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THE WAY AND THE WORD:

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, 1ST MARCH, 1862.

BY BROWNLOW NORTH, Esq.

"Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word."—PSALM cxix. 9.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

So far as I know my own heart, I have but one object in coming here to day, and it is to try and do you good. For a good many years I lived myself in total forgetfulness of God, doing that which I had best have let alone, and thinking of nothing else but the gratification of my own notions of pleasure. But it pleased God, not quite eight years ago, in the month of November 1854, one night when I was sitting playing at cards, to awaken me to concern about my soul. The instrument used was a sensation of sudden illness, which led me to think that I was going to die. I went up to my room and threw myself on the bed. My first thought then was—Now, what will my forty-four years of following the devices of my own heart profit me? In a few minutes I shall be in hell, and what good will those things do me for which I have sold my soul? At that moment I felt constrained to pray, but it was merely the prayer of the coward—a cry for mercy. I was not sorry for what I had done, but I was afraid of the punishment of my sin. And yet with all my fear there was one thing that nearly prevented me from putting myself on my knees and calling for mercy, and that was the presence of my maid-servant in the room fighting my fire. Though I did not believe, at that time, that I had ten minutes to live, and knew that there was no possible hope for me but in the mercy of God, and that if I did not seek that mercy I could not expect to have it; yet such was the nature of my heart and the spirit within me, that it was a balance with me—a thing to turn this way or that—a desperate struggle—whether I should wait till that woman left the room, or whether I should spring to my knees, and cry for mercy in her presence. By the grace of God I did put myself on my knees before the girl; and I believe it was the turning-point with me. I believe if I had at that time resisted the Holy Ghost—of course, I cannot say, for who shall limit the

Holy Ghost?—but my belief is, that it would have been **THE ONCE TOO OFTEN!** By God's grace I yielded to God's Spirit, I did pray, and though I am not what I should be, yet I am this day what I am, which at least is not what I was; for my desire is to serve God and do good in my day and generation, according to the light and wisdom given me.

I mention this because I believe that every man has, in his life, his turning-point. I believe that the sin against the Holy Ghost is grieving the Spirit **ONCE TOO OFTEN**. No man who has a good thought in his heart—the least desire to go to God—let him be a hundred years of age, and his sins what they may, has committed the unpardonable sin. The very fact of a man having the desire to go to God, shows that God has not left him, because neither the flesh, nor the world, nor the devil, will ever give a man a thought about going to God. But though I say that a man eighty or a hundred years of age may turn to God, yet I believe there are people walking on this earth—and who shall say how young the youngest of them may be—against whom God has sworn in His wrath that they shall never enter into His rest—they have resisted God, **ONCE TOO OFTEN**. I do not believe there is one of you in this church who has not, at some time or other, had good thoughts about your souls, and about God. And it is perfectly sure, that whenever you had these thoughts, God was thinking about you, for no man living ever thought about God about whom God was not thinking. But I think it also extremely likely that many of you have put away these thoughts—that your goodness has been like the morning cloud, and the early dew—and who can promise himself that he will ever have a good thought again? 'THE HOLY GHOST SAITH'—and I think, in a book like the Bible, written entirely by the Holy Ghost, it is a solemn beginning to a sentence, as if God would call particular attention to it—The Holy Ghost saith,

TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE, HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS." Therefore, I do beseech you, dear friends, if, by the grace of God good thoughts pass through your mind while I am speaking, that you will strive to realise the great truth,—God is close to me, speaking to me,—Now is my accepted time, now may be my day of salvation, and if I let it pass it may never return again. May you be led by the Spirit to cry to God in your heart, that He may so lodge that thought in your mind, that it shall, like good seed, spring up to eternal life.

I do not intend to preach what you call a sermon; but I must take some foundation for what I propose to say, and other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid—Jesus Christ and His Word. Take, therefore, the 9th verse of the 116th Psalm, where you will find it written, *Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word.* The Holy Spirit is here both the asker and answerer. You and I are all immortal beings. We have been born, but we shall never die. There never will come a moment when any one of us will cease to exist. The great object of the devil is to get men to forget this. But think upon it; either you are born to an immortality of glory, joy, and bright, brilliant happiness, such as has not entered into the heart of man to conceive, or to an eternity of wretchedness, misery, torment, and darkness, and despair, such as no tongue can describe. It is true. Try to realise that it is true—that though you constantly forget it, you are immortal. Did it not once appear a very long time to you before you would be as old as you are to-day? I recollect when I was a little boy, and saw my uncle doing what he liked—going out shooting, that was the particular thing that struck me—I used to think, oh, shall I ever be a man to go out shooting when I like. But that little boy did grow up to be a man, and to be as you see to-day, an old man. And the day that looked so far off has now come. Cannot you remember when you were quite little children—when you were a little fellow, and the big fellows used to annoy you, or pat you upon the head and play with you, as the case might be? And you used to think, ah, it will be a long time before I am a big fellow. But you are big

fellows now; and as sure as this day has come, that then seemed so far off, so sure the last day of your life will come, and the first five minutes of heaven, or the first five minutes of hell will come; **BUT AFTER THAT THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER CHANGE.** It is true, is it not? And you would wish to be better than you are, would you not? I do not believe there is a single individual in this congregation, who is not obliged to say, if he speaks the truth, I wish I were a Christian. Yes, you do wish it, but there is something in you that prevents you. There is one stronger than you by whom you are tied and bound, and if the Gospel is hid to you, it is because you are tied, and bound, and led captive by Satan at his will (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4:) and when a good thought or design comes, then comes the devil immediately and takes the good seed out of your heart, lest you should believe and be saved. (Mark iv. 15.) It is true; and it is also true that you must overcome Satan, or it would be better for you that you had never been born. You have got a way to walk. This passage tells of a way—*Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?* His way is made miry, filthy, destructive to him, by the world and the flesh. These are in the young man's way; but you have not only got to wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness in high places. (Ephes. vi. 12.) These are all against every man; and who is sufficient for these things? *Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?* The great question is to get the world, the flesh, and the devil out of his way, and his eyes opened that he may see more glory in the things of eternity than in the things of time—that he may be able to see the beauty and desirableness that is in Jesus Christ. If the Bible is true, the young man is taught that unless he sees Jesus he perishes for ever, and will be led by the crooked way and the broad way into destruction. But oh! *Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?* Would you not like your way to be cleansed? You know you would—if not to-day, because it would deprive you of some amusement, yet oh how glad would you be when the doctor feels your pulse, and tells you that your last hour has come, and when you see heaven opened.

and the Lord Jesus coming to judge the world—how glad you would then be to be a Christian? Would not you? I cannot promise you a day of sickness, but I can promise you a day when you will see heaven opened, and the Lord Jesus coming to render to every man the due reward of his deeds. Now, how can you cleanse your way, so as to be ready for that day? By taking heed thereto ACCORDING TO GOD'S WORD.

Dear friends, practical infidelity is at the root of the loss of your souls. We do not rest on God and Jesus Christ as invisible realities. The fool says in his heart, There is no God. He does not know it, but he says it in his heart. I did not know that I was saying so in my heart, but I was for years.

If any one had told me, in the days of my recklessness, that I did not believe there was a God, I would have said, Thank God, I am not so bad as that. But when I felt the weight of God's anger on me for sin, and when I thought my time of death had come, when I must have a dealing with God or perish for ever; and when I lay down in my room to cry for mercy, my difficulty was not to believe that God would have mercy upon me, but to believe that there was such a Being as God invisibly present with me, and that when I was asking for a new heart and a right spirit for Jesus Christ's sake, that that Being I called God was then in the room hearing me, and was really able to do all that I needed. And I was months and months in that state before I could get hold of the precious truth of a personal though invisible God. I got it at last, not by looking to frames, and feelings, and sensations, but in this way: I asked myself, why was I afraid to die? It was because I knew that God was angry with me for my sins and past life. I had no doubt about that; there was something here (laying his hand on his breast) that made me know that God would bring me to judgment; that was why I was so anxiously crying for mercy; that was what frightened me. Then the thought struck me, If God knows my past life, He knows my present—either He never saw me at all, or else He must be seeing me now praying to Him for mercy in the name of Jesus—as sure as He has ever seen me, so sure He must always see

me—and if He did not cast me into hell when He saw me in the midst of wilful wickedness, He will not for His own name's sake do it now, that He has made me willing to come and pray to Him. If we know that He hears us, then we know that we have the petitions we ask. (1 John v. 14, 15.) I mention this because Satan will tell you, among the very first things, to look into your own heart to see what answers you have got to your prayers. Your doing this arises from your not realising the presence of God as you would realise the presence of a fellow-creature. If you ask anything from a fellow-creature, you look to his word for your answer, not to your own feelings. What you have to do, is with God invisible, but present and revealed to you in His written Word. Therefore, if a young man would cleanse his way, he must believe that God is, and must take heed to his ways, according to God's Word.

What multitudes of people there are, who never have God in all their thoughts, and who, therefore, take no heed to their ways according to His Word. And yet I suppose there is hardly one individual in this congregation who does not sometimes deny himself present gratification for the sake of future good; and you never yet saw a young man, who indulged recklessly in whatever he liked at the present moment, who did not live bitterly to regret it. Any one that ever rises to anything in this world, must take heed to his ways. He will say, I must not go to the tavern, to the card-table, to the theatre, or whatever it may be;—not that I should not like it; I should like exceedingly this amusement, this fun—but they are not good for me. I have my way to make in the world, I have my head to store with learning, and a character to make and to maintain, and therefore, though I should like exceedingly to indulge in these amusements, yet I will not do it; I will deny myself to-day, because if I do not, it will be the worse for me in the future. I ask yourself, if it is not so. I have seen many poor fellows, men no worse than myself, utterly thoughtless and careless about the future, living only for the present moment; and I never saw one of them come to a good end, though many of them are now in their graves. God may pluck some such as

brands from the burning, but the general rule, we know, is, that if a man does not deny himself in the present, he comes to a bad future. And many do deny themselves, merely for the things of time and sense, that they may have a good provision for their old age, something to leave to their families, but have no higher motive than this—and suppose they gain the whole world, what then, when it comes to the end?

I was told a story which illustrates this; may God bless it to you. A young man was exceedingly anxious to go into the law, and his uncle, upon whom he was dependant, would not allow him, but insisted on his going into some other profession. At length his uncle was prevailed upon to let the young man have his desire; and he ran to his aged grandfather, who had always been kind to him, to tell him—"O, grandfather!" he said, "I am so glad to tell you, my uncle has given me leave to go to the bar!" "Well," said his grandfather, "and what then?" "What then, grandfather! why, I am determined to be so attentive and diligent—to work hard and deny myself every day—and I am sure to succeed, for I will try so hard." "Well, dear boy, and what then?" "Then I shall be called to the bar; I shall get briefs; I shall make a large fortune, and all the people will be talking about me." "And what then?" "Then, when I have made enough, I will retire, and buy a beautiful place with fine grounds all round it, and perhaps become member for the county. Look at Sergeant So-and-so, what he is now, and he only began as a diligent little boy." "And what then?" asked the grandfather. "Then I shall marry, grandfather—make myself happy in a nice house, with my dear wife and all the little children." "And what then?" "What then, grandfather! why, then I shall be old." "Yes, and what then?" "Then I shall die, grandfather." "Yes, dear boy, AND WHAT THEN?"

Get what you will in this world, it cannot satisfy you; it is but the husks that the swine eat, and cannot satisfy an immortal soul. You know how Alexander, after conquering the whole known world, sat down and wept because he had no more worlds to conquer, and finally killed himself with drink. Take heed you must to your ways, if you would prosper in this

world—if you would not become a disgrace to the earth, a curse to your father and mother, and all connected with you. You cannot indulge your present inclinations as they come into your heart. But the Bible does not merely say you are to cleanse your way by taking heed thereto, but by taking heed thereto ACCORDING TO HIS WORD. That makes all the difference—whether you take heed according to the wisdom of your own hearts, or "ACCORDING TO GOD'S WORD." Often I have looked at a beautiful villa, with a nice lawn before it, plate-glass in the windows, and carriage and servants at the door; and I have been told that they belong to a man that has made his fortune in the city by diligent attention to business. And then I have seen the owner led out—an old and infirm man—to take an airing in his carriage; and I have thought to myself, if he was not a Christian, O, if that man had only given one-half of the care to lay up treasure in heaven that he has given to lay up treasure on earth, he would not, peradventure, be one jot less rich—for God is teaching the world more and more the value of Christian men; and if a man is known to be a Christian, in addition to being a well-educated and clever man, his credit will be all the higher. I however thought, there is that man; he has got all that he could wish; he started in youth with the object of making his fortune, and he has made it; the god that he worshipped has done all for him that it can; and what can it do for him, as he sits in his easy chair, looking out through his plate-glass windows upon the lawn? The only thought he can have is—Then art my god, and how soon I must leave thee. But if you begin with the right foundation, put Jesus Christ under all, and cleanse your ways ACCORDING TO GOD'S WORD, then, if you prosper in the world, you shall say to me, as a dear old aunt said to me—she was about ninety years of age, and had been a servant of Christ since she was eighteen. I visited the dear old lady about two years ago, and, leaning on my arm in her beautiful little cottage lawn, she turned to me and said, with tears in her eyes—"I have all this, Brownlow, and Jesus Christ." She was happy indeed; she had all she wanted, and knew that when her earthly tabernacle was dissolved, she would have a better and an eternal home in the heavens.

It is, then, ACCORDING TO GOD'S WORD that you must cleanse your way. If there is any one here who is cleansing his way, but not according to God's Word—any one who is living a decent, moral, and respectable life, who has got on well in his classes, is respected by his tutors and professors, and pitying the poor reckless fellow who is smoking, drinking, playing billiards, anything to pass away the time—I ask you, does not your present position more than repay you for your past self-denial? You know it does; you know that as far as this world is concerned, you have been laying up that which shall be solid good to you for the future, while the poor creature of mere pleasure has wasted opportunities that can never be recalled. Still, though that is true, suppose that this should be the day of your death; then have you not been in reality as great a fool to yourself as a man who has wasted his time in smoking, drinking, playing, &c. You have cleansed your ways, but not ACCORDING TO GOD'S WORD.

There are just three texts I would give you to take home with you, and I pray to the Holy Ghost to enable you to lay them to heart. One you will find in the last chapter of 2nd Corinthians. It will help you exceedingly to cleanse your ways—*"The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."* If you once get a right view of the relative value of the things of time and of eternity,—so much of practical faith in your heart as to believe that there is a God and a heaven, and that God is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him,—then the things of time and sense will look as nothing to you compared with the things of eternity. Is your heart not in heaven at present, and can you not get it there? Shall I tell you Jesus Christ's prescription? **"LAY UP TREASURE THERE.** For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also;" Matt. vi. 21. Commence by taking Jesus Christ Himself, who is there. Christ is a treasure beyond anything I can describe to you. His blood cleanses from all sin; His righteousness covers all iniquity, and gives a title to glory. Lay up, on this foundation, day by day, and hour by hour, seed sown by your own hand, from which you shall reap eternal glory. *"The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."* Will you try to

remember that verse, if it is only to oblige me? I sometimes think, it is an awful thought that preachers should be more anxious about the souls of people to whom they are speaking, than some of their hearers are for themselves. I think it extremely likely that I have prayed more for you to-day than some of you have ever prayed for yourselves—that I have taken more trouble to-day to try to save your souls, than some of you have ever taken to save your own souls all your life. It is an awful thought, that a stranger who never saw your faces before, should be more anxious than you are yourselves about your souls. Try then to remember this verse, if only to please me. Say it *once* before you go to bed to-night, and *once* on rising to-morrow morning.

The next text is in the second verse of the second chapter of the First Epistle of John—*"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins."* Say that to-night, and again to-morrow morning—If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. Do you believe God is angry with you, and do you think you would be lost if you died this minute? Do you think you have got all the sins of your past life pardoned? Either you are washed in the blood of Jesus, or you are not. Remember there is no third class; there is nothing more important to remember than that. If Christ was to come to judgment at this moment, every one of us would be placed either on His right hand or His left. There are but the two classes, and there is no greater delusion of Satan, than to persuade people, that though they are not so good, neither are they so bad as they might be. Do you believe that all the sins you have committed, all your thoughts, words and works, since you were little children, have been put down in God's book of remembrance, and unless they are blotted out in the blood of Jesus, that you have but one hope of escape, viz. that the Bible is a lie? Every man is shut up to one of these two facts—**IF THE BIBLE IS TRUE I AM DAMNED; OR, IF THE BIBLE IS TRUE I AM SAVED.** He who goes to God by Jesus may say, "I am a sinner, but coming to God by Jesus Christ, and trying to follow Him, the Holy Spirit tells me in

His Word that I am saved. If the Bible is true, I am saved." But I speak to you who are obliged to say the Bible is against you. Your sins are still unpardoned, but you have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for your sins, if you will now speak to Him, and give yourselves up to Him in your heart. Remember what I said to you at the beginning, about not waiting till the maid went out of my room. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. If the Holy Spirit is now knocking at the door of your heart, and you resist Him, it may be YOUR ONCE TOO OFTEN.

This seems to me an extraordinary day—a day such as I have never before seen—a mass of young men, students of the Edinburgh University, coming to listen to a layman and an Episcopalian. I believe this has been ordered by God for good, and I pray God it may not be for the worse to any human being; but it must be for the better or the worse, and I charge you now to remember that you are immortal,—that there is a power trying to make you forget it,—and that as sure as the Bible is true, you have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins. If you will now—not by-and-by, not to-morrow, not at a more convenient season, but now—lift up your heart in the faith of Jesus Christ, and pray, God pardon the whole past of my life, and give me the Holy Spirit to keep the vow I now make to be Thine, and to try to cleanse my way according to Thy Word,—I ask you, is the Bible true if God rejects your prayer? This is the foundation of all our hope, "IT IS WRITTEN," and is the answer with which Jesus always met the devil; and if the devil say to you, It is impossible in your case, you could never keep your resolution; do not attend to what he says, for he directly contradicts the Bible. Does not Jesus say, that He is an Advocate with the Father, and able and willing to save you; and you are called to believe, not your feelings, but Jesus and His Word. Say to the foul spirit, I have believed you long enough; Jesus Christ is my Advocate, and if the Bible is true, He will save me, if I trust in Him. All the devil's temptations will be to make you believe your own heart—your own feelings—

but remember that Christ says, "BELIEVE IN ME."

The third text is in the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, and 18th verse. Never forget this third one, for it gives the lie direct to your heart. It is impossible for you to believe this and your own heart. Never forget it, believe it from this moment, "*I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.*" You are not called upon to say that you feel you can do all things. You are to believe you can do nothing in your own strength, and yet you are to try to do what you feel you cannot. Ask God first of all for power, believing that there is a God, and then argue thus with yourself, Now, I have asked God for the power, and though I feel I cannot do it, there is such a person as Jesus Christ, and He will give me strength. Rise in your heart at once to God, and say, "Christ helping me, I will set Heaven before me from this moment—I believe that Jesus is speaking to the Father for me, and that the Father hears Him always; and whoever may tell me that I cannot be a Christian, I know that I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." And then, dear friends, you will have prosperity on earth, as well as a title to heaven, for whatever comes to you will be ordered by the Father. You will be in God, and God in you. Instead of being without God, and dreading to stand before His throne, you will have strength and power to overcome every enemy: and if you and I never meet again in this world, well do I know that if we believe in Jesus we shall all meet in heaven, to cast our crowns at His feet, and to sing His praises for ever and ever. God grant it! But remember that you are not so strong as your enemies, and that the whole matter turns on prayer, and going forth in the strength of the Lord. Trying without praying, or praying without trying, both are a mockery. Let your motto be—PRAY AND TRY, TRY AND PRAY.

He that is not godly himself cannot heartily love one that is godly, because similitude is both a cause and an effect of love; and this is when godliness is the cause of love, not his riches, his parts, his love to thee, but the holy image of God appearing in him.—*Burgess.*

A TROPHY OF GRACE.

I came to Coleraine in 1832, the year of the great plague: God was then pouring out the vials of His wrath on His people, and many, fearing His righteous indignation, were turning to the Lord; on some the impressions then made were "the savor of life unto life," but when the plague was stayed, and fear of immediate punishment passed, many returned like the "sow to their wallowing in the mire." So it was with me. My first great error was absconding from my apprenticeship; I stole my indenture and went to Belfast; my craft refused to admit me until I returned and served my time. Being of a proud, rebellious spirit I refused, and was led into sin, until completely under the dominion of "the world, the flesh, and the devil."—I went from step to step, not caring where my feet might fall. I soon outstripped my companions, and became a leader in debauchery.

I returned to Coleraine, and after a time managed to secure a good business, and have always been living in easy circumstances. I formed a marriage connection with a young woman, the daughter of Christian parents, and went to church with her putting on a hypocritical face; but her parents were very much against her taking this step. For a while I continued an outward show of morality, as my wife was pious: at length I began to long for the pleasures of sin; I entered into company and became addicted to drink, and the indulgence of this habit led to crimes, the very mention of which makes me shudder. Of no one sin can I altogether acquit myself. An accident caused me to take the life of a fellow-sinner, while engaged in a most unlawful and unholy expedition.—Once I took a car and drove down three miles to throw myself into the sea, and was found upon a rock with the waves dashing at my feet. I was noted as a drunkard, having drunk from fifteen to twenty glasses of whiskey at a time, and latterly obliged to have it at my bedside. No modest female would pass my factory door dark, unless protected, on account of the blasphemous language of my tongue, which I indulged in, even in common conversation; and when giving orders to my

men I was always swearing, and was given over to a reprobate mind.

I often put out my wife and children in the clouds of night undressed, I smashed valuable furniture, and burned wearing apparel, on one occasion to the value of twenty pounds. At length my family left me, their lives not being safe in the same house. Several times, when intoxicated, and under delirium tremens, I attempted their lives; thank God I never succeeded in inflicting any very serious injury upon them. Whilst separated, I persecuted them in every way which a devilish ingenuity could devise.—I affronted them in the public streets, and following them to the house of God, tore them from it. I feared neither God nor man; indeed I seemed as if I was determined to show to what depths of wickedness a man might go.

I was, I believe, God-forsaken; and men hated to speak to me even in anger. So low had I fallen, that even my debauched companions would scarcely appear with me in the streets, and my next neighbour, a gentleman of high standing, had given notice to leave his house on account of the annoyance caused by my horrible blasphemy and outrageous conduct.

During these years (twenty of servitude to the devil) God blessed me in temporal affairs, and knocked at my heart by opening up opportunities for reformation; and very often did He lay His hand upon me, but Satan had bound me. I was stiff-necked and rebellious, and would not hearken to God's calls. On the Sunday previous to my conversion, I went to Portrush, and spent twenty-eight shillings that day in drink.

When the revival was mentioned, I mocked at it, and joined with some in saying that it was all delusion and humbug. I had gone on the previous evening to a meeting on "Fair Hill," and disturbed the congregation by my blasphemy and disorderly behaviour. I returned home quite drunk from Portrush, to frighten and keep my wife from public worship.—Next week I spent ten pounds in intoxicating drink. During this time my son had been under convictions. The second night after the Revival had broken out in Coleraine, he attended a meeting held at the Market Hill, and was "stricken" down. A good woman came to me while I was

reading the flimsy trash of the day—I think it was “Reynold’s Miscellany” I had at that time—she said, “Mr. Haltridge, kneel down and give God thanks, your son is stricken down.” I ordered her out of the way, and went to my bedroom and shut myself up for eight hours. They brought him and laid him on the sofa: I heard his cries. For twenty-four hours no one could tell whether he was dead or alive; but when God revealed Himself to him the first thing he said was, “God be merciful to my wicked father.” I heard all this. My daughter attended meetings that were held in the school-room. She also was “stricken” down, and cried to God for mercy.

I was generally under the influence of drink, and I drank to excess. I gave plenty to any that would go with me, especially did I delight to lead astray any that were endeavoring to escape the snares of Satan, openly ridiculing their fears of judgment, and defying God’s power. I shamed the most godless; and any who were bent on attending the house of prayer I endeavoured to draw to the public-house. On one occasion I drank a bottle of brandy in thirty minutes.

On Thursday morning I got out of my bed at three A. M.; a very unusual circumstance with me, as I generally slept half the day from the effects of drink the night before. My brain was still reeling, when I seemed to be under some irresistible influence. I lifted a book, put it in my pocket, but with no aim or purpose; indeed, I did not then turn to see what it was, or most likely I should have thrown it aside. I wandered out of the house in a sort of somnambulism, not caring or knowing where I went. I was led to —; here I sat down and took out the book—a Church of England Prayer Book—which I opened at Ps. lii. I began to read it, as I would have done anything I might have lifted. My usual reading for years had been the flimsy periodicals and highly-spiced novels of the day; but God was pleased to open the eyes of my understanding, and thus displayed to me, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which my conduct had prepared for me. At verse 6 it declared, “Therefore shall God destroy thee for ever; He shall take thee and pluck thee out of thy dwelling,

and root thee out of the land of the living.” It seemed as if the words had been written for me, they went like an arrow to my heart. I knew the sentence was just; I shut the book and said to myself, “all is lost, there is no way of escape even if I sought to find one, and what remains for me but weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.”

Having come to this conclusion I determined to drink until I killed myself; and returning to town knocked up a tavern keeper at 4 A. M.; and drank all alone until reason and thought were drowned, and conscience wholly silenced. I was taken home completely drunk, and lay until sober; and again repeated the dose until fine. The prayers of my Christian wife were now about to be answered. She was a Christian from her youth up. I have often seen her at the bedside praying; yet I have taken the pillow and thrown it at her, and at the same time I have lifted up my arm defying God to do His worst. My wife and daughter requested me to stay with them and go to the Wesleyan Chapel, as the new preacher had arrived on the circuit; they coaxed and flattered me, offering to give me anything I would ask in reason, if I would only stay at home one Sunday, and be social. I had ceased to attend a place of worship for a long time. If I did happen to go, I could not sit out the service, and usually came away in the middle of the discourse; but my wife felt so powerfully earnest this morning, that she even put her back to the door, and reasoned with me until I promised to go. I went, but cannot say I was more impressed than usual; *I knew my lost state but had not the ability to amend it.* I had often formed good resolutions, confirming them with oaths, and as often I had failed to keep them. After service I returned home, took a little drink, and went to the work-house to see an old servant, who was at the point of death. I was induced to say a few words to her about her salvation, and the efficacy of Christ’s finished work, and God’s love, and the truth of His words.—She was quite surprised, as were several persons who were present, to hear one like me speak on such a subject, it was the devil quoting Scripture; but all unknown to myself it was a devil upon the eve of transformation.

The old woman asked me if I had undergone "the change," but shaking my head I said, "I thought it was too late for me." On my way home I met three old companions, who were about to have a social cup and smoke. They gave me a pressing invitation to join them; formerly it had required no asking, but unaccountably I now refused, though I had formed no resolutions to do good. I felt quite a new man after resisting the temptation.

I went again to the house of God with my wife and children. The preacher was a very young man just on trial, that being his first attempt at a sermon. He had chosen (Ps. xl. 2.) "He brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings;" as he told me since, to show forth the goodness and loving-kindness of God in snatching sinners from destruction. He had gone on in this strain for some time, but suddenly stopping, he said he felt himself impelled to describe the horrors of the pit, and misery of the damned through all eternity. In his discourse he repeated the words, "wrath to come" three times; he said, "it will be the motto on the seal that closes the gates of hell, and still through the countless ages of eternity it will be wrath to come, never ending, still beginning." These words suddenly seized me, and the thought came across my mind, "am I to be shut up there?" Big tears started into my eyes; I saw vividly before me the lake of fire, the smoke already wreathed about me; I felt as if I were sinking down, down, down; but I had fallen into the hands of a God of mercy. I covered my face with my hands, and ground my teeth to smother the prayer that unexpectedly made its escape. Oh, the goodness of God, He could not see me sink without putting forth His hand to save me. Still I resisted the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and determined not to let my weakness (so I called it) be seen by hundreds, who had heard me laugh at the influence of that Spirit who was now working in me. I opened the pew door, but not one foot would move; my limbs could not sustain my weight; I was chained there; the tears made way, and streamed down my face. When the sermon was over, the agony of my mind was dreadful; removed for the past, and fear for the

future, gave me to taste the torments of eternity. A hymn was given out to be sung. (It was the same hymn that was blessed to the conversion of an actress.*) I had stood up and was holding on by my pew, my book trembling in my hands, but at the second line I was prostrated, and was quite unconscious for two hours, reclining on my wife's knees; I was sensible of a dreadful darkness—a crushing sensation seemingly upon the chest and heart; I can give no idea of the agony I endured, and the kind of pain I suffered. Thank God the day-spring dawns after the darkest hour of midnight. By degrees I returned to consciousness, under a deep conviction of my undone state, my need of pardon, and a desire to flee from that wrath to come which had so impressed me, and a faint conviction that God would not cast me out.

I was again and again directed to cast my burden on the Lamb of God, who "loved me and gave Himself for me." I heard the blessed words, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out;" and I knew that through Him alone could I make my peace with God. I tried to ask in faith, "Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law," but I could not lay the unction to my soul at once. Several friends made intercession for me, but I found no consolation. One of those who prayed for me was a boy of fourteen years of age, named John Hall. He had found the Lord himself, and he was crying, "Lord, reveal Thyself to Mr. Haltridge." My son then took one arm and a kind friend the other, and helped me home. I was not able to walk; my feet refused to carry me; on reaching home I was laid on that sofa on which, a month before, my son was laid. That son now pleaded with God on my behalf, and repeated the promises to repenting backsliders, but the time was not yet fully come. I went alone to my chamber, and wrestling hard with God, urged all His promises. I prayed that He would grant me His Holy Spirit, to endue me with wisdom, and reveal to my understanding, "Christ as the hope of glory."

- Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath forbear? Me the chief of sinners spare?

I prayed and read at intervals till four the next morning. Mind and body were exhausted in the awful struggle, when Christ the Physician applied the balm of Gilead to my weary soul. The "Son of Righteousness had risen with healing in His wings," and streaming the light into every corner of my heart, spoke comfort with the words, "Arise, go in peace, thy faith hath made thee whole." Sorrow had endured for a night, joy came with the morning light.

I felt that sin had no longer dominion over me; the stronger than Satan had entered in to divide the spoil; my chains fell off; my heart was fixed; the salvation prepared by God in Christ, before the face of all people, had appeared to me. I knew my pardon was sealed in the Redeemer's blood; and I could read my title clear to a mansion in the skies, for "the mouth of the Lord had spoken it." I now felt such love to my fellow-men, that I thought I could stand on a mountain top, and take the whole world in my arms; and as Christ told His disciples to begin preaching at Jerusalem, so, when called upon, I gladly consented to speak at meetings held at the place which had been the scene of my former life.

It is now two months since I knew Jesus to be "the truth and the life," and every day He grows more precious to my soul. I feel He is able to sustain me. I retain that consciousness of pardon and acceptance. I have found Christ to be "all in all, and by the help of God's Holy Spirit I have been enabled to "put off the old man," to condemn "all vain things that charmed me most;" and though "when I would do good, evil is present with me," I trust to God for grace and mercy to help me in every time of need.—*A Visit to the Scenes of the Ulster Revivals,* by the Rev. E. K. Elliot, M.A., Rector of Broadwater, Sussex.

TOUCHED IN THE RIGHT SPOT.

I once had occasion to present a certain charity to a prosperous mechanic. He seemed not much inclined to help it; but after listening to my representations a while, he at length suddenly gave way, and made

a handsome subscription. In due time he paid it cheerfully, and said, "Do you know what carried the point with me that day when you made the application?" "No," I replied. "Well, I'll tell you. I was not much moved by any thing you said, till you came to mention that fact about the Israelites; 'He that gathered much had nothing over; and he that gathered little had no lack.' Thinks I, that's just my own history. Once I was a poor, hard-working young man. Now I've got a good deal of property. But as for real comfort and use, I get no more out of it now than I did then. Now, when I gather much I've nothing over, and then, when I gathered little I had no lack. That came so pat to my case, that I gave up at once."

I had, without knowing it, "touched him," as Mr. Gough says, "in the right spot." And that point will touch many a man in the right spot. What thoughtful man who has passed through various conditions, has had his ups and downs, as the saying is, does not know that abundance can yield a man no more than simple competency; that compensating weights are somehow put in both sides of the scales which pretty nearly equalizes our different conditions. Why, the heathen knew it long ago. Hesiod and Horace have expressed it with a simple force and beauty not to be surpassed. And the wisest and wisest observer of human life has told us, that "when goods increase they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?"

John Jacob Astor was once complimented on the enormous wealth he had accumulated. "Would you be willing," said he to the person who made the remark, "to take care of this property just for a maintenance?" "No," said the other; "I should think myself entitled to better commissions than that." "Well," said Mr. Astor, "that's all I get out of it."

That's all that any man can get out of the largest heaps of worldly accumulations; except as he "shakes the superfluous" to holy and charitable objects, and so turns the mere unused surplus of his wealth into its most solid and enduring part, treasuring it up in "bags which wax not old," and converting it into "a treasure in the heavens, which faileth not."—*Tract Journal.*

THE GOSPEL FOR CHILDREN.

"The earliest ray of serious thought that I can remember ever reaching my heart," said Mary Lee to her fellow-teacher, as they walked slowly home on a Sabbath evening from their school, "was the inquiry, 'What do they mean by 'believing in Christ?' I had heard it preached and taught from my childhood, that 'believing in Christ' made one a Christian, and would save the soul. I knew the story of Christ's life, and of His death on the cross, and often I said to myself, I am sure I believe that Christ died for sinners on the cross. Yet I felt that such a belief did not make me a Christian. Did you never feel puzzled for the meaning of these words, Agnes?'"

"Well, I do not think my difficulty lay in this direction. My aunt was an English-woman, you know, and she was not so theological as we Scotch people are. I got most of my religious ideas through her teaching, and the vague idea I had of a Christian, before I knew the love of Christ, was rather that of a person who said his prayers, went to chapel regularly, and did not do anything wrong."

They were very pleasant these walks that Mary Lee and Agnes Bell had home-wards after their teaching on Sabbath evenings. The exercises of their classes had quickened their minds and their hearts. They had many thoughts and warm feelings, and sweetly and calmly these found expression; so that gradually, as the friends reached home, their hearts were soothed into a state of quiet repose.

The remark of Mary had been excited by a clergyman who had that evening addressed the whole school, and who, in pressing the Gospel on the acceptance of the children, had used very frequently—and used without explanation or illustration—the words, "Only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." She questioned much if his meaning was intelligible to his little hearers, and the conversation was continued thus:—

"Well, but, Agnes, suppose you were one of the girls in my class, and had some sort of anxiety to do what was right. Do you think you could have gone home to-night with a clear idea of what you ought to do if you wished to receive the Gospel?"

"I do not think I could."

"But is it not sad, when we hold the Gospel to be our only means of salvation, that it should not be made plain? The heart is sufficiently prone to reject Christ and His salvation, without giving it the benefit of so good an excuse as 'I really do not understand what I am to do.' The incident which made me feel this so strongly," continued Mary, "happened just after I first took a class on Sabbath evenings. I had charge of a class of little girls, between six and eight years old. Two sisters joined it on Sabbath, and the next day were absent. I called on them during the week, and found that both were ill of fever. Before another week the youngest died. She had been just one night at the school, got one lesson, and then was called away. O! how much I felt the responsibility of the teacher who engages to tell of Christ's love to the young! Is it not a good plan to look over your scholars one by one, and try and make sure that each one understands what Christ would have them to do?"

"You are right, quite right. I fear I have been sadly guilty in this respect," replied Agnes. "Do you think that the Bible words do not best convey the true idea to the children? Would you object to the words, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus,' as not intelligible to most of them?"

"Really, these are hard questions. I cannot answer the first. It is much too wide. Undoubtedly many of the expressions of the Scripture writers are quite above the comprehension of a child, yet there is also much so simple, so beautiful in its simplicity, that a little child can easily receive it. I told you already my own experience, and the difficulty I found, even with an earnest effort to understand the words, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.' Do you think that 'trust' is a more intelligible word than 'believe in?' We believe a statement as true; we trust a person. I always found myself repeating the difficulty, 'What am I to believe about Christ? I believe all that the New Testament tells me.' The Gospel seems most suitable and attractive to children when it is offered in Christ; when Christ, a loving, mighty Saviour, is offered to them, able to save them, to make them His children, now and for ever; and then their duty is summed up in trusting and obeying Him."

"Well, Mary, there are many other ex-

pressions used in offering Christ to the children," said Agnes. "Let us recal one or two, and think how the little ones will understand them. There is that hymn—

'Come to Jesus just now.'

Do you think they will understand the meaning of 'Come to Jesus?'"

"I am not sure if they will," replied Mary. "Of course, 'coming to Jesus' is a figure expressive of an act of the mind, but it is not a form of expression commonly used among children to express faith, and therefore I doubt whether, without explanation, the thought intended would ever start into their little heads. The same remark applies to the invitation, 'Look unto me.' 'Look' has so many other shades of meaning, that it is questionable whether they could get any vivid idea of what the look of a perishing sinner to a perishing Saviour implies, without its being explained to them somewhat fully."

"How difficult all this makes teaching appear!" exclaimed Agnes.

"I suppose that everything of any importance is difficult to do well," was Mary's reply. "I am sure that to teach well must take far more labour than I have ever bestowed on it. But we must not grow weary in striving to do better. O, it is worth trying to bring an immortal soul to the Saviour!"

"It is, indeed!"

"I got much good from an advice which an old experienced teacher once gave me, and I will give it you, Agnes, before we part to-night, as correctly, as I can."

"He said, 'Never try to explain to your scholars in words what faith is. Show them Christ in His love, and in His power. Tell them that He loves them, and if you earnestly pray for the help of God's Spirit, they will have faith in Him, and willingly obey Him, without ever knowing what the abstract definition of it is. Children eat their food, and thrive, without knowing anything about digestion.'"

Here the friends parted.—*Scottish Sabbath-School Teachers' Magazine.*

God is said to remember when He does a thing, to forget when He does it not. For in God there can be no forgetfulness, seeing He changes not; neither can there be remembrance, because He forgets nothing.

CHRIST'S GRIEF AND JOY.

Jesus grieves when the perishing heed not his call, and leave his provided mercy to lie waste. Hear ye him; "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." He weeps for those who will not weep for themselves.

The uper side of religion is not a sentiment, but a fact; such also must its under side be. The one is Christ coming into the world to die for us; the other is our coming to Christ to live in him. The work of redemption has been done, once for all, and the story of the fact is the gospel. The Son of God took our nature. He lived and died, and rose again, in a land to which one of us could travel in a few weeks. He bare sin not his own. He assumed his people's guilt, and offered for it a sacrifice that satisfies divine justice, and washes it all away. He ever lives in heaven to make intercession for those whom he bought with his blood on earth. This act, overshadowing all others, fills up time and eternity. It is an act done, and the Bible is its history. But the lower and lesser side must be equally an act in the experience of every sinner saved. Mercy let down from heaven must be grasped by the needy on the earth while it is within their reach. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Brother, the plain doctrine of the Bible is, if you do not come to Christ, you miss the profit of getting life, and he misses the pleasure of giving it. When you neglect this great salvation, you mar the Saviour's joy. On his side, which is all a giving, the work is finished; on your side, which is simply a receiving, it languishes. So far from grudging to bestow pardon and eternal life, He who has them at his disposal stands here to-day, ("Lo, I am with you always,") complaining that you will not receive them at his hands.

I was called lately to visit a young mother in deep distress. Her husband, who had been in confidential employment, had appropriated a large sum of money as it passed through his hands, and absconded. That weeping wife, with an infant on her knee and another at her foot, said, as she pointed to the window, "I sat at the window and looked for him until these men came back to their work in the morning." A great longing lay in one little human heart that

night. A greater fills the heart of God our Saviour as he waits for sinners, and complains that few are coming.

Jesus, mediator between God and man, suffers two desertions, and utters two complaints. On that side, God forsook him; and on this side, man. The answer to the first desertion, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," came in a strong cry from his dying lips; the answer to the second is written here, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." The desertion by the Father, in the utmost agony of the Son, was the greater,—was inconceivably infinitely greater; but the lower and lesser, the desertion by sinners whom he seeks that he may save, pierces his heart more painfully because the last desertion makes the first for that ease of no avail. When we come to him for life, he sees, he tastes of the travail of his soul and is satisfied; when we refuse, he complains that so far his soul has travailed in vain. The disciples were glad when they saw the Lord, "risen from the dead;" the Lord is more glad when he sees disciples coming to himself as doves to their windows.—*Arnot.*

Where does this road lead to ?

A stranger was once walking a public road, when he came to a place where two roads met. Seeing an old man seated under a tree near by, he went to him and pointing toward the roads asked—

"Friend, can you tell me where those two roads lead to?"

"That narrow road to the right leads to the church, sir," the old man replied, "and the broad one to the left leads to the jail."

A wide difference truly, yet not nearly so wide as the difference between the only two roads by which immortal men can travel to eternity: "*Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to DESTRUCTION!*" *Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto LIFE!*" O awful divergence! *DESTRUCTION, HELL, DAMNATION* at the end of the road; *life, HEAVEN, SALVATION* at the end of the other.

Years are milestones on those roads to eternity. Eighty milestones mark the extreme limits of both. Yet few, very few, reach the *fiftieth* stone without finding their

terminus to the road. Dear reader, how far are you from the end of the road you have chosen? Perhaps you are on your *last mile!* Wouldn't it be well to look to its end? Which road are you in? THE BROAD ROAD? Is it possible? Can you, who were nursed in a Christian home, be in the *broad road?* It is too true, O man of many prayers, you *are* in that awful road, and near its end too. Will you not then solemnly inquire, *Where does my road lead to?* The most high God who is to judge you, the Saviour whom you reject, the Holy Ghost whose grace you resist, the men and women who have preceded you on the road, all reply, "IT LEADETH TO DESTRUCTION!" Dare you tread it any longer?

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is not read and pondered in our day as it was by our fathers; and we are not nurtured into spiritual strength by its truths, as the Puritans of the age of Baxter and Howe and Bunyan. Business men find little time for closet reading. The newspaper with its telegraphic despatches and its commercial reports absorbs more time and earnest thought than the word of God. Young people seem to have little taste for an intimate acquaintance with the Bible. The last novel, or volume of poems, or the exciting periodical tale has a more powerful attraction for them than the revealed message from heaven. Copies of the Bible have been multiplied beyond precedent. They are found in almost every house, and each member of a Christian family must have his own. Popular commentaries are numerous and cheap; and illustrated works, shedding a flood of light on the geography and customs and history of Bible lands are within the reach of all. But we fear there is less knowledge of the Scriptures than when the helps to study were fewer. The Bible is less talked of at the fireside, and in social circles; it exerts less power in meetings for devotion. One sufficient reason alone can be assigned for all this,—*it is not read and appropriated in the closet.* When Christians feel this quickening influence in their private devotions, they will carry it with them to market-place and prayer-meeting alike, as the face of Moses shone when coming from the mount, where he had communed with God.

THE GOOD NEWS.

JUNE 15th, 1862.

PRAYER IN SECRET.

Travellers in the East tell us that the Moslems perform their devotions in public. On some prominent terrace or in conspicuous positions in the market-place, they spread out their cloaks or rugs towards the South, to perform their devotions, though they happen to be surrounded by the greatest possible clamour and confusion. Having spread upon the ground his cloak, the Moslem raises up his hands till his thumbs touch his ears, and exclaims, *Allah-hu-akbar*, "God is great." After uttering mentally a few short petitions, he brings down his hands, folds them together near his girdle and relates a portion of the Koran. That being done, he bends forward, rests his hands upon his knees, and repeats three times a formula of praise to "God most great." Then standing erect, he cries, *Allah-hu-akbar*, as at the beginning. Then he drops upon his knees, and bends forward until his nose and forehead touch the ground, directly between his expanded hands. This he repeats three times, muttering all the while the same short formula of prayer and praise. The next move brings him to his knees, and then, settling back upon his heels he mumbles over various small petitions, with grunts and exclamations according to taste and habit. Having completed this process, he is said to have gone through one regular *Rekah*. Standing up as at the first, and on exactly the same spot he will perform a second and even a third, if specially devout, with precisely the same genuflections. In their devotions they appear to be wholly absorbed, and manifest a power of resolution and abstraction that appears to be quite surprising.*

* Thomson's Land and the Book.

This description recalls vividly to our recollection our Lord's description of the Pharisees. They loved to pray "standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets," and as their object was to be seen, and to have praise of men, doubtless their prayers were accompanied with as great a pantomimic ceremony as those of the modern Moslems.

In view of their practice, our Lord counselled His disciples to adopt an opposite mode. "But thou," says he, "when thou prayest, enter into thy closet." The object the Pharisees had in praying in public, was to command the admiration of the passing populace, who hearing the long prayers, and the full account of duties performed, tendered by the petitioner, were supposed to fancy that men who professed such devotions must really be very holy and a favorite of heaven. The Pharisees had their reward, but what was it. They wanted to be seen, and they were seen. They wanted their prayers to be heard by their fellow-men and they were heard. But as they were hypocritical, as their mouth was lifted up to God while their heart was toward their fellow-men, they had their reward in being styled hypocritical by the Lord, and we think, regarded hypocritical by men. At all events, we are told that the Moslems are afraid of their own number who are especially given to prayer, that is their prayers. They do not give their neighbors credit for having corresponding moral and religious feeling connected with their exterior manifestation of devotion. They have a proverb, "If your neighbour has made the pilgrimage to Mecca; once, watch him; if twice, avoid his society; if three times, move into another street," and those who happen to be acquainted with the people say that they do not feel their confidence in an individual increased by the fact that he is particularly devout. The way to avoid the name of being hypocritical, and to be regarded as really a

firm man is not to make an outward pretension. Not to covet to make prayers in public, but to enter into our closet and pray, and there, where no human eye is upon us; where no human ear hears us, make known our requests unto God. The omnipotent God sees us. The ear that distinguishes every sound hears us, and he shall reward us openly. If it is desirable that men should esteem us pious, if we are so in secret God shall speedily make it known that we have been much with Jesus.

Lord, to whom shall we go but
unto Thee?

Though the breakers high are rolling
Where the sunken rocks appear,
Though the ship seems past controlling,

There's a port to which to steer,
And whither, whither shall we flee,
Lord to whom, but unto Thee?

Though affliction sore oppresses,
And with chilling want assails,
There's a balm for our distresses,
And a balm that never fails,
And whither, whither shall we flee,
Lord to whom, but unto Thee?

Though our friends are being taken,
One by one, from earth away,
O! why should our faith be shaken
In the ever promised stay,
And whither, whither shall we flee,
Lord to whom, but unto Thee?

Though as prodigals we've wandered
From a loving Father's face,
And our patrimony squandered,
Yet our steps we may retrace,
And whither, whither shall we flee,
Lord to whom, but unto Thee?

Though the sun at even's setting,
And no stars are in the sky,
Still why sit in darkness fretting!
While the day-star light is nigh,
And whither, whither shall we flee,
Lord to whom, but unto Thee?

Though the harvest time is ending,
And the summer season's o'er,
Though the reapers are descending,
Mercy lingers at the door,
And whither, whither shall we flee,
Lord to whom, but unto Thee?

CHOOSE YE THIS DAY.

"If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" Joshua xxiv. 15. We are not embarrassed as the Israelites were with the claims of conflicting deities, such as the Canaanitish idols of gold and of silver, of wood and of stone. But are there no conflicting claims now? Is there not the world and the god of this world arraying themselves against the true God? Are there no false gods created by men's evil passions as well as by men's cunning hands? If God has not the supreme place in our affections, be the ruling principle what it may, I say it is an idol. The gold may not be molten down and fashioned into the image of a god; but when it is molten down and fashioned into money, and the covetous heart worships it, it is equally an idol. It needs not to make sensuality an idol that we should go in due form to a Pagan temple and indulge in filthy rites; if cherished in the heart or indulged in in the life, *there* is the god *we* worship. And it is impossible to bring the worship of the true and of the false, of God and Mammon, to an agreement; they cannot be amalgamated, strive how cleverly and patiently soever you will, the two masters are irreconcilable; between the world and God choose ye! And, remember, it will not be equally well with you whichever choice you make; the one means death and the other life; heaven and hell are suspended in the balance while this choice is being made; choose then wisely. Have you who now hear me ever thus reasoned, ever decided thus? or are you still trifling when such trifling is to play with death! "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

The next consideration is the duty of coming to this decision without delay. How many reasons might we here adduce for instant decision. Is not the subject of transcendent importance, indeed the "one thing needful?" Who then, in all the wide world, dares to say, "Religion, stand aside; when I have a more convenient season I will deal with thee?" Reflect on the danger of standing unprepared at the dread bar of God, of opening your eyes "in hell, being in torment." You know not whether another sun may rise and set whilst you are doubting in your mind whether to

make this preparation; and perhaps behind you, is approaching, with stealthy step, one who will take no refusal, who brooks no delay, the angel of death! O! how touchingly, how pathetically, how mournfully has the Almighty this day been teaching every one of us this great lesson, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," in the sudden death of an illustrious Prince! Who with brighter prospects than he; who, but a short week or two ago, in higher health or more bounding life, than he who is now cold and silent in the embrace of death? And if there is such hazard in delay, what benefit is thus putting off till a more convenient season, which, alas! never will arrive? Will the lapse of time make you more disposed to decide for God? Nay; the very force of habit will raise almost insurmountable obstacles, binding us in strong folds that will not let us escape and go free. Can a mere act of will make you love to-morrow that which you hate to-day? will the Bible become fuller, clearer, or more explicit as you advance in years? "If ye believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will ye be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Delay is the rock on which tens of thousands have made shipwreck. Thousands are now in hell who were in their places regularly on the Sabbath, and who, during the week, steadily pursued their avocations, but who would not rouse themselves to this great act of decision, saying, as perhaps many of you are saying, 'There's time enough yet; this dear soul of mine will not perish eternally; surely, surely, God has a purpose of mercy for me. Listen not, I beseech you, to this voice of the tempter; this is a false and a treacherous hope, a most fatal snare; it leads to a path strewn with the bones of miserable millions of Adam's race. Will you then trifle with God any longer? Tempt Him not, but listen to the voice which says, "Choose ye, *this day*, whom ye will serve."

"If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord." What an idea. Evil to cleave to God, to confide in Him, to obey His holy laws, and to be conformed to His blessed image! Is He then a hard taskmaster; is His service so very grievous; is it necessarily sad to become serious; and does obedience remove the prospect of present joy? Believe not Satan's false suggestions; in

duty there is true and abiding peace and happiness: it is in sin only that there is a fountain of misery ever flowing. "Wisdom's ways are indeed ways of pleasantness." "Happy, and happy alone, is that people whose God is the Lord." Is it evil to have Jesus for our compassionate Saviour; His blood to cleanse, His strength to sustain; His deliverance to free us, by His Spirit's power, from the dominion as well as from the consequences of sin? Is it evil to walk in the "liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free," to be no more disquieted with the terrors of death; to be filled with the hope of eternal life? If you answer no, cast yourselves, I beseech you, at your Saviour's feet; renounce your own ways and the world's entanglements, and yield yourselves unto God. To every one here has this Word of God been pointed, saying to the soul that hears me speak, "If it seem *no* evil thing to you," then, then take my service. Will you refuse? Will you answer, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice?" I implore you say not so. Disappoint not the desire of His heart, the longings of His soul, yearning over you as He does in grace and long-suffering and patience. Rather, O undecided, irresolute, halting spirit, we entreat you, "Lift up your heart to the Lord." Amen. — *Rev. W. Chalmers, London.*

LOTISTS.

When Abraham and Lot found that the Lord could not maintain them both, how fared it with Abraham?

Abraham's eye was on the **LIVING** God, and a loving smile, probably, illuminated Abraham's face, as he said, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee," he prayed Lot that there should be no strife. Why? I fear he saw a cloud on the brow of Lot, but the cloud, doubtless, passed away when Abraham fulfilled the New Testament injunctions in Matt. v. 24-40, preaching thus practically to all the future rulers of Israel that they are not to be lords over God's heritage, but examples to the flock.

This was a solemn moment to Lot. He "lifted his eyes," but he did not lift them high enough. They fell upon earth, and they reaped earth's crop and earth's bitterness. Lot was called upon to choose the

dry and thirsty land, and go there with God as his Shepherd. He turned away from his high calling. He chose the "walk of sight and of sense;" and oh, how many of us belong to Lot's SECT: where would I have gone? where would you have gone? Would you, dear reader, have gone into the dry and thirsty part with "improvident" Abraham?—most improvident Abraham, throwing away upon a covetous nephew those beautiful fields.

Rash man, Abraham! Who is rash? The man who defies the world, poverty, distress, and apparent troubles—or is that man rash who turns away from the side of the Lord Jesus, in order to avoid a storm? The world says that the Christian who follows the Lord *fully* is a rash man, and even the visible church said so in Numb. xiv. 10; Josh. xiv. 8, because Joshua "wholly followed."

Abraham and Lot were both God's children; which of them, dear reader, would you have actually followed?

You cannot tell—yes, you can. Where is your heart just now? Perhaps you say, I am looking after my own interests somewhat, and I would like to be more influential, richer, more esteemed by worldly people, &c., but I *only* wish it in order that I may have more *power* to do good. Of course, Lot reasoned so, and all of his family. All LOTISTS, all amongst us who would have gone with him, *reason so now*.

Abraham and Isaac had to "dig" their own "wells," for many a long day they lived in tents. Did they lose their power of doing good? Would the Lord Jesus have done more good if he had come as a great man? Would Peter and John have done more good if they had been wealthy great men? "Yes," says the *flesh*, "of course." Ah, dear reader, it is a *long* time before we learn that the *flesh is against the Spirit*. We talk about the doctrine, but have we *learned it*?

God sent Lot away to school, and he finished his education in the school called "a cave" (Gen. xix. 30.) Look in and see the old man brooding in a corner over his sad, sad choice—brooding over a miss-spent life, weeping bitter tears, and as he thought about the lost souls of his children, and let that awful warning make you and me kneel down and ask the Lord to enlighten us,

by the power of the Holy Spirit, to discern how *strongly* the flesh is *operating in ourselves*, and let us turn to the *very* footsteps of Christ, his walk, his ways (1 John ii. 6;) and with threats sounding in our ears, and the desert before us, pray the apostolic prayer, "And now, Lord, behold their threatenings, and grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness (not 'all fear,' not 'all Lotists' prudence,') they may speak thy word" (Acts iv. 29.)

You and I admit that the clusters of grapes now are as large as those in Numb. xiii. 23—clusters of souls, clusters of the fruits of the Spirit—but in your neighborhood, as well as in mine, the "people be strong," the "walls very great," and the sons of Anak are not dead.

Caleb, with his eye on God, dreaded them all. Nay, more, he dared to oppose the thousands of professors around him, and *they* grasped stones to slay him, God's glory appeared. Let us brave all, and we shall see his glory appear.

GORDON FORLONG.

"NO SORROW THERE."—An interesting account of an infidel's conversion was recently given in a daily prayer-meeting. It is said that the man, while on his way to take the cars for the east, heard a little Irish boy, who was sitting on a door-step singing,—

"There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there."

"Where?" inquired the sceptic, whose mind was impressed by the words. "Where is it there'll be no sorrow?" The boy answered,—

"In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

The infidel hastened on to take his seat in the cars; but the simple words of that hymn or chorus had found a lodgment in his mind. He could not drive them from his thoughts. They were fixed. A world where there is *no sorrow!* This was the great idea that filled his mind. He dwelt upon it—resolved it over in his thoughts. It was the message by the Spirit that led him to the Saviour, who delivers the lost and ruined from sin here, and raises them to that world of joy and glory where sin and sorrow are no more. Do you think, reader, that "There'll be no sorrow there!"

For the Children.

JESUS SEES YOU.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place."

Jesus can see you now: He loves you very much; so He watches over you every day and every night. Jesus is not down here on the earth, as He was once, and as He will be again, but He can see you just the same: so, though Jesus is now in heaven, He can care for you just the same as if He lived at home with you. Jesus gives many children a dear father and mother, and brothers and sisters. He has given you those who love you and are kind to you. Jesus watches over you always; and when He sees that you need anything, He sends it you. Jesus knows best what is good for you, and He always sends it.

The best thing of all for a little child is to know Jesus. Jesus wants you to know Him and to love Him; so He tells you in His holy book, the Bible, that He is the Son of God, and that He only can take you to heaven. And He tells you how He came down here, to love poor sinners like you; how He died on the cross, so that sinners might not die for ever; how His blood was shed, so that all your sins might be washed away. Jesus sees you when you are cross. He used to weep when He saw people wicked and sad. You have often made Jesus very sorry. Would you like Jesus to cover over all your sins with His blood? He would do so if you were to ask Him. Jesus forgives every one who comes to Him, and then He smiles upon them. He invites all to come to Him to be saved.—*The Children's Friend.*

CHECKERED PROVIDENCES.

God doth checker his providences white and black, as the pillar of cloud has its light side and dark. Look on the light side of thy estate. Suppose thou art cast in a law suit—there is the dark side; yet thou hast some land left—there is the light side. Thou hast sickness in thy body—there is the dark side; but grace in thy soul—there is the light side. Thou hast a child taken away—there is the dark side; thy husband lives—there is the light side. God's providences in this life are various, represented by those speckled horses among

the myrtle trees, which were red and white (Zech. i., 8.) Mercies and afflictions are interwoven: God doth speckle his work. "O!" saith one, "I want such a comfort;" but weigh all thy mercies in a balance, and that will make thee content. If a man did want a finger, would he be so discontented for the loss of that as not to be thankful for all the other parts of the body? Look on the light side of your condition, and then all your discontent will be easily dispersed. Do not pour upon your losses, but ponder upon your mercies. What! would'st thou have no cross at all? Why should one man think to have all good things when he himself is good but in part? Would'st thou have no evil about thee, who hast so much evil in thee? Thou art not fully sanctified in this life, how then thinkest thou to be fully satisfied?—*Thomas Watson.*

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.

No children are so happy as those who have been early taught immediate obedience to their parents' wishes, will, or commands. Would that parents more universally felt this! When they suffer their children to disobey them they are absolutely teaching them to sin against God, breaking one of His commandments, and one to which the promise of long life is given. No wonder if God, in His just displeasure, remove the child from such tuition. Remember what a solemn and instructive lesson the Holy Ghost has given in the history of Eli. There is much danger from an amiable wish to gratify a child, of counterordering your own orders. If you once direct a child to do a thing, however unpleasant it may be to yourself or the child, insist with firmness upon immediate and full obedience. There should be no demur nor delay. Prompt obedience is as lovely in a child, as its enforcement is dignified in a parent. The firm and gentle constraint of parental authority commands respect, and even inspires reverence and love in the child towards the parent. Thus, then, if you desire your children to grow up cherishing for you profound esteem and affection, insist upon the filial duty—the duty of implicit obedience—and commence early. To begin right is the way to end right.

Man, in Relation to the Bounties of Nature.

BY REV. JOSEPH PARKER, MANCHESTER.

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."—1 Tim., vi., 7.

The text does not refer (1) *To mental constitution*. Every man brings certain brain-power into the world, which is to be developed and applied by education and circumstances. Nor (2) *To moral disposition*. Every man is born with a heart opposed to the law of eternal rectitude. The text refers solely to the bounties of nature. So far as these are concerned, we brought nothing to the cradle and shall carry nothing to the coffin. The text teaches:—

I. THAT NO MAN HAS ANY ANTECEDENT CLAIM ON THE BOUNTIES OF NATURE.—The child of the pauper and the child of the prince come into the world *personally* on equal terms. Yet there *must* be SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS. These will arise, First, *Through difference of force of character*. Some men could make the wilderness bring forth fruit, while others would famish amid the luxury of an Eden. Secondly, *Through diversity of disposition*. The open-hearted man will be his own executor:—he scatters as he goes; whereas the covetous man piles his property that he may boast of his wealth. The text teaches:—

II. THAT NO MAN CAN RISE TO ABSOLUTE PROPRIETORSHIP OF THE BOUNTIES OF NATURE.—The mightiest monarch cannot touch an atom as *absolutely* HIS OWN. He did not bring it into the world and he cannot carry it out. Amid the clamor of contending monarchs—amid the din of battle for empire—one voice is heard asserting the true proprietorship of the universe:—"The gold and the silver ARE MINE, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." (1) Man is not the proprietor, he is merely a steward. (2) Stewardship implies responsibility. What a new conception of life is imparted by the thought, that *what we have is only borrowed!* The text teaches:—

III. THAT MAN SHOULD CONSULT THE ABSOLUTE OWNER IN THE DISPOSAL OF THE BOUNTIES OF NATURE.—There MUST BE AN OWNER. It is most evident, however,

that *man* is not the owner, forasmuch as he "brought nothing into the world and it is certain that he can carry nothing out." The Divine Being is the owner, and He, as such, ought to be consulted in the distribution of His own property. First, *This is reasonable*. Is it reasonable that your servant should dispose of your property without consulting you? Secondly, *This is profitable*. Does not God know *best* how property should be employed? Can he not reveal the best mode of investment? The text teaches:—

IV. THAT MAN MUST EVENTUALLY DISSOLVE HIS CONNECTION WITH THE BOUNTIES OF NATURE.—First, *This is inspiring to the Christian*. He has been employing the world merely as so much scaffolding;—he is only too glad, therefore, to take it down, and enter into the temple of purity and rest. Secondly, *This is heart crushing to the sinner*. When he parts with the world, he parts with his ALL! Having surrendered "things seen and temporal," he stands in God's universe as a penniless pauper! Though we can carry no secular possessions out of this scene of being, there is one thing we *must* take with us, viz: MORAL CHARACTER. We cannot get rid of *that* even in the "dark valley of the shadow of death;" *that* will accompany us into the presence of the dread Judge! Having passed the present life,—having known its sorrows and joys, and been disciplined by all its mutations,—having been brought into contact with the glorious truths of Christianity,—having heard the gospel in all its fulness and power, it is impossible but that these influences should have produced some effect on our moral nature. What is the effect? Suppose it should be the "saviour of death unto death," then there are three enquiries which God may institute:—(1) If you have not honoured me in yonder world what guarantee is there that you would honour me in heaven? (2) If you have not honoured my SON, what guarantee is there that you would honour ME? (3) If you have morally wasted one world, what guarantee is there that you would not waste another? In hearing these enquiries the sinner must be smitten with confusion and dumbness. On a review of the whole subject, three duties appear plain:—

1st. *To enjoy the bounties of Provi-*

dence.—The Great Father intended his children to find joy in nature; and the true heaven-born child will delight himself according to the dictates of a regenerate heart.

2nd. *To distribute the bounties of Providence.*—There is but little joy in self-appropriation. *Giving* is a means of grace. Have you seen the widow's eye when you have ministered to her need? No artist can reproduce the divine light that shines there!

3rd. *To be grateful for the bounties of nature.*—A life of gratitude is a life of happiness? If you would be truly grateful, ever look to those who have less of this world's goods than you have. A survey of the *palace* may induce discontentment, but a glance at the *workhouse* may awaken purest thankfulness.

My friend, what are you living for? What is the supreme OBJECT of your being? Are you not convinced of the folly of expending your energies on the transitory pleasure of the present life? Is there ought in mere material property to meet the requirements of your immortality? Let me charge you to seek the "true riches." Apart from *Christ* there is nothing satisfying!" "HE IS ALL IN ALL." You need *pardou*: He can grant it. You are seeking *peace*: He can bestow it. I adjure you to seek Him with all your heart! Having found Christ you have found a universe of blessing. You will part with this world, as a faded leaf, that you may enter on an unwithering and incorruptible inheritance.

"O, I COULDN'T LIVE HERE!"

O, I could not live here, if they'd let me the room for nothing! I must move away."

These were the words of a woman I had known for some time. She was a widow, a clever, industrious, sober woman, but with her mind set on the things of this world. When she was spoken to about Heaven and Jesus, she listened quietly, but without much interest. Directly anything was said about earning money she would be all attention; and it was plain to be seen her thoughts were given entirely to getting "the bread that perisheth," while "the Bread of life," that lasts for ever was neglected.

She had removed for cheapness into a

court, where she soon found there was noise and dirt, and riot going on. The Sabbath day was often a time of quarrelling and fighting and this poor woman was so troubled with her unruly neighbours, that she resolved not to stay, even as she said, "if they would let her the room for nothing." I took the opportunity of saying, "If the sight and sound of these wicked people are so bad, for a little time here, what must it be to spend *eternity* with lost souls. To hear for ever the curses and groans of the lost?"

She looked very much startled and replied, "Why that would make even an angel miserable."

"To be sure it would," I said. "God has given us a social nature—much of our happiness must depend on our companions. To be compelled to live in dirt, and noise, and sin, and sorrow, would destroy all the comforts of life. You find it does. And so if you can have orderly, kind, pleasant neighbours, ready to say a good word, and do a good deed, it is a source of great enjoyment. Think, then, of the blessed spirits in Heaven. All light and love. Sin and sorrow, all done away. Every soul made glad in the Lord!"

"O, that must be happy," she said, with a sigh.

"Yes, and for this we must be prepared, We must feel ourselves to be sinners, and go to Jesus in prayer, and ask Him to save us, and to fit us for that inheritance among the redeemed, which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—1 COR. ii. 9.

SMOOTH EVERY WAVE.

Smooth every wave this heart within;
Let no dark tempest gather here;
Calm every ripple, till my sea
Be, like the polished silver, fair.

One word of old still'd raging wind,
And "Peace, be still," subdued the wave;
Let that dear word again be heard,
And let the tempest cease to rave.

Jesus! thy word is mighty still,
Creation knows it; let this heart
Know it in all its grace and power,
Till every tumult thence depart.

FINDING GOD.

"O that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat."—Job xxiii. 3.

Job's words properly mean, "O that I knew the finding of Him! I would go to his appointed place." He says, that if he only knew when, where, how to find God, he was willing at once to go to the trysting-place, to the rendezvous; wherever it was, whatever time he chose to appoint, by whatever way He pleased. Job sought a meeting with God, on this occasion, in order to inquire about His providential dealings; and the Lord did not seem to furnish Job with the opportunity he longed for. No, says the afflicted man, in spite of all my eager search, He is not to be found. "I go forward," (ver. 8;) but He is not there. "I go backward," still no trace of His steps. I cannot see Him on right or left hand. At length Job reached this conclusion, and was at rest, viz.—"He knoweth His own way with me. He has put me in the furnace to purge away the dross, and I shall come forth as gold," (v. 10). What may we learn from this Patriarch's experience?

1. *Be content not to understand the Lord's providences.* Be satisfied with the Lord's way, in the persuasion He leads the blind by a way that they know not. You will often be obliged to walk in providential darkness; that is, not the darkness of God's hidden face, but the darkness of trouble, calamity, affliction, sickness, peril, pain, bereavement. This is the darkness of which, Isaiah 1. 10, speaks:—"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, and obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light." And this is what Micah speaks of (vii. 8), "When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." And this is what David sang of in P. xviii. 28, "The Lord will enlighten my darkness." But we must be content to know that light is coming in regard to God's dealings; at present, He declines explanations. It is like Job declining to meet Absalom, who was set upon engaging him to put to his hand in reversing the king's decree of banishment. When we sigh, "O that I knew the place wherein to find Him!" He replies by his silence. It is as if He said: "Wait till the day break; till the Lord come, who shall bring to light the hidden things of darkness."

2. *Rejoice that you understand His salvation.* The Holy Spirit leads every saved soul to the same meeting-place. You need not, you ought not to cry—"O that I knew where I might find Him!" in regard to your soul. You must not speak as if that were a mystery.—Where, when, how to find Him, in regard to salvation, is all made plain; the appointed

meeting-place is well known. If you say, "Where?" the answer is, at the Cross, at the blood of Jesus, at the true mercy-seat. There, there, He ever stands, waiting to meet the sinner. In Christ He is to be found in any soul. And if you say, "When?" His reply is, "Now—for this is the day of salvation; this is the hour of grace; this is the noon-tide of redemption." To-day, He is at that trysting-place. You have not been waiting for Him there, but He has been waiting for you. Ponder this truth again and again; forget all else to meditate on this alone. And if you say—"But how shall I meet Him?" the reply is ready. When you find out the grounds on which God accepts the sinner, and when your soul rests thereon, you meet Him; you have come already to the appointed rendezvous. When you are thinking of the Saviour, of His life of obedience, and of His death of woe, and when, perceiving herein the payment of the sinner's debt, your soul cordially falls in with this plan, you are meeting Him; you are at His seat. And in this position, (that is your soul reposing on the ransom) you may speak with Him about everything that concerns you, be it a temptation, or a snare, or a burden, or a sorrow, or a fear, or a doubt, or a corruption, or a trial, or a blessing. Your light is clearer than Job's for yours is the New Testament sunshine.—You know the finding of God—go, then, to His seat; go forward to His appointed place of meeting, and find Him there, as ready to tell you his heart, as Jonathan was ready to pour out all to David.

Verily He is "a God that hideth himself," as to providences, (Isaiah lxxv. 15). Verily He is a God that meets us with unveiled face, in redemption, (Isaiah lxxiv. 5). "Thou meetest those that remember thee in thy ways."

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

1. *We conquer even before the battle is done.* In all other battles we do not know how the victory is to turn, until the battle is won. In the battle of Waterloo, it was long thought that the French had gained; and Napoleon sent several despatches to Paris, declaring that he had won. But in the fight with the world, Satan and the flesh, we know how the victory is to turn already. Christ has engaged to carry us through. He will guard us against the darts of the law, by hiding us in His blood, He defends us from the power of sin by His Holy Spirit, put within us. He will keep us, in the secret of His presence, from the strife of tongues. The thicker the battle, the closer will He keep to us; so that we

can sing already: "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." We know that we shall overcome. Though the world were a million times more enraged—though the fires of persecution were again to be kindled—though my heart were a million times more wicked—though all the temptations of hell were let loose upon me—I know I shall overcome through Him that loved me. When Paul and Silas sang in the low dungeon, they were more than conquerors. When Paul sang, spite of his thorn, "I will glory in my infirmities," he was more than a conqueror.

2. *We gain by our conflict.* Often a victory is a loss. So it was in that battle in Israel, after the dark night in Gibeah. All Israel mourned, for a tribe was nearly cut off out of Israel; and so, in most victories, the song of triumph is mingled with the sobbings of the widow and orphan. Not so in the good fight of faith. We are more than conquerors. We gain by our enemies. (1.) We cling closer to Christ. Every wave of trouble for Christ's sake lifts the soul higher upon the Rock. Every arrow of bitterness shot after the believer makes him hide more in the clefts of Jesus. Be content, dear friend, to bear these troubles, which make you cling closer to your Beloved. (2.) They shake us loose from sin. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own. If the world smiled and fawned upon you, you would lie on its lap. But when it frowns, then Jesus is our all. (3.) Great is your reward in heaven. We gain a brighter crown. Be not afraid; nothing shall ever separate you from the love of Christ. O that I could know that you were all in Christ's love—that the arms of Jesus were infolding you—then I would know that all the hatred of men, and all the policy of hell, would never prevail against you! "If God be for you, who can be against you?" If God has chosen you—called you—washed you—justified you—then He will glorify you. O yield to His loving hands, you that are not far from the kingdom of God! Let Him wash you, for then He will carry you to glory.—*R. M. M'Cheyne.*

O fire, that art always burning and never quenched, kindle me! O light, always shining and never darkened, enlighten me!

The danger of neglecting Christ while devoted to His Work.

We are very apt to lose ourselves in spiritual toil; we may easily be led away from Christ, while earnestly engaged in it; we may become so absorbed in the work, as to forget for Whom it is being done.—And of this Satan will take immediate advantage; he will decoy us by holy things away from Christ; he will make us to be so taken up with our work, that we forget Him. We may thus be led far away from Jesus; we shall in all probability be induced to look at frames, and feelings, and advancement in sanctification, as having something to do with our being saved; our shortcomings will be suggested to us as causes of doubt, as to whether we are the Lord's at all; and then, perhaps, will ensue a long, weary wandering back again, to find our first great spring and principle of hope—our Lord upon His Cross. Is it not well known to every Christian, that one of Satan's grandest aims is, to fix the eye on self?—to divert the eye from "self," when a man is living in sin, so that we may not know his vileness—to fix it upon self, when he has escaped from the power of sin, so that he may be brought into a state either of self-righteousness or despair.—Let us be upon our guard; whatever we have to do, let us do it as in the presence of our Lord—of the One who said, "Come unto me." Thus, and thus only in the great work of Christian life, can we have rest.—Yes, every day let us say, "Return unto thy Rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee;" Psalm cxvi. 7. Let us continually cast our eyes around, so that on no account the cross be allowed to be out of sight; and whatever may be our improvement in character, and moral meetness for heaven, let our single hope of the possession of the "beauty of holiness," be the possession of the One perfect in all holiness, even Jesus Christ Himself.

Many men lose their comfort, as Saul lost his kingdom, by not discerning the time to be spiritually rich. The merchant will not lose his opportunity of buying, nor the sailor his of sailing, nor the husbandman of sowing; and why Christian, should you lose yours of growing rich in grace?

Sabbath School Lessons.

June 29th, 1862.

EARTHLY CARE.—LUKE XII. 22-35.

Earthly care confronts us at almost every step. We see it in almost every one we meet.

"If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who move our envy now."

By earthly care we understand over anxiety about worldly affairs. In this lesson we are warned against it, because it is one form of covetousness. In the preceding parable we are informed of the covetousness to which the rich are exposed. In this we are informed of the covetousness to which the poor are subject.

I. *We are to take no thought for our life, &c.*

1. Because the life is more than meat, v. 23. He who provided the greater will be sure to provide the less. Consider how he has provided for the life in infancy, in youth, in riper years. How he has made the interests of commerce and agriculture to contribute to man's interest.

2. God provideth for the ravens. This was classed among the nucleon birds. It is one of the least attractive of the birds of the air, yet the Lord feedeth it. He giveth to the beast his food, and the young ravens which cry. Psal. cxlvi. 9.

3. No amount of anxious thought will enable a man to do anything more than God, in his providence, has ordered. "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature," v. 25. Very likely this reason was a current proverb. Yet if a man cannot do the least, how does he expect to be able to do the greater. As in our stature so in our state, we should take it as it is.

4. Look at the lillies, v. 27, 28. They toil not. They do not fret and worry. They occupy the place that the Lord appoints. Yet they grow covered with glory.

5. After food and raiment the nations of the world look, v. 30. They have no All-sufficient God as their Father to look unto.— They have no one to cast their burden upon. Hence they have to carry their burdens themselves. Their bread and butter controls their conduct. When a Christian is anxious about worldly things, he indicates that he is of the earth earthly.

6. The Christian's Father knoweth that we have need of these things. He is the Father that maintains you, who educates you, and who design an inheritance for you, and therefore will take care that you want for no good thing.

II. *But seek first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added, or in other words:*

1. Seek to be good. We cannot be good unless we have the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness to cover us, and the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit within us.

2. When we are made good, then we can and ought to do good. We ought to seek the interests of the Kingdom of God in every way possible.

3. If God gives us his Son to save us, and the Holy Spirit to cleanse us from our sin, surely He will not withhold from us anything of smaller value, necessary for the sustenance of life

July, 6th 1862.

THE BIRTH AND YOUTH OF MOSES.

Exod. I. 25.

Amram was the father of Moses, and Jochabed the name of his mother. His only sister was Miriam, who must have been about 10 years older. His only brother was Aaron who was three years older. The birth of Moses must have happened after the edict of Pharaoh had been commanded, Chap. i. 22. His mother saw that he was a *goodly child*. Exod. ii. 2. This goodness is referred to in Acts vii. 23 where he was said to have been "exceeding fair," and in Heb. xi. 23, where he is said to have been a "proper child." This implied some indication of future greatness. *She hid him three months*. This was done by faith. They believed that God would protect them and deliver their babe, and they were not disappointed. When *she could no longer hide him*, probably owing to some periodical visitation of every house, relative to the faithful performance of the edict, the mother's care was seen in the preparation of the little ark, and the planting of the little sister to watch what might happen.

See what a mother's faith and love will do, she will risk her life for her child.

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity."— Just at the time when the faith of these parents was tried to the utmost, God caused the daughter of Pharaoh to come down to wash. Washing in the Nile as a sacred river was a religious rite, and it is more than likely that for that purpose she visited it. God ordered it that the "*babe wept*," and a chord of compassion was touched in her breast.— Doubtless she knew of her father's law, but determined to save the child. Had any other person found it they would scarcely have dared to preserve the child. But God had a purpose for saving the child, and he easily found the way. What joy must have come

to the heart of Moses' mother at this signal deliverance.

Moses was born probably at the very time that Pharaoh's cruel edict was passed.—At the very time means were taken to destroy the power of his people, He raised up means among his people to destroy their enemies.—Pharaoh's oppression was at the worst when deliverance came.

II.—THE YOUTH OF MOSES.

Moses was under his mother's care for a time, after which he was treated as the son of Pharaoh's daughter. He had evidently, excellent educational advantages for he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.—He was also conspicuous in Egypt, for he was mighty in "words and deeds," Acts vii. 22. When he was forty years old it came into his heart to visit his brethren the children of Israel. Exod. ii. 11, 12; Acts vii. 24. He knew God was to deliver them from Egyptian bondage, but they did not. Acts vii. 25. At the risk of his own life, he interposed to deliver a Hebrew from some task-master. The very person he delivered informed against him, and he had to flee. He fled to the land of Midian. His sympathy with the weak and oppressed, that was the occasion of his fleeing from Egypt, became the occasion of his making firm and lasting friends in Midian. It was a great and sudden change from his former life. But he was content. Some suppose that it was while he was in Midian that he wrote the books of Job and Genesis.

God remembered his covenant, v. 23.— Israel seemed to have forgotten it.

Learn from the lesson the power of faith. It made the mother of Moses bold.

It prompted Moses to choose the reproach of Christ rather than the treasures of Egypt.

It made Moses content to dwell in the tent of the Midian, remembering God. Have you faith in God? Have you chosen the reproach of Christ or no?

CONFORMITY TO THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Christians, true Christians, I say, living in the world and with the world, allow themselves to be insensibly encouraged by its example to follow their own wills, instead of obeying the stern and yet sweet voice of the gospel, which calls them to glory in the steps of their crucified Lord and Master. The flesh recoils from this daily crucifixion. We will not accept the cross, and we dare not reject it. We turn our eyes from it, that we may be freed from the alternative either of bearing or

rejecting it, and the Christian life of the most of us is spent in a constant study to regulate itself with Christian fidelity, without being conformed to the death of Christ. We are not to seek the cross, but by the cross to seek the glory of the resurrection, which is found in no other way. The cross for the sake of the cross, never; the cross for the sake of Christ, always. But what have you done, then, I demand of this generation, so fond of ease and such an enemy to suffering, what have you done with this word of the Master, "And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple?" Your cross! Do you know, my brother, that you have one—a cross, a cross which is specially yours, as really assigned you by God, as was that of Golgotha to Jesus Christ?

Were I to characterise with a particular name the Christianity of the present day, I should be tempted to call it a *comfortable* Christianity. If the primitive Church, in the days of its mourning and glory, resolved the problem as to the measure of suffering over which faith can triumph, the Church of the nineteenth century seems to have proposed to itself the contrary problem, as to the degree of feebleness to which faith can be reduced without ceasing to exist. Come, then, martyrs of past ages, victims of Christian and of pagan Rome, all ye who have taken the cross too much in earnest, come, learn of us the secret of serving the Lord without its costing you anything—but a few poor pleasures, whose value one blushes to name; some worldly friendships, which we would not otherwise care to retain; or a little gold, which death will at last surely snatch from us!

Yes, my brethren, since the day that Jesus redeemed us upon the cross, every-thing which is great, powerful, beneficial, is serious, and all the seeds of life and regeneration are sown in suffering and death. If you would contribute your part in the regeneration of the Church and of society, know that you cannot do it without a life serious, humble, crucified. We need not the spirit of Jabez, who prayed to be kept from suffering, but the spirit of Paul, "bearing about in his body the dying of the Lord Jesus." Am I mistaken, my brethren, in thinking that more than one among you breathes in secret after this

dying life, so bitter, but so strong! Let none take part in our holy enterprise who prefer ease to the cross, egotism to love, appearance to reality. But thou, people of tears awake! In thy turn sow in tears, that thou mayest reap with joy.—*Adolph Monod.*

THE INEFFABLE ONE.

And it came to pass about an eight days after these sayings.—*LUKE IX. 28.*

What sayings? Alas! that he must suffer and die. But, see the lovely Jesus! Before his disciples should drink such a bitter, bitter cup, he gives them the sweetest of draughts. Before the fearful cloud, they should have the brightest vision. Before Calvary and its Cross, from which they flee, they shall ascend Tabor, and record that "it is good to be there." This is Jesus like. He always provides the antidote before the cross. Before Lazarus' death were numerous visitations and instructions—"lo! I am with you," being the lesson. Before John should be a lone prisoner on Patmos, he must lean on the Saviour's bosom. Baxter had great physical torment; but before it was given great grace. Payson often cried out in agony in his long sickness, but before it he often shouted for joy, because of his fellowship with Jesus. According to the day is the strength.

So in Jesus' own case. Before his life-buffs he had thirty years of peaceful growing in strength and increasing in wisdom. Before the temptation of the wilderness, he was filled with the Holy Ghost. Before Gethsemane there was the song over Kedron. Before his apprehension, there was the blessing of prayer and the strengthening of the angel; and before the cross was his blissful transfiguration, and the cheering voice, "This is my beloved Son."

Christian, you see the ample provision made for thee in Jesus' fulness. Can you afford to stop short of the possession?—Alas! so many say, "I have been a professor for many years, but I do not enjoy religion. I cannot say, as many, Jesus is altogether lovely, and that my Beloved is mine." And yet this sumptuous feast is at your hand; Jesus even having sent forth

the Comforter to bring these things to mind, and teach you, if you will. Think a moment; is not your state just what you have educated yourself to from the time you made a profession of religion? Look over your habits, your manner and matter of conversation, your reading, the hymns you have sung, &c. Perhaps you have been trying to grow on milk. May-be some little Sabbath-school ditty has more captivated thy voice than a real song of Zion, full of praise to God, and presenting Jesus right to thy embrace.—Perchance your religious reading, and little of that, has never gone any further than children's pap, and other thin mixtures.—Did you, for example, ever pray every verse in the Bible, especially the Psalms, asking the Holy Ghost to teach you practically the meaning? Thousands have, even of the poor and ignorant, and grown strong. Better read thus per day three verses than ramble over whole chapters. Tell me, is the Bible sweet unto you?—if not, do turn unto the Lord, and take up the Scriptures for thy life.

And how about your habits and social intercourse? Are they just like those of the mass? If these things witness against you, how can you expect to enjoy religion? You are filled, but not with the Holy Ghost. Go right to Jesus; this is the Spirit's prescription for your case. Get acquainted with Him, and you will be sure to go frequently. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." *Col. iii. 16, 17.* J. B. R.

"DINNA EXPLAIN!"

My way to a village, where I labour in the Lord's work, skirts the grounds of a landed proprietor. At an angle formed by the wall which bounds the park, running in a near direction, a snug little croft is situated, containing a dwelling house and a blacksmith's shop.

I had often noticed the blacksmith, pale and consumptive-looking, walking in his little garden, while the anvil rang under the

hammers of his two assistants. I tried to speak to him of eternal realities, and sometimes managed to put a "*Herald of Mercy*" and other religious papers into his hand. I saw he tried to evade me, and I used all the caution I could in avoiding anything that might prejudice his mind, and so hinder me from getting access to his soul.

At length he ceased to be seen at the door, and the lady of the landed proprietor called and asked me to go and see him.—I found the way open, I suspect chiefly through her influence, and continued to visit him regularly, reading the Scriptures, and setting before him man's lost and undone condition, and the glorious way of deliverance opened up for poor sinners, through the incarnation and obedience unto death of the Eternal Son of God, dwelling on His glorious resurrection and intercession at the Father's right hand and His promise of the Holy Spirit to enlighten poor sinners in the way of life eternal.

He was rapidly getting worse, yet still clinging to the vain hope of life, in connexion with changes of remedies prescribed by his medical attendant. I endeavoured kindly, but faithfully, to correct his error in regard to this natural, but in his case, foolish and groundless confidence, and succeeded, in connexion with the earnest and urgent appeals to his understanding and conscience, in awakening a more than ordinary attention to the message of Divine love. He asked several important questions concerning essential truths before I left, and after prayer I departed full of hope in regard to the progress made with him. Full of anxiety, I called next Lord's day on my way to my field of labour. He was weaker, but quite able to converse. I took out my Bible. Ah, said he, "dinna read the day for my head's no able to staid it!"

Feeling, however, as Philip Henry says, that "when we are about to speak to God in prayer, we should be content to let God also speak to us by His word," I replied, "I'll read a few verses very so'fy beside you." "Ah, well, you may, but DINNA EXPLAIN, for my head will not bear it!" I said, "my expositions are intended to bring peace and consolation to your mind in the solemn condition in which you are placed, and nothing but God's word can now give you true consolation," He seem-

ed to wish no farther converse on such subjects, and, with a heavy heart, I read a few passages, which he appeared to listen to, just because he was obliged to hear them. I went to a throne of grace filled by the freezing words, DINNA EXPLAIN! Indeed they are ringing in my ears still!

Next time I called, his wife refused to let me see him, and in a few days I heard of his death. I tried to speak to a poor lame daughter, one day lately, about sin and salvation, and saw clearly that the girl's mind was prejudiced against me, no doubt through her hardened mother.

Sad case! yet how true a picture of many of Scotland's families, notwithstanding all that Christian philanthropy is doing to carry the truth to every corner of the land. And so will it be "until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness become a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest, then judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field. And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."—Isa. xxxii. 15, 16, 17.

Reader, are you trifling away your day of merciful visitation? If so, beware lest you too give utterance to the fearful words when the messenger of God presses home the truth upon your conscience on a death-bed, and, like the ostrich driven to desperation by the sight of her pursuers, bury your face in the very act of dying, crying like the poor blacksmith, "DINNA EXPLAIN!" Remember eternity will explain it whether you will or not.—*Herald of Mercy.*

"HIS BLOOD."

No minister of the present age presses home to the conscience and the heart the essential truths of Christianity with more directness and power than Krummacher. Read the following on the Blood of CHRIST:—

"What avails the blood of Christ? It avails, what mountains of good works, heaped up by us—what columns of the incense of prayer, curling up from our lips toward heaven—and what streams of tears of penitence gushing from our eyelids, never could avail. The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

“Helps us to cleanse ourselves, perhaps?”
 No, cleanseth us. ‘Furnishes the *motive*
 and the *obligation* for us to cleanse our-
 selves?’ No, it *cleanseth* us. ‘Cleanseth
 us from the *desire* to sin?’ ‘No, cleanseth
 us from *sin* i self.’ ‘Cleanseth us from the
 sin of *inactivity* in the work of personal
 improvement?’ No, from *all* sin. ‘But
 did you say the *blood* does this?’ Yes, the
 blood. ‘The *doctrine* of Christ you must
 mean?’ No, His *blood*. ‘His *example*, it
 is?’ No, His *blood*. His *blood*. O, what
 hostility the world still betrays toward this
 essential element of Christianity! Can
 anything be stated more plainly in lan-
 guage than the entire Word of God declares
 that our redemption from sin is by the
 blood of Christ? And yet what strenuous
 efforts are constantly made to set aside this
 plain, essential, wonderful, and most glori-
 ous truth, that ‘the blood of our Lord Jesus
 Christ cleanseth us from all sin?’”

THE BEST THEME.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon prefaced, not long
 since, a sermon on the Atonement, by the
 following remarks. The American “Doctor
 of Divinity” alluded to, is, no doubt, says
 the *N. Y. Chronicle*, our friend, Rev. Dr.
 Arritage, of this city:—

There is a Doctor of Divinity here to-
 night who listened to me some years ago.
 He has been back to his own dwelling-
 place in America, and he has come here
 again. I could not help fancying, as I saw
 his face just now, that he would think I
 was doting on the old subject, and harping
 on the old strain; that I had not advanced
 a single inch upon any new domain of
 thought, but was preaching the same old
 Gospel in the same old terms as ever. If
 he should think so, he will be quite right.

I suppose I am something like Mr. Cecil
 when he was a boy. His father once told
 him to wait in a gateway till he came back,
 and the father, being very busy, went about
 the city; and amidst his numerous cares
 and engagements, he forgot the boy. Night
 came on, and at last when the father reached
 home, there was a great inquiry as to where
 Richard was. The father said, “Dear me,
 I left him in the morning standing under
 such-and-such a gateway, and I told him
 to stay there until I came for him; I should

not wonder but what he is there now.” So
 they went, and there they found him.

Such an example of childish, simple
 faithfulness, it is no disgrace to emulate. I
 received, some years ago, orders from my
 Master to stand at the foot of the Cross
 until He came. He has not come yet, but
 I mean to stand there till He does. If I
 should disobey His orders and leave those
 simple truths which have been the means
 of the conversion of souls, I know not how
 I could expect His blessing. Here, then, I
 stand at the foot of the cross and tell out
 the old, old story, stale though it sound to
 itching ears, and worn threadbare as critics
 may deem it. It is of Christ I love to
 speak—of Christ who loved, and lived, and
 died, the substitute for sinners, the just for
 the unjust, that he might bring us to God.

A SINGULAR TRACT.

The following is the text of one of the series
 of “penny letter tracts” in England. It is en-
 titled “What I Was, and What I Am.”

“Dear reader, I once resided with 2 Tim. iii.
 4, and walked in Eph. ii. 2, and my continual
 conversation at that time is still recorded in
 Eph. ii. 3.

“I heard one day that an inheritance had
 been purchased for me, and a description of
 it reached me; you will find it at 1 Peter i. 4.

“One who resides in Heb. iv. 14, had pur-
 chased it, and paid an extraordinary price for
 it; but, to say the truth, I did not believe this
 report, as I was entirely unacquainted with
 the MAN, and long experience had convinced
 me that strangers NEVER gave favors through
 love alone, and friends seldom gave any favors
 that cost much.

“However I called at 2 Tim. iii. 16, as my
 own prospects at Eph. ii. 12 were as bad as
 they could be.

“I found the house I sought for at 2 Cor. v.
 1, and the invitations to it which you will see
 put up at Isa. iv. 1, 2, and by John at vii. 37,
 are wonderfully inviting to the poor and
 needy.

“The house has only one door, and it was
 some time before I saw the door at John x. 9.
 “My permanent address will now be 2
 Cor. v. 1, but if you call any day at Heb. vi.
 16, you will meet me and many others; we
 are daily in the habit of meeting there.

“If you call, attend to what the servant
 says at Luke xiv. 22, and you may DEPEND
 upon what that servant says.”

LIGHT LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The *Christian Observer* has an article upon the light literature of the day, in which the following, very just observations are made:

"The literature of a former generation shocks us by its grossness and indecency. We read it with a feeling of shame. We wonder how our forefathers could have endured the use of such language—the open expression of such filthy ideas as are to be found often in Pope, continually in Swift; and because we have now our fig-leaf propitities, and throw over what is gross the gossamer veil of a factitious refinement, we flatter ourselves that our moral sense must be greatly improved, and that we are much better than our fathers. The maxim, however, that 'vice loses half its harm when it loses all its grossness,' requires to be received with a very considerable degree of reserve. It is its antithesis, rather than its truth, that has gained its acceptance. A prurient curiosity may be excited by the very means that are affected to be used to check it. Words are nothing; it is the thought they convey that contains the danger; and if the thought be bad, yet artfully veiled, and only insinuated, it may be like latent fire. There is such a thing as dressing out our thoughts in crinoline, and exhibiting our shame-facedness, as is the fashion, by a veil that reaches only just below the eyes. We forget that our covering is the sign of our sin and our shame: to avoid fresh sin, the less attention is drawn to it the better. Our primitive nakedness is not half so dangerous to our moral sense as a tricked out and enticing pudicity. The filthiness of nineteenth-century decency may pollute more, because it offends less, than the plain-spoken honesty of our forefathers in calling things by their right names; just as there may be far more rudeness in the cutting civilities of modern politeness, than in all the strong direct terms used by a less refined generation, when they wished to describe and denounce rogues and knaves. The gentleman scoundrel, none can deny is the worst of all scoundrels. So the polished literary seducer is the worst of all seducers.

"One characteristic of the light literature of our day is thus indicated. But it is not so much this feature of it to which we wish to draw attention, as another of much more serious moment. Ours is a religious age, at least in profession. It has a taste for a seasoning of religious sentiment in everything that is written. No book or periodical will become popular that has not in it some touches of Christianity,—some respect, affected or real, for the Divine Founder of our religion. But what is the character of the religious feeling which thus provenders for the known

public taste? Has it any principle in it? Is it a religious feeling of any distinct and definite character at all? Far from it! It is rather negative than positive. It spends itself in vague general sentiment, thin as air; and has no fixed principle whatever, but that of eschewing all that is dogmatic, or, as the phrase goes, 'controversial.' While it professes to respect, it practically repudiates. It is not the kind of religion that is to be found in the Church or in the Bible it gratuitously patronizes with its uncalled-for favour; but only the floating sentiment of religion that froths up and settles on the surface of superficial society. This it extols as better than all the religion of sermons and creeds. It skims off, in fact, just that part of Christianity which suits its end, and it skims it only when the cream is gone; so that, like skimmed-milk cream, it is necessarily very thin. Such religious sentiment as this just serves the purpose of deceiving people, and nothing more.

"A positively irreligious literature, for the reason we have given, would not be endured in the present day. But there is very much that, without being irreligious, in the sense of profane or sceptical, unreligious by the absence of all religious influence or recognition from its pages. Many of our popular writers discard it upon principle. This is the next stage in the downward progress, and this is the growing sentiment of the age. These writers look upon Religion as the most mischievous of all Powers, because of the many disputes and the frequent ill-will it occasions. It is chiefly men who have addicted themselves to science, and to inquiries into material things, that lean in this direction; though many of our writers on light literature have the same tendency. Hence there is an increasing number of books published from which religion is altogether eliminated, name and thing. Even its antiseptic influence fails to pervade them. This spirit aims to create a world of its own, in which there shall be literally no God. If it alludes to religion at all, it is only under the form of a sly sneer, an insinuated doubt, or a contemptuous depreciation of its professors, as if they alone were the men that are wanting in common sense."

As lately I lay very sick, so sick that I thought I should have left this world, many cogitations and musings had I in my weakness. Ah! thought I, what may eternity be? What joys may it have? However, I know for certain, eternity is ours; through Christ it is given and prepared for us, if we can but believe. There it shall be opened and revealed; here we shall not know when a second creation of the world will be, seeing we understand not the first.—*Luther*