, its brightest manifestations.

III. "And as His custom was." It was then the regular practice of our Lord to resort to the synagogues, the Jewish places of worship, on the Sabbath days to teach. In this as in every thing else regarding Christian morality, he sets before us an example for our imitation. "Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children," Eph. v. i., and obeying the injunction of the apostle "let us not forsake the assembling of ourselves together," Heb. x. 25.

IV. "He stood up for to read." It was the custom, in the synagogue, to stand up to read the Scriptures; and they would not even lean on anything while engaged in this exercise. In the synagogues there was a priest to superintend the service, and to see that everything was done in an orderly manner. As he thus served in divine things he was called the minister. It was not, however, at all inconsistent with the general mode in which public worship was conducted that Jesus read the portion of the Scripture allotted for that Sabbath. Strangers were often invited to read and exhort on such occasions, and there were many reasons why the Lord should have been requested to do so. He had been for some time absent, and his thus being called on to address those present in the synagogue of which he himself had been, doubtless, a member, would have served as a kind of re-introduction. They must also have been assured that he was extraordinarily qualified to address them. They had heard, too, of the miraculous cure he had effected at Damascus, Luke iv. 23. It was moreover customary to invite the originators of any sect to speak publicly on such seasons, that the people might have an opportunity of hearing and testing their doctrines.

V. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me." The High Priest was set apart for his office, under the Mosaic economy, by being anointed with the oil of consecration. Our great High

Priest was also anointed with the oil of the Holy Spirit, of which the oil, used in the legal ritual, was a type, John iii. 34.—Heb. i. 9.

VI. "*To preach the Gospel to the poor.*" The word gospel is of Saxon derivation, signifying literally God's news. It is used in different senses in the Scriptures, sometimes meaning the coming and kingdom of Christ, and sometimes the glad tidings of salvation. In the passage under consideration, it is manifestly used in the latter acceptance. The Apostle tells us God hath chosen "the poor of this world rich in faith," James ii. 5. But the expressions poor, broken-hearted, &c., have here, not a literal but a spiritual application. The spiritually poor are those who are conscious that they have nothing of their own to recommend them to the favour and mercy of God. They are sensible that no observance of ordinances, however strict, no morality merely human, can ever avail to justify them before the Righteous Judge. They are self-condemned. The broken-hearted mourn to feel that so far from having anything meritorious, by which they might render themselves acceptable to the Lord, even their best actions are so imperfect, so mixed up with sin, that for them alone they might be justly consigned to everlasting punishment. They feel that all their righteousnesses, in the sight of a Holy God, "who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," are but as filthy rags, and that God would be just in passing upon them the sentence of condemnation. The thought of God's infinite justice makes them tremble. Though gentle Mercy might wish their deliverance, Truth and Justice demand their punishment. To these poor, broken-hearted captives, how sweet the glad tidings of salvation through a Redeemer! To them, and to them alone, is Jesus sweet. Until we are brought, by the Spirit of God, to feel that without Christ we are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," the doctrine of the cross must be foolishness and a stumbling-block.

VII. "*They wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth,*" v. 22; but caviled at the obscurity of his condition, and the lowness of his birth. How prone is man to judge of a person not by his intrinsic merits, but by his external circumstances! Jesus, the carpenter's reputed son, was still the "Lord of Glory"—"the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely."—The truly great, owes not his greatness to the circumstances by which he may be surrounded. It is not the crown, or the sceptre that makes the king.

VIII. "*Whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum do also here in thy country,*" v. 23. They wished him to attest his mission

by a sign—to perform the same miracles before them, which they had heard of his doing elsewhere. They even insinuated that his miraculous cures should have commenced among them, by applying to him the proverb, "physician heal thyself." Jesus read their thoughts, and would not accede to their demand for miracles. These, without the accompanying influence of the Spirit, would be of no avail in causing them to receive the Gospel. From the cases of the widow of Sarepta, and of Naaman the Syrian leper, he shows them that he is perfectly free in dispensing his favours. None of us have any claim on God's mercy; where all are alike guilty, it is solely of free grace that any are saved.

IX. "*When they in the synagogue heard these things, they were filled with wrath,*" v. 28. Their indignation knew no bounds.—How changeable is man! For a time they listened attentively to his gracious words.—But no sooner was the doctrine of God's sovereign mercy enunciated, than their worst passions were excited. What opposition to the truth of God is there in the human heart! The ministers of Christ cannot expect to fare better than their master. They must also expect to meet with the same bitter hostility.

X. "*But He passing through the midst of them went His way,*" v. 30. Whether by miracle, or whether by the providence of God, he escaped uninjured. His hour was not yet come, and till then no man could harm him. In like manner, however the wicked may rage, will God preserve the lives of His servants, till all his purposes with them on earth are ended.

Learn 1st. We should seek first the welfare of those in our own neighbourhood, John i. 45; iv. 28–29.

2nd. The Gospel is suited to the poor in spirit, Matth. v. 3.

3rd. God is sovereignly free in the dispensation of His favours, Rom. ix. 15–16.

September 28th, 1861.

ISAAC BORN.—GEN. xxi. 1–22.

I. "*And the Lord visited Sarah.*" Not visibly, but by a manifestation of his goodness and faithfulness. Sometimes the Lord visits by conferring upon us temporal or spiritual favours, and sometimes in afflictive dispensations. v. 2. "Sarah conceived and bore Abraham a son." This circumstance being miraculous was manifestly from the Lord, but the most ordinary occurrence is no less so.—This event was contrary to the laws of nature; but what are these laws but just God's ordinary way of working? Let us always seek to discern the hand of a gracious Father in

everything that befalls us—to rise from nature up to nature's God. "Sarah bore Abraham a son at the set time of which God had spoken unto him." v. 2. All God's promises to his people will be eventually accomplished. Unbelief would suggest to us that these promises are impossibilities that will never be realized. When the Christian is afflicted in body or in mind and stripped of his earthly possessions, it is often no small trial to his faith to believe that these calamities come from the hand of a loving God and Saviour, who will order all things for his good. Faith assures the believer, that though he may be poor in worldly goods, yet he possesses all things. To believe in the midst of frailties, faults, and failings, that he is a child of God and heir of his kingdom—that his mortal body shall yet put on immortality, that his frame, after wasting in the grave, and having been food for the worms will one day rise incorruptible, a glorious body, and fit receptacle for the then perfectly holy and immortal spirit—to believe all these unspeakably great and precious promises is no small tax of the Christian faith. But however incredible and impossible, the verification of these promises may appear to mere human reason, with God there is nothing impossible. There shall be a certain performance of all that the Lord has spoken. God is not a man that he should lie nor the Son of man that he should repent.—Num. xxiii. 19. Abraham had to wait with patience for the fulfilment of the promise which had been made to him, and received it with faith, though its realization was contrary to common experience. Through this faith of his, he obtained the honourable distinction of being styled the father of the faithful, and his belief in the promises of God is held up by the Apostle as an example to believers in all ages. (See Rom. iv. 18 v., to the end.)

II. "Abraham called the name of his son Isaac." v. 3. The word Isaac means laughter. The child was thus named, doubtless in testimony of the joy and gratitude experienced by his parents, at the long expected fulfilment of the prediction. He was the child of promise, from whom was to spring that seed, in whom "all nations of the earth were to be blessed." Another reason of his being thus named, was probably to keep in remembrance the unbelieving laugh of Sarah. Gen. xviii 12. It is well to keep mindful of our faults, especially when we are the recipients of extraordinary favour. It is a sanctified means of keeping us humble.

III. "And Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, mocking." v. 9. Relying upon the external privileges, which he enjoyed as the son of Abraham, Ishmael treated with contempt the present condition, and future expect-

tations of Isaac as the child of promise. "He, that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the spirit." Gal. iv. 29.—v. 10. Sarah said unto Abraham, "cast out this bond-woman and her son." In times of our greatest prosperity, the Lord visits us with crosses. It was through a carnal expediency that Sarah had given Abraham Hagar to wife; and now in the shape of family discord, "her sin had found her out." From Gal. iv. 22 v., to the end, we learn that the persons and events of this narrative, were allegorical. Sarah personified the true church—"the Jerusalem which is from above,—and Isaac her son, the true believer. Hagar represented mount Sinai, in Arabia, from which the law was delivered; and Ishmael the bond-man born under the law. By one or other of these two sons are all professing Christians typified. They must be either Isaacs or Ishmaels. These persons, who are trusting to the merits of a crucified Redeemer alone for justification, are like Isaac the children of the free woman, and heirs of the promises.—On the other hand, they who pride themselves in their legal righteousness, and in their external privileges, are compared by the Apostle to Ishmael. Strangers to grace, and to the glorious liberty of the children of God, if they die in this condition—they shall then be cast out into that wilderness, where "the wicked shall be turned, and all the nations that forget God." Psal. ix. 17. "The son of the bond-woman shall not be heir with the son of the free-woman." Gal. iv. 30.

IV. "And also, of the son of the bond-woman, will I make a great nation, because he is thy seed." v. 13. Believers are called the salt of the earth. Matt. v. 13. By them the earth is preserved from destruction. Even the temporal blessings enjoyed by those who are in juxtaposition with God's people, are innumerable. Gen. xxxix. 5. "Hagar departed and wandered in the wilderness." v. 14. She was probably returning to Egypt to her relations; but she wandered—she lost her way. The necessities for her journey, which had been given her by Abraham, being finished, she went and sat down a good way off from Ishmael; for she could not bear to see the death of her child. "She sat over against him, and lifted up her voice and wept." v. 16. She wept not so much for her own sad condition, as for the sake of the child. O what strong affection is in the mother's heart! Yet what is it in comparison with that infinite love which the Lord has for his people? It is like a drop compared with the ocean. "Can a mother forsake her sucking-child." Is. lxix. "And God heard the voice of the lad." "The Lord is very merciful and full of compassion." Every moment we experience his goodness

God had not forgotten his promise to Abraham, that he would make of Isaac a great nation, nor did he want the power to effect his purpose. For the second time did Hagar experience that the God of her master was everywhere present, and that all events are overruled by his providence. "God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water." v. 19. Happy they whose eyes God has opened in time of their extremity, to perceive that well of living water, of which, if a man drink, he "shall never thirst!" John iv. 14.

Learn 1. God will certainly fulfil all his promises to his people, however impossible these promises may appear to mere carnal reason. Num. xxiii. 19.—Luke i. 72.

2. In prosperity, we should be mindful of our faults, that we may not be high-minded but fear." Isa. li. 1.

3. We must not trust to legal righteousness, external ordinances, or religious privileges, for justification before God. Rom. iii. 20.—Matt. iii. 9.

4. Those who are placed in relationship to the saints of the Lord, enjoy not only great spiritual, but also, great temporal advantages. Gen. xxxix. 5.—Isa. xxxvii. 35.

5. The providence of God extends to every event. Matt. x. 29.

October 5th, 1861.

THE HEALING OF A DEMONIAC.— MARK i. 21.—28.—Luke iv. 31—37.

I. Jesus having departed from Nazareth came to Capernaum; and there he taught on the Sabbath-days. v. 30—31. Persecuted and driven from one city he came to another.—What an example of fearless and unflinching continuance in duty does our Lord set us here! They were astonished at his doctrine, for his word was with power." v. 32. At this period a spirit of lifeless formalism pervaded the church. The people and the priest had alike gone astray. The preaching of those who professed to be ministers of God could give no comfort to those who mourned in Zion.—A strict external observance of the law of Moses, was inculcated by their ministers upon the people. The conduct of these religious guides—as they professed to be—was far from being consistent with their teaching.—Matt. xxiii. 4.—Luke xii. 46. The Pharisees had no idea of the spirituality of the law. They believed that if their words and actions corresponded in any degree with the moral law, their duty to God was fulfilled. They knew not, or overlooked the fact that God takes cognizance of every thought of the heart, and that therefore, man will be judged, not by his external conduct, but by the motives from which that conduct proceeds. In fact,

they never thought seriously of the existence of an everywhere present and ever-working God, or of their relationship to him as intelligent creatures. From pride and avarice, they desired to have a reputation for sanctity among men. When beyond the sphere of human inspection, their cloak of religion was thrown aside. Matt. xxiii. 25.—vi. 2. This was the condition of those, who sat in Moses' chair at the time of our Lord's ministrations upon earth. Could the preaching of such men avail in awakening the spiritually dead? Dead themselves, could they be instrumental in giving life to others? How utterly inadequate were their moral dissertations to give comfort to those who mourned in Zion to the awakened sinner! By leading the burdened soul to Sinai, within hearing of its thunderings and lightnings, they could only add to the weight of his load. Need we wonder then that the inhabitants of Capernaum, were "astonished at the doctrine" taught by our blessed Lord, for "his word was with power." Of what character the teaching of Jesus was here, we are at no loss to determine. We have ample specimens of his preaching, embodied in the biographies given of him by the evangelists. His sublime doctrines, were communicated in language clear, simple, and dignified; and were explained by such similes and illustrations, as attracted the attention, and sealed them on the memory. We may be sure that not only dignity and grace indescribable, but also, the love, the sympathy for man which filled the heart, were also manifest in the manner of him, "who spake as never man spake." As to the subject of his speaking—what was it but just that subject, which, though old, is ever fresh and sweet to his people—that subject which is "music to the sinner's ear"—life through a crucified and risen Saviour?—Add to all this that his word was accompanied by the operations of the omnipotent, spirit, and we can form some idea how it is said by the Evangelist to have been with power.

2. There was in the synagogue a man, who was possessed of the spirit of an unclean devil. Mark i. 23.—Luke iv. 33. Demoniical possession, mentioned repeatedly, in the New Testament scriptures—a common phenomenon in the days of our Saviour and of his Apostles—has excited no little speculation. The ancient, heathens, Greeks and Romans, believed that those who were mad, were possessed of the Furies—a sort of imaginary demons. We have reason to believe that demoniical possession was distinct from madness. It, and madness, are separately specified in the list of diseases, the subjects of which are mentioned by Matthew, as having been brought to our Saviour to heal; and had they only been different names for the same disease, this would

not have been the case. Matt. iv. 24. Some are of opinion, that a popular superstition among the Jews, in the time of our Saviour, was that the insane were possessed of evil spirits, and that Jesus connived at this vulgar notion, as at a matter of no importance. This opinion is most wicked and absurd. However it may be accounted for, demoniacal possession was a reality. Most probably, this calamity, was at this time, sent into the world to manifest the power of our blessed Saviour, and to attest the truth of his mission.

III. The demoniac cried out with a loud voice, saying, "Let us alone, what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee, who thou art, the Holy one of God."—Luke iv. 34. These words the man cried out, influenced by the evil spirit, with which he was possessed, for Jesus addressed not him, but the demon; saying, "Hold thy peace, and come out of him."—v. 35. Various opinions are entertained, as to the reason why the evil one should have borne this extraordinary testimony to the character and mission of Jesus. From the fact, that the Lord so promptly and decidedly silenced him, some think that the evil one, like a runaway slave, found out by his master, fearing the stripes which he might be about to receive, endeavoured by flattery, to avert his Lord from taking vengeance upon him. Others believe that the demon, by thus showing that he was acquainted with Jesus, wished to impress upon the Jews that Christ was in collusion with the evil spirits; and that our Saviour's rebuke was to obviate such a delusion. The latter opinion is doubtless founded upon the fact, that the error of Christ's performing his miracles through satanic influence soon manifested itself among the unbelieving portion of his countrymen. A third supposition is, that this was an unwilling testimony, extorted even from a wicked spirit, by the Almighty power of God. If we examine this testimony, however, we shall find that it is not a true one. It is, in fact, a mixture of truth and error.—"Let us alone, what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come here to destroy us?" The father of lies strives by every means to keep souls from Jesus. When the word comes with power, and touches the sinner's heart and conscience; is he not frequently tempted to use means to banish it from his mind? When wounded by that "quick and powerful word," how often does the sinner endeavour to heal his wound by closer attention to secular affairs, by carnal diversions! What is this, but saying to Jesus, "let me alone, what have I to do with thee?" How prone is the natural heart to use to Jesus the same language as the widow of Sarepta did to the prophet, "What

have I to do with thee, art thou come unto me to call my sins to remembrance?"—1st Kings: xvii. 18., or that of the Israelitish tyrant to the same man of God; "Hast thou found me O mine enemy?" Satan would fain have me to view the Holy One of God as his enemy.—"Art thou come to destroy us?" See he would sink poor souls into doubt and despair. He would have them view their best friend and only Saviour, as their destroyer. But Jesus quickly expels this evil spirit of mistrust and unbelief. 'Tis he alone who can do so, and take possession of the sinner's heart. By this miracle did Jesus show forth his glory. He showed that all things, even the evil spirits were subject to him. What then has the Christian to fear? When he has Jesus in him, "the hope of Glory," what then can do him harm?—See Rom. viii. 35., to the end.

Learn 1. We should be bold in the performance of duty.—Mrtt. x. 28. Acts v. 29.

2. The preaching of the Word to be effectual, must be accompanied with power.—1 Cor. ii. 4.

3. The dreadful effects of sin.—Rom. i. 24 to the end.

4. Jesus has power to deliver his people from all their and his enemies.—John xvi. 33.—Eph. i. 21.

HAPPY SERVICE.

When the Queen of Sheba came to visit Solomon, she was so struck with the grandeur and magnificence of his palace, the order and supplies of his household, the wisdom he communicated, and the gracefulness of his utterances, that she considered it both happiness and honour to be allowed to serve in his court: she exclaimed, "*Happy are these thy servants*" (2 Chron. ix. 7). But I have been thinking if servants of Solomon were happy, how much more happy must the servants of Jesus be. Yes, they are happy, and that on many accounts; we will confine our attention to two.

First, *because they are connected with the King*. They are of the court, and of the court of the King of kings, and the Lord of lords. Solomon is in every sense outdone by him. Solomon was wise, but in him dwelleth all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Solomon's wisdom was a drop; his, an ocean. Solomon's, a tiny spark, his, a glorious sun. Solomon was wealthy, but Jesus has unsearchable riches. All created wealth is his, and all uncreated

riches of Deity are his too. Solomon was honoured, but Jesus has a name above every name, a throne above every throne, and a kingdom above every kingdom.—In wisdom, health, and honour he is unequalled, and his servants share in all. Happy are his servants.

Second, *because employed by a Sovereign.* In his service they are sure of the best provision, and plenty of it; they obtain good wages, and they are promptly paid; they receive many and great gifts; they enjoy various pleasures; and they have the promise of everlasting life. Fed with the choicest food, even bread from heaven, possessing peace of conscience, receiving innumerable tokens of Divine love, enjoying high and hallowed communion with God, and His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, and looking forward to eternal life, which includes glory, honour, and immortality, they are truly happy. Yes, with much more propriety may we say of the servants of Jesus than the Queen of Sheba said of Solomon's, '*Happy are these thy servants.*' May their happiness be mine!

"*Does Jesus want any servants now?*" He does. Will you, my reader, engage to be one? Or, if you are one of the happy servants of Christ, will you endeavor to engage more? '*What kind of persons will you engage?*' Any and all who are willing to serve him. Such as you are, and you, if you are not already engaged to him. '*How does he engage them?*' When any one really wishes to be a servant of Christ, he comes to him, in prayer he bows before him, he makes the proposal to him, and agrees to accept of his terms. Or he yields his heart to Jesus, and engage to serve him; and so the bargain is struck.— '*How will he treat his servants?*' Ask any one of them, and all will unite to testify that he treats them as his children— with the utmost kindness, gentleness, and love. His treatment of them is most honourable, far above the highest expectations. '*What servants does he like best?*' He likes to engage his servants when they are young, therefore he says, '*I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.*' But whether young or old, if they wish to serve him he engages them; and then loves to see them earnest and energetic, meek and humble, whole-hearted and decided in his cause. '*What will be*

the portion of his servants when their work on earth is done?' Hear his own words, '*If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am there shall also my servant be; if any man serve me, him will my father honour. Wherever he is, his servants will be. Whatever he has, his servants shall share with him. Whatever he is, his servants will be like him. Well, then, may we say, 'Happy are these thy servants.'* Happy in their state, happy in their connection, happy in their employment, and happy in their eternal prospects!

Reader, are you a servant of Christ?— Have you engaged yourself to him? If not, will you? Jesus is ready to engage you; he has a situation that will just suit you; all he will say to you will be, '*Go and serve me, and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.*'—*The Appeal.*

THE PREACHER AND THE HEARER.

We allow that much of the impatience and inattention of hearers may be owing to the prolixity of preachers. But, still admitting that on the one side there is often the fault of commonplace as well as "the sin of excessive length," and conceding to every hearer the same right to exert his tasteful and intellectual faculties when listening to a sermon as when perusing a printed book; you will not deny that on the other side there are often a languor and lukewarmness of which the cure must be sought, not so much in the greater power of the preacher, as in the growing piety of the hearer.— There are two sorts of instruction to which if we do not hearken we are utterly without excuse. One is the direct instruction of God's Word; the other is earnestness and truth embodied in a Christian teacher. But how often are the lively oracles read in public worship, and a relief experienced when the lesson is ended! and how often does some fervent evangelist pour forth appeals full of that rare originality,—the pathos of a yearning spirit—and find no response save stolid apathy, or a patronizing compliment to his energy!

Half the power of preaching lies in the mutual preparation. The minister must not serve God with that which cost him nothing; but it is not the minister alone who should "give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine." There is a reciprocal duty on the part of the hearer. He should come with a purpose, and he should come with prayer. He should come hopeful of benefit, and bestirring all his faculties, that they may miss nothing which is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction for instruction in right-

ousness." He should come with a benevolent prepossession towards his pastor and with a friendly solicitude for his fellow-hearers. And thus, as Iron sharpens Iron, so his intelligent countenance would animate the speaker, and like a Hurr or an Aaron, his silent petitions would contribute to the success of the sermon.

Nor can aught be more fatal than a habit of indolent hearing. Like one who glances into a mirror, and sees disorder in his attire, or dust on his face, and says "I must attend to this," but forthwith forgets it, and hurries out on his journey; or who, in the time of plague, sees the livid marks on his countenance, and says, "I must take advice for this," and thinks no more about it till he drops death-stricken on the pavement—so there are languid or luxurious listeners to the Word of God. At the moment they say Very true, or Very good, and they resolve to take some action; but just as the mirror is not medicine,—as even a watery mirror cannot wash from its countenance the specks which it reveals, if merely looked into,—so a self-survey in the clearest sermon will neither erase the blemishes from your character, nor expel the sin-plague from your soul. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear. And, laying apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls.—But be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth in his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein,—like a man who, seeing his bedusted visage in the mirror of that polished flood, loses not a moment, but makes a laver of his looking glass,—he being not a forgetful hearer but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed; or, if saved already, he shall become a more beautiful character by his strenuous self-application.

The glory of Gospel-worship consists in its freedom, its simplicity and its spirituality.—We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus; and we are encouraged to draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith. We are not come to a burning mount nor to the sound of a trumpet and to a voice of terror; but we are come "to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." The Father seeks true worshippers, such as will worship him in spirit and in truth; and now that sacrifice and offering have ceased,—and now that burdensome ob-

servances have vanished away, praise and prayer, and almsgiving are the ordinary oblations of the Christian Church. But surely the freedom of our worship should not abate from its fervour; and because it is simple, there is the more scope for sincerity, and the more need that it should be the worship of the heart and soul. But do we sufficiently realize our privileged but solemn position as worshippers of Him, to whom seraphim continually do cry, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory"? Do we sufficiently realize our blessedness as fellow-worshippers with those who sing on high, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"? In the house of prayer, do we make worship our study, and devotion our business? "Do we labour mightily in prayer," and do we "wake up our glory to sing and give praise"? Or are not many of us content to be lookers-on at the prayers, and listeners to the psalmody? and instead of "a golden vial full of odours," is not many a devotional act a vain oblation, a vapid form; a tedium to ourselves, and an offence to the Most High?

Beloved, let us bestir ourselves in worship. Let us "make a joyful noise unto the Lord;" let us "serve him with gladness." Let us sing his praises "with grave sweet melody," and "with grace in our hearts." And let us concentrate our thoughts and join zealously in the confessions, the thanksgivings, and the supplications of the public prayers. And thus, like the restful activity of the temple above, we shall find moments pass swiftly which may now be a weariness; and refreshed by the sacred exertion which enlisted our faculties, and which enlivened our feelings, we shall retire sweetly conscious that it was "good to be there."—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

VOLUNTARY AGENTS.

We have resolved that all who act as voluntary agents, and who send us five subscribers for the Good News with five dollars will be entitled to a copy of the Good News for one year.

All who send us Thirty names for the Evangeliser with seven dollars and a half and who will take the trouble of distributing the papers to the subscribers they procure, will receive from us the parcel of Thirty post paid, and will also be entitled to a copy of the Good News for one year.

POSTAGE.

The Postmaster General has announced that the following Postage Rates shall apply to

- "The Evangelizer" (monthly).
- "The Gospel Message" (do.)
- "The Good News" (semi-monthly.)

A package to the address of one person, sent from the office of publication, may be prepaid, by Postage Stamps, at the rate of *Five Cents* per pound, or fraction of a pound.

When received at destination unpaid, the postage is *One Cent* for each copy, unless paid for at the commuted rate, which is *half a cent* for each copy.

The reduced or commuted rate for the monthly periodicals above named, is *three cents* for six months, or six cents for one year; and, for the semi-monthly periodical, in like proportion.)

THE GOOD NEWS.

A Semi-monthly periodical, devoted to the Religious Education of the old and young.—Published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at One Dollar.

It contains:

1. Original and Selected articles, on practical Religion.
 2. Revival intelligence and accounts of the various Christian movements for the amelioration of society.
 3. A Scripture Lesson for every Sabbath in the year adapted to assist parents and teachers.
 4. News of the churches in Canada.
 5. A sermon from some living Preacher.
- Back numbers can be supplied.

THE EVANGELIZER.

A religious periodical, unsectarian in character and devoted exclusively to the advancement of the Kingdom of God in the world, is published towards the end of every month, at 25 cents per annum, or 50 copies of one issue for a dollar.

The matter of The Evangelizer consists of articles original and selected, and is adapted to arouse sinners, direct inquirers, and quicken God's people.

In order that the Lord's work may be advanced, we offer The Evangelizer for

Gratuitous Circulation.

We are anxious that our paper should circulate among the careless and the infidel, as well as among the religious. Many of these we know, will not subscribe for, or support a paper such as ours, but we wish it to circulate amongst them, notwithstanding. And the way it can be done is this.

Reader, suppose in your locality, school-section, congregation, village or town, there are twenty, thirty, or fifty families, or more, which you could conveniently visit once a month. If you wish to do them good, send to us for as many papers as there are families. If there be fifty families, we will send fifty copies each month. Take them round—hand them kindly to every one of the fifty who will receive them, no matter by what name they are named. When you hand them in, speak a word for Christ. It will be a good opportunity for you. If you are not able to do so, leave the Lord himself to speak through the paper.

In this work all classes of our readers may engage, but especially would we like to enlist a number of females, as we have always found them able and devoted distributors.

The Gospel Message.

Is a small periodical we publish monthly and is substantially a Gospel tract of four pages, or two Gospel tracts of two pages each, or four Gospel tracts of one page each.

It is well adapted for distribution on the railway cars, steamers, at the dismissal of congregations, on household visitation, and wherever Gospel tracts can be circulated.

In order that we may supply these as cheaply as possible, the matter of The Message will appear first for some time in The Evangelizer; so that we will be able to send One Hundred and Twenty copies of The Gospel Message by post to any part of Canada for 50 cents.

To those who have the opportunity of scattering, but cannot afford to purchase, as many as they can circulate, we will be glad to supply them gratis as far as the Lord enables us.

For the gratuitous circulation of Evangelizer and Gospel Message.

Donations

Are thankfully received. The scattering of leaflets of truth, is with us a work of faith and labor of love. We spend our time, our talent and our substance, without expecting or desiring any benefit, but such as the Lord sees fit to bestow—so that if He should stir up any of His people to help us with their substance it will be thankfully received and acknowledged.

Colporteurs.

We have now Eight Colporteurs, who devote their time to the distribution of our publications, whom we commend to the Christian kindness of those whom they visit, and to the care and keeping of the Great Head of the Church.

The sphere of usefulness is wide, and the need of Colporteurs great, so that if any young man of piety and activity is desposed to enter on the work, in connection with us they will be kind enough to communicate with us direct.

A Scheme of Sabbath School Lessons for every Sabbath in 1861, is supplied by post for ten cents per dozen,

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