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SIN BLOTTED OUT.

A SERMON BY REV. WM. MCKENZIE, RAMSAY, C. W.

I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.—Isa. xliii.

“If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?” That is the language of a man who is not taking an exaggerated, or too gloomy view of the position of sinful men, but who looks at it simply in the clear light of eternal truth. In our own hearts, we are all inclined to judge favourably of ourselves; but “God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things.” He is the ultimate judge. And, possessing a better knowledge of us than we have of ourselves, searching into the most hidden corners of that deceitful heart of ours, and knowing all that is there.—God’s judgment is sure to be the reverse of that which is pronounced upon himself by any natural man.

A man, no doubt, can do much of himself to give an outward beauty and symmetry to his life and character. He may rise above that which is base or mean, he may have an abhorrence of direct falsehood or dishonesty, his simple word may be as good as another man’s bond, he may delight in the exercise of a generous benevolence, and, with a scrupulous and ready kindness he may seek to fulfil all the obligations imposed by family ties and friendship. Still, as a creature of God, there is a higher sphere in which his affections ought to expatiate, and a range of more imperative and exalted duties which,—before all else, claim his regards: and, however consistent and beautiful his life may be in all lower relations and duties, he nevertheless comes miserably short of that which is required of him, if his affections never rise above that sphere, and if these higher duties are neglected or forgotten.—

How could even such a man stand in the judgment before an infinitely just and holy God? Even such a man, weighed in the balance of perfect rectitude, must be found lamentably wanting.

The attempt to justify ourselves, to build up, without one flaw, a fabric of righteousness before God our judge, must always end in disaster and shame. “If I wash myself in snow water, and make my hands never so clean; yet wilt thou plunge me in the ditch, so that my own clothes will abhor me.” All that a man can do of himself, and by his own power, to beautify and adorn his outward life and character, while it may in the judgment of men, who can look only on the outward appearance, render him worthy of all praise, is yet utterly inefficacious to render him acceptable to God, who looketh on the heart. It is but like washing in snow water, it reaches no deeper than the mere surface, it does not touch that inner source of all sin, the heart, which remains yet unrenewed; and which, notwithstanding the fair outward appearance, still sends forth its evil thoughts, and conceives its sinful imaginations, all which are naked and open to Him with whom we have to do. With what direct and simple truth, then, do these words of the psalmist indicate the position of every living man, “If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?”

“But,” it is added, “There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared.” And hark! a voice from heaven falls upon our ear, “I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine

own sake, and will not remember thy sins." When, looking to ourselves, gathering clouds and darkness, portending ruin, enveloped our hope of acceptance with God, when our soul was drawing near to the pit, and our life to the destroyers, nothing in justice standing between, then the most High had compassion, and said, "Deliver him from going down to the pit." The simple fact of such an interposition, the very utterance of such words as those of our text, put the matter beyond a doubt; not that some great sinners among men, but that all men were lost and undone, that in God's sight no man living could be justified, could stand in the judgment. Note.

I. *God Himself* forgives sins, "I even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions.

II. He blots them out of *His book*.—So that no record of sin stands against us for judgment.

III. He blots them out for *His own sake*.

IV. He blots them out of *His memory*.

I. God Himself forgives sin, "I, even I," He says Not we ourselves by any work or service performed for God, or by any gift or atonement that we can offer, but God against whom chiefly we have sinned, forgiveness is with God.

Preceding our text we find a catalogue of sins charged against Israel, which are, in effect, just those sins chargeable against us all, and in which all the ungodly live.—

They are chiefly omissions of those things which God requires of men; *e. g.*, it is said, "Thou hast not called upon Me."—That is, thou hast cast off prayer. Communion with God is not thy practice and thy delight. Again, "Thou hast been weary of Me." They were disinclined to God's service, they had no desire for His blessed fellowship, it was irksome and un-

pleasant to seek God and to remember Him. Those who neglect prayer, who have no delight in communion with God, just say in effect that they are weary of Him. Again, "Thou hast not brought Me the small cattle of thy burnt offerings." They grudged anything for God, they were niggardly and penurious in their service of Him, they were for a cheap religion, and in those acts of devotion which were costly they desired to be excused.—So little sense had they of the greatness of God, and of their obligations to Him, that they could hardly find in their heart to part with a lamb out of their flock for his honour, though God required, and would have received it graciously, from them. "Neither," it continues, "Neither hast thou honoured Me with thy sacrifices." What they did for the Lord in the way of outward service was not done in such a way as to honour Him. It might be their offerings were carelessly offered, or not given cheerfully, for the "Lord loveth a cheerful giver," or with no eye to God's glory. It may be they were glad to have God's service over, that they might return to worldly business and pleasure which they liked better, and so did they dishonour God, who looketh upon the heart, instead of honouring Him, and make their sacrifices as if they were no sacrifices. And that which greatly aggravates the sin of all this is, that God requires no burdensome thing from any man. It is said here, "I have not caused thee to serve with an offering, nor wearied thee with incense." None of God's commands are really grievous whatever they may become to us by reason of sin. "His yoke is easy, His burden is light."

But besides such omissions and shortcomings in our duty to God, there are direct transgressions, actual sins chargeable against every man. God says here, "Thou hast made Me to serve with thy sins."—When we pervert God's good gifts to un-

and make them minister to our own selfish and worldly desires and ends, then we make God to serve with our sins. "Thou hast wearied me," says God again, "with thine iniquities." Sin in us is like a burden and a grief to the blessed God, it wearies, and it grieves Him to see it. Just observe the marked antithesis in the passage. God had not made them to serve with their sacrifices, but they had made God to serve with their sins. He had not burdened or tired them with His commands, but they had tired Him with their disobedience. Unprofitable and wicked servants! God was careful of their comfort, but they were careless of His honour. And yet, what is God's Word even to such, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Instead of those words of withering condemnation which one might expect to hear after such a review of their sin, and which might justly have been spoken, we hear words of tender compassion and grace.

John Newton once said, "To return evil for good, is devil-like. To return good for good is man-like. But to return good for evil is God-like." "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions," saith God to those who have sinned against him, to those who have disobeyed his voice, despised His service, set at nought His warnings, misused His gifts, and rejected His grace. Those of you who have not yet come to repentance, who have presumed upon the goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering of God, who have misused these as an encouragement to continue in sin, have in an awful sense made God to serve with your sins, pressing in to the service of sin that very goodness and mercy which should form the most persuasive motive to repentance. Yet even to you, in long-suffering grace, God sends this message once again, "I, even I, am

He that blotteth out thy transgressions." O the richness of the goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering of God.— "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage! He retaineth not His anger forever, because He delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities, and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." O, reader, despise *not* the riches of God's goodness by making light of His forgiveness, by refusing to turn that ye may obtain mercy from Him.

II. God blots our sins out of His book, so that no record of them remains to come up against us in the judgment. The expression used in our text indicates a record, a book, on which all our sins are set down. That word in the Psalms, "If thou, Lord, shouldest *mark* iniquity," conveys the same thought, and so also does that word in the book of the prophet Jeremiah, "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is *marked* before me, saith the Lord God."

Every man carries within him God's servant, who is engaged continually in keeping the record of his sins. Our conscience, that wonderful faculty wherewith God has endowed every man, is able to take down our words as fast as they are spoken, and our thoughts as fast as they are conceived. Its record, so far as we ourselves are concerned, is indelible; it is laid up beyond our reach in God's safe keeping, no hand but God's can blot that record out. Men foolishly conceive that their memory is the keeper of this record, and that, when their sins have dropped out of their own mind, they shall meet them no more. But the record remains nevertheless, to be produced and opened at the proper time. Even in this life its terrible

pages are sometimes opened before the soul's awe-struck gaze. Men who have been brought suddenly face to face with violent death have told us that, in the few moments of deadly peril, their soul, as with a lightning glance surveyed their whole past path of life; and the long forgotten words and deeds, far beyond the ordinary power of memory to recall, stood forth in appalling distinctness and reality. And so it is also in a measure when the Spirit of God convinces a sinner of his sin, a few pages of this record is laid open, and smitten at heart, he sends up to heaven the cry of the sin-struck soul, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord." What must I do to be saved? What a reckoning those of you who are going on in sin are preparing for yourselves in the great day. You think you leave your sins behind you, to be buried in the oblivion of the passing years. But all these sins are gathered up and recorded on high, they have all gone before you to the judgment-seat, and when you stand there, as you must assuredly do, they shall, not one awaiting, array themselves against you, like an armed host for your condemnation and ruin.

Now, at the thought of that terrible record, and of that day when the books shall be opened, when all shall be judged out of those things found written in the books, how precious is this word of God. "I, even I, am He, that blotteth out thy transgressions." No one but God can reach that record, and make it as though it had never been. But with the full knowledge of all your sins, having the record of them all, and of all their special aggravations, open to His omniscient eye, God comes to you with His word of rich mercy and compassion,—“I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy sins.”

Charlotte Elizabeth tells us of a dumb boy who was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Though Jack,

as he was usually called, seemed very stupid and heavy before that time, yet after his conversion he often expressed his thoughts in a most beautiful and original manner. The following was one of the most remarkable:—He said that when he had lain a good while in the grave, God would call aloud, “Jack,” and he would start and say, “yes, me Jack.” Then he would rise and see multitudes standing together, and God sitting on a cloud, with a very large book in his hand, who would beckon him to stand before him, while He opened the book, and looked at the top of the page till He came to his own name. In that page, he said, God had written all his “bads,” every sin he had ever done; and the page was full. So God would look, and strive to read it, and hold it to the Sun for light, but it was all gone—nothing there. For, when he had first given his heart to Jesus Christ, He had taken the book out of God’s hand, and found that page, and then, allowing the wound in His hand to bleed, had passed it down over the page, so that God could see none of Jack’s sins, only Jesus Christ’s blood. Nothing being thus found against him, God would shut the book, and then he would remain standing before Him, till the Lord Jesus came, and saying to God—“My Jack,” would put His arms around him, and bid him stand with the angels until the rest were judged. During his last illness he frequently returned to this thought, and would say to his friends, with a look of infinite satisfaction, that “good red hand.”

“And is it not written—The iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found.” How could the plan of a sinner’s salvation be set forth more clearly than in this boy’s thought. That precious blood was shed for the remission of sins, and through the name of

Jesus, whosoever believeth on Him, shall receive remission of sins. "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions."

III. "For mine own sake." God blots out our sins, for His own sake. This opens up another, and a precious view of God's grace in the forgiveness of sin.

When a soul is first convinced of sin, the first thought and cry of the heart is, What shall I *do*. Great and difficult things would gladly be done—rare and precious offerings would gladly be made to procure remission of sin. Does not this express the spirit of every one who is burdened with a sense of sin? You are anxious to do something, to do anything for forgiveness and peace. You may know that God alone can forgive, can blot out your sins. But you imagine some price is required of you, some vow, some service, before you can hope for such a gift from the hand of God. You look about for some plea, or reason to urge upon God, and you wish to find it in yourself, you look for it there, and you are cast down when you cannot see anything in yourself which seems a strong reason wherefore God should forgive you. But listen reader, God requires nothing of such a sort from thee. He does require a strong plea, a sound reason, before he can forgive thee all thy sins; but God does not look for it in thee, but in himself. "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions." He saith, "*for mine own sake*." Look, there is your plea: you find it in God. He pardons for *his own sake*.

God forgives sin for the sake of His truth, which cannot fail. Hath He not said, "Come now, and let us reason together. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow—though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the

unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God for He will abundantly pardon." The honor of God's truth is pledged for the fulfilment of these promises to every one who pleads them with God. He is Jehovah—"The Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth keeping mercy for thousands, and forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin." And thus, the very honor and glory of His great name is engaged for the pardon of every one who comes in simple faith, trusting on Him. You find it difficult to believe, nevertheless—that you can be "justified freely"—that is, "for nothing," simply by the favor of God—"through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." And yet that *is* the way in which any sinner can be pardoned and saved, the only way—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling,"

is the language of every one who has found the way to pardon and peace. For, "God hath set forth Christ, a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, at this time, God's righteousness: that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth on Jesus." And the assurance has been given, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—With all these words of God sent to us, there is no need to cover up, or to conceal your sins; that would just shew that you could not trust the word of God. And no need, either, to cast about for some price to bring in your hand to God; perhaps your repentance, or your sorrow for sin, or some service you may perform, or intend to perform, to make God favorable

to your prayer for mercy; that also would show the remnants of unbelief blinding your eyes, and hardening your heart, so that you could not believe that God would do according to His word. Nay, rather, take the blessed God at His word: come, through Christ, in simple faith, and all your sin shall be forgiven for His own sake. "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions—for mine own sake." Can you not trust in Him?—It is when we see the ground of our forgiveness in God's truth, and mercy, and justice; in *Him* and not in *ourselves*, that we can appropriate that prayer of David—"For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." However great our sin, that plea—for Thy name's sake—can cover all.

IV. "And will not remember thy sins." God blots our sins out of *His* memory.—What a precious view of God's grace in forgiveness, this opens up.

Our forgiveness of one another is a very imperfect thing compared to God's. When any one in whom we have trusted firmly, and upon whom we have bestowed many favors, and to whom our thoughts have been thoughts of kindness and love; when such an one deceives us, repays our favors with ingratitude, and wrongs us grievously, we may, nevertheless—God helping us—forgive him his offences, and bear, without complaint or reproach, the wrong done. But we cannot altogether forget what has passed. There cannot be again the same oneness of spirit between him and us which once existed; our forgiveness is limited and imperfect, like ourselves.

But there is no such drawback in that forgiveness which God accords to those who come through Christ to Him. "I will not remember their sins," is his promise. The younger son in the parable, who left his father's house, could not ima-

gine that his unfilial conduct, his sin and folly, would ever be forgotten by that father to whom he had given such just cause of offence. And so he purposed on returning home, and making his confession of sin, to request the place of a servant only in his father's house. But as he came—"while he was yet a great way off, the father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." Without one reproach or upbraiding for all his past sin, he was assured of full forgiveness by being received as a son; and just as there was no shade on the Father's countenance as he sat down to the feast of joy on his return, so was there no rankling memory in his heart, creating a shadow of cold constraint between them.

And thus it is that God receives His erring sons and daughters. You have sometimes seen the clouds covering the sky, and hiding the face of the sun; but as his rays beat on them with fervent heat, the heavy clouds melt away before them. They are not rolled aside, but they are blotted out; and the sun runs his course in a firmament without a speck, clear and blue, as if these clouds had never been. And so is it with God's grace in the forgiveness of sin. Our sins come between us and God, like a thick cloud, hiding from our view His gracious face.—But they melt away before His grace. He blots them out as a cloud; nothing remains to cast a shade on the light of His countenance; there is no memory of them retained, throwing an air of constraint or distrust into God's dealings with us;—"I, even I, am He, saith God—that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

And now, dear reader, there are but two ways in which you can hope to obtain forgiveness. Either you must somehow atone for your own sins, or, come through Christ to God for mercy. Some are try-

ing the first. Indeed, all not in Christ, and who are troubled because of sin, are trying to dispose of their sin, to put it out of the way, themselves. How can you succeed? Do ye even know all your sins? Can you reach the record of them, and blot it out, so that it shall never appear in judgment against you?

Rather try the other method. Listen to this word of God. He undertakes the work, that God whom chiefly you have offended; He alone can reach the record which stands engrossed against you, and blot it out, so that it shall not appear in the judgment against you for ever. So that when sought for, it shall not be found. God hath promised to do this for his own sake, and what other plea can you offer, at all to be compared to this? God's truth and justice, the very honor of his great name, are all pledged to the faith of any poor, trembling sinner, who casts himself on the mercy of God, in Christ Jesus. And his forgiveness is perfect; it leaves no cloud between you and God, for the sins are cast out of his memory. He remembers them no more. Come ye then to Him, and your ears shall hear the blessed assurance, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee. Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel."

The moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes than his intellectual nature. I know they cannot be divorced—that without intelligence we should be brutes—that it is the tendency of our gaping, wondering dispositions to give pre-eminence to those faculties which most astonish us.—Strength of character seldom if ever astonishes us; goodness, lovingness, and quiet self-sacrifice are worth all the talent in the world.

INQUIRING SAINTS.

I was asked the other day whether I had any recent meeting for inquirers. I replied that I had not—that there were few inquiring sinners in the congregation, and I judged the reason to be, that there were few inquiring saints. "Inquiring saints!" that is a new phrase. We always supposed that *inquiring* belonged exclusively to sinners. But it is not so. Do we not read in Ezek. xxxvi. 37, "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be *inquired* of by the house of Israel to do it for them?" *By the house of Israel*—that is, by His people—by the Church.

You see that God requires and expects His covenanted people to inquire. It is true that saints do not make the same inquiry that sinners do. The latter ask what they must do to be saved, whereas the inquiry of Christians is, "Wilt thou not revive us again?" It is a blessed state of things when the people of God are inquiring. It is good for themselves, and it has a most benign influence on others. When the people of God inquire, presently the impenitent begin to inquire. That question, "Wilt thou not revive us?" is soon followed by the other, "What must I do to be saved?" Yes, when saints become anxious, it is not long ere sinners become anxious. The inquiry of three thousand on the day of Pentecost, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" was preceded by the inquiry of the one hundred and twenty, who "all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication."

Generally, I suppose that is the order.—First saints inquire, and then sinners; and whenever, in any congregation, religion does not flourish, one principal reason of it is, that the saints are not inquiring. They do not attend *their* inquiry meeting appointed for them. The saints inquiry meeting is the prayer meeting. In that Christians meet together to inquire of the Lord "to do it for them"—that is, to fulfil the promise about the new heart and the new spirit, of which He had been speaking. Now, when this meeting is crowned and interesting—when the inquiry among Christians is general, and earnest, and importunate—the sinners' inquiry meeting usually becomes crowded and interesting.

O that I could make my voice to be heard by all the dear people of God in the land on this subject! I would say, you wonder and lament that sinners do not inquire; but are you inquiring? You wonder that they do not feel; but do you feel? Can you expect a heart of stone to feel, when a heart of flesh does not? You are surprised that sinners can sleep. It is because you sleep alongside of them. Do you but awake, and bestir yourselves, and look up and cry to God, and you will see how soon they will begin to be roused, and to look about them, and to ask the meaning of your solicitude. O that the saints would but inquire.—*Nevins.*

A BUD OF PARADISE.

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“ So great was his love of poetry, that the pieces learned by an elder brother of twelve years, for his elocution class, he too committed to memory, and could repeat them with accuracy and feeling. His understanding was far in advance of his years. While suffering great pain during a sickness he had a few months before he died, as he saw me weeping on account of his distress, he brightened up and said, ‘ Aunt do not cry, and I will repeat a pretty verse for you.’ He then repeated the following one’ :—

‘ Why, O my soul, why thus depressed,
And whence this anxious fear ?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.’

“ When about four years of age, he had measles, and was very ill; but so patient that it was a pleasure to wait upon him. The day on which he was taken ill was New Year’s Day, and I had gone to Church. On my return I found the dear child in bed and very poorly. He asked me what Dr. Brown was preaching about? I repeated the text—‘ O that they were wise, that they understood this: that they would consider their latter end!’ He asked me what was meant by considering their latter end. I told him it meant thinking about death and preparing for it. He answered, ‘ O! I am a wise little boy then, for I often think about death.’

“ Some weeks after his recovery from this illness, a lady whose brother-in-law was dying of consumption, called upon me. While talking of him she became very much affected, when Addy, who was playing about the room with his sister, seeing her distress, left his toys and came to her saying, ‘ Miss M——, I can tell you a pretty verse about death.’ She asked him to repeat it. He said, ‘ O that they were wise, that they understood this,

that they would consider their latter end!’ On his leaving the room Miss M—— remarked, that he was like a little ministering angel, speaking peace to her troubled heart.

“ Let us now hasten to the closing scenes in the life of this interesting child, who died when little more than four and a half years old.

“ In the month of June, 1836, I visited friends in Kelso. I took Addy with me, for I could not bear the thought of separation from him. Ah! little did I foresee that bereaved, stricken, and sad I should return without my Addy—no more to see him in the land of the living. Surely the ‘ hand that veils from us the future, is a hand of both wisdom and love.’

“ During our short stay in Kelso, Addy seemed to enjoy excellent health and an unusual flow of spirits. With gratitude shall I ever remember the kindness shown to us by our friends during this visit. So much was the dear Addy beloved by my aunt and family, that they asked me to leave him with them for a time. Knowing that he would receive a strictly religious training while there, and be cared for as one of their own, I almost consented to sacrifice my own feelings to what might be for his good. I referred the matter to Addy himself, and asked if he would wish to stay. He affectionately replied, ‘ No aunt, for you and grandmamma were kind to me when I was a little baby, and I will never leave you.’

“ One evening my aunt came into the room where Addy was praying, and as he did not hear her, he went on in his usual sweet and solemn manner, not confined to any form of prayer. My aunt was much surprised and said, she would like Mr. M. to hear him pray. So, on the Sabbath evening following, he took Addy on his knee, and asked him to repeat a hymn. He repeated the 23d psalm, and when he had

finished, said, 'That is mamma's hymn.' (I had told him that it was the last his mamma had sung on earth.) Mr. M. then asked him a few questions, which he answered, and then he said to him, 'now my dear, say your prayers.' Addy's cheeks reddened, the tears started, and he mildly, yet firmly replied, 'No, I do not wish.' When undressing him I asked him why he had refused to say his prayers in the parlour? He replied, 'Because Christ told us not to say our prayers to persons but in our bedrooms.' What a delicate sense of Christian propriety does this little incident evince.

"My aunt gave him permission to play in any part of the garden, but told him not to eat any of the fruit as part of it was unripe. Oft did we from the window observe him walking about smelling the flowers, but the fruit we never saw him touch.

"One of his brothers came from Edinburgh to spend his holidays with his friends in Kelso. One evening, while the two brothers were amusing themselves in the garden, Robert found some apples that had been blown off by the wind, and gave one to Addy, which he ate. When my cousin went to call them to tea, Addy threw himself down and burst into tears. I went out to see what ailed him, when he told me that he had been very naughty for he had eaten an apple, but he did not tell me that his elder brother had given it to him. I sent them both up stairs to spend the rest of the evening in my bedroom, and as I left the room I happened to say, 'I cannot forgive this.' When I returned I found Addy in great distress of mind, because he feared God would not forgive his naughtiness, as I said I would not forgive him. I had spoken unwisely. Our blessed Lord has said, 'Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones.' How very guarded should we be in regard to what we say and do before children.

"The two boys were in the habit of walking with me every evening in the Duke's gardens; and usually they got a few strawberries to eat. One evening we were an hour later than usual, and Robert remarked, they need not go that evening, as the old woman who sold the strawberries would be gone. 'O but,' said Addy, 'we can see the beautiful flowers, and hear the birds, and see the bees coming home to their lives with honey.' Sweet child, his love for flowers was remarkable. May we not believe that he is now a flower in that celestial garden where are no destroying storms, nor withering blights, nor nipping frosts?

"Two nights before we left, my cousin went to see him in bed, and as the curtain was partly drawn, he did not see her enter. She heard him saying, with a mournful voice, 'Farewell beautiful Teviot, farewell beautiful Tweed, farewell beautiful Cheviot mountains, Addy will never see you more.' Prophetic words! for never was the dear child to see this lovely scenery again.

"We were to leave Kelso on a Monday morning, and the Sabbath preceding was spent by him as if it were really a delight. He went to Church both forenoon and afternoon, and he could repeat a little of the forenoon's sermon. Mr. M. was in the habit of having family worship three times on the Sabbath, and as I feared Addy would be tired, I told him he might walk in the garden till Mr. M. had finished, but he declined, saying, 'I like worship very much.' After hearing him say his questions and hymns, I told him to go down to the kitchen for a little. The servants began to joke with him, but he very gravely told them to sit down and he would tell them a beautiful story about the marriage supper of the Lamb. This had been the subject of the chapter I had read and explained to him in the morning.

“ We left, as I purposed, on Monday morning, by coach for Edinburgh, and we had a providential escape by the way. One of the horses took fright and attempted to run off, but some men being near came to the assistance of the driver, and nothing serious occurred. The morning after our arrival in Edinburgh, he took notice of this incident in his prayers. As nearly as I can recollect, his words were, ‘ I thank thee, O Lord, that though the horse ran off, we were not hurt. Take us safely to dear aunt in Kippen.’ His prayer was answered, for thus far he got but no further, as the day after reaching Kippen he was taken ill and could not be removed, but I trust was soon taken to a better and happier home.

“ Addy’s illness was supposed by the doctor to be only a slight fever from cold; but from the commencement of his illness I felt apprehensive he was not to recover. Being myself very unwell, I wrote to Glasgow to my mother to come to us.— Great was the shock she received, when on her arrival she found poor Addy quite insensible and in a raging fever.

“ During the first five days his mind was quite coherent, and in a most happy and tranquil state. At the beginning of his illness, when he saw me in tears, he affectionately asked me what ailed me? I wiped the tears from my eyes and said, ‘ Addy because you are in such pain.’— He sweetly replied, ‘ Job had far more pain to suffer than I have, and I wish to be patient like him.’ So long as he remained sensible, after being washed in the morning, he used to ask me to read a chapter to him; generally choosing the one he wished me to read. When I had done reading he always closed his eyes and prayed.— One day he prayed that his dear little sister might get a new heart and be prepared for heaven. I trust that for the

Redeemer’s sake this prayer may be answered.

“ The third day of his sickness was a Sabbath, and sweet on that day was our conversation about divine things. In the evening he heard the children playing’ and remarked that God would be very angry with them. I said, ‘ Addy, think dear, of your own sins, not of theirs.’ He said, ‘ Well, but the noise hurts my little head.’ I then told him I feared that it was not because the children were sinning against God he was grieved but because the noise disturbed him. ‘ No, no, he said earnestly, ‘ it is because God will be angry with them.’ Shortly after, a dog made a great noise howling at the outside door, and I asked him if that noise did not hurt his head? ‘ Yes,’ he said, ‘ it does, but you know that the dog has no sense, and God will not be angry with it; but the children have reason and God will be angry with them.’

“ When quite insensible, in his ravings, he spoke only of those things which had given him so much delight when in health. I remember his once saying, ‘ To-morrow will be Thursday, next day Friday, next Saturday, then comes Sabbath and I shall go to Church and be so happy.’ Near indeed, was he to that Sabbath which is without end, and to that joy which is without alloy.

“ The fever came to a head on the ninth day, and so dangerous were the symptoms that we had little hopes of the dear child’s recovery. The doctor who had thus far attended him had used no active means to check the progress of the disease; so, with my mother’s consent, another doctor was called. The new physician prescribed some things that seemed at first to give the little sufferer great relief, but the following morning he was in a most dangerous state, and from the opinion of the medical man last called we lost all

hope. So great were the dear child's sufferings that we had no desire to see them protracted; and, if it had been God's will, were willing rather to see him released from his agony and taken to the bosom of that Saviour whom he loved.

"A post chaise had been sent for to Glasgow, in the fond hope that the little invalid could have endured the fatigue of being taken home. So rapid, however, had been the progress of the disease, and so alarming were the symptoms, it had now assumed, that this at the present was utterly impracticable. I had been, myself, confined to bed for several days, and my mother now insisted that I should return by the chaise to Glasgow, that I might be attended by our family physician. A sense of duty made me yield to her solicitations. My feelings may be more easily imagined than described as I bade adieu to my aged parent, and clasped to my bosom for the last time that loved object of my affection, of whose happy release from suffering I expected soon to hear. I was too much bewildered fully to realise what was almost more than flesh and blood could bear, and such were my own weakness and weight of bodily disease, that I felt as if very probably I should soon follow the darling child into the world of spirits—that in death we should no longer be divided. But our lives are in the hands of Him who doeth all things well; the child of my love has been taken from me and I remain a pilgrim in this world of mingled smiles and tears."

"On reaching Glasgow, after a drive of six hours, I was so exhausted that I sent for our family physician. He said that I had inflammation on the chest, and along with that, violent fever. Fearful of infection, I allowed none of the kind friends who called to be permitted to see me. God was with me in my affliction. In the time of trial there is one Friend

who sticketh closer than a brother, even that Friend who is born for adversity.

"On the day after reaching Glasgow, I expected to hear from my mother of my dear Addy. I was kept in painful suspense four days. My mother had written according to promise, but neglecting in her letter to add Glasgow to the address, it was long of reaching me. At length I had a letter from her. The following is an extract:—

"Kippen, 2d Aug., 1836.

My dear Eliza,—

I am happy to say that both doctors think Addy a little better. I think so myself. What grounds of thankfulness to God for all his mercies! All we can do is just by faith and prayer to take his case to the God of all mercy and leave him there.

"This glad news was to me as life from the dead, and my own health rapidly improved. Soon I was able to leave my bed, and with how much pleasure did I make many little household arrangements in the fond anticipation of soon seeing the sweet child again.

"For four weeks I heard regularly that his health was improving, though slowly; when one day I received a letter containing the painful news that Addy was worse. In the evening of the same day I got another with the account of his death. The following is an extract from the last of these two communications:—

"My Dear Eliza:—

"I wrote to you this forenoon about Alick's being worse. He continued so till his God took him to himself without a sigh or a groan, a little past eight o'clock in the evening. About six o'clock he said he would like to be on my knee. I lifted him and sat down at the window. He asked me not to go down to tea with aunt. So she came up and took tea with us. Elizabeth came about seven to

make his bed, when he became very uneasy and said he wanted to go to bed.—As soon as he lay down he complained of heat, then of cold. I put some more clothes upon him when he said, ‘That will do now grandmamma.’ Seeing me weep he lifted up his little hands and wiped my eyes. [Touching incident! One of our Saviour’s last acts of mercy was to comfort his weeping and disconsolate mother.] I remarked, ‘My dear I cannot help you.’ He answered, ‘No, grandmamma, will God now take me to heaven?’ I said, ‘I hope He will, you know who died for sinners?’ ‘Yes,’ he replied, and fell quiet, and his aunt was only in time to see him draw his last breath without a shiver or a groan. I may truly say he fell asleep in Jesus.’ After referring to arrangements regarding the funeral, my mother thus concludes, ‘Try to be composed. God has taken away a sweet plant I trust to a world where there is neither sin nor sorrow. ‘Be still and know that I am God.’”

“This brings my narrative to a close. How evidently was the Lord ripening this infant one for heaven! Towards the last his mind was serene and peaceful. It was staid upon his God and therefore he had perfect peace. His affections were fixed on the upper world. Shortly before he died, one day he asked my mother why it was Christ said, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me,’ adding ‘who can forbid them, grandmamma?’ My mother explained to him that if parents did not love Christ, they would not seek to bring their children to Him, ‘Then,’ said Addy with great earnestness, ‘Those are naughty parents, what will become of them at the last day?’ Another day (two before he died) he asked his grandmamma if his mamma would know him when he went to heaven, as he was only a little babe when she died.’

“Sweet child thou art gone—thou art gone to thy rest
From this world of sin, of sorrow and care;
A haven thou hast reached in the land of the blest,
Which the Saviour has said ‘I go to prepare.’

“Ah! yes, thou art gone, but ere long I shall meet,
In happier realms the sweet child of my love;
And first at heaven’s portals thou joyous will wait
To welcome me home to the mansions above.”

“Perhaps the readers of this interesting memoir may wonder that so few blemishes appear in the subject of it. If the sweet singer of Israel says truly, ‘Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me,’ and if what he says applies to universal humanity, why so little evidence of this sinfulness in Alexander L? The reason was, grace had renewed his infant heart. I never had to chastise him but once, and that was for refusing to go out for a drive with his aunt (Mrs. M.) The trial to him was severe to go anywhere without me, but I insisted on compliance with my wishes. I cannot say there was any exhibition of angry temper, for with his little arms around my neck he begged to be allowed to remain at home if I did not go—but in training children it has always appeared to me an imperative duty to insist upon prompt and implicit obedience whatever violence may be done to our own feelings.—On one occasion he manifested for a short time an unforgiving spirit, but when I spoke to him of the many sins which he hoped forgiveness of from God and told him that unless he forgave he could not be forgiven, he burst into tears and said, “I will go and kiss my cousin, aunt!” As he lay down that night he said, “I hope God will forgive me for saying I did not love cousin when she hurt me.” Dear child, so tender was his conscience and so sensitive his feelings that I had often to assure him that he was a good boy, and tell him how much I loved him, and strange to say he would then, young as he was, talk of his heart-sins!

“ Grace had done much for Alexander L. He was a fair flower, yet at times the trail of the serpent might be seen on it. His soul like a well cultivated garden brought forth sweet fruits and fair flowers, yet there were, ever rising up the weeds of sin, and constant watchfulness and patient culture were required. He needed to be washed in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness as much as the vilest.

“ From the memoir of Alexander L., learn the value of youthful training. Neglected, in his natural heart were the seeds of evil, that might have resulted in fruits unto sin. Parents, a word to you! Train wisely, train faithfully, train affectionately, train earnestly, and blessed will be the results. The soil of the young heart is not barren; but a field that the Lord will bless. When God gives you a little one, He says to you as to one of old, ‘Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.’ God will assuredly give thee thy wages. Ah mother with big loving heart! dost thou remember that the infant thou claspest so fondly to thy bosom is endued with an immortal Spirit—that thy babe shall yet be one of the white robed throng that sing “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,” or of the unhappy lost whose weepings, wailings, and gnashings of teeth shall cease not forever! Father! mother! think of these things and be wise. Do your duty. Your teachings, your prayers, your Christian example, exercise a mighty influence on the destinies of your child for time and eternity.

How comforting to parents when called on to part with their young ones (and how few parents are not?) to have such bright hopes in their departure; for the subject of this memoir is not a solitary one. Many such are not removed to the fold above, till they have given evidence of the regenerating power of Divine grace on their tender minds.

O let such departed ones be to thy soul as a silken cord of love around thy heart, to draw thee upwards unto Him, who in the days of his flesh said, “Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” “I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.”

COAX HIM, BOYS—COAX HIM.

Two boys passed my window one bright morning, carrying heavy pieces of furniture. One of them also held a string which was attached to a large dog's head. The dog was unwilling to trot very rapidly and much to the lad's annoyance would insist upon resting every few steps. The large boy grew impatient, for it was hard work to carry such a heavy load, and at the same time drag the dog.

“Kick him, Jim, kick him,” said he; and Jim set down his burden and began to kick; but the dog only growled, and refused to stir. Then Jim took a stick and began to beat him; but the obstinate fellow only whined, and remained perfectly still.

What was to be done? The boys were beginning to despair, when Frank Gage came along. “Coax him, boys, coax him,” was Frank's manly suggestion. Some boys would have pouted, and thought Frank had nothing to say in the matter; but these seemed relieved by the advice, and began to pat ‘Trim,’ and speak kindly to him. What was the result? Why, “Trim,” wagged his tail approvingly, and trotted off briskly.

Does not this little incident illustrate the power of kind words? There is a great deal of power and meaning in kind words and actions. A little hymn you all know, says, “Kind words can never die.” Have you ever tried the experiment? There is scarcely a person living who does not like a little coaxing and encouragement, and scarcely a person who cannot be influenced by gentle words and treatment. Be kind to everybody, and everything about you, always remembering the text, “Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

THE GOOD NEWS.

OCTOBER 15th, 1863.

THE MODEL LESSON ON HUMILITY

Christ was the Great Teacher; and those who would study the art cannot find a better example from which to copy. His lessons were short and simple, pithy and pointed.—His words went home like nails into the timber. He knew well the out-goings of the human heart, and the entrance into it; and never did he display this better than when teaching his disciples, who were disputing about superiority, the lesson of humility. Here we behold humility teaching humility. He had a right, as their Master and Lord, to keep them under, and to check with one authoritative word, the least appearance amongst them of high-mindedness. This might have ended the controversy of the disciples, but it might not have cured them; for a command does not always carry with it conviction. He might have also referred them to his own example. He might have told them, that since they were his followers, they ought to be his imitators too; and, that he had humbled himself in becoming their Master. But had he done so at once, some one might have thought within himself (for there was a devil amongst them) he would have us to be humble, and yet he magnifies himself. Most unquestionably he was the best instance of humility, for he was an impersonation of it—humility incarnate.—But he did not choose the best example, because another better suited his purpose.—Looking around upon his disciples with a kind, but piercing glance, Jesus says to them, “What was it that ye were disputing so much about by the way?” At once twelve heads droop in shame, and no answer. “Bring me a child,” says Jesus. Wondering what was coming, they cast enquiring looks at him, and at each other. A little one, smiling in contented infancy, is brought in. Then Christ with his finger pointed to the child, and his eyes upon the disciples, says, “Do you see this child, humble and meek, confiding and contented, and harrassed by no sinful ambition; mark it well, and remember, that it is

such a nature as this which each of you must possess, if ye would be my disciples—if ye would enter into the kingdom of heaven. For unless you become even as a weaned child, ye cannot enter there, for of such mild-like ones only are the subjects of that kingdom. Be not high-minded then, for whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. Do you not perceive, then, that he who empties himself of pride, and thus becomes least among you, is in reality the greatest, for a meek and quiet spirit is of great price in the sight of God.” The disciples feel the force of his words, and stand in guilty dumbness. Still they forgot them, and shortly before his death, they had a similar dispute, on which occasion Jesus pointed them to himself, which he would not have done at all had they kept his first lesson in mind; and, it was only because he was so anxious to impress the importance of humility upon them, that he was forced to bring before them himself, who, being in the form of God, and thinking it not robbery to be equal with God, took upon him the form of a servant, and was found in fashion as a man. Where is there humility like this! the ancient of days becoming an infant of days! No one ever taught humility like Jesus; for no one ever acted it out like him. He taught it all his life, because he lived it, and those who would walk in his footsteps must live it too. Pride is unseemly in any one, but it is much more so in a Christian, who has declared to the world by his profession, that he is a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

X. Y. Z.

SPIRITUAL DEATH.

Strange as it may sound, how many a man has followed himself to his own grave! He is no mourner, (would he were, for then there might be still hope) but he is an assister at the grave of his own better hopes and holier desires, of all in which the true life of his soul consisted, which is all dead and buried, though he, a sad survivor of himself, still cumpers the world for a while.—*Trench.*

SMALL THINGS.

A young lad once presented me with a book-mark, having the inscription, "God bless you," and exacted the promise that it should be placed in my Bible, but never to remain a day opposite the same chapter. Faithful to my promise, I took it home, and rubbing from the lids of my Bible the dust of a week, I placed it in the first chapter of Matthew, and daily read a chapter and changed its place. I had not read long before I became interested as I had never been before in this good book; and I saw in its truths that I was a sinner, and must repent if I would be saved. I then promised God that I would seek his face at the earliest opportunity, and, if he saw it fit to convert my soul, that I would spend my life in his cause. It came; I sought his face, and received the smiles of his love; and now I have a hope within me, "big with immortality;" and all I at tribute to that book-mark and the grace of God. O, my reader, "despise not the day of small things." A word spoken in season, a simple christian act, a sincere, simple prayer, may turn a poor wandering sinner from the error of his ways.

THE CONSCRIPTION IN THE SOUTH.

The new conscription law of Jefferson Davis is reaping its victims like a scourge. Under its operations the Quakers of North Carolina were brought in, and compelled by the most horrible severities to bear arms against the North. A correspondent of the 'Tribune' relates the following incident:

"One of these Friends was singled out as especially obnoxious, and was whipped unmercifully. The officer in charge was lawless and brutal, and on one occasion ordered him to be shot as an example to others. He called out a file of men to shoot him. While his executioners were drawn up before him, standing within twelve feet of their victim, the latter, raising his eyes to heaven, and elevating his hands, cried out in a loud voice: 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do.' Instantly came the order to fire.— But, instead of obeying it, the men dropped their muskets and refused, declaring that they could not kill such a man.

"This refusal so enraged the officer that

he knocked his victim down in the road, and then strove repeatedly to trample him to death under his horse's feet. But the animal persistently refused to even step over his prostrate body. In the end, they were marched with the rebel army to Gettysburg. In that battle they remained entirely passive, fired no shot, and in God alone trusted for preservation. Very early in the action the officer referred to was killed. The Friends, all unhurt, were taken prisoners and sent to Fort Delaware.— Here, by accident, it became known in this city that several Friends were among the captured, and two members of the Society went down to inquire into the circumstances, but they were refused permission to see them. They went immediately to Washington, and there obtained an order for their discharge, conditioned on their taking an affirmation of their allegiance. This opened the prison door. The affirmation made, these martyrs, for conscience sake, were released, and are now safe in New York."

The Quakers, as a class, will not, for conscience sake, engage in war; and if the above narrative be correct, it is a remarkable instance of the deliverance which the Lord will work for those that trust in him:—[Ed. Good News.]

"A SHARE IN THE CONCERN."

One evening as a little sweep was running along the street, a big sweep met him, and shouted to the little fellow, "Halloo, Jack, where are you going in such a hurry?" Little Jack said, "Don't bother me now; I am going to the missionary meeting. I've got a share in the concern, and I want to go and see how things goes on." This little sweep was in a Sabbath-school, and was a subscriber to the missionary society; hence he said he had a share in the concern, and was going to see how things went on. Are there not many boys of respectable families who have no share in this concern? Let such learn from the little sweep their duty, and immediately enjoy the privilege of becoming shareholders in the honourable concern.

READERS OF THE BIBLE.

The Emperor Theodosius wrote out the whole New Testament with his own hand, and read some part of them every day.—Theodosius II. dedicated a great part of the night to the study of the Scriptures. George, Prince of Transylvania, read over the Bible twenty-seven times. Alphonus, king of Arragon, read the Scriptures over, together with a large commentary, fourteen times.

Sir Henry Wotton, after his customary public devotions, used to retire to his study, and there spend some hours in reading the Bible. Sir John Hartop in like manner, amidst his other vocations, made the Book of God so much his study, that it lay before him night and day.

M. de Renty, a French nobleman, used to read daily three chapters of the Bible, with his head uncovered, and on his bended knees.

Lady Frances Hobart read the psalms over twelve times a year, the New Testament thrice, and the other parts of the Old Testament once.

Susannah, Countess of Suffolk, for the last seven years of her life, read the whole Bible twice annually.

Dr. Gouge used to read fifteen chapters every day: five in the morning, five after dinner, and five in the evening, before going to bed. Mr. Jeremiah Whittaker usually read all the Epistles in the Greek Testament twice every fortnight.

Joshua Barnes is said to have read a small pocket Bible, which he usually carried about with him, 120 times over. Mr. Roger Cotton read the whole Bible through several times a year.

The Rev. William Romaine studied nothing but the Bible for the last thirty or forty years of his life.

A poor prisoner being confined in a dark dungeon, had no light except for a

few moments when his food was brought to him; he used to take his Bible and read a chapter, saying he could find his mouth in the dark, when he could not read.

Henry Willis, farmer, aged eighty-one, devoted almost every hour that could be spared from his labour during the course of so long a life, to the devout and serious perusal of the Holy Scriptures. He had read with the most minute attention all the books of the Old and New Testament eight times over, and had proceeded as far as the book of Job in his ninth reading, when his meditations were terminated by death.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

The more the works of God are studied, the more suggestive will they become.—They present the richest forms of beauty, and suggest the most sublime principles of art. Nature, indeed, is profuse in hints, and men of genius know how to value them.

It was observation on the part of the architect which led to the successful building of the Eddystone lighthouse. He observed that the form of the oak tree seemed the strongest in nature. He acted on this, and built the lighthouse after the model of an oak tree's trunk. Watt, the engineer, took the lobster's tail for his model when he was constructing pipes to convey water to Glasgow from the opposite side of the Clyde. The pipes were made to fit one into the other, like the joints of a lobster's tail, so that they might adapt themselves to the form of the bottom, when laid across the river.

Brunel acknowledged that he had taken his first lessons for forming the tunnel under the Thames from the shipworm, as he observed it perforate with its well-armed head the wood, first in one direction, and then another, till the arched way was complete; the roof and sides of which it then daubed over with a kind of varnish. Copying this work exactly on a large scale, his great undertaking was accomplished.

Thus the works of creation become teachers to mankind.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses,
Crowding round our neighbour's way,
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day;
Would we then so often chide
For his lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain!

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass.
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom it
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to others lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, "Dear Father judge us,
As we judge our fellow men."

PRESENT, PERFECT, AND ETERNAL JUSTIFICATION.

"He was raised again for our Justification."—
Rom. iv. 24.

It may be well at the outset to anticipate what to some may appear a difficulty, for Rom. v. 1 (and there are many other passages of similar import) plainly connects justification with the act of faith, while here it is connected with the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. Now, how do these two statements bear upon each other? Plainly thus:—

When Jesus died and rose again, all His people were one with Him in the purposes of grace, and by representation; but though their justification is procured and secured by the resurrection, they are not *actually* justified till by personal faith they are *actually united* to the person of Jesus. Just as in Egypt it was the lamb slain in the place of the first-born that secured the Israelite's safety, though he was not actually saved till the hand of faith sprinkled the blood upon the lintel and side-posts of the dwelling, thus identifying the house with the slain lamb, so we are saved by the death and resurrection of Jesus—yet only brought into personal possession of the secured blessings

when by faith we are made actually one with Him in death and resurrection.

Thus, the act of faith is the connecting link, the bond of union between the soul and Christ; where, therefore, there is faith in Jesus, there is *oneness with Him*, yea, identification with Him; whatever he has, the believer has in Him; whatever he has done, the believer is held to have done, and can now not only declare He died for me, but I in Him—not only He was raised for me, but He, Jehovah, hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places.

The question that now presses for answer is this:—If believers in Jesus, and therefore one with Him, are we justified? To have this question rightly answered, we must ask another:—Is Jesus justified? Once he was identified with our sin, all the iniquity of all His people was actually reckoned to Him. Being made sin, he was identified with that sin's guilt—consequently under condemnation, under curse, under wrath.

Calvary rises before our view, and beyond the gate occupying the sinner's place, we behold Him in rejection afar off. Does he occupy that same position still? Ah, no! Having finished transgression and made an end of sin, having endured the whole of wrath divine, He is risen from the dead; and the place that He now occupies in the heavens is the place of righteousness, the place of acceptance, the place of justification.

Then, beloved, if we be one with Him through faith, all the glory that He inherits (save only the incommunicable glory of His essential Godhead) we inherit with Him, for we are "joint heirs with Christ." One with Him in righteousness,—one with Him in acceptance—*one with Him in justification.*

We have then, through faith, a **PRESENT** justification, for since sin is gone from Jesus, believer it is gone from you; and, oh, entrancing thought! you are as pure from the guilt of your sin in the eye of God as is the risen, exalted, glorified Jesus. All your sins were laid upon Him,—not only sins past, but sins present, and sins to come—all the sin that God foresaw you ever would commit were laid upon Him, and burned up,—consumed by the awful fires of divine wrath when Jesus was

laid a sacrifice upon the altar of justice,—their very ashes were buried deep in the Redeemer's tomb, and over them no trumpet-blast of resurrection can ever sound,—And now that we are one with Him in death and resurrection, we are consequently one with Him in His present justification.

Think of the wondrous PERFECTNESS of this justification. It is blessed to know that you are justified, but this blessedness becomes more blissful when you learn that your justification is without reserve—complete, perfect, everlasting! Jesus is completely freed from sin. Once He was so covered over with our sin, which was imputed to Him, that all His personal perfection was hidden from view, and He suffered as if He had been a sinner; but now not one sin remains behind, not so much as a trace is left to tell that sin was ever there; and thus He is perfectly justified from all the imputed guilt which He bore, and stands before the throne in perfect righteousness.

Since then, dear believer, you are justified in His justification. If He is justified so are you—if He is perfectly justified, so are you—and the very righteousness in which Jesus stands is the very righteousness in which you stand. Grasp the thought ye that are risen with Christ!—May the Holy Spirit send it deep into your souls, and make it the joy and rejoicing of your hearts.

Dear children of God, beloved members of Christ, ye are this moment as completely perfectly justified, as ye would be if, instead of dwelling down here in a tabernacle of clay, you were absent from the body and present with the Lord. Yea, ye trembling, doubting saints, one with Jesus, ye are as perfect in the eye of the Perfect One, as are they who even now redeemed from among men, circle in glory without fault before the throne. They are perfect only in the perfectness of Christ, and that is the same perfectness in which you stand at this moment before God. The highest peer in the hierarchy of angels is not half so comely in the eye of God as is the man who is “found in Christ, not having his own righteousness, but the righteousness of God by faith.”—The perfectness of the brightest archangel is at best but created perfection. Yours is

divine; for ye are “made the righteousness of God in Him, and are partakers of the divine nature.” Ye need not envy angels,—but vividly realising the glory of your standing, with a thankful heart and tuneful tongue may chant the words of an old German hymn—

“Had I an angel's holiness,
I'd cast aside that wondrous dress,
And wrap me up in Christ.”

Think once more, and a ray of still diviner glory shall break in upon your soul:—The justification of the believer through virtue of his oneness with the risen Jesus is not only present and perfect, but it is ETERNAL. Our standing in righteousness admits of no degrees, no progress, no variation; we are “made accepted in the beloved;” and because that He is now, henceforth, and for ever perfect—never more perfect in his justification from the sin which He bore at one time than another—so are we in him; for, since He and we are ONE, the measure and the duration of His justification is the measure and duration of our justification.

Would you have these heavenly facts, these divine realities, confirmed by direct quotation from the Word of God? Did we say that believers have a PRESENT justification? “Such were some of you, but ye ARE JUSTIFIED,” (1 Cor. vi. 11.) “Being justified.” (Rom. v. 1.)

Did we say that this justification is PERFECT? “Ye are complete in Him.” (Col. ii. 10.) “By Him all that believe are justified from all things,” (Acts xiii. 39.)—Did we say that this justification is ETERNAL? “For by one offering he hath PERFECTED FOR EVER them that are sanctified,” (Heb. x. 14.) *Unbelieving* believers, and ye of *faithless* faith, bury your doubts and fears in the tomb of Jesus, and let them never know a resurrection. See yourself ONE WITH JESUS—dead, buried, risen—seated with Him in the heavenlies; and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds by Christ Jesus. Ye shall then come to know the power of His resurrection, and thus make this strange soil of earth to be the very vestibule of heaven.

T. F.—[British Herald.]

THE SIN OF UNBELIEF.

Few sins appear to be so peculiarly provoking to God as the sin of unbelief.—None certainly have called down such heavy judgments on men. It is a practical denial of God's Almighty power to doubt whether he can do a thing, when he undertakes to do it.—It is giving the lie to God to doubt whether he means to do a thing, when he has plainly promised that it shall be done.—The forty years wanderings of Israel in the wilderness, should never be forgotten by professing Christians: The words of St. Paul are very solemn: "They could not enter in because of unbelief." (Heb. iii. 19.)

Let us watch and pray daily against this soul-ruining sin. Concessions to it rob believers of their inward peace—weaken their hands in the day of battle—bring clouds over their hopes—make their chariot wheels drive heavily. According to the degree of our faith will be our enjoyment of Christ's salvation—our patience in the day of trial—our victory over the world. Unbelief, in short, is the true cause of a thousand spiritual diseases, and once allowed to nestle in our hearts, will eat as doth a canker. "If ye will not believe, ye shall not be established." (Isaiah vii. 9.) In all that respects the pardon of our sins, and the acceptance of our souls—the duties of our peculiar station and the trials of our daily life—let it be a settled maxim in our religion, to trust every word of God implicitly, and to beware of unbelief.

RYLE.

A SAD CONTRAST.

A Philadelphia missionary writes the following:—"A few days ago a man staggered into the Mission House, with not a stitch on him but an old pair of pants, shoes, vest, and hat, with breast all open—no shirt or coat on—a bleeding face, fresh from a fight, and one of his fingers nearly chewed off by his antagonist's teeth; yet that man was once a min-

ister of the gospel, and when sixteen years old, was placarded as the great juvenile preacher, and preached to five thousand persons.—He proved his talent to me, by making out a skeleton on the text, "Let us not, therefore, sleep as do others, but watch and be sober," which he did well for a mind stupid with liquor. He said he once had three times in the day for private devotion, afterwards two and then one, finally none—so he fell. We got him to wash up, dressed his wounds, clothed as best we could, for we had no means provided but a boys shirt, an old coat and an old hat. Then we talked to him, prayed with him reached down the hope of Peter's case, who was restored again, and made a more earnest preacher than ever of the Master whom he denied, and kept ever faithful. He seemed encouraged and went up town to his work followed by our anxious prayers."

THOUGHTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS

DESTROY IT NOT—A TRUE NARRATIVE.

"Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it."—Isa. lxxv. 8.

Some little time ago a friend of mine was conversing with a pious woman at one of the railway stations. She informed him of the following remarkable occurrence. She had an unconverted husband and son, and they were both Infidels. They used every possible means to induce her to hear lectures on infidelity, and they ultimately succeeded in their efforts. But her conscience gave her no rest. In this state she became so very unhappy that she formed a rash resolution of self-destruction. In this distress of mind, one evening she made her way to Blackfriars Bridge, and rushing down the steps, she walked into the water, but still feeling as though some unseen hand was holding her back; when words came forcibly to her mind, as though it had been a voice from heaven, "*Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it.*" She came out of the water, and, kneeling down, lifted up her heart to God, and asked for divine strength to aid her in this time of need. On her way home she entered a place of worship, and, surprising to say, the minister's text was, "*Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it.*" At the close of the service, she mentioned the circumstance to the minister, who spoke comforting words to her, and advised her to re-

turn home, When she got there, she was received with unusual kindness. Some time after she mentioned the whole affair to her husband and son, and it affected them both so deeply that it led them to seek salvation simply through Christ, and ended in their renunciation of infidelity as the disciples of Christ. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. "Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it."

THE UNKIND SON REBUKED.

There was once a man who had an only son, to whom he was very kind, and gave everything that he had.

When his son grew up, and dwelt in his own house, he was very unkind to his poor old father, whom he refused to support, and turned out of doors. The old man said to his grandson, "Go and fetch the covering from my bed, that I may go and sit by the wayside and beg." The child burst into tears, and ran for the covering. He met his father to whom he said, "I am going to fetch the rug from my grandfather's bed, that he may wrap it round him, and go a-begging?" The child went for the rug, and brought it to his father, and said to him, "Father, cut it in two; the half of it will be large enough for grandfather, and perhaps you may want the other half when I grow a man, and turn you out of doors." The words of the child struck him so forcibly that he immediately sought his father, and entreated forgiveness, and was ever after kind and attentive to the aged man. Thus a poor old man was, through a child's words permitted to die in peace.

EVERY DAY SUNDAY.

By different nations every day of the week is set apart for public worship, viz.—

The Christians	set apart	Sunday.
The Grecians	"	Monday.
The Persians	"	Tuesday.
The Assyrians	"	Wednesday.
The Egyptians	"	Thursday.
The Turks	"	Friday.
The Jews	"	Saturday.

THE ATONEMENT.

The late Thomas, Earl of Kintoul, a short time before his death, in a long and serious conversation with the Rev. Dr. Kemp, of Edinburgh, thus expressed himself: "I have always considered the Atonement the characteristic of the Gospel; as

a system of religion, strip the Gospel of the doctrine of the Atonement, and you reduce it to a scheme of morality, excellent, indeed, very excellent, and such as the world never saw; but to man, in the present state of his faculties, absolutely impracticable."

A TOKEN FOR MOURNERS.

The Rev John Newton one day said to a gentleman, who was mourning over the death of a lovely daughter, "Sir, if you were going to the East Indies, I suppose you would like to send a remittance before you. This little girl is just like a remittance sent to heaven before you go yourself. I suppose a merchant on 'Change is never heard expressing himself thus:—O my dear ship, I am sorry she has got into port so soon! I am sorry she has escaped the storms that are coming!" Neither should we sorrow for children dying."

MODES AND MOTIVES OF GIVING.

Two classes of people prefer the contribution-box to a subscription paper: those who would be ashamed to have it known *how little* they give, and those who in true modesty do not wish to have it known *how much* they contribute. Two classes prefer a subscription paper: the ostentatiously liberal, who would not give at all unless they could have credit among men for their generosity; and the indifferent to all questions of personal fame who would stimulate others by their own example.—It would be a curious chapter could every contribution, by either mode, tell its own story, and reveal the motive that prompted it. There is significance in the account of Him who 'sat over against the treasury, and beheld *how* the people cast money into the treasury.' He knew all the contributors and the spirit by which they were actuated.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

There is one degree of sonship founded on creation, and that is the lowest, and belonging unto all, both good and bad; another degree above that, there is grounded upon regeneration or adoption, belonging only to the truly faithful in this life; and a third, above the rest, founded on the resurrection or collation, of the eternal inheritance and the similitud of God, appertaining to the saints alone in the world to come.

"GO ON SIR, GO ON."

Arago says in his autobiography, that his master in mathematics had a word or two of advice which he found in the binding of one of his text-books. Puzzled and discouraged by the difficulties which he met with in his early studies, he was almost ready to give over the pursuit. Some words which he found on the waste leaf used to stiffen the cover of his paper-bound text-book, caught his eye and interested him. "Impelled," he says, "by an indefinable curiosity, I damped the cover of the book and carefully unrolled the leaf, to see what was on the other side. It proved to be a short letter from D'Alembert to a young person disheartened, like myself, by the difficulties of mathematical study, and who had written to him for counsel. 'Go on sir, go on,' was the counsel D'Alembert gave him. 'The difficulties you meet with will resolve themselves as you advance, Proceed and light will dawn and shine with increasing clearness on your path.'"

"That maxim, says Arago, 'was my greatest master in mathematics.'

Following out these simple words, 'Go on, sir, go on, made him the first astronomical mathematician of his age. What Christians would it make of us! What heroes of faith! what sages in holy wisdom should we become just by acting out that maxim, 'Go on, sir go on!'

"The Lord's going forth is prepared as the morning." He does not give us noon-day to begin with, but the dawn of the morning, and we must follow on to know Him fully till perfected in love.

'Go on, sir, go on,' in the study of His truth. 'Go on, sir, go on, in the exercise of faith, hope, love and obedience, and patient continence in well-doing. "Go on, sir, go on," in battling with every difficulty that opposes your advancement in holiness and usefulness. "Go on, sir, go on," till you are all light and all love. The path of the just is as the morning light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "Go on, sir, go on." Will you, through grace do it?

A CONGREGATION OF THREE.

Will you let me relate an incident which was recently told me in the cars by one of the parties concerned? Two ministers of the State of Ohio, were in its early day, canvassing the country as agents of the Bible Society. Upon one occasion, having arrived at the place of appointment on a very stormy day, they found but three persons present, all males. After waiting for awhile, the younger proposed that as so few were present, it would be best to dismiss the assembly informally and go home. "No," said the other, in a manner which still characterizes a well-known father of the Church, "you preach your intended sermon, and then I will give my exhortation as usual." The sermon was preached, and the exhortation ended, and then they proceeded to take up a collection. And how much do you suppose they got from their congregation? Just one hundred and fifty dollars—the Lord having opened the hearts of these men to give fifty dollars each to the cause.

Our next appointment—said my narrator—was on a fine day, and with a large audience. We preached and exhorted as usual, and our collection amounted to just *thirty dollars*.

Moral to ministers:—Always preach with all your might to a small audience on a stormy day, and then—*take up a collection!*

BE CONTENT.

There was a boy who only wanted a marble. When he had the marble he only wanted a ball; when he had a ball, he only wanted a top; when he had a top, he only wanted a kite; and when he had marble, ball, top, and kite, he was not happy,

There was a man who only wanted money; when he had money, he only wanted a house; when he had a house, he only wanted land; when he had land, he only wanted a coach; and when he had money, house, land, and coach, he wanted more than ever.

Be content with little, for much will have more all the world over.

EXPOSITORY PREACHING.

FROM DR. WAYLAND'S MINISTRY, &c.

Why is it that expository preaching has so entirely died out among us? When ministers had comparatively little theological education, such preaching was very common. It was entirely destitute of theological learning, but it was simple and devout, and in most cases threw some light upon the subject, and, at any rate, generally induced the hearers to examine it for themselves. Now, when eight or ten years are spent in the study of languages, and in preparation for the ministry, we very rarely hear anything of the kind. Can it be that after all this study men are unwilling to trust themselves to explain and enforce a paragraph of the word of God? Or is it supposed that this kind of preaching is beneath the dignity of the pulpit, and is to be resigned to Sabbath-schools and Bible classes? But I will pursue the subject no further in this direction. Let every minister ask himself whether he has not been deficient in this respect.

The benefits of expository preaching are manifold in the first place, the particular passage, with its connections, the scope of the thought, with the special force of its individual expressions, are laid open to the mind of the hearer. It will henceforth be a bright spot, which will shine with a clear light in all his subsequent readings. If its practical and experimental lessons have been adequately set forth, he will turn to it with a never-failing interest in the constantly recurring vicissitudes of life. From one such passage he will derive a more distinct knowledge of duty, from another he will learn how to guard against or to resist temptation, and from another he will seek sustaining grace in affliction; and thus his Bible will be studied with gems which he probably would otherwise never have discovered. How many of our congregations at the present day have had their Bibles thus enriched by the expositions of the minister of Christ!

But we may go further. By thus becoming familiar with the manner in which the minister unfolds the word of God, the hearer learns to

do it himself. He acquires the power of putting his whole mind into immediate contact with the Word of God. He finds that here is an important meaning in every paragraph and he has faith to believe that he can discover that meaning if he will. He sees it done every Sabbath by another; why should he not do it himself? The Bible ceases to be to him a book of riddles, or of unbroken disconnected sentences, but a book which he is confident that God meant him to understand. He prays for the aid of the Holy Spirit; he reads a passage over and over again with the best (and these are commonly the briefest) aids in his power, and, more than all, with the humble and earnest desire to know the whole will of God that he may do it:— Following the example of his minister, he he seeks for the leading thought of the passage; he seeks for its connection with that which immediately follows; he observes how these bear on the next. He thus gains a knowledge of the direction in which the thought is moving forward. Hence the connection of the several parts with each other becomes obvious. At last a line of light shines upon this announcement of divine truth, by which each portion is made severally luminous, and each casts its light upon every other. He reads and reads again, and at every repetition his soul comes into more intimate communion with the divine idea on which he meditates, until, with Watts, he can say:—

“And when my spirit drinks her fill.

At some sweet word of thine,
Not mighty men who share the spoil,
Have joys compared with mine.”

Is it not worth the effort of a lifetime to produce such an effect as this on immortal souls—souls for whom Christ died? Compare with it the reputation for rhetorical skill, the praise of fine writing, the thanks of gay disciples “in language soft as adulation breathes,” for the intellectual treat they have enjoyed, and how contemptible do they all appear! It is the will of Christ that we should “feed the church of God, which he has purchased with his own blood;” and does it not become us to “be about our Master’s business?”

Sabbath School Lessons.

November 1, 1863.

JESUS PROVEETH THAT HE IS CHRIST.

John 8, 12-33.

Our Lord here proceeds with an allusion to the Feast of Tabernacles, to light up two large golden chandeliers in the court of the women, the light of which illuminated the whole city. This was done on the first night of the feast, and some suppose on every night. Christ calls himself the *light of the world*. Those who followed him would not walk in the darkness of nature, of error, of ignorance.

The Pharisees accused him of his testimony being untrue, because it was unsupported by the testimony of some one else. It was a known rule of law, that none ought to be believed upon a testimony given to himself.

There is an apparent difficulty in reconciling the words of our Saviour, chap. 5. 31. where he says, *If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true*; and his assertion here, *Though I bear record of myself, my record is true*: but the resolution of it is clear by considering that he speaks in the former chapter, of his own simple testimony with respect to them, as not of sufficient validity to authorise his Divine vocation, according to the rule of their law, that required a double testimony for confirmation of things. But here he speaks of the verity of it in itself, that is, "I know from whom I have received my commission."

Ye judge (v. 15) after the outward appearance, or, according to your own passions and corrupt affections.

Yet if I judge, yet my judgment is true; for no act of mine is a single act. I and my Father are one; and what I do, my Father that sent me unto the world, also doeth. If the judgment of God be true, which you all acknowledge, then my judgment is true, because it is not mine own only, but the judgment of that God, whom you own, acknowledge and worship, and who sent me unto the world.

God so ordered it by his divine law, that everything should be established by the testimony of two witnesses, (see Deut. 17. 6; 7, 19, 16.) I, saith the Saviour, have two witnesses; I am one, I bear witness of myself; my Father is another, for he beareth witness of me. Here Christ distinguishes himself from His Father, in respect to His office, as he was sent, and His Father sent him.

Christ tells them, v. 19, that the reason why they did not know the Father, was because they did not acknowledge, believe, and receive him; for if they had received and believed him, they would not then have been at such a loss to have known where His Father was, or who he was.

The *treasury*, v. 20, was a public place in the temple. Christ taught sometimes in one part of the temple, sometimes in another.

Ye shall die in your sins, v. 21. That is, you will seek the Messiah. You will desire his coming. But the Messiah that you expect will not come, and as you have rejected me, and there is no other Saviour, you must die in your sins.

LEARN I. It is only through the revelation which Christ has made, that we can sufficiently know God.

II. This is life eternal—to know the Father as the only true God, and Jesus Christ as sent by him.

III. All those who reject the Lord Jesus must die unforgiven. There is no way of salvation.

IV. There will be a time when sinners will seek for a Saviour, but will find none.

V. Those who reject the Lord Jesus must perish.

9th November.

GIBEON.

Read Joshua ix. 3-21.

I. The League Made,--Verses 3-15.

Gibeon was a city five miles to the north-west of Jerusalem. It was inhabited by *Hivites*, one of the doomed nations, Exod. xxiii. 23.

They did work wilyly. They saw that walls and valour were alike useless as a defence. Probably the strictness with which

Joshua observed the promise to Rahab suggested their plan. Israel kept their word when given.

Took old sacks—wine bottles, old and rent—bread dry and mouldy. Travellers in these countries must carry their own provisions—even the inns give merely shelter.—Bottles were of leather, and, if old, easily cracked and burst.

Peradventure ye dwell among us. Israel had been little accustomed to find strangers seek their friendship, and at once suspected some deceit. Joshua attempts to cross-question them, but fails. They gain his favor by pretending great reverence for God, and telling how the fame of his deliverances for Israel had reached them. They say nothing of the victories over Jericho and Ai—these were too recent—nor do they of their country. They were willing to accept the lowest terms—*We are your servants.*

The men took of your victuals. Eating of a person's bread was and is the pledge of friendship in the East. Israel's princes ate of the mouldy bread, and thus swore that the strangers should live in peace. *Asked not counsel of God.* Man loves to be independent of God. God was ever at hand to direct, and had been their leader since they had left Egypt. When they had trusted to themselves they had always erred. The golden calf—the spies.

II. The Fraud Discovered, ver. 16-21.

Three days after, Israel heard who these strangers were, and set out for their cities.—Indignation and irritated pride would be kindled by the discovery. *But all the princes said.* Much to their honour, the princes withstood the murmurings of the people, and even at some risk of a rebellion, refused to break their oath, though it had been obtained by such false pretences. God showed his approval of this by punishing so severely Saul's violation of this oath, 2 Sam. xxi. 1. The cities and property of the Gibeonites were taken from them, however, and they were reduced to the state of slaves. They seem to have been afterwards known as *Nethinims*, or servants of the temple, and for the fidelity of their service, Ezra viii. 20, to have been freed from bondage, and viewed with respect. They must have renounced idolatry.

BE RELIGIOUS IN EVERY CALLING.

Spurgeon never spoke more truth than when he spoke as follows with reference to the every-day devotion which Christ demands of his people. There is no obligation that binds a preacher to a devoted life that does not fall equally upon the lawyer, the tradesman, or the mechanic. He says:—

“ Sometimes, when some of you have been stirred up by a sermon, you have come to me and said, ‘ Mr. Spurgeon, could I go to China? Could I become a missionary? Could I become a minister?’ In very many cases the brethren who offer are exceedingly unfit for any service of the kind, for they have, very little gift of expression, very little natural genius, and no adaptation for such a work, and I have constantly and frequently to say, ‘ My dear brother, be consecrated to Christ in your daily calling; do not seek to take a spiritual office, but spiritualize your common office. Why, the cobbler can consecrate his lapstone, while many a minister has desecrated his pulpit. The ploughman can put his hand to the plough in as holy a manner as ever did minister to sacramental bread. In dealing with your ribbons and your groceries, in handling your bricks and your jack-planes, you can be as truly priests to God as were those who slew the bullocks and burned them with the holy fire in the days of yore.— This old fact needs to be brought out again. We do not so much want great preachers as good, upright traders; it is not much deacons and elders we long for, as it is to have men who are deacons for Christ in common life, and are really elders of the church in their ordinary conversation. Sirs, Christ did not come into the world to take all fishermen from their nets, though he did take some; nor to call all publicans from the receipt of custom, though he did call one; He did not come to make every Martha into a Mary, though he did bless a Martha and a Mary too. He would have you to be housewives still; be sisters of mercy in your own habitations. He would have you be traders, buyers and sellers, workers and toilers still; for the end of Christianity is not to make preachers, but to make holy men. The preacher is but the tool; he may sometimes be but the scuff of the house; but *ye* are God's husbandry; *ye* are God's building; *ye*, in your common acts and common deeds, are they who are to serve God.”

It is good to notice, in the baptism of Christ, the clear setting forth of the three Persons of the Godhead. The Father utters that voice, “ This is My beloved Son.” The Son is seen standing in the river; and the Holy Spirit comes down in a visible appearance.

FIRE KINDLED WITH ICE.

What a burning-glass is, you all know well. It is a round glass, so shaped that the rays of the sun which fall on its surface, are gathered together into one point. The heat, which in this manner is brought into a focus or single point, is so great, that a piece of paper or cloth can very quickly be set on fire by it. Perhaps you have yourselves tried and proved this to be true. A rich gentleman in London once made a very interesting experiment. He had a burning-glass made of such a size, that thick iron plates which he had placed under it were, by its great heat, pierced into holes in a few seconds. In northern countries a piece of ice, which, broken off from an iceberg, is clear and pure as the most beautiful crystal, has been wonderfully used for the same purpose. The captain of a ship first made this attempt, and how astonished were his crew as they saw a little piece of ice serving him as a burning-glass, with which he could ignite gunpowder and wood. He melted lead, and lighted the tobacco in the pipes of the sailors, while the ice, through which the beams of the sun passed to do all this, remained as clear and firm as at the first.

But you ask—Why do you tell us this? What has all this to do with Missions to the Heathen? I answer, that it shows us what we ought always seriously to consider in our missionary work. You see, that although the warm sunbeams are conveyed through such a cold piece of ice, they yet keep so much power and heat as to burn and melt other things, while the ice, through which they pass, continues the same cold and hard thing which it was before. In like manner there are people who carry on with all zeal the work of Missionary and Bible Societies, collect the contributions of friends and neighbours, or give their own money to circulate Bibles, send out Missionaries, and instruct little children, and thus by their means the rays of the Gospel may beget light and life in the dark heathen world; but their own hearts remain cold and hard as a stone, and are not warmed by that love of Christ of which they are yet willing the whole world should know. Take care, dear young and old readers, that whilst

you are busy about the salvation of others, you do not let your own souls come to hurt. It is far easier to collect money, to take part in Bible and Missionary meetings, and to work for the welfare of others, than to be Christians yourselves, to lead a truly prayerful life, and to watch with faithfulness over your own hearts. How sad would it be, if you should be instruments in God's hand of doing good to the heathen, and kindling in them the fire of Christ's love, but yourselves remain cold and dead! That would be like the fellow-labourers of Noah, who helped him to build his ark, but did not themselves enter into it, and were not saved by its means. The Lord preserve us all from such danger!

SYMPATHY.

Sympathy in one another's joys and sorrows costs little, and yet it is a grace of most mighty power. Like the oil on the wheels on some large engine, it may seem a trifling and unimportant thing, yet in reality it has an immense influence on the comfort and well-working of the whole machine of society. A kind word of congratulation or consolation is seldom forgotten. The heart that is warmed by good tidings, or chilled by affliction, is peculiarly susceptible, and sympathy to such a heart is often more precious than gold.

The servant of Christ will do well to remember this grace. It seems "a little one," and amidst the din of controversy, and the battle about mighty doctrines, we are sadly apt to overlook it. Yet it is one of those pins of the tabernacle which we must not leave in the wilderness. It is one of those ornaments of the Christian character which make it beautiful in the eyes of men. Let us not forget that it is enforced upon us by a special precept. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." (Rom. xii. 15.) The practice of it seems to bring down a special blessing. The Jews who came to comfort Mary and Martha at Bethany, saw the greatest miracle that Jesus ever worked.—Above all, it is commended to us by the most perfect example. Our Lord was ready both to go to a marriage feast, and to weep at a grave. (John ii. 1, &c. John xi. 1, &c.) Let us be ever ready to go and do likewise.

DR. HITCHCOCK ON TRANSMUTATION OF SPECIES.

It is a significant fact that very few of the advocates of the transmutation hypothesis refer to man as an example of it.— Yet if it be true, man ought to be a conspicuous illustration of it. For in his case we have the most perfect of all animals and vastly the superior of them all, appearing suddenly at a very recent period; for though geologists may contend about the precise period of his appearance, all agree that it was very recent, and none contend that it was earlier than the alluvial period. Whence came he? If he is only one of the lower animals metamorphosed, we ought surely to find a multitude of intermediate varieties. But not one has ever been brought to light. The monkey tribe must have been his immediate progenitor. But only a very few species of those have been found fossil, and none below the Tertiary, and all of them differ as much from man as do the living monkeys. Lamarck had the boldness to attempt to describe the process by which the monkey was transformed into a man. But the picture was so absurd and ridiculous that few have attempted to make a sober philosophical defence of it. Yet if it fails in a species so conspicuous as man, it fails as to all others. But it is less revolting to common sense and experience to represent obscure radiate or articulate or molluscous animals as slowly transmuted from one species into another, than to bring man into the same category. Therefore silence in respect to him is the wisest course. For what philosophic mind, free from bias, can believe such a being, the highest of all animals in anatomical structure and intellect, and possessed of a moral nature, of which no trace exists in any other animal, is merely the product of transmutation of the radiate monad through the mollusk, the lobster, the bird, the quadruped, and the monkey, either by Lamarck's principle of "appetency," and "the force of circumstances," or Darwin's principle of "selection?" The fact is, man's appearance at so late a period in the earth's history, and so independent of all other species, seems a providential testimony to the absurdity of this hypothesis.

Opinions of Eminent Naturalists.

We have seen, however, that it has been adopted by some naturalists. How is it with the distinguished paleontologists and zoologists to whom we have referred as the highest authority on such questions? We quote first from Professor Pictet, who says, "the theory of the transformation of species appears to us entirely inadmissible, and diametrically opposed to all the teaching of zoology and physiology."— Says Agassiz, "nothing furnishes the slightest argument in favour of the mutability of species; on the contrary, every modern investigation has only gone to confirm the results first obtained by Cuvier, and his views that species are fixed." "It cannot be denied that the species of different successive periods are supposed by some naturalists to derive their distinguishing features from changes which have taken place in those of preceding ages; but this is a mere supposition, supported neither by physiological nor geological evidence, and the assumption that animals and plants may change in a similar manner during one and the same period. On the contrary, it is known by the evidence furnished by the Egyptian monuments, and by the most careful comparison between animals found in the tombs of Egypt with the living specimens of the same species obtained in the same country, that there is not the shadow of a difference between them, for a period of about five thousand years. Geology only shows that at different periods there have existed different species; but no transition from those of a preceding into those of the following epoch, has ever been noticed anywhere."

Says Owen, referring to the hypotheses of Wallace, Darwin, and others, "observation of the effects of any of the above hypothetical transmuting influences, in changing any known species into another, has not yet been recorded. And past experience of the chance aims of human fancy, unchecked and unguided by observed facts, shows how widely they have ever glanced away from the golden centre of truth."

Compelled thus by the principles of true philosophy to discard an hypothesis so unreasonable, these distinguished savans have felt as if special acts of creation by

Divine power were the only alternative to account for the successive introduction of new groups of organisms upon the earth's surface. "The two first explanations"—(that of the displacement of contemporaneous faunas—*deplacement des faunas contemporaines*—and that of transmutation,) says Pictet, "being inadmissible, there remains the third, which is known under the name of the theory of successive creations, because it admits the direct intervention of creative power at the commencement of each geological epoch."

Professor Owen is more decided. "We are able," says he, "to demonstrate that the different epochs of the earth were attended with corresponding changes of organic structure; and that in all these instances of change the organs, still illustrating the unchanging fundamental types, were, as far as we could comprehend their use, exactly those best suited to the functions of the being. Hence we not only show intelligence evoking means adapted to the end, but at successive times and periods producing a change of mechanism adapted to a change in external conditions. Thus the highest generalizations in the science of organic bodies, like the Newtonian laws of universal matter, lead to the unequivocal conviction of a great First Cause, which is certainly not mechanical."

With still stronger emphasis does Agassiz speak of the origin of animals. "All these beings," says he, "do not exist in consequence of the continued agency of physical causes, but have made their successive appearance upon the earth by the immediate intervention of the Creator."

To the unsophisticated mind, untrammelled by theories, the inevitable conclusion from all these facts is, that the successive appearance of numerous groups of animals and plants on the globe, forms so many distinct examples of miracles of creation.—For in the view of all except the advocates of the Development Hypothesis, they demanded a force above and beyond nature in her ordinary course, and this is the essential thing in a miracle. What believer in the Bible ever doubted that the creation of man and contemporary races was a miracle in this sense? Indeed what stronger evidence of miraculous intervention have we anywhere than the creation of organic beings, especially of man? and his intro-

duction is one of the facts of geological history. But the mere creation of these successive races is not the whole of the matter. For they were nicely adapted to the altered condition of things at the different epochs. They showed, also, a gradual elevation in the scale of being, as we rise higher and higher. If it was not a miracle to introduce succeeding groups under such circumstances, that is, a specific divine intervention, then we despair of finding a miracle anywhere.—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

FAITH.

What is the whole history of God's saints in every age but a record of men and women who obtained a good report by faith? What is the simplest story of all from Abel downwards but a narrative of redeemed sinners who believed, and so were blessed? By faith they embraced promises. By faith they lived. By faith they walked. By faith they endured hardships. By faith they looked to an unseen Saviour, and good things yet to come. By faith they battled with the world, the flesh, and the devil. By faith they overcame, and got safe home. Of this goodly company the Virgin Mary was proving herself one. No wonder that Elizabeth said, "Blessed is she that believed."

Do we know anything of this precious faith? This, after all, is the question that concerns us. Do we know anything of the faith of God's elect, the faith which is of the operation of God? (Titus i. 2.—Col. ii. 12.) Let us never rest till we know it by experience. Once knowing it, let us never cease to pray that our faith may grow exceedingly. Better a thousand times be rich in faith than rich in gold.—Gold will be worthless in the unseen land to which we are all travelling. Faith will be owned in that world before God the Father and the holy angels. When the great white throne is set, and the books are opened, when the dead are called from their graves, and receiving their final sentence, the value of faith will at length be fully known. Men will learn then, if they never learned before, how true are the words, "Blessed are they that believed."

INFATUATION OF THE SINNER.

It is alleged by travellers, that the ostrich, when pursued by its hunters, will thrust its head into a bush, and, without further attempt either at flight or resistance, quietly submit to the stroke of death. Men say that, having thus succeeded in shutting the pursuers out of its own sight, the bird is stupid enough to fancy that it has shut itself out of theirs, and that the danger which it has concealed from its eyes has ceased to exist. We doubt that God makes no mistakes. Guided as the lower animals are in all their instincts by infinite wisdom, I fancy that a more correct knowledge of that creature would show, that whatever stupidity there may be in the matter lies not in the poor bird, but in man's rash conclusion regarding it. Man trusts to hopes which fail him, the spider never; she commits her weight to no thread which she has spun, until she has pulled on it with her arms and proved its strength. Misfortune overtakes man unprovided and unprepared for it; not winter the busy bee. Amid the blaze of gospel light man misses his road to heaven; without any light whatever, in the darkest night, the swallows cleave their way through the pathless air, returning to the window nook where they were nestled; and through the depths of ocean the fish steer their course back to the river where they were spawned.

If we would find folly, Solomon tells us where to seek it. "Folly," says the wise man, "is bound up in the heart of a child;" and what is folded up there, like leaves in their bud, blows out in the deeds and habits of men. This poor bird, which has thrust its head into the bush, and stands quietly to receive the shot, has been hunted to death. For hours the cry of its pursuers has rung in its startled ear; for hours their feet have been on its weary track; it has exhausted strength, and breath, and craft, and cunning to escape; and even yet, give it time to breathe, give it another chance, and it is away with the wind; and with wings out-spread, on rapid feet it spurns the burning sand. It is because escape is hopeless, and death is certain, that it has buried its head in that bush, and shut its eyes to a fate which it cannot avert.

To man—rational and responsible man—belongs the folly of closing his eyes to a

fate which he can avert, and thrusting his head into the bush while escape is possible; and because he can put death, and judgment, and eternity out of mind, living as if there were neither a bed of death nor a bar of judgment. Be wise—be men. Look your danger in the face. Anticipate the day when you shall behold a God in judgment and a world in flames; and now flee to Jesus from the wrath to come. To come! In a sense wrath has already come. The fire has caught; it has seized your garments; you are in flames. O! away then, and cast yourself into that fountain which has power to quench these fires and cleanse you from all your sins.—*Guthrie's Gospel in Ezekiel.*

A SEED WELL PLANTED.

Some twenty-three years ago, in a small rural village in western New York, one Sabbath morning, as a pious young man was going to church, he observed a group of children at play in the street. He kindly spoke to them, and asked them to accompany him to the Sabbath-school. They refused to go. One, however, a bright-eyed little fellow, expressed his willingness to go, if his mother would permit him. The teacher kindly took him by the hand, called and obtained permission of the widowed mother, that her little boy might become a member of his class. Thence forward he was in constant attendance. By his fixed attention, rapid improvement, and meek and gentle disposition, he won the esteem and affection of all.

At the age of twelve, he was brought to the fold of the good shepherd, Jesus. When he came to the years of manhood he left his native village, and settled in the far West. Here, in his new home, where sacred associations held no kindly influence, he felt the need of the saving grace of the gospel of truth. With his characteristic energy and unflinching perseverance, he went to work to aid in building up in that desolate place the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.

As the results of his unceasing toil, he related a few months since to the Sabbath-school, on his first visit to his early home, after the lapse of many years, that there had been established in the valley of the West some forty distinct branches in Zion's vineyard, eight hundred souls had been brought to receive the living waters of Salvation, and four hundred Sabbath-schools had been planted in different parts. And these were the fruits, by the grace of God, of the efforts of that once poor vagrant boy. Wonderful indeed is the blessing of God bestowed on the efforts of the humblest of his people!