

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

COMPEL THEM TO COME IN.

LUKE xiv. 23.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

I feel in such a haste this morning to go out and compel those to come in who are now tarrying in the highways and hedges, that I cannot wait for an introduction, but must at once set about my business.

Hear, then, O ye that are strangers to the truth as it is in Jesus—hear, then, the message that I have to bring you, Ye have fallen—fallen in your father Adam; ye have fallen also in yourselves, by your daily sin and your constant iniquity; you have provoked the anger of the Most High; and as assuredly as you have sinned, so certainly must God punish you, if you persevere in your iniquity; for the Lord is a God of justice, and He will by no means spare the guilty. But have you not heard that God, in His infinite mercy, has devised a way whereby, without any infringement upon His honour, He can have mercy upon you, the guilty and the undeserving? To you, then, I speak; and my voice is unto you, O sons of men.

Jesus Christ, very God of very God, descended from heaven, and was made in the likeness of sinful flesh. Begotten of the Holy Ghost, he was born of the Virgin Mary. He lived in this world a life of exemplary holiness, and of the deepest suffering, till at last he gave himself up to die for our sins, "the just for the unjust, to bring us to God." And now the plan of salvation is simply declared unto you—"Whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved." For you who have violated all the precepts of God, and have disdained His mercy, and dared His vengeance, mercy is yet proclaimed, for "whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." For this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief; "whosoever cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out," for "he is able also to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Now all that God asks of you is, that you will simply look to His bleeding, dying Son, and trust your souls in the

hands of him whose name alone can save from death and hell.

Is it not a marvellous thing, that the proclamation of this Gospel does not receive the unanimous consent of men? One would think that as soon as ever it was proclaimed, "that whosoever believeth shall have eternal life," every one of you, casting away his sins and iniquities, would lay hold on Jesus Christ, and look alone to his Cross. But alas! such is the desperate evil of our nature, such the pernicious depravity of our character, that this message is despised—the invitation to the Gospel feast is rejected, and there are many of you who are this day enemies of God by wicked works—enemies to the God who preaches Christ to you to-day—enemies to Him who sent His Son to give his life a ransom for many. Strange, I say, it is that it should be so; yet nevertheless it is the fact; and hence the necessity for the command—"Compel them to come in."

First, I must find you out; secondly, I will go to work to compel you to come in.

I. I must FIND YOU OUT. If you read the verses that precede the text, you will find an enlargement of this command—"Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind," and then afterward, "Go out into the highways"—bring in the vagrants, the highwaymen,—*"and into the hedges"*—bring in those that have no resting-place for their heads, and are lying under the hedges to rest,—bring them also, and *"compel them to come in."*

Yes, I see you this morning—you that are "poor." I am to compel you to come in. You are poor in circumstances; but this is no barrier to the kingdom of God; for God hath not exempted from His grace the man that shivers in rags, and who is destitute of bread. In fact, if there be any distinction made, the distinction is on your side, and for your benefit—"Unto you is the word of this salvation sent;" "for the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." But especially I must speak to you who are poor spiri-

tually. You have no faith, you have no good works, you have no grace, and what is worse still, you have no hope. Ah, my Master has sent *you* a gracious invitation: Come and welcome to the marriage feast of his love. "*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*" Come, I must lay hold upon you, though you be defiled with foulest filth, and though you have nought but rags upon your back; though your own righteousness has become as filthy clouts, yet must I lay hold upon you, and invite you first, and even *compel you to come in.*

And now I see you again. You are not only poor, but you are "*maimed.*"—There was a time when you thought you could work out your own salvation without God's help—when you could perform good works, attend to ceremonies, and get to heaven by yourselves; but now you are maimed—the sword of the law has cut off your hands, and now you can work no longer; you say, with bitter sorrow—

"The best performance of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne."

You have lost *all* power now to obey the law; you feel that *when you would do good, evil is present with you.* You are maimed; you have given up, as a forlorn hope, all attempt to save yourself, because you are maimed and your arms are gone. But you are worse off than that; for if you could not *work* your way to heaven, yet you could walk your way there along the road *by faith*; but you are maimed in the feet as well as in the hands; you feel that you cannot believe, that you cannot repent, that you cannot obey the demands of the Gospel. You feel that you are utterly undone, powerless in every respect to do anything that can be pleasing to God. In fact you are crying out—

"Oh, could I but believe,
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot; Lord, relieve;
My help must come from thee!"

To you also am I sent. Before you am I to lift up the banner of the Cross. To you am I to preach this Gospel, "*Whoso calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved;*" and unto you am I to cry, "*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*"

There is yet another class. You are "*halt.*" You are "*halting between two*

opinions." You are at one time seriously inclined, and at another time worldly gaiety calls you away. What little progress you do make in religion is but a limp. You have a little strength, but that is so little that you make but painful progress. Ah, limping brother, "*to you [also] is the word of this salvation sent.*" Though you halt between two opinions, the Master sends me to you with this message: "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the LORD be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." Consider thy ways; "set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." Because I will do this, "prepare to meet thy God." Halt no longer, but decide for God and His truth.

And yet I see another class—"the blind." Yes, you that cannot see yourselves—that think yourselves good when you are full of evil—"that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!"—to you am I sent. You, blind souls, that cannot see your lost estate—that do not believe that sin is so "exceedingly sinful" as it is, and who will not be persuaded to think that God is a just and righteous God—to you am I sent. To you, too, that do not see the Saviour—that see no beauty in him that you should desire him; who see no excellence in virtue, no glories in religion, no happiness in serving God, no delight in being His children—to you, also, am I sent. Ay, to whom am I not sent, if I take my text? For it goes further than this—it not only gives a particular description, so that each individual case may be met, but afterwards, it makes a general sweep, and says, "Go out into the highways and hedges." Here we bring in all ranks and conditions of men; my lord upon his horse in the highway, the woman trudging about her business, and the thief waylaying the traveller—all these are in "the highways," and they are all to be compelled to come in. And there away in "the hedges" lie some poor souls whose refuges of lies are swept away, and who are seeking now to find some little shelter for their weary heads—to you, also, are we sent. This is the universal command, "Compel them to come in."

Now, I pause, after having described your character—I pause to look at the Herculean labour that lies before me.—

Well did Melancthon say, "Old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon." As well might a little child seek to "compel" a Samson, as I seek to lead a sinner to the Cross of Christ. And yet my Master sends me about the errand. Lo! I see before me the great mountain of human depravity and stolid indifference, but by faith I cry, "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." Does my Master say, "compel them to come in?" Then, though the sinner be like Samson and I a child, I shall lead him with a thread. If God saith, "do it," if I attempt it "in faith, it shall be done;" and if with a groaning, struggling, and weeping heart, I so seek this day to compel sinners to come to Christ, the sweet compulsions of the Holy Spirit shall go with every word, and some indeed shall be compelled to come in.

II. And now to the work—directly to the work. Unconverted, unreconciled, unregenerate men and women, I am to "COMPEL YOU TO COME IN." Permit me first of all to accost you in "the highways" of sin, and tell you over again my errand. The God of grace this day sends a gracious invitation to you. He says, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but rather that he should turn unto me and live;" Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Dear brothers, it makes my heart rejoice to think that I should have such good news to tell you; and yet I confess my soul is heavy, because I see you do not think it good news but turn away from it, and do not give it due regard. Permit me to tell you what the Lord has done for you. He knew your guilt. He foresaw that you would ruin yourself. He knew that His justice would demand your life; and in order that this difficulty might be escaped—that His justice might have its full due, and that you might yet be saved, "Jesus Christ hath died." Will you just for a moment glance at this picture. You see that man there on his knees, in the garden of Gethsemane, sweating drops of blood. You see this next; you see that sufferer tied to a pillar and lashed with terrible scourges, till the shoulder bones are seen in the midst

of a sea of blood. Again you see this third picture: it is the same being, hanging on the cross, with hands extended, and with feet nailed fast, groaning, bleeding, dying; and worst of all, you see him forsaken of God, and enduring the righteous vengeance of heaven for sins not his own; methought the picture spoke and said, "It is finished." Now all this hath Jesus Christ of Nazareth suffered, in order that God, consistently with his justice, might pardon sin; and the message to you this day is this—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." That is, trust him—renounce thy works and thy ways, and set thine heart alone on this mighty Saviour, who gave himself for sinners.

Well, brother, I have told you the message; what sayest thou unto it? Do you turn away? You tell me it is nothing to you; you cannot listen to it; that you will hear me by-and-by; but this day you will go your ways, and attend to your farm and merchandise. Stop, brother; I was not told merely to tell you, and then go about my business. No; I am told "to compel you to come in;" and permit me to observe to you before I go further, that there is one thing I can say—and to which God is my witness this day—that I am in earnest with you in my desire that you should comply with this command of God. You may despise your own salvation, but I do not despise it. You may go away and forget what you hear, but you will please to remember that the things I now say, cost me many a groan ere I came here to utter them. My inmost soul is speaking out to you, my poor brother, when I beseech you by Him "that liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore," consider my Master's message, which he bids me now address to you.

But do you spurn it? Do you still refuse it? Then I must change my tone a minute. I will not merely tell you the message, and invite you, as I do with all earnestness and sincere affection—I will go further. "Sinner in God's name, I COM-MAND you to repent and believe." Do you ask me whence my authority? I am an ambassador of heaven. My credentials, some of them secret, and in my own heart; and others of them open before you this day in the seals of my ministry, sitting and standing in this hall, where God has given

me many souls for my hire. As God, the Everlasting One, hath given me a commission to preach His Gospel, I command you to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—not on my own authority, but on the authority of Him who said, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;” and then annexed this solemn sanction, “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.” Reject my message, and remember, “He that despised Moses’ law, died without mercy under two or three witnesses: of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God?” An ambassador is not to stand below the man with whom he deals. If the minister chooses to take his proper rank, girded with the omnipotence of God, and anointed with His holy unction, he is to “command” men, and speak with all authority, compelling them to come in: “command, exhort, rebuke with all long-suffering.”

But do you turn away and say you will not be commanded? Then again will I change my note. If that avails not, all other means shall be tried. My brother, I come to you, simple of speech, and I EXHORT you to flee to Christ. O my brother, dost thou know what a loving Christ he is? Let me tell thee, from my own soul what I know of him. I, too, once despised him. He knocked at the door of my heart, and I refused to open it. He came to me, times without number, morning by morning, and night by night; he checked me in my conscience, and spoke to me by his Spirit. At last, the thunders of the law prevailed in my conscience. And what a loving reception did I meet when I went to him! I thought he would smite me; but his hand was not clenched in anger, but opened wide in mercy. I thought full surely that his eyes would dart lightning-flashes of wrath upon me; but instead thereof, they were full of tears. He fell upon my neck and kissed me; he took off my rags and did clothe me with his righteousness, and caused my soul to sing aloud for joy; while in the house of his church there was music and dancing, because his son that he had lost, was found; and he that was dead, was made alive. I exhort you, then, to look to Jesus Christ,

and to be lightened. Sinner, “you will never regret it.” I will be bondsman for my Master that you will never regret it. You will have no sigh to go back to your state of condemnation. You shall go out of Egypt and shall go into the promised land, and shall find it “flowing with milk and honey.” As to the trials of Christian life, you will find grace will make them light. And as for the joys and delights of being a child of God, if I lie this day, you shall charge me with it in days to come. If you will “taste and see that the Lord is good,” I am not afraid but that you shall find that He is not only good, but better than human lips can ever describe.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D. D.

Without attempting any formal exposition of the language of the sacred writers on this subject, I think we may gather from it generally that a Christian marriage is one in which there exists between the parties the sentiments of mental fellowship and moral or spiritual sympathy. For instance, we are told by St. Peter that the husband and wife are to dwell together “according to knowledge,” and they are to regard each other as “heirs together of the grace of life.” And by this account of it there is excluded from the idea of Christian marriage, a union of mere passion, or a marriage of convenience. A relationship that is indissoluble should not be based upon things that are destructible and that may perish in a moment. “Of all earthly unions,” writes one, “this is almost the only one permitting of no change but that of death. It is that engagement in which a man exerts his most awful and solemn power.—the power of doing that which in this world can never be reversed,—the power or the responsibility which belongs to him as one who shall give an account, of abnegating his freedom, of parting forever with the right of change.—And yet it is perhaps that relationship which is spoken of most frivolously and entered into most carelessly and wantonly. It is not a union merely between two creatures, but between two spirits; and the intention of the bond is to perfect the nature of both by supplementing their deficiencies with the force of contrast; giving to each sex those excellencies in which it is naturally defective.—to the one strength of character and firmness of moral will: to the other, sympathy, meekness, and tenderness. And just so solemn and

just so glorious as these ends are for which the union was intended, just so terrible are the consequences, if it be perverted and abused. For there is no earthly relationship that has so much power to ennoble and exalt, and, on the other hand, to wreck and ruin the soul. There are two rocks in this world of ours on which the soul must either anchor or be wrecked. The one is God, the other the relation we are considering. On the rock of Ages, if the human soul anchor, it lives the blessed life of faith; against it if the soul be dashed, there is the wreck of Atheism, the worst ruin of man. The other is of a different kind. Blessed is the man, blessed the woman, whose life-experience has taught a confiding belief in the sex opposite to their own—a blessedness second only to the blessedness of salvation. And the ruin in the second case is second only to the ruin of perdition. For these are the two tremendous alternatives—on the one hand, the possibility of securing in all sympathy and tenderness, the laying of that step on which man rises towards his perfection; on the other, the blighting of all sympathy, the being dragged down to the earth, and forced to become frivolous and commonplace, losing the zest and earnestness of life, and having the whole being degraded by perpetually recurring meannesses and vulgar causes of disagreement.”

If such be the alternative in the marriage union, can it but be that they fearfully risk the worst who rush into marriage in the frivolous haste of passion, or, if with deliberation, with the deliberation not of Christian wisdom, but of cold and calculating worldly prudence? That man miserably errs who lets himself drift into a connection which may make or mar his happiness to the grave, and mould his being for eternity, as lightly and thoughtlessly as he undertakes a brief excursion, or accepts an invitation to a party of pleasure.—If the charm that lures him be mere physical beauty and attractiveness, then this is the deplorable incongruity, that whilst the relationship is lasting, that on which alone it is based is not: accident may disfigure it, disease may stamp its ugly seams on it, advancing years will surely wear away the beauty that consists in the bloom and symmetry of face and elegance of form. Even if the toy could keep its glitter, it would soon cease to please.—But it will not keep it. The gloss rubs off, the surface polish wears away, and when the man who has married a pretty doll for its prettiness finds that that is gone, all that made the marriage real goes too. In the heat of passion, and amidst the fresh charms of novelty, even a man of sense is sometimes blind to the weakness or silliness which youth and

beauty conceal. There is a time when even nonsense sounds charming when it falls from pretty lips; but the misfortune is, that the prettiness goes, but the nonsense remains.—And so it comes often to this, that that which ought to be the strength and solacement of life—that relationship in which there should be found the soothing of wise sympathy and the strength of mutual confidence and counsel—becomes if one of the parties be possessed of sense or principle, a yoke which ever galls and frets, but is borne, like other self-made burdens, in silence, because nobody else can be blamed for it, and because it is inevitable. Nearly the same thing may be said of the marriage of convenience. Prudential motives are not, of course, to be despised; but to make prudential considerations the beginning and end of the matter is as foolish as it is base.

The only union, then, that deserves and does not dishonour the name of marriage is one in which, whatever external attractions accompany it, there is mental and moral sympathy, and above all, the hallowing presence of religious faith. For this alone brings us into real union with another. We may dwell in the same home with another, and yet be wide apart as if oceans rolled between us.—But where there is congeniality of taste, sympathy of souls, union of heart in the same God and Saviour, no external distance can affect, or lapse of time weaken it, nor can even that which breaks up all other connections, dissolve this. The hands that were clasped at Mammon's altar may soon drop from each other's grasp. The hearts which passion's force united, when passion's fire has cooled, may fall off from each other, or, in the recoil, fly far apart. But they whom God and holy love bind together, none can ever put asunder. Money may go, hardship and ill fortune betide them, but there are those, many and many a one, whom sorrow and toil and suffering, borne together, have only bound into a closer, deeper, dearer affection. The ardour of youthful passion may evaporate, but there is a calmer, serener, profounder feeling that rises as the years pass on, in hearts that have known and trusted each other long. The fair face may lose its outer loveliness, and the form its roundness, and the once light and airy step its elasticity. But even on the outward face and form, there is a beauty which steals out often, to replace with a more exquisite charm that which the years bear away—the beauty of Christian gentleness and sweetness of maturing character and more deeply settled inward peace,—“the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.” Onward through life's path, stage after stage, truer and more trusted, loving and more beloved, they who

are thus united may tread together;—on, amidst the gathering evening shadows and the soft waning lights that tell how fast their sun of earthly joy is westering—pensively, it may be, yet not sadly or despairingly;— on, hand clasped in hand, heart knit to heart, till the hour when the inevitable parting comes. And yet even in that, which to all besides has in it a horror of darkness too dreadful to be calmly contemplated, there is no lasting gloom for them. A little longer, and the loved and lost shall be once more and for ever united; and when the churchyard shadows in summer and winter days play softly on the grave where side by side their dust reposes, bright with immortal beauty, loving as immortal spirits only love, they shall dwell together in the presence of the Lamb.

MORALITY AND PIETY.

A man of intelligence and high social position, who has filled several public offices with honor and unsullied integrity, said, not long ago, to a Christian friend; “I have aimed many years to lead a blameless life. I have endeavored to discharge my duties to my fellow men without reproach, and have enjoyed a good reputation for integrity, and public spirit, and social kindness. But I feel that while scrupulous in fidelity to human relations, I have been forgetful of God. I have not loved Him. I have not lived for Him, I have not thought of pleasing Him. My conscience convicts me of great and long-continued sin, and life seems to a great degree wasted. I am anxious to turn over a new leaf, and begin to live for my Creator and Saviour. Will you tell me how I may become a Christian? Will you tell me your religious experience?”

Are there not many in every Christian community living like this man, wholly *manward*? Are there not some of our readers, priding themselves, like him, on a blameless morality, but wholly deficient in true piety? His example is worthy of instant imitation.—*Reflector.*

THE WORD OF GOD IS QUICK AND POWERFUL

At my second meeting in the camp of the Connecticut Battery, in the course of my remarks, I repeated the words, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-

laden, and I will give you rest.” In a tent near the chapel tent several soldiers were gambling, when my voice, perhaps rather loud, carried these words clear and distinct to them. The cards had been dealt, and each one was looking at his ‘hand.’ One of the men had formerly been a professing Christian, but had left his Father’s house. As he looked upon his cards he heard these words, and they went to his heart. He began to think. One of his comrades said to him, in gambler’s phrase, “What do you do?” Still he was thinking. Again came the question, “What will you do?”

Throwing down his cards, he said, “I’ll pass, and will never gamble again.” How little do we know what God will do with the word we speak.

While visiting the battery again a few days after, a man asked me to come to his tent. He told me he was the soldier above referred to, that he had once been a member of the Episcopal church, and that he had since requested prayers at our prayer-meeting. While the tears were flowing freely, he told me his history, confessed his sins, and manifested a spirit that made it evident that the Lord had touched his heart. He is now very happy, and I truly thank God for so blessing my efforts. The stand he has taken is now producing a great effect among his comrades.

HEAVEN AND HOME.—I was reading the other day that on the shores of the Adriatic Sea the wives of fishermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit at eventide of going down to the sea shore, and singing as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they listen till they hear borne by the wind across the desert sea the second stanza, sung by their husbands as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves, and both are happy. Perhaps if we could listen, we too might hear on this desert world of ours some sound, some whisper borne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven and a home and when we sing the hymn upon the shores of earth, perhaps we shall hear its sweet echo breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of them that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath foundations.—*Cumming.*

ENTIRE SUBMISSION.

My dear friend, you will be truly happy only when you are *perfectly submissive* to the will of God. Jesus, when rejected, could say,—“Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.” You may say, “Well, I *must* submit to whatever God allots, and be resigned to His sovereign will;” but don’t you think that that is the utterance of an unsubdued, disobedient will, and a grudging mind? Submission on your principle is, as a sceptic has coarsely termed it, merely “the grace of a beaten hound.” You submit on the understanding, that if you had your own way, you would do otherwise; you submit because you cannot avoid it, being, as you are, in the hands of an Almighty Power, from whose grasp you cannot extricate yourself.

But how different from this is the cheerful *submission* of devoted obedience and filial love! “Even so, *Father*, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.” *Father*,” —“good!” These words let us into the secret of happy *Christ-like* submission. We trust our *Father*,—we consider all His dealings towards us to be—*good*. There are saints who receive this truth and act upon it, although to the great majority it seems “a hard saying.” The writer of “The Subject Mind,” seems to rejoice in having no will of her own, and being absolutely resigned to the “perfect will of God.” That hymn is one of the fullest utterances of this blissful experience to be found in our language. May the Lord bless the reading of it, to give you entire rest!—

“Father! I know that all my life
Is portion’d out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

“I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

“I would not have the restless will
That hurries too and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret things to know;

*I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.*

“Wherever in the world I am—
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

“So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

“And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit fill’d the more
With grateful love to Thee,
More careful not to serve Thee much,
But please Thee *perfectly.*

“But briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
*But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.*

“In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught ‘the truth’
That makes Thy children ‘free;’
*And a life of self-renouncing love,
Is a life of liberty!”*

The true life of a Christian is a copy of the obedient life of Christ. He was ever in communion with His Father, and He came to do His will and to finish His work; and in loving obedience He could say, “Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight,” even when His testimony was rejected by the cities where most of His mighty works had been done. We are like Jesus when that which seems good in the Father’s sight is good in ours. “It is not resignation merely to bow to that which we cannot escape; true resignation recognises a thing to be good and fitting, because it is the will of God, however trying, however painful to ourselves.”

It would seem that when Jesus felt Himself to be rejected on all sides, He was upheld by the consciousness that He had all things delivered into His hands. “All things are delivered unto me by my

Father," and He now stands forth to reveal the *Father* to the weary and heavy laden. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I will give you rest.*" First come to Him who has all things delivered unto Him by His Father, and He will *give you rest*.—rest for your uneasy conscience through His precious blood. But He adds, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall *find rest* to your souls." *Rest of conscience* is a gift from Jesus; but *rest of soul* is a thing which we *find* in taking Christ's yoke upon us and learning of Him the meek, lowly, obedient, and perfectly submissive heart. There are many who have *rest* in the blood of Jesus who have not the *rest* that comes from submissive bearing of the yoke. Jesus says, "My yoke is *easy* and my burden is *light.*" And as long as we feel Christ's yoke *difficult*, and His burden *heavy*, we have not obeyed His—"Learn of me." We have not been enabled to pronounce the will of God our Father, *good*. Jesus found the yoke easy by cheerfully bowing to it. Many, instead of *enduring* the will of God, make great efforts to alter their circumstances; and, as the sick may obtain a little temporary ease from change of bed, they may get a little relief from change of circumstances; but *respite* is not *rest*. How different the rest we *find* in following Jesus fully in the path of cheerful endurance, from the fretful, fitful, murmuring rest of the believer who is doing his best to alter his circumstances. His rest is always a thing *in the future*, if his circumstances are unfavourable and burdensome; but the rest found in bowing and enduring all circumstances as Jesus' yoke is a present enjoyment.

Another has well said, "A Christian should go on, unaffected by circumstances, *in the path of practical obedience to the will of God.* There, and therein alone, is practical rest found, (for it is practical, experimental rest of which I am now speaking;) when I am trying to have my own will and to go my own way, I do not *find* this rest.

"The two things act and react, the one upon the other. Very often we find that a saint has lost peace of soul—the blessed joy he had in knowing his sins put away for ever by the blood of Jesus, and the

possession of eternal life. And what is the cause? In many cases because he has not been bearing the *burden* of Christ, but walking in the path of fleshly activity and restlessness. His peace has thus become disturbed, and he is even tempted to doubt whether or not he be a child of God. They do act and react in a manner and to a degree of which we are little aware.

"There is still another thing that I would desire to notice briefly, and that is the great basis of Christian humility; I mean that humility which a saint has because he is a *saint*, and not because he is a *sinner*. A sinner saved by grace ought, indeed, to be humble; but the humility which a saint has because he is a saint, and an heir of glory, is of a much deeper kind than that which is occasioned by the discovery of sin. There is nothing will bring a soul so low, and make him willing to serve another in the meanest of service. Mark the Lord Jesus Christ here. He stands forth in conscious possession of all things,—'All things are delivered unto me of my Father;' and yet He says, 'Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.' Can you put these two together? I believe you can. The soul of the really instructed saint discerns their needful connexion. The Lord Jesus, in conscious possession of all things, *could afford* to humble Himself. What was it that enabled Him to do so, but *His real greatness*, because God was caring for Him? 'Which thing is *true in Him and you.*' Nothing enables us to go and wash saints' feet, to lay ourselves down to be trampled on, but the knowledge of *our real greatness*. We can then afford to be humbled; we can then afford to come down and minister unto others, instead of wanting others to minister unto us. A child of God needs not anything to add to his dignity, because of the dignity which is given him of God; he has all dignity, 'all things' in Christ. This is the real power of truly humbling ourselves to serve others. That which will enable us to put ourselves lower than anything, is the consciousness that 'all things are ours, for we are Christ's and Christ is God's.'

It is one of the happiest of things to be thus a learner in the school of Christ. And if with you there is restlessness instead

of rest, I would ask, "Is not something of your own will at work," and not the "even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight?"

Happy is it for us if we can go on our way rejoicing, and singing in the midst of the most painful circumstances,—

"Thy way—not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

"Smooth let it be or rough
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

"I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me: my God,
So shall I walk aright.

"The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

"Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill,

"Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cures for me,
My poverty or wealth.

"Not mine—not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all."

The British Herald.

LIFE OF REV. A. F. LACROIX, MISSIONARY
AT CALCUTTA.

By Rev. Dr Steel.

In the cause of the Saviour, men of all nations can work harmoniously. In making known the same gospel, the representatives of different churches can heartily co-operate. It is true that sectarianism has sometimes estranged brethren, though labouring in a common cause; but amongst the heathen abroad there is much less exclusiveness or party spirit than at home. Unity of faith and of purpose connect these together who come from different spheres,

and from different branches of the Church of Christ. The loving spirit of Christ Jesus draws men together when engaged in the same labour. That spirit received one of its most beautiful illustrations in a missionary who has recently been taken from his work to his reward; and whose Christ-like life has just been published for the benefit of the Church. He was a Swiss, but he laboured with English and German evangelists in preaching to the Hindus.—He belonged to the Reformed Church of Switzerland. He became a missionary of the Dutch Church, and a missionary of the London Society; but he heartily co-operated with Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Baptists, in the city of Calcutta.

Alphonse Francois Lacroix was born in the village of Lignieres, in the canton of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, on the 10th May 1799. Early deprived of his father, he was brought up and educated by an uncle who kept an excellent and flourishing boarding-school near Neuchâtel. Here he had not only had the benefit of good instruction, but also of a beautiful example. His uncle was a pious man in an age of great formalism, and had the satisfaction, by means of his Christian teaching and consistent life, of winning a large number of his scholars to the service of Christ.—After young Lacroix had been initiated into the classics and the three modern languages used in Switzerland,—French, German, and Italian,—his uncle sent him, for the improvement of his German, to a clergyman in Zurich, whose son he took in exchange to improve in French. At the end of two years he returned. His uncle desired him to study for the ministry of the National Church, but he wished to be a soldier, and actually left for the purpose of enlisting. The object was almost accomplished; but when he approached Berne, he seemed to feel the arrest of an invisible hand, and to hear a voice saying, "What doest thou here? Return!" He at once went back, and said to his uncle, "Ah! dear uncle, you have been praying for me I know; you have been calling me back, and here I am." He never sought to enter the army again, but renewed his studies, much to the joy of his guardian.

In 1816, when he was seventeen years of age, he went to Amsterdam, as tutor in

the family of Mr De Clerc. He was by this time a decided Christian. His uncle's word and influence had secured their aim; and, after the perusal of one of Stilling's works, which made a deep impression on him, he took up his cross. During his residence in Holland he learned both Dutch and English. At that time a missionary moved many in Amsterdam, and the Netherland Society frequently held meetings, which Mr Lacroix attended. While listening to the story of the overthrow of idolatry in Tahiti, he felt a desire to become a missionary; and after conferring with his uncle, whose consent he obtained, offered his services to the society in Holland. He was then twenty years of age. For a short time he studied at the missionary seminary at Berkel, near Rotterdam, and profited much from the means he had. The higher learning was not encouraged, and Mr Lacroix had long to lament his want.

Mr Lacroix had his way opened up providentially. Dr Vos, a surgeon of the Dutch Government at Chinsurah in Bengal, who was then in Holland, applied to the society for missionaries, and secured the services of Mr Lacroix and one of his fellow-students, M. Kindlinger. They were both ordained as ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church on the 11th August 1820, and sailed from London for their eastern home on the 1st October. It was the 21st March 1821, ere Mr Lacroix reached Calcutta. Kindlinger remained at Madras, at the urgent request of the Dutch residents.

The Dutch town of Chinsurah, on the west bank of the Hooghly, was the sphere of Mr Lacroix's labours. There were about one hundred Dutch houses, of various sizes, but mostly low, crowded together, and unhealthy. Religious life scarcely existed, except in a few individuals, and morality was lax. But the arrival of a missionary was hailed with interest. Mr Lacroix was made a guest of the governor, and preached in Dutch to the residents. Thus he gained an entrance to their hearts and homes, and was made a blessing to many. His great object was missionary work, and he early prepared himself for it. By the aid of the London Missionary Society's agents his way was facilitated, and he soon learned Bengali, and was able to speak correctly and fluently to the natives. He took

charge of the free school, supported by the Government, which contained more than seventy boys, of whom one-half were Hindus.

In 1825, Mr Lacroix was united in marriage to Miss Herkluts, the daughter of the Dutch mayor of Chinsurah. Two years afterwards, on the breaking up of the settlement, and the retirement of the Netherland Missionary Society from the sphere, he joined the London Missionary Society, in whose service he remained till his death. One of his earliest employments in his new relation was the superintendence of a little congregation of native Christians, who had been converts from Hinduism in Raumakalchoke, and about twenty adjacent villages of the great rice district, a little to the south of Calcutta. Eighty adults and their children had been baptized, and a goodly number more were in the habit of attending the public worship on the Sabbath-day. His rule was to visit the two stations twice a week, on Sundays and on Thursdays, taking them alternately. He was often accompanied by a colleague. The converts were generally poor, and much oppressed by the Zemindars, or landholders. There was much to try and to tempt them. The heathenism around was a powerful obstacle, and the lax morality which it had taught attached itself to some of the converts. Popish and propagation Society missionaries sowed dissensions among them, and caused the perversion of others. The number of communicants often declined, and the general tone of piety became low. Though there were occasional revivals, yet it was painful to mark that in the year 1860 there were only 45 communicants, while in 1831 there were 55, and in 1851 they reached 111. One aspect of the place, however, was pleasing. The Christian community increased from 180 in 1831 to 627 in 1860. These numbers do not represent converts, but those who had given up idolatry, and attended Christian services—persons convinced, but not converted. The leaven of the truth was working, and the public mind was being prepared for a time of refreshing to come.

Mr Lacroix was an admirable preacher in Bengali. In the Bazaar Chapel in Calcutta he never failed to collect and interest an audience. These bazaar services

do not commence with an expectant auditory. The preacher begins alone, or with two or three, and draws his hearers from the passers-by. Much therefore depends on the style of the discourse to attract the people. Mr Lacroix had the appropriate manner, and he used it with great skill to declare the gospel, and apply it to the consciences of his hearers. Always heard with interest and treated with respect, he found ample opportunity of working upon the seared consciences of the Hindus.—Nor did he labour without success.

In itinerating preaching he was also efficient. He undertook journeys in the cold months of every year, and visited the great festival scenes of Hindu superstition. Crowds gathered around him and his colleagues, while a colloquial address was delivered, and sometimes while argument was carried on; and all who could read were eager to obtain the copies of Testaments or of tracts, which the missionaries carried with them. By this means a general knowledge of Christianity was diffused among the multitudes who had no missionary resident near them, and the way of the Lord was prepared for the glorious hopes of the latter day.

After twenty years' labour in India, Mr Lacroix was invited to visit England and his native land. He did this with manly interest in 1842, and contributed generally to advance the missionary cause at home. This was specially the case in Switzerland, where in Geneva and Lausanne he delivered a course of lectures on missions. The interest excited was great. The audience was at first accommodated in a room capable of holding two hundred persons, but it filled at last one of the largest churches in the city—the building where Farel had often preached in the days of the Reformation. His lectures were the means of elevating Christian sympathy in missions, and of awakening thought in some sceptical minds. This is what is needed throughout the home churches; and much more good would be effected, fuller information given, and better opportunity afforded for presenting the great principles of the missionary cause, than can be done at meetings where half-a-dozen orators are expected to address the assembly. A missionary lectureship established in our great cities or university seats would be of great benefit,

and we trust the day is not far distant when this will be done. The great conference assembled at Liverpool in 1860 appointed a committee to forward this lectureship.

Mr Lacroix returned to Calcutta in the end of 1843, and resumed his labours among the Hindus with renewed vigour. Bazaar preaching, itinerating, and superintendence of native churches, engaged him again, and he worked as a pioneer who expected great results in the day of his successors. He was possessed of a singularly catholic spirit, and was much esteemed by brethren of all evangelical churches. In the Calcutta Missionary Conference, which met monthly at breakfast, and was composed of the members of the various missionary agencies in the city, he took a deep interest, and was regarded by all with much respect and affection. That conference has proved a blessed bond of union, and has been instrumental of public good.

From the year 1851, Mr Lacroix was devoted entirely to vernacular preaching in Calcutta, and in the villages, during the itinerating season. He also took charge of the English congregation in the end of 1858, when the Rev. Dr Boaz left finally for England. In this ministry his ripened piety and affectionate manner made him most acceptable to the people, and the opportunity for studying the higher truths of the gospel was highly enjoyed by himself. But he was not permitted to labour long. In May 1859 he was taken seriously ill, and, though various means were tried, his labours of forty years were at length brought to a close on the 9th of July, when his spirit found lasting rest in the arms of his Lord. He was buried amidst the lamentations of his brethren and the Christian community in Bengal; and when the Rev. Dr Duff preached his funeral sermon in Union Chapel, one of the largest congregations ever gathered in the city responded to the text of the eloquent discourse, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Mr Lacroix was over six feet in height, and proportionally built, so that his presence was always commanding. His character was pervaded by the grace of Christ, which made his natural amiabilities the more engaging, and his life a beautiful and

consistent whole. Charity overflowed from him, Christ-like. "He was," says Dr Mullens, "above all petty spite, all little jealousies; and was conciliating, just, and charitable in considering the language, spirit, and dealing of those around him." In his family he was full of affection, and made his home an abode of happiness. When told of his nearness to the eternal world, he said, "So much the better;" and at times he uttered, "All is well;" "No doubt, no fear;" "Perfect peace;" "Jesus is near." Long will his influence and his memory linger in Calcutta; for "being dead, he yet speaketh."

PATSY AND THE SQUIRE.

Patsy O'Blane was a poor lad, living on a wild Irish moor. He folded the sheep, stacked the peat, and dug the potatoes; he also cooked the food, and swept the clay floor, while his father herded the cattle of the squire, who owned all the lands and cottages around them. Theirs was a poor dwelling, with its one only window; but it was *home*, and therefore dear to them.

Dan O'Blane owned one book, the Bible, which he and Patsy dearly loved, for it had raised them from the dust to be "kings and priests unto God."

One evening, as Patsy sat at the door, with his pet lamb at his side, and the Bible on his knee, awaiting the return of his father, he heard the loud voice of the blunt but good-natured squire.

"Pat, my boy," he shouted, "leave that great book for priests and bishops to read, and go hunting with O'Rook's boys."

"Please, yer honour," said Patsy, "I'm forbid o' my father to go with them same at all, for they takes the name o' God in vain."

"But you can go hunting with them without swearing," said the gentleman.

"Ah! sir, I know it's not easy to go into the fire without being burned," replied the lad.

"Well, my fellow, what do you find in that great book? With all my learning, I don't understand half of it," said the squire.

"And now, yer honour, doesn't yer own word show how throe this book is?" asked Pat, "for it says, 'He hath hidden these

things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.' There's ye, sir, as rich as the king, and as wise as a bishop—ye aren't *sure* that it is God's Word at all; and here's us, as poor as my lamb Betty, and not much wiser—we believe every word of it, and takes it into our hearts, and makes it our mate and our drink. So, after all, begging yer pardon, we is richer nor ye. Only last night, when ye and yer company was feasting and singing at the hall, father said he was amazed at the grace of God that made him and ye to differ. This poor cabin was a little heaven, sir, yesterday, when some of the poor people left the foolish mass to hear father read how Jesus came to preach the gospel to the poor, and to open heaven to them."

"Don't you think Dan would change places with me, boy, soul and body?" said the squire smiling.

"What, sir! sell heaven, where mother and the baby is, and give up Christ?—Och! no, sir; ye haven't gold enough to buy the new heart out o' Dan O'Blane," answered the boy, folding the Bible to his breast.

"How can these things be?" exclaimed the squire.

"Ye mind me, yer honour, o' the ruler o' the Jews, who crept to Jesus like a thafe by night. He too asked, 'How can these things be?' when Jesus told him, 'Ye must be born again!'" said Patsy.

"How can you prove, boy, that a man is *born again*, as you call the change you talk about?" asked the squire.

"Jesus didn't try to prove it to the ruler, sir, nor will I to ye. If ye see a man walking on the highway ye don't bid him stop and prove to you that he was ever born, for ye know he was, or he wouldn't be there alive," replied Patsy. "So, when you see one like father, once dead in sin, now alive and walking in the road to heaven, ye may know that he's born again, without him proving it to ye, sir."

The scoffer's smile faded from the lip of the gentleman, as he stood before this poor lad, who evidently pitied him.—"Pat," he said, "there was time when I wanted this same faith myself. I had nothing to ask for *here*, but I knew I could not carry my treasures to eternity; so I wanted something beyond. I asked

God for this new heart, and he didn't hear my prayer as your father said he would."

"Och! sir, but ye asked amiss—all from selfishness? Ye war rich now, and ye wanted to be so for ever. But ye warn't rich at heart because ye had sinned against God; yer soul didn't cry out to have *him* glorified, whatever became o' ye! Likes enough ye went to God feeling that ye was Squire Phelan, and no mean man; and that it was great condescension in ye to seek his face. But ye'll never find the Lord so, sir," said the boy.

"How did you go to him, Pat?" said the squire.

"Meself, is it, sir? Like the poor miserable, sinful child that I was. 'I'm evil altogether,' I said, 'and as ignorant as a baste before thee—ignorant of all that's hooly, but wise enough in what's unhooly.' I sin in ten thousand ways, and has no claim on God's pity. 'If he send my soul to hell,' I said, 'he'll do only right; but it is to heaven I want to go, where Jesus is, and where there's no sin. If ye take me, Lord, it must be just as I am for I can niver make meself a whit better.'"

"Patsy, my boy," said the squire, "you talk like a bishop; but you are only a poor herd's boy, after all, and may be mistaken in this matter. What would you do then?"

"Och! sir, that *cannot* be; for I have the word of God himself, and that can niver fail," replied the lad.

"But you may mistake the meaning of the word on which you build your faith," suggested the gentleman.

"Och! your worship, when it is so plain, how could any one help comprehending it?" asked the lad. "Sure, dosen't it say just here"—and Patsy turned the leaves rapidly over until he came to the place he sought—"A wayfaring man, though a fool (and I'm not so bad as that yet), need not err therein!"

"And how did you bring your mind to believe this first, boy?" asked the squire.

"Sure, I did not *bring my mind* at all, sir; I just read the words o' Jesus, and belaved them. I was lost, and he found me, and bid me follow him; and so I did, and that's all I can tell about it."

"And you feel quite sure you have a new heart, do you?" asked the gentleman.

"I feel it's not all the same heart that

used to beat in my bosom, sir. When I had the ould heart, sir, I hated everybody as war better off nor meself. When I'd be trudging, could and hungry, through the bog, I'd often see your illigant young sons, and the heir o' Sir Robert, mounted on their fine horses; then the ould heart in me would speak out almost aloud, 'Bad luck to the proud young spalpeens! Why warn't I born the gintleman, and themselves digging ankle-deep in the bog, or herding the cattle?' And once, I mind me, I looked after them as they dashed down the hill, wishing the royal grey would toss your heir, sir, over his head, and bring his pride down," added the boy.

"I never knew, Patsy, that there was so much malice in your heart," exclaimed the squire.

"Och! sir, and it's not all cleaned out entirely yet," answered the lad. "But I give it no rest; for I'll never shelter an mimic o' Jesus *here* in peace." And the poor boy smote his breast.

"And how do you feel towards my brave boys now, Patsy?" asked the squire.

"How do I feel now, is it? Och! sir, but I love the very sound of the hoofs that brings them forniut me. I cries out, 'Lorrd, love the jewels! Give them every blessing thou hast to give below, but don't be putting them off with earthly good; give them thy grace now, and after this a mansion better than the hall, that will be eternal in the heavens.' 'Dreed, sir, I love the whole world now, and I'm just the happiest lad in all Kerry. I don't envy the young prince, nor anybody else, but mind the cattle wid a heart full of blessed thoughts. And, sir, if yer go to Jesus like the poor needy sinner ye are, *not like Squire Phelan*, he'll take ye, too for his own, and then ye'll *know* what the new heart is like."—*Stirling Tract.*

EXCELLENCE is never granted to man, but as the reward of labour. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving these advantages, which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make a steady approach to their point yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

THE GOOD NEWS.

JULY 1st, 1863.

CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION.

What crowd is that assembled on Calvary to-day? Some one suffering the law's last penalty. Ah! there are three of them—robbers or murderers one would suppose, but let us draw nigh to have a look at them. The people seem to rejoice in their death, whoever they may be, if we judge from their derisive clamour. But forward through the crowd, and decipher the writing above that middle one, who from his elevation, seems to have been ring-leader, or chief of the three. Read! This is what? This is "*Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews.*" This Jesus, the Son of God! Yes, this is Jesus, dying by those whom he loves, and upon that earth, which left his creative hands a sphere. Look ye ends of the earth. Look, sinner look.—Dost thou see these hands all bloody, nailed to that tree, which they planted and preserved in the forest. See how the life blood is ebbing away. The groaning of his fellow sufferers is little regarded by the mob. Jesus engrosses all their attention. Some are looking up with compassionate eyes, and drawing back their breath with a shudder, for it makes their flesh creep to see him writhing in agony. Others with hearts as hard as the stones of the street, are scoffing at his pain. A few women around the tree, are like to break their hearts, and let them run out at their eyes in anguish. O! woman thy nature is love. Methinks that thou wilt be great in the Kingdom of Heaven, for thou hast a large and loving heart. Thou didst pity the Saviour on the cross, when his friends forsook him and fled. Woe then to the villain that deludes or disgraces thee, for Jesus is at thy back, he remembers thy

kindness, and will plead thy cause. But hark! the jeering of the mockers hushes, for Jesus is attempting to speak. He speaks, but not in anger. "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," is his prayer. A shout of mockery succeeds it. "Ah! this is the man, that said he was the Son of God—He's like it—He saved others, let him now save himself—Where is his boasted authority now?—He trusted in God, by whom he said his miracles were performed.—Let him deliver him now, if he claims kindred to him." The scribes and the elders are thus whetting their wits at him. "Ah!" cries one "thou art the man that could build up a ruined temple in three days." "Yes" says another "he wanted us to believe him the King of Israel, let him now come down from the tree, and we will credit him." Others having wasted all their epithets of reproach, shake their heads, and make grimaces at him. The very thieves insult him in death. But the dying Jesus bears it all, without a murmur, and eases the pain of the recanting robber, with the assurance, that before night-fall, he would be safe with him in Paradise: Jesus ever listened to the cry of the needy—to the call for mercy, and he does not belie his character here, when wrung with anguish, and the butt of a jeering mob. Such insult, however, is hard to bear, and God can allow them to gaze at the awful agony of his Son no longer. He obscures the sun. That orb hangs unobserved in heaven at noon. The scribes, Pharisees and high priests quake with fear now. Their bold effrontery has ceased.—Time has rolled up to its culminating point, and is pausing before it begins to run on again. The world's business is suspended. Man enquires of his brother man the cause. "The world is at an end" replies one "or else the God of Nature dies." Pilate sits impotent in his palace, for

dark as it is, he can see the blood of the innocent upon his soul. "Did I not tell thee," says his wife, "to have nothing to do with this man's condemnation." Jerusalem is groping in mid-day darkness. Its artisans have laid aside their tools. Its merchants, who were too eager upon gain, or who considered it beneath them, to appear at the execution of *The fellow*, that perverted the nation, have all closed their shops in terror. The town is in a panic. Strange surmisings drop from the lips of many, as to the cause. The miracle worker from Galilee, who is hanging on the cross out at Calvary, they feel assured must have something to do with this unaccountable change, but how, they cannot tell. But list! the solid earth shakes! the rocks part asunder, and the sheeted dead, from the other world, have left the tombs for the town! The people shrink back affrighted at their approach, for many recognize upon the streets the friends, whom they had borne on biers to the grave in sorrow. The high priest in the temple starts at a noise behind him. As he turns to gaze, his eyes almost leap from their sockets, for unseen hands tear the costly temple-veil in twain; and the holy of holies stands opened up to view. The High priest of Melchisedek's line, would have attention turned to his all-sufficient, once-offered, self-offered sacrifice. And let us behold him again, the multitudes seated on the hillside, are whispering to each other, as they gaze at him expiring in the darkness. The voice of the sufferer startles them. "*Eli, Eli, lama, Sabbachthani,*" is his mournful utterance. "He calls for Elias," say some now upon their feet.— "Give him to drink," cries another; "Let him alone," says a third; "Let us see whether Elias will come to his rescue." One with vinegar on a sponge, with a reed applies it to his lips. Jesus regards it not, but cries aloud again, "Father into thy

hands I commend my spirit." Yet again, and all is over. But what a cry is his last! "It is finished! It is finished!" The devils are down with it to hell. "It is finished!" The battle is lost. "It is finished!" "It is finished!" The angels are up with it to heaven. The victory's achieved. The work of redemption is completed. Let all the sons of God again shout for joy and sing.— To your work ye Jews. "It is finished!" Let the despairing crowds carry the tidings to their distant homes. For what the centurion said is true. "Truly this man was the Son of God." And the Son of God has been crucified for man. Let all the world know it.

X. Y. Z.

DO ALL FOR CHRIST.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

THE celebrated Charles Simeon of Cambridge kept a portrait of Henry Martyn hanging over his fireplace. It was always in sight. Looking up at it he used to say, "There; see that blessed man! No one looks at me as he does. He seems always to be saying, *Be serious; be in earnest; don't trifle.*" Then smiling and bowing toward the sweet, thoughtful face, Simeon would add, "and I won't—I won't trifle."

So, fellow-Christian, there is hung up, by the divine Spirit, a picture before our eyes. It is the heavenly countenance of our blessed Saviour. The traces of the sorrow in the garden, of the agony on the cross, are yet written on that visage, "marred more than any of the sons of men." The serene patience sits on that face; and it yearns with a love stronger than death. Holiness dwells there, which cannot look upon sin save with abhorrence.

And that face of Jesus seems ever to be saying to us "Live for me. Whatever ye do, do it unto me." When we sit alone and dejected, the countenance comes up near to us, and says, "Let not your heart be troubled. Lo! I am with you always." When we are tempted to sin, the face

rebukes us with the words, "Wound me not in the house of my friends." And when we have come back ashamed and disgraced from a cowardly deserting of his cause in the hour of trial, oh! how that look upbraids us as he seems to say, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Sometimes a poor, needy servant of God comes to us for a word or deed of sympathy, or for a gift to his necessities. Selfishness begins to mutter about interruptions, and the "many calls," and the "no end to cases of charity." But the down-looking Jesus says, "Do it unto me. He is one of my poor children; give him for my sake." There is not a struggling church that knocks at our heart, or a hungry beggar that knocks at our door for relief; there is not a lone widow who asks a pittance to warm her shivering frame, or a neglected child running in rags and recklessness through the broken Sabbath, but ever the same voice says to us, Help them for my sake; inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.

An incident of John Falk's German Charity-School illustrates this idea beautifully. When one of the boys at table had said the pious grace, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest and bless the food thou hast provided," a little fellow looked up and said, "Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes!" "Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure he will come, for he always hears our invitations." "I shall set a chair for him, then," said the little fellow; and he did so. Presently there was a knock at the door. A poor frozen apprentice entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome to the empty seat the boy had set. The little fellow was thinking hard for some time. "Ah," chirped he, "Jesus could not come to-night, and so he sent this poor man in his place; is that it?" "Yes, child, that is just it. Every cup of water or piece of bread that we give to the poor or hungry, for Jesus' sake, we give to him; inasmuch as ye do it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto Christ."

What a sacredness this imparts to every work of Christian love! What a glory it throws around the humblest object of Christian charity! And then, too, what a stupendous crime against Christ is any

wrong done to those in whom he dwells, and whom he makes his representatives!

When the poet Whittier read the narrative of a sale of human beings in New Orleans, and that the auctioneer had recommended a fair-complexioned bondswoman, on the stand as a "good Christian," the indignant Quaker exclaims:—

"A Christian! going—gone!
Who bids for God's own image? for his grace
Which this poor victim of the market-place
Hath in her suffering won?"

My God! can such things be?
Hast Thou not said that whatsoever is done
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Saviour of pitying love, I see Thee stand
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band—
Bound, sold, and scourged again."

The poet was right. Christ's own words warranted his righteous outburst of indignation. Jesus and his members are one. A cup of cold water given to them in his name fails not of its reward. A wrong done to them is an insult to the Lord of glory.

In the light of this truth we are contemplating, the work of every pastor, every Sunday-school teacher, and every philanthropist, catches a new beauty and lustre. As I sit in this study this morning, I seem to see a face of divine loveliness looking down on me from the walls, and saying—
Write all these truths for me. Feed my lambs. Save those souls committed to thee by my gospel and for my glory. As the Sabbath-school teacher lays down this paper and hurries off to his class, he will meet the blessed Saviour beside his seat, and hear him say, Whatsoever ye do for the least of these immortal souls, ye do for me.

Yea, more. When a Christian leaves the sanctuary or the communion-table, and goes to his counting-room, shall he be less a Christian there than he was in the house of God or at the family altar? No! For there is an invisible Saviour beside him, there, saying, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men;" "Let not your good be evil spoken of;" you are my representative. Do Christian men of business always remember this? Do they always so keep

their ledgers that they would be willing to have their Master audit the accounts? When a church member wrings out the last penny from an unfortunate debtor, does he do it for Christ? When he rents his property for haunts of vice—when he drives a sharp bargain with misfortune or inexperience, does he do it for the honour or for the shame of his Sabbath professions? Ah! my friends, it is not only from the study-halls of pastors, but from the walls of every shop, every counting-room, and every hall of justice and legislation, that the countenance of the all-holy Jesus is looking down and saying, *Do all for me.*

Whether ye eat or drink, whether ye buy or sell, whether ye labour or pray, whether ye rejoice or suffer, do all for my glory.

INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE.

About forty years ago, I began so rent a considerable farm. For some years all went on prosperously—my crops were good and found a ready market—and my live stock yielded me a good profit, so that I not only repaid money which I had borrowed to stock my farm, but saved something annually out of my income, I began to think that my 'mountain stood strong.' I was congratulated by my friends. By her prudence and piety, my thrifty wife made my house one of the happiest. My six children, none of whom ever caused me grief, and four of whom were truly pious, cheered me with the hope that they would be a blessing in their generation. I was respected and honored by all who knew me. For many years I had been a deacon of the Congregational church at H—, and was able to contribute liberally to God's cause, and to assist in the spiritual duties of the church.—Unexpected reverses came. All at once everything appeared to go wrong. One of my sons took to drinking, and became a grief and a curse to me. A daughter, the most beautiful of the family, made an unfortunate choice, and married a carter—a dissolute, ignorant man, who died within three years, leaving her a widow with two children, and expecting a third, all of whom came to me for support. Two of my daughters were smitten with fever, and were reduced to the last extremity; and, through anxiety and fatigue, my wife was prostrated, and confined to her bed. The fever was considered to be so contagious that we could get no one to attend to the sick, who were left, therefore, to the doctor and myself. A person to whom I had lent money left the vil-

lage and never paid me. These circumstances greatly reduced our means. Then, as soon as health returned to our house, a murrain seized my cattle, and I lost nearly all. A bad harvest followed. My crops were literally washed away. Like Job, I sat speechless, and wondered what the end would be. My dear wife died broken-hearted, and I was left a widower, not only penniless, but in debt. Where to obtain relief I knew not, especially as many of my neighbours had severely suffered. In the midst of my distress a writ was issued against me, and nothing but a prison stood before me. God, I knew, was a hearer of my prayer, as I had often proved; but the blows of adversity had so stunned me, that I could offer only a few broken sentences, asking my Father in heaven—my only friend—to interfere for me. The day before the writ was to be executed, a stranger walked into my house, and introducing himself by name, said that he had walked some miles to see me. 'First, said, 'give me a jug of your home-brewed.' 'Alas!' said I, 'I have none.' 'No,' said he, with surprise; 'then give me a glass of milk. And I told him that my cows were all dead. With considerable emotion at my haggard appearance, he inquired the cause of the change that he witnessed in me, and in my once flourishing farm. He listened patiently and with deep interest to my statement; and, when I had finished, he asked, 'Do you remember a lad of the name of B—— whom you advised and befriended?' 'I do.' 'Do you know what has become of him?' 'No. I heard that he went to sea some time after.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'he went to Spain; and through the assistance that you rendered to him, he acquired property, and has now returned to his native land; and God has sent him to help you in your trouble.' Then taking out of his pocket-book a cheque he filled it up for £1,000, and gave it to me. Accept that,' he said, 'as a proof of my gratitude; and if you want more you shall have it.' And before I could even attempt to express my surprise and thankfulness, he said, 'Now let us both return thanks to God.' And kneeling down, he poured out his heart for me and my three remaining children to Jehovah-jirah, in strains which to me were such as I never again expect to hear on earth. His munificent gift enabled me to pay my debts, and to take the farm which I now occupy, and where, through the goodness of God, my latter-end has been better than my beginning.—[LIFE OF THE REV. JAMES SHERMAN.]

EFFECT OF ONE WRONG ACT.

Have you ever considered the effect of one wrong act? The thing may not seem wrong in itself: soon done; and viewed

alone may appear of no importance. But you must trace its ramifications, and follow up, link by link, its result. That single, insignificant act, done thoughtlessly, in an unguarded moment, must send forward an influence through your whole subsequent life.

The historian of British India, speaking of the voyage of Warren Hastings to that country, says, concerning a circumstance which occurred on the voyage:—"It is doubtful whether this act did not exercise an unfavorable influence over his whole moral nature, and over his career." Of how many persons might the same remark be made! One wrong act brings the murderer to his ignominious end. One wrong act stamps, with indelible stains of dishonor, a character hitherto above reproach. One wrong act in youth has thrown many a young person from under the controlling love of a kind Providence, and launched him on a sea of trouble and sorrow to a late old age.

Of how much peace, of how much spiritual prosperity and holy joy, has a single sin at the outset robbed a true child of God!—Of how much deep, unavailing sorrow and mortification has it been the inlet! It was an act, perhaps, as soon done as the turning of a key by the angel that opened the bottomless pit; but with a more distressing power for evil it has caused a darkness, as the smoke of a great furnace, to overcloud your prospect, and has let forth amid the wide spread scenes of all your following years, memories and regrets with a keener power than scorpions, and leaving hardly a green thing in the waste of a life that opened with so much to animate and to cheer.—It has drawn down on you the displeasure of God. It has arrayed his providence against you, and shut you off from the fullness of his love.

An unadvised expression from the lips of Moses shut him out from the green pastures and still waters beyond Jordan. Never till we reach heaven, and there have all our secret history unrolled to our view, shall we know from how many scenes of earthly and of spiritual happiness a single wrong act have excluded us; how many sore afflictions it has drawn around our weary pilgrimage; and from what a degree of advancement it has shut us off even amid the glories and blessedness of heaven.

THE ROCK OF GOLD.

1 TIM. vi. 7, "For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

The wanderings of a Californian adventurer once brought him upon a rock of gold of enormous richness. The precious metal

sparkled from its solid quartz bed, while he could pick the pure gold from the crevices with his knife. Bewildered with his sudden surprise, he sat down to muse. Half an hour ago he was a penniless exile from home and friends, roaming in a wreckless mood over rocks and sand heaps, which only seemed to mock his search. Ill clad, and accustomed to scanty food, he had become the familiar companion of hardship and privation.

Now he sat upon the solid wealth which nature had prepared to reward his sufferings. That rock was worth fifty thousand pounds. Compact in form, elevated in posture, and convenient of access, it would give forth its hidden treasures in lavish profusion. He was now a prince, thus suddenly transformed from a pauper! His brain reeled with the wild rush of schemes which his new circumstances should permit him to carry out. He resolved what he would do for his family.—His wife should be repaid for all her hardships in sharing his lot. His children should enjoy the best home and the best education that money could procure. He would go back to his native village, and his neighbors should be forced to wonder at his brilliant equipage, while his old playfellows should bite their lips as he passed, in the endeavor to suppress their envy. Thus suddenly appeared to his excited imagination all the enjoyment and luxuries of a life of wealth, while the dim outlines of architectural beauty began to assume the familiar look of his own country residence.

Thus he mused, till hunger and the approach of night suggested another train of thoughts. The question sprang suddenly to his mind, "*How shall I carry away this treasure?*" The scenery changed in his excited brain quicker than cords and pulleys ever did the service on the stage. He was alone. He had no instruments for breaking the rock. With his knife he could only dislodge gold enough to tantalize his fevered imagination. Although now sole proprietor and claimant, while he went for machinery and workmen, another wanderer might see the prize, and claim it as his own.

In his perplexity he became as miserable as he had been elated with joy. Indeed, he was pitifully unhappy. His heart had suddenly fastened its mysterious grasp upon a rock, to which he was now chained by invisible yet adamantine bonds. To go for help was to hazard its possession. To stay and watch it was death by starvation.—He could do neither: yet something he must do. Before the discovery, *hope* made him happy. Now a fancied possession made him wretched.

Imprisoned there *day after day*, though neither wall, nor chain, nor keeper could be seen, he lived miserably on nuts which had fallen from some neighboring trees. A little stream hardly gave him drink. At length

forced by necessity, he resolved to go for machinery and workmen. To secure the rock during his absence, he covered it over with mud, that no sparkling grains might tempt a rival claimant. So, wearily, and with protracted labor, tugging up the hill with water and earth, he smeared the prize all over with its ingenious disguise; and then he departed to consummate his golden plans, and realize his dreams of earthly glory.

Many a sun has risen and set again upon that unsightly rock of the gold desert, but no foot of man has come to the spot. The moon looks down in her monthly visits, and wonders where those sparkling grains have gone which used to dance in her magic light.

Years have rolled round; but the secret still sleeps where the discover buried it,—and he has never returned to take his prize!—He never carried home the treasure!

Miserable lover of gold, behold thine image! You are rich, it is true; but happiness and you parted company when you gave your heart to that fortune which you call your own. *You too must go and leave it!* Watch it day and night until death shuts your eyes; still you must go away; and, like the Californian adventurer, you will never return from your long journey to see it or touch it again. *Can you not find more enduring riches?*—*New York Observer.*

LEVITY IN THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

If the Christian minister seeks not to aid his Master's cause in all his conversation, but permits his speech to be tinged with levity, and becomes a trifler in private life, what must be its natural effect upon himself? His character will lose that firmness and sobriety which are essential to his calling. His thoughts will too often be drawn from things heavenly, and fixed upon this earth. His zeal will become languid, and he who is a clergyman nowhere but in the pulpit, will find that his own spirituality is decaying, and the spring of holy fruitfulness drying up in his soul. It is a law of our nature, that the frivolity which dwells upon the lip, passes, by an easy and natural transition, to the head, and infects the heart. Where it exists, Christian graces must languish. On this point, we will quote the dying testimony of one who, though he had attained a ripeness in his spiritual character not often seen in one so young. It was addressed to a member of his family. "There is nothing," says Wilberforce Richmond, "so opposed to religion—to the mind of Christ—as levity and trifling. It will keep you back more than any thing. Take my solemn warning, I speak from my own experience. You

will never be a consistent Christian, and you will never grow in grace, if you indulge in *habitual* trifling conversation. It is not like the mind of Christ. Your temper is volatile, and Satan may use it as a snare to injure your soul; *Piety and levity cannot long dwell in the same heart.* One will destroy the other."

And how many there are who, by watching the workings of their own minds, might record a similar testimony! Life should not be with any a time to trifle. Its moments are fleeting too fast away, its hours are too rapidly hurrying unto the tomb. There is too much to be effected, too mighty a work to be done to admit of frivolity. It is indeed a fearful thing to *live*, to know that on this narrow span of time, events are hanging of such momentous consequence—to feel that soon an eternity will burst upon us with its awful disclosures, and its changeless state. With us, the night is passing away; the day, the unending day, is at hand. Not in vain, then, was that exhortation of the apostle, "Be ye sober." But if this is applicable to the private Christian, with what added emphasis does it appeal to the Christian minister? If Paul could write to the church of the Ephesians, that, "foolish talking and jesting are not convenient," does not the charge come with double power to him who stands between the living and the dead, as the messenger of God to sinful and apostate man? Shall he, whose business is with eternity—the effect of whose labours will last long after the light of the sun has been quenched—shall he stoop to mingle in the idle raillery of those around him? Shall he not rather bear ever written on the tablet of his mind that confession of David: "There is not a word on my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether." With what feelings can he pass from the midst of levity to join in the solemn duties of his profession? He may be summoned while the half-uttered jest is yet upon his lips to go forth and see the last hours of some one committed to his charge—to stand by the dying sinner; when eternity is opening to his view, when his lips are quivering with a long-forgotten prayer, and for the first time he asks, in the agony of his spirit, "What must I do to be saved?" Or, it may be his lot to administer the comforts of our most holy faith to the departing Christian, and to aid him in gathering up the energies of his soul for the last stern conflict. Will his spirit be fitted for duties like these when he has just been mingling in the frivolity of the world? No, if the Christian minister seeks nothing beyond his own spirituality, and that frame of mind which shall fit him to deal with the souls of dying men, he will let his conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ.

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE
AND OF GRACE

The mysterious dispensation of our heavenly Father towards his children may be viewed. —

I see a man of great intelligence and skill take a great number of stones, and I ask him, "What are you going to do with those stones?" The answer given to me is, "Wait and see." I then behold him making a furnace as hot as ever Nebuchadnezzar's was, both under the stones and above them, and I ask, "What is that for?" The answer, as before, "Wait and see." By-and-by I see a caldron filled with liquid extracted from these stones, and I ask "What in all the world have you got here?" The same answer, is made me again. In my cogitations, I am almost ready to impute folly to him, for taking so much pains for nothing at all.

But on being again admitted to his presence, I see him put in the caldron a tube, and take a little of the melted product out of it and blow it, and then I see him put that little brown portion into a furnace, made on purpose for it, and blow it again, and repeat that process five or six times afterwards, and then transform this little portion of melted stuff to a vast globe; and then I see him whirl that globe round with such velocity as was calculated, in my judgment, to scatter it in ten thousand pieces far and wide; but, behold, he only brings this globe into a flat surface, and then, with a gentle stroke, he separates it from the tube, and leaves it to become cool gradually. And at last I see my own church adorned with it, and all my audience protected from weather, and the service of God advanced and God glorified: and beholding all this, I say that man knew what he was about from the beginning, and his final object was in his mind all the time: and I will neither doubt his wisdom in future nor be impatient to unravel all his counsels, but expect assuredly that, whether I understand the process or not, I shall, in a very short time, not only approve, but admire every one of his proceedings; and then, as the improvement of it all, I say, "If man's ways be so wise, what must God's be?"

Two things, though oft neglected, demand serious thought: "the sin of our nature," and "the nature of sin."

EXPECT AN ANSWER TO
PRAYER.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him."—Psalm lxxii. 5.

You must not only come to God to seek—you should come with the expectation of finding. The spirit and life of prayer in faith liveth more in expectation than in mere asking; unwise Christians let out the life blood and vital spirits of prayer, when they let their expectations languish. Here is a common but unregarded error in the Christian's exercise. When they set their face to pray, they make some conscience of searching out their wants; they labour to improve that sight to the raising of fervent desires for a supply of them; if they yet go thither, to take in a sense of the fulness and freeness of that grace where their help is; yet how rarely are they careful to raise up expectations of that helping grace!

What means Christ's frequent answer to men, "As thou hast believed so be it done unto thee."—"According to your faith so be it done unto you?" (Matt. viii. 13; xix. 29). Is it not to tell us that he measures out his bounty to men according to their believing expectations from him? "Jesus saith unto Martha, Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"—(John xi. 40). Our way is, if we could see the glory of God then we would believe. Christ's way is just the contrary—we must first believe, and then we shall see the glory of God. We say, if the Lord would glorify himself in performing his promises, and in hearing our prayers, then we would believe strongly. But this is inverting Christ's order. Martha was a believer in Christ, and expressed faith several ways. It appears in the joint message she and her sister sent to Christ, "Behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." "Now Jesus," it is said, "loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." A blessed family, and few like it; all loved of Christ, and doubtless lovers of Christ. But they built more on his love to them, than on their love to him, like humble and wise believers.—"Martha said unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Her sister Mary said the very same. It

NO NEUTRALITY.

"He that is not with me is against me."—
CHRIST.

is likely none ever died in Christ's presence while he was on earth; he cured all that employed him. "But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask, God will give it thee." Here was some faith.—When Christ pronounced that "her brother should rise again," she acts faith as to the doctrine of the resurrection. "I know that he will rise again in the resurrection at the last day." When Christ goes on in preaching himself, and asks her of her faith, she answers bravely, "Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the son of God, which would come into the world." A confession this like Peter's (Matt. xvi. 16). What, then, was wanting in this good woman? Why does our Lord put such an *if thou wouldst believe* to one that did believe so much and so well?—Because, notwithstanding her faith in Christ's person as the Christ the Son of God, the Saviour of the world; notwithstanding her faith of his power, yet in this instance of the raising of Lazarus she expected nothing. When Christ bids them take away the stone, she put in a kind of objection or demurrer, saying that he had been dead four days. She that believed Lazarus should rise at the last day, could not believe that he should rise after death had held him but four days! Such is the very nature of unbelief, or of weak faith in true believers; they can, or rather think they do believe greater and harder things, when not much tried about them, better and more easily than smaller or easier things that their faith is called to a present exercise about. Let all Christians, in all their approaches to their throne of grace, behold this as written on the open gates to His throne, and hear it proclaimed by Him that sitteth on it, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" Some believers are apt to think that a trembling, fearing frame is fitter for them, and that raising of expectation of good from God will prevent or hinder humility, and lying low before the Lord. But they are quite mistaken that think faith and humility are inconsistent. A pleader for, and expectant of grace, for grace's sake, is a humble believer, and the right courtier at God's throne.—*Traill.*

Of all denials the most profitable and the most difficult is self denial.

A real neutrality is one of the rarest things in the world. Man is not made for indifference. Undoubtedly he may feel neither love nor hatred for things which are completely foreign to him, and to which no circumstance directs his attention. But whatever affects him nearly, every thing which exerts an influence upon his fortune, nay more, every thing which he sees exciting general interest, becomes to him an object of some kind of sentiment. His taste may change, but, like a pendulum, he oscillates perpetually from affection to aversion, and from aversion to affection, without ever stopping in the intermediate space. His soul being made for feeling, and feeling being his life, he is, so to speak, constrained to love or hate, and to flee from indifference as a kind of death.—Each of us, by reflecting upon himself and consulting his recollections, will recognise this disposition without difficulty. This fact, then, will be sufficient to put us on our guard against the notion that we may not be for Jesus Christ, and yet not be against him.

But if this observation we have just made be true in general, it is especially so in the domain of religion. A religion is an opinion and a system: but what distinguishes it from all opinions and systems is, that it professes to be the work of God, and "all in all" to man. Any religion which should lay claim to less would belie itself, and be unworthy of the nature of religion. If a religion is true, it follows that we ought to love it with all our heart; if false, to detest it with all our heart; for the question turns upon a matter of the highest excellence, or a criminal imposture: a work of God, or a work of the devil; a thing adapted to destroy, or to save our souls. Is neutrality, in such a case, possible? Can we remain without any sentiment in the presence of a fact immense, overpowering, absorbing, which unceasingly solicits a decision? It is not here that indifference must find its limits?

But I go further, and say, if we had even remained indifferent, we would not the less have made, without willing it, a choice. Because true religion meriting

nothing less than our whole love, not to devote ourselves to it is to be against it; and a false religion not deserving anything but our deepest hatred, not to oppose it is to be for it. Here any middle course is impossible. The indifferent person will hear false religion on the one side say to him, Since you are not against me, you are for me, and on the other side, true religion cry to him, Since you are not for me, you are against me.

And to make this last truth more evident, suppose that God manifest in the flesh has descended to the earth, in the person of a being resembling you; that the character of that being is the ideal of perfection; his work, the salvation of the human race; his precepts, holiness itself; his feelings in reference to you, a boundless compassion. You acknowledge in him all these attributes, and you say to him, Since thou art the ideal of perfection, the rule of holiness, God himself manifest in the flesh; since thou hast shed thy blood upon the cross for the salvation of my soul, I cannot be against thee, but I will not be for thee. And for whom, then, great God! for whom, then, is that heart? for it is necessary to be for some one; the heart must attach itself to something; it does not live but as it loves.— For whom, then, will you be if not for God? Probably for ourselves, I suppose. But what is that *you*, separated from God, except the flesh in all its corruption, and sin in all its deformity? And if a man is for such things, is he not *against* God? If he is for his own depraved will, is he not against God? If he is for a demon, is he not against God? No, my brethren, there are in the world only two empires which I need name; but I affirm that he who is not in the one, is necessarily in the other; that he who is not with Jesus Christ, is against Jesus Christ. Behold the neutrality of the indifferent!— *Vinet.*

SWEARING ALONE

A gentleman once heard a labouring man swearing awfully in the presence of a number of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear so in company with others, when he dared not do it by himself. The man said

he was not afraid to swear at any time or in any place. "I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night, and swear the same oaths you have just uttered here, *when you are alone with God.*"

"Agreed!" said the man: "it was an easy way of earning ten dollars."

"Well, you come to-morrow, and say you have done it, and the money is yours."

The time passed on; midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard; all was as still as death. Then the gentleman's words, *alone with God*, came over him with a wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had been doing, and what he had come there to do, darted across his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell on his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he came to utter, the earnest cry went up, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.

DUST! DUST! DUST!

MR CECIL, riding one day with a friend on a very windy day, the dust being very troublesome, his companion wished that they could ride in the fields, where they could be free from dust; and this wish was repeated more than once while on the road. At length they reached the fields, when the flies so teased his friend's horse, that he could scarcely keep his seat on the saddle. On his bitterly complaining, "Ah! Sir," said Mr. Cecil, "when you were in the road, the dust was your trouble, and all your anxiety was to get into the fields; you forgot that the flies were there. Now this is a true picture of human life, and you will find it is so in all the changes you make in the future. We know the trials of our present situation but the next will have trials, and perhaps worse, though they may be of a different kind."

Sabbath School Lessons.

July 5th.

BALAAM'S BLESSINGS.

NUMB. xxiii. 7. 26.

I. THE FIRST BLESSING.

Come, curse me Jacob. This was the invitation which Balaam had received. Balak had seen that it was in vain to oppose Israel with carnal weapons. He was aware that, through some miraculous spiritual agency, they had triumphed over all their enemies, and he would therefore oppose spiritual power with spiritual. Israel and Jacob were covenant names of God's people, *How shall I curse?* There was no physical impediment to his doing so; and wicked though he was, he was probably restrained, partly by the fear of God, and partly by a certain degree of conscientiousness. He knew that the mere words of imprecation, uttered against those whom God had blessed, would be but empty breath, injurious only to himself and his abettors. *Shall dwell alone.* The Hebrew word, commonly translated, sanctified, means literally, set apart, or separated for the service of God. The Israel of God are separated from the world in their sanctification, and thus dwell alone. Compare this with our Saviour's prayer; Jno. xvii. 15. *Let me die the death of the Righteous.* Who would not wish to die the death of the Christian—strong in faith, in hope, and love? But Balaam's heart was given to covetousness, 2 Pet. ii. 15.—He endeavoured to serve God and mammon, which is declared to be an impossibility; Matt. vi. 24. This wish of Balaam is a strong proof that, in those ancient times, men also believed in the immortality of the soul.

2. THE SECOND BLESSING.

Though deeply mortified at his failure, Balak is still loth to give up his attempt. He had seen how Balaam's soul had kindled with enthusiasm, as he gazed on the happy multitudes encamped in the wilderness below, and how blessings had flowed from his lips at the sight, and trusted that, with a smaller number in view, the prophet would be able to exercise greater self-command. *Stand up Balak.*—He by whom kings govern, and whose creature thou art, is now addressing thee. *God is not a man.* Man often promises, not meaning to perform, often changes his mind, often has not the power to do what he has said.—But with God there is no dissimulation—he never changes his purpose—he is almighty, and can therefore effect whatever he wills. *He hath not seen iniquity in Jacob, neither*

perverseness; perverseness was their besetting sin, but all their sins were covered; Rom; iv. 7, 8. An Unicorn—supposed to be a Rhinoceros, an animal of great strength. *The shout of a king.* The presence of a Monarch used to be, and is still so announced. *What hath God wrought!* Through God's protecting care, neither sword nor enchantment could prevail against his people; the record of this should be handed down through all succeeding generations, for the glory of God, and the comfort of his church.

Learn.—1. *The blessedness of God's people.* They are a peculiar people. They are not conformed to the world. Sanctified by the Holy Spirit, they resemble their Saviour; they are godly, humble, and kind. Titus, ii. 11, 14. They are justified. All their sins are washed away with the blood of Christ. Christ is their righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6; 1 Cor. i. 30.—God is ever with them—He is, "their strength, and their shield, and their exceeding great reward." In God they rejoice, "the shout of a king is among them." He is their king "to rule and defend them—to restrain and conquer all his and their enemies." Their last end is glorious. Death, "the king of terrors" to the wicked, is to them the messenger of peace. When the worldling, must leave his riches, the believer enters upon the enjoyment of his.

2. *The misery and folly of those who see and desire the Christian's joy, but love the world.* Balaam was a real prophet. He could not prophesy lies. He was not outwardly a wicked or profane man; but he loved the wages of sin. 2. Pet. ii. 15, and he sinned to get them. So "the rich man" and "Demas."

3. *God's love never changes.* Not even the sins of his people can affect it, and as it never had a beginning, so shall it never have an end. Jer. xxxi. 3; Jno. xiii. 1.

July 12th.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Matth. xvii, 1-13.

1. JESUS TRANSFIGURED.

After six days. Six days after the solemn conference at Casarea Philippi, in which Christ had foretold his sufferings, and those of his disciples. *Peter, James, and John.* It would seem that these three were the chief of the apostles. They were present when he raised the maid to life, Mar. v. 37; and were afterwards to be the witnesses of his agony in Gethsemane. *Mountain apart.* Probably Hermon; Tabor was far distant. Christ went thither to pray; he frequently sought privacy,

for his devotions. The vision too, was intended to strengthen his disciples, not to astonish the world. *Moses and Elias*, talking with him. Moses was the giver of the law, Elias, the restorer of it. The subject of their conversation was his decease, Luke xix. 31. The crucifixion of our Lord, and the glory which follows is the theme of greatest interest to the inhabitants of heaven; 1 Pet. i. 11; Rev. 5. 12.

2. THE FATHER'S TESTIMONY TO THE SON.

This is my beloved Son. Similar were the words John heard from heaven at our Lord's Baptism; John iii. 17. Christ is the object of the Father's supreme delight; and God can regard us with complacency, only as we are in Christ, united to him by saving faith.

3. THE DESCENT FROM THE MOUNT.

Arise and be not afraid. Jesus raised them from the swoon when the vision was gone. *Tell the vision to no man.* They were not to tell it till after the resurrection; it was meant only for the confirmation of the faith of the disciples, during their Lord's deep humiliation. *Elias must come.* After what they had seen, their conversation naturally rested on Elias. *Restore all things.* By turning men to God, John truly restored all things.

Learn. 1. *Christ's glory.* You may see that even now in his word, his love, his grace, his humility. Pray to get a transforming view of it now, for to all those who have not seen it here, it will be terrible at his second coming. 2 Thess. i. 9.

2. *Hear God's voice.* God proclaims Christ to be his *beloved* son, dare you refuse him your love? In Christ God is well pleased, pleased even with sinners, in Christ by faith. He commands us to *hear* Christ, to honour and obey his word.

3. *A sight of Christ and his glory fits for duty and trials.* The vision was designed to animate the disciples, and support them in their trials: so Gideon, Judges, vi. 12; Isaiah, Isa. vii. 1-8.

FAITH'S ANSWER TO DIVINE REPROOF.

It is good to be well prepared with an answer to give unto God when we are reprov'd. Saith Habakkuk, "I will set myself to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reprov'd." It is good to be prepared with an answer to give unto God. Job thought

so: Chap. xxiii. 3-5, "Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments." You know who was reprov'd, and had nothing to answer,—the poor creature that came into the wedding as we do all. Our profession is our coming into the wedding. Christ comes and reprov's him: "Friend, how camest thou in here, not having on the wedding garment?"—The poor creature had nothing to answer; he was speechless. What then? "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into utter darkness." If we have nothing to answer when God reprov's us, that will be the issue with every one of us.

And there is a fourfold evil answer that men betake themselves unto under God's reproof:—

1. There is Adam's answer. "Hast thou eaten of the fruit of the tree, concerning which I said, Thou shalt not eat." "The woman thou gavest me gave me, and I did eat." Men think to answer God by palliating excuses. God will reprove them, and they will make palliating excuses in their own hearts. It is not so and so; there was this and that occasion of it;—this answer will not stand.

2. There is Jonah's answer when he was reprov'd. "Doest thou well to be angry?" saith God to Jonah. He tenderly reprov's him. "Yea, I do well to be angry, even unto death." Men there are, that under God's reproofs will justify themselves in all their sins; like the man in Deut. xxix. 19, "when he hears the words of the curse, yet saith, I shall have peace, though I add drunkenness to thirst." "Notwithstanding all these reproofs of God, I do well to go on in the way wherein I am." This answer also will not stand.

3. There is Israel's answer: Ps. lxxviii. 33-36, "When he slew them, then they sought him: and they returned and inquired early after God. And they remembered that God was their Rock, and the high God their Redeemer." But what then? "Nevertheless they did flatter him with their mouth, and they lied unto him with their tongues." False professors, upon God's reproofs, they humble themselves temporally, and engage in false promises of reformation. This is the common answer

nankind give God's reproofs; but this answer will not pass when God comes to reprove.

4. There are men's answers at the last day: Matt. vii. 52, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name have done many wonderful works?" God comes and reproveth them, and they plead their duties, their works. It will not do. "I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

There are the common answers men in their souls, and consciences, and spirits, give to God when he reproveth them.— Either they excuse themselves, with Adam, or justify themselves, with Jonah, or promise better things, with false flattering Israel, or plead what good things they have done. All these things will fail us; which leads me to the last observation.

There is but one answer that will hold, but one good answer that is to be made unto God when we are to be reprov'd by him, and that is this,—free justification in the blood of Jesus Christ. What shall I answer when I am reprov'd? Truly this, "He whose heart is lifted up is not upright in him: but the just shall live by faith." And the apostle, in three or four several places, doth prove that this resolution of the prophet intends faith that is the means of our free justification in the blood of Jesus Christ. This is the great and only answer poor sinful souls can make unto God when reprov'd.

I will a little open it unto you by showing you how God reproveth us, and whence it is that this is our only answer.

God reproveth us four ways:—1. In general, by the curse of the law: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." This is God's great reproof of all sinners. Under this reproof we all lie. Truly, he that cannot answer this reproof of God will be cast out as a speechless, self-condemned person. 2. God reproveth us by particular applications of the word of the law, finding out our special sins; as when the prophet came to David, and told him "thou art the man." When in the preaching of the word there is application made unto the souls of men, that they are the persons that are guilty, that is a peculiar reproof of God. The

general reproof is by the curse of the law, the sanction of the law; the particular reproof is by the application of the word to the conscience. 3. God reproveth us in general judgments: "O Lord, when thy hand is lifted up, the inhabitants of the earth should learn righteousness." All the dispensations of God that are dreadful and terrible in the world, we ought every one to take them as reproofs for sin, and not put the evil day far from us, nor think there are not any calls of God in them towards us. 4. God reproveth us by particular afflictions, trials, chastisements, in our persons, in our relations, in things that befall us in this world; the end of them is to reprove us. The first language wherewith affliction upon a person or in a family opens its mouth in conscience is, "Thou art a sinner;" as the woman, when her child died, said unto the prophet, "O thou man of God, art thou come unto me to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son?"—1 Kings xvii. 18. The brethren of Joseph, as soon as they fell into trouble, say, "God hath called our sin to remembrance." One great end of affliction is to reprove for sin.

Now, I say there is no other answer, when God thus reproveth in conscience, to be given, but only the plea of pardon of sin and free justification of our souls by the blood of Jesus Christ. The apostle tells us so, Rom. iii. 19, "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." God gives reproofs by the law; what is the issue? Every mouth is stopped; all the world becomes guilty before God. Must they lie always so? Is there no answer to be given before God? no relief? No, saith he; but we are "justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ," verse 24. Here the mouth of the sinner is opened again, here is something for him to plead. But take him by himself under God's reproofs by the law, and every mouth is stopped, and that to eternity, and that with a sense of guilt; all the world becomes guilty before God.

JOHN OWEN.

“HOW SHALL I GIVE THEE UP?”

HOSEA. XI. 8.

Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock
And make a heart of iron move
That his own lips and heav'nly look
Should seek and wish a mortal love.

Come near now. Here are no harsh threatenings; no fiery denunciations.—Sinai is lost in Calvary. Anger is quenched in pity. Infinite guilt is swallowed up in infinite love: and we have a Parent—the cherisher towards us of a thousand regards; the giver of a thousand precious gifts—bending from the throne of His glory and talking with us as a Father with his child.

“*How shall I give thee up?*” What condescension united with what tenderness. What gentle expostulation, with what a regard for our interest. How love struggles with desert. How affection wrestles with justice. “How shall I give thee up?” Give whom up? the kind and filial child of His bosom—the gentle, loving, and obedient follower of His commands? One would think that the heart of the unsolicited parent was struggling and almost bursting over the departed form of one who knew no word but affection; who sought no will but that of his benefactor; whose heart had ever yielded a gentle, ready, and willing response to the very wish of its preserver. But instead, it is he whose long course has been one of folly and sin, of the deepest and blackest ingratitude; of counsels unheeded; of commands disregarded and despised. “How shall I give thee up?” Why, we should think that this was just the one that He could give up; and give up too most willingly to the punishment of his deserts. But it is well for us that God’s ways are not our ways, and that when all else have given us up; yes, when we have given ourselves up and are heedlessly rushing onward to folly, sin, and destruction, He still holds on to us. How kindly he pursues. How gently He expostulates. “Why will ye die?” “O that Israel would return.”

“*How shall I give thee up?*” What condescension. Why, if he did give us up, it would be no loss to Him. The glory of His justice would be brightened rather

than dimmed. There are thousands far better than we, by whom our vacancy in Heaven would be filled. Of these stones, He could raise up children unto Abraham. One word from His mouth, and a whole universe of glorious spheres might burst into existence teeming with beauty and glory, and where this one, poor, weak voice of our praise now ascends, the harmony and rhapsody of a thousand worlds would burst upon Him; yea, the whole firmament with all its glittering orbs might become a mighty organ resonant with his praise, and pealing forth its mighty anthems to His glory. But yet He pursues us: but yet He weeps over us, and cries after, and entreats and urges us, as if we were the only creatures of His workmanship—the sole recipients of his regard. O He knows the mighty worth of a single soul, and we shall know it, and know it too, to our sorrow, unless we heed and turn and love.

“*How can I give thee up?*” What earnestness combined with what desire.—If sinners were half as earnest in their desires to love God as God is to be loved by them, this world would soon be transformed into a temple of universal praise. If they were half as ready to pray as He is to answer prayer, every mouth would be opened and every tongue loosened. And yet notwithstanding this, how cold many ministers and Christians are in exhorting sinners to Christ, and how much colder many sinners in obeying those exhortations. But this is not God’s way. What expostulations! what pleadings! what unutterable desire! “How shall I deliver thee?” as if all the wisdom and contrivances which heaven could possibly call forth were to be put to the test for the deliverance of the sinner; as if it were not enough that He had given His only begotten Son; as if it were not enough that the way had been all opened and the heralds sent out to invite them to come in.” He says that my home may be full—that one single sinner may not be left unnoticed, unurged, unentreated, “Compel them,” for how shall I give them up; them for whom Christ has died; them for whose deliverance all Heaven has been moved; them, the worth of whose souls is not exceeded by the mightiest glories of my power nor the richest splendour of my creation?

SOWING DOCK SEED.

Will my dear little readers listen to me for a little, while I tell you a story? Did you ever see a "dock?" It is a tall plant, with a hard stalk like a cane, a dark green leaf, somewhat broad and tapering, a root that sticks very hard in the earth, not unlike a carrot. It is a weed, and grows in fields and gardens, and by the way side. Long, long ago, I came home to my father's house, after an absence of about ten years. I had nothing to do, and was going about idle. My father never liked to see anybody idle, and so he said to me one day, "You have nothing to do. I wish you would go out to that field behind the house, and pull up the docks that are growing there. I want to plow field; but these nasty docks must first be pulled up." Away I went to the field, and sure enough there were plenty of docks there. I pulled and pulled all day long. My back ached and ached again. My hands were hot, and sore, and blistered; and I could hardly sleep at night, I was so tired. Next day I was at it again; and the next. Then I began to wonder where all these docks could have come from. I had never before seen so many in one field. After thinking about it, I at last remembered how they came there.—Many years before that, when I was a very little boy, my little sister and I used to play at shops and houses. I had stripped off a great lot of dry dock seed; and this I sold to my sister, sometimes as tea, and sometimes as sugar—just as she wanted one thing or the other from my shop.—One day, however, I had seen a man sowing seed; and when we were tired playing at shop and houses, I betook me to playing the man sowing seed. So, gathering a great lot of this dock seed, and tying it up in a handkerchief, I went forth to sow. In my sport, I sowed a great part of this very field, and I had done my work too well. The seed I had sowed in sport, rooted and grew in earnest. It grew, and sowed itself again when I was far away.—So the whole field got to be covered with docks. And there it was, hard and fast, and trodden into the ground, all ready for me to pull it up as I best could when I came to be a man. How my back did ache!—

How my hands did burn as I pulled and tugged to get the nasty weeds rooted out! I have never forgotten my two days hard work in that field. I often think of it as I walk about the streets.

When I see a child doing anything wrong, I say to myself, "Ah, that poor child is sowing dock seed. He will have an aching back and blistered fingers for that some day."

When I see a little boy breaking the Sabbath, or disobeying his parents, or swearing, or telling lies, or doing anything wrong, then I say to myself, "He is sowing dock seed."

When I find that a child is growing up without the habit of prayer, without reading the word of God, without faith in Jesus Christ, then I say, "He is sowing dock seed. He will have all that to root out some day in this world; or if not, it will be a curse to him in eternity."

My dear little readers, are you sowing any dock seed, even in sport? It will grow in earnest. Weeds are terrible things.—Sin grows fast, and spreads far. Take care what you do. If you have already sown dock seed, watch its springing, and root it out while it is yet young and tender. By and by it will have a hard hold of your heart, and be difficult to root out. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." If you do so, you will not have to pull docks with a painful back, as I have had to do; but you will have a rich harvest of good corn, which will give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater.—Beware of sowing dock seeds, even in sport.—*Sunday at home.*

"I'LL THINK OF IT."

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

"I'll think of it!" That is well. All matters involving personal welfare require, and should receive deliberate thought.—It is worthy of the interest in question, and of the person whom that interest is to affect. There is a great deal of thinking in the world, which is to little or no purpose. But where important consequences are suspended, and every thing depends on

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

But what if you *only think* of it. What if the Lord Jesus, when the work of a world's salvation was to be achieved, had *only thought* of it—where had the ruined race of man now been? Were one in a dwelling on fire, and urged to escape for his life, would he *only think* of it? Were one drowning, and besought to lay hold of a friendly rope extended toward him, would he *only think* of it? In such circumstances one would think earnestly, and act with all his soul. And shall an immortal being, when the character of the eternity before him, for joy or woe, may rest on the decision of one hour, set aside the fervent appeal of a parent, a friend, a pastor, with the cool response, "I'll think of it?" To the dying Saviour's manifestation of love, to the gentle monition of the blessed Spirit, who beseeches the sinner to become reconciled to God, shall only the chilling answer be returned, "I'll think of it?" Myriads have done *no more* than think of it. There is reason to believe

that the whole world of despair numbers many wretched tenants, who during their life on earth would only think of it, and who now mourn at the last that they *but thought* of it. To one such who pleaded for a respite, it was answered, "Son, remember!" Reader, will you be one with them for ever?

MISSING AT THE PRAYER MEETING.

"NOT FORSAKING THE ASSEMBLING OF OURSELVES TOGETHER, AS THE MANNER OF SOME IS; BUT EXHORTING ONE ANOTHER; AND SO MUCH THE MORE AS YE SEE THE DAY APPROACHING." (Heb. x. 25).

Who missed me at the Prayer Meeting? My Saviour, My Pastor, my friends in Christ, my fellow labourers in the great work of evangelizing the world and of sanctifying the church.

What did they miss? They missed my person in its right place—my voice in the sacred song—and my sympathy in the heart's aspirations. Thus others were wounded by my absence.

What did I miss? I missed the benediction of God—the approval of conscience—the greeting of the Saviour's friends—and the glow of holy peace which is promoted in these gatherings.

Why was I missing? I forgot the time; or I was busy in trifles, or I thought I was rather poorly, or I was allured by worldly friends, or I supposed my attendance on preaching services was enough; or, to own the real truth, my soul was in a bad state: I had grieved away the Holy Ghost,—indifference pervaded my heart, and I was disinclined to the earnest spirit which breathes at a prayer meeting. Secret prayer too, was fearfully cold.

But, for the sake of Christ, whose glorious name is honoured at the Prayer Meeting; for the sake of my friends, who may be eternally affected by my example; for the sake of the church, whose prosperity depends on prayer; for the sake of my own soul, which must enter heaven by prayer, I will in future let nothing but God's obvious providence cause me to be

MISSING AT THE PRAYER MEETING.