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PAGE

MISSING

THE NECESSITY OF SCRIPTURE LIBERALITY.

"See that ye abound in this grace also."—2 Cor. viii. 7.

(Continued from page 508.)

2. Let us consider—*The necessity of Scriptural benevolence in the Christian character.*—When we find any duty extensively neglected, we are apt to settle down into the persuasion that it is a matter of little importance, and may be set aside with impunity. But the great question is—not what are the views, or the feelings, or the practice of men, whether many or few, but—what are the mind and purpose of God. And a little attention to His Word will convince all, who sincerely desire to know His mind on the subject, that benevolence is as indispensable a feature in the character of His people as any other grace.

(1.) In proof of this statement, consider the commands of God respecting the exercise of the grace of liberality. And whether we look to the Old or to the New Testament, we find the uniformity of the requirement to be so entire, as to show that the same spirit pervades both Testaments, and that the command respecting the exercise of benevolence is unchangeable as the character of God. The injunction to the Jews was, "Thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother." "Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy poor and to thy needy in the land." "Seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." "Is not this what I require; to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring thy poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?"

In the New Testament the duty is inculcated in a variety of ways. Christ exhorts us "lay up treasures in heaven" by works

of benevolence. So indispensable did he esteem this feature, that he parted with one in whom he saw something that was lovely, because he refused to exercise benevolence as required. "One thing thou lackest," he said to the young man—he was destitute of the spirit of benevolence, and in this state he could not enjoy eternal life. The writings of the Apostles abound with instructions on this subject. "To do good and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased—distribute to the necessities of the saints—put on bowels of mercy, be kind, tender-hearted—be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." Search the Scriptures, and tell if you can find many other truths which are urged on our attention by so many commands, and in so many modes of expression. We thus see that God has, from the first, been watching the workings of the human heart, and knowing the contracting, deadening influence of our natural selfishness, he gives command upon command, that all may see that this feature of character cannot be disregarded, without casting off his authority, and setting at naught his most express declarations.

(2.) The design of God by the plan of redemption is to bring all, who will be saved, to attain a character resembling the character of Christ. Man was created at first in the image of God, and the plan of redemption, which is designed not only to rescue him from the ruin occasioned by sin, but to exalt him to happiness, qualifies him for enjoying that happiness, by restoring him to that likeness to God from which

he had fallen. "Whom he did foreknow he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son." This was the purpose of God from the first. And we are further exhorted to "let the same mind be in us which was in Christ;" and to look to him as our Pattern, for "he has set us an example that we should follow his steps."

What feature, then, was most attractive in the character of Christ? We see his regard to purity through the whole of his life, but the feature most frequently referred to by the sacred penmen is his love. And we cannot think of the appearance of Christ in our world, without having love unparalleled presented to our mind, freely expending its treasures for the lost; for those who could give him no return worthy of his acceptance. He veiled his glory in our nature, he submitted to privations and sorrows, he endured sufferings inconceivably great, that every obstacle might be removed to the full manifestation of the love of God to us. It is because "God thus commended his love toward us," that we are encouraged to look to him for pardon and for the enjoyment of his favour. It is because Christ thus proved his love to us that we are attracted to him, and constrained to yield to his purpose of grace. When we are told that it is the purpose of God that his people be conformed to the image of his Son, do we not see that that love, so wonderfully displayed, has claims the most affecting that can be conceived that we cultivate a resemblance to him in this? If we would reflect upon the subject in a manner corresponding to its importance, the conviction would come home to every heart, with a power irresistible as the love of Christ is attractive, that we must attain a likeness to him in that feature, which is the source of all our hopes of enjoying the love of God and the bliss of heaven. And so soon as we feel the constraining influence of the love of Christ, leading us to live not to ourselves but to Him who died for us, there

will be the outgoing of the affections toward the objects which he has taught us are the special objects of his care, cheerfully expending of our substance, as God may prosper us, for advancing his purpose respecting them.

(3.) The people of God in every age have been characterized by this spirit. All who are represented in the Scriptures as the people of God, under whatever dispensation they lived, and whose character is sufficiently unfolded to show its predominant features, are seen to have felt the influence of the character of God expanding their heart into active benevolence, and the more eminent they were as his servants, the more distinguished were they in this. Look to Abraham, yielding up his rights to his nephew for the sake of peace; refusing to appropriate to himself the spoils of war which he took from the confederated kings; and to his persevering supplications for the cities of the plain. Hear the testimony of Job, that "he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help; that the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." The same spirit was seen in uncommon degree in Moses (Exod. xxxii. 30-33; Num. xiv. 13-19; xvi. 46), in David (1 Chron. xxix. 13-17), and Nehemiah (Nehem. v. 11-19). And in New Testament times Zaccheus (Luke xix. 8), and Cornelius (Acts x. 2), under the preparing operations of the Holy Spirit, exhibited this feature. The first converts to the gospel among all the churches, either of their own accord, under the influence of the truth, or under the instructions of the apostles, displayed this practical love. Reference is made in this chapter to the churches in Macedonia, ver. 1-5. They who are exhibited in the Scriptures as enjoying the favour of God, were not perfect; they were of the same nature and of like passions with ourselves; they had the same selfish nature to contend

with as ourselves; some of them were guilty of inconsistencies, and others of great transgressions; but whatever is mentioned as marring their character, not one of them is charged with avarice or covetousness, with the penurious or worldly spirit. No. These are characteristics of those who "shall not inherit the kingdom of God," not of the people of Christ. This striking fact is worthy of our most serious attention. The uniformity of the influence of the truth, in expanding the soul and opening the fountain of mercy and love in all who experienced its saving power, while it enforces the injunctions given respecting this duty, speaks most impressively of its necessity and importance in the sight of God. And if there be no exceptions among the people of God, whom the Holy Spirit presents in his Word, as examples of the effects of the truth on the nature of man in Scripture times, will there be any exceptions now? This consideration is sufficient to convince all who desire to enjoy the approbation of God, that this feature of character is indispensably necessary.

(4.) The final consequences of cultivating or neglecting this feature of character, show its necessity. From whom can we receive information, on which we can depend, if not from him who will be our Judge? Jesus Christ shows what will be the test of character by which all will be tried on the day of judgment. "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was

thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." Matt. xxv. 31-45.

Is it not remarkable that our Lord does not so much as hint at those different characteristics which are referred to by many, as the evidence on which they found their hopes of final salvation? It is not a good profession, it is not correctness of doctrine, it is not attendance on religious ordinances, it is not honesty in dealing, industrious habits, or sobriety—it is not one nor all of these which he singles out as deciding the condition of man at his bar. These, when attended to under the influence of the principles of the gospel, are all valuable in the sight of God, and are all necessary features in the Christian character: but one,

or more, nay all of these may exist, where there is no true regard for Christ, and in this state all will be wholly unavailing in the estimation of our Judge. Paul says, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels; though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have the faith of working miracles—though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and give my body to be burned, and have not charity (love to God), all will profit me nothing." But there is one principle, which gives evidence of the influence of the truth upon our heart; of the subduing power of the cross on our nature, and secures obedience to all that is required. Love to Christ is the principle, and active benevolence, from regard to Christ, gives substantial evidence of the reality of this love, and is the measure of its extent. This then is the feature which Christ holds up as being specially regarded by the Judge, and as calling forth his approval. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me. Come, ye blessed of my Father." It is written in the Word, that "love is the fulfilling of the law;" and it is thus declared by the Judge to be the standard by which he will try their regard to the law.

And on the other hand: The burden of the charge brought against the wicked, is not that they had done what in the world is called rapine or wrong; not that they had plundered or injured their neighbour; not that they were extortioners or unjust. The various transgressions of the law, of which men can be guilty, will all be reckoned against them; but although we might suppose them to be free from every other transgression, this one thing will be sufficient to condemn them—that they had shut their hearts against the calls which Christ made in his Providence or by his gospel, for showing their regard to him. This is the capital offence in the estimation

of Christ—it proves the opposition of their character to his, shows their disregard of his commands and claims, and that they had no love to him. It was this feature which separated the young man from Christ, and this one feature will bring down upon all, in whom it exists when death overtakes them, the curse of God, eject them from his presence, and shut them up in companionship with the devil and his angels. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Can any representation give more importance to the duty, or invest it with greater imperativeness? We know nothing so affecting, nothing so decided.

The necessity of this grace is thus taught by the command of God, by his purpose respecting his people, the character sustained by his people in every age and under every dispensation, and by the solemn decision which Christ has assured us will be made on the day of judgment.

THE LAST ONE SAVED.

I recollect an incident that occurred on the Miami Bottoms, when the Ohio overflowed, and the country, for four or five miles about, was submerged. To one dwelling, in which the water had been driven from bottom to roof, and which was crumbling, boats came, and the father and mother, and two or three children, were taken, and it was supposed that all were rescued; but after they had got a little distance, it was found out that one of the children had been left behind. Great consternation and alarm was occasioned by the discovery, and a boat was instantly sent to secure the child. The house was already disjoining, and timbers from it were floating off; but the child was found, and taken into the boat. And thus the last child was saved. And suddenly the flood swelled, and in a short time the fragments of the building were swept down.—And oh! what joy, what gladness, is there in families whose last

child is finally converted to Christ. The flood of temptation and sin swell and surge, and threaten the household, and one is rescued from danger, and another, and at last the ark of life is sent to take the last child, and it is saved. Is it not time to bring in the whole of your house holds? Can you imagine any happiness greater than that of the parent who can say, "Christ has twice given me my children; once for this world, and once for the world to come. Now, happen what may, nothing can befall me or mine, whether poverty or riches, joy or sorrow. Pledges of immortality God has given me in my children." Sing! sing! break forth in rejoicing! There are seldom places in this world for such triumphs as there are in such experiences—experiences of souls renewed, and sins forgiven, in these victories of grace in the family, where God sanctifies the father's and mother's heart, and brings in, one by one, the children.—
H. W. Beecher.

POOR JOSEPH.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

A poor weak-minded man, named Joseph, whose employment was to go on errands and carry parcels, passing through London streets one day, heard the singing of Psalms in Dr. Calamy's Church, Aldermanbury. He went into it, having a large parcel of yarn hanging over his shoulders.

The Doctor, after awhile, read his text from 1 Tim. i. 15, "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."

From this he preached, in the clearest manner, the ancient and apostolic Gospel, that there is eternal salvation for the vilest sinner, through the worthiness of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, that made all things.

Joseph, in rags, gazing with astonishment, never took his eyes from the preacher, but drank in with eagerness all he heard. Trudging homewards, he was overheard muttering to himself, "Joseph never heard this before! Christ Jesus, the Son of God, who made all things, came into the world to save sinners like Joseph:—and this is true:—and it is a 'faithful saying!'"

Soon afterwards Joseph was seized with fever, and was dangerously ill. As he

tossed upon his bed, his constant language was, "Joseph is the chief of sinners: but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and Joseph loves him for this." His neighbours, who came to see him, wondered on hearing him always dwell on this subject. Some of them addressed him in the following manner:—"But what say you of your own heart, Joseph? Is there no token for good about it? No saving change there? Have you closed with Christ by acting faith upon him?"—"Ah! no," says he; "Joseph can act nothing: Joseph has nothing to say for himself, but that he is the chief of sinners: yet seeing that it is a faithful saying that Jesus, he who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, why may not Joseph, after all, be saved?"

Some one finding out where he heard this doctrine, on which he uniformly dwelt with so much delight, went and asked Dr. Calamy to come and visit him. He came; but Joseph was now very weak, and had not spoken for some time, and though told of the Doctor's arrival, he took no notice of him; but when the Doctor began to speak to him, as soon as he heard the sound of his voice, Joseph sprang upon his elbows, and seizing his hands exclaimed as loud as he could, with his now feeble and trembling voice, "O sir! you are the friend of the Lord Jesus, whom I heard speak so well of him. Joseph is the chief of sinners: but it is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, and why not Joseph? O pray to that Jesus for me; pray that he may save me; tell him that Joseph thinks that he loves him for coming into the world to save such sinners as Joseph." The Doctor prayed: when he concluded, Joseph thanked him most kindly. He then put his hand under his pillow, and took out an old rag, in which were tied up five guineas, and putting it into the Doctor's hand (which he had kept all the while close in his), he thus addressed him: "Joseph, in his folly, had laid this up to keep him in his old age; but Joseph will never see old age; take it, and divide it among the poor friends of the Lord Jesus, and tell them, that Joseph gave it them for his sake, who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he is the chief." So saying, he reclined his head. His ex-

action in talking had been too much for him, so that he instantly expired.

Dr. Calamy left this scene, but not without shedding tears over Joseph; and used to tell this little story with much feeling; and as one of the most affecting occurrences, he ever met with.

It may furnish the reader with matter for serious reflection. The congregation where Joseph heard the glad tidings of salvation through Christ, was large and fashionable. Most of them, it may be, were occupied with themselves and their own thoughts and persons. They went, perhaps, to see and be seen, as is often the case, and listened heedlessly to that which was spoken. But not so with poor Joseph. He listened as to a voice from heaven—he drank in every word. With others, the word fell like seed on stony ground, or by the way side. Their minds were intent on other things; and perhaps after leaving the door of the Church, they never once more thought of what they had heard, although it was God's Word; but Joseph received it as God's Word, and not as man's word, and treated it as such. He heard it as with the ears of his soul. He held it fast, and thought upon it. Others cared for the things of this world, and slighted the good news of salvation; but Joseph, after he heard it, cared for nothing else. His mind was intent on his salvation. He knew that he was a sinner, and his soul clung to Jesus as the Saviour of sinners; for he believed what was written in the Word of God, that Jesus came into the world for this gracious purpose. Jesus died, "the just for the unjust." He "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," that he might bring us to God.

Joseph trusted in this blessed assurance. He believed in the love of God to us, sinners as we are, and this love drew forth his own. His faith was not an airy notion, but a principle of action. It was evidenced by his love, of which he gave substantial proof by giving to the poor friends of the Lord Jesus all that he possessed.

Poor Joseph had no faith in himself. Simple-minded as he was, he appears to have learned rapidly the lesson which many Christians are slow to learn. He appears to have renounced self in every form. He did not rely on the work in his soul for his comfort; nor did he trust in his faith for

his confidence. He turned away from himself to rest solely on Jesus, his Almighty Saviour. Reposing in Him, he could not but die in peace.

Prayerless Families

What can be more soothing to a parent, when he is about to be removed from his children by death, or when they are scattered over the wide world, never more to meet together around the family altar, than the memory of those holy times, when "prayer was wont to be made" in the once united and happy home? On the other hand, how bitter is the memory of such opportunities neglected! Many a parent would gladly give up what might yet remain of his life could he only recall from the grave, and bring beside him in earnest prayer, those dear children with whom he never worshipped, because he was too slothful, too proud, too procrastinating, or too godless to do so. I shall never forget the bitter anguish with which a working man, many years ago, announced to me the unexpected death of his only child, an interesting girl of fifteen years of age—"she is gone! and oh, sir, there is one thing for which I shall not forgive myself—though I hope God may yet in mercy forgive me—she never heard a prayer from my lips, nor from beneath my roof."

"AND THERE WAS A GREAT CALM."

O Lord how perfect and complete
Is every work of thine,
No flaw, nor blemish can be trac'd,—
All are alike divine.

When Adam's race most guilty grew,
Thy vengeance then was hurled,
The waters rose, the tempest flew,
And deluged all the world.

But when sweet mercy came to men,
Through Christ who bore our woes,
He hushed the waves to peace, and then
Not e'en a ripple rose.

O Saviour! when within my heart,
The storms of passion lower,
And waves of anger rudely start,
Which threaten to devour,

Then come, Almighty Lord, the Lamb,
And only speak the word,
Then surely great will be the calm,—
Placid and undisturbed.

THE GREATEST TREASURE IN THE EXHIBITION.

BY J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D.D.

When a visitor first enters the vast structure, in which some of the greatest marvels in science and art are gathered together, a question naturally presents itself to his mind: Where, among all these divers productions, am I to find what is the most remarkable? Is it among the minerals or among the fabrics—among the machines or among the pictures?

No, my friends. Let us search a little further. Come with me through a little door, which attracts no one; let us ascend this long and narrow stair, which leads to the top of one of the turrets; come on to the end of a room; and there, in a little stall, we find the marvel of marvels. From whence does it come? Is it from England? from the continent? from America? from the east? It comes from heaven. Men have worked at it; we recognize their different characteristics in its composition; but it is, above all, the Word of God. Forgetting everything that is around me, looking upon all other objects as nought in comparison to it, enraptured with the treasure I have found, I seize upon it, and, placing myself in the midst of the building, I could wish to mount upon a platform, and cry to the assembled crowd, "Listen! listen! This is the most wonderful, this is the most beautiful production here. This is the word of the living God; these are the oracles of heaven; this is the sword of the Spirit, the seed of the kingdom, the power that engenders the new man, the lamp to our feet, the joy and rejoicing of our hearts. This is the revelation of the mystery which was kept secret since the world began, but is now made known to all nations. This is the only rule of everlasting truth, the source from whence man must ever draw new life, the rock on which alone faith can be founded." The coming of Jesus Christ is the crowning point of Divine revelation; and the history of Jesus Christ, the doctrine of Jesus Christ, the word of Jesus Christ, have, therefore, a sovereign authority for the Christian. Holy Scripture is the sun which God has made to rise upon us after a long and darksome night. "Thy Word, O God,

is more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold."

And yet, my friends, this Holy Scripture is often attacked. The Church of Rome attacks it, but with a certain moderation; for she allows it to subsist, but she destroys its power by placing herself above it. Rationalists and Infidels attack it by denying its plenary inspiration and its sovereign authority, and by attempting to substitute for it religious sentiment, criticism, reason, or human wisdom.

If any one were to organize an assault upon the building in which the riches of so many different lands are exhibited; if an attempt were made to disturb the foundation on which it stands, to burn its walls, should we not see courageous men flocking from all sides to protect it? An army, if necessary, would march to its defence. This is what should also take place if any one should impugn the Divine authority of the Scriptures. There are four different armies arrayed in its defence. I wish to-day to make them desile before you.

I. Foremost in the rank of its defenders we shall find the early fathers of the church of Christ. There are those who would assert that the doctrine of the Divine authority of the Scriptures is a dogma of later times. Let us test the assertion by the concurrent testimony of the first teachers of Christianity.

At the close of the first century, a bishop of the church, named CLEMENT, taught at Rome. Would you know what you should do, you who seek salvation? Clement will tell you, "Examine carefully the Scriptures: they are the true oracles of the Holy Spirit. In them there is nothing unjust, nor false, nor feigned."*

At the beginning of the second century, in Antioch, IGNATIUS, a disciple of St. John, shed abroad the mild effulgence of virtues. Would you know where to seek for the fountain of all truth? Listen to his teaching. "Fly to the gospel," says Ignatius, "as if it were the person of Jesus Christ."†

About the year 140, JUSTIN, long celebrated as a philosopher, gathered around him, in the house where he resided at Rome, such of the Christian converts as spoke Greek. Let us place ourselves among them, and inquire at the lips of the sage how we may attain to the knowledge of

God. "Things so elevated," he answers, "are beyond the compass of human thought. The knowledge of God is made known to us by a heavenly gift, communicated through holy men. As the bow of a lyre produces sounds when it comes in contact with the instrument, so God made use of these pious men as his instruments to instruct us in heavenly things."

At Lyons, about the year 180, upon the borders of that river whose waters flow through the beautiful lake of Geneva, lived IRENEUS, a disciple of POLYCARP. This was his doctrine: "Strive to advance, by a daily study, in the things which are taught in the Scriptures. The great danger is to abandon the Scriptures dictated by the Word and the Spirit of God. Thus leaving what is sure, indubitable, true, you will precipitate yourselves into great perils."

Nearly at the same time, towards the end of the second century, at Alexandria, in Egypt, CLEMENT instructed the youth and all the Christians of the place, as follows: "One becomes a heretic when one will not submit himself to the Scriptures. Those who climb great heights must necessarily suffer grievous falls, if they hold not that rule of truth which they have received from the truth itself. Those who deny the Divine authority of Scripture," continues Clement, "are, as it were, infected with the poison of Circe—from being men they become beasts; but he, on the contrary, who returns from the error of his ways, obeys the Scriptures, and devotes his life to truth, is changed, in some manner and degree, from man to God."

Many more testimonies might be added from this period of ecclesiastical history; but those we have given will suffice to show how unanimous was the voice of the fathers on this fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith. Such was the first noble band arrayed for the defence of the sacred Scriptures. We may now pass on to the second.

II. The second band of defenders was raised up in the sixteenth century, when, by the power of the Divine Spirit, that blessed revival was granted to the church which issued in the glorious Reformation.

It has been said that the right of free examination and private judgment being a prominent feature of the Reformation, it is open to all to reject any part of the Scriptures which is not in harmony with his own

opinions. Such an assertion finds no support among the leaders of the Reformation. On the contrary, LUTHER thus delivers himself at Leipzig, 1519: "A Christian cannot be constrained to believe anything except by the Holy Scripture, which is properly the Divine right." "It is with the text," he says, "it is by starting from the foundation of the Scriptures, that I have struck, overthrown, and killed all my adversaries. The devil has often so violently attacked me that I knew not if I was alive or dead. But with the Word of God I defended myself against him. No other help! no other counsel! A word of God suffices. A word of man is but a feeble sound, which goes into the ear and dies there; but a word of God is greater than earth and heaven, than death and hell; it is a power of God, and exists eternally."

MELANCTHON, also, the theologian of the Reformation, bears the following testimony: "There is but one Scripture inspired from Heaven, pure, truthful in all things, and which is called canonical. It has been given us that we may compare with it, as with a touchstone, all the sentences and decrees of men."

In Switzerland, as early as 1516, we find ZWINGLE explaining Scripture, "not by the fables of men, but always by comparing the holy biblical Scriptures with themselves."

In 1520, the English Reformer TYNDAL says, "O, if Christians had the Scriptures translated in their mother tongue! Without the Bible it is impossible to maintain the truth."

Finally, CALVIN, the great theologian, declares that, "If a controversy arise, it should be decided by the sole authority of God himself. Among the conflicting opinions," says he, "on every hand, there is no other remedy than to take the Holy Scriptures as our standard."

III. "But," we are told, "these teachers of the early church, and of the times of the Reformation, were, after all, only men. We do not find that Jesus and his apostles put forward thus prominently this inspiration and authority of Scripture." Strange perversion! JESUS CHRIST is himself the champion of this truth. He who is the faithful and true witness has spoken in its defence.

He himself ever honoured the Scriptures.

explained them, adopted them as the very Word of God, as the supreme sovereign authority. As a child holds in his hand the route marked out for him by his father, and never swerves from it; so the Son of God is so full of reverence for the Scriptures that his actions, and not only the greatest, but those also which to us appear of minor importance, have always for their object the fulfilment of the Scriptures. If Jesus goes to dwell at Capernaum, it is, says St. Matthew (chap. iv. 14), "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet." If he cries "I thirst," it is "that the Scriptures might be fulfilled;" so that, indeed, his life might be termed a *fulfilling of the Scriptures*. It was in the Scriptures that the Lord caused his disciples to read his own history: "Beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself" (Luke xxiv. 27).

Again, the Lord declares that the Scriptures cannot be broken. On this he insists (Matt. v. 18), "One jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." And he affirms this not only of the words of the Old Testament, but of the New Testament likewise: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but *my* words shall not pass away" (Matt. xxiv. 35).

Again, the Lord has recourse to the Scriptures to prove the doctrines which he teaches. If it be required to prove the point that, although rejected, he is the corner-stone of salvation, he says, "Did ye never read in the Scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner?" (Matt. xxi. 42).

Once more, the Lord declares that the source of error is to be traced to the neglect of the Scriptures. "Ye do err," he said to the Sadducees, "not knowing the Scriptures" (Matt. xxii. 29).

The testimony of the Son is completed by that of his apostles, who teach us that the authority of the Scriptures rests on the fact of their Divine inspiration. If they preach the good tidings, it is, they say, "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" (1 Pet. i. 12); "by the revelation of Jesus Christ" (Gal. i. 12). If they protest against those who reject their teaching, it is because they reject not men only, but

God, who "hath given unto them His Holy Spirit" (1 Thess. iv. 8).

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," says St. Paul; and St. Peter, in that important second Epistle, which has been so rudely assailed by the Rationalist, because it contains his sentence of condemnation, declares, "Prophecy came not in old times by the will of men; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

IV. But, we are told, all the testimonies hitherto adduced, whether from the fathers and the reformers, or from Christ and his apostles, they are alike testimonies *from without*. The truth must be established by an *inward* witness.

This we freely admit; and we are thus led to consider the fourth great defence of the doctrine we are endeavouring to prove, *the inward witness of the Spirit*. Without the teaching of the Spirit the words of Jesus Christ himself fall fruitlessly upon the ear. "No man can say that Jesus Christ is Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." The same Word which in the beginning said, with respect to the universe, "Let there be light," and "there was light," makes itself heard in our souls, creating in us a new light; and we are constrained to recognise the Divinity, the authority, of that creative Word. *Conversion* is the great proof of the Divine authority of the Scriptures.

O, unconverted men! do you desire to possess the true faith? Come to the school of the Holy Spirit, in the retirement of your closet; lay open before you those Scriptures which as yet you do not believe to be the Word of God. Read, search, sift, weigh carefully in your minds, the words which are found there, word after word line by line. When, as you read, the Holy Spirit who moved the holy men of God suddenly sheds a ray of light into your heart (2 Cor. iv. 6)—when he testifies within you that Jesus is the Son of God, the Saviour—when he convinces you that the gift of God is eternal life, and that that life is in his Son—O, then there will arise in you a faith altogether different, and of a far higher kind than human proofs have it in their power to produce. The faith which will bring you salvation will also include faith in those Scriptures in which that salvation is held forth to you. You will believe in the grace of Christ, but you will

also believe in his word: you will believe in his mercy, but you will believe also in his truth.

O, wondrous mystery! The Divine word enters into us—yes, into these poor hearts of ours, and manifests itself to us as the sun manifests its existence when it shines in full strength in the heavens. This is “the demonstration of the Spirit and of power” (1 Cor. ii. 4); and it is clear to us as the noonday that God himself is the author of the new life within us. I appeal to the children of God to confirm the truth of my statement.

But, if it be true—if the Divine life *within* us is of God—can we for a moment believe that those Scriptures are of *human* origin, wherein is found a Divine life far more pure, more perfect, more original, more essential, than that which dwells in our hearts? Can we fail to trace here heavenly authorship? Ah, if I acknowledge the hand of God in a little hillock, with much more reason do I recognize it in the snow-clad masses of the Alps. If I trace his hand in the humming-bee, can I overlook it in the human form, in man, created after his own image? In like manner, if I recognize the hand of God in that new light which dawns in my heart, I have much more abundant cause to recognize it in that creative light which beams in the Holy Scriptures, and which lighteth every man that cometh into the world (John i. 9).

Faith is above the arguments of science: they cannot impart it, neither can they take it away. Christianity is a fact, a verity, a life, an experience. A simple Christian can feel happy and perfectly safe in Christianity, without troubling himself in any manner with the explanations of theologians. This is worthy of notice, as it answers an objection of the Romanist, whose argument against Protestant doctrine rests essentially on the difficulty which a simple and illiterate Protestant would experience in assuring his own mind as to the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures. But if, having been hungry, I have eaten, and having eaten I feel satisfied and strengthened, I do not need that a naturalist or a chemist should come and prove to me, by any learned dissertation or skilful analysis, that what has nourished me was really good food, created by the hand of God. The best demonstration is my own experience.

“Holy Scripture,” says Luther, “is *our* mother.” I would echo his words, and say to each reader, “My brother, Holy Scripture is thy mother, for it begat thee in that momentous hour of cries and pains and anguish when a new creature was born for the eternal world. It is thy mother, for it has nourished thee, as a new-born babe, with the sincere and spiritual milk of the word, which has given thee increase. It is thy mother, for it has guided thy first uncertain steps, and strengthened thy feeble frame. It is thy mother, for at its feet thou didst sit to hear the great things which God has done for man. It is thy mother, for it has hushed the troubles of thy spirit and wiped away thy tears. How, then? wilt thou now begin to doubt, to attack, to withhold from thy brethren that Scripture which has been to thee the source of so many and great benefits?”

A pious woman, having read or heard words directed against the Divine authority of the Scriptures, laid both her hands immediately on the Bible, which was lying before her, and cried aloud, in my hearing, “This is *my* Bible! this is *my* Bible! *my* God has given it to me! no one shall take it from me.” Thus let us hold fast the Scriptures, in faith, in love, and, above all, in holy obedience.

There will ever be a struggle between light and darkness, between Christ and anti-Christian powers; but the object of this struggle is not always the same. In the last generation the point of attack was peculiarly the *doctrines* of Christianity: the Divinity of Christ; the atonement; the sovereignty of Divine grace. In the present day, no doubt, the ranks of the enemy still linger in this part of the battle-field; but the combat now rages most fiercely against that which is the very *basis and foundation* on which the doctrines are built, namely, on the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures of God.

Those blessed Scriptures which have been attacked in past times, are so now, and will be so assuredly in times yet to come. But you remember the symbol which was dear to the Huguenots: a forge, on which the hammers of three workmen were falling, in succession, and around the forge the device was inscribed—

“Plus a me frapper on s’amuse,
Tant plus de marteaux on y use.”

"The longer time you're vainly thus employed,
The more the hammers that you'll find destroyed."

Thus it will be with the Word of God. Imagine yourself at the foot of Mont Blanc, where the foundations of that giant among mountains are laid immovably in the solid earth: imagine that you saw a detachment of little ants issuing from their ant-hill, working as ants may work, one with a blade of grass, another with a grain of sand, others burrowing through the soil—should you tremble for Mont Blanc? should you feel that its lofty summit was placed in jeopardy? Yet, believe me, the Holy Scriptures are less endangered by the puny attacks of man, than Mont Blanc could be endangered by a colony of ants. Not Mont Blanc only, but every high mountain of the earth, is included in the prophetic word uttered by our Lord Jesus Christ, "Heaven and earth shall pass away;" but, he adds, "*my word shall not pass away.*"

There is, however, something more required from each one of us individually than a bare assent to the truth that the Scripture is the divinely-inspired word of God.

It is not enough to have bought a field which contains a hidden treasure: the treasure must be found. The treasure hidden in the word is Jesus Christ: have you found him? Can you say, not only *the* Saviour, but *my* Saviour; not only *the* salvation, but *my* salvation; not only *the* sacrifice for the sins of *all* men, but *the* sacrifice for *my* sins? If not, on your knees read, ponder those blessed Scriptures, and never rest till you can say, "Jesus is the Lamb of God."

The Word of God is a *palace*, inhabited by a King who makes a royal gift to all who approach him. The royal gift is the righteousness of Christ; it is eternal life; it is heaven, happiness, glory. The gift is freely, willingly bestowed on all who believe. Wherefore did He who is very God humble himself? Why did the Holy One become a man of sorrows, and suffer even unto death, if it was not to provide a righteousness for the unholy? Are you clothed with this righteousness? If not, in the silence of your chamber, and on bended knees, read the word of life, nor stop till you can say, "I have found it: I have received the gift of God."

The word is a *garden* which contains an incorruptible seed. This living seed must be sown in your hearts, that you may be regenerated, born again, by the word of truth. Have you experienced this new birth? If not, again we direct you to the Scriptures, for the children of God are "born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Pet. i. 23).

The Word is a *person*—Jesus Christ himself—and you should be his temple. Does his presence glorify you, sanctify you? It is not enough to have the Bible on your table; you must have Christ in your heart.

To the stranger visiting you, there is something more beautiful than your Exhibition: it is England herself. England is a magnificent edifice, which in itself has much that is beautiful, but whose greatest glory is that it has been permitted to preserve for her children and for herself, in the face of surrounding nations, light, liberty, truth, morality, prosperity, and to impart these blessings to others. What is the *base* on which rests this edifice? Englishmen! whence is the strength of your country? Does it rest on your Magna Charta? Does it depend on your liberal institutions, on your conservative principles, on the efficiency of your parliament, on the virtues of your queen? No. The strength and the power of England rest on the Word of God. The Bible is honoured among you; it is studied in your schools; it is read in your families; and its blessed truths have become the strength and the life of a great number of your sons. This rock, which nothing can break or destroy, is the foundation on which the prosperity of England is based. We, who live on the continent, know what a nation may become in which the Word of God does not reign. Such a nation may put forward a certain degree of material force; it may boast vast armies, splendid soldiers, superior arms. . . . But what is the fate of an empire that has only such elements of strength? At the end of a few years that empire melts away and disappears; the strength of the people is sapped by constant revolutions. If, in the troublous year of 1848, your constitution was not destroyed like that of other nations; if disorder did not triumph and gain the ascendency in your streets; if chartist bands

parading in your city did not overturn your parliament, and shake the foundations of your throne,—it was not to regiments of the line, or to special constables, that you owed your preservation; it was not to the cannon or to the sword that you owed your safety: it was to the Word of God, which, dwelling in the hearts of loyal men, and filling them with faith, with energy, and with prayer, enabled them to uphold the monarchy and the throne, and with these, order, prosperity, light, liberty. And now foolish men, led astray either by the pride of so-called science, or by a deadly materialism, attack this glorious word, and would cut in pieces these Divine Scriptures, and reduce into powder the holy promises of the Lord. . . . Stop, madmen, stop! If you raise your hands against the eternal word, you attempt to destroy what is most precious and most holy in England. You would paralyse her limbs; you would draw the life-blood from her heart. If the Word of God should cease to reign paramount among you, there will be an end to order and to liberty, to piety and to morality, to security and to prosperity. The power which enables you to go to the ends of the earth, and to plant in distant regions the gospel standard and the emblems of civilization, will forsake you. England will no longer boast her religious societies, which do battle in the name of the Lord against ignorance and superstition. There will be no more holy domestic life, no more Christian education, no more hope in eternal life, no more heaven, no more God.

O Lord, before I leave this people and return to the mountains of my fatherland, I would offer one prayer for England. Let not thy word depart from this land, as it has departed from other lands. Keep this people close to thy Word. O, keep this people close to thy Word. This is my prayer, this is my petition: Keep them close to thy Word. Let it be sovereign, living, efficacious in their hearts. Keep them close to thy Word, in the love of Jesus, and by the power of the Holy Ghost.

All the trees of righteousness are transplants: but it is a very solemn thought how very few old trees are transplanted! The greatest number of transplants are among the young.

“WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH, THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP.”

This self-evident truth, “*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,*” occurs in connexion with an exhortation not to be deceived in reference to our giving for the salvation of souls, for God is intimately acquainted with our circumstances and capabilities, and cannot be mocked. No profession, givings, or pretences are of any avail to impose upon Him, so as to make Him believe that our duty in reference to the support of the gospel has been discharged, if it has not; for “all things are naked and opened to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.” *Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also-reap.*”

“*For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.*” Here are six things to be noticed—two soils, two sowings, and two harvests. The two soils are *the flesh* and *the Spirit*; the two sowings are, sowing *to the flesh*, and sowing *to the Spirit*; and the two harvests are, *corruption* and *life everlasting*. He who acts in accordance with the dictates of his own corrupt and fleshly nature shall become increasingly corrupt, darkened; and hardened, and in eternity he shall be utterly corrupt, and, consequently, entirely miserable; whereas he who lives in accordance with the dictates of the Holy Spirit shall enjoy increasing life, peace, and joy on earth, and in the world to come “*life everlasting.*”

There are many professing to be Christians who, instead of living as Christians ought, and contributing liberally to the cause of Christ, and helping forward the great work of human conversion, which is accomplished by the Holy Spirit, spend their money, or the greater part of it, under the impulses of *the flesh*, and not of *the Spirit*; for they lay it out in luxury, in gaiety, in fashionable amusements, in entertaining literature, in splendid mansions, expensive living, gorgeous apparel, travelling, sight-seeing, or in pushing business so as to make it go beyond and swallow up that of their neighbours.

This is emphatically to *sow to the flesh*; and by indulging in this mode of living men will, to a certainty, become more and more debased and corrupt in soul—

In the very nature of things,—unless you could separate cause and effect, such must be the result of *sowing to the flesh*. “If ye live after the flesh, *ye shall die*.” There is no avoiding of it; you must either cease to live after the flesh and to sow to the flesh, or you must *die*, and, as to all that is manly, honourable, and Christ-like, go to *corruption*. Those, on the other hand, who live not for themselves, but for Christ, and who give cheerfully of their substance for the work of salvation carried on by the Spirit, and lay out all their money in the cause of Christian benevolence, shall have a present return in increased spiritual vitality;—they shall also accomplish substantial good in this world;—and in the world to come they shall “*reap life everlasting*.”

Dear reader, in what *soil* have you been sowing hitherto? Is it *flesh or Spirit*?—It must have been *either*, for it cannot be *both* at one and the same time. Depend upon it, that “*whatsoever* a man soweth, *that shall he also reap*.” Just as a farmer has a return, at this harvest season, the same in kind and proportionate in quantity, to the seed sown by him in spring, so will it ever be in reference to our human life. The harvest will be in proportion to the sowing. If you act in a selfish way, and in one form or other keep *sowing to the flesh*, your harvest must be a bad one—CORRUPTION! But if you act unselfishly, live for Christ and the salvation of souls, and spend your thought, labour, and money for the good of the perishing, your harvest must be a blessed one—LIFE EVERLASTING!
—*British Herald*.

THE TWO APRICOTS.

On the same branch of an apricot tree that leant against the south side of a garden wall. I have seen two fruits, large and luscious, hanging side by side, and ripening apace in the sun. They were of equal size and equal loveliness. Their stainless booms peeped from beneath the leaves, to bask in the noonday heat. Nothing in nature could be more lovely to look upon, or more rich in promise. Yet, ere to-morrow's sun is hot, one of them grows black on the side, and bursts, and collapses, and becomes a mass of rotteness, while the other remains in undiminished beauty and fragrance by its side.

Whence the diverse fates of these twin beauties? Especially, why did the catastrophe happen so sudden? It happened thus:—Yesterday, when you stood looking on the two, admiring their equal beauty, one of them was hollow in the heart. If then you had taken it in your hand, and turned it round, you would have seen corruption pervading its mass. On the dark side, next the wall, it had been pierced and entered. Its inside had been scooped out and devoured, while it continued to present to the passengers as fair an appearance as ever. And see, black, crawling, loathsome creatures are nestling and revelling in that hollow heart, beneath that beautiful skin.

Thus are fair promises in the garden of the Lord suddenly blighted. You have known two, standing long side by side in a goodly profession, and laboring hand in hand for the kingdom of Christ. One of them falls headlong into a pit of vice, and next day the whole neighborhood rings with scandal. Diverse are the emotions, but all are moved. Christ's enemies sneer, and His members sigh. How sudden the fall has been, sorrowing disciples say to each other, in suppressed whispers, when they meet,—how sudden and unexpected!

No, friends; it was not a sudden fall, In the heart, unseen, there has been a long preparation of backsliding. Vain thoughts have lodged within, and vile thoughts have been welcome visitors. Persons first vain and then vile have by degrees found their way into his presence, and charmed him so that he cannot want them, though he knows they are stinging serpents. By such a process his heart has been hollowed out, and inhabited by creatures more loathsome than crawling vermin; while the skin of profession was kept whole and its fairest side turned to public view. A cry of wonder rises from the crowd when the hollow shell falls in, because they did not know its hollowness until the fall revealed it.

There is a warning in such a case;—beware of backsliding in the heart; small beginnings may issue in a fearful end. But there is encouragement here to disciples who are humble and trustful and watchful. There is no such thing as a sudden collapse of a sound heart. “They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.”—*Rev. William Arnot*.

THE GOOD NEWS.

OCTOBER 15th, 1862.

THE POETRY OF THE GRAVE.

(Continued from page 465.)

CLEVELAND CEMETERY—Continued.

"O come, come with me to the old kirkyard:
I well know the path through the soft green sward;
Friends slumber there we were won't to regard;
We'll trace out their names in the old kirkyard."

Here, in a neat enclosure, are three little graves and a large one, all green with grass and wild clover, with a white rose bush in bloom in the centre, and laurel shrubs around, on a twig of which the humming-bird has hung its nest. A sister's love has placed that flower-pot there with those scented geraniums. And that little violet patch speaks of the darlings reposing below. How eloquent is that device—three lambs lying dead around their mother. Who would not like to be buried this?

"And our Saviour to us
An assurance has given,
That of such as these are
Is the kingdom of heaven."

CORNELIA H., wife of H. C. Kingsley, Esq., was born in Catskill, N.Y., August 13, 1818; married in Cleveland Sept. 6th, 1841, and died August 31, 1843.

"Look on the sweet, un fading smile,
That linger'd on those lips of white,
Its peace thy sorrow may beguile,
And make thy bosom's anguish light.
How sweet the peace that smile shall tell,
It is the peace that Jesus gave,
That smile is his own blessed seal,
The pledge of victory o'er the grave."

In memory of PHINEAS SHEPARD, who died Nov. 22, 1842, aged 85 years and 7 months.

"His mind was tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks were seen,
His Saviour's smile despoiled the gloom,
And smoothed his passage to the tomb."

CATHERINE S., wife of Joseph Kirkland, and daughter of D. W. and M. C. S. Sloane, born at Williamstown, Mass., May 29, 1821; died August 29, 1843.

"Give thanks
That she is safe with Him who bath the power
O'er pain and sin and death; mourner, give thanks."

Also, CHARLES, their son, died August 3, 1843, aged 3 months and 24 days.

"But there beamed a smile
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow;
Death gazed and left it; then he dared not steal
The signet ring of heaven."

To the memory of CASSANDRA, wife of D. H. Beardsley, who died April 14, 1846, aged 49 years.

"A devoted wife and faithful mother."

JOSEPH HAY, an only child, died August 22, 1838, aged 5 months and 9 days.

"A sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in its rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant born,
Thus swiftly fled its life away."

MISS MAY LOOMIS, died April 21, 1849, aged 32.

"Though vague at first then clear
Will come that thought of gloom,
That she whom we once loved so dear,
Is resting now within her tomb."

ELIZA, daughter of Lyman and Sarah M. Harvey, died Oct. 1, 1833, aged 14 months.

"Once lovely and dearly beloved,
This grave doth an inmate enclose,
Whose spirit, we trust, is removed
From pain to eternal repose."

FANNY, wife of H. Rice, born Feb. 24, 1806, died Dec. 21, 1837.

"The star of love that beams on high,
Hath lit her spirit to the sky."

"The gift is her's, an angel's harp."

HARVEY RICE, died Dec. 18, 1813, one year old.

"Recalled to heaven."

Sacred to the memory of JOSEPH K. MILLER, who departed this life April 30, 1838, aged 36 years, 3 months, and 13 days.

"The husband, parent, and friend."

"Pause, stranger, pause, nor lightly tread
O'er blighted worth, untimely shed;
The severed bough, the withered leaf,
Here shrouded in parental grief,
For moistened with the orphan's tear,
The widow's hope lies buried here;

Then softly tread, where hallowed sleeps
The heart that wept with all that weeps.
That listened to the orphan's tale,
And answered to the widow's wail,
That honoured friendship's sacred tie,
And lighted up the social eye,
Then deeply pause when all must learn,
'That dust thou art, to dust shalt turn;'
Life's cherished all fills but an urn."

HIRAM L. HOWE, died, aged 22 years, Dec. 4,
1846.

"He sleeps in Jesus and is blessed,
How sweet his slumbers are,
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare."

In affectionate remembrance of EMMA, wife of
John Powell, who passed in an instant from
sleep unto death, during the night of the
21st of June, 1843, aged 28 years.

"How true is it that in the midst of life we are in death."

EDMUND CLARKE, who died July 26, 1850,
aged 4 months and 22 days.

"A flower blooming in paradiso."

JULIA MARIA CLARKE, daughter of Edmund
and Ann M. Clarke, died May 25, 1849,
aged 3 years, 11 months, and 14 days.

"On earth this little flower grew,
Admired and lovely to the view,
But though on earth 'tis seen no more,
It blooms upon a fairer shore."

MARY E., wife of W. Vanghuyver, died
Aug. 7, 1849, aged 31 years.

"The dew drops that fall,
Though in silence they weep,
Shall brighten with virtue
The grave where they sleep.
And the tear that is shed,
Though in secret it rolls,
Will long keep the memory
Fresh in our souls."

DAVID LEWIS, died, aged 79 years, June 20,
1846.

"Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."

SARAH, his wife, died April 20, 1846, aged 65.

"My sudden death proclaims aloud,
To you, my dying friends,
To be prepared to meet your God,
When he the summons sends."

To the memory of ANX, wife of John
Onthwaite, who departed this life July 27,
1840, aged 22.

"Thou in thy youthful prime
Hast leapt the bounds of time,
From a suffering church beneath,
To a neighbouring church above.
Thou hast more than conquered death,
Thou art crowned with life and love."

THOMAS J., eldest son of J. T. and J. S.
Thomas, died September 2, 1845, aged 3
years and 21 days.

"Thou that canst gaze upon thine own fair boy,
Come to this tomb, it hath a voice for thee;
Pray! thou art blest, ask strength for sorrow's hour,
Love deep as thine lays here its token flower."

LEVI STEVENS, died Feb. 21, 1842, aged 75.

LUCY STEVENS, died Feb. 17, 1842, aged 71.

"In death they were not divided."

MARY MARTIN, wife of J. S. Martin, died
April 14, 1855, aged 37.

"Home was always made happy with thee."

J. HALLADAY, died Sept. 15, 1844, aged
31 years.

"His virtues in life are his monument in death."

CHARLOTTE GILBERT, wife of Henry F. Bray-
ton, died Feb. 11, 1858, aged 45.

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Our mother,

RUBY JOHNSON, wife of Thomas Drayton,
aged 79, died Nov. 29, 1853.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed."

A memorial of MARTHA POWELL, who died
Feb. 16, 1844, aged 21 years and 9 months.

"And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly, my hope
is in Thee."

CHARLES N., son of E. P. and L. M. Morgan,
died June 25, 1846, aged 21 months.

"Now like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou art in heaven safe."

WILLIAM WADE, died Nov. 5, 1858, aged
66 years.

"A tender husband's eyes fast closed in death,
A loving father has resigned his breath,
My children mourn and with me feel the strokes,
For cruel death has our connexion broke."

LOUISA THOMPSON, died Sept. 3, 1852, aged 24 years.

"Without a struggle, without a lip of pain or sorrow she gently sunk to rest, and sleeps the sleep that knows no waking."

Erected to her memory by the young men of her acquaintance.

MARIA J., daughter of Dr. S. and Maria Inglehart, born Nov. 21, 1842; died July 22, 1843.

"Here sleeps beneath this stone a loving child,
Freed early from the cares and pains of time,
Like some fair bud moved from a desert wild,
To shed its fragrance in a happier clime.
Perhaps the ransomed spirit guards the clay,
Consigned with many tears to this dark bed,
Until the dawning of that promised day,
When the archangel's voice shall wake the dead."

FRANCES L., daughter of S. G. and E. P. Ives, died October 1, 1846, aged 19 months and 15 days.

"Gentle spirit, short the stay,
Thou earnest and smiled and passed away;
Tarry'd but to win our love,
Then hastened to thy home above."

Little MARY ROSS.

"Weep not for babes for they are blest,
And in their Saviour's arms at rest."

Grandma's Boy.

GEORGE H. WISDOM, adopted son of George and L. Williams, born Dec. 31, 1854; died Jan. 20, 1858.

"He was our hope for prop in age,
Given at friendship's call.
Teach us to think 'twas kindly done,
When thou didst take our all."

ORLANDO H., son of D. G. and H. Thompson, born June 29, 1845; died Sept. 19, 1846.

"No kind friend nor physician could save his mortal body from the grave, nor can the grave confine him when Christ gives the summons, 'Come to Judgment.'"

To the memory of MAY McDONALD, who departed this life on the 14th May, 1845.

"Requiescat in pace. Amen."

CAROLINE H., wife of Samuel Officer, died May 2, 1855, in her 33rd year. JULIA C., died July 21, 1848, aged 6 months. CAROLINE H., died July 16th, 1855, aged 3 months.

"Here am I and the children whom God has given me."

BILLY WHARAM.

FRANCIS BEST, a native of England, died Feb. 14, 1856, aged 73 years. Also his wife ELIZABETH, a native of Ireland, died March 3, 1850, aged 66.

"They are gone to the grave, we no longer behold them:
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by their side,
He gave them, he took them, and he will restore them;
O death, where's thy sting since the Saviour has died?"

MARTHA LEVE, wife of Ferdinand Lender, died June 25, 1836, aged 46 years 7 months.

"From yon unclouded heaven,
Where thou art seated high in happiness,
Relieved from all the sorrow and distress,
The many nameless forms of misery
To hapless mortals given,
O from thy bright abode look down and bless
A spirit drooping for the loss of thee;
Comfort and raise his heart with anguish riven,
For still thy soul must all be gentleness."

In memory of BETSY WILLIAMS, wife of Abraham Williams, who died March 26, 1818, aged 18 years and 7 days.

"Nor sculptured brass, nor monumental stone,
Can add to her in whom the graces shone."

In memory of Mrs. MINERVA, who died 1823, aged 34.

"Her faithful patience, love, and zeal,
Should make her memory dear,
And Lord do thou her prayers fulfil,
She offered for us here."

We have never met with any of the three following epitaphs in any graveyard, and do not know where they are originally from, but they are too characteristic to be omitted.

"Bold infidelity, turn pale!
Beneath this stone four infant's ashes lie;
Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinned, because they're here:
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.
Reason, ah! how depraved!
Revere the BIBLE's sacred page; the knot's untied;
They died—for Adam sinned;—they live, for Jesus died!"

"Censure, be mute, no prejudice betray,
Suspend thy judgment till the last great day,
For until then there's none but God can tell,
Whether my part was acted ill or well."

"She was—but words are wanting to say what,
Think what a wife should be, and she was that."

A DREAD ETERNITY.

Eternity is a solemn word and a solemn world. The soul of man terinks back with dismay and dread from ending that mysterious abode of spirits. An yet all are on their way to eternity, and must soon enter it, and enter it alone. But how little think the gay and pleasure-loving, who tread so near its dark shores, how soon they must launch away on that untried ocean!

What is the eternity of God? Existence without beginning or end. Who can comprehend it? Run your thoughts back as far as the utmost stretch of imagination, even millions of ages before creatures were made—God existed then as he does now, or as he will do when millions of ages more are passed away. From everlasting to everlasting, he is God.

What is the eternity of creatures? Existence without end. Such is our inheritance, to live for ever and ever. No period of years, or revolution of unnumbered ages, will diminish aught of the duration which will still be before us. Here we have no abiding place; time is bearing us onward to eternity; all we do is for eternity; we are forming characters for eternity. The thought we indulge, the feelings we cherish, the words we utter, the works we do, are all drawing the features of our moral likeness. How short and uncertain is the period of our probation! how soon will our deathless souls arise to the joys and employment of heaven, or plunge into the world of hopeless despair!

THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

No wealth have I to call my own,
Nor fields of waving grain;
Yet have I raiment, house, and home,
And daily bread I gain.

I have no money in the bank,
Nor lay by ought in store,
But yet two shining ones, I ween,
Sit smiling at my door.

Goodness and Mercy are their names,
And day by day they bring
Enough to make my thanks arise,
And make my heart to sing.

And should a child of want come by,
I will my table spread,
And bid him with a smiling face,
Partake my daily bread.

I'll trust to-morrow with the Lord,
And do what good I may,
'Till with the Shining Ones I soar,
To heaven's brighter day.

Length of Cromwellian Sermons.

At a recent monthly meeting of the Connecticut Historical Society, J. H. Turnbull, Esq., recalled a subject upon which he had spoken at a previous meeting, and gave a full description of the curious and valuable collection of sermons in short-hand, by him discovered, and in part deciphered. A very singular item in this short but interesting paper was the extraordinary number of sermons, which were in old times preached in succession from one and the same text. Mr. Turnbull mentioned instances, among others, where fourteen, nineteen, twenty-one, and twenty-four discourses were thus successively developed from the same text. And he added, orally, an anecdote of two candidates for the chaplaincy of one of Cromwell's regiments. These gentlemen were put to preach to the regiment on probation, before being voted for. The first took for his text the single word "Pomegranate," from the description of the priestly robes of Israel; and said he would proceed to unfold the divine truths therein contained, *seed by seed*. He preached *eight hours* "without turning a hair," postponed the remainder of his discourse to the next day, and was unanimously elected.

The Ear.

Picture to yourself the contrast between a great orchestra, containing some hundred performers and instruments, and that small music-room built of ivory, no bigger than a cherry-stone, which we call an Ear, where there is ample accommodation for all of them to play together. The players, indeed, and their instruments, are not admitted. But what of that if their music be? Nay, if you only think of it; what we call a musical performance is, after all, but the last rehearsal. The true performance is within the ear's music-room, and each one of us has the whole orchestra to himself. When we thus realize the wondrous capabilities of the organ of hearing, I think we shall not fail to find an intellectual and aesthetical, as well as a great moral admonition in the Divine words, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." . . . If this apply to earthly music, how much more to heavenly! Though everything else in the future state may be dim and dark, and in all respects matter of faith or hope, not of vivid realization, this at least can be entered into, that all the children of Adam and Eve could unite in a common song. Of all the organs of the body, therefore, the ear is the one which, though for its present gratification, it is beholden solely to the passing moment, can with the greatest confidence anticipate a wider domain hereafter. In consonance with that home in eternity for which the Ear expectantly waits, to it is promised the earliest participation in the life to come. We learn that the summons to the life to come will be addressed first to the Ear, and it first shall awake to the consciousness of a new existence: "for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."—*Dr. Geo. Wilson.*

EXPECT GREAT THINGS.

"Unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," (Eph. iii. 20.) The subject brought into view in these words is *God's ability to bless us*. The apostle has just asked very great and glorious things for his Christian friends, the list terminating with this, that they "might be filled with all the fulness of God." Perhaps they might be tempted to think, *This is too high; this is more than we can expect to realise*: the apostle meets this thought by pointing out to us what a God we pray to; One who "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think"

Looking at these words, you observe it is said that God is able to do *all that we ask*. We can ask very much. Paul has just asked very much in behalf of his friends at Ephesus. Think what cries have gone up to God (the Spirit helping our infirmities) from the great congregation, from the secret closet, from the tempted, from the afflicted, from the oppressed, from souls that have felt themselves sinking in deep waters, from parents who have yearned for the salvation of their children, from children who have yearned for the salvation of their parents, from Christian missionaries and pastors and teachers, from within dungeons where Christ's saints were immured, from scaffolds where they were to suffer martyrdom, from beds of death whence they descried the dawn of fast-coming glory: think of *all that*, and you will feel how much, past the conception of any single human mind, is involved in the words, "*all that we ask*." Now, God is able to answer *all that asking*, however great. It is not merely that we can make no single request that shall be too great for Him; but *put all our requests together*, He is able to grant them all, however numerous, and large, and vast, and bold. His ability to give reaches to the full extent of our ability to ask.

And more: he is able to do not only *all that we ask*, but "*all that we think*." Our asking always fails to embrace the whole range of our wants; fails to embrace half the benefits necessary to our wellbeing and blessedness. And after we have done asking, there are still things that we can *think*; things that our lips dare not utter,

or cannot utter. It is so even in common affairs. In speaking to a friend, or writing to him, your heart has been full, and you have poured out your thoughts in rapid and impetuous words; but when all was done, you have felt how poor an expression your words were of what was within; how inadequate your utterance was to express your thoughts. And much more is this the case when we speak to God. After all our asking, even in our most spiritual and favoured moments, we can still think what we cannot clothe in words. In some better hours, for example, you have sat down, in a sweet solicitude, with the Book of God before you; and as you prayed, and read, and meditated, glorious thoughts have been born within you, blessed aspirations, bright visions of the unseen and eternal: and you have felt that all words were poor and low to express what was within. Now, what a conception it gives us of the great Hearer of prayer, that He is able to do not only *all that we ask*, but *all that we think!*

If you have ever climbed some high hill, you have fixed your eye on a point before you, and thought it was the summit; and when you reached it, lo, another point still higher; and when you reached that, another summit still, rising up in advance. So with these words. It is much to know that God is able to do *all that we ask*. But that is not the summit; He is able also to do *all that we think*. Nor is this the summit yet; He is able to do *above all that we ask or think*. When we have asked our largest, and thought our highest, God's ability is still above us, transcending all.

And further still: He is able to do "*abundantly*" above all that we ask or think. This is characteristic of Him in all things: with Him there is not just enough, but an overflowing. When He pardons, He *abundantly* pardons; when He gives peace, it is the *abundance* of peace; when He manifests mercy, it is *abundant* mercy; when he sheds down His Holy Spirit, He sheds Him on us *abundantly*; When he holds His flagon to our lips, and bids us drink, He says, "Yea, drink *abundantly*." Now, God's ability to bless us does not simply reach *above all our asking and all our thoughts*; but *abundantly above*. When you have

got all that you can ask, all that you can even imagine, you have not come close to the point where the great Giver would need to stop: He can still do abundantly above all that he has done. Stand at the very summit, and look up thence: God's ability to bless stretches infinitely upward, out of your sight.

Even this is not all. He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. Language can rise no higher. The expression is the strongest and richest that can be used. When we have reached the loftiest point to which our minds can climb, God's power to bless is still above us, far above us, like the blue and boundless heaven over our heads. So, then, nothing can be too great for God. Nothing that I ask in prayer can be above His ability to confer. I see, then, how unlimited is the scope for prayer. There are many things that I ought not to pray for; things that would not be really good to obtain, and I am to know these things by His Word: for if I go and ask a thing not founded on the Lord's revealed will, I cannot have confidence about it. There are many things that God will be too good to give, even though I should ask for them; things that would harm me, rather than be a blessing. "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?" The hungry child sees a loaf-like stone lying near, and asks it of his father; but he would only break his teeth upon it; and the father withholds it. Or he looks upon the glittering serpent, and fancies it a fish, and asks for it to satisfy his hunger; but the father knows what it is; and refuses to give it. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" And further, God may withhold His blessings from me because I ask amiss. The thing I ask may be really good; but I may ask for it in a wrong way, and so not obtain it. At your own table, for example, when your little child asks anything rudely, or without saying, *If you please*, you refuse the thing; the child has asked amiss. And just so, many a blessing we fail to obtain of our Father in heaven, because we ask amiss; in a wrong manner, in a wrong

spirit, for a wrong end, that we may consume it upon our lusts. But then *the greatness* is no reason why I should not obtain it. I am not to say or to think regarding anything, *That is too much to expect*. I am not in any such way to limit the Holy One of Israel. "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Having such a God to go to, and such a plea to use as the Name of Jesus, why should we, or any of God's dear children, go about lamenting our poverty and weakness? Let us make use of the glorious privilege of prayer, "and what is good the Lord will give."—*British Herald*.

ONLY A PRAYER MEETING.

And so you who have covenanted to walk in all the ordinances of God's House remain away from the place where prayer is wont to be made, or allow the most trifling excuse to keep you at home, while your brethren are meeting to plead the divine promises, and invoke His presence and blessing.

"No interest in a prayer meeting," do you say? What evidences then have you that your taste and sympathies are such as distinguish the new creature in Christ? What hopes have you of being permitted to engage in the ceaseless worship of the upper sanctuary, or of finding pleasure there? "The prayer meeting dull and uninteresting." What makes it so, except that you and many like you in church, wholly stay away, or come occasionally with so much of the world and its cares and pleasures about you as to throw a chill over the services of the hour. Dull! Why then don't you go thither and try to add life and interest to it? Were you to go from your closet to the place of prayer, with your heart overflowing with love to Christ and to souls, you, at least, would have no reason to complain of dullness, and perhaps your fervid prayer, or the few earnest words you might utter, would stir up some other heart, and thus rouse a flame which would be anything but lifeless. "Only a prayer meeting!" Yet one is there whom you hope by and by to see face to face, and whom you profess to love above all others. And when He sends you a message and invites you to meet Him,

with two or three of His brethren, who have come together in His name, have you so little interest in the heavenly visitant as to be regardless and neglectful of the place where He is to be present?

"*Only a prayer meeting!*" There was a time when your lips could not have uttered these words. Look back to the day of your espousals, when in the midst of your worldliness and sin, the Spirit met you, and setting home eternal truths upon your heart, brought you to the feet of Jesus. Was any place next to your closet half so precious then as the house of prayer? Then your lips were unsealed, and your heart glowing with its first love, found a ready utterance, as you exclaimed, "Come and I will show you how great things God hath done for my soul." How is it with you now? Has that scene of social worship lost its attractions? Are not Christ and His brethren still there? Yet you are not with them. Week after week your pastor and a little handful of faithful Christians meet together to mourn over the desolations of Zion, and to pray, "O Lord revive thy work."

But your place is vacant. Your seat is filled on the Sabbath, and at the communion table, but at the prayer meeting you are seldom seen. Yet the vows of God are upon you, the covenant into which you once entered remains, "to walk in all the ordinances of God's house." Who has excused you from this duty?

"*Only a prayer meeting!*" Yet it is the very heart of the Church. Where would be its life, and spirituality, and energy, without its scenes of social prayer? You would not have it given up? You would be sorry to hear that it died for want of support. Are you willing to sustain it? There is one to-night. You remember the notice of last Sabbath. It has grown familiar by repetition. It was given publicly, it was meant for you. Your brethren will meet, to pray that the service of the coming Sabbath may be attended with the divine blessing, that the word preached may be as the hammer, and the fire, and that God would "clothe His priests with salvation."

God hears prayer. Perhaps this may be the time to favour Zion. Give up the evening party you had planned. Postpone the social call you had designed. Go to

your closet. There renew your vows, ^{there} repent of past unfaithfulness, ^{there} seek to rekindle your faith and love, and then go to the place of prayer. The hearts of your brethren will be encouraged. They may wonder to see you here, but they will rejoice and be glad, and that hour of sweet communion may be the beginning of better things for your soul—for the Church—for the world.

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

I know that at the royal marriage of Sultan Mahmoud a few years ago, every guest invited to the wedding had made expressly for him, at the expense of the Sultan, a wedding garment. No one, however dignified by his station, was permitted to enter into the presence-chamber of that sovereign without a change of raiment.— This was formerly the universal custom in the East. But inasmuch as these garments were very costly, and some of the guests invited might plead poverty, and thus appear unclad in the guest chamber of the King, the cost was defrayed at Sultan Mahmoud's expense. To each guest was presented a suit of wedding garments.— Had any, therefore, appeared before this absolute sovereign without the wedding garment, the Sultan would have deemed his dignity insulted, and his magnificent gifts despised. The question, then, "Friend, how canst thou in hither, not having on a wedding garment?" (Matt. 22: 12.) explains the speechless condition of the man. The wedding robe was ready not at the expense of the invited one, but at the cost of the King. He had simply to obey the requirements of Eastern state— put on his garment, appear before the king, and do homage to him for his rich habit. His refusal to comply with this reasonable custom, and presuming, notwithstanding, to trust himself into the presence of royalty was an avowal that he denied his authority to rule over him, and despised his power. Hence he was bound hand and foot, and cast out. Mahmoud took care to clothe all his guests in splendid apparel; and they knew that their refusal to obey this ancient rite of covering themselves with the royal bounty would have entailed on the disobedient instant punishment, imprisonment and death.

On Pleasing our Neighbour.

“Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification,” says the Apostle Paul. There is a pleasing of our neighbour which is very different from this;—a pleasing him by chiming in with his prejudices—by flattering his infirmities—by complying with his sinful wishes—by laughing at his wicked jokes—by countenancing him in his evil ways; in short, by doing, or not doing, that which will insure us *popularity* with our neighbour, though at the expense of principle in ourselves. This is indeed pleasing him, as we please the drunkard when we give him drink, or the self-willed when we give them their own way; but it is not pleasing him “for his good to edification,” but rather for his injury to his destruction. And nothing, I repeat it, is more common than this sort of pleasing of each other. It is done, people say, “for the sake of peace,” “to give no offence,” “because to find fault is none of our business.” With these plausible excuses, men cloak over their own unprincipled and slothful selfishness and want of love to their neighbours. For if they really loved their neighbour,—if they felt themselves responsible for their conduct towards him,—if they were concerned for his *good*, they would seek to please him, consistently with that good, and in such a way as he would thank them for when on his dying bed, or at the day of judgment. What we all must learn, is to seek our neighbour's well-being, so that his evil should be our burden, and his good our happiness and reward. We must learn so to love him, as that we shall, if necessary, *displease* him, and put him to pain, and make him perhaps angry with us for a time, if in this way only we can do him good *in the end*; just as a kind surgeon will put us to pain in order to save our lives.

“Every one of us” must thus please his neighbour; because every one has some neighbour thus to please. Do you ask, “Who is my neighbour?” I reply, that person, whoever he be, with whom God in his providence brings you in contact; whether you meet him by accident for a few minutes only, or associate with him every day of your life; the person, in short, who can in any way be *influenced* by you,—by what you *are*, as well as by what you

do: that person is *your* neighbour; he is more or less closely “bound up in the bundle of life” with you—and in as far as you can by word, look, or action, “please him for his good,” so far it is your duty and privilege, as fellow-workers with God, to do so. And a moment's consideration will show you, that there is no one, however poor, however unknown, however unlearned, but has, at least, *one* talent of influence which he may use, and which he *dare* not lay up in a napkin. Not only so, but that he possesses greater opportunities of influencing one or more individuals, than any other on earth has. I ask you, reader, is there not some one whom you know better, and come in contact with more frequently than any others do? It may be your child or parent, your brother or sister, your fellow-workman or daily acquaintance; but some one there is whom *you* know better than any one else does, and who is, therefore, in a *special* sense, your neighbour,—for whom you are, in a special sense, responsible. This one talent, I say, every man possesses, while thousands, from their position in society, possess many more: this one work each one of us may do for others, and, perhaps, no one else can do it so well. The opportunity of doing this good is a power given us by God, which is peculiarly our own. You cannot point to a single case in which this will not hold true. That old decrepit woman, for instance, who cannot stir from her chair by the fireside, may, day by day, “please” the children who play around her knee, “for their good to edification,”—a good which may tell upon families yet unborn. That poor invalid who can scarcely move or speak, may, by patience, and love, and meekness, and consideration of the feeling of others, springing from trust in God, shed a holy influence around her dying bed. That sick-nurse, who watches beside this other sleepless sufferer, may, in the silence of the night, speak words which, by God's blessing, may end in life everlasting. That infirm man, who, for support, leans on his staff, may, by his affectionate advices to the young—his pious visits, rich in prayer, to his sick neighbours; his kindly words, and peaceful, happy walk before all,—scatter blessings round him while he lives, and leave them behind him in the hearts of many when he dies. But not to multiply

instances, or to select them from higher walks in life, it will suffice to say, in conclusion, that if we only remember how each one of us comes in contact with many individuals every year, and how every hour we cannot but exercise *some* influence upon others, we must see how we never can want neighbours, whom we have the means of "pleasing for their good to edification." This talent of doing good or evil to others is a very solemn one. But it is a fact; and no power of ours can alter it; nor should we seek to have it otherwise; for all God's appointments are good, both for the world and for us. In order to make this great talent gain other talents, one thing alone is needful; but that is everything, viz., *that we be good ourselves*. If we first please God, by giving him our hearts for our own good to salvation, then we cannot but choose to please our neighbour for *his* good to edification.—*Good Words*.

Influence of a Mother's Love.

"My son, . . . forsake not the law of thy mother."—Prov. i. 8.

The Rev. Thomas Binney, when preaching a funeral sermon for Mr. Birrell, who died while a student for the ministry, mentioned the following fact in connection with his early career, previous to his conversion: "What a mysterious thing—what a mysterious, magical, divine thing is a mother's love! How it nestles about the heart, and goes with the man, and speaks to him pure words, and is like a guardian angel! This young man could never take any money that came to him from his mother, and spend *that* upon a Sunday excursion or a treat to a theatre. It was a sacred thing with him; it had the impression and the inscription of his mother's image, and his mother's purity, and his mother's piety, and his mother's love. It was a sacred thing to him; and these things that he felt to be questionable, or felt to be sinful, were always to be provided for by other resources, and by money that came to him from other hands. Oh there is the poetry of the heart, the poetry of our home and domestic affections, the poetry of the religion of the hearth and the altar, about that little incident; and it strikes me as being perfectly beautiful."

A NOBLE BOY.

On board a man-of-war there was a midshipman who, in spite of the ridicule of his companions, was in the habit of kneeling in prayer at his berth. This was such an unusual practice, that the middies resolved to put it down; so they watched him. The moment he knelt, he encountered a volley of caps and shoes. This was repeated again and again; but still the midshipman persevered in his devotion.—At last some one of the superior officers informed the commander of the ship, who summoned the whole midshipmen, and calling the persecuted one to the front, asked him to state his grievance. The lad said frankly he had no complaint to make.—His commander said he knew he had good cause for complaint, and told him to speak out. But the praying midshipman persisted in stating he had nothing to complain of. The commander then dismissed them, at the same time signifying that he knew how matters stood, and trusted there would be no more of it.

That evening the middy knelt as usual in prayer, but without experiencing the smallest annoyance. While so engaged, he heard footsteps quietly approaching, and was expecting some disagreeable interruption; but, to his surprise, a middy—the youngest on board—knelt down by his side. Shortly afterwards came another, and another, till fourteen of his companions, under the influence of his noble example, were kneeling beside him.

This was told at a public breakfast; and Mr. —, who was there, said that the gentleman who was sitting next to him was much affected by it. The cause of this was explained when the gentleman whispered to him, "That lad is my son, and I have only now for the first time heard of it."

TEMPTATION.

The devil runs with open mouth upon God's children to devour them; they manfully resist him: he thinks to weaken their faith, and they, by his assaults, are made the stronger: he fights against them, but they get ground upon him; and so what he intended for their destruction, fall sore against his will, makes for their advantage.—*Cyril of Alexandria*.

Sabbath School Lessons.

October 26th, 1862.

THE RED SEA.—Exod. xiv. 10—31

1. ISRAEL'S DANGER.

The place of their encampment was probably a narrow defile between the Red Sea and the mountains which line its coast. No position could have been chosen more unfavorable for their facing their enemy, doubtless that the glory of their deliverance should the more evidently belong to God. Their long slavery in Egypt must have had a debasing effect on their minds. They were in all likelihood unarmed, as it was not the custom in Egypt, as it is in Oriental countries in modern times, to bear arms except when engaged in military service. From these circumstances must have arisen their fears, for in numbers they were vastly superior to their pursuers. Their unreasonable and ungrateful murmurings were silenced by the assurance of Moses that the Lord would fight for them.

2. ISRAEL'S DELIVERANCE.

When Moses addressed the people he probably like Nehemiah, Neh. ii. 4, prayed silently to the Lord; ver. 15. *The angel of God*; ver. 19. Probably the Lord Jesus, the angel of the covenant. The cloudy pillar moved from the van to the rear, so as to be between the Israelites and their enemies.—They who would strike God's people must do so through Christ. And as it was then with the pillar of the cloud, so is it still with the word of God. While to the believer it affords light and comfort, to those who reject Christ it is all mystery, all darkness. *The children of Israel went into the midst of the sea*; ver. 22. Their hearts being strengthened by the external word of Moses, and by the internal work of the Spirit of God.

3. EGYPT'S DESTRUCTION.

The Egyptians pursued.—Some are of opinion that the Egyptians continued the pursuit not knowing in the darkness that they had entered the bed of the sea, others believe that they followed the Israelites into the miraculous opening of the waters in the full consciousness that they did so, being infatuated by their evil passions. The latter opinion seems to be supported by Heb. xi. 29.—*The Lord looked out*.—The Egyptians probably saw some terrific appearance in the cloud. From the miraculous dropping off of their chariot wheels also, they began to be sensible of their perilous position. But their fears came too late. Vain was their attempt at flight. They could probably discern the rod stretched out—that awful rod which had so

often before angred them evil—before they were overwhelmed by the returning billows. Thus perished Pharaoh with his chivalry, and this final stroke seems to have struck so great dismay into the Egyptians that they never attempted to molest the Israelites during their wanderings in the wilderness.

Learn 1. *If the Lord leads us into difficulties, he will also lead us out of them.* Many such deliverances are recorded for our instruction and encouragement in the Scriptures. We must be careful however that our difficulties are not occasioned by our own sinfulness, but that we are seeking with sincerity of heart to know the will of the Lord, and to do it.

2. *Not to be influenced by the fear of man.* How weak do the Israelites appear in their fear of the Egyptians! The fear of man bringeth a snare. The language of faith is, "if God be for us, who can be against us?"

3. *The power of faith*—how gloriously was it displayed in the conduct of Moses here. Surrounded by the sea, the mountains, and his fierce, unrelenting enemies, humanly speaking, Moses had no chance of escape, yet he calmly reposes on the infinite goodness and power of his God.

4. *The presence of God is a comfort to his friends, but a terror to his enemies.* The "It is I" of Jesus dispelled the fears of his disciples, but when he declared himself to his enemies they fell back dismayed.

November 2nd, 1862.

LEVI'S FEAST.—MATT. IX. 9—17

The Matthew here referred to was the writer of this gospel. In these verses he gives an account of his own conversion. From which we learn that when Jesus passed by, he was sitting at the receipt of custom, where taxes were received.

He is also called Levi, son of Alphaeus; Mark II. 14. It may be that Matthew was his name while a publican, for he always calls himself by it; but Levi was the name applied to him by others, and may have been an honourable distinction when he became a follower of Christ.

He was a Jew, yet a publican; Luke v. 27. The Jews deemed it dishonourable, yea, even criminal for their countrymen to follow the employment of a publican; so that nothing but the love of gain could have induced Matthew to have entered upon it.

It is likely that at the very time Jesus passed by, he was absorbed in his worldly calling; and possibly thinking of nothing but money and gain. Jesus calls on him to become his disciple, and he instantly obeys. He left his business, probably to the care of his partners,

or some other one, or left it entirely to follow Jesus.

Learn 1. The decision of Matthew. He did not wait. He did not tarry for a more convenient season. He acted at once, and in consequence received a large reward. Not to speak of the eternal reward which awaits him, he has received great temporal glory. His book is known over all the earth. Through it he is constantly being made a blessing to others, and his name is better known than that of prince or king.

Immediately after his conversion Matthew made a great feast to our Lord, and invited great many of his acquaintances, publicans and Gentiles to meet him. None of the Pharisees were there. They would have regarded themselves as defiled, and they twitted the disciples because the master was present at the feast. But he rebuked them.

Learn 2. The devotedness of Matthew. No sooner did he know the Lord himself, than he arranged for a great feast, not only that he might honour Jesus, but that Jesus might have an opportunity of speaking to publicans and sinners like himself.

Learn 3. The mission of Christ. "He came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance." Christ came not to call those who do not feel their need of him, but those who are sensible of their corruption and villainess, and who need to be cured, are the individuals to whom he is sent. Jesus will save the chief of sinners.

The disciples of John, good, well-meaning men no doubt, had not been sufficiently enlightened as to the nature of fasting. They seemed to regard it as a kind of merit. In this view they were strengthened by the example of the Pharisees. Our Lord told them that there was a time for everything, and that that was not the time for his disciples to fast; v. 15.

Learn 4. That one of the names by which Jesus is named is the BRIDEGROOM. He calls himself the bridegroom to his church, and consequently he is the bridegroom to each of his people. He is their betrothed. Each is called the Lamb's wife; Rev. xix. 7.

Learn 5. How gentle Jesus is with his disciples. He is the great Teacher, and the great truths which he teaches, he imparts to his scholars as they are able to bear it. He gives milk to babes, and strong meat to men. Had he laid too much stress upon fasting and the lesser matters of his requirements at the outset of his teaching, his disciples would not have been able to bear it.

SKIN AND LEATHER BOTTLES.—The use of skin bottles prevails still very extensively in all parts of Western Asia; though earthen bottles are also common, and were so in

ancient times, as we know both from explorations in Egypt and Nineveh. I did not happen to notice them at Alexandria, where I entered on my oriental wanderings; but at Cairo I saw them at almost every turn in the streets, and on the backs of the water-carriers between that city and Bulak, its port on the Nile. After that I met with them constantly, wherever I travelled, both in Egypt and Syria. They are made of the skins of animals, especially of the goat, and in various forms. They are more commonly made so as to retain the figure of the animal from which the skin is taken. The process is said to be this: They cut off the head of the goat, kid, or sheep, as the case may be, and then strip off the skin whole from the body, without cutting it except at the extremities. The neck constitutes the mouth of the bottle; and, as the only places that need to be sewed up are where the feet were cut off, the skin when distended with water, has precisely the appearance or form of the animal to which it belonged. That bottles of this shape have been used in the eastern countries from the earliest antiquity, that they were common in the days of the patriarchs and the Pharaohs, I had an interesting proof in one of the tombs near the Ghizeh pyramids. Among the figures on the walls I saw a goat-shaped bottle, as exactly like those now seen at Cairo, as if it had been painted from one of them by a modern artist. It was not a "bottle," in our sense of the word, but "water-skin," according to the Hebrew, which Abraham took and placed on the shoulder of Hagar, when he sent her forth into the desert.—(Gen. xxi. 14.)

Bottles are also made of leather, dressed for the purpose, and are of various sizes, from the pouch containing two or three quarts, which the traveller may sling over his shoulder, to the ox-hide in which caravans preserve their supplies of water on long journeys, when they meet with brooks or cisterns only at distant intervals. In the course of time such vessels become rigid and brittle; and hence arose the necessity of putting new wine into new bottles, because it is only while they are pure and flexible that they can withstand the pressure of fermentation; on the contrary, old wine which is past that process, may be put with safety into old bottles.—*Illustrations of Scripture, by Horatio B. Hackett.*

God hath written a law and a gospel; the law to humble us, and the gospel to comfort us; the law to cast us down, and the gospel to raise us up; the law to convince us of our misery, and the gospel to convince us of his mercy; the law to discover sin, and the gospel to discover Grace and CHRIST.

SELF-COMMUNION.

Commune with your own heart as to *its views of, and its feelings towards, the Lord Jesus*. The great question, which decides so much is, "What think you of Christ?" Is it with you a reality that Christ died for sinners? Do you fully credit the promise by which God has engaged to accept, through His sacrifice and intercession, all who believe in His name? Do you believe Him to be divine, accept His obedience as justifying, and His death as sacrificial? Has it pleased God to reveal His Son in you? Is He precious to your heart? And do you receive Him, trust in Him, follow Him, and hope to be with Him for ever, as all your salvation and all your desire? You ask me how you may come to a right conclusion in the matter. You long, you yearn, you pray to know whether or not you love Christ, are one of His disciples, and shall certainly be with Him where He is. But why doubt it? Is the matter so difficult? If your mind were filled with admiration of a being, could you question the emotion thus awakened? If your heart were captivated by an object of superior intellect and beauty,—and that object, towards which the yearning and clinging of your affection went forth in a warm and ceaseless flow, became supremely enthroned in your sympathy and regard, would the fact admit of a moment's doubt? Would you call in question the existence, the reality, or even the intensity of your love? Impossible! The higher and more momentous question of your attachment to Christ admits of a yet easier solution. Do I love Jesus? Is He the object of my supreme admiration and delight? Is He the chosen, the preferred, the supreme Being of my warmest affection? Is He precious to my soul? And am I trusting believingly, and exclusively, and without mental reservation, as a sinner utterly undone, self-aborred, and self-condemned, to His atoning sacrifice? And still you hesitate! And yet you doubt! It is still a problem which you tremble to solve! You think of your sinfulness, your unworthiness, of the taint and flaw and unloveliness of all you are doing, of your faint love, of your weak faith, of your doubtful sincerity, and then you shrink from the thought of claiming an interest in Christ, and resign yourself to

the conviction that your salvation is an utter impossibility—that you are *not*, and never will be, saved! But to take a closer view of the matter. Upon what ground do you base this hesitation and justify this self-exemption from the great salvation? It is not for your worth that you are saved, but for Christ's worth. It is not on the ground of your personal merit that you are justified, but on the ground of Christ's merit alone. It is not upon the plea of your fitness, your tears, your confessions, your prayers, your duties, that God forgives and accepts you, but simply and exclusively upon the one plea of the Saviour's sacrifice. The BLOOD of Christ *pardons*, the RIGHTEOUSNESS of Christ *justifies* you, and this is all that you require, or that God demands. The great work is all *done*—it is not to *be* done. It is complete, finished, accepted, sealed. And you, as a lost sinner, without holiness, without strength, without one plea that springs from what you are, have nothing to *do*. *Believe*, and you are *saved*. Believing is not *doing*, it is not *meriting*, it is TRUSTING—it is the simple exercise of a faith in Christ which God gives, and which the Holy Ghost produces in the heart; so that your salvation, from beginning to end, is entirely out of yourself, in another. With what clearness and emphasis has the Spirit of truth set forth this: "*By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified*" (Gal. ii. 16). "*But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness*" (Rom. iv. 5). All your own works, until your faith embrace the Lord Jesus, are "*dead works*," and dead works never took a soul to heaven! You need as much the ATONING BLOOD to purge you from *dead works* as to purge *deadly sins*. Hear the words of the Holy Ghost—"How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from *dead works* to serve the living God?" (Heb. ix. 14). And still you ask, "What then must I do to be saved?" *Do!* I answer—NOTHING! All is done, completely and for ever done! Blessed, O thrice blessed be God! Christ has done it all—paid it all—endured it all—suffered it all—finished it all—leaving you, O sin-burdened, anxious, trembling, hesitating soul, *nothing* to do, and only to

believe. Will not this suffice? Will you demur a moment longer to commit yourself to Christ, to lay your soul on Jesus, to accept the salvation, the heaven, the crown, the eternal life He proffers you as the free bestowments of His grace? Your sins, countless as the stars, are no barrier to your salvation if you but believe in Jesus. Your transgressions, deep as scarlet and as crimson, shall not be of too deep a dye if you but plunge into the fountain of Christ's blood. His delight, His glory is to receive sinners—to receive *you*. And the moment you cease to give over *doing*, and begin only to *believe*, from that moment your soul rests from its labour, you enter into peace, and are for ever saved!

"Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it *all*,
Long, long ago.

"When *He* from His lofty throne
Stoop'd to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
Hearken to *His* cry—

"IT IS FINISH'D!" Yes, indeed,
Finish'd every jot.
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?

"Weary, working, burden'd one,
Why toil you so?
Cease *your* doing; all was done
Long, long ago.

"Till to *JESUS'* work you cling
By a *simple* faith,
'Doing' is a deadly thing—
'Doing' ends in death.

"Cast your deadly 'doing' down—
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand *IN HIM*, in *Him* alone,
Gloriously 'COMPLETE'!"

—From *Help Heavenward*. By Octavius Winslow, D.D.

TO SEE JESUS.

The mind must be weaned from the world, and fixed on spiritual objects; the soul must be kept in a waiting posture. It would be a dreadful alarm if death's summons should find any overhead in the concerns of time, and with affections not weaned from things below. We must be like good Simeon; he waited long, says somebody. Yes, till he was old; but not too long. He obtained more than had been promised him. It was promised that he should see the Lord Jesus Christ. He not only saw him, but had him in his arms!

"ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE"

"You have only five minutes to live," said the sheriff to a young man, who for the crime of murder, was condemned to die.

The sheriff took out his watch and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live." The young man burst into tears, and said, "I have to die. I had one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home, I found my little brother gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with blood and brains, and he was dead. Whiskey had done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one word more to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people—never! never! NEVER! touch anything that can intoxicate." As he pronounced these words, the drop fell, and he was launched into an endless eternity.

I was melted to tears at the recital and the awful spectacle. My little heart seemed as if it would burst, and break away from my aching bosom, so intolerable were my feelings of grief. And there, while looking with streaming eyes on the body of that unfortunate young man, as it hung between heaven and earth, as unfit for either; there it was that I took the pledge never to touch strong drink! Long years have passed away. White hairs have thickened around these temples, then so ruddy and so young, but I have never forgotten the last words of that young man, I thank God that I have never violated my promise.—When the tempter has offered me the sparkling goblet, the words of that young man have seemed to sound in my ears again.—*British Workman*.

LITTLE MINNIE'S SONG.

Tho' I am so young and small,
Yet the Saviour says to me,
"Come dear Minnie, be my child;
Long ago I died for thee.

I will wash thee in my blood,
Make thee clean, and pure, and white;
Take thee to my happy Home,
Far above the sky so bright."

My mother tells me, day by day,
Christ speaks to me these words so mild;
I'm sure I'm very glad to be
My Saviour's little, happy child.

Religious Intelligence.

INDIA.

BERHAMPORE.

NOTES OF A MISSIONARY TOUR BY THE REVS.
JAS. BRADBURY AND GEORGE SHREWSBURY.

We invite the special attention of the friends of Missions to the following notes from the journal of the Rev. James Bradbury, as presenting a graphic and instructive view of that district in which his itinerant labours were accomplished, and the character of the people for whose spiritual benefit they were intended. The journal of Mr. B. will suggest to every thoughtful reader that such Missionary efforts are not accomplished without much self-denial, and that they require, on the part of the Missionary, not only glowing zeal but sound discretion. It cannot fail also to awaken deep sorrow that, after more than half a century of Missionary labour in Bengal, the great mass of the people are yet profoundly ignorant of the very first principles of Christianity, and in fact that they have been left in heathen darkness until now; and unless a great increase in the number of Christian Teachers, European and Native, is speedily supplied, millions must still live and die victims to their vile idolatry. A fact also is presented in the journal of our friend, which perhaps may awaken surprise in the minds of many; namely, that the principles of Socinianism and of infidelity are cherished and avowed by many of the natives who have had the advantages of European education in Calcutta and elsewhere. But it will abate their astonishment, though perhaps add to their regret, to learn that this has been the influence of that system of education from which the Bible has been utterly excluded. We have not heard that any similar results have followed the Christian education given in our Mission Schools, nor do we apprehend that the good seed there sown will produce these evil fruits.

“Early in the morning of the 21st of December, Mr. Shrewsbury and myself drove to Bafra, and then walked to Berwampore, which is ten miles to the south of Berhampore, where we found the tent that had preceded us already pitched. In the afternoon our Catechists, Guruprasad and Kripshah, joined us.

DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVELLING.

“After labouring a week in this locality, we bent our course north-eastward, to Chandpore. Indian cross roads are seldom in a good condition, indeed they rarely deserve the name of roads, and the late inundation had made them worse than usual; here and there large portions of the road had been swept away, and in some places, where the waters had not yet subsided, at every step the oxen sank up to the knees in mud, and had to be helped on by men putting their shoulders to the wheels, or pushing at the carts behind. The result was the completion of a journey of six miles in eight hours.

AGGRAVATED DISTRESSES OF THE PEOPLE
FROM WANT AND DISEASE.

“But impediments of travelling were not the only effects produced by the flood—the crops of the season were destroyed. With no rice in store, and little money to purchase it, many of the labouring poor were living on one meal a-day, and some of them not always able to procure even that limited sustenance. Cholera followed in the track of squalid want, and carried off great numbers. Of the feelings with which this disease inspires the people, a pretty correct idea may be formed by the means which were adopted to arrest its desolating progress. Goats were killed, and their skins fixed on high bamboo poles, one of which was stuck in the ground at the eastern, western, northern, and southern boundary of the village, because it was believed that on coming to these sacred landmarks the malady would stop, and go in another direction. No sanitary precautions were taken. Numerous cattle died for the want of fodder, and their carcases were seen in every stage of decomposition; jackals, dogs, and birds of prey were devouring the flesh, or the bones, already picked, lay bleaching in the sun. In some villages, many houses were deserted, and portions of the walls and of the thatch fallen; either the late occupants were dead, or, as was not unfrequently the case, having been hardly pressed for rent, and not able to meet the demand, they had secretly left the place, and gone to settle on the estates of gentlemen who show kindness to their tenants, times of trouble, and allow them to liquidate the arrears of

rent by degrees, as retarding prosperity gives them the means.

OPPOSITE INFLUENCE OF AFFLICTIONS.

"The effects produced on the minds of the people by the distress which had overtaken them, varied; some were softened, and disposed to receive religious instruction; others hardened, and indifferent to their spiritual interests. In Chandpore they listened with great attention to the Gospel, and inquired how they could be delivered from their present trouble. When the nature of sin was explained, and the service which God requires from His creatures was pointed out, they said, 'This great calamity has befallen us on account of our sins; God has chastised and forsaken us.' At Manicknager they received our message in the same spirit, and asked what they must do to obtain salvation. 'We are sensible,' they said, 'of being in a sad condition, both temporal and spiritual, and do not see any remedy within our reach; we therefore wish you to speak, not about our own religion and the evils which flow from it, but to tell us in a few words the way in which we ought to serve God.'—At Phanagur one of the congregation said, 'I cannot obtain food, how then can I think of religion? When I can eat, then I can worship.' And in Kulberya a man cried out, 'My god is my belly,' and many of the persons who heard the sentiment apparently sympathized with it."

GROSS IGNORANCE AND DEGRADATION OF THE HINDOOS.

"In Chandabad we sat down, with the permission of the owner, in a barn-yard, that being the most eligible place we could find, where a considerable number of people assembled, chiefly husbandmen; and, on being informed of our object in visiting them, one after another exclaimed, 'We are on a level with our oxen, and cannot understand religious subjects; those who are able to read may—Brahmins and wealthy persons: we no longer regard Shib, Uishnu, or any of the debtas; God has severely chastened us by destroying our crops in the late inundation, our cattle have perished for the want of fodder, and we ourselves are reduced almost to the point of starvation; this may have happened to us for our sins, still we are indifferent as to what becomes of us: when we die

there will be an end of ourselves and our misery.' When told that the body after death would again be tenanted by the spirit, and live for ever in another world, they said, 'That can never be.' A young man, pointing to a very aged person who was speaking, and placing his hand on his shoulder, said; 'When he dies he will be burnt to ashes; how, then, can those ashes be collected again and formed into a body?' We endeavoured to explain the nature and design of the resurrection, but they heard our statements with doubting minds."

JESUS IS OUR DAYSMAN.

"Neither is there any daysman betwixt us that might lay his hand upon us both,"—Job ix. 33.

Job felt the need of an umpire, or mediator—one that could stand between himself and God. So does every convinced soul.—But we cannot say, "Neither is there any daysman," for Jesus is the Man for the day, the Man for the emergency. Being Divine, he can plead with God for us. Being human, he can seasonably sympathize with us. He comes betwixt us. With one hand he presents an infinite atonement to God for our offences; with the other hand he presents a free and full pardon of all sin to us. He makes up the breach. He reconciles the parties. He moves out of the way all cause of disagreement. In him there is no terror to make us afraid, nor will his hand be heavy upon us. Reader, art thou afraid to approach God? does his greatness terrify or his wrath alarm thee? Fear not, there is one in thy nature before the throne. Jesus is there as the Daysman. Put thy cause into his hand, he will carry it. Plead with him, if thou art afraid to plead with the Father, and he will plead with thee. He will ask no compromise but will present a full satisfaction to Divine justice for all thy sins. He will unveil his Father's loving, smiling countenance to thee. He will show thee that "God is love." He will give thee access into the favour of the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity. Let Christ alone be thy Daysman, thy Mediator and intercessor. He is enough; all others are insufficient. Tempted and tried, lift up thy head; Jesus is before the throne, he stands between a just and a holy God and thee. Thou hast nothing to fear. He has done the work required of thee, he has paid the penalty demanded of thee, and now he pleads thy cause. "For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." 1 Timothy i. 5.

MEETING A SERMON.

Archbishop Leighton, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister, "Have you been hearing a sermon?" "I've met a sermon," was the answer. The sermon he met was a corpse on its way to the grave; the preacher was death. Greatest of street preachers! Nor laws nor penalties can silence him. No tramp of horses, nor rattling of carriages, nor rush and din of crowded streets, can drown his voice. In heathen, Papal, and Protestant countries, in monarchies and free states, in town and country, the solemn pomp of his discourses, is going on.

In some countries, a man is imprisoned for even dropping a tract. But what prison will hold this awful preacher? What chains will bind him? He lifts up his voice in the very presence of tyrants, and laughs at their threats. He walks unobstructed through the midst of their guards, and delivers the messages which trouble their security and embitter their pleasures. If we do not meet his sermons, still we cannot escape them. He comes to our abodes, and taking the dearest objects of our love as his text, what terrible sermons does he deliver to us.

O what weeping audiences sometimes has this silent preacher! Yet there is a secret doctrine, an occult meaning running through his discourses, which is often not apprehended. Few "lay it to heart." His oft-repeated sermons still enforce the same doctrine, still press upon us the same exhortation. "Surely, every man walketh in a vain show. Surely, they are disquieted in vain. Here there is no continuing city. Why are you labouring for that which I will presently take from you and give to another. Take no thought for tomorrow. Prepare to meet thy God."—*Herald of Mercy.*

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