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THE GOOD NEWS:

A SEMI-MONTHLY UNDERMINATIONAL RELIGIOUS PERIODICAL.

VOL. 4.]

NOVEMBER 15th, 1864.

[No. 22.]

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EDITED BY REV. ROBERT KENNEDY.

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THE GOOD NEWS:

A semi-monthly Religious Periodical, published on the 1st and 15th of every month, containing 28 pages of reading matter, double column, besides the Covenant. Price One Dollar per annum, payable in advance.

This publication will enter on its fifth year on the 1st of January, 1865. Since its commencement it has had a respectable circulation in Canada, but there is still room for considerable extension.

On the eve of a new year, and the commencement of another volume, we address our friends, and the friends of the Lord Jesus, respectfully asking them to use their endeavours towards the extension of our circulation. We mention a few reasons why we think it deserves the support of the people of Canada:

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A DISCUSSION ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY A MISSIONARY TO THE CHINESE.

(Reprinted from "The Sunday at Home.")

One day we went out and bluntly asked the crowd of upturned faces—"Where will you go after you die?" They stared in blank amazement, and some smiled.

One said, "If you had asked where we shall be carried to, we could have more readily told you."

"Or what we will become," cried another.

A titer of laughter followed these witticisms, in which all joined. "Well, it is a very humiliating thing to think that these bodies of ours will be food for worms; but do you know," I said, addressing the audience, "that your bodies are no part of yourselves, but merely the case in which your soul dwells, and that your soul, or rather you yourselves, will live in the perfect possession of all your faculties after your bodies have been laid in the grave."

"We do not believe any such doctrine," affirmed one, evidently inclined to be disputations; "we believe that man is one whole; that his soul and his body form one thing,—that they are indissolubly united together, and that when he dies his spirit is dissolved and scattered to its original elements for ever." And continuing, he said, "Man is just like a tree or a beast. Destroy the root of a tree, and its functions gradually cease; its leaves wither, its health droops; its freshness and beauty—that is, the spirit of the tree—vanishes, and it dies and falls to the ground. So it is with man. His strength decays, the vigour of his mind and the force of his passions decay gradually with it; and at last everything comes to end, and the man and every power of his being is gone for ever."

Seeing that I had a man before me who had a mind of his own and could argue, I resolved to take full advantage of it, and enter thoroughly into the subject; for the Chinese are sadly at fault regarding the nature and immortality of the soul. Accordingly, I asked him "if he ever knew a man who had lost a leg or an arm?"

Rather astonished at this question, he

replied, "Yes, I do; but what has that to do with the subject?"

"Did you know him well before he lost his limb?" I again asked.

"Intimately."

This was fortunate; for there are few mutilated. They in general prefer to die rather than permit amputation.

"Well, did you observe any marked difference in his understanding or capacities after he had met with his misfortune?"

"No," he replied.

"Could he understand a question as clearly as ever? Conduct his business as well, and write as good a letter?" I persisted in inquiring.

"Yes, there was no difference at all, after he got quite better."

"Now," I said, "do you not see that this entirely disproves your assertions? For if the soul and the body were indissolubly interwoven one with another and formed one whole,—is it not evident that when a man lost part of his body he would lose part of his soul also?"

Acting on the principle of a "man convinced against his will," he replied that "he did not understand me."

"Why, don't you understand this? that if the soul permeates the body, and is one with it,—when a man loses, for instance, the fourth part of his body, he must lose also the fourth part of his soul?" And appealing to his knowledge of Chinese history, I further said, "You are a scholar, and you must recollect the great general of the old dynasty who lost a leg and an arm, and had his head also sadly bruised, but who recovered and continued as able a man as ever he was." And then addressing the crowd, I said, "These things clearly prove that the soul and the body are distinct; and that the loss of a part of the one in no way injures the other. But there are many other proofs. You have all seen some one wasting away with disease, and the flesh disappearing from the bones, and the man

becoming nearly a skeleton, while his mind continued as bright as ever. And you have all seen a dead body. The body is there, and all its organs are there; but speak to it and it cannot hear you; lift the eyelid and no one looks in your face; press the hand and it does not return the pressure; that which hears and looks and feels and acts has fled, but the ear, and the eye, and the hand are there. Does not this also show you that the body and the soul are not indissolubly united together? The body is like the house; and here is the house, and the furniture, and everything; but the tenant has fled. Again, physicians in the West have discovered that the body is perpetually changing, and that it undergoes a complete transformation of flesh and bones at least every seven years; but we know we have the same minds and faculties to-day as we had yesterday, this year as we had last or seven years ago; which also proves that the soul is entirely distinct from the body; for were the one part and parcel of the other, we would be entirely different persons every seven years of our lives. What think you of these facts?" I again asked our friend, who had been listening patiently.

"I still think that the body and the soul are one thing; that the body is like the lamp, and the oil and the soul like the flame, and that just as the oil goes down the flame diminishes, and both go out together," he pertinaciously affirmed. "Just as the strength of the body decays, the soul also declines, and both go out together."

Seeing that he confounded mere life with mind, I asked him if he ever dreamt dreams?

"Of course I have, and so have all men," he answered.

"Well, in your dreams did you ever see any of your friends who are far away, or did you ever hear them speak to you?"

Not seeing what I was after, he freely replied—

"Yes, I have often seen friends in my dreams, and seen them distinctly, and spoken to them, and heard them speak to me. But what has this to do with the matter?"

"It proves all I want," I said. "You say you saw your friends distinctly, and

heard them speak. *But your eyes were shut;*" and turning to the audience, I asked, "Does this not clearly prove that it is not the eye that sees, but something behind the eye; that the eye is but the organ or window, by means of which the spirit looks out upon the world. Our friend says, too, that he has heard friends speak to him in dreams; and you all know he is correct, for you have all heard friends speak to you, and you have heard music, and smelt perfumes, and travelled miles, and reasoned long, but all was still around you, and there were no friends near. Does this not convince you that it is not the ear which hears, but something behind the ear; that the ear is but the opening to let the sounds in, and that behind the ear there is a spirit catching everything; and so with all the organs of the body.

"Again; did any of you ever hear of a piece of matter, a piece of wood, or stone, or any heavy substance moving of itself?" Waiting for a reply, I repeated the question, and at last a man shouted, "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"You are quite right," I said; "no one ever heard of such a thing; but your body is just a piece of heavy matter, your arms and feet are just implements to be used, and your whole body is just a beautiful machine. A mill requires the oxen to drive it; a machine requires a man to work it, or it will stand still; a spade requires a hand to use it—so in like manner the body requires a spirit to rule it, and regulate it, and use it, and it is just as distinct from the body as the man is from the machine, or the hand from the spade and the hoe."

As they appeared interested I went on, and I asked my friend, who still stood eagerly catching every word, "Suppose you were to hear that a certain mill had been broken down, you would at once infer that the oxen had perished with it?"

"Of course not," he indignantly replied.

"Well, when you see a body die and moulder in the grave, what reason have you to think that the soul must have died also?"

Receiving no reply, I answered my own question, and said, "There is manifestly no reason whatever." And again I asked, "If it is clear that the deprivation of a part of the body in no way affects the intellect,

what reason is there for supposing that the destruction of the whole body must inevitably quench the soul? Death peels the flesh off the bones, separates one bone from another; but neither the flesh nor the bones are our souls or ourselves." Continuing my remarks, I said, "I trust you are all convinced that the soul is distinct from the body, and that to say the least, there is no reason for supposing that the soul is extinguished at death. And now I have another question to put to you. Did you ever see a man suffering from remorse of conscience, or from the death of friends, or from the loss of property?"

"Many a time," one near me affirms.

"Well, you must have observed that he was suffering no bodily pain. There was no man beating him with a bamboo, nor was there any scro on his body, nor was he afflicted with inward disease; he was just sitting on his chair wringing his hands and moaning in perfect misery. Where was the sorrow he felt?"

"It was in his mind."

"You are right. And this not only further proves that the soul is separate from the body, but it also proves that the soul is the seat of suffering, and that therefore the soul may suffer when out of the body as well as in it. *There may therefore be suffering after death.*"

Here my former friend interrupted me and said, "Admitting all you say, you have not yet proved that the soul will live after death, far less for ever, as your book teaches."

"Strictly speaking, I have not yet; but I am coming to that," I said; but knowing that his views were confined to the minority among the literate, and determined to make the discussion more general, I asked the crowd, "Do you all believe with our friend here, that the soul is dissolved and quenched for ever at death?"

I waited for a little and got no answer. I repeated my question and encouraged them to speak.

At last one said, employing the usual phraseology, "Death is the breaking up of the three inch vapour. This vapour is the soul, and it ascends into the air, and by-and-by reaches the world of spirits. It lives for three or four generations, and receives the sacrifices and homage of its de-

scendants, and at last is dissolved with its elements."

"Do you all believe this?" I again enquired.

"No," cries another; "I believe that the souls of the vulgar and wicked are dissolved; but that the souls of the wise and good ascend to some of the stars, and live for ever in happiness there."

"No," cried another; for the ice was broken, and there were plenty now ready to speak. "I believe that the soul is distinct from the body, and that every soul at death appears before Yen-lo-Wang—the god of fate, who decides its destiny, that the wicked are punished, and the good are happy."

Another propounded the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. And yet another, who was a Taoist (a sect of which I shall speak in a separate chapter), maintained that the "souls of all men were naturally mortal, and that the only way to secure immortality and reach the Hall of Heaven—by which they mean some of the stars near the pole-star—was to procure the elixir of immortality.

"But what good will the elixir of immortality do?" I asked.

He explained, and said, "The soul of man is gross and material, and of itself will die. This elixir of immortality refines and purifies the soul; and being purified from its grossness, thus becomes a *seen jin* or a *genii*. If the man have been extraordinary good he becomes a *teen seen* (i.e., a celestial immortal), and has his habitation for ever among the stars; but if he have been only an ordinary good man, he merely becomes a *tete seen* (i.e., a terrestrial immortal), and enjoys virtue, wisdom, and perpetual youth in Kwen-Lun (a fabled mountain in the West)."

Having got the opinion of the crowd, I said, "I was glad to see that only a few believed the absurd doctrine, that the soul would die at the dissolution of the body; but sorry that so few understood the great truth that all our souls will live for ever, and that either in bliss or woe."

"We are waiting to hear you prove this point," cried my old friend.

"Well," said I, "if I have proved that the soul is a separate existence, distinct from the body; surely then the great pro-

bility is, that it will live after death. So far everything is in favour of my views. Is it not?"

"That may be; but we want something more," he dogmatically insisted.

"Well, in the first place, I believe we shall live after death, because we are living now. There is no reason why we should not live on. I am living to-day, hence the probability is I shall live to-morrow. I may sleep soundly, but my senses will in all probability awake in full vigour, yea refreshed by the rest; so, since I am living in this life, the probability is I shall live in the next. Why should I cease to live? Disease or death cannot touch my spirit. Again, the soul is capable of living for ever. Its faculties are quite adapted for work and expanded existence. Indeed, work fits it for more work,—why, then, should it expire after it has just come to a point when it can act, and think, and judge better than ever? Suppose a man to build a noble house, or construct a beautiful machine, or build one of these wonderful steamers which might buffet the ocean for many a year, and then, after it was completed, to destroy it with a stroke, or blow it to atoms with gunpowder, would you think him a wise man? Can you, then, imagine that the Creator of your mind, who must be so wise a being, will quench your soul for ever at death? Again, if you are not wearied with so much reasoning, I have another argument. The soul constantly progresses in strength, experience, beauty; and value. I am a better man than I was yesterday—better than I was last week—better than I was last year. I have more knowledge, and more experience, and, I trust, a stronger desire to do my duty on earth. Why, then, should my soul be quenched after it has gathered all this ability? My life has many turnings and windings, but in an upward progress. Why, then, should my Creator annihilate me just as I become valuable? A boy enters an apprenticeship—he constantly increases in knowledge year by year—would a wise master put him away just after he has got initiated into all the duties of his calling? The longer he remains, the more is he prized. Shall we believe that God is less wise than men?"

Here our friend again interposed, and

remarked, "These arguments may prove that the soul will live after death, but they do not prove that it will live for ever."

"What! do they not? They do—they are applicable for ever. Suppose I live a thousand years after death, I shall have a thousand years' more experience and knowledge, and so the argument will be a thousand times stronger. But I have yet more arguments. All men in all parts of the earth believe that they will live for ever; and the holier and wiser a man becomes, the deeper are his convictions. It would appear that just as man reaches maturity, and has the lineaments of his features fixed, so this belief appears in his mind. There are exceptions, but this is the rule. What a powerful argument this is! It may be looked upon as the voice of his Maker. Suppose, when the sun has descended in the west, and the shades of evening fallen, that each star as it opened upon our eyes blazed out in living characters the statement, 'The soul of man is immortal,' and suppose that the brighter the star the clearer the letters appeared, would you not think this an incontrovertible proof of the fact? Well, then, if we find, generally speaking, every soul of man, in all climes, more or less clearly indicating this truth, and that the more intelligent the man the firmer his belief,—aye, and the more wicked the man, the greater his terror when brought to face death,—can you any longer doubt this doctrine?"

"Again, the soul evidently was made for another life; for there is nothing on earth can fill its desires and capacities. At first the soul of man flies close to the ground, beholds everything, tastes every thing, and it may be embraces some things, and lingers long over them; but under heaven can find nothing that can satisfy her cravings,—nothing that agrees with and fills up her spiritual nature. By-and-by she withdraws from them, then tastes them again, and is again dissatisfied. At last she rises like the eagle and flies to heaven, and seeks for satisfaction in the hopes of a nobler life and higher scenes. Fire leapeth to fire, water floweth to water—every element in nature goes forth towards its kind; so the soul seeks the spiritual world, and restieth not until she reach it. All these things prove it to be immortal. And if

you are willing to listen, I can present you with more."

Seeing they were disposed to hear yet more, I went on to tell them that "chemists in my native country, who have devoted their whole lives to the study of this science, have clearly proved that nothing in this universe is annihilated. You may break a thing, or melt it, or burn it, but you cannot destroy one atom of it. They have found that if you weigh a piece of wood before burning, and then weigh the ashes, and the vapour, and the smoke (for they can weigh even smoke), that they perfectly agree; and so with everything else, and so also with *force*. We therefore argue thus, that if God preserves and forms anew every particle of dead, unintelligent matter, he certainly will not destroy the valuable, powerful, wonderful, and intelligent mind. But leaving all these mere illustrations, we have the clearest and best of all proofs that our souls will live for ever. Our Creator has told us so. He has sent us a letter from heaven: here is the letter," I said, holding up a Bible. "In this letter he tells us that our spirits will live for ever; that when our bodies die, our souls appear before him to be judged; that the good enter a glorious city, and live for ever in perfect and ever-increasing joy; and the wicked are sent to a pit, and suffer everlasting misery."

Seeing my incredulous friend smiling at the idea of a pit, and thinking it just like the Buddhist fables, I returned to the subject, and said, "You need not smile at the idea of hell, and think me a simpleton for believing in such a place; for there is no doctrine more rational. It stands to reason that the wicked, and lewd, and immoral can never be permitted to live with the good in the next world. There must be a separation: the good must be by themselves, and the wicked must be by themselves. Hell is just the place where the sinners are. And even though there were no actual infliction of punishment (which will certainly be), would it not be bad enough? How would you like to be where all the wicked, cruel, vile, sensual, revengeful, evil men that ever lived on earth are? Would their company not be sufficient to make hell?"

Seeing the audience evidently impressed,

I seized the opportunity of urging them immediately to flee from the wrath to come, and told them that, unless they repented of their evil ways and trusted in the Saviour of sinners, just as sure as there was a God in heaven, so sure would hell be their portion. The like must go to the like—sinners to sinners—the just to the just. There must be a separation, and that eternal.

THE BUILDERS.

"Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord."—Eph. ii. 19-21.

"Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power."—Col. i. 11.

Come, and build the lordly temple;
Come, with off'ring rich and rare,
Precious stone and dazzling colour,
That the building may be fair.
Fair with every gift and talent;
You shall see it stand alone
In its wonderful perfection—
Jesus Christ, the corner-stone.

Are you poor? The One who owneth
More than man has dreamed or told,
All the stores of land and ocean,
All the gems and hidden gold,
All the shining worlds of midnight,
All the sunlight broad and free,
All the power of earth and heaven—
Riches hath for Him and thee.

Are you weak? The One who wieldeth
All the thunders at his will,
At whose word the waves and tempest
Stayed their anger, and were still;
He who guides the wind and storm-blast,
And who holds the mighty sea
As a vassal at his bidding—
He has strength for Him and thee.

Are you all unlearned? The Master
Of the intellect sublime,
He who reads the wondrous problems,
Death, and life, and endless time,
He who with a word created
All that dwells in earth or sea,
All the glory of the heavens—
Wisdom hath for Him and thee.

Are you lowly? He, the Saviour,
Who is called Lord of Lords,
He whose names make earthly titles
Seem but empty sounding words,
He, the Dayspring and Consoler,
And the mystic One in Three,
Alpha, Omega, Redeemer—
He has rank for Him and thee.

—Sunday at Home.

NO CHRIST.

It is most painful to the heart of the Christian, mingling with an ungodly world, as he is sometimes obliged to do, that for weeks together he hears nothing said about his Saviour. There is plenty of talk about everything else: politics, business, pleasure, fashion, gossip about passing events, but not a word for Christ.

From the ordinary conversation at watering-places, one might suppose that no Redeemer had appeared in the world, or suffered and died to save it. His name is unspoken, his commands are unkept, and if any one should venture to mention the great salvation in the drawing-room, the ladies in their amazement would probably forget their *crochet*—fancy-work—and the gentlemen would stare at the presuming person who had made the remarks.

This is a sad state of things, but I will tell you what is worse: when, among his nominal disciples, the dear name of Christ is ignored; when he is thus wounded by neglect in the house of his friends. Can the Christian talk all day long and not say a word for Christ? Not a word for him whose precious blood has washed away our sins; through whose sufferings we possess whatever we have here, or hope for hereafter? Not a word for the best friend we have in the universe? How can we keep this most absorbing affection of our souls thus stifled, days, months, and years together? One would think such a hidden flame would consume us, unless it could find vent in words. We are ready enough to speak of our earthly friends; their names are often on our lips in tender accents. Are we afraid of being thought singular if we allude to Him who is all our salvation and all our hope? Are we ashamed of Jesus? Do we not expect to spend a long eternity in singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain;" and if we do not commence the new song here, may we not find it indeed a new song to us, in a sense the inspired writer did not intend?

But another view of the subject is still more sad. It is when the name of Christ is ignored in temples nominally dedicated to his service. He who arose from the dead on the Sabbath-day would hardly recognize that worship as belonging to himself which deals in such vague generalities.

Wearied and sick at heart with the cares, labors, and anxieties of the week that is past, the poor tired believer goes to the house of God, hoping to meet his Saviour there. When he is sent away empty, this is the saddest of all. His thirsty spirit cries out, "Ye have taken away my Lord, and I

know not where ye have laid him." What, under the very droppings of the sanctuary, no Christ? Little or none in the prayer; none in the sermon? What, so much rhetoric, logic—such burning words, such profound thoughts, such racy epigrams, and no Christ? Is not such a sermon but as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal?" God will not accept such services. He is jealous for the honor of his Son, for the honour of his church. If the chief corner-stone is thus removed, the building will certainly fall.

Christ to a lost world is either everything or nothing.

If we have no Christ on our tongues, in our hearts, in our pulpits, we must draw the painful inference that we shall have no Christ in temptation, sickness, sorrow, and death, and how dreadful our doom, to find no Christ at the great judgment-bar!—*American Messenger*.

 NONE BUT CHRIST AS I GROW OLDER.

Said the late Bishop of Calcutta (Wilson), in a letter to the Islington clerical meeting:—

"And now, brethren, I commend myself to your prayers, and love, and sympathy.—God has made me a wonder unto many and to myself; I can not look for prolonged capacity nor public duty. May I be found with my lamp burning and my loins girded, that when my Lord cometh, I may open to him immediately. There is nothing worth living for but Christ, and he is, indeed worth living for, and worth dying for too. Nothing but the atonement of Christ for justification; nothing but the Spirit and sanctifying grace of Christ for obedience to the will of God; nothing but the blessed example of Christ for the pattern of lowly and meek holiness; nothing but the mercy of Christ for the hope of everlasting life at last.

"As I grow older, my religion is more simple; none but Christ; none but Christ. I am weary of novelties, doctrines, morals, discipline, church order. I am of the Old School of Romaine (whom I remember, as a boy, in 1792-3), Newton, Cecil, Noster, Robinson, the Vedus (the elder of whom I once, and once only saw,) and above all, Thomas Scott and Joseph Miller.

"I pray my younger brethren to distrust all the plausible theories, and over-statements and exaggerations of the day. I have seen such rise and expire like crackling thorns under a pot, twenty times. Neologism is infidelity under another name; traditionism is semi-Popery, with its usurpation of the place of Almighty God, speaking in his inspired Scriptures to man."

Thoughts for the Thoughtless.

All of us, I daresay, know from experience what is meant by thoughtlessness or indifference about our state in eternity.

It is true there are some who, from having had a godly up-bringing in their youth, or at least religious instruction, have always thought more or less about what would become of their souls. But there are others, again, who seem never at any time to have had a serious thought about their life after death. They have, perhaps, from infancy lived among worldly-minded people, who gave the impression, by their conversation and general conduct, on week-days and Sundays, that this world was everything, and the next world nothing,—that this world alone was real,—and that man's chief end was to labour in it, make money in it, be happy in it, get everything for self in it, and, as a matter of hard necessity, at last die in it, and go from it—Whither? Ah! who could tell that?—who ever thought of that?

Whether or not early education is to blame, certain it is, that many people are in this latter state. They seem stone-blind to the future. Not one ray of light from the great and eternal world, on whose confines they every moment live, gets an entrance into their spirits. They think, and fear and hope, and rejoice, and plan, and purpose, but always about this world,—never about the other! To rise in the morning; to be occupied during the day; to buy and sell, and get gain; to talk on politics or trade; to marry, or give in marriage; to have this meeting or that party; to give a feast or partake of one; to fear sickness, and keep it off; or to be sick, and to try to get better; all this sort of life, down to its veriest trifles, they understand and sympathise with, and busy themselves about, and give themselves to, body and soul. But what of God and Christ—of the angels—of the saints—of judgment—of heaven or hell—of eternal joy or sorrow—of how a man should live to God, and please God, and enjoy God, and know and love God, and walk daily in fellowship with God! What of all this!—what of the question, What shall become of us in eternity! All this—oh! strange mystery!—has no interest to them.

These thoughts, or any like these, never cross their minds, from the first till the last day of the year. They may, perhaps, have heard these words, read them in books, or listened to ministers who spoke them from the pulpit on Sunday; and they know that the words have to do with what they call "religion;" but they never think that they have to do with what awfully concerns themselves! They are words, but not about things; or if they express realities, yet realities which belong to some world of mist, and cloud, and darkness, far, far away; not so real a world as this world of their own, made up of fields and barns, streets and shops, sea and ships, friends and action!

Do you, my reader, so think and feel? And if so, what, let me ask, separates you from that world which you think to be so very far off—so very unreal? The thin coat of an artery! No more! Mark it well, my reader. Let the thin pipe burst, through which your life blood is now coursing in the full play of health, and where then will your present world, so very real, be to you? In a single second you will have parted from it for ever! And where then will that other world be which is now so dim and unreal as not to be worth thinking about? Why, you, the same living person, will be in it—in the midst of all its realities; and with these you shall have to do, and with these only, for ever and ever!

And many people do not wish to think about the unseen future. It is not so much that no thoughts about it intrude themselves upon their minds, as that all such thoughts are deliberately banished. This, of course, arises from the suspicion, or rather the conviction, that it cannot be a good future for them. They have read enough about it in the Bible to make it alarming. At all events, they have no security for its being to them as happy as the present; and so, whether from a fearful looking for of judgment, because of their sins, or from ignorance of the means of salvation, or from unbelief in the goodwill of God as ready to save them,—the result is, that they voluntarily shut their eyes to eternity, and banish all thought of it. It pains them to put the question, "What is to become of me when I die?"

And the more pain the question gives them, the more they fly to the world, and occupy their minds with its society, its amusements, and even its dissipation and debaucheries. Oh! my brother, from my soul I feel for you and pity you! For the sick-bed is coming, and you may be compelled to think there; and if so, you are treasuring up tenfold agony for yourself, by your present off-putting, and apathy, and wilful thoughtlessness. And should you manage, even in the time of sickness, and up to the very hour of death, to shut out the future from your mind:—should long and inveterate habit enable you to succeed in the terrible, the suicidal experiment, so that you shall die as you have lived—fearing nothing, because believing nothing:—can you avoid entering the other world? Can you prevent a meeting between yourself and your God? Can you silence an accusing conscience for ever? Can you hinder Christ from coming to judge the world? Can you find a rock to hide, or cover you from His presence? Can you fly from the judgment seat, and by any possibility delay or prevent a minute examination of your life: or stay the sentence which the omniscient and holy judge shall pronounce upon you? And if you cannot do this—and if, rather, every power, faculty, and emotion of your heart and soul must one day be roused to the intensest pitch of earnestness about your eternal destiny, do you not consider it wise, my brother, to think about all this now?—*Now*, when there is a remedy, rather than *then*, when there is none?

And many people, again, actually hate to think about the future. Not only are they conscious of want of any preparedness for it; but they do not see how it can be much better with them. They have, in a word, lost confidence in God. They have no faith in His good will to them. They think of Him—if they think of Him at all—as one who watches them with a jealous or angry eye; who has no wish that they should be better or happier than they are; or who, if He can save them, will not; or who, if He will, offers to do so, only on such hard and impossible terms as to make it practically the same as if there was no salvation for them. In one word, they suspect that God hates them, or at least is

indifferent to them—if, indeed, He knows anything at all about them; which they are not quite sure of! It is very shocking to write such things, but only because it is very shocking that any one should think or believe such things. For they who so think and believe are as yet profoundly ignorant of God. Their god is as unlike the living and true God as is any hideous idol in a heathen temple. Ignorance breeds fear—and fear hate—and hate increases the fear, and so the future in which God must be met, is put away as a horrible thing, or never thought of at all.

My brother, why should you thus think of God, and so fear to think of the future? Read only what the Bible says of Him, and consider if the God of the Bible is He whom you call God, or if you can conceive of one more glorious in His character, or more worthy of your love. Peruse the history of Jesus Christ, and tell me anything He ever said or did calculated to fill your heart with fear or hate towards Him,—and remember, that he who sees Him, sees the Father. Think of all that God has promised to those who will only trust Him through Jesus,—the pardon of all sin, and the gift of a new heart, with every thing that can do good or make happy, and say, how can this make you dislike God? Think of all that He has given you since you were born;—friends and relations, health of body, power of mind, happy Sabbaths, bright days, innumerable mercies; and think what patience, forbearance, tender mercy, kindness, He has shown, and tell me what has He done to make you dislike Him? Reflect on what He could have done, if He disliked you as you dislike Him; and I say how can you continue in your enmity?

“Only believe!” Believe that “God is love.” Believe that “in this is manifested the love of God, that He gave His Son to be a propitiation for our sins.” Believe that “He willeth not that any should perish,”—that He has no pleasure in the death of sinners,—that He is ready to forgive,—that this is the record, that “God hath given eternal life.” Believe all this, and pray that God’s grace may teach you truly what to believe, and why to believe; and depend upon it, when you know God, and see how excellent He is, and under-

stand His love to you, and what He is willing to make you, and to give you, and, above all, to be Himself to you for ever, you cannot choose but love Him; and "there is no fear in love; because fear hath torment!"—*Sunday Magazine.*

SINNER, COME.

Poor sinner, thou art troubled on account of sin. There is a sweet thought for thee. Men are afraid to go to Christ, or else they say, "My sins are so many I cannot go to Him; He will be angry with me." Do you see His hands outstretched to you to-day? He is in heaven, and He still says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Are you afraid to come? Then, look at His hand—look at his hand, will not that induce you?

"Oh," but you say, "I cannot think that Christ can have it in His heart to remember such a worm as I." Look at His side, there is easy access to His heart. His side is open, and even your poor prayers may be thrust into that side, and they shall reach His heart, holy though it be. Only do thou look to His wounds, and thou shalt certainly find peace through the blood of Jesus:

There were two monks of late years in different cells in their convent. They were reading the Bible. One of them found Christ while reading the Scriptures, and he believed with a true evangelical faith. The other one was timid, and could scarcely think it true; the scheme of salvation seemed so great to him, he could scarcely lay hold upon it. But, at last, he lay upon the point to die, and he sent for the other to come and sit by him, and to shut the door.

When the monk had sat down the sick man began to tell how his sins lay heavy on him; the other reminded him of Jesus. "If you would be saved, brother, you must look to Jesus who did hang upon the cross. His wounds must save." The poor man heard and he believed.

At the last his lips were opened, and he said in Latin, "*Tua vulnera Jesu!*"—thy wounds oh Jesus! thy wounds oh Jesus!—clasped his hands, lifted them to heaven, fell back and died. Oh, I would that many a Protestant would die with these words on his lips. There was the fulness of the gospel in them. Thy wounds oh Jesus! Thy wounds, these are my refuge in my trouble.

Oh, sinner, may you be helped to believe in His wounds! They cannot fail; Christ's wounds must heal those that put their trust in him.—*Spurgis.*

THE FOUR GREAT DAYS.

I.

List to the cry! a babe is born—
Into a world of sin,
Has entered life, it's ills to mourn,
Its troubles to begin.
Around it loving friends rejoice,
The little stranger weeps;
One proudly listens to its voice,
'Tis she, who vigil keeps.
But who can now its life unfold,
What for it is in store?
Its advent only can be told;
It lives, we know no more.

II.

Hark again! 'tis angels singing,
Through their ranks the strains are ringing.
On their harps the music lingers
To the touch of willing fingers;
For his former actions spurning,
The sinner now they see returning;
Christ again has been victorious,
And his love on earth proved glorious:
Glad they sing the exciting story,
In the upper world of glory,
Of a soul redeem'd from sin,
To the fold of God brought in.

III.

Alas! his sun is setting now;
Cold dews are gathering on his brow;
His vision's growing dark and dim,
And weeping ones lament for him.
The river's lonely crossing's near,
His bark through Jordan he must steer,
It's waves are rising; he is gone;
He enters; yet not all alone:
On airy wings the angels come,
To bear him to his heavenly home;
The tomb receives his lifeless clay,
To keep it till the last great day.

IV.

A vast procession's on its way,
Has been since man's creation,
Moving towards the judgment-day,
From every clime and nation.
Behold, 'tis reached the hour of doom,
God's heralds swift are flying,
To wake the slumberers of the tomb,
In dust or deep sea lying.
Some rise to honour at the call,
To God the glory giving;
On some eternal shame shall fall,
They slighted Christ while living.

"WE SHALL BE CHANGED."

STORY OF THE WORM.

On one of our autumn days, during what we call our Indian summer, when the beaver and musk-rat do their last work on their winter homes, when the birds seem to be getting ready to wing themselves away to milder climates, when the sun spreads a warm haze over all the fields, a little child went out into his father's home-lot. There he saw a little worm creeping towards a small bush. It was a rough, red, and ugly-looking thing. But he crept slowly and patiently along, as if he felt he was a poor, unsightly creature.

"Little worm," said the child, "where are you going?"

"I am going to that little bush yonder, and there I am going to weave my shroud and die. Nobody will be sorry, and that will be the end of me."

"No, no, little worm! My father says that you won't *always* die. He says you will be 'changed,' though I don't know what that means."

"Neither do I," says the worm, "But I know, for I feel that I am dying, and I must hasten and get ready; so good-bye, little child! We shall never meet again!"

The worm moves on, climbs up the bush, and there weaves a sort of shroud all around himself. There it hangs on the bush, and the little creature dies. The child goes home and forgets all about it. The cold winter comes, and there hangs the worm, frozen through and through, all dead and buried. Will it ever "live again?" Will it ever be changed? Who would think it?

The storms, the snows, and the cold of winter go past. The warm, bright spring returns. The buds swell, the bee begins to hum, and the grass to grow green and beautiful.

The little child walks out again, with his father and says:

"Father, on that little bush hangs the nest or house of a poor little worm. It must be dead now. But you said, one day, that such worms would 'be changed.' What did you mean? I don't see any danger!"

"I will show you in a few days," says the father.

He then carefully cuts off the small limb

on which the worm hangs, and carries it home. It looks like a little brown ball, or cone, about as large as a robin's egg. The father hangs it up in the warm window of the south room, where the sun may shine on it. The child wonders what it all means! Sure enough, in a few days, hanging in the warm sun, the little tomb begins to swell, and then it bursts open, and out it comes, *not* the poor, unsightly worm that was buried in it, but a beautiful butterfly. How it spreads out its gorgeous wings! The little child comes into the room, and claps his hands, and cries—

"Oh! it is changed! it is changed! The worm is 'changed' into a beautiful butterfly! Oh, father, how could it be done?"

"I don't know, my child. I only know that the power of God did it. And here you see how and why we believe his promise, that we all shall be raised from the dead! The Bible says, it does not yet appear what we shall be; but we shall be 'changed.' And we know that God, who can change that poor little worm into that beautiful creature—no more to creep on the ground—can change us, our 'vile bodies,' and make them 'like Christ's own glorious body.' Does my little boy understand me?"

"Yes, father."—*Rev. Dr. Todd in S. S. Times.*

PRACTICAL.

Never seek to obtain an article from another for less than its value.

Some years ago it was proposed to the late Duke of Wellington to purchase a farm in the neighbourhood of Strathfield-saye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was therefore a valuable acquisition—to which he assented. When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having had such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulties, and forced to part with it. "What do you mean by a bargain?" said the Duke. The other replied, "It was valued at £1100, and we have got it for £800."—"In that case," said the Duke, you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of getting bargains."—*Happy Home.*

The Return of the Missing Crew.

"There's two ends to every trouble, Mary; there's the end that goes downward and drags us to the earth, and there's the end that goes upwards and draws us to heaven. There's a deal in having a grief by the right end, Mary."

And Christopher turned to examine his tackle and clean out his boat.

Christopher Buckley, or "Old Kit," as he was usually called, was gray-headed, but his heart was young—brimming over with loving kindness and sympathy; his sunburnt face, tanned and wrinkled as it was, had such a pleasant smile, and such an upright, vigorous, honest look, that any one who knew the secret of perpetual youth might see at one glance he had it too.

He was very sorrowful when he told poor Mary Methil of the two ends of a grief, sorrowful for her—a wife of a few months, weeping over the widowhood which she believed had come upon her.

Young Herrick Methil, her husband, had been as a son to Christopher, and there was not one of the people, either of his own craft or not of it, but liked him; he had a good name with all, and Mary had been counted a bappy girl when she became his wife.

A terrible storm—one that no frail vessel of the fishing fleet that had left their harbour two nights before could possibly hope to weather—had filled the village with dismay. Wives and mothers, sisters and daughters, might be seen and heard wringing their hands and making mournful moans at every turn—some wandering on the highest points of the cliff, straining their eyes across the now quiet sea in lingering hope; some sitting despairingly at their doors, their little ones gathered round them. Such a clamour of grief there was that Christopher, having done his best to try to comfort, went off to his boat to pray for them, for it was too much for him to see so many broken hearts at once.

"Sure enough we've had no news of 'em, and likely it is we never shall no more. Well, who can say, the weeping may be turned into rejoicing, for the storm can do no more than He commands who sends it; but it would be a cruel thing to encourage them to hope. No, no! to get

'em to lie still and commit all to God, and to wait in patience to know his will—that would be the way to comfort; but it seems unfeeling when I say so. I take it there is times when 'the Comforter' must do his own work without help, and go straight to the heart himself. We've got such clumsy ways of putting the things—they're quite different when we speak in the ear, and he breathes into the heart—oh yes, quite different!"

He had got to his boat before he saw poor Mary sitting beside it, her hands folded on her knees, and looking very much as if "The Comforter" had been "breathing into her heart" the very things he had found it useless to speak in the ears of her fellow sufferers.

At first he was startled and much pained to see her, for of all the stricken he cared the most for her. She was the wife of his brave, cordial friend, and so worthy of him that as Herrick was as his son, Mary was to him as a daughter. He turned aside to brush off the tears from his rugged face, and then telling her of the two ends of a trouble, thought it best to leave her quiet. But he went blundering about his boat doing more harm than good, for every minute his head was up and his eyes fixed on her; at last he threw down the tackle and seated himself on the boat side,

But what could he say? When he looked at her face full of the restfulness of a holy calm, he thought "Now she is a perfect picture of them words, 'kept by the power of God.' She could no more look in that way, if she tried in her own strength, than I could tell at this moment where our poor fellows are; and the danger of me speaking is whether I shan't disturb her, like shaking a full vessel. I'd best be silent!"

But Kit found silence difficult; it seemed unfeeling. So he steered between speaking and silence by trying to sing. She might take as much as she liked of his song, without being obliged to speak in reply; he was comforted by this happy thought, and began:

"From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
The Saviour on his mercy seat!"

Mary did not answer, but he saw large

tears upon her cheeks, and her face quivered slightly. She seemed as if she could not venture to look at him.

"Mary dear, you've got the trouble by the right end, I believe," he said, again brushing off the tears that Mary's had brought into his eyes; "and you know the way to that 'retreat,' Mary. Well, I'm not far from my threescore and ten, and I've had my trials in my day, but I never grieved for one of 'em as I do for this of yours, and good reason when it's my own too; but let us only get our souls in tune to sing Hosanna now, and one way or another we'll be encouraged to pitch Hallelujah, take my word for it." Still she was silent, and he said again:

"Don't think, my darling, I'd be so hard-hearted as to sorrow you. I know your heart and its sorrow better than that; but, Mary dear——"

Here he was silent; for a distant hum of sounds struck on his practised ear; he looked aghast with agitation, and trembled as he glanced from her over his shoulder, carefully avoiding to excite her attention while he did it.

"And, after all, Mary," he said, clearing his voice, "you know a hallelujah may be set for us sooner than we think—the Lord's ways are so wonderful. No storm can do work beyond his command."

Mary was silent; but the expression of her face became rather agitated and reproachful, as if to say, why wake false hopes?

"Now if I was to give my opinion, my dear, said Kit, having taken another sight over his shoulder, "I should say that the storm on Wednesday was worse with us than further out; and though it's late—yes, it's late—I'm ready prepared to see our poor fellows come in—a little the worse for a longer voyage than they reckoned for, but heart whole—that storm kept 'em out, Mary, but it never damaged our Herrick, I'm sure of it!"

Old Kit said this so confidently, having had a most satisfactory survey of the beach, that Mary's eyes were turned towards him with a bewildered look of wonder and inquiry.

"I expect to see 'em, Mary—that's what I do; I shall see 'em; you shall see 'em too; and you mind me, don't get out of the 'sure

retreat' when they come. Joy's a wonderful thing; keep your heart still; some couldn't believe the most joyfullest thing that ever happened for joy, and some——"

But Kit had done his part, the hum had become louder, and proclaimed its cause. A strange smile, almost ghastly, passed over Mary's face; she gazed imploringly at Christopher.

"Now for hallelujah!" said he, as, gently holding her arm, he led her a step or two onwards where the scene on the beach was plain to view.

There were wives half frantic with joy, the whole village thronging round the welcome wanderers; and soon peals of joyful acclamation rent the air.

Mary saw all dimly—all but one—Herrick, cautiously advancing, lest he should overwhelm her with too sudden a joy; and her overwrought heart and agitation justified Christopher's remark, "that she got into trouble better than she got out of it."

That evening was one of general rejoicing. Old Kit remarked, when he went to close it in thanksgiving and prayer with Mary and her husband, "There's some here that it's a pity to see, not a word of 'Lord, save us!' this morning; and by reason of that, not a note of hallelujah this evening. I find it a sure truth, that the shortest sorrows and the longest joys belong to them only who know how to pray, and, therefore, how to praise!"—*Sunday at Home.*

PRAYER.

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shade of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

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

That eye looks round on scraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angels' songs;
That love is throned on high.

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

That power is Prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne;
It moves the hand, which moves the world,
And brings all blessings down.

—*Rev. Thomas Davis, M.A.*

A SUBTLE TEMPTATION.

If "the glory which excelleth" of that which we have in Christ is, that it is not shadow but substance, not anticipation but possession—not the idea but the fact, or rather the fact and the idea in one, how are we letting go our most precious gains, when we at all let go, or when we even slight our historic faith, resting on and finding its object in the person of the Saviour! What a miserable exchange, to give up this, and to accept the largest, the most vaunted theories concerning the god-like and the true in its room, and as its adequate substitute, the most magnificent ideas in the place of the humblest affiance on the Son of God—soon to find that we have gotten pebbles for jewels, words for things—that we are in a world peopled only with ghosts and phantoms! Oh! loss unutterable, if we allow any to strip off for us the historic realization of the truth in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, as though it were not of the essence of the matter, as though it were a thing indifferent, useful perhaps for the simpler members of the Church, but for others hindering rather than helping the contemplation of the pure idea, which they would persuade us is all that we need to retain.—They promise, it is true, who invite to this sacrifice, that if we will destroy this temple of our historic faith, in three days, yea, in an instant, as by a magic wand, they will raise us up a goodlier and more gorgeous fabric in its room. Let it be our wisdom to give no credence to their words; knowing this, that it was the very blessedness which the coming of the Son of God in the flesh brought us, that it brought us that which these would fain persuade us to relinquish and renounce, that it lifted men out of and above that condition into which these deceivers would willingly have them to return.

No doubt there is a temptation to give in to this, a temptation working in each one of us—to take up, that is, with a religion which shall consist in the contemplating of great and ennobling ideas, instead of in the serving with a straightforward and downright obedience a personal God.—Those ideas, we feel that we can deal with them as we like; they exert no constrain-

ing power upon us; we are their masters and not they ours; or if we have given them any rule over us, when the stress comes, we can withdraw it again—allowing them just as much authority as is convenient to us. There is no "Be thou holy, for I am holy," in them; no pointing to the rugged way of the cross, with a forerunner walking there, and a command that we also walk in it. Let us beware earnestly of so subtle a temptation, looking as it does so fair, and finding so much in our slothful and sinful hearts that makes them only too ready to embrace it.—*Trench.*

Why are you not a Christian?

1. Is it because you are afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of you?

"WHOSOEVER SHALL BE ASHAMED OF ME AND OF MY WORDS, OF HIM SHALL THE SON OF MAN BE ASHAMED."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"EVERY ONE OF US SHALL GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF TO GOD."

3. Is it because you are not willing to give all to Christ?

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN, IF HE SHALL GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?"

4. Is it because you are afraid that you will not be accepted?

"HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT."

5. Is it because you are too great a sinner?

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST CLEANSETH FROM ALL SIN."

6. Is it because you are afraid you will not "hold out"?

"HE WHICH HATH BEGUN A GOOD WORK IN YOU WILL PERFORM IT UNTIL THE DAY OF JESUS CHRIST."

7. Is it because you are thinking that you will do as well as you can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"WHOSOEVER SHALL KEEP THE WHOLE LAW, AND YET OFFEND IN ONE POINT, HE IS GUILTY OF ALL."

8. Is it because you are postponing the matter, without any definite reason?

"BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW, FOR THOU KNOWEST NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH."—*Sunday at Home.*

FUNERAL SERMONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Ought ministers to preach funeral sermons? This question is sometimes asked, and variously answered. Some say yes, others say no; and again others say sometimes they should, and sometimes they should not be preached.

By the term funeral sermons, some understand appropriate gospel discourses, adapted to the circumstances of the case; others understand that an eulogium on the character of the deceased should be pronounced.

Our opinion is, that appropriate gospel discourses should be preached on all occasions when the character of the deceased can be justly held up as a pattern in good deeds or noble actions; or when the cause of death was remarkable for the lesson which was evidently intended to be taught by the event; that nothing should be said relative to the character of the dead, any further than what might be held up for the advantage of the living; but that a portion of gospel truth suggested by the circumstances should be enforced with all the power which the preacher can command.

We are aware that the friends of some deceased, when the circumstances are quite ordinary, have come to imagine that a funeral sermon is part of the service, and that if they have no such provision made, they are disposed to look upon the burial as like that of a heathen or of a dog. That notion should be dispelled. The people should be told that nothing that can be said, or left unsaid, can affect the dead. But though that notion should be discouraged, we are not willing that it should be by the discontinuance of sermons. For we think that every gospel minister will be glad to embrace every ordinary opportunity which he can conveniently overtake, when there is the prospect of a promiscuous gathering, of holding forth the fact

that life and immortality have been brought to light. In this country people who belong to no church never hear a sermon, except what they hear at funerals. Roman Catholics, Unitarians, and others that do not know anything of believing in Jesus, have no opportunity of learning about Divine things; so that at a time when a solemn event in Providence affects their mind, it is of the utmost importance that they should hear Divine truth. An arrow may then enter their soul which no human hand can extract. One ready to sow beside all waters will be glad of every additional opportunity of increasing the coming harvest.

There are ordinary cases of decease in connection with the well-to-do portion of the community. A man dies rich; and though there is nothing else remarkable in his case, his friends must have a sermon at his funeral. A gospel minister is glad of the chance to preach, for the reason above expressed. A stirring discourse is addressed. Individuals quake under its power. Thanks are offered to the minister by the relatives. Hands are shaken and they part. There's the end, so far as the earthly reward to the minister is concerned. The undertaker is liberally paid for the wooden shell; the gravedigger also for the earthen home he has made; the coachman too for his time and trouble; but the minister who has expended more time and effort than either, gets not a cent for his pains.

Gospel ministers are glad to sow beside all waters, without looking for pay from their fellow-man. They work for their Master, and at last they will not be any losers. But though they look to God, God looks to those for whom they preach to give them their reward. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and if he does not get it from those who are able, and by whom it is due, "God is not mocked, but whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

PICTURES FROM THE BOOK.

THE WONDERFUL BUSH.—EXOD. III.

Moses, in his wanderings through the wilds of Midian, had seen many strange plants opening their leaves and flowers to the dews of heaven; but that day he drove Jethro's flocks to Horeb he saw what no one but himself has ever seen—a bush in all its verdure growing on the hill-side, not sending forth boughs like a plant, but emitting flames like a furnace. He stood breathless and dumb with amazement, for he saw the smoke curling away heavenward, and the flames dancing bright and high, but still the shrub stood in all its summer greenness. Passing strange! thought the fugitive from Egypt, as he said to himself, "I will now turn aside and see this great sight why the bush is not burnt." He drew near to behold, but he was stopped with the words "Moses, Moses," by a voice from the bush. Jehovah was in that bush, not a consuming fire, but a God of love. Moses trembled at the mention of his name by unseen lips, but answered, "Here am I." "Draw not nigh hither," said the voice, "but put off thy sandals from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground." Moses obeyed, and the voice proceeded, "I am the God of thy fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." Moses crouched in terror, and hid his face with his robes in his hands, for he dared not to look upon God. Midian's solitude had often witnessed Israel's future deliverer upon his knees, but never with such feelings as then. Why it was that God himself was addressing him was to him an awful mystery. But it was soon cleared up, for Jehovah announced to him that he was commissioned to go to Egypt, and deliver his kinsmen from the thralldom of Pharaoh. Wonderful exaltation to Moses this! He drew near the

bush the servant of Jethro, he left it the appointed servant of the Lord, with the wonder-working wand in his hand with which he was to lead Israel as a flock. He had often led Jethro's flocks to Horeb, but he was soon to lead a liberated nation thither, directing their march with that rod which was better than Pharaoh's sceptre, for it was the sceptre of power with which Jehovah had marked him out when he chose him as the leader and lawgiver of his people at the bush.

That was indeed a wonderful bush which grew on Horeb's mount. But a sight as wonderful can be seen now in that church which flourishes in all its beauty upon Mount Zion, God dwelling in its midst as a God of mercy and a God of defence. The hatred of its enemies has in all ages been kindled around it to consume it, but no weapon that has been formed against it shall prosper; nothing can and nothing shall ever remove or destroy it; and any one who will turn aside from the world and draw nigh in faith to behold this great sight, shall receive a commission high as that of Moses. The voice from the midst of it is not as it was on Horeb, "Draw not nigh hither;" but its language is, "Who-soever will let him come."

X. Y. Z.

IS HIS PURSE CONVERTED?

A Methodist labourer of Wesley's time, Captain Webb, when any one informed him of the conversion of a rich man, was in the habit of asking, "*Is his purse converted?*" Without the conversion of *his purse*, the good captain could give no credit to the conversion of *the man*. In this he agreed with Dr. Adam Clarke, who used to say, "He did not believe in the religion that cost a man nothing." The religion that costs a man nothing is no religion at all; and the being converted, *all but the purse*, is no conversion at all.—*Herald of Mercy.*

TURKEY-RED RAGS.

A lecture on paper-making was advertised to be delivered in the Athenæum of a small English town, and I went there that I might increase my knowledge of the manufactures of my country; but I found also what I did not expect—a new light cast upon a portion of the precious truth of God.

The appearance of the platform was striking. Behind the lecturer—himself a great papermaker—were hung well-selected specimens from his bales of rags. There were cast-off things from all lands: a worn-out piece of crochet-work from an English drawing room; a gaily-coloured jacket from Russia; a beautifully-darned stocking, which proved itself to be from Japan by being divided like a glove.—These things were doubtless the least torn and cleanest-looking of the rag-heap; but what a contrast they presented to the vast sheets of snow-white paper which hung opposite to them! It seemed hard to believe that human ingenuity, by means of machinery and chemistry, could work such a transformation. Vivid was the illustration of the truth, that the best of unconverted men are but like the fairer specimens of the papermaker's rags, worthless for God's service, fit only to be cast away, yet that His almighty grace can so transform them that they shall be whiter than snow. When the saints shall sit without spot on the judgment-seat with Christ, and look upon the crowd of the wicked, cowering in the filthy rags of their own righteousness, covered with shame and everlasting contempt, they shall say, "Just such were we; but we are washed, we are sanctified, we are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God!"

But I had more to learn from the lecture of the enterprising Scottish manufacturer. After sketching the history of paper-making, he gave practical illustrations of its processes. He told us how thousands of broken buttons and crooked pins are picked out of the rags by women's hands; how the rags are cut into slips with sharp pieces of scythe, boiled and washed by machinery, and then deprived of their various colours, that they may not inter-

fere with the whiteness of the paper. He took some slips of stuff of all the hues of the rainbow, dipped them in a strong chloride liquid, and held them up to our view—white!

"We have some little difficulty," said the lecturer, "with the iron dyes, but the most troublesome of all are the *Turkey-red rags*. You see I have dipped this into my solution, its red is paler, but it is still strong. If I steep it long enough to efface the colour entirely, the fibre will be destroyed, it will be useless for our manufacture. How then are we to dispose of our red rags? We leave their indelible dye as it is, and make them into *red blotting paper*. Perhaps you have wondered why your writing-pad is red. Now you know the reason."

I could scarcely sleep that night for joy at the acquisition of so striking, though unintentional an illustration of the riches of grace and the power of "the precious blood of Christ." The Spirit of God led the prophet Isaiah to write—not "Though your sins be as blue as the sky, or as green as the olive-leaf, or as black as night;"—he chose the very colour which modern science with all its appliances finds to be indestructible. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Some think lightly of sin. It is easy to commit it, they know, and they imagine it is as easy to escape from it; but the Spirit of truth compares it to a dye, imparted indeed in a moment, yet indelible, not only for years, but as long as the material exists.

There are others who have been taught the terrible lesson, that sin has so saturated their souls, that "though they wash them with nitre, and take them much soap, yet their iniquity is marked before the Lord God." You do not, you cannot, exaggerate your deserving of wrath, and the stubbornness of your inward corruption. No power of your own, nothing in all the world, can cleanse you, or save you from being a sinner eternally. But what is impossible with man is possible with God.

The heathen poets have pictured one of the tormented in Tartarus as condemned to wash for ever a garment marked with a

bloody stain which always grew deeper.— If you are labouring to make yourself righteous before God, and refusing to come to His “fountain opened for sin,” you turn the fable into a terrible reality, for you condemn yourself to an eternally hopeless task. Perhaps you have begun to discover that it is so, and that you can never justify and sanctify yourself. Whether this has brought you to the sharp anguish of despair, or whether you are merely careless about salvation because you have found “there is no use trying,” listen to God’s voice of condescending pity,— “Come, now, let us *reason together.*”

You retain so much of God’s image, intellectually, that if you but understood His way of making “crimson” “white,” the plan which emanates from His wisdom would commend itself to your reason, and what glorifies His righteousness would satisfy your sense of justice.

“Let us *reason together.*” You are not wholly wrong in your view of the case. It is a divinely implanted instinct of justice that tells you that you can never *deserve* to be forgiven, much less to be made a child of God,—that you can never by any process of improvement become “meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.”

God’s “reasoning” with sinners is brightly unfolded by the apostle Paul:—“The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus *judge* (or reason,) that if one died for all, then were all dead, (or all died, i.e., in him.) He that is dead is freed (or justified) from sin.” The moment you accept of Christ you become one with Him,—so united, that you are reckoned as having died in his death, being crucified with Him.

If a condemned and executed criminal were by a miracle restored to life, no man could lay anything to his charge. Having suffered the extreme penalty of the law, he is on that account dead to it, and so “*justified*” from his crime. Thus it is with you if you are “in Christ.” You have died unto sin once, and God is too just to require that you should die a second time.

“But,” you say, “even if I were thus accepted and justified in Christ, the *rag* would still be red. I am sinful to the

heart’s core; I am told to love God with all my heart, but it would be utterly false for me to say, ‘My soul thirsteth for God;’ I am to love my neighbour as myself, but I really cannot do it. In short, I am not a saint. It is not *in me*. For me to love the Bible better than any other book, and be most happy in communion with God, I might as well wish myself an infant again in my mother’s arms, or try to make a corpse live.”

You are quite right, and therefore God offers to do all this in you. When you believe on His Son, you *are* indeed born again. You, though now dead in sin, will be quickened together with Christ, and have new life implanted. When you become one with Jesus, the Spirit, who dwells in Him, will dwell in you. You will abide in Christ, and Christ in you, till He present you *faultless* before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. In this way you will out on the new man, and become visibly *holy*. Thus God, in His great love, through the power of His transforming grace, makes crimson sinners whiter than snow.—*British Herald.*

PRECIOUS FRUITS.

I hope some of our dear young readers have learned to love the good Shepherd who watches over them, and have earnestly prayed to God, for Jesus’ sake, to wash their hearts clean in His precious blood. But they must not suppose that when they have done this, the good work is done—it is only begun. We are told that we must pray without ceasing; for we are constantly sinning, and need constant forgiveness; and the best Christians are those who are most sorry for their sins.

The difference between a Christian and others is, that one is a *penitent* sinner, who feels that he is a child of God, and that his loving father is always kind and ready to forgive; but *impenitent* sinners are those who go on and are never sorry—who do not repent, or care that they are offending a kind and just God.

But it is our duty to try and keep from sin; and if we have a new heart, to commence a new life. It is not true repentance to be sorry and seek forgiveness, and

then go on doing the same things over again; we must repent and forsake our sins. If the good Spirit dwells in our hearts, we should show it in our lives.

Once while Jesus was here, he sat upon a mountain, the people all around him, and preached a sermon. He told them they could judge the heart by the actions. He asked them if men could gather "grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," and then said, "Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit." It is just as true now as it was eighteen hundred years ago, for the heart of man now is just as it was then.—You might as well expect to find delicious grapes growing on a thorn tree, as to see good and lovely actions come from an evil heart.

If this spirit of God dwells in the heart, they seem to be always sad; they have not enough faith to remember that God has its fruit will show in the life, and the Bible tells us what those fruits will be. You may think it is a long list, and that you cannot always live in "love joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness." If you depend only on yourself, you could not for a single day keep from sin; but this Spirit, which will dwell in your heart, will help you to keep in the right way.

Some Christians are so fearful and timid, said, "My grace is sufficient for thee."—They forget that one of the fruits of the Spirit is joy; they forget that David, the sweet singer of old, said, "Let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice; let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them; let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee."

Children sometimes think it is a gloomy thing to be a Christian, but they are mistaken. It was not a gloomy thing when an angel came to the shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem, and said, "I bring you good tidings of great joy." And it was glad music when a multitude of the heavenly host sang, "Glory to God in the highest."

Except for these glad tidings life would have been gloomy indeed; then, who should be so joyful as those who hope their sins are forgiven? We are told, "There is joy in heaven among the angels over one sinner that repenteth." Let us, then, always be glad, and remember that

"the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—*Quiver*.

THE MOUSE SWIMMING IN THE MOONBEAMS."

In a deep hole of a mountain stream, near the roots of an old elm that stood on the bank, lay a large, beautiful trout.—His sides were mottled and dotted with carmine, and his belly was silver. He lay easy, a few inches from the bottom, just lazily moving his fins to keep him from touching the ground, and now and then gently wagging his tail to maintain himself just where he was. Many smaller trout lay near him, but they all looked up to him as a very wise old fellow, too swift to be devoured by larger fish, and too cunning to be caught by the hook. Many were the hairbreadth escapes of which he could boast, and many the hours he had made the fisherman cast their flies in vain: he was too wise to be caught. One day, two very skilful fishermen came fishing along the stream. They had caught a few very small trout, but not one of any size.

"See there! see there! what a noble fish!" says one.

"Where?"

"Just under the root of that tree.—There! see him move! I'll have him, if it takes me all day."

Carefully and gently they threw in their lines; but Mr. Trout was a match for them. Then they changed the bait—but no! he knew them too well. Then they put on their flies, red and yellow, and black, and all colours; but the fish would not touch them. He knew they were not real flies.

"What a noble fellow! I wish we could catch him. But, never mind; I'll have him yet."

They then went off, and caught some live grasshoppers; but all to no purpose. So they were obliged to give it up. On going home, one of the gentlemen saw a field-mouse run along before him. On looking carefully at the spot at which she started, he found her nest, with four nearly

grown mice. It was near a big willow-tree. So he cut a long stick, and stuck in the ground near the nest.

"What are you doing?" said his friend.

"I have a little notion of my own."

That evening the moon shone upon the waters calmly, and all the fish were seeking their supper. If a grasshopper leaped into the water, or a fly came near to cool himself, he was sure to be caught up.—The old trout began to be hungry. All the afternoon he had been boasting that no one could ever deceive him, and that no fisherman ever came near catching him. Presently he saw a little mouse swimming on the top of the water. It seemed to be young, and to swim very slow, as it rippled along in the moonbeams.

"Oh, what a supper is that! A real live mouse, and no sham, like the flies of the fishermen. I will have him at once."

With one leap he seized the mouse and swallowed him. In another moment he was jerked far out of the river, and lay panting and frantic on the ground. The cunning fisherman had come and found his stick and the nest, and taken one of the young mice for bait, and the poor trout was outwitted and destroyed.

Poor fish! How much like human beings they are! There was Joe Bixley, now—a fine, honest-looking boy, who seemed to want to do right, and to resist temptation. He would not swear nor lie; he felt that nobody could tempt him to do wrong, and yet Sam Blake got him out one moonlight night to walk, and then showed him the fair fruit which hung on old Moseley's plum-tree, and before he knew it they were robbing the poor old man of that which would have bought him bread. *The mouse swimming in the moonbeams!*

There was James Wilson—as noble a boy as ever left his village home for life in a great city. For a long time he was true and faithful to his employers, and gave a fair promise of becoming a valuable man; but at length he met a smooth-tongued, cunning young man, who, by degrees, made him feel that in order to be really he must smoke, and dress, and go to the theatre, and give oyster suppers to the friends who had treated him. How

was poor James to meet all these expenses! He was tempted to defraud his employers, but for a time resisted. At last his smooth, tempting companion told him that he might "just borrow the money out of the drawer, and pay it again when he got his salary." Alas! *it was the mouse swimming in the moonbeams!* He "borrowed," as he called it, again and again, till he owed more than his salary would pay, and then he was discovered, and disgraced, and ruined. He is now a poor, broken-down fellow—a curse to himself, and to all who have to own him as a relation. *Oh, the mice that swim in the moonbeams!*—Beware of them!—*Quiver.*

A BOY'S CHARACTER.

Do you, my boy, who sit reading these lines, know that you have a character? If so, what kind of a character? Good or bad? For boy as you are, and never thinking that any one notices your ways from day to day, rest assured your character is known wherever you are known. The man that keeps the store opposite knows you. The blacksmith knows you. The farmer whose house you daily pass knows you. The lame soldier who stops every day to rest on the bench at the grocery, has a pretty good guess at your character; for he sees you with the boys, and marks your style of play, your talk, and your temper. And all these boys, too, know whether you are a good-tempered, honest fellow, or one who is always quarrelling, domineering over others, cheating at play, and trying to secure the best of everything for yourself, not caring who is the loser if you be gratified. Now is it not worth while to begin early to establish a good character? A good boy is known to be good as readily as a bad boy is known to be bad. Yet children seldom think how delightful it is to grow up with the love and confidence of their family and the neighbours whom they daily meet. Most boys think only of having as much fun and pleasure as possible, not caring how they get it, how much they disgust their teachers, how much they grieve their mothers.—*S. S. Visitor.*

LOVE TO CHRIST.

How happy is the state of those who live under the habitual and powerful influence of Divine love! Love in the heart melts the stubborn will to sweet submission, consumes the dross of sin, and fits the believer, as a vessel of honour, for the Master's use. O Christian! should thy Saviour address thee in thy happiest moments, as he once addressed Peter, "Lovest thou me?" wouldst thou not reply, "Dear Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.—Thou canst read the inmost sentiments of my mind, and the exalted ideas I entertain concerning thee. Thou canst look into this heart, and see the desires that pant after thee, and long for a participation of thy glory."—"Lovest thou me more than these earthly comforts and connections?" "Yes, Lord; the sweetest joys, and the dearest kindred and friends, have no claim on my affection equal to thine. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, called me by thy grace, given me the earnest of the Spirit and the hope of eternal glory. Behold, I am wholly and for ever thine."—"Lovest thou me? Then keep my commandments." "With divine help, so I will. Thy commands, blessed Jesus, are not grievous. May they ever be engraven on my heart, and interwoven in the conduct of my life. Gracious Redeemer! I love thee, and desire to be with thee, to behold thy glory. I love thy ordinances, and through them draw from thee my richest consolation. I love thy people for the truth's sake and for the divine image which they bear. Whenever I meet them, I would give them the right hand of fellowship, spread over them the soft mantle of charity, and breath out the warmest wishes and prayers for their welfare."

But is this, Christian, always your happy experience! I have no doubt you have frequent cause to complain that such heavenly frames and holy feelings are of short continuance. You lament that your love too often resembles a fire in embers, rather than a fire rising into a clear and fervent flame. This complaint proves the sincerity, though not the intenseness, of your affection.

Suffer the word of exhortation. Labour to get a more fixed and settled habit of

meditating on the divine perfections.—Come under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, that you may imbibe genial warmth. Avoid those cares which damp the ardour of devout affections. Pray constantly for an increase of faith, that you may live upon the promises. Above all, walk closely with God, and keep up intimate communion with him. It is well known how much frequent intercourse endears earthly friends to each other. By freely pouring out the undisguised sentiments of the heart, their mutual affection is both discovered and increased. "And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God" (Phil. i. 9-11).—*Thornton on "The Fruits of the Spirit."*

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

BY DR EDMOND.

There is a wonderful fullness of life in the world. Take a walk out into the country on a fine summer day, and air and earth all around you will be seen swarming with life. A thousand insects are flitting to and fro on the wing—birds of many kinds are singing in the woods; and not only are cattle and sheep grazing the fields, but if you stoop down you may see the very clouds astir with multitudes of little creatures. And there are worlds of life so very small that your eye cannot see them. You must get a microscope, and then what wonders will show themselves to you! In a drop of water from the ditch you will find a little community of strange people. Every tree within the forest is inhabited like a small world. God was at pains to make all these living things, great and little. He keeps them alive also! And he gives them work to do. The rocks on which the coral isles of the South Seas rest, were built up by millions on millions of little insect workers, and they say that in some places the bottom of the sea is paved solidly for miles on miles with the shells of dead animalcules, almost too small to be conceived by us. A good minister of the gospel was wont to say,

there was nothing to him more wonderful than this amazing amount of life, filling earth, and air, and sea. Would God make it if he did not care for it? You know the Bible says he gives food to the young lion, and the ravens, and the sparrows. There's a little bird dying at the foot of a tree—who cares to look at it? It is but a bird—yes, but there is one eye watching it, for “even a sparrow shall not fall to the ground without your Father.” There is a little girl laying out crumbs on the window-sill for the robin-redbreasts to pick up, in the snowy days of winter—she does not think of it, but she is doing work for God all the while. “Your heavenly Father feedeth them” was Christ's word about the fowls of the air.—*The Children's Church at Home.*

THE DIFFICULTY OF KNOWING.

The apostle's precept is general—“If any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know.” (1 Cor. viii. 2.) This is a judgment so broad and sweeping, that it might not please the ears of some, perhaps; yet it is a rule for us all, even for those who have made the most progress. How much more, then, for the young? Let me therefore entreat these, for their own sakes, and for the sake of the Church, to be more ready to hear than to judge on theological subjects, and to endeavour to learn rather than to give opinions. Modesty is not apathy, and humility is as far as possible from indifference. But there is something strangely out of character, to say nothing stronger, for young persons, of slender information, and perhaps of very imperfectly-formed habits, to use the terms of controversy, and to adopt at once, as their own, definite views on deep and intricate questions concerning religion. Such things are not to be taken up off-hand, because they are current; but the right understanding them is the result of long and careful inquiry. To be able to judge of these matters is a thing which may well be desired; but let it be sought by each one in all humility, through improving himself in knowledge and practice. If this is the effect, questions raised about religion will not prove so great an evil as at first sight they might seem.—*Hussey.*

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL UNSELFISHNESS.

No doubt there are many persons who are naturally unselfish, where amiability of temperament forbids them to grasp at advantages held by others to their detriment, and who act impulsively from a generosity of soul that, so far, stands them instead of experience; but at best this natural unselfishness, charming as it is, cannot for a moment be compared with the unselfishness which is the result of high and thoughtful principle. The one argues an easiness of temper not very far from the confines of weakness; the other, the deliberate struggle of the soul to free itself from the trammels of worldly wisdom, only meant to endure for the moment, and of no value hereafter, which hereafter alone has any real importance in the Christian's eye; and although I will not go so far as to say that naturally unselfishness ever entirely quits its happy possessor, yet I am certain it tends to degenerate, not being founded on principle and experience, whereas the real virtue constantly intensifies as experience accumulates. Some one, no doubt, will urge in opposition to this view, ‘How do you account for the proverbial selfishness of old age?’ On this point much, indeed, might be written; but I answer that much which seems selfishness in old age is not really selfishness, but is the result of a sense of weakness and impotence to retain what in stronger days no one denied to be right and due; and hence the old often incur the charge of selfishness, when in reality, the selfishness resides in those who surround them, and who speculate on their inability to hold what others have no right to covet. No doubt there is such a thing as vile, godless old age, when every passion, every ingrained vice, becomes more and more hateful as the power of indulgence wanes, and when a detestable craving selfishness reigns supreme over soul and body alike, being, in fact, about the only expression of the polluted soul left possible to the unhappy man or woman who has, all his or her life, ‘walked’ in the ‘thick darkness’ of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But in ordinary cases, I am convinced that the old are more sinned against, than sinning, and if the young or middle

aged objecters could change places with the old people they abuse, they would be found ten times worse in every point of view. Ambition and covetousness having fallen away from a man—eternity being in his view—there is really no room for selfishness left to the character; but were this all, the victory would be incomplete. A man may be passively unselfish, like as he may be passively selfish, and yet commit great wrong. He may submit without a murmur, nay, gladly, to all that the world calls sacrifices, but he may never stir to render a service to another. He is not to wait until the sacrifice is demanded of him, he is to offer himself willingly. And now comes in the value of experience. Where the naturally unselfish but inexperienced person would in his zeal do an infinity of harm, the, so to speak, artificially unselfish man brings to the practice of his virtue a knowledge of men and things which actually doubles its value. He is mostly able, intuitively to distinguish the true from the false object of either his bounty or his support.—He knows where to bestow and whom to aid. You will say this is a God-like prescience, and how will ask me how it comes about. I answer that the virtue of unselfishness based on religion and experience, gives a mental insight into the nature of other people that nothing else can supply.—*Churchman's Family Magazine.*

THE WHITE STONE.

‘To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.’—Rev. ii. 17.

In primitive times, when travelling was rendered difficult by want of places of public entertainment, hospitality was exercised by private individuals to a very great extent. Persons who had partaken of this hospitality, and those who practiced it, frequently contracted habits of regard and friendship for each other; and it became a well established custom, both among the Greeks and Romans, to provide their guests with some particular mark, which was handed down from father to son, and insured hospitality and kind treatment wherever it was presented. This mark was usually a small stone or pebble, cut in half and upon the halves of which the host

and the guest mutually inscribed their names, and then interchanged them with each other.

The production of this stone was quite sufficient to insure friendship for themselves or their descendants, whenever they travelled again in the same direction. While it is evident that these stones were required to be privately kept and the name written on them carefully concealed, lest others should obtain the privileges instead of him for whom they were intended. How natural is the allusion to this custom in the words: ‘I will give him to eat of the hidden manna;’ and having done so, having recognized him as my guest, my friend. ‘I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it; a pledge of my friendship, sacred and inviolable, known only to himself.’

SEEKING CHRIST.

In a prayer-meeting held recently in one of the mission schools of Chicago, the opportunity was given to inquirers to rise for prayers. A number arose, and among them a young lady dressed in mourning. On her brow was a care-worn look—no tears; but a deep, anxious, thoughtful expression. A gentleman present was attracted towards her. He took her by the hand, and said—after inquiring if she did not rise for prayer:

“How long have you been seeking the Saviour?”

To which she replied:

“I have not been seeking him at all, sir, or I should have found him.”

The reply was certainly unusual but scriptural. He who cannot lie, hath said to every anxious sinner, “Seek and ye shall find.”

ONE GENTLE WORD.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing.

Then let me try, each day and hour,

To act upon this plan—
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can;
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by and by.

—*Children's Friend.*

STORING FOR GOD AND GIVING TO GOD.

The process of storing God's portion is of divine origin—"Lay by in store" (1 Cor. xvi. 2). Can any one deny this the force and value of a divine suggestion? But love lifts a suggestion to a prized law of action. If any deny the perpetuated authority on them of injunctions given to Galatian and Corinthian Christians, what have they remaining at all, either of privilege or obligation? seeing that there is no epistle inscribed to any churches now existing. The Scripture method of storing for God appears to be necessary for the doing of God's work. Many Christians have adopted the practice of small weekly offerings at the sanctuary, as a way of maintaining the cause of God, in addition to plans before used; meanwhile not storing God's portion, the true Scriptural method. Weekly offering is good along with storing, as a convenient way of applying a suitable part of the sacred store to its first claim—divine worship; but without the "storing," the offering will almost certainly prove fitful and insufficient. The whole question rests upon the admission or rejection of God's claim on a part of every one's possessions; and on the employment of a divinely discovered way of securing that this claim shall be met certainly and first:—by instantly laying apart that portion, that it may without fail be devoted judiciously to sacred and benevolent purposes. The practice of weekly offering in churches may introduce the thin end of the wedge of storing personally. It is, however, human and unsatisfactory, apart from storing God's portion.

Storing for God is a divine method, with a view to giving easily, pleasantly and liberally, according to means, whenever needy objects arise. *The storing is private* with God alone, in view of his goodness, and of sacred obligation providing for coming demands. *The giving is public* in the sight of men; meeting demands according to provision already made for them.—"Storing" is a wholesale process of laying in a stock, for the retail process of responding promptly to the wants advanced. "Storing" is accumulating a fund for wise application against times of need—sinking a well for the constant retention of a home

supply instantly available for required use—replenishing a reservoir for a regular system of distribution, and for possible contingencies. "Storing" is of God, insuring and constraining to self-prompted, liberal, cheerful, blissful "giving." "Giving" without "storing" is of man, and while generally small, tardy and distasteful at best, requires strong and frequent stimulant for even such exercise. "Storing" in contrast to *spending*,—spending all we have is an animal process,—present self-enjoyment. The lowest grades of creatures do that. *Sparing*, saving some of what we have, is rational. Retention of it for the future is good and noble, being an act of self-denial rather than of self-indulgence. "Storing" for God in contrast to storing for *ourselves and dependants*. To "store," to save for ourselves and friends alone, nurtures covetousness and avarice under cover of a virtue—suitable providence.—To "store" for God as well as for ourselves cherishes *justice to God*. Providing first for Him who is first and essential, and subordinating all other claims to His. It further cherishes *love to God and man*, and presents *undeniable proof* of the same in the constant devotion of the first and best, to a far grander object than the gratification of our poor puny selves.

Giving to God—*Giving* in contrast to *paying*—Much of even Christian offering soon degenerates into paying. What commences as a gift often goes on as a mere payment of a subscription or a rent. *Paying* and *giving* are opposites. *Paying* is getting as much commodity for as little cost as practicable. *Giving* is of heart-purpose and loving contrivance—providing the fullest offering that ability and prudence allow. As we can never render an equivalent to God for his infinite benefactions to us, let our offerings ever be, at least, the joyfully devoted gifts of love. "*Giving*" to God in contrast to receiving from him. Receiving is an essential act of creature life, and a mark of creature nature. Man receives even as the inferior creatures, and much more abundantly. *God alone gives* absolutely and really. It is God-like in man to give as he is enabled. God gives man more than he himself wants, that he may have something to give. God prompts man to give. God seeks to train man by means of his own work—"giving" in his

own character, spirit and action, as a *giver*. God honors man by letting *him alone* of creatures give, and give even to himself.—“Ye did it unto me,” will be the emphatic commendation of the great Saviour Judge.

The public advocacy of these positions often provokes the almost indignant protest—“This would involve a perfect revolution in Church Finance!” The very thing demanded! The sooner it comes the better on every ground!! It is high time for Christians to rise from giving by fashion to giving of sacred obligation and love.

How this change would work learn from the following instances:—A laborer who paid 1s. a quarter, now stores 6d. out of 10s. a week—six-fold increase. A mechanic who paid 1s. 6d. a quarter, now stores 1s. out of 16s. a week—eight-fold increase. A clerk who paid 25 out of £200 a year, now stores 8s. a week—four-fold increase. A tradesman who paid £14 out of £500 a year, now stores £70 a year—five-fold increase. A gentleman who paid a tenth of his income now stores a fifth—two-fold increase. Who will say that these givers are injured or pained by their increased givings? *They are the painful payments of duty changed into the joyful gifts of choice!*

Deeds like these performed by Christians generally would fill the Lord's treasury for every needful claim—would silence a railing world—and would call forth an agony of heart-travailing faith and prayer, which would soon realize A SECOND GLOU-RI- OUS PENTECOST OF BLESSING!!—*Rev. John Ross, in Canadian Independent.*

THE NAME “CHRISTIAN.”

When Jew and Gentile began to listen to what was preached concerning Christ, and when in large numbers they came unto the apostles and believed, the world began to see that these men were different from all the other religious parties or sects of their day. It felt in need of a term by which to distinguish them, when speaking of them collectively. Accordingly, about the year 44, the vocabulary of the human race was enlarged by the invention of a new name. Those who believed that Jesus

of Nazareth was the Saviour of the world were first called “CHRISTIANS” at Antioch.

It is not likely that they received this name from the Jews. The “children of Abraham” employed a term much more expressive of hatred and contempt. They called them “the sect of the Nazarenes.” These disciples of Jesus traced their origin to Nazareth in Galilee; and it was a proverb that nothing good could come out of Nazareth. Besides this, there was a further reason why the Jews would not have called the disciples of Jesus by the name of “Christians.” The word “Christ” has the same meaning with “Messiah,” and the Jews, however blinded and prejudiced on this subject, would never have used so sacred a word to point an expression of mockery and derision; and they could not have used it in grave and serious earnest to designate those whom they held to be the followers of a false Messiah, a fictitious Christ. Nor is it likely that the “Christians” gave the name to themselves. In the Acts of the Apostles, and in their own letters, we find them speaking of themselves as “brethren,” “disciples,” “believers,” “saints.” Only in two places (Acts xxvi. 28 and 1 Peter iv. 16) do we find the term “Christian;” and in both instances it is implied to have been used by those who were without. There is little doubt that this name originated with the Gentiles, who began now to see that this new sect was so far distinct from the Jews that they might naturally receive a new designation. And the form of the word implies that it came from the Romans, not from the Greeks. The word “Christ” was often in the conversation of the believers, as we know it to have been constantly in their letters. “Christ” was the title of Him whom they avowed as their leader and their chief. They confessed that this Christ had been crucified, but they asserted that he was risen from the dead, and that he guided them by his invisible power. Thus “Christians” was the name which naturally found its place in the reproachful language of their enemies.

There is something very significant in the place where we first received the name. Not in Jerusalem, the city of the Old Covenant, the city of the people who were

chosen, to the exclusion of all others, but in a heathen city, the eastern centre of Greek fashion and Roman luxury, and not till it was shown that the New Covenant was inclusive of all others; then and there were we first called Christians, and the church received from the world its true and honourable name.—*Sabbath School Messenger.*

QUENCHED CONVICTIONS.

God in mercy visited one well-known to me. The Holy Spirit strove with her, and she was brought under deep impressions of eternal things. But she resisted to the uttermost; nay, told some of her friends that she was determined to put away these serious thoughts. She succeeded at last; her convictions vanished, and the grieved Spirit gave her up. She became as careless as she had been anxious. The present world was everything; the world to come, nothing. How terrible the state of a soul that has thus banished the Holy Spirit, and reduced itself to insensibility and heedlessness!

It has not, indeed, given itself peace;—that is impossible; but it has been drowning its bitter sense of want in earthly joy, earthly gaiety, and earthly folly. It has been trying to shut out God, and to prevent itself feeling the need of having Him for its friend and getting all its gladness out of Him. This is not happiness; nay, it is one of the saddest states to which a soul can be reduced. Oh, who can tell the weariness, the bitterness, the terror, the dissatisfaction of a soul lying under quenched convictions, and plunging on in worldliness in order to keep them quenched!

A day of terror came to her once more; but it came upon a sick-bed. Her conscience woke up, and showed her the malice of the past; she remembered her former impressions; she thought how the Spirit often strove with her in her day of health. She was in bitterness because she had put all these feelings away, driving the Spirit from her heart, and barring the door so as to hinder His return.

She would fain have Him back again; she would fain renew her impressions at any cost; for death was before her, and the prospect of the judgment-seat was dreadful. But she found that it was easier to put

away seriousness than to call it back again. To quench conviction was not difficult, but how to rekindle the quenched convictions was now the difficulty. Her heart had become hard; *she could not feel*; she saw the infinite peril before her; but by her continual resistances to God insensibility had taken possession of her; her soul was benumbed—*it would not feel—it would not awake.*

Death was coming on; but feeling came not. What could be done in order to wake her up? She asked that the shroud in which she was so soon to be wrapped, might be made in her presence, in order that she, in looking at the process from beginning to end, might be roused up. Her wish was complied with; the shroud was made in the room. But when all was done, she shook her head, saying, "*I cannot feel.*"

Death came nearer, but feeling came not. She remained unbelieving and insensible. Lost convictions came not back again, and she cried out in the bitterness of her soul, "The Spirit has fled, and I am lost."

After lingering on for ten days, she died in darkness.

"Young men and maidens," beware of quenching the Spirit. Beware of putting away serious thoughts. Beware of preferring the world to Christ. He seeks to win your young hearts to Himself. Oh let Him do so! He wants to come in and bless you; oh let Him do so! His love is better than the world's love; His joy is sweeter than the world's joy. "Love not the world." Seek not to be gay. The world will cheat you, but Christ will not. The world will leave you empty and sad; Christ will not. "My son, give me thine heart."

Your time is short. The Judge standeth before the door. Do not grieve the Spirit. Do not follow vanity and lies. Do not stifle convictions; they may never return. "Seek the Lord while He may be found." He is not far off; He is not unwilling to be found; He is merciful and gracious. Yes—"God is love."—*Herald of Mercy.*

Soul opportunities are worth more than a thousand worlds. Mercy is in them, grace and glory are in them, heaven and eternity are in them.

THE TYPHOON.

A sea captain relates that once upon his homeward voyage, off the Pacific coast, one of these terrific gales came suddenly upon his noble ship. So fiercely it swept over the ocean that no waves were raised, but the spray was lifted in the form of dense fog for a few feet above the surface. Nothing could be done for the vessel but to drop anchor, furl the sails, and wait with "bare poles" till the fury of the blast was spent. If the anchor held and the timbers did not part, all was well, though the bark trembled like an autumnal leaf in the wind.

And thus it is often with the believer upon the sea of life. So suddenly comes the overwhelming storm, and so dark the mist that wraps the scene, the only work to be done is taking in sail and making firm the anchor.—Then on the wildly-curtained sky faith fixes her eye, and whispers to the helpless mariner, "Wait, I say, upon the Lord."

What moments are these in the experience, when the spirit trembles in the hands of God, who has put out all light but himself, and shut it up to the anchor of hope, when the cable itself seems ready to snap in the fearful trial!

OBEY YOUR CAPTAIN.

"What is my great duty?" asked an ingenuous youth when volunteering for the defence of his country's flag. "Obey your captain," said his anxious mother. This was the true answer. The first, second, and third duty of a soldier is obedience—prompt, unhesitating, universal obedience. However difficult the duty, however perilous soever the undertaking, the soldier must obey his captain when the command is given. Without obedience, courage, endurance, military knowledge and skill are little worth; with it, the feeblest soldier may become a hero. Soldier, you have a higher Captain. Do you obey Jesus, the Captain of your salvation? He requires prompt, unhesitating, universal obedience.—"My son, give me thy heart," is his command to you. Have you yielded obedience? If not hitherto, brother, yield it now; and whatever shall befall you in this earthly campaign, he will bring you off more than a conqueror in the end. Soldier, obey your captain.

Cold prayers are as arrows without heads, as swords without edges, as birds without wings; they pierce not, they cut not, they fly not up to heaven. Cold prayers always freeze before they reach heaven.

Sabbath School Lessons.

November 27th, 1864.

WOES AGAINST THE SCRIBES AND PHARISEES.

Read Matthew xxiii. 13-39.

This most eloquent, most appalling, and most terrible of all discourses ever delivered to mortals, was pronounced in the temple in the presence of multitudes. Never was there more faithful dealing, more terrible reproof, more profound knowledge of the working of hypocrisy, or more skill in detecting the concealment of sin.

"Devour widows' houses," ver. 14. The word *houses* is here used to denote *property* or possessions of any kind. *Long prayers*, ver. 14. These prayers are said to have been often three hours in length. *Ye pay tithes*. A tenth part. The law required the Jews to devote a tenth part of all their property to the support of the Levites. Num. xviii. 20-24. *Strain at a gnat*. This is a proverb, and a misprint. It should be "strain out a gnat."

In the description of the Scribes and Pharisees in this chapter, we have a full length portrait of the hypocrite.

(1). They shut up the kingdom of heaven against others. They made great pretensions to knowledge, but they neither entered in themselves, nor suffered others, ver. 13.

(2). They committed the grossest iniquity under a cloak of religion. They cheated widows out of their property, and made long prayers to hide their villainy, ver. 14.

(3). They showed great zeal in making proselytes; yet did it only for gain, and made them more wicked, ver. 15.

(4). They taught false doctrine—artful contrivances to destroy the force of oaths and shut out the Creator from their view.

(5). They were superstitious, ver. 23. Small matters they were exact in; matters of real importance they cared little about.

(6). They were openly hypocritical. They took great pains to *appear* well, while they themselves knew that it was all deceit and falsehood, ver. 25-28

(7). They professed great veneration for

the memory of the pious dead, while at the same time they were conscious that they really approved the conduct of those who killed them, ver. 29-31.

Observe—(1). Jesus pities dying sinners, ver. 37. He seeks their salvation. He pleads with them to be saved. He would gather them to Him if they would come.

(2). The reason why the wicked are not saved is in their obstinacy. They choose not to be saved, and they die. If they will not come to Christ, it is right that they should die.

(3). The sinner shall be destroyed, ver. 38. The day will come when the mercy of God will be clean gone for ever, and the forbearance of God exhausted; and then the sinner must perish.

December 4th, 1864.

SAUL ACKNOWLEDGED KING.

1 Sam. xi. 1-15.

Ver. 1-3. The Ammonites were ancient enemies of Israel, and were therefore not allowed to enter the congregation till the tenth generation, Deut. xxiii. 3, 4. Some time before this, they were utterly defeated by Jephthah, Judg. 10 and 11. Their enmity continued down to the return from the captivity, Neh. iv. 1-12. Nahash was their king. Their country lay east of the Jordan. Jabesh-gilead belonged to the eastern division of the tribe of Manasseh; it had been sacked for not aiding in the war against Benjamin, Judg. xxi. 8-12; and was now to be saved by a king of that tribe. Nahash had been fighting with Israel before this, 1 Sam. xii. 12; now only does he seem to have been likely to conquer. See the consequences of sin; had they been faithful to God, He would have protected them from war, Deut. xxxii. 29-31. How foolish pride is; Nahash thought he was certain of victory. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast as he that putteth it off." Never vaunt your doings till you are successful, nor then either. How cruelly the heathen carried on war. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Prov. xii. 10. The gospel has greatly lessened the horrors of war already, and will one day put an end to it. "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares," Isa. ii. 4.

Ver. 4-6. Gibeah was Saul's residence.—The messengers naturally sought him, because he had just been proclaimed king, 1 Sam. x.

24. The people would have been better employed sharpening their swords than weeping; yet their distress made them more willing to enlist in Saul's army. Some will pity those they will not aid, Jas. ii. 15, 16; these did both. When the Spirit of God blesses any one, he receives help according to what is needful at the time (ver. 6); "the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal," 1 Cor. xii. 7. Saul was moved to courage and enterprise; he was angry and sinned not; it would have been sinful to hear such a cruel message without deep indignation.—Few are too seldom angry; many are angry without a cause, and therefore in danger of the judgment, Matt. v. 22.

Ver. 7-11. Saul acted wisely: he joined Samuel's name with his own for the sake of having greater weight; many might listen to Samuel that despised Saul. Why does he put his own name first? He acted vigorously: there was no time for delay; the warning he sent could be understood by all. Imagine the sensation in the country as the messengers with the divided parts, and the news of the danger of Jabesh, posted through the land; and towns, villages and hamlets poured forth their men to battle. "The fear of the Lord fell on them." This means, that the people respected God's message from Saul. How sad that more important news, words of salvation, should be so little regarded by men! If the fear of God is on you, you will listen to His voice whenever you hear it; the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, Prov. i. 7. Though Saul had such a large army, he did not neglect proper means of securing the victory: he comes by surprise on the Ammonites. (The morning watch was from about four o'clock of the morning.) He divides his forces to attack them on three sides.—Neither of these means would have succeeded, unless God had been with him. The battle is not to the strong, Eccles. ix. 11.

Ver. 12-15. See the people's flattery: they crowded round him, now that he was prosperous. "Many will entreat in the favour of the prince, and every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts," Prov. xix. 6. They would have shown more zeal had they come to him before. "Wealth makes many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbour." Notice Saul's magnanimity: he forgives his enemies, resists the advice of rash friends, and ascribes his success to God, and not to his own valour. Happy would it have been for him had he always cherished this spirit. Learn to doubt advice, which is too pleasing to your passions. "A man that flattereth his neighbour, spreadeth a net for his feet."—Never forget to acknowledge God as the giver of every mercy, temporal, Psal. cvii.

36, 37; and spiritual, 2 Cor. v. 18; Eph. i. 3. Saul had been chosen king before, but now the people spontaneously gave in their adhesion to him. The reign began well: success in battle; God owned by offerings; the people all loyal. Nothing but rebellion against God could spoil such prospects. On what is your prosperity resting? Nothing can secure it, but fidelity to God, 2 Chron. xx. 20; Psal. xxxiii. 18-21—*Edin. S. S. Lessons.*

December 11th, 1864.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Mark xii. 41-44.

"In the second court of the temple, the court of the women, were fixed thirteen chests with inscriptions directing to what use the offerings in each were allotted. Into one of these the widow cast her two mites." This court was hence called occasionally "*the treasury*;" John viii. 20.

Poor widow. In this as in other places of the Bible we must remember the exceedingly depressed and dependent condition of a poor man's widow in the countries where the Lord was. The expression is almost proverbial for one very badly off, and most unlikely to contribute anything to a charitable purpose. *A mite* was the smallest coin in use among the Jews in our Saviour's time. It was equal to about three-eighths of a farthing of our money. "Hath cast in more." "More" does not of course mean a larger sum in reality, but more in God's sight—a gift which God values more than one of far more value in man's eyes. "They have of their abundance." They gave out of a large and abundant store, and hardly felt what they gave, because much was left behind. "She of her penury." She gave out of a store so small, that after giving, nothing seemed to be left. "*All her living.*" That is the whole amount of her daily income. A person so poor as the widow would necessarily live from hand to mouth.

Learn—(1.) To beware of lightly using the expression "giving our mite," in reference to giving money to religious or charitable causes. If people would "give their mite" really and literally, as the widow gave hers, many would have to give far more money than they ever give now. Her "mite" meant

something that she gave with immense self-denial, and at great sacrifice. Most men's mite now-a-days means something that is not felt, not missed, and makes no difference to their comfort.

(2.) How keenly the Lord Jesus Christ observes the things that are done upon earth. The eyes of the Lord are in every place. Nothing is too little to escape His observation.

(3.) Let a poor believer, who can only give a small thing, take comfort in the truth that the acts of a poor believer have as much dignity about them as the acts of a prince.

(4.) Let it be a settled principle with us to watch against stinginess; and whatever else we do with our money, to give regularly and habitually to the cause of God.

THE BIBLE IN SWITZERLAND.

In a Swiss family there was a little girl not quite eight years old. Every Sunday, at breakfast the parents gave to each child a small loaf of the finest and best sort of bread to eat. She always enjoyed her loaf, as much as the rest. But she heard at the Sunday School that, by bringing to her teacher every Sunday a few pieces of money, each child might, at the end of a few weeks, have a Bible of her own,—quite her own and to keep for herself. At once she made up her mind to ask her parents not to give her the best loaf at breakfast, but to allow her to eat the common bread, and give the difference between the prices of the two loaves to her. To this her parents agreed, though not without expressing surprise; and the little girl, during nearly four months' went without the best bread in order to obtain a Bible of her own.

Many of the little Swiss children not only desire to have the Bible, but they love its truths. A little tract, written and printed for the young, was distributed among them at Christmas. Beneath the title a space was left in which to insert the name of each child, and over this there was printed these words, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." No sooner had one of the little ones received her copy, and read the words, than she ran to her teacher, and cried, "O, Miss, look, look! it is for me—yes, it is for me that the words have been placed here—'The Lord bless thee.' I shall be blessed! Oh, blessed! What a happiness!" It was a word of the blessed volume, which at that moment fell on the heart of the little Swiss child as a drop of dew from heaven.—*Sabbath School Messenger.*

that we have been able to prepay so small a number, so that we hope many zealous Christians in the country will use their influence to get up lists of that amount. Parcels above six in number will be sent (postage prepaid) at the same rate.

"Evangelizers" have been gratuitously distributed through agents and friends in the destitute places of this country, ever since THE EVANGELIZER commenced to be published, nearly six years ago.

The amount thus distributed up to 15th September, 1864, has reached the value of - - - - - \$4,308 44

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This gratuitous circulation is continued, donations for which are respectfully and earnestly solicited.

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Is a small monthly periodical of four pages, adapted for local circulation in towns and country districts. It is suitable for tract societies as a substitute for tracts. The local name of the town in which they are distributed is printed when desired.

Parcels of 120 are sent monthly, post free, at seven dollars per annum.

THE JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE

Is a monthly periodical, confined chiefly to Temperance literature, at 50 Cents per annum.

It is not the organ of Temperance organizations, but is intended to supply Temperance men with suitable reading for strengthening their convictions, and enabling them to advance the cause.

It is well adapted for ministers and others as a repository of facts and illustrations that will assist them in addresses on the subject of Temperance.

It is also adapted for circulation among those who are not so deeply interested in the Temperance cause as to connect themselves with any Temperance organization, but who may be interested in Temperance literature.

Those who read this circular are respectfully requested to aid us if they can.

They can aid us by subscribing for one or other of the periodicals.

They can aid us by getting their friends and neighbours to subscribe.

They can aid us by their donations toward the gratuitous circulation.

They can aid us by their prayers.

Reader,— Will you do it ?

All communications must be addressed, prepaid, to

REV. ROBERT KENNEDY,

Prescott, C.W.

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The following donations have been received from 15th October, 1864, to 15th November, 1864, for which we render our best thanks in the name of the Lord:—

Amount acknowledged last No.,	-	13,23
O. B., Fonthill,	-	1,00
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1864, and formerly acknowledged,	\$107,71	
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GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION.—We have given away gratuitously, from 15th Oct. to 15th Nov.—

1900 Evangelizers,	- - - - -	38,00
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Amount given away from the commencement of the work up to 15th Oct., 1864,		\$4315,44
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Subscribers to our publications will greatly oblige us by remitting their subscriptions without waiting for any of our agents coming round. And when they remit their own, let them remit as many new subscriptions as they can procure.

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THE "EVANGELIZER."

By a recent arrangement of the Post-Office department we can send a quarter of a pound weight of the "Evangelizer" for one cent postage. This is an improved arrangement on those that have existed since postage was imposed.

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Is a Monthly religious periodical, undenominational in character and devoted exclusively to the advancement of the kingdom of God in the world. It is published on the 1st of every Month at 50 cents per Annum.

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Copetown,	A. J. Campbell.
Edmonton, C.W.,	Samuel Snell.
Escoff,	Sam'l. A. Forton, Teacher.
Fairfax,	Thos. Reid.
Gaunoque,	A. Waldie and S. McCammon.
Garafraxa, C. W.,	John Dickson.
Gloucester,	Thomas Duncan.
Greenbank,	John Asling.
Ingersoll	Alex. Wallace.
Kirkwall,	Wm McMillan.
Kipping P.O.,	It. Mellis.
Lansdowne,	D. C. Reid.
Lanark,	A. G. Hall.
London, C.W.,	Robert Scott.
Long Island Locks,	John Gillean.
	B. H. Currier.
	Moses Gault.
Manilla,	A. Gordon.
Middleville,	James Stewart.
McDonald's Corners,	H. McLean.
Newburgh,	Jas. Wightman.
Newcastle,	Andrew Hunter.
Newtonville,	James Lechart.
Ottawa,	Wm. Stewart.
Perth,	John Hart and G. Walker.
Pictou,	Mr. Taylor.
Port Hope,	Jas. Baird, Bookseller.
Portage du fort,	W. R. McLaren.
Prince Albert,	T. C. Feriman.
Quebec,	Rev. D. Marsh, Bible Society's Depot.
Richmond,	George Brown.
St. Catharine's,	R. McClelland.
Smith's Falls,	"The Review," and J. Washburn.
South Monaghan,	Mr. Hugh Waddell.
Toronto,	W. Westroon, at Parson Bros.
Wolfe Island,	Mr. Malone.
Woodstock,	J. Veitch.