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THE

# GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

## PERSONAL PURITY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

Distinguished from other jewels that have but one colour, such as the fiery ruby, the milk-white pearl, the sapphire that borrows its tint from the sky, and the emerald from the sea, diamonds owe their beauty, brilliancy, and costly value to this, that they burn with many hues. Turned round, they sparkle with shifting colours, as the light flashes from their different faces.—Still though it appears in this variety of aspects, the diamond is one gem—"pure and undefiled," as a dew-drop distilled from the skies. And why should not Christians believe that the Church of the living God is also one, though in forms of worship, ecclesiastical constitutions, and somewhat even in doctrines, it presents various aspects—as Paul says, "There are differences of administration, but the same Lord."

Like the costliest and most brilliant of gems, pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father presents itself under various aspects. Every one is beautiful, heavenly in its source—like the rays of the diamond caught from the sun; yet each differs from another, as much as do the properties which James assigns to divine wisdom. In this passage, "the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated of, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy," we have something like a full description; but in saying that "pure and undefiled religion is to visit the

widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world," the apostle does not attempt to give a full-length portrait. Out of many he mentions but two features; but these, though highly characteristic, neither embrace all the duties of a Christian's life, nor exhaust the graces of his character. On the contrary, as the sun in his annual course passes through all the signs of the zodiac, pure and undefiled religion, overlooking no commandment, but endeavoring to keep the entire law of God, walks the whole circle of Christian duties. Then, though some may be more prominent and more fully developed than others, the believer, "complete in Christ," is bedecked with every Christian grace. None are wanting; all are there, like the precious stones of the high priest's breast-plate, when, with a blood-filled bowl of purest gold, wearing his crown, and robed in white, he drew aside the veil; and, vanishing, entered into the Holy of Holies to commune alone with God. With this explanation, let us now study the second phase of true and undefiled religion.

*It requires us to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.*

An obstruction to our prayers, efforts, and progress, meets us here *in limine*,—on the very threshold, which it is necessary to take out of the way. It lies in a feeling, or fancy, that it is impossible to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, or even

to come within sight of such a high attainment. To live in this world, and yet keep ourselves uncontaminated by its influence, pure in heart and life, seems as impossible as to be immersed in water and yet keep dry; or to walk a muddy road, and keep our garments clean; or to take fire into our bosom and not be burned.— Well, if not more impossible than these, it can be done. It has been done—to some extent at least, by help of Him who says, “My grace is sufficient for thee.”

To be plunged overhead in water, and yet keep dry, is not impossible. From rocking boat, or sandy shore, observe yon sea-fowl poised on white wing above the deep! Catching sight of her prey, see! she descends like a flash of light, diving into the belly of the wave; ere long she emerges, and bearing no touch of damp on her snowy plumage, rises into the air with feathers dry as the eagle's that springs from the rock to soar in sunny skies.— With feet webbed to swim, and broad sails to fly, and warm downs to preserve her heat, God has furnished this bird with an oil, that, coating her feathers, protects them from the touch of water. Nor is it impossible to crawl undefiled in mire.— How often have I seen a creeping thing come wriggling out of the foulest mud, pure, clean, without a speck on its ringed and slimy form. And if God enables it by a fluid secreted from its lubricious skin to pass through defilement undefiled, may not the Christian say, Shall He take such care of the poor worm that we tread upon, and not preserve from worse pollution those whom He has called to heaven, and redeemed with the blood of His beloved Son?

“He who His Son, most dear and loved,  
Gave up for us to die,  
Shall He not all things freely give  
That goodness can supply?”

Grant that contact with a sinful world is like taking fire into our bosom;—it does not follow that we shall certainly be burned. With the troubled king, his nobles, and the eager multitude that crowd round the fiery furnace, look at these three Hebrews! Their naked feet are on glowing coals! they breathe the burning flame! and yet they come forth, no hair singed on beard or eyelash, nor smell of fire upon their clothes.

We might meet this difficulty with such answer as the holy Leighton once gave to such another plea. Grieved with the unhappy state of his country, and the failure of his own well-meant attempts to reconcile his countrymen to prelacy, and stop the bloody cruelties of the time, he had retired into England to pass the clouded evening of his life in the house of a married sister. Having a family, she had many domestic cares; and cumbered by them, she came far short of his close and devout walk with God. One day, addressing her brother, who had never married, she said, “It is easy for you to live a life; it is easy for you to live a holy life; it is otherwise with me; with children and many household cares to occupy my thoughts and engross my attention, such a life as yours is to me impossible.” With one blow of his gentle hand, Leighton demolished her plea. He engaged in no argument, nor set himself to prove her wrong, but kindly turning to her, and quoting God's own word, he said, “Enoch walked with God, and begat sons and daughters.” Like her, many dear high degrees of grace beyond their reach; therefore they aim low, and in consequence of that their attainments are low; for few are so fortunate as the son of Kish, who, leaving home to seek his father's asses, found a crown on the way. We expect too little; and to those who would dismiss this subject, abandoning all efforts after a purity which they deem as impossible in this world, as to live in water, or breathe unhurt in fire, I have an answer, drawn also drawn from the Word of God—an arrow taken from the quiver where the good Archbishop found his shaft. What saith the Lord? He puts the case in your own form, and taking your very figures of fire and water, says, “When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the waters they shall not overflow thee; thou shalt walk through the fire, and not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.”

To keep themselves unspotted from the world.

*God's people are carefully to avoid its vices.*

There is much vice in the world.—Thousands make no profession of religion; having broken loose from their anchors, and drifted into practical infidelity they

have no connexion with any church, and seek none. Thousands besides are to be found within the Church who are dead—dead as the bodies that rot and moulder outside its walls! They have the form of godliness, but are strangers to its power.—It requires neither an intimate nor an extensive acquaintance with society, to discover that thousands are living in open profligacy. The vices of town and country indeed thrust themselves on our notice. Though not exactly defended, they are allowed and winked at—now excused on the plea that the young must sow their wild oats, as if it was no solemn truth that “what a man soweth that he shall also reap”—and now varnished over by giving respectable names to bad things. For example, seduction is called an affair of gallantry; murder by duel, an affair of honour; drunkenness, intemperance, the debauchee who ruins his health, is a fast liver; and he who cheats another, is a sharp man of business.—Licentiousness, with brazen front and painted face, openly walks our streets—pushing virtue aside, and putting modesty to the blush; while immoral and impure habits, though discreetly veiled, like an internal cancer, are destroying the health, the fortunes, the happiness, the bodies and souls of thousands. With idiot look, drunkenness reels abroad in the face of day; and events ever and anon are coming to light that show how many of both sexes, and of all ranks, are the secret slaves of this debasing vice. What falsehoods are told, and frauds largely practised in commerce; and in almost every kind of business! and are not the poor often defrauded of their wages, helpless widows and orphans of their substance, to maintain a splendid extravagance—a false position in society, to blow and keep up a bubble that sooner or later bursts? By how many is God's holy name profaned; and how many more—like the drunken king, who, in carousal with his wives and concubines, made wine-cups of vessels of the sanctuary—profane the Sabbath by idle recreation, or feasting, or business, wasting its sacred hours on the most common purposes!

To warn people against such vices may seem unnecessary. I know that they will not promise. Fall? alas! how have the mighty fallen? and were all our secrets revealed, how would it be seen that many

who never fell, had been on the point of falling—tottering, when God's arm pulled them back, on the very edge of the precipice. What sore battles have been fought of which the world knows nothing!—Examples of this, that “the righteous are scarcely saved,” wounded, and bleeding, and all but overcome, their shield and helmet battered, their crown in danger and all but taken, they have come off conquerors only by help of Him who finds his opportunity in man's extremity, and saves at the very uttermost.

It is not the practice of fathers to publish faults of their children; they are slow to believe them; they are much more ready to conceal than to reveal their failings. And for what end were the sins of Noah, and Jacob, and Peter, and David, written in the Bible, and proclaimed in the ears of the world but to warn us? Their moral is this, Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall. Do any, astonished and indignant at the insinuation, resent it, saying, There is no fear of me? Ah! the day was when these good men would have said the same, asking, with horror as great as yours, Is thy servant a dog, that he should do such a thing? Yet they did it; and, though with Noah's sons we would throw a mantle over their shame, the sound of their fall will have its echo in our Saviour's words, Watch! watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

*We are to abstain from all worldly pursuits and pleasures that are of a doubtful character.*

The atmosphere is sometimes in such a peculiar state that the spectator, on coast or shore, looking abroad over the sea, cannot tell where the water ends and the sky begins; and as if some magician had raised them out of their proper element, and turned their sails into wings, the ships seem floating in mid-air. But occasionally no line of separation is more difficult to draw than that which lies between what is right and what is wrong. Whether such and such a business, or amusement, pursuit or pleasure, is wrong, and one, therefore, in which no Christian should engage, is a question that, so far as the thing itself is concerned, may be difficult to answer.—But it is not difficult to answer, so far as you are concerned, if you doubt whether,

it is right. The apostolic rule is, Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind; and unless you are so, then, "what is not of faith is sin"—sin at least to you. No man, I freely admit, has any more right to add to the duties than he has to add to the doctrines of religion; and he assumes an authority which belongs not to man, who pronounces anything to be positively sinful that is not clearly forbidden either by the letter, or by the spirit of God's word. These are the impious pretensions of the Church of Rome. Still, whatever others may feel themselves at liberty to do, if you are not satisfied in your own mind and conscience that the thing is right, that the pursuit, or pleasure, or enjoyment, is lawful, it may be right for others, but it is wrong for you to do it. Hence the word of God says, He who doubteth is damned! not that he is damned in the common sense of that terrible expression; not that he is damned to hell! but that he is convicted, condemned of wrong-doing, in doing that which he is not sure is right.

In regard to the lawfulness of certain pursuits, pleasures, and amusements, it is impossible to lay down any fixed and general rule; but we may confidently say, that whatever is found to unfit you for religious duties, or to interfere with the performance of them; whatever dissipates your mind, or cools the fervour of your devotions; whatever indisposes you to read your Bibles, or engage in prayer; wherever the thought of a bleeding Saviour, or of a holy God, of the hour of death or of the day of judgment, falls like a cold shadow on your enjoyment; the pleasures which you cannot thank God for, on which you cannot ask His blessing, whose recollections will haunt a dying bed, and plant sharp thorns in its uneasy pillow,—these are not for you. These eschew; in these he not conformed to this world, but transformed in the renewing of your minds—"Touch not, taste not, handle not." Never go where you cannot ask God to go with you; never be found where you would not like death to find you; never indulge in any pleasure which will not bear the morning's reflection. Keep yourselves unspotted from the world! nor from its spots only, but even from its suspicions.—If the virtue of Cesar's wife, according to the Romans, was not even to be suspected,

may I not say as much for the purity of the Lamb's Bride? Remember that the character of a Christian is easily blemished; that they who wear white robes need to take care where they walk; that the smallest stain is visible on snow; that polished steel takes rust from the slightest touch of damp. Keep your garments clean. Keep your conscience tender—tender as the eye that closes its lips against an atom of dust, or as that sensitive plant which I have seen shrink and shut its leaves, not merely at the rude touch of a finger, but at the breath of the mouth.—Walk holly, and humbly, and circumspectly, lest your good should be evil spoken of, and you should give occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.—Mould your life on Christ's; and, in the noble words of his apostle, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

*Religion does not require us to retire from the world.*

In the strict sense of the term, the world has nothing to defile us. It is a beautiful world—furnished with delights, and full of loveliness. Its fields carpeted with flowers; its mountains wreathed with mists, or bathed in sunshine, or crowned with glistening snows; its bright skies and green woods ringing with merry music; its air loaded with the perfumes of ten thousand censers; its seas and lakes spread out like great mirrors of living gold or silver: its various elements teeming with happy myriads, that, gathering what God gives, are the pensioners of His bounty—the world is full of God; and converse with nature, so far from corrupting or defiling us, has a tendency to purify our thoughts and improve the mind. It was not this world, in the ordinary sense of the term, that our Lord spake, when, seeing Satan advance to the combat, He said, "The prince of this world cometh, and he hath nothing in Me." Our earth owned not Satan, but Christ, as its Prince. It felt the pressure of his foot; its waters sustained his form; its midnight sky rang with the song of his nativity; its air bore him up as he rose to his Father; in a golden

cloud it provided the Conqueror with a chariot; its waves and winds in their wildest uproar were obedient to his command; at his bidding its water reddened into wine, his graves opened to give up their dead, its bread multiplied to feed his train; and as if the blow that struck him had fallen heavy on its head, it trembled with horror as it received his blood. It never gave its iron to be nails for his blessed hands; nor grew its thorns to pierce his brow. With high heaven, the earth was a mourner at Christ's death; and as if it were never to recover the shock of that day, when they hung its King and Creator on a tree, an old legend says, that the reason why the aspen leaf is ever trembling on its stalk is because the cross was made of an aspen tree.

It is not the world, but the men of it, that are corrupt and corrupting. It is from these that religion calls us to keep ourselves unspotted. Uncontaminated and unstained by their vices, we are to recoil from them, saying, My soul, come not thou into their secret; with them, mine honour, be not thou united. In Scripture, the world often stands for the ungodly; and the application of that term to them proves, alas! that the ungodly form the great mass of mankind. God's enemies are the majority; His people the minority; and in some places a very small minority. Hence they are called a *peculiar* people—a description appropriate, were the mass of society holy and leavened with divine principles: for in that case it would be the bad, not the good who were peculiar—distinguished from the multitude, like the man at the marriage feast who wore no wedding garment. An important, this is a serious and alarming consideration. It makes it all the more difficult to keep ourselves unspotted by prevailing ungodliness; just as it is more difficult to make way in the streets against a rush and press, and crowd of people, than against a few individuals advancing in a direction opposite to our own. Here number is power! mass is power! as in the ball that goes crashing through walls of oak, or grinds granite stones to powder, and owes as much to its mass as to its momentum—to its weight as to its velocity.

Alarmed at this, and deeming it impossible, if exposed to it, to stem the flood of evil, and maintain a successful resistance

against such odds and power of numbers, some have fled from the world. There are good Christians now-a-days who shut themselves up as they would in a town where the plague was raging; retreating before danger, they keep aloof from society—mingling little, or not at all with the world. Under the same fears, though allowing themselves to be carried to greater lengths, men in old times withdrew to the solitude of deserts, rocks, and forests; and became hermits. Content with a bed of dry leaves for their couch, a bare cave for their home, wild fruits for their food, the crystal spring for their simple drink, they renounced the society of man for that of the more innocent beasts, that they might escape the contaminations of an evil world. It were unjust not to admire the self-denying, brave devotion of these old anchorites; yet they mistook the path of duty. While all, and especially young Christians—the raw recruits as they may be called—should carefully avoid the dangers of temptation, still, I ask, If the leaven is withdrawn from the lump, how is the meal to be leavened? If the candle is removed, how is the house to be lighted? If Christian men and women are to retire from the world,—pity the world! how is it ever to be converted? It is well to retire at times; by prayer, and meditation, and communion with God, to get our wounds healed and our strength renewed for the warfare and the work. But though our Lord, for example, did occasionally withdraw himself to lone shores, and desert places, and mountain-tops, His common walks of life was among the haunts of men. Now He is at a merry marriage feast, and now in the silent house of mourning—here he dines with a pharisee, there he accepts the hospitalities of a publican—his foot-prints are on the sands of busy shores and the dusty streets of Bethsaida, Capernaum, and Jerusalem. He went about continually doing good.

Followers of Jesus! seek others' good as well as your own. We are to leaven the world, not to leave it; not to run away, but to stay. "The field is the world," said our Lord; our ploughshare is to gleam in its furrows, and with flashing sickles we are to go in and reap it. Though he sent them out as sheep among wolves, to be hunted, and torn, and murdered, Jesus said to his disciples, as to us also, Go ye

into the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. The part of a brave sailor is not to take to the boat, pull ashore, and leave the shrieking or sleeping passengers to perish; but to stick by the ship so long as there is a hope of saving her.—And the part of a Christian is not to desert his post in the world, but to stay by it—to keep the ship afloat, the world from perishing. They fall well, and are saved who fail at the post of duty. He who gave Paul the lives of all on board, has given Christ the souls of all his people; and though the world should go down like a foundering ship, they perish not with it—sinking, it does not, whirlpool-like, suck them down into destruction. Those that Thou hast given me, says Jesus, I have kept—they shall never perish—no man shall pluck them out of my Father's hand.

*Look at these two illustrations of the difference between leaving the world, and remaining to lighten it.*

In a beautiful town of Switzerland, there is a large convent belonging to an order of Dominican Nuns. Ill-guided, but, let us hope in charity, seeking the religion that, pure and undefiled, keeps itself unspotted, these timid women have fled from the world to devote themselves to what is called a religious life, and become candidates for the highest honours of their Church.—Who visits the scene, and—having read of such convents as Le Vive Sepolte by the Tarpeian rock, where the living interred occupy themselves by incessant mortification, fast continually, never read, direct their constant meditation to death and corruption, never change their dresses, and their under garments only twice in the year, never see their connexions, nor yet hear their voices, nor even know anything about them, are not permitted to see the sacrament, but have it administered to them through a hole in the wall, through which also they make their confession and receive absolution—has associated such a life with severe austerities, will be agreeably disappointed. Beautiful order, neatness, and a fine feminine taste, reign within the convent walls. The attire of the inmates, who occupy themselves to such an extent with works of charity as to ward off *exult*, is no doubt odd and funereal-like, and not calculated to gratify female vanity. Still their appearance betokens no rigid

fasts, or painful mortifications. The apartments are small, but most tastefully adorned. The walls are hung with needlework and pictures; every couch is white as the snows of the neighbouring Alps; and at our visit, the summer breeze, as it whispered among the leaves of the vines, and stole in at the open window, filled the room with a sweet scent of beautiful flowers that grow on the window-sill, It was a sunny scene, where one could dream away life, remote from the battles and turmoil of the world, but remote also from its duties; and I could not but look on these fair devotees as deserters who, selfishly consulting their own safety, and distrusting the grace of God, had abandoned the post of duty.—They were now keeping themselves unspotted from the world, but had fled from it.

Not in that, but in this other scene we meet the pure and undefiled religion which, while in the world, keeps itself unspotted. Go with me on a winter's night into one of the worst quarters of London. Threading streets that here blaze with the gas and glare of lowest drinking shops, and now dark and dismal, are the walk of prostitutes, and the haunts of robbers, we reach a large, dingy building. Ascending by a trap-stair to a spacious loft, we find ourselves in the strangest scene of human woe and wickedness you could look on. It is a Night Refuge for houseless women—for the friendless, those who, thrown out like faded flowers to be trodden on in the streets, had sunk into dark depths of loathsomeness and degradation. The hour is late, and though a few lingered by the stove, the most, glad to stretch their weary limbs, had lain down on the pallets that, spread on the floor was ranged along the bare walls. Every head was raised, and all eyes turned on us as we entered. And what looks they had! Here vice stared with her unblushing front. Some had the look of fiends; treachery, brutal cruelty, falsehood, wrongs and neglect, having turned whatever kindness had once been in the heart, into gall and wormwood; and now hatred both of God and man shot forth in their scowling looks. Others wore an expression of most touching sadness; one reclined with her back to the naked wall, gasping for breath, and dying of a raking cough; while another sat upright in a

corner, a living form of death. The tide of night had floated in this *wrack* for the sake of a meal, a fire, the humblest of couches, and a roof to cover heads that otherwise had lain on the cold flags, or been pillowed on a door step.

In the centre of this scene, just risen from her knees, beside a table where the Bible still lay open, from whose pages, accompanied by prayer, she had been reading words of hope and peace to these wretched outcasts, stood a woman—I might say an angel. Leaving father, mother, brother, sister, pure associations, and a sweet home, to breathe this foul atmosphere, and take those forlorn creatures to her arms, she had become mother, nurse, physician, comforter, saviour, guardian of those from whom all others shrunk as the filth and off-scourings of the earth. When Carey and his associates contemplated a mission to the heathen, he, on condition that they would raise the means at home, volunteered to go abroad, boldly saying, "If you will hold the rope, I will go down into the pit."—Never had we seen this graphic speech so nobly illustrated. I stood rebuked in the presence of this noble woman. Pure, virtuous, and delicate, what a sacrifice had she made for Christ, and perishing souls! It was one for angels to sing, and for Christ Himself to reward with, Sister of mine, well done. More than any sight I ever saw, it reminded me of Him who left his Father's bosom, and the honours paid by angels, to become the associate, and be called the Friend of sinners, to save us by his blood, and teach us by his example how to labour for the world's good and keep ourselves unspotted from its evil.

### Firmness in Temptation.

"Jesus saith unto him, Get thee hence, Satan."  
—MATT. IV. 10.

There is an awful intensity of meaning in the words, as applied to Jesus. "He suffered, being tempted!" Though incapable of sin, there was, in the refined sensibilities of His holy nature, that which made temptation unspeakably fearful.—What must it have been to confront the Arch-tutor!—to stand face to face to the throne of His throne, and His universe? But the "prince of this world" came, and found "nothing in Him." Billow after billow of

Satanic violence spent its fury, in vain, on the Living Rock!

Reader! you have still the same malignant enemy to contend with; assailing you in a thousand insidious forms; marvellously adapting his assaults to your circumstances, your temperament, your mental bias, your master passion! There is no place, where "Satan's seat" is not; "the whole world lieth in the Wicked one."—(1 John v. 19.) He has his whispers for the ear of childhood; hoary age is not inaccessible to his wiles. "All this will I give thee"—is still his bribe to deny Jesus and to "mind earthly things." He will meet you in the crowd; he will follow you to the solitude; his is a sleepless vigilance!

Are you bold in repelling him as your Master was? Are you ready with the retort to every foul suggestion. "Get thee hence, Satan"? Cultivate a tender sensitiveness about sin. The finest barometers are the most sensitive. Whatever be your besetting frailty—whatever bitter or baleful passion you are conscious aspires to the mastery—watch it, crucify it, "nail it to your Lord's cross." You may despise "the day of small things;"—the Great Adversary does *not*. He knows the power of *littles*;—that little by little consumes and eats out the vigour of the soul. And once the retrograde movement in the spiritual life begins, who can predict where it may end?—the going on "from weakness to weakness," instead of "from strength to strength." Make no compromises; never join in the ungodly amusement, or venture on the questionable path, with the plea, "It does me no harm." The Israelites, on entering Canaan, instead of obeying the Divine injunction of extirpating their enemies, made a hollow truce with them. What was the result? Years upon years of tedious warfare. "They were scourges in their sides and thorns in their eyes!" It is quaintly, but truthfully said by an old writer, "The candle will never burn clear, while there is a *thief* in it. Sin indulged, in the conscience, is like Jonah in the ship, which causeth such a tempest that the conscience is like a trouble sea, whose waters cannot rest."—(Thomas Brooks.) "Keep," then, "thy heart with all diligence," or, (as it is in the forcible original Hebrew,) "keep thy heart *above all keeping*," "for out of it are the issues of life"



(Prov. iv. 23). Let this ever be our preservative against temptation, "How would *Jesus* have acted here? would *He* not have recoiled, like the sensitive plant, from the remotest contact with sin? Can *I* think of dishonouring Him by tampering with His enemy;—incurring from his own lips the bitter reflection of injured love, 'I am wounded in the house of my friends'?"

He tells us the secret of our preservation and safety, "Simon! Simon! Satan hath desired to have thee, that he might sift thee as wheat; *but I* have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not!"—*The Mind of Jesus.*"

### WHAT WILL FOLKS THINK?

How often this vital (?) question is asked? In parlor and kitchen, in the city and country; every where, *everywhere*, old and young, rich and poor. God's people and the world's people, seem to defer more to the opinions of others than to their own judgement of what is best and right. "The speech of people" is the greatest bugbear in Christendom. One would suppose it to be much easier to do as we please, as we find it convenient or judge it right to do, promptly and independently, than to stop and turn round to find out who is looking on and what they will think or say, and then to square our own conclusions according to other people's estimates. So it would be—but we don't always do the easiest thing. We often work harder to circumvent a difficulty, meeting a great many more in our roundabout progress, than we should if we walked with a bold face straight up to the first one and conquered it. And then the unpleasant feelings we have to endure, the regrets and accusations we inflict upon ourselves, when we happen to have done something not exactly understood or approved by those ever-watchful, critical "folks" we desire so much to please—who can calculate them?

So I meditated as I listened to a talk between Lillie Robinson and her mother the other day.

Lillie says, "You know Jennie Sampson, mother?"

"Oh yes."

"You know she was at Julia Hathaway's birthday party."

"Yes."

"You know Julia only had two or three

little girls there, and I wore my merino dress and long-sleeved white apron."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, Jennie Sampson had on a beautiful silk dress. It had every color in it—oh, it was such a beauty. And what do you think she said to Julia?"

"I couldn't possibly tell," said the mother.

"Why, she said, Shouldn't you think Lillie Robinson's mother would dress her better than that when she goes to a party?"

"Who told you she said so?"

"Why, Julia told me herself this afternoon."

"Well, you don't care, do you, dear?"

"Yes, mamma, I'm sure I do. It makes me feel real bad."

"Why, Jennie didn't blame you; she blamed your mother."

Lillie was silenced for a moment, and her mother went on:

"Now, to be sure, a good little girl ought to feel just as badly to have her mother found fault with as to be found fault with herself."

"Well, I did, mamma."

"But then a good little girl ought to be so sure that her mother had done right, that she wouldn't be troubled at all by what a little child like Jennie might think of it. We mustn't regard what others say about us when we do what we know to be right. Mrs. Hathaway, like a sensible woman, gave a very proper, entertainment to Julia, sending for a few little girls to come in the afternoon to have a good play; and your mother, like a sensible woman too, as I think, dressed you for the occasion. When sixty or a hundred children are invited to a great party, where they can do nothing but stand up round the room to be looked at and get very tired, why then I suppose it is right enough that they should be dressed up like dolls, and try which will look the prettiest. But when they are sent for as you were—to play and have a good time—why then they must be dressed in clothes they can play in. Don't you think so?"

"Yes'm."

"Then your mother did perfectly right."

"Yes'm."

"Well, then, why do you care what a little girl like Jennie should think about it? You never need mind what people think

or say about you, my dear, if you are only sure that you do right, and act in a proper sensible manner. If they are good themselves, they will understand and approve what you do, and that, of course, will be gratifying. But if they are so weak and silly as to laugh at your conduct, you needn't fear or worry about it."

Mrs. Robinson was right. Blessed be independence, thought I. Why must we trim and scud and tack about to catch the wind of popular favor, when the honor which cometh from God, and the approbation of a "conscience void of offence" are so much more satisfying? If we have got to go all the way through life with Julia Hathaways at our elbow, to whisper what this one thinks and that one says of us, striving then to cut and contrive and adjust to suit all the Jennie Sampsons around, we may well exclaim—

"I am weary, I am weary  
Of the cares and toils of life."

for suddenly life is bereft at once of all comfort. Blessed be independence and moral courage, said I to myself again drawing a good long breath. Let me get above "folks" where I can breathe a pure atmosphere and exist. The idea of suffocating, literally choking to death, down in the close, vitiated atmosphere of a meddlesome and gossiping world, is to my thinking not at all agreeable.

H. E. B.

### THREE BLASPHEMERS.

When I was pursuing my studies in the University of the city of New York, one of our professors told me the following story. It shows how remarkably God sometimes answers prayer, and deals with the boldest sinners:—

At one time there were three noted young men students in the institution. They were remarkable for their talents, but more for their wickedness. Scarcely any of the ways of vice had been untrod-den by them. One of their favorite sins was blasphemy.

To gratify this, they hired an unoccupied room of the University, and once a week they held in it what they called "a religious service." The object was to ridicule religion, and make a mock of the public service of Almighty God. They

made a sort of pulpit at one end of the room, and arranged benches in the body of it.

They invited students to attend their weekly meeting. They also brought in many others not connected with the University, and sometimes the room would be crowded. Their mock services was conducted as follows:

One of the number would open the meeting by giving out a hymn, which he had previously altered and travestied so as to turn it into horrible Blasphemy. This was sung in a sacred tune. The singing being over, they read a chapter from the Bible, which was altered and travestied in like manner. After this, one of them would take a text from the sacred volume, and address the audience for about the time usually occupied in delivering a sermon, and would conclude with a benediction to match the other proceedings.

The whole affair was unparalleled in wickedness and blasphemy. As may be imagined, some who were induced to attend from curiosity were horror-stricken, and felt as though it would not have been strange if the curse of God had descended upon them, and brought them at once before the judgement-seat.

Pious students of the university knew of the proceedings and made the authors of them the subject of special prayer. One evening they had assembled as usual and had finished the preliminary services, and the time had come for one of their number to preach. He arose, gave out the text; he appeared to be trembling, and commenced as follows:

"My friends. I feel that every one of us is standing on the brink of hell." Here he was interrupted by mock groans and cries of "hear, hear," that's good." He did not laugh, but with apparent fear continued; "Do not mock, I am in earnest. Were it not for the goodness of God we should all be struck down as we deserve. Let us all cry for mercy." They saw that he was sincere, every one was shaking with fear; they fell upon their knees, tears rolled down their cheeks and one after another set up a cry for mercy. The Lord had made his presence felt, and the remainder of the evening was spent in earnest prayer.

Years have passed, and now, while I write, three of those young men are work-

ing earnestly as ministers of the gospel. One is preaching in a foreign field, and the other too are pastors of churches in this country. Two years ago I heard one of them say that when he was in the University a Christian student asked a friend to unite with him in prayer for him. The friend replied that the young man was so abandoned from everything good it would be of no use. He insisted Christ could save the worst sinner, and prayer was offered. Many were the supplications which went to heaven for them, and we have seen how abundantly they were answered.—*S. S. Times.*

### PATSY AND THE SQUIRE.

Patsy O'Blane was a poor ragged boy, living on a wild Irish moore. He folded the sheep, stacked the peat, and dug the potatoes, without hat or shoes, for he owned neither. He also cooked the food, and swept the clay floor, while his father herded the cattle of the squire, who owned all the lands and cottages around them. Theirs was a poor dwelling, with its one only window, and with the thatch falling from the roof; but it was *Home*, and therefore dear to them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And now, yer honour, doesn't yer own word show how true this book is?" asked

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Jesus didn't try to prove it to the ruler, sir, nor will I to ye. If ye see a man walking on the highway, ye don't bid him to stop and prove to ye that he was ever born, for ye know he was, or he wouldn't be there alive," replied Patsy, "So when ye see one like father, once dead in sin, now alive and walking in the road to heaven, you may know he's born again widout him proving it to ye, sir."

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

God for this new heart, and he didn't hear my prayer, as your father said He would. 'Och, sir, but ye asked amiss—all from selfishness! Ye war rich now and wanted to be so for ever. But ye warn't rich at heart, because ye had sinned against God; yer soul didn't cry out to have Him glorified, whatever became o' ye! Likes enough, ye went to God feeling that ye was Squire Phelan and no mean man; and that it was great condescension in ye to seek His face. But ye'll niver find the Lord so, sir, said the boy.

'How did you go to Him, Pat?' asked the squire.

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

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

'Och, sir, that *cannot* be, for I have the word o' God Himself, and that can niver fail,' replied the boy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Och, sir, and it's not all claned out intirely yet,' answered the boy. 'But I gives it no rest, for I'll niver shelter an inimy o' Jesus *here* in peace; and the poor boy smote his breast.

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

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

J. D. C.

WELL REGULATED CHARITY.—Pisistratus, the Grecian general, walking through some of the fields, several persons implored his charity. 'If you want beasts to plough your land,' said he, 'I will lend you some; if you want seed to sow your land, I will give you some; but I will encourage none in idleness.' By this conduct, in a short time there was not a beggar in all his dominions.

## THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

"And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."—Luke xxii. 44.

How little can we understand of the sufferings of Jesus! Into the sacred sanctuary of His sorrows who dares to enter? Our best attempts to come near to Him leave us standing at a distance, gazing upon Him afar off. The sea of His grief was deep, and we behold Him tossed to and fro as by an unseen hand, but we hear very little of the fury of the storm. A shallow, superficial nature heave and roars beneath the slightest breeze of affliction; but the holy nature of Jesus, calm and deep at all times, scarcely utters a moan amid the terrors of the most dreadful storm. Very few and slight are the intimations of His sorrows, who was most emphatically "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." From His own lips we can gather but little to guide us over the dark and dreadful sea where for a time He appeared to drift, forsaken, naked, desolate, and alone. The great ocean of His anguish was too deep to utter its voice. Its great waves heave and roll on beneath the eye in awful majesty and silence. Jesus seldom spoke while all the waves and billows of God's wrath were passing over Him, and of the meaning of the few words which He did utter we can apprehend but little. His grief was too deep for tears, too great for words. "Behold," said one of old, "and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." No doubt the sorrows of this good man were great; still we could have understood them, and felt for him, for he was a man, like unto ourselves. But Jesus—the holy, the pure, the unselfish Jesus—how can we appreciate His? And yet it is right that we should strive to apprehend at least a little of His sorrows, for they were the sorrows of humanity, and most emphatically our own. He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows; "the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." May the Holy Spirit guide our meditations!

"And being in an agony he prayed more fervently." What could be the cause of

His anguish? As yet His back was not given to the scourge, nor His sacred temples to the thorns. His quivering flesh shrunk not as yet from the rugged nails; nor was his body oppressed by His weighty cross. What could it be, then? Ah, there was a Hand present, administering the elements of a bitter cup, which no human eye could perceive. There was a pressure from the hand of God which no soul could feel but His own. "It pleased the Father to bruise him." Jesus suffered not simply as a man, but as the Surety of His people. There sins were upon Him by imputation, and the hand of His Father's justice must inflict the penalty. Already some few drops of the coming storm have fallen upon His holy soul, and amazed, and prostrate, and full of agony unutterable, He falls to the ground. His very pores were blood. O sin, sin, sin! what hast thou done? This is thy dreadful work;—'twas thou, my soul—thy sins which brought the Father's hand upon His Son, until He weeps and cries, "If it be possible, let this cup pass away." He saw in the distance the cruel soldiery, the purple robe, the crown of thorns, the weary journey, the infuriated crowd, the lingering, protracted death; but it was not the apprehension of these which filled His soul with agony,—there were deeper wounds than these, and even now He felt their smart. His Father's hand must smite Him, and from the enjoyment of His love He must for a time be cut off. This was the dread penalty He must endure, and it was this which

"Made the sacred drops of anguish fall."—

and drew such importunate cries from His lips. Think of this, O my soul! and learn to hate those sins which placed a gulph between even the soul of the holy Jesus and that Father whom He so loved.

But deep as was the agony of Jesus, it sealed not up His lips, nor prevented the access of His spirit to God. He still embraced the Hand which smote Him. The storm was severe, but still His simple, confiding, and child-like faith pointed to His Father in Heaven. His God had said, "He would hold His hand;" and now that the deep waters have come in to His soul, and He sinks where there is no standing, He pleads and rests upon

the promise. It is deeply affecting to contemplate the soul of man struggling amid the storms of life to reach upward towards God, the source of its strength. How much more so to contemplate the struggles of His soul, who, single-handed and alone, had to grapple with all our foes, and to stand beneath all our accumulated sorrows. And yet our Saviour failed not: no, He prayed "more fervently." The storm was loud, but His voice was louder than the storm; His anguish was great, but His prayers were greater. Oh, reader, what an example to thee amid the battle of life, the temptations of Satan, the sophistries of reason, the mysteries of providence, and the dark shadows of the grave, to pray on and on, and still more fervently; the darker the night, the heavier the cross! This will help us to stand in the trying day, to hope against hope, to battle with all our foes; and however rudely the winds of trial, and temptations, and affliction may blow, will keep us from making shipwreck of faith amid the storms of life.

### IT IS PLEASANT FLOATING.

Several years since, three young men, bathing one sunny day in a beautiful river, allowed themselves to float downward toward a waterfall, some distance below. At length two of them made for the shore, and to their alarm found that the current was stronger than they had supposed. They immediately hailed the other, and urged him also to seek the shore. But he smiled at their fears, and floated on. "It is pleasant floating!" he said, and seemed to enjoy it much. Soon several persons were gathered on the bank of the river, and, alarmed for his safety, they cried out in deep earnestness, "Make for the shore, make for the shore, or you will certainly go over!" But he still floated on, laughing at their fears. Soon he saw his danger, and exerted his utmost energies to gain the bank. But alas! it was too late! The current was too strong. He cried for help, but no help could reach him. His mind was filled with anguish, and just as he reached the fearful precipice, he threw himself up with arms extended, gave an unearthly shriek, and then was plunged into the boiling abyss below. How striking an illustration of the conduct and final ruin of thousands of immortal souls, who are float-

ing pleasantly and thoughtlessly on the stream of life towards the gulf of despair! They are warned and entreated with tears, by alarmed and faithful friends. Christians urge them, Christian ministers warn them, but all in vain! They float on, mocking the fears of those who love them most, till too late they awake to their danger, and see just beneath them the gulf of eternal ruin!

Reader, it may be that this is *your case*. You have been warned you have been entreated, but hitherto you have been warned and entreated in vain. The year began, and you were floating towards destruction: the year has closed, and still you are floating on to your eternal doom. How near you may be to the brink of the precipice, neither you nor I can tell. Make for the shore! make for the shore! Before it is too late seize the hand of the Saviour stretched out to save you! It will be too late *sometime*. It may be *too late soon*! Thank God, it is not too late now!—*The Appeal*.

### NO MIDDLE PLACE.

There are many persons who, if asked, will candidly acknowledge that they know they are not fit to go to heaven; conscience tells that they are not "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints." Yet if you ask them if they expect to go to hell, they will immediately reply, we hope not. Now this is very strange. What are we to say of such people? they, by their own confession look for some middle place. They are not fit for heaven, and they hope they will not go to hell. Why, the fact is, they have not thought about it. They have a dreamy, sleepy idea of some other world, but it is neither of the two other worlds mentioned in the Bible. It is a world of their own fancy, a middle place, and those who reach it are free from the torments of hell, and yet never enjoy the happiness of heaven.—Oh! what a spirit of delusion! What a device of Satan!

"He that is not with me," says Christ, "is against me."

"He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16).

## HOLD BY THE ROPE!

When living in a country town, I knew an old shoemaker, very much afflicted, but very godly. He had a noble family, and one of them, a fine fellow, twenty-four or twenty-five years old, who went off to the South Sea fisheries.

The poor old man never heard of his son Joshua for three years; but one day he was greatly surprised to find that he was in port sick and he was brought by his messmates to his father's house. As soon as he was put in bed, this golly old man sent for me, being a friend of his, and minister of the parish, and I endeavoured by every means I could adopt to put the gospel before this dying sailor, but he did not seem to be able to understand it.

At last, while I was talking to him one day as simply as I could, the idea of a rope being thrown from a ship to a sailor perishing in the waters struck my mind, and I gave him that as an illustration of the Gospel. He seemed to get hold of the truth a little; but he was one of those men that never said more than he felt; and I used to go day by day, endeavouring to bring home this illustration to him. He daily grew worse, and he never gave me much sign that he had got hold of the Gospel.

One morning I received a message from his father to say his son was dead, and he wished to see him. I went to the old man and I found his eyes running over with tears; but they were tears of joy! I said, "Well, Joshua is gone?" "Yes, sir," said he; "my boy is gone, but I believe he has gone to the Lord." "What makes you think that?" I asked. "Why," said he, "I sat up with him all night, and I endeavoured in my poor way to keep the truths before him that you had stated. I said this morning, about four o'clock, 'Joshua think of the rope; think of the rope, my dear boy.' He said, 'Father I have got it, and he died!'"

There, I believe, was a soul saved from everlasting death. There was a soul that Jesus Christ saved in the very same way that he is willing to save you. Think of what Jesus Christ can do; and, if I never speak to you again, dear brethren, I do say, this is a blessed text which I would

leave with you,—"God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." Yes, "God sent his Son to bless you in turning away every one of you from his iniquities."

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!"—*Rev. J. W. Reeves.*

## "DO WITH THY MIGHT."

In passing over the great railway which spans the Alleghany mountains, the mind is first impressed with a sense of the grandeur and beauty of the scene through which we are hastening. The feeling which very naturally succeeds is one of wonder at the boldness of a project for constructing a railroad through such a region. One would almost imagine that the engineers first sent out to survey such a line would have laid down their instruments in despair, and pronounced the route impossible. Yet there is the road, winding in and out among the everlasting hills, clinging to their rocky sides, while overhead the tall peaks rise, and below the peaceful valleys sleep, nestling beside their glancing mountain streams.

It is, indeed, a wonderful instance of the triumph of will power over matter. Who can look on such a triumph and not feel stimulated to new exertion in contending with the slight difficulties which oppose his course? "What we will we may be," if we will only learn "to do with our might whatever our hands find to do." Almost every one has aspirations for something higher than he has yet attained. Yet too many are content to gain it. They see only the obstacles before them and at once cry out, "There is a lion in the way," and so run away from duty.

Courage and industry are the two great watchwords of success. The stroke of the chisel does not tell much on the marble, but little by little as the strokes are repeated, the rough points are worn away, and the graceful figure developed, until at last the beautiful statute stands forth the wonder and admiration of the world. Just so untiringly must our efforts for improvement be repeated if we would develop a symmetrical character.

"Having then gifts differing according unto the grace given unto us," let us strive to improve these gifts unto the utmost. "Whatever your calling may be," says an earnest writer, "strive to be eminent in that calling."—*S. S. Times.*

### The Sinner Sealing his own Fate.

It is a well known law of the human constitution, that while practical habits grow stronger by repeated acts, passive impressions, by the same process, are weakened. Thus, the sight of suffering is, at first, exceedingly painful, and this sympathetic pain prompts us to exert ourselves in order to relieve the sufferer. Now we find, in proportion as the habits of acting in obedience to our impressions become fixed, the impressions themselves become fainter and fainter. Hence physicians and nurses will do a great deal more for the sick than surrounding friends, although they may not feel for them half so much. Now, to allow these impressions to be repeated, and thus gradually weakened, without acquiring the practical habits which they were meant to produce, is fatal to the character. It is, as another has well expressed it, "to burn up the kindling without starting the fire." This explains the injurious effects of theatre-going and novel-reading, where passive impressions are repeatedly awakened by imaginary scenes of distress but no opportunity is offered to act in the way these impressions would dictate. In this we have a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon so puzzling to philanthropists, viz: that delicate and refined men and women will fare sumptuously every day, eating "whatever is good," and recline nightly upon couches of down, while entirely undisturbed by a knowledge of the fact, that many forms, weary and hungry, are fainting almost at their doors. They have lost the susceptibility of receiving impressions from the sight of suffering, without having acquired the habit of practical benevolence.

The same law prevails with reference to religious impressions. The oftener these are repeated, the oftener the sinner feels moved to act in view either of the love or justice of God, and allows these impressions to pass away without acting in accordance with them. The less and less becomes the probability that he will ever do so. On each repetition the impression becomes fainter, and the indisposition to act stronger. The glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ thus becomes to thousands in whose hearing it is proclaimed, a savour of death unto death. It is impossible to wear out these impressions, so, there shall be nothing left in the heart for God's spirit to act upon and when this is once effected, of course the case of the impenitent soul becomes hope-

less. Sinner rouse from this sleep. You have often felt these impressions, and as often have you refused to act in obedience to them. You know from experience that they are daily growing weaker—take heed lest they disappear and leave you confirmed in your sins.

### THE BLIND DISCIPLE.

While a resident, a few years ago, in Western Asia, I knew a Christian Arab, of whose example it has been a pleasure often to think since my return to my native shores. He was an old man, feeble and tottering with years, totally blind and very poor. I know not whether he yet lives; but for a long series of years he devoted his time and strength to the cause of his Redeemer with an ardour which, in his circumstances, seemed almost sublime. In addition to the charge of a school, of from twenty to thirty youths, in his humble dwelling where, with the assistance of his son, he long taught and preached the Lord Jesus Christ, he was greatly interested in the distribution of the Holy Scriptures and religious tracts. Blind though he was, he loved to load his donkey with the precious burden, and getting a little boy to lead him, to go forth on foot from village to village, on the slopes and in the valleys of the goodly Lebanon, spreading the light of life among his benighted countrymen. Eighteen years ago he was old, and said he must "work fast" in order to "redeem the time." But year after year he still toiled on, although he intended never to lay aside his work till he laid down his life.

"Poor old man!" most men would exclaim on seeing him wending his way on his errands of mercy. But it were well if we were all as rich as he—as rich in faith, and love, and good works—and as likely to reap the rewards of faithful efforts to turn sinners from the error of their way, and save souls from death.

What an amount of good can be accomplished by the humblest instruments when the heart is right; and what a rebuke is such an example to the multitudes, in lands more highly favoured, who content themselves with doing nothing, because they are so unlearned, so poor, so old, so weak in circumstances so unfavourable!—*Tract Journal.*



# THE GOOD NEWS.

September 1st, 1861.

## VOLUNTARY AGENTS.

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

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

## POSTAGE.

The postage imposed by the Postmaster-General on the "Good News," is 12 cents per annum or 6 cents per six months payable in advance either at the office of publication or delivery.

Our subscribers will see that it is for their interest to avail themselves of the commuted rate. We are still of opinion that our publications are free according to law, but as the Postmaster-General is not of the same mind, our subscribers will find it more convenient to arrange for the commuted impost, than pay a cent each number.

## How Many Religions are There?

All the various religious persuasions in the world rank under two heads, viz:—Man's religion and the faith of Jesus.

Man's religion is that man must perform his part, and God will perform His. Now let the words of Jesus inform us what man's part is; "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," (Matt. xxii. 37-39); and Christ's application of the latter is, "go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor," (Matt. xix. 21.) If man performs his part, he does not require salvation: he will receive the reward of

his merit, (Rom. iv. 4.) but no man ever did this, except the Man Christ Jesus.—The faith of Jesus, on the contrary is, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness," (Rom. iv. 5.)

Man's religion says, "you must serve the Lord:" and whether the speaker be the Idolator, the Romanist, or the Protestant; the religion is the same in principle; whereas the faith of Jesus says that God has made Himself the servant of man. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister (Matt. xx: 28), and to give His life a ransom for many:" deeply indeed do we need such service, for by the testimony of the same blessed One, man has become such a helpless slave of sin that he cannot even come to the Saviour unless he is drawn; yes dear reader, whatever you may think of your position, and of the privileges of the Church to which you belong; if you have not peace with God, being justified by faith, (Rom. v. 1.) —if you do not find joy in God (I do not mean God's mercies, but God Himself. v. 11,) if you do not know that your sins are forgiven, (Eph. i. 7,) then you stand before God condemned, (John iii. 18); and what worse are those who have died in their sins! It is of no use for you to think that because you have been baptized into a Church, that therefore you are a Christian—no; you may have taken the bread and wine by which Christians commemorate the death of Jesus; and still you are worshipping a God of your own imagination, and insulting Him who searches the hearts, unless you have been shown the dreadful sin of your own heart, and learned the power of that faith which worketh by love; and the only difference between you and those who have died in their sins is that God is willing to forgive, willing did I say? Ah, you deeply wrong that eternal Love of God which has looked upon you from before the foundation of

the world, and is now unsatisfied because you are not in possession of joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving . . . the salvation of your soul," (1 Pet. i. 8-9.)—Mark, dear friend, it is not "hoping to receive," but "receiving," this joy "unspeakable and full of glory." This "salvation of the soul," is either a present possession or no possession at all. But if you are indeed as helpless as I said you were (John vi. 44,) what can you do to obtain this salvation? Your doing is the very thing that keeps you away from Jesus. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent, (John vi. 29.) But you have not power to exercise that faith which is the gift of God. Very well, consider the position you are in—calmly think over it. It is a solemn reality—"Carnal, sold under sin," (Rom vii. 14.) Do not let some other thought come in and drive away this reality, or eternity will force it upon you. Well, there you must remain, unless the sovereign power of God pluck you from it. That sovereign power is just what you are slighting. That sovereign God of power has revealed His will by saying that your sins are imputed to another, (2 Cor. v. 19:) but you love sin and wilfully continue its servant, in defiance of God's sovereignty. Go on so, and you will find that that sovereign God hates sin—you will find it once and forever. For a sinner to say, "I can do nothing of myself," is to insult God, who does not ask you to do anything. Your doings are rebellion against Him, and yet this is God's reply, "You hateful rebel, I loved you before the foundation of the world;" yes, dear fellow-sinner, this is what breaks these hard hearts of ours in pieces. The bleeding Saviour has witnessed to that love; and the Spirit now witnesses to it.—You hate God, and God loves you.

J. S.

Bailieboro, 1861.

## GOING TO JESUS.

MY dear friend Augustus is much troubled at times about his acceptance with God. "Has the Saviour really received me?" he says to himself; and he goes doubting and sorrowing to think there should be in his soul any uncertainty on this point. He came to me a few days ago, to know how it was with me: he thought his experience might gain from mine. Said he, "Don't you doubt sometimes whether you have been forgiven?" "Oh yes, said I, "I often doubt; but I have found a way to get rid of the doubt!" "Tell me!" said he eagerly, "tell me!" "Why, it is thus;" I said to him, "when these doubts come upon me, I resolved that if I *have* been deceiving myself, I will do so no longer; that if I never *have* been forgiven, I will go at that instant to the Saviour for pardon; and I go to him instantly with prayers and tears." "Well," said Augustus, interrupting me, "what then?" "Why it just seems to me that the Saviour meets me, and says 'What, you here again? Why, I forgave you long ago! But you shall not come and go away without a blessing—go in peace, and doubt no more!' And, my dear friend, I have never found this plan to fail; and since I have practised it, have been less troubled with such doubts than before." "I'll try it myself," said Augustus.

## ALL READY.

A chaplain, who was in the action on the 21st of July, said that a soldier was laid down at his feet in the midst of the fight. A bullet had entered the back of his neck and come out at his mouth. The chaplain knew him.

"How do you feel?" inquired the chaplain. "Do you think that the wound is mortal?" rejoined the soldier.

"I think it is mortal," was the reply, "though we must hope for the best."

"Tell my dear mother and the dear ones at home that I am all ready, if I am to be called away—all ready."

He sunk down in the arms of those who were supporting him, his lips parted and he gently whispered once more, "all ready," and he was gone.

"OH! how blessed," said the chaplain, "was it to know, as I looked upon his pale face, that my soldier friend was *all ready*. I did not doubt it. I had heard his voice often in the prayer meeting in the camps. I did not doubt he was 'all ready.'"

## FORWARD.

Shall this life of mine be wasted ?  
 Shall this vineyard lie untilled ?  
 Shall true joy pass by untasted,  
 And this soul remain unfilled ?

Shall the God-given hours be scattered,  
 Like the leaves upon the plain ?  
 Shall the blossoms die unwatered  
 By the drops of heavenly rain ?

Shall I see each fair sun waking,  
 And not feel, it wakes for me ?  
 Each glad morning brightly breaking,  
 And not feel, it breaks for me ?

Shall I see the roses blooming,  
 And not wish to bloom as they ?  
 Holy fragrance round me throwing,  
 Luring others on the way.

Shall I hear the free bird singing  
 In the summer's stainless sky,  
 Far aloft its grand flight winging,  
 And not seek to soar as high ?

Shall this heart still spend its treasures  
 On the things that fade and die ;  
 Shall it court the hollow pleasures  
 Of bewildering vanity ?

Shall these lips of mine be idle ;  
 Shall I open them in vain ?  
 Shall I not with God's own bridle  
 Their frivolites restrain ?

Shall these eyes of mine still wander ?—  
 Or, no longer turned afar,  
 Fix a firmer gaze and ponder  
 On the bright and morning Star ?

Shall these feet of mine, delaying,  
 Still in ways of sin be found,  
 Braving snares and madly straying  
 On the world's bewitching ground ?

No, I was not born to trifle  
 Life away in dreams or sin !  
 No, I must not, dare not stifle  
 Longings such as these within !

Swiftly moving, upward, onward,  
 Let my soul in faith be borne ;  
 Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,  
 Let my eye unshrinking turn !

Where the Cross, God's love revealing,  
 Sets the fettered spirit free,  
 Where it sheds its wondrous healing,  
 There, my soul, thy rest shall be !

Then no longer idly dreaming  
 Shall I fling my years away ;  
 But, each precious hour redeeming,  
 Wait for the eternal day !

H BONAR

## PREACH CHRIST.

One who in his own deep experience has felt the need of Christ and learned the exceeding preciousness of Christ, knows how to preach Him to others; and the chief power of the pulpit to save men springs from those sermons which are the expression of the preacher's personal experience. One of our exchanges has some good remarks on this point:

The great want of the human spirit is a living Saviour able to save the soul. When man is convicted of sin, and finds himself utterly powerless as to freedom from sin, and begins to feel that possibly he is doomed, what does he want? What tidings will cheer him? One great fact alone can minister to his necessities—It is Christ, mighty to save the chief of sinners—the assurance that there is no depth of human depravity which His grace and power cannot reach. This assurance will help him, and nothing else will. Preach Christ! Having an experience of the want of your own heart in the day of your anxiety, hold up Christ as He met your wants then. Tell the sinner what he wants to know of the Saviour, nor perplex his mind with things which he cares nothing for, because he is in no mood for investigation. Tell him how Christ came down from above, commissioned as the world's Saviour—how He was tempted—how He wept and sympathized with man—how He prayed—how He declared that none should be spurned from His presence—how He forgave the penitent thief, and assured him of a throne in Paradise—how He died for our sins, according to the Scriptures—how He triumphed over death, and rose from the grave—how He ascended on high—, dispensed the Holy Spirit, and is interceding for us above.

These facts at once reveal the past and present interest of Christ in this world's welfare. They assure man that he has a Saviour who lives, as well as one who died on the accursed tree. The apostle determined to know nothing among the Corinthians save Christ and Him crucified.

He well knew that the more Christ was preached, the more man's attention was drawn to Him as a Saviour, the less time and disposition would there be for doubtful disputation. Perhaps the experience of Christian pastors has often harmonized with

that of the apostle ; they have observed what it was which proved interesting and effectual when preached ; they have noticed the hungering and thirsting of the most spiritual and devout after Christ. They have observed the starting tear, the brilliant eye, and the interested look when Christ is preached, which told very plainly what theme reached the heart and stirred the fountain within.

Christ is the soul and centre of the gospel. The good news relates to his living, dying, and triumphing for us. He who preaches the Gospel will preach Christ.—Metaphysics and polemics are as nothing when compared with Christ. They may be useful in the school or the study for mental discipline, but they are not "Bread of Life" to a starving world. Preach Him who is the "Bread of life."

### SIMPLE PETER.

It is very weak and silly to be vain of rich clothes, beautiful faces or rich mansions. This, every child knows, having been taught by cradle hymns and nursery stories that these can not be trusted in. He knows that our ornaments, however much we may boast of them, are the gifts of the worm, the bird, or the dark mine, and procured neither by our skill nor our wisdom. But there are other gifts which come to us directly from the hand of God, of which we sometimes feel that we do well to be proud,—our good sense, our talents, our genius. These often cause the man, as well as the boy, to hold the head erect, and to look down scornfully on those less favored of heaven. But alas! some who have ten talents will come short of heaven, while many a poor one, almost an idiot, who obeyed the little of his Master's will which had been revealed to him, will find rest with Jesus, where the veil shall be lifted from the dark mind, and he shine forever as a star in the kingdom of God.

We know, nor are we ashamed to say, that we know him well,—a poor man whom the world calls "an idiot." In early childhood he received an injury on the head which fractured the skull. Not having proper medical care, a small bit of bone which should have been removed, was left pressing upon the brain. The wound healed over, but the mind never regained its vigour. The poor child of poverty could never take care of himself again. As years wore on, his natural protectors grew weary of him, and a large-hearted gentleman resolved, for Christ's sake, to provide for the poor outcast. Under his care he was taught to count, to run little errands, and was also sent to the Sabbath school. He could never comprehend the mysteries of the alphabet; but

the greater mysteries revealed in the way of salvation; he understood and believed with a readiness which might cause many wise, many noble, to blush. His strong faith unflinching obedience were beautiful to behold. If told by his teacher that such or such a thing would please Jesus, he would do it, no matter what obstacle lay before him; but if he knew any act would be offensive to the Saviour, nothing could bribe him to it.

The poor fellow was perfectly aware that he was not like other people, for when forty years old, he sought his company among children, teaching them the little he knew, and entering heartily into their joys. He did all in his power to gather outcasts into the Sabbath school, which was his paradise. At one time there was quite a rebellion among the larger boys in the school, and many left, saying, with the spirit of pride which goeth before destruction, 'We are too big to go to Sunday school.' The superintendent who was giving his all to their interests, was so pained that he covered his face with his hands and wept. Then the poor simple boy,—or man, as he really was,—rose and said in broken language, looking sadly from his dull eyes, "The Lile says, them that God has given much to, he'll expect a great deal of. Now, boys, he haint given but a little speck to me, so he wont ask much of me; but if he gin me as much senses as he has you, I'd be afraid to look him in the face if I behaved as you do."

All felt the rebuke, and were more influenced by it than by the words of the wise. Oh, will not such as he, who hearing of Jesus, believe in him at once, rise in judgment against many, who with clearer intellects have rejected the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world? Let us take heed how we despise one of these little ones; nor let us boast of our wisdom and talents until we know that they will not increase our condemnation at the great day. J. D. C.

### THE EYE OF GOD EVERYWHERE

God reigns in glory, and on high  
Sits on his throne of majesty ;  
Yet from that glorions throne He bends,  
And even to a child attends.

Asleep, awake, by night, by day,  
Where'er I go, what'er I say,  
Although the Lord I cannot see,  
His eye is always fixed on me.

He hears me when I pray or praise,  
He also ponders all my ways :  
May I so live as God approves,  
May I be one whom Jesus loves.

Oh, may I try to praise Him still,  
To know, and love, and do His will  
Then will my joy and gladness be,  
That God's own eye is fixed on me.

## TRUE RELIGION.

*True religion will express itself in personal, actual visits to widows and fatherless in their affliction.*

The circumstances of some are such, that they can bequeath at death what they could not afford to part with in their lifetime; but there is no charity in leaving money, which we could now spare, to do good when we are dead. There is no self-denial—no cross bearing in that. If we could carry the money along with us to another world, there might be virtue in leaving behind; but since we cannot, and have to leave the world as naked as we entered it, there is none. In fact, we are giving away what is not ours.—what ceases to be ours the moment of our death,—what our right to, express with life. Men are called by the apostle to mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts; by such *mortifications*, as they are called in Scotland, men do not mortify themselves; but their heirs—whom they cheat of their expectations, to purchase a worthless name. The fortunes that rear such falsely splendid charities, prove nothing in favor of the honors; but rather the reverse. They only show how hard, and cold, and grasping, and avaricious these men and women were; and that only death could compel the miser to relax his iron gripe of the widow's and orphan's bread. Whatsoever thy hand, therefore, findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, to be found in the grave whither thou goest.

Now, in regard to the works of charity which religion requires, it is a pity that some, willing and anxious to do them, should miss the way of doing them well. They overlook the importance of giving a literal obedience to the words of James. They help but they do not *visit*, personally visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction. Such direct intercourse is of as great advantage to those that give as to those that get; softening, if not sanctifying, the hearts of both. Many do not seem to know how much charity resembles a delicate perfume that, by being poured from one vessel into another, loses the finest part of its aroma; and that to awaken gratitude, it is not sufficient that the giver dole out his bounty through a middle party—by

the hands of a hired, and it may be a hard official. Let thirty lips drink, not at the pipe, but where the grateful spring bubbles up fresh and cold from its native fountain. Wherever possible, therefore, distribute your charities with your own hand; for there is much the same difference between sending your servant, or the agent of a society, and carrying the gifts yourselves, that there was between Gehazi with his master's staff, and the living prophet—the first may fill the hand, but, as when Elisha took the dead boy in his arms, it is the last that sets the heart a-beating. The kindly visit, the look the tone, the starting tear of sympathy, the patient attention to the tale, of suffering these make our gold or silver shine with double brightness, and impart a double sweetness to the bread we give. By this, without lowering yourself, you will lift up the poor; and win them, perhaps, to God and goodness. A hand laid kindly on a child's head has been laid on a mother's heart; and with hold of that, God helping you, you may save the perishing— and steer a whole household right to Heaven. See, whether you eat or drink, or give meat and drink, you do all to the glory of God.

Some think that they have no leisure or means to undertake such mission. Roman Catholics leave them to Sisters of Charity; and we, in these Protestant lands, too much to hired agents, benevolent societies, and kind Christian women. Now though, not be able personally to do all that we can; for I am sure that to be brought into personal contact with the poor is good both for us and for them. How much is it in our power “the day will reveal,” when, called by name, some of once straitened circumstances and humble life shall step out from the crowd to hear the Judge say, “I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me: for inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.” Woe that day to them who find time to visit the great, and rich, and noble, but the poor never; time to spend on luxurious banquets, and at theatres and balls, where delicate feet thread the great dance, that never stood on the bare floors of poverty? who regale with music ears that never listened to the

wail of widows, or the moaning child that cried for bread, and its mother has none to give it; who stoop to worship wealth and rank, but never to raise the fallen, or bend, with words of comfort, over the bed of some poor, trembling, dying sinner! "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you: your gold and silver is cankered, the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."

None are without time and means for such missions of mercy. To convince you, let me guide you to a scene where pure and undefiled religion stands before us in those who had little time to spare, and less money to spend. Enter this foul close with me; bend your head to this low-browed door; climb one dark stair, another, and still another. Now, you are in a cold, empty garret; and there, beneath a patched and dusky skylight, lies a dying, woman, a stranger in a strange land; beside whose lowly pallet, stands a pale gentle, weeping child. Called to many a dying bed, I have seen death in all shapes and forms; some rejoicing; many afraid to let go, and clinging to the earth; others eager to be gone; but that garret, where I knelt on the bare floor, seemed nearer than any to heaven. It seemed as if the angels that carried the beggar to Abraham's bosom were there—waiting the last sinking breath to bear that saintly spirit to the skies. I saw not them; but in the room where the orphan stood by her mother's corpse, seemingly without a friend in all the world, I met two God-sent angel-women. They took the child to their own home. Bereft of one mother, in them she found two. They shared their scanty meals with her; and when the world was sleeping, plied their needles to earn her bread, to send her to school, to rear her in comely virtues, and shield her young head and heart in an evil world. What inspired this noble generosity? They had come from the country, and were themselves poor; but touched with the sight of much poverty greater than their own, that they resolved that though they could not do much, they would do what they could. If many around them must perish, they could, at least, save one; and so, each taking this sinking child by the hand, with the other free, these sisters buffeted the billows of adverse fortune, and

unknown to the world, but amid the applause of Jesus, and of angels that watched their progress from the skies, they brought the orphan in safety to the shore. There was pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father:

May the Spirit of God inspire you to go and do likewise. Better walk in the steps of these lowly women than in the dazzling train of queens. Better have our names written on the hearts of widows and the fatherless, than on the pages of immortal history. Let crawling worms creep upwards, and leave behind them the slime of their meanness, and base methods of reaching heights, from which death's rude hand shall cast them down into the grave. Be it ours rather, like god's heavenly creatures—the sun, the rain, the dew—to descend in blessings on those beneath us. How many fruits that sun ripens, how many cold things he warms, how many flowers he paints and opens, how many birds he sets a-singing before he sinks in night! I would be the rain-drop that ere it returns to its parent sea, leaves a blessing at some lowly root. Nay, I would be the tiny dew-drop that, glistening in the morning sun-beams, refreshes the lips of some thirsty flower ere, exhaled by the sun, it ascends to heaven! Do, at least, some, and try to do much good ere you die. Seek to live loved, and to die lamented; to be blessed in life, and to be missed at death. Live so that over your grave, however lowly, they may raise a tombstone, inscribed with the words, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

KEEPING THE HEART.—The hearts of believers are like gardens, wherein there are not only flowers, but weeds also; and as the former must be watered and cherished, so the latter must be crushed and nipped. If nothing but dews and showers fall upon the heart, though they seem to tend to the cherishing of their graces, yet the weeds of corruption will be apt to grow up with them, and in the end to choke them, unless they are nipped and blasted by the severity of threatenings.—  
*Owen.*

## Sabbath School Lessons.

September 14th, 1861.

### DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

I. There came two angels to Sodom at even. v. 1. They were respectfully and earnestly invited by Lot to partake of the hospitalities of his roof. They appeared to Lot as men, but there must have been something extraordinary and attractive in their appearance. In this kind treatment of strangers, Lot followed the good example of Abraham. When the angels declined his invitation, he became so urgent that they at last accepted it. We may infer from Lot's manner that he apprehended that the men of the city would lay hands on the strangers, were they to remain in the street. The third angel, "the angel of the covenant" who appeared to Abraham was not pleased to manifest himself to Lot on this occasion in visible form. The Lord so rebuked him for the unworthiness of his motives in fixing upon Sodom as a place of residence, and for the sinful pertinacity with which he had continued there despite of the wickedness of its inhabitants. But on the whole, Lot was a righteous man; this testimony to his character we have from the inspired Apostle.—2 Pet. ii 7. He was therefore privileged with the company and protection of angels: the angel of the Lord encampeth round them that fear him. Psal. xxxiv. 7.

II. Incited by their vile passions, the men of Sodom compassed the house, v. 4; thus manifesting the enormity of their wickedness.—With evil purposes they flocked thither, both old and young, their corruption was therefore general. Lot finding his expostulations with them ineffectual, proposes delivering up to them his two daughters. By offering to them a less sin he would keep them from a greater. This unnatural proposal may have arisen from mental perturbation, more probably however, Lot's judgment was in a measure affected in consequence of daily intercourse with his profligate neighbours.

III. The heavenly messengers declare to Lot their commission from the Lord to destroy the place for its sin. v. 13. They told him to bring all the connexions whom he had made by the marriages of his daughters out of the city. v. 12. So gracious was the Lord to the nephew of Abraham, that he offered mercy to all belonging to him. But mark the unbelief of the natural heart to these relatives. Lot seemed as one that mocked. v. 14. Thus do the dreadful threatenings of a judgment to come, as well as the gracious promises of the gospel seem to a world lying under sin but as idle tales.

IV. And when the morning arose the angels urged Lot to hurry away with his wife and two daughters from the city, lest he should be consumed in its iniquity. The Lord thus earnestly exhorts by means of his messengers every soul to flee from a sinful world—the spiritual Sodom—the city of destruction. There is no time to lose. None knows when the spirit may cease to strive, when the hour of death may come. The punishment of the wicked will be like to that of Sodom. On the wicked the Lord will rain fire, and brimstone, and a horrible tempest. Psal. xi. 6. And while he lingered the angels took him his wife and daughters by the hand, and led them out of the city. v. 16. The reason why they did so was that the Lord was merciful unto him. v. 16. It was the Lord alone, who can by his gracious spirit, wear our hearts and affections from the vain allurements of a deceitful world. Man naturally lingers to come out of the world and be separate, and if his affections are turned from earth to heaven, it is through the mercy of our God. "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee!" was the solemn exhortation of the angels. v. 17. The eternal destiny of our immortal souls depends upon our escaping from the snares of the world. And there must be no turning back, no returning to forsaken sin. 'For what shall it profit a man &c.' Matt. xvi. 26. Lot fearing to flee to the mountain, prayed to be permitted to betake himself to the little city. Even this petition, although it betrayed a mistrust in God's protecting providence was graciously accepted. To no small city is the poor trembling convicted sinner directed to flee by the gospel; but to an ample city in which there is room enough for all—to a strong city in which there is naught to fear—the only city of refuge from the wrath to come, even the Lord Jesus. "For I cannot do anything till thou be come thither." The threatened and righteous judgment of God, that fearful manifestation of his just vengeance, "In which the heavens shall be gathered together as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat" shall not overtake this world till every lamb of Jesus be gathered into the fold.

V. Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone, and fire from the Lord out of heaven. v. 24. These cities were thus fearfully destroyed with all their inhabitants, for their sins against the almighty. The Sodomites had "sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind." And such shall be the end of every finally impenitent sinner—of every one who neglects to wash in the blood of Jesus, that fountain which is opened for sin and all uncleanness. Lot's wife for looking back was turned into a pillar of salt. v. 26. She was petrified and became an abiding monument of

the wrath of God against sin. She loved the things of this present world better than the riches of Christ. Our Saviour directed the attention of his disciples to her fate as a warning against apostasy.

Learn 1.—That God watches with infinite love over the righteous. Psal. i. 6.

2. That He employs his holy angels in protecting them. Heb. i. 14.

3. The danger of evil company. 1 Cor. v. 9.

4. God's infinite hatred of sin. Heb. i. 13.

5. The awful consequences of sin. Rom.-vi. 23.

### PRAYING AND DOING.

It is related of Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, that one of her frequent and most earnest petitions was, that none who ever had enjoyed, or who who should in future enjoy the privileges of that seminary, might die impenitent. Miss Lyon possessed the spirit of Christ in an eminent degree, and doubtless her requests in His name were heard and accepted. Indeed, as far as it is known, up to the present time, (the twenty-third year of the existence of Mt. Holyoke Seminary,) none of its pupils have deceased who did not cherish a hope in Christ.

But this excellent lady, like Christ who went about doing good, not only prayed, but labored. This is well known by all who have read her memoirs; and many, yet living, were witnesses of her fidelity to the souls committed to her charge. That seminary has been remarkably blessed, from year to year, in answer to prayer; but there has also been patient, nutring labor for the salvation of souls.

So it is always; praying and doing must go hand in hand. Do we desire the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit?" We not only pray for it, but also endeavor self-control under every provocation. Do we pray for heavenly-mindedness? We should not always be looking earthward, like the man with the muckrake; but must turn our eyes upward, and behold the celestial crown set before us. We should pray much and fervently for the salvation of sinners; but it is no less our duty to use our influence in leading them to Jesus.

The Lord will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do these things for them. Still, they are called to go forward in the strength of the Lord, working out their own salvation, and turning sinners from the error of

their ways; for "faith without works is dead."

It hardly need be added that our own efforts *alone* can do nothing; for who that has, at any time, endeavored to keep his heart with all diligence, has not been made painfully conscious of his own weakness?—Without Christ we *can* do nothing. Especially is it so in conversion of sinners.—Even the inspired prophet was constrained to cry out, "Who hath believed our report?"

When we view the careless multitude going on in their sins, we may well be reminded of Ezekiel's vision of dry bones. These bones were very many and very dry, and how many around us are "dead in trespasses and sins!" How insensible to their duty and their danger! The inquiry often arises, "Can these bones live?" Like the prophet, we are commanded to declare unto them the word of the Lord; but without divine assistance all our efforts will be in vain. Then let us also earnestly pray the Blessed Spirit to come and breathe upon these slain that they may live.

Thus labouring and praying, we shall be enabled to turn many to righteousness; and, at last, *our* crown will not prove starless."

### TEN MINUTES PRAYER.

"I remember, said a clergyman, who was speaking the other day in Exeter Hall, "being at a dinner at which a number of officers were commemorating the battle of Victoria. I happened to sit beside an officer who had greatly distinguished himself. He was then a major but he had risen from the ranks by his daring deeds. He had been in many a forlorn hope, and was the first man to ascend the ladder at the siege of Badajoz, where he saw multitudes falling around him."

"I said to him, 'I cannot conceive myself leading a forlorn hope; I think I should be in a most awful fright.'

"Well,' this officer replied, 'I have been in many and I never felt greater calm and peace.'

"I asked how could that be."

"Oh,' was the reply, 'I never at any other time so much realized my being entirely in the hands of God. Some men take a little of this or that before such scenes, to give them a sort of Dutch courage; but I always found the way of dealing with the thing was, to get ten minutes quiet prayer. to God.'"



## THE BLACK SAXONS.

BY MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

*Continued from our last.*

In the midst of the confusion, an athletic, gracefully proportioned young man sprang upon the stump, and throwing off his coarse cotton garments, slowly turned round and round before the assembled multitude. Immediately all was hushed; for the light of a dozen torches, eagerly held up by fierce revengeful comrades, showed his back and shoulders deeply gashed with the whip, and still oozing with blood. In the midst of that deep silence he stopped abruptly, and with stern brevity exclaimed, "Boys! shall we not murder our masters?"

"Would you murder *all*?" inquired a timid voice at his right hand. "They don't all cruelize their slaves."

"There's Mr. Campbell," pleaded another, "he never had one of his boys flogged in his life. You wouldn't murder *him* would you?"

"Oh, no, no, no," shouted many voices; "we wouldn't murder Mr. Campbell. He's always good to coloured folks."

"And I wouldn't murder *my* master," said one of Mr. Duncan's slaves; and I'd fight any body that set out to murder him. I aint a-going to work for him any longer, if I can help it; but he sha'n't be murdered, for he's a good master."

"Call him a good master if ye like!" said the bleeding youth, with a bitter sneer in his look and tone. "Curse the word. The white men tell us God made them our masters; I say it was the devil. When they don't cut up the backs\* that bear their burdens; when they throw us enough of the grain we have raised to keep us strong for another harvest; when they forbear to shoot the limbs that toil to make *them* rich, there *are* fools who call them good masters. Why should *they* sleep in soft beds under silken curtains, while *we*, whose labour bought it all, lie on the threshold, or miserably coiled up in the dirt of our own cabins. Why should I clothe my master in broadcloth and fine linen, when he knows, and I know, that he is my own brother; and I, meanwhile, have only this course rag to cover my aching shoulders?" He kicked the garment scornfully and added, "Down on your knees, if ye like, and thank them, that ye are not flogged and shot. Of *me* the'll learn another lesson!"

Mr. Duncan recognized in the speaker the reputed son of one of his friends, lately deceased—one of that numerous class which southern vice is thoughtlessly raising up to be its future scourge and terror.

The high, bold forehead and flashing eye

indicated an intellect too active and daring for servitude; while his fluent speech and appropriate language betrayed the fact that his highly educated parent, from some remains of instinctive feeling, had kept him near his own person during his lifetime, and thus formed his conversation on another model than the rude jargon of slaves.

His poor, ignorant listeners stood spell-bound by the magic of superior mind; and at first it seemed as if he might carry the whole meeting in favor of his views. But the aged man leaning on his oaken staff still mildly spoke of the mild and blessed Jesus; and the docility of African temperament responded to his gentle words.

Then rose a man of middle age, short of stature, with a quick roguish eye, and a spirit of knowing drollery lurking about his mouth. Rubbing his head in uncouth fashion he began: "I don't know how to speak like Bob, for I neber had no chance. He says the devil made white men our masters. Now dat's a ting I've thought on a heap. Many a time I've axed myself how 'pon arth it was that just as sure as white man an' black man come togeder, de white man sure to git he foot on de black man. Sometimes I tink one ting, and den I tink auoder ting; and de all be jumbled up in my head, just like seed in de cotton afore he put in de gin. At last I find it all out.—White man *always* git he foot on de black man; no mistake in *dat*. But how he do it? I'll show you how!"

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he took out a crumpled piece of printed paper, and smoothing it carefully on the palm of his hand, he struck it significantly with his finger and exclaimed triumphantly, "Dat's de way dey do it! Dey got de *knowledge!* Now it'll do no more good to rise agin our masters *dat* put de head in de fire an' pull him out agin; and maybe you can't pull him out agin. When I was a boy I hear an old conjuring woman say she conjure de divil out of anybody. I ask her why she can't conjure her massa, den; and she'll tell me, "Oh nigger neber conjure buckra\*—can't do't. But I say nigger *can* conjure buckra. How he do it? Get de *knowledge!* Dat de way. We make de sleeve wide, and fill full ob de tea and de sugar ebery time we get in misses' closet. If we take half so much pains to get de knowledge, de white man take he foot off de black man. Maybe de British land and maybe de British no land; but tell your sons to marry de free woman, *dat* know how to read and write; and tell your gals to marry free man *dat* know how to read and write; and den by-'m-by you be de British *yourselves!* You want to know how I manage to get de knowledge. I tell you I want

\* Buckra is the negro term for white man.

right bad to larn to read. My old boss is the most begrudgefullest massa, and I know he won't let me larn. So when I see leetle massa wid he book, (he about six years old,) I say to him what he call dat? he tell me dat is A. Oh, dat is A! So I take old newspaper, and ax misses may I hab dis to rub my brasses? She says yes. I put it in my pocket, and by-'n-by I look to see I find A; and I look at him till I know him bery well. Den I ask my young massa, what he call dat? He say dat is B. So I find him on my papér, and look at him till I know him bery well. Den I ask my young massa what O A T spell? He tell me cat. Den after a great long time, I can read the newspaper. And what you tink I find dere? I read de British going to land! Den I tell all de boys de British going to land; and I say what you do s'pose British land? When I stand behind massa's chair I hear him talk, and I tell all de boys what he say: Den Bob say must hab Methodist meeting, and tell massa Tom going to preach in de woods. But what you tink I did toder day? You know Jim, massa Gubernor's boy? Well, I want mighty bad to let Jim know British going to land. But he lib ten mile off, and old boss no let me go. Well, massa Gubernor he come diue my massa's house, and I bring he horse to de gate; and I make my bow and say, massa Gubernor, how Jim do? He tell me Jim bery well. Den I ax him be Jim good boy? He says yes.—Den I tell him Jim and I leetle boy togeder, and I tell him I want mighty bad to send Jim someting. He tell me Jim hab enough of eberyting. Oh, yes, massa Gubernor, I know you bery good massa, and Jim hab eberyting he want; but when leetle boy togeder dere is always someting here (laying his hands on his heart.) I want to send a leetle backy to Jim. I know he much backy he want, but Jim and I leetle boy togeder, and I want to send Jim someting. Massa Gubernor say bery well, Jack. So I gib him de backy done up in de bery piece o' newspaper dat tell British going to land! And massa Gubernor *himself* carry it! And massa Gubernor *himself* carry it!

He clapped his hands, kicked up his heels, and turned somersets like a harlequin. These demonstrations were received with loud shouts of merriment; and it was some time before sufficient order was restored to proceed with the question under discussion. After various scenes of fiery indignation, gentle expostulation, and boisterous mirth, it was finally decided, by a considerable majority, that in case the British landed they would take their freedom *without* murdering their masters; not a few however, went away in wrathful mood, uttering curses deep.

With thankfulness to heaven, Mr. Duncan found himself in the open field, alone with the stars. Their glorious beauty seemed to him, that night, clothed in new and awful power.—Groups of shrubbery took to themselves startling forms; and the sound of the wind among the trees was like the unsheathing of swords. Again he recurred to Saxon history, and remembered how he had thought that troubled must be the sleep of those who ruled a conquered people. A new significance seemed given to Watt Tyler's address to the insurgent labourers of *his* day; an emphatic and most unwelcome application of *his* indignant question why serfs should toil unpaid, in wind and sun, that lords might sleep on down and embroider their garments with pearl.

“And these Robin Hoods and Watt Tylers were my Saxon ancestors,” thought he. “Who shall so balance effects and causes as to decide what portion of my present freedom sprang from their seemingly defeated efforts! Was the place I saw to-night, in such wild and fearful beauty, like the haunts of the *Saxon* Robin Hoods? Was not the spirit that gleamed forth as brave as *theirs*? And who shall calculate what even such hopeless endeavours may do for the future freedom of this down trodden race?”

These cogitations did not, so far as I ever heard, lead to the emancipation of his bondmen; but they did prevent his revealing a secret which would have brought hundreds to an immediate and violent death. After a painful conflict between contending feelings and duties, he contented himself with advising the majistrates to forbid all meetings whatsoever among the coloured people until the war was ended.

He visited Boston several years after, and told the story to a gentleman who often repeated it in the circle of his friends. In brief outline it reached my ears. I have told it truly, with some filling up by imagination, some additional garniture of language, and the adoption of factitious names, because I have forgotten the real ones.—*N. Y. Independent.*

### BE NOT WEARY.

When Mr. Whitfield was last in America, he one day dined with Mr. Tennent, he and other ministers, at a gentleman's house. After dinner, Mr. Whitfield adverted to the difficulties attending the gospel ministry; lamented that all their zeal availed but little; and that he was weary with the burdens of the day; declared his great consolation that in a short time his work would be

done, when he should depart and be with Christ; he then appealed to the ministers if it was not their great comfort that they should go to rest. They generally assented except Mr. Tennent, who sat next to Mr. Whitfield in silence and by his countenance discovered but little pleasure in the conversation. On which Mr. Whitfield, tipping him on the knee, said,

"Well, brother Tennent, you are the eldest man among us, do you not rejoice to think that your time is so near at hand, when you shall be called home?"

Mr. Tennent bluntly answered,

"I have no wish about it."

Mr. Whitfield pressed him again; Mr. Tennant again answered,

"No, sir, but it is no pleasure to me at all; and if you knew your duty, it would be none to you. I have nothing to do with death; my business is to live as long as I can—as well as I can—and serve my master as faithfully as I can, until He shall call me home."

Mr. Whitfield still urged for an explicit answer to his question, in case the time of death were left to his own choice. Mr. Tennant replied,

"I have no choice about it; I am God's servant, and have engaged to do His business, as long as he pleases to continue me therein. But, now brother, let me ask you a question. What do you think I would say, if I was to send my man into the field to plough; and if at noon I should find him lounging under a tree, and complaining 'Master the sun is very hot, and the ploughing hard; I am weary of the work you have appointed me, and am overdone with the heat and burden of the day. Do master let me return home and be discharged from this hard service?'"

"What would I say? Why, that he was a lazy fellow, that it was his business to do the work that I had appointed him, until I should think fit to call him home."

### “WHOSOEVER WILL.”

Study and improve free grace. O let your thoughts dwell much upon God's infinite condescension to poor sinners, and the unlimited invitations which He addresses them. Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. There is no bar to your admission, but what yourselves make. Christ Jesus includes you in gospel tenders. O do not exclude yourself.

The great Shepherd calls His sheep by name. How can he do this but by speaking expressly to their case? It is as if he should strike the troubled sinner upon the shoulder and say, "Here is comfort for thee."

What if the name be not expressly mentioned; yet the proposition is universal—"he that liveth shall be saved." Millions have ventured their lives upon such a word, and never any miscarried that cast themselves into the arms of Christ. You have no reason to doubt acceptance if you come to Him. You have all the grounds of encouragement imaginable.

Should a physician offer to cure all that would come, it were madness to stand off and say, I know not whether he intends for me.—If men were ready to perish in deep waters, and a boat should be offered to carry to land them that would come into it, it were an absurd thing to dispute whether it be for us.—If a pardon come from the king for a company of condemned prisoners, and they all may have a benefit by it, if they will but accept it; what madman would refuse it, and question whether the prince intended him particularly, when his name is included in the general grant? Surely men would not so fondly cast away themselves in temporal things; and who would be such a fool in the everlasting concerns of his soul? The way here is not to dispute, but to believe.

Is not Jesus Christ the Physician of the soul, and are we not sick? Is not the gospel design of grace a plank after shipwreck, and are we not drowning? Are not we condemned malefactors at the bar of God's justice?—And does not God graciously tender to us the redemption so dearly purchased by our precious Saviour? Why then should we forsake our own mercies? Why will you be cruel to your own souls? If it were in temporal things, you would put out the hand and be very ready for receiving.

If you sit at a feast, and there stand a dish upon the table that is agreeable to you,—though all the company be free to use it,—yet you say, "Here is a dish for me; and you think it good manners to feed heartily upon it, without scruples and disputes of being welcome, since you were freely invited by your generous friend. Our Lord Jesus has made "a feast of fat things;" and has bidden His guests. He invites you to eat and drink abundantly. Oh do not excuse yourselves from coming to his gospel feast.—*Heart Treasure.*

## JESUS.

Jesus, Saviour ! Lord and Master,  
Friend in need we have in Thee;  
By Thy blood Thou hast redeemed us,  
Thou didst die to set us free.

We were once in nature's darkness,  
Lost and ruined, doomed to die;  
But Thy grace and mercy sought us,  
Rescued, pardoned, brought us right.

For a little Thou hast left us,  
Heavenly blessings to provide;  
But hath sent the Comforter,  
Ever with us to abide.

Whilst Thou art absent 'tis Thy promise,  
That He shall with us remain;  
May He keep us mindful of Thee,  
Until Thou return again.

May He take from Thy rich treasures,  
Things of Thine and to us show;  
Things that will our spirits strengthen,  
And sustain us here below.

May we still while here we tarry,  
Keep Thee dearest Lord in view;  
Knowing that Thy love will guard us,  
All the way our journey through.

May we ever walk as strangers,  
And as pilgrims travelling home;  
Seeking neither rest nor treasure,  
In a world where Thou hast none.

Give us grace Thy steps to follow,  
In our ways remembering Thee;  
Bearing one another's burdens,  
Till Thy shining face we see.

Lord we know, Thou art preparing,  
(Oh, the vastness of Thy love !)  
Places for us in the mansions,  
In our Father's house above.

Soon to us, Thou wilt return,  
All our troubles then will cease;  
In the air we hope to meet Thee,  
And forever rest in peace.

Hasten, then, Thy second advent,  
Come dear Lord without delay;  
Chase away the midnight darkness,  
With the bright unclouded day.

Sound the last, "the seventh trumpet,"  
Fate Thy Kingdom, Come and reign;  
Come for Thou alone art worthy,  
Thou, the Lamb that once was slain.

Let the angel bind the dragon,  
That he may deceive no more;  
Claim Thy right Thou Lord of David,  
Rule the wide Creation o'er.  
E. C. P. Brantford, C. W.

## THE DEATH OF SALADIN.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

In the middle of the eleventh century there arose a Mohammedan prince in Egypt, by the name of Saladin. Ascending the throne of the ancient Pharaohs, and guiding the Mos-

lem armies, he rolled back the tide of European invasion with which the Crusaders were inundating the Holy Land. His legislative genius constituted him the glory of his own country, while his military exploits inspired Christendom with the terror of his name.—The wealth of the Orient was in his lap, the fate of millions hung upon his lips, and one half of the world was at his disposal.

At last, death, the common conqueror of us all, came to smite the crown from his brow, and to dash the sceptre from the hand of this mighty monarch. As he lay upon his dying bed, looking back upon the visions of earthly glory, fast sitting away, and looking forway into the impenetrable obscurity of the future, his soul was overwhelmed with those emotions which must, under such circumstances, agitate the bosom of every thinking being. For a long time, his unbroken silence indicated the deep absorption of his thoughts by the new subjects which now engrossed his spirit. At last, rousing himself from his reverie, with that firm voice which had ever commanded obedience, he said—

"Prepare and bring me my winding-sheet."

It was immediately done as commanded, and the winding-sheet was unfolded before him. The dying sultan gazed upon it silently, and then added—

"Bring here the banner round which my chosen guards have rallied in so many victories."

The banner was immediately presented at the royal couch, and all in silence awaited the further directions of the monarch. He paused for a moment, and then said—

"Remove those silken folds, and attach to the staff, in their stead, this winding-sheet."

It was done with the promptitude with which the directions of the sultan ever were obeyed. The dimmed eye of the dying monarch gazed upon the mournful emblem of mortality, as it hung from the staff, around which he had so often rallied his legions on fields of blood, and said—

"Let the crier, accompanied by the musicians, in a funeral dirge, pass through all the streets of Damascus, and at every corner wave this banner, and proclaim—'This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin!'"

There was then such a procession as the imperial city had never before witnessed. Gathered in front of the portals of the palace, were the musicians, the crier, with the strange banner, doing homage to this memorial of death. Silence pervaded the thronged city, as the wailing of the dirge floated mournfully through its long streets. The crowds in silent awe gathered at the corners. Suddenly the dirge dies away, and all is still. The hearts of the multitude almost ceased to beat, as the

cold, white sheet, soon to enshroud their beloved monarch's limbs, is waved before them. Not a sound disturbs the silent city as the clear voice of the crier exclaims, "This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin!" Again the soul-moving strains of the requiem vibrate through the air, and the procession moves along its melancholy way. Not a sound of mirth was heard as that day's sun went down, and tears started unbidden into eyes unused to weep. As the stars came out in the sky, the spirit of the monarch took its flight to the bar of judgment, and the winding-sheet enshrouded his limbs, still in death. Seven hundred years have since that hour rolled away, and what now remains to the mighty monarch of the East? Not even a handful of dust can tell us where was his sepulchre.

Are you young, are you rich, are you powerful? How soon will you point to your winding-sheet and say—This is all that now remains to me! Are you bereaved, world-weary, broken-hearted? How soon may you be able to say—This winding-sheet is all that remains to me of every conflict and every sorrow!

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#### "HE CANT HELP IT."

A few evening since, I was enjoying the conversation in a cheerful parlour, when my friend, John L——, exclaimed, "Poor George Corner. I fear, there is little hope of his ever doing any better. He is going down hill as fast as he can since he took to drinking again. I pity his poor wife and family."

"Poor George," replied a gentleman, "he can't help it. It was born in him. It is hereditary, like insanity, or any other physical disease. I really think he can't help it. He has tried so many times to break off, but has always failed to keep his good resolutions."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. L——, "he has tried hard, if ever a poor fellow did. He has signed the temperance pledge several times, but has always been led away by this inherent love of liquor. Each time he has signed the pledge and broken it he seems to sink lower and lower; and now there is no help for him."

The aged grandmother sat in the corner by the open fire, at her quiet knitting work, listening to what was said, when, dropping her work on her lap, she looked up at us, and in her feeble voice, came out the strong question. "Don't you believe in the grace

of God? You talk as if George Corner could not find a Saviour, even if he should seek for him."

"No, no, grandmother," said Mr. L——, "I do not mean that; but really George inherits that propensity. He has tried again to break off drinking and he cannot do it."

"Can't do it?" said the grandmother; "do not say so, John. He has all the more need of the grace of God to help him as he can do nothing of himself. He has never tried right. He has trusted in his own strength. There is *One who is mighty to save*. He must come to Him, or he is lost indeed."

"But, grandmother, is a person responsible for a disease which he inherits from his parents?"

"Let me ask you a question in turn, John. Would not you or I be responsible if we allowed an hereditary disease to work in our system, and called no physician, and used no means to eradicate it? Even if this intemperance is an inheritance disease, must he not go to the great Physician that he may be healed? There is but One who can make him whole. His arm is not shortened that He cannot save. His grace is sufficient, if he trust in Him."

Alas, how do we "try every way but God's," and then wonder that evil propensities are not eradicated. Would we but come to Jesus, without one plea, except that we are great sinners and He a great Saviour, trusting only in Him, our besetting sins would be subdued, and we should be conquerors through Him that loved us, and gave Himself for us.—*Ans Messenger.*

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#### He is the Saviour of Sinners.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to SAVE SINNERS." "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour." This alone brought him to our wicked world. And how does he save? By standing in our place, and bearing the punishment we merited. We have broken the law, but he has perfectly kept it; for he "was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." We deserved death for our sins. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." But he died for us. "He gave his life a ransom for many." We were under the curse. "Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." But "he

was made a curse for us." "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; and by his stripes we are healed. He bare our sins in his own body on the tree." This is why he became a man, was "despised and rejected, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." He "carried our sorrows." This is why he suffered temptation, groaned in Gethsemane, in his agony sweat great drops of blood, was scourged, spit upon, crowned with thorns, and nailed upon the cross. "He gave his life a ransom for many." We were slaves—he came to set us free. But the price he paid was his own blood. "Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ." We were prisoners at the bar, condemned to die; but he left his Father's throne, and came and stood at our side, saying, "I will die for them, that they may be forgiven and live for ever." And now that he has returned to his glory in heaven, he *lives* to save us. He watches over us, speaks to us by his word and by his Spirit, listens to our prayers, advocates our cause, helps us in our weakness, and "ever liveth to make intercession for us." He thus saves us both by his death and his life. He has paid all our debts, and is ready to supply all our wants. He saves those who trust in him from the sting of death, and delivers them from condemnation at the judgement-day. We must appear before the Judge as guilty sinners; but if we can use this plea, "I trust in Jesus, who died for me," he will at once declare us to be fully acquitted, pardoned, saved. He says to thee, reader, "Poor sinner, thou art in danger of hell; but I have brought thee a free pardon, purchased with my own blood. I die for thee. I am able to save thee. Come unto me."

See Isaiah 53; Acts 10: 34—43; 13: 16—41; Rom. 5; Gal. 3: 13; 1 Tim. 1: 15; Heb. 9: 11—28; 1 Pet. 1; 18, 19; 2: 24.

#### A RUINED MAN.

Two neighbours were engaged in earnest conversation.

"So he is a ruined man."

"Is there no hope in the case?"

"Not the slightest."

What had happened to him who was so emphatically called a ruined man? A suit respecting his title to the lands he held in possession had been decided against him. The broad acres which he had called his own were to pass into the hands of another. He was to go forth penniless, from what had long been his happy home. *He was a ruined man.* Men sympathised with him. They saw that he was ruined, and therefore gave their sympathy.

But when a man loses his title to an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away; when sentence in heaven's tribunal has been pronounced against him, few look upon him as a ruin-

ed man, and few sympathise with him. A man ruined for time is a bad spectacle. What shall we say, then, of a man ruined for eternity?

A man of feeling would be very sorry if he were accessory to the temporal ruin of another. If one should be the means of reducing another to poverty, he would never fail to reproach himself for the act; at least, he would never fail to do so when he witnessed the poverty and discomfort he had caused. What should be the feelings of one who has been accessory to the eternal ruin of another?

Men are accessory to the eternal much oftener than to the temporal ruin of men. Yet how little does it trouble them!

#### "THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME."

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother, of one who had not; her mother was dead.

"Mother told me who to go to before she died," answered the little orphan; "I go to the Lord Jesus; He was my mother's friend and He is mine.

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; He is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely He can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know, *He says He will, and that's enough for me.*"

What a beautiful answer was that. And what was enough for the child, is enough for all.

Are you tired of carrying the burden of sin?

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But I am unworthy of His forgiving love. Never mind that. "He says He will, and that's enough for me." Take the Lord Jesus Christ at His word, for the forgiveness of your sins, and for the peace of your souls. His peace is very precious. Will He give us His peace? "*He says He will, and that's enough for me.*" Trust Him His word never fails.

"Dont be frightened into religion," some say; "there is time enough yet to think of dying; besides, God is merciful; He will never cast the wicked down to hell."

Ah you may do as you please, but for me, I will take Him at His word. "*He says He will, and that's enough for me.*" God is angry with the wicked every day. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Let me act accordingly, and flee from the wrath to come.

—The Church of England Sunday Scholars' Magazine.

## Revival Intelligence

### DEAF AND DUMB CONVERTS FROM ROMANISM.—

Under the head of intelligence from Brussels, in *Evangelical Christendom*, we read:—"On Sunday, April 7, the Evangelical congregation (Rue Belliard) witnessed a most impressive and touching scene. Pastor Panchaud received into his congregation eight deaf and dumb converts from Romanism, who had been brought to the knowledge of the Saviour through the instrumentality of one equally afflicted, who had preached to them through the language of signs the everlasting Gospel of Christ. The excellent Christian, by profession a painter, presented his hearers to Pastor Panchaud, and requested him to examine them in the truths of the Gospel. Out of eleven eight were accepted as church members. The pastor's question and their written answers were read to the congregation, who afterwards joined with their new brethren in the Lord's Supper.

**A REVIVED CHRISTIANITY.**—A most cheering sign of the times for the Christian Church, is the activity with which Christians in London are labouring to bring the masses of the people under the sound of the Gospel.—Societies, or private individuals, are directing their attention to every class in the community, and the results are most gratifying. The Bible women's work,—resulting in the circulation of thousands of copies of the Scriptures,—has been instrumental in effecting many moral and sanitary reforms. A London writer says:—

"The social results thus achieved, are already most striking, and Christian women are found the persons to teach poor wives and mothers 'common things,' as to the house and the family, just as they are found the best and most effective to win a way for Christ and His Gospel to their hearts. In fact, they accomplished what no male agency could effect. 'Man's work,' says the excellent rector of St. Giles, 'in spiritual things is rather argumentative, authoritative, admonitory; woman's, persuasive, suggestive, sisterly.' He then adds: 'In temporal things the boundary line is yet more distinct. To cut out a frock, to mend a coat, to make a cup of broth, to boil a pudding, to tidy a room, to wash a shirt, to dress a baby, are not exactly the things in which men feel qualified to give advice, and by no means as a matter of course, enter into personal experience even of the lady district visitor. But here the Bible-woman is on her own ground; she is able at once to win her way to confidence and gratitude, by hastening to instruct the enormous ignorance of the poor in the commonest duties of life; while as she smoothes the pillow of the sick, she can soothe the heart with words of Jesus Christ, and through tact and kindness prepare

the way for the Gospel in trying to be a saviour of the body."

During the year 1860, the Bible-women sold 10,533 copies of the Scriptures; and the "outcast poor" paid for Bibles the large sum of £1,796;—"also, a first trophy of victories to come, this Domestic Female Mission has induced poor mothers in London, who had never before subscribed to clothing clubs, to pay in four years the astonishing sum of £5,913, 7s. 6d., to purchase for themselves their own dress and beds, being thus induced to save from beer shops and gin-places more than a million and a half of stray pence, which they often say, have come back to them again as if by gift!"

A Major G——, is also spoken of by religious papers as seeking to do good among the butchers in New-gate market. He goes round and collects them into an adjoining quiet square, gives them tracts, and sells them—at 4d. each copy—New Testaments, of which he brings with him a full supply. He then introduces to them a minister of religion or a christian officer, who addresses to them and to others—men, women, and boys, who gather around—the Word of life. On one Tuesday morning, General Alexander was the messenger of glad tidings.

Ought not these incidents to incite Christians in Canada to inquire, what they can do, personally, to make known the great salvation.

**RELIGIOUS ITEMS.**—According to the latest statistics, North America has 260,389 members of the Congregational Church, and counts 2,734 congregations.—The different branches of the Presbyterian Church records in the United States, 5,606 ministers, 7,929 congregations, and 683, 932 members; in the British provinces, 465 ministers, 625 congregations and 59,284 members.—The Baptists in the United States have 8,952 ministers, 12,371 congregations and 1,020,441 church members; in the British provinces they have 472 ministers, 675 congregations, and 70,725 members.—*Am Botschafter.*

**GENEROSITY AMONG GERMAN CHRISTIANS.**—The Gustav Adolph Union received last year \$120,000; other missions about \$200,000. Mr. Chiniquy received for his French mission several thousand dollars. The yearly collections for scattered and weak evangelical congregations amounted in the States church alone to \$60,000. The same amount had been collected for the Christians in Syria.—*ib.*

—From Ceylon the news is cheering. The Cotta Institution has about 130 students, fifteen or twenty of whom hold prayer-meetings among themselves. One of the teachers has become a catechist, and a student, once a Buddhist priest, has been taken on probation as a Bible-reader.—At Kandy, a school has been erected on a piece of ground containing about three acres, given by a gentleman, the owner of a coffee estate near

by. The boys have planted coffee, and it is expected that the ground will yield sufficient to pay the expense of the school. Itinerating work appears to be carried on by the missionaries very thoroughly on the Island of Ceylon.

**Religious Services at Theatres in England.**—The Earl of Shaftesbury, in a recent speech, said that it was a fact that not two per cent. of the working-men of London attended public worship. There is a difficulty of reaching these classes, but from recent experiences in the opening of theatres, it has been found that extraordinary results have flowed from the religious services held there. The Bishop of London, one of the most conservative of men, says:

"Only let the work be done, and whatever the means, he would wish them God-speed with all his heart. As to the present preaching in the theatres, it was sanctioned by himself and his right reverend brethren, who, if they had had the power had not the heart to put a stop to the work. The effort was sanctioned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the most spiritually minded men in the country. The Bishops had not personally taken part in any of the theater services, but they had allowed the clergy to use their own discretion. They said, If you cannot get the people to hear the Gospel anywhere else, pray let them be gathered together in the theatres."

### SCOTLAND.

We have intelligence of revived interest in spiritual things, from almost all parts of Scotland. There would seem to be comparatively few parishes in which increased opportunities of public worship and social prayer are not required by the quickened religious sensibilities of the people. At various central points, e. g., Perth, Dundee, Huntly, Edinburgh, series of open-air meetings have been held with most encouraging results. The *Daily Review* states that upwards of 10,000 persons were present on the last evening of the Edinburgh meetings. It adds—

The gentlemen who have taken part in the public and inquiry meetings give it as their opinions—and all the circumstances serve to confirm the statement—that a great impression for good has been made on the minds of many by these three days' services, although there has not been the same outward manifestation of strong emotion as on former occasions of the kind. The meetings are to be kept up, for a few days, in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, and we believe that afterwards, without any formal arrangement, open-air religious meetings will continue to be held in the Park on the fine summer evenings. Open-air, religious meetings are just about to be held in Liverpool, and others on a large scale are to take place in Glasgow Green in the month of August. This sort of meeting promises to become a matter of course in future as any of the established fairs of the country; and whatever view people may take of the proceedings,

it is certainly a singular, and surely not a regrettable circumstance, that such large masses of people of all classes prefer spending their summer evenings at a religious conventicle to any other sort of occupation. Curiosity to hear Richard Weaver had no doubt a good deal to do with the extent of the gathering in the Queen's Park, but that this was not the sole, nor even the chief attraction, was manifest in the eagerness with which so many thousands hung upon the lips of other preachers till a late hour last night.

There must be a good many in Edinburgh as well as elsewhere, of the easy-going Christians who fancy going to church more than once a week a mark of fanaticism, and possibly they may learn a salutary lesson from the fact of such attitudes showing a positive relish for religious exercises, and so attending them, not as a matter of form, but of liking. The earnestness of the audience at these meetings appeared to react on the speakers, and it was interesting to observe how city clergymen of high standing, but accustomed to preach to polished congregations, were drawn by the circumstances of their position into a simplicity, and directness, and fervour of preaching, for which their own congregations would, perhaps, hardly give them credit.—Preachers and people, and no doubt, the whole city indirectly, have certainly benefitted by the past three days' proceedings in the Queen's Park.—*The British Messenger*.

### A WORLDLY MIND.

Lady Buxton, in one of her letters, gives an account of a dinner at her husband's house at which Baron Rothschild, the millionaire, was present. He sat at Lady Buxton's right hand; and his whole discourse was of money and money-making, and of the way in which he had trained his sons to preserve and expand his colossal fortune. Lady Buxton expressed the hope that *he did not allow them to forget that never-ending life so soon to begin, for which also preparation must be made.* "O," replied he, "I could not allow them to think of such a thing. It would divert their minds from business. It would be fatal to the success. To get, and keep a fortune is a very difficult thing, and requires all ones time and thoughts." The remark though a melancholy proof of an utterly worldly mind, yet contained a great truth. It turned on the same point with that declaration of Christ, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."—*Evangelist*.



## POSTAGE.

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

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

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

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

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## THE EVANGELIZER.

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

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

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

## Gratuitous Circulation.

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

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

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

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

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

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