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CHRISTIAN THRIFT.

BY REV. P. GRAY, KINGSTON, C.W.

“Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living Lord, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; *laying up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.*”—1 Tim. vi. 17-19.

Among the various counsels and directions given by Paul to Timothy, for his guidance in the pastorate of the church at Ephesus,—comprising rules for his own conduct, and regulations respecting the worship, government and discipline of the church, the qualification of its ministers, and the character and duties of its members,—this special charge for the instruction of the wealthier portion of the Christian community occupies a deservedly conspicuous place. For, while it is an admonition confined in its terms to the one class of persons whom it addresses—“the rich in this world,”—who, in the Apostle’s time, and almost ever since, have been the minority in most Christian congregations,—it yet refers to dangers and duties, and to ruling principles which have a far wider than a class-application, which have a relation to, and affect man as man, whatever his circumstances may be, whatever his relative position or rank in the social scale.

It is not the “rich in this world” alone who are prone to be “high-minded,” and to trust in uncertain riches; the poor man may be as proud in spirit, as haughty and over-hearing in his own sphere, and as big with self-importance as his wealthy neighbor. The poor man may trust in, and value riches as highly as the millionaire. Neither riches nor poverty in themselves, however they may affect and modify the manners, create and determine character in any man. Self-knowledge, self-discipline, the cultivation of good and kindly feeling, with the fear and love of God, will give moral worth and beauty to rich and poor alike. The want of these qualities will leave man, at heart, a selfish ingrate; self-seeking, self-indulgent; regardless alike of the interest of his brother, and of the glory of his God; to be luxurious, proud and disdainful;

or to be servile, grovelling, and envious; just as external circumstances call into action, and furnish scope for the display of the one or the other family of vices.

The common features of humanity in their better and worse lineaments are the property of all, though the relative prominence given to these common features, differs in each individual in sympathy with all the differences in lot, in culture, and in temperament which distinguish one person from another all the world over.

We have all our weaknesses, our faults, our errors. We are all sinful; and foolish and hurtful lusts and passions are harboured or hidden in every human heart. Oppressive poverty, with its attendant privations and sorrows, leads to one kind of temptation, and snares, and evokes a corresponding kind of mistaken and evil surmise and purpose from the heart of the care-worn and toil-worn poor. And, on the other hand, abundant wealth and great possessions, with the gratifications they permit, and the distinction and the flattery which they bring, lead to another kind of temptation and snares, and call into action other evil passions; while they furnish a field for the root of all evil to grow up, in that humbler circumstances do not admit of.

So there is great need to “charge the rich that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God. * * That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; *laying up in store for themselves a good foundation for the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.*” And there is very much need to charge other than the rich in like terms, as we have seen; so that there lies in this text a faithful admoni-

tion, and an exhortation to a most important duty for us all.

Rich and poor, and those whose safer, happier lot it is to be neither rich nor poor,—we are all prone to be high-minded, proud and self-willed toward fellow-men, unyielding before our rightful King and God.

We are all too ready to place a value on uncertain riches, utterly disproportionate to their real worth, and to trust that they will, or that if ours, they would procure for us all good and pleasant things, and make our life a very enjoyment. And we are all too commonly, too frequently forgetting God that made us, and lightly esteeming the Rock of Salvation, not trusting in “the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.”

Let us all be persuaded to take God’s counsel for our good. Let us set the work and path of duty plainly before our own minds, and trusting in Him who hath bidden us “Come,” and “Follow” Him, let us do good in the place where God hath set us, as it is in the power of our hand to do it. Let us be rich in “good works,” as we all may be, though the riches generally prized may be to most an unattainable acquisition. Let us be sociable, considerate, friendly, and frank with one another; “willing to communicate” whatever we have of benefit, to whomsoever our benefactions may be of any avail; “willing to communicate” courtesy as well as charity, pleasant looks and kindly greeting, as well as ministrations of mercy and donations to the distressed and desolate. So let us all be “laying up in store a good foundation for the time to come, &c.”

Apart from all considerations of a higher nature, to lay up in store for the time to come, is simply a commendable and needful duty—known and approved as such by men in all ages; it is, in fact, the adaptation of a common proverb or maxim bearing upon the forethought to be exercised, and the forehand provision to be made for the prudent and successful management of any business whatever. The farmer must lay up in store in the productive summer for the consumption and waste of non-productive winter, and for the outlay of material requisite to set the remunerative work of another summer in operation again.

The merchant must bring to his business, intelligent knowledge of the market he means to supply, and lay up in store the goods demanded for the place, making timely preparations for the different season’s sales, and for meeting his payments as they fall due. And the householder, in providing for the multifarious wants of a family, must think and calculate, measuring income and outlay, laying up in store for foreseen requirements, and making such preparation and provision as means afford, for the accidental occurrences that will happen, and the possibility of a future that may be to the present circumstances of that family what winter is to summer in the experience of the farmer.

Looking at the duty, or maxim which sets it forth, even in this its lower, more worldly aspect, it is right and proper, even a sacred duty; “If any provide not for his own * * he hath denied the faith, &c.” If our world is not to be one wide field of wretchedness, of fraud, oppression, and suffering, and death. If life to mankind is to be possible at all; prudent care and patient industry, thoughtful management, and seasonable application to labor; prevision and provision; thrift and far-sightedness must all be employed. “I would have you without carefulness,” says the Apostle, and in other places he shows how this happy state may be attained; “My God shall supply all you need;” and, “Let all things be done decently and in order.” “Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” Thus diligence, orderliness, right-doing and good management, with God’s blessing, will enable us to dispense with “carefulness;”—will banish anxieties and fears, which reckless mismanagement or simpering affectation of leaning on providence in lazy shiftlessness, will surely entail.

Nor does the inculcation of the duty in its lower, more earthly range, militate against the superior claims which God, and the world to come have upon our regard. There is in the highest and best sense, but one thing needful, “the good part which shall not be taken away;” that is the favor of God made ours by the grace and truth of the Lord Jesus, bea-

Yielding on us the forgiveness of sins, and the renewal of the Holy Ghost, and an inheritance among all them that are sanctified by faith in Christ. We are to seek first the "Kingdom," and then we are promised all these lesser things, of which it is said our "Father knoweth we have need of them." But how are they given and made ours? Why, while we estimate them at their infinitely inferior value to the blessing of grace, and receive or dispense with them patiently, as God may be pleased to order our lot; while we lean upon Him and say, not our will, but thine be done—it is meant by Him—it is included in that trust and honoring of His will, that we lean upon the directions and precepts, as well as upon the promises of His Word,—that we glorify His will by submission to its clear enactments and requirements, as well as to its allotments; that is, that we walk in His commandments, and take the method and way He has prescribed for our well-doing and well-being in this present world, as well as seek from Him, and take His way to a happy, holy home in the world above.

Diligent, right-minded dutifulness in every relation and business and station in life; doing things wisely and well in any lawful occupation; laying up in store of needful provision for our own, and that it may be in our power to help the distressed in the day of their calamity, are not forbidden,—are not incompatible with the laying of a good foundation for the safety of the soul, and the laying hold of eternal life. Nor is this condemned by the Lord, when He says "Take no thought for the morrow." Nay, trusting in God who made this world as it is, and made industrious toil and well-doing the duty of every man, who endowed us with understanding, and gave us faculties of every kind; let us, committing the keeping of our souls to the faithful Creator, relying on our Savior's words of promise, seek to discharge every duty in the best way we can, using all means God has made accessible to us, providing in honest activity and thrift for the welfare of those dependent on us. Then, and there by, are we saved from brooding, enervating, moody care and distrust; anxieties are kept away, and shame and blighting poverty; and

soul and body, both make the nearest approach to a healthy state possible to a fallen man before he attains the perfection of heaven.

2. In laying up in store for the time to come, we should provide most carefully for the time of longest continuance.

That is making a simple step in advance in the argument followed so far, which cannot be gainsaid.

We make much greater and more careful provision—or rely on it being made for us—for a voyage to Europe than for a trip to Montreal. We provide in another way for the long winter, or long absence from home, than for the requirements of to-morrow, or the visit to a friend in a neighboring town.

For us and all mankind there is the present time we live in, and the time to come to which we are hurrying on; the one period brief at the longest; the other, not a period, but eternity, lasting as the life of God.

We should dutifully, and diligently provide for this brief life. Should we not more for that endless life to come?

We are here now, and need many things indeed. We are to be somewhere else forever. Should not the things we may need in that everlasting state engross our chief concern, both as to knowing what they are, and making sure of their possession?

Believe in the life everlasting; and believe that the present is so related to that future life, that what is right here in God's sight, shall be right there; and what is wrong here in the judgment of the Holy One, shall be wrong forever. And give diligence to make your calling and election sure; to know His will and do it. See that with hope in Christ, the Spirit of Christ is yours.

3. Now is the time to lay up in store a good foundation for the time to come. Now is the opportunity given to lay hold upon everlasting life.

Sow now the seed of that which you would like to reap at judgment, and be filled with through all eternity. If you hope for glory; if you deprecate eternal loss and shame; Sow the truth and grace of Jesus in your heart, in your life course; and your "fruit shall be holi-

ness, and the end everlasting life." Learn now that knowledge which you feel you will prize on a dying bed—the message the Divine Redeemer brought—the excellent knowledge of Christ, Deliverer and King, with matchless grace, and boundless power, and willingness to save. And learn of Him who was "meek and lowly, &c.," and follow and be like Him. Then will he keep what is committed to His trust, He will be ever with you, and ye shall see God.

Run now in the direction you think you ought to take. Seek now rest in the Refuge—the only covert from the storm, as ye know; and the God of all grace will hide you till every calamity pass, and bring you forth at last, to share His glory and His joy.

Rich and poor, young and old, the work enjoined is to be done sometime, or you are undone. You can do it by grace. Then begin to-day. Look to Jesus. Have faith in His words. Follow Him. Be like Him. So lay hold on eternal life.

WHAT SCIENCE HAS DONE FOR OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

What then have the sciences added to our sense of the awful power of the infinite God? Astronomy by slow degrees has advanced from the conception of a single earth tented over with the jewelled canopy of the sky, to a result which I suppose is as real as any other inference of reason that the earth is one planet among many in the solar system, and the solar system one among many in a stellar cluster, and the stell. cluster one among many in the visible heavens. It was a great discovery that the sun's apparent motion was an illusion, and his rising and setting were but moments in the earth's revolution. But the sun itself is moving, and with a speed that can be measured, attended by its planetary train, and the narrow scrutiny of the astronomer's glass can tell us how the receding stars converge as we are driven along, like the houses on a shore we are quitting. If, as is at least probable our whole system is revolving round a centre, lurking unseen in enormous distance behind the Pleiads, then may not

that very centre itself be subject to the same laws of motion? And where is this chain of thought to end. How far should we travel over immeasurable space before we could reach the point of central rest? If we were to try to express in figures the times and spaces measured in such researches, the usual signs of calculation would be meaningless to us from the vastness of the phenomena. Or ask physiology to speak of the abundance of life upon our planet, and by fair analogy in other worlds as well. There is no insect so minute but is truly a marvel of creative power. Each is a little matter, quickened and lighted with life with a power which we cannot understand, cannot even define and which only does not arrest us with adoring wonder because its frequency blunts our faculties. When the earth was preparing for man, great strata were deposited, in every cubic inch of which lie buried millions on millions of minute creatures which God saw good to make. Here again would numbers fail us; we can hardly carry our thoughts beyond the first step. In one place a whole town stands on the rocky tombs of such a minute population; in another, the shore of a lake is powdered with their remains. Oh, the inexhaustible wealth of that creative energy which poured out on this planet, when as yet it was dreary and void, and unfit for the lordly tenant a little lower than the angels, for whom it was being furnished, a mass of living creatures whose only praise of him was their life and motion, too small for eye to see, yet each perfect in its kind and very good! Chemistry, too, would add its record of wonders, how every plant conspires to recruit the air with the element of which the animals have robbed it, and every animal unconsciously requites the benefit—how our food is changed into the juices of life—how the plant wins from mere soil and air its sweet perfume, its sap with its peculiar virtue, its form of leaf, and the colour of its flower.

APR. OF YORK.

Conceited men often seem a harmless kind of men, who, by an overweening self-respect relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.

THE EARLY RISERS OF THE BIBLE.

A little child once observed that in the Bible "the good people always got up early when God sent them on messages." It was a quaint stating of a truth that meets us everywhere, in the perusal of those grand old lives which are the world's examples.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the early risers of Scripture was the military commander Joshua. Again and again we are told of his "rising early in the morning," before the accomplishment of any of his great works. When Israel's host removed from Shittim and came to Jordan, preparatory to the wonderful dry-shod passage, which is the believer's type of the river of death, wherein the feet of his high priest have been dipped.—Joshua rose early to his task of marshalling the multitude. When Jericho was compassed with the army, and its strong walls seemed to scorn a siege, Joshua rose early to arrange that apparently powerless procession of priests and warriors which marched about the city, without raising a hostile hand. When Achan had sinned in the accursed thing, and all Israel was to be convened for a terrible state trial, Joshua rose up early in the morning, and brought them by their tribes. When the town of Ai was to be taken, and the prestige of victory regained for Israel, "Joshua rose up early in the morning and numbered the people." He girded himself betimes to whatsoever his God laid upon him to do. Justly remarks Matthew Henry, that the habit showed "how little he loved his ease, how much he loved his business, and what care and pains he was willing to take in it."

There is one instance of early rising recorded in Genesis which has always touched us with a peculiar feeling of admiration. It was probably in a vision of the night that "God did tempt Abraham," and that his ears heard the command, "Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt offering." And when daylight appears there is no hesitation, no lingering before performance of the dread command. "Abraham rose up early in the morning," and prepared to

obey. What mighty faith nerved the patriarch to this prompt fulfilment of the Divine order, which seemed to rend his home and his heart in twain! Truly is he the father of all them that believe, as possessing that excellent grace in tenfold measure. But this is not the only occasion on which we read of Abraham's early rising. He was in the habit of communing with his God while earthlier men slept. On the fated day when Sodom and Gomorrah were overthrown, "Abraham gat him up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord." Was it to renew his pleadings for the doomed cities? If so, his eyes were stricken with a sight which quenched the prayer for ever. The heavens rained fire instead of water, and the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace. While luxury and profligacy, after a night of wickedness, purposed a day of sloth, the Avenger came forth with the dawn-light, and destroyed the accursed cities for ever.

Job was another who devoted the beginning of the day to worship. He "rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number" of all his children; "for Job said, it may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually." We know an aged Christian woman who did similarly, and rose hours before her family in the morning, for the purpose of pouring out intercessory prayer on her behalf, and putting her God "in remembrance" of the one great sacrifice once offered, to which she trusted for their redemption. Gradually child after child was called into the fold; who shall say it was not in answer to those fervent morning supplications?

Surely there can be no time like this for prayer. David found it so when he said, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord: in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." "It is a good thing to give thanks to the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High! to show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night." It is recorded of Bishop Ken, who has given our English tongue an immortal morning hymn, that he used to rise immediately on awakening,

and begin his devotions by a solemn psalm of praise sung to his lute. Observe the beautiful distinction between the engagements of morning and evening: God's loving kindness when the day begins.—God's proved faithfulness to his promises when the day ends, and the soul has experienced his love through all its hours.

With reverence also we may refer to the life of the Savior. "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." For ever hallowed should be our early hours to pray by such a forerunner. And not only in prayer but in action did the Divine Master in this respect set us an example. Having spent the night at the Mount of Olives, early in the morning he came again into the temple, and taught the people. At day-break he called unto him his disciples, and of these chose twelve apostles. In this particular of conduct, as in others, ever Christ pleased not himself, and taught us not to be self-pleasers any more than self-seekers. But the trivial indulgence in "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep," may bar many a believer from the supplies of grace and strength he might obtain in an early period of prayer. Well says the earnest Mr. Law: "Self-denial of all kinds is the life and soul of piety; but he that hath not so much of it as to be early at prayer cannot think that he has taken up his cross and is following Christ. What conquest has he got over himself? What right hand has he cut off, what trial is he prepared for? What sacrifice is he ready to offer to God, who cannot be so cruel to himself as to rise to pray at such a time as the sludgling part of the world are content to rise to their labor?" It really seems irony to talk of getting up early being a cross. Would we count it a hardship to seek an interview with a person we dearly loved, at the sacrifice of an hour's sleep? He can have little love for Jesus who is not willing to meet him at the mercy-seat, even before day, if he have no other time for prayer.

Surely every motive has been assembled by the advocates of early rising. To the Christian the most powerful will be—"Redeeming the time."—"Be not sloth-

ful, but followers of them who through faith and patience now inherit the promises." He will imitate the sweet Psalmist of Israel, whose great prayer-time was in the morning: "I prevented the dawning, and cried: I hope in thy word." He will literally apply the words of Jesus: "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work." Even a heathen could say: "It is the most culpable death to have life and not to use it." The Christian will seek to save its smallest portions, and even to deny himself, that from such may be woven some worthy work for his God.

Few of the characters of Scripture but have this excellence, noted in connection with some of their deeds. Isaac made at early morning his treaty with the Philistine king. Moses at the same hour brought the Divine messages to Pharaoh. Samuel had then his meeting with Saul. Nehemiah labored "from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared." The prophet Jeremiah declares that, "from the thirteenth year of Josiah unto this day in the three and twentieth year, the word of the Lord hath come unto me, and I have spoken, rising early and speaking." It was the seal of his earnestness. Such are some of the examples set forth for our instruction. The subject is trite, but not the less important. Let any of us who have hitherto sinned by sloth consider our ways, and what God would have us do.

We cannot close this paper better than with the noble lines of the old rhymester, Henry Vaughan:—

"When first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like. Our bodies but fore-run
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and leave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
Give him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
His company all day, and in his sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day; there are so awful hours
"Tis heaven and us; the name we're not good
After sun-rising. For day salutes flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sin's glut.
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.
Serve God before the world: let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then arise
The whole unto him; and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling, ere the sun did shine:
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.
Morning are mysteries: the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, trust
Is stiled the Morning Star.—The hidden food:
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move,—they make us holy, happy, rich.

THE OBJECT OF LIFE

CHAPTER I.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from."—
Prov. xxii. 15.

"Solomon said truly," murmured the owner of Helme Lodge with a sigh, as he after dinner in his easy chair, vainly endeavouring to possess himself of the news, while his little daughter gambolled, or, as he described it, fidgetted about the room; for among other peculiarities of childhood, she manifested a strong dislike to newspapers as great printed screens, behind which her father was almost hid from her view, every day, about the hour when she was left most at liberty to enjoy his society; and more than once, before any one had observed the young lady's occupation in time to effect a rescue, the columns containing an important parliamentary debate were twisted into a head-dress for Guy Fawkes, or cut up to make patches for the harlequin jacket of a mimic sweep on May-day.

Resolved on finding some kind of sympathy and companionship, Miss Mabel opened the door to peep at Fido, who lay on the mat outside, ready for any hint that his presence was desired, when forthwith a sudden rush took place, and the two went in full chase round the table, to the utter confusion of the reader's ideas, and the extreme discomposure of his temper.

This annoyance duly rebuked, and remedied by the banishment of poor Fido, the least guilty of the delinquents, Mabel sought amusement at the window, where presently a large moth, quite out of reach, caught her attention. The desire to capture it was irresistible, and mounting a chair, she sprang at the insect, lost her balance, clung to the drapery for safety, and finally, amidst torn fringes and tassels and the crash of a broken window, found herself lodged upon the floor.

Fears lest she might be hurt moderated the expression of her father's displeasure, and for a little time after this disaster had been deplored and pardoned, there was a perfect calm; but as Mabel's elastic spirits rose again after the late shock, and her restless gaze wandered round the room in search of new attraction, she espied a book of plates which it suited her fancy to examine at that precise moment, and gravely saying she feared another accident if she attempted to reach it herself, she again disturbed her parent to put it on the table for her.

"Really, Mabel," he said, as he despairingly resumed his seat, "if you cannot behave better, and employ yourself in some quiet and

reasonable manner without disturbing other people so continually, you must stay in your study, for I cannot give attention to my paper."

"Then put it by, there's a dear papa, and talk to me. I have been at books all day, and I want to amuse myself now."

"Have you no work?—young ladies always have a work-basket."

"Do they? then I'll have a work-basket—a very pretty one; but there is no occasion for me to work, you know."

"Indeed! Why not, pray?"

"Oh, because you are rich, and can pay people to do it for me," replied Mabel, laughing.

"Then do you intend to be idle all your life? What are you living for?"

"I am only living now because I can't help it, I suppose," she replied with a serio-comic air.

Mr. Croyden sighed, for this was very much his view of his own case.

"Or because I hope some day to live to please myself," she added.

"I think you do that already."

"Oh no, indeed! I have to learn lessons, and obey Mademoiselle. To please myself, I should just go to sleep and awake an educated lady. That would be happiness."

"Well, I have been thinking you must sometimes want some young companions; so what do you think of going to school? Suppose you just imagine it a dream until you come home again."

"Oh no, no, papa; do not let us have such a dreadful dream as that." And Mabel's face was for a moment overclouded.

"Then try to be more considerate for my comfort, and think whether you ought not to live a little for me, since I have no one to live for but you."

"Ah, papa! you shall see how delightful I will be when I am a lady. But you know you never do anything but what you choose, and so I wonder why I should. And now, papa, I want to ask you a great favour. I do really often want some young friends, and I wish I might ask Helen and Esther Severn to come and visit me—may I, papa? I am so very dull." And having caught a new idea, she persevered in urging it over the top of the newspaper, following up her advantage as she perceived her father somewhat hesitating about his reply.

"Well, well," he said at last, "I will talk to Mademoiselle about it."

This was satisfactory; for Mademoiselle, she doubted not, would gladly resign her society occasionally in play hours to children whose demeanour she was continually citing

as worthy of her imitation; and Mabel skipped out to express her gratification to Fido in the hall.

Mr. Croyden yielded a reluctant consent to the proposal, quite unconscious that the invitation was accepted at the parsonage, not because the intimacy with his spoiled child was desirable; but simply in the hope of conferring a benefit on her; and Miss Mabel rejoiced in an opportunity of playing the hostess to the youthful party, and of astonishing them by her importance—a result which was easily attained.

"Now come with me, and I will show you something very nice," she cried, leading the way through a gallery, and pausing at the door of a large room, where her volatility seemed, however, for a moment slightly checked. The shutters were partially closed, casting an air of gloom over a spacious and handsome apartment.

"Is this the way to the observatory?" said Walter Severn, walking forward and opening the shutters.

"Oh no, this was mamma's room, and it will be mine some day, and everything in it. Just look what handsome things there are."

In a recess stood a bed deeply curtained, and several massive pieces of mahogany furniture were placed round the room.

"These are all full of beautiful ornaments, and fans and dresses, and all kinds of pretty things, which I am to have when I am old enough. I wonder when 'old enough' will be" added the little girl with a sigh.

"When you have grown up a lady, I should think," said Helen Severn; "but you are not so tall as we are yet."

This was a humbling remark, but as Helen looked admiringly around, it was forgiven.

"You are not used to such rooms as these," said Mabel to her. "Should you not like a great house to live in?"

"No, I don't care about it. Mamma says we should always be contented with what God gives us."

Miss Mabel was turning herself before the glass doors of a large wardrobe. "I like to look at these beautiful doors so much," said she complacently, while aloud disconcerting laugh broke from Walter Severn.

"You are a rude boy, sir," she angrily exclaimed with a crimsoned face. "But do not mind him; come, Esther; come and look at yourself;" and she attempted to draw forward a modest-looking child, who seemed disinclined to this kind of entertainment.

"Why have you no long curls like mine, Esther? they would look so pretty," continued Mabel, passing her hand round the head of her visitor, in compassion for the simple neatness of its external adornment.

"Mamma likes this way best," said Esther.

"We did ask her once if we might have long curls like yours," said Helen, "but she said there were two reasons why she would rather not."

"And what were they, I wonder?" exclaimed Mabel, tossing back her head to make the beauty of her ringlets more apparent.

"One was, that it takes a great deal of time to keep them very smooth and nice; and the other, that she has known little girls become very vain and silly about them, and wish to be noticed and admired for things that do not make people any better in reality; and vain children, mamma thinks, often grow up to be foolish and unhappy when they are women."

"Well," replied Mabel, "the time is of no consequence to me, for Janet always curls my hair, and no one has any right to say that I am vain and silly."

Another of Walter's mischievous laughs had very nearly evidenced what some people might nevertheless presume to think; and Mark Leighton, his friend and companion, and Mr. Severn's pupil, foreseeing the consequences, interposed.

"You have some fine pictures to show us, Miss Croyden," said he; "and then the observatory and telescope which Walter and I are so anxious to see. May we go on now?"

This timely remembrance of her power to confer favours banished the gathering cloud from Mabel's brow, and she led the way to the hall and dining-room, to point out, not the subjects most likely to interest the young strangers, but those which she believed reflected the greatest honour on her father's pedigree.

"You never saw such pictures as these, I dare say," she exultingly exclaimed. "That one is my grandfather in his court dress; and here is my great grandmamma, who was lady-in-waiting to a queen. And that is Lord Somebody—I always forget the name: but you see we belong to a noble family. Do you remember the old monument in the church? It is one of papa's ancestors who went to the Crusades. Had you any Crusaders in your family?"

"I hope not," said Walter.

"Why do you hope not, sir?" asked Mabel, in angry surprise.

"Because the pope has no more right to Jerusalem than the pagan," replied Walter; "and all the grand speeches and brave deeds ended in nothing after all."

"I don't believe you know anything about it," said Mabel contemptuously.

"But," said Mark, anxious to prevent the saucy reply which was ready on Walter's tongue, "we all know that if the Crusaders had really wished to do good, they should

have told the poor infidels about the Lord Jesus Christ, instead of killing as many as came within their reach; and I think with Walter, that our missionary is worth a hundred cross-legged Crusaders."

"This was too gently said to afford opportunity for angry retort, and being in some doubt whether her chivalrous tastes could secure the best of the argument against two boys who seemed to prefer a more matter-of-fact view of events, Mabel proceeded to recount all she knew of the pictures.

"And have you got one of Bacon, or Newton, or Milton, or anybody really worth admiring?" asked Walter; "because, as we don't know these ladies and gentlemen, I should like the telescope much better."

"I dare say there is a picture of your mamma?" suggested Helen.

"Ah yes, but papa keeps that. It is set round with pearls and diamonds, and I am to have it some day when I am old enough. I wish the time would fly faster, for I am quite tired of waiting so long for all my beautiful things."

"But when you are older you will think it flies too fast, and may wish to stop it perhaps," said Helen. "We often think the days are too short for all we want to do."

"Oh no, indeed! I shall take care to have some new pleasure every day, and then, you know, there will always be something to make me wish for to-morrow."

The young visitors looked at each other, not knowing how to converse with their thoughtless little hostess; and while the boys amused themselves in the observatory, the sisters began to watch for the signal of their return home.

When that time arrived, Mabel kissed them affectionately, and promised soon to come and see all their pretty things, which, she was disappointed to learn, consisted chiefly of flowers and books, a cat, and some pet pigeons.

At bed-time, Mabel recounted the events of the day to her talkative waiting-maid, and received unbounded sympathy in all her mortifications.

"For my part I wonder at their boldness in talking so to you, Miss," said Janet; "that Master Walter, that people say is to be so clever, will never be a gentleman, to my thinking; you should have put him down for contradicting you so flat."

"I do not like him at all; he shall never come again," exclaimed Mabel. "But what a pity that Esther's mamma will not allow her to have long curls. Did you ever hear of such a foolish thing?"

"I don't believe they would ever look as

beautiful as yours, Miss, so she need not try," said Janet, as she began the usual process of twisting up her young lady's hair in three-cornered papers.

"Ah, but Esther's would curl naturally she has no need of them disagreeable papers. Oh, Janet, how you do pull! I declare I will not bear it!" and Mabel made matters worse by impatience. Nevertheless, she daily endured this perpetual grievance for vanity's sake, to which she would not have submitted from any other cause; for Janet scrupled not to pull and twist with merciless zeal, until the poor little head looked in most uncomfortable condition for the pillow.

"There now, Miss Mabel," she complacently exclaimed, surveying her work, "it will curl to-morrow like anything. Mrs. Blake used to say your mamma's was beautiful; and when she had dressed her all in white satin and lace, and put on her jewels, she looked like a real angel, and I do believe Mrs. Blake almost thought she was one too."

"And I will look the same when I have grown a little taller, and then, Janet, you shall dress me in satin and lace, and I will wear all those beautiful ornaments too that are locked up in the wardrobes and kept only for me. How delightful it will be! But, Janet, don't you think Esther Severn is a very pretty little girl?"

"I don't think anything of her by the side of I know who. So good night, Miss Mabel." And the young lady, with her thoughts full of a yet distant future, and a heart full of well-watered weeds, made Janet set by her bedside, and tell stories of knights and princesses, until she fell asleep.

(To be continued)

THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath is old as the creation. Let me feel the reverence due to an institution so originated and of such antiquity; and let me take an especial lesson from the use to which it was appointed by God. He rested from the labors of the preceding week. O that I could make the day thus set apart, and for such a purpose, a day of holy rest from the secularities and cares of our everyday world! Thereby I should at once both sanctify and enjoy it, making it a day alike of pleasure and profit to my soul. But for this end let my conversation be in heaven—let my pleasure lie in communion with God. Quicken me, O Lord! with a sense and perception of the things of faith.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

THE ORPHAN.

Some time ago I made the acquaintance of a young boy, having neither father nor mother, who was picked up in the street, carried to the Foundling Hospital, and sent to nurse in a peasant's family, and there numbered with the other children—that is to say, Jack did as the others did, but he was very far from receiving the same treatment. The children taunted him with his birth, the mistress of the household fed him on scraps, the father made him do all the hardest work, the dog was the only one who licked his hand without any distinction, and lived on friendly terms with the orphan boy.

Jack had got used to his position; he felt that there was nothing owing to him, and accordingly he asked for nothing; if he was overlooked he would go without his dinner and make no complaint, just as, alas! he had to go without the caresses of the mother, the kindly words of the master, and the games of the children. He was always at hand to run errands and be of use to the rest, too often to receive chance blows when any one was in an ill-humor and did not know whom to fall upon. If anything was lost, Jack was called to an account for it. If anything was done badly, he was sure to be pronounced in fault. In short, the poor fellow ended by really believing himself responsible for whatever it was that went wrong in the house.

After a certain number of years the hospital left off paying for Jack's support. He was completely thrown upon the wide world, but he did not abandon his adopted family. He remained among the other children, working hard and eating little, belonging to no one, having no claim upon any one, and accordingly claiming nothing.

One day the mother, returning from the village, announced that some one had given her an apple for each of her children. All came running, and all had their apple with the exception of Jack, who no more thought of coming forward than the mother did of inviting him. There was indeed an apple over, but it was put by for the morrow.

On another occasion the father, who had been to the fair and sold his cattle well

brought back some trifling presents for all his family, and distributed them among them. Even the dog came in for a bit of cake. Jack got nothing,—he did not belong to any of them.

I happened to be present that time, and my heart really bled, but Jack seemed to look upon it as a mere matter of course, and lent his knife to cut up the last dainty bit that remained. His knife being given back to him, he wiped it carefully, watched them eating away, and was much pleased to see them enjoy themselves.

My turn came now. I went to the neighboring town and brought back a fine large book full of colored prints, which I displayed to the assembled family, announcing that this magnificent volume had been made over to me to give to whichever of them I liked.

"Me! me! me!" was heard from all the little voices around.

"Greatly! I cannot give it to you all; to divide it would be to spoil it,—it must belong to one of you only; the question is, who is to be that one?"

"I, because I'm the eldest."

"I, who can read better than he."

"I, who will be so very good," said a little girl.

"I, who am always good," affirmed one of the boys.

All four stretched out their hands, and looked greedily at the coveted book.

"And you, Jack," said I to the orphan,—but Jack did not answer, "would not you like these pictures?" Still the same silence. "Now, then, Jack, let us hear you put in your claim to it."

"I have none."

"You would not care for it then?"

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"It's much too fine for me."

"It's yours, my friend, for all that."

Reader, was I not quite right, tell me, in this preference shown to poor Jack? Do you not share it yourself, and were you not pleased to find that he did get the book after all? Nay, more, have you not felt somewhat provoked with the four boastful little creatures who contended for my gift; piquing themselves upon being the eldest, upon knowing how to read, upon having always been good, or going always

to be so? I am quite sure that you, too, would have decided in favor of poor humble little Jack.

Well, then, I will now go further, and assert that in this you would have acted like the Lord Jesus Himself. Listen to the story that He has told us on this very subject. Two men entered into the temple to pray. The one confidently declared to the Almighty that he was not as other men, unjust, impure; that he fasted every week, gave alms, and was even much superior to that man, that was at that moment praying behind him. Meanwhile that other man did not dare come forward—did not dare look up; he kept smiting upon his breast and crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

You all know the rest; Jesus informs us that the latter was preferred to the former—the boaster returned without having found mercy, the poor self-condemned, desponding sinner went home forgiven.

The same Gospel contains another history, which has not yet indeed come to pass, but will find its accomplishment in the Day of Judgment. There will be men and women there to whom Jesus will say: "I was sick, and ye visited me not; I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat." And all those persons will reply: "When then did we leave thee to suffer unheeded? Never, never!" On the other hand, to other men and women the same Jesus will say: "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me." And they, too, will reply: "When or where did we succor thee, Lord? Never, never!" Thus you see, even at the Day of Judgment, some will boast of not having done ill, while others will marvel to be told that they have done well. Some will be proud, confident—others humble and contrite. The language of some will be: "I am a worthy character, and have nothing wherewith to reproach myself;" of others—"My God, I am a sinner. Be merciful! be merciful!" And to the first Jesus will reply, "Depart!" to the last, "Come, ye blessed of my Father;"

But who, it may be asked, are those who at the last day will boast of having always been respectable, and of never having done harm to any? Probably the same who take refuge in these pretensions now. And

who will then exclaim, "Be merciful to me a sinner?" Doubtless those who raise this cry at the present hour.

And now, reader, in which of these classes are you? Do you boast your virtues, or confess your sins?

Ah, my friend it is not enough to side with little Jack, the ill-used orphan, not enough to condemn the arrogant Pharisee who exalts himself in the presence of God, and to approve the abasement of the publican. The essential point is each for himself to avoid the confidence of the one, and to imitate the humility of the other. God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. It is not for those who believe themselves righteous that Jesus died, but for those who feel their need of grace and pardon. I know well that you admit yourself to be a sinner, but do you so believe the fact as to cry for mercy? It is for you to answer and to judge whether mercy should be granted you or not.

Is it not singular that men should go on combining such contradictory clauses as these.—"I do nothing wrong, and God will forgive me!" Why, if you do nothing wrong, you do not need pardon; whereas, if you require it, it can only be on account of some wrong-doing. The innocent are not forgiven.

Do you know who they are who fall into this confusion of mind about pardon and well-doing? They are the worst of all sinners, doubly guilty; guilty for having committed faults like others, and guilty in refusing to confess them. And it is just this double iniquity which God will by no means clear. If you are good, renounce all claim to a pardon reserved for sinners; if you implore forgiveness, own that you need it. Jesus has said, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and if you read the history of His life on earth, you will see that all those to whom the Lord offered the kingdom of Heaven are not deserving saints, but freely pardoned sinners.

Who was that weeping woman to whom Jesus said, "Thy faith has saved thee?" A woman that was a sinner.

Who was Zaccheus, to whom the Savior declared, "This day is salvation come to thine house?" A false accuser and defrauder ready to repair his wrongs.

Who was she to whom Jesus spoke the words, "Neither do I condemn thee?" A woman taken in adultery, who had nothing to say in self-justification.

Who was the dying man on the cross to Jesus' right hand, to whom Jesus promised Paradise on that very day? A thief confessing his crimes, and praying to the Savior,

What was Peter when the Lord received him back into His favor? A repentant renegade.

What was David, the man after God's own heart? A criminal who wept night and day over his misdeeds.

Yes, pardon if you will, but pardon only to those who feel and mourn their sins. Without this, there is only strict justice to be looked for, and that is but another word for condemnation. But there is no condemnation for those who heartily humble themselves and heartily trust in Jesus Christ.—*N. Roussel.*

THE LORD MY BANNER.

If God be on my side,
Then let who will oppose.
For oft, ere now, to him I cried
And he hath quelled my foes.
If Jesus be my friend,
If God doth love me well,
What matters all my foes intend,
Though strong they be, and fell.

Here I can firmly rest,
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.
From dangerous snares he saves;
Where'er he bids me go,
He checks the storms and calms the waves,
Nor lets aught work me woe.

I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood,
For 'tis through him that I have found
The true eternal Good.
Naught have I of mine own,
Naught in the life I lead:
What Christ hath given me, that alone
Is worth all love indeed.

His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reins,

All care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away all pains;
He prospers day by day,
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
Thou, God, my Father art.

When weakness on me lies,
And tempts me to despair,
He speaketh words and utters sighs
Of more than mortal prayer;
But what no tongue can tell,
Thou, God canst hear and see
Who rodest in the heart full well
If aught there pleaseth thee.

He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How he who seeks in God his rest,
Shall ever find him near;
How God hath built, above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith hath counted true.

There is prepared on high,
My heritage, my lot;
Though here on earth I fail and die,
My heaven shall fall me not.
Though here my days are dark,
And oft my tears must rain,
Where'er my Saviour's light I mark,
All things grow bright again.

Who joins him to that Lord
Whom Satan flies and hates,
Shall find himself despised, abhorred:
For him the burden waits
Of mockery and shame,
Heap'd on his guiltless head;
And crosses, trials, cruel blame,
Shall be his daily bread.

I knew it long ere now,
Yet am I not afraid;
The God to whom I pledged my vow
Will surely send me aid.
At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God, who yet shall save,
I will not turn from him.

The world may fail and flee,
Thou standest fast for ever;
Not fire, or sword, or plague, from thee
My trusting soul shall sever.
No hunger and no thirst,
No poverty or pain,

Let mighty princes do their worst,
Shall fright me back again.

No joys that angels know,
No throne or wide-spread fame,
No love or loss, no fear or woe,
No grief, of heart or shame—
Man cannot aught conceive
Of pleasure or of harm,
That e'er could tempt my soul to leave
Her refuge in thine arm.

My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad,
For every joy it laughs and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.
The sun that glads mine eyes,
Is Christ, the Lord I love,
I sing for joy of that which lies,
Stored up for us above.

PAUL GERHARDT.

THE BENDED KNEE.

Go when the morning shineth—
Go when the noon is bright—
Go when the eve declineth—
Go in the hush of night :—
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee—
All who are loved by thee—
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy dear Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis here denied thee,
In solitude to pray—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way ;
E'en then the silent breathing,
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare—
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer !

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

—Sunday Magazine.

IMMORTALITY.

Christianity is not the first to teach the doctrine of immortality; but the precepts of our Lord are the best and only practical teaching for one who would live as an immortal being. I remember to have read how some of those who perished in the French revolution, in which they had themselves acted a part, passed their last night upon earth in striving to resuscitate their hopes of immortality, of which the false philosophy current at that time had cheated them by going over such arguments as those in the "Phædo" of Plato, and the tumbril of the executioner arrived whilst the problem was yet unsolved. Few spectacles are more sad than this. The hope that they could afford to trifle with in life, they felt after in the hour of death. But a month of Christian obedience would have taught them more of the nature of their own souls than all the reasoning that pagan teachers ever wove together. If we seize Christ's promises and in them, the belief in immortality will become a part of us; and in the hour of death we shall not be suffered to fall into doubts about that to which we have an inward witness in ourselves.

THE THOUGHTS.

Christians, get your thoughts to be well exercised; be much in thinking; think of the goodness, and kindness, and holiness, and compassion of the Lord; think of Christ, of his love, of his life, of his death, of his bowels, and everlasting kindness, think often what great things the Lord hath done for your souls; think what ye would that he should do for you; much thinking on God and holy things, will leave a holy tincture on your hearts, will by degrees do much to the begetting holy habits and dispositions in you; the Lord uses to convey down much of his holy image and likeness upon the heart by the thoughts.—*R. Alleine.*

THE TEACHING OF CHRIST'S MIRACLES.

Had Christ appeared upon earth with no super-human power, the world might have justly asked for proofs of his high commission. When an ambassador goes from any nation to a foreign court the first thing he produces is his credentials. So with Christ, he did not come to earth unaccredited. He both confirmed faith, and confounded unbelief by his wonderful works. And that Christ's miracles were genuine, there is all the evidence which at this remote period of time could be desired. He who insinuates that they might have been nothing more than well planned imposture, must be prepared to admit, that his own perception is keener than that of the whole Jewish nation of Christ's day, for no one then denied their reality. The testimony of even his enemies was "This man doeth many miracles." We have as strong proofs that Christ performed miracles, as most of us have of the existence of foreign countries. We all believe there is such a place as Japan, although we have never been there ourselves, nor yet conversed with anyone who has visited it. And upon what grounds do we believe that there is such an Island? Simply upon the testimony of others. Why then call in question the same proof with regard to the miracles of Jesus? The people of his day were no doubt as apt at detection as what we are now, and they believed them to be genuine.

Some eminent men of our own times contend that Satan can grant the power to work miracles, and they point to the miracles of the Egyptian magicians as an instance; and they say a miracle only substantiates one of two things, that its performer is either assisted by God, or by Satan. Be this as it may, one thing we know, that the miracles attributed to

Satan differ widely from those attributed to Christ. If Satan has performed any miracles at all, he has performed no miracles of mercy, which Christ's all were, with one solitary exception—the cursing of the fig tree. A corrupt fountain cannot send forth pure water; neither do men gather grapes off thistles, nor figs from bramble bushes.

The miracles of Christ then, taken in connexion with his own assertions, prove him to be the son of God with power. Behold him treading in majesty the white crested waves of the Galileean lake, while the vessels of the mariner are tossed as play things upon its bosom. He asks for peace, and no sooner than said, the boiling surges hide their heads, and the howling winds fly back to their mountain homes. Say, is not this the very God of the storm. See him at the marriage at Cana of Gallilee, where the water reddens into wine at his command: there, he stands forth as the bountiful one, who at vintage time hangs up the clusters of grapes upon the vine, and in the desert of Bethsaida, where the five barley cakes swell out mysteriously to feed the hungry multitudes, does he not show himself to be identical with Him, who, in his unbounded beneficence causes the harvest to rise up yearly from grains beneath the soil. How glorious is his person! A healing virtue is bound up in the skirts of his garment. The wonder is not that there was one Zacchæus, who got up into the Sycamore tree to look at him, but the wonder is that there were so few. For death yielded up its charge, the grave sent back its festering dead at his word, and disease fled at his touch. Multitudes followed him from city to city, and strange multitudes these! The cripple from the womb stood up straight, and walked by his side, the dumb sung hosannas to his name, the deaf listened to his sermons, and the born blind

gazed with wonder, at his volume speaking eye. Never man wrought works like this man; for he only is the God-man, who turned the laws of nature at his will, even as he turneth the rivers of waters. Let those who would deny his divinity study his acts afresh, and if they cannot discover in them the mercy and the might of a God, it is because their understandings are wilfully blinded, and they will not see.

X. Y. Z.

HOW DO WE KNOW?

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

It was a splendid room. Rich curtains swept down to the floor in graceful folds, half excluding the light, and the shading it in soft hues over the fine old paintings on the walls, and over the broad mirrors that reflect all that taste can accomplish by the hand of wealth. Books, the rarest and most costly, were around, in every form of gorgeous binding and gilding, and among them, glittering in ornament, lay a magnificent Bible—a Bible too beautiful in its appointments, too showy, too ornamental, ever to have been meant to be read—a Bible which every visitor should take up and exclaim, "What a beautiful edition! what superb binding!" and then lay it down again.

And the master of the house was lounging on the sofa, looking over a late review—for he was a man of leisure, taste, and reading—but, then, as to reading the Bible, that forms, we suppose, no part of the pretensions of a mere man of letters. The Bible—certainly he considered it a very *respectable* book—a fine specimen of ancient literature—an admirable book of moral precepts; but then, as to its Divine origin, he had not exactly made up his mind: some parts appeared strange and inconsistent to his reason; others were revolting to his taste: true, he had never studied it very attentively, yet such was his *general impression* about it; but, on the whole, he thought it well enough to keep an elegant copy of it on his drawing-room table.

So much for one picture. Now for another.

Come with us into this little dark alley, and up a flight of ruinous stairs. It is a bitter night, and the wind and snow might drive through the crevices of that poor room, were it not that careful hands have stopped them with paper or cloth. But, for all this carefulness, the room is bitter cold—cold even with those few decaying brands on the hearth, which that sorrowful woman is trying to kindle with her breath. Do you see that pale, little, thin girl, with large, bright eyes, who is crouching so near her mother?—hark! how she coughs! Now listen.

"Mary my dear child," says the mother, do keep that shawl close about you; you are cold, I know;" and the woman shivers as she speaks.

"No, mother, not *very*," replies the child, again relapsing into that hollow, ominous cough. "I wish you wouldn't make me always wear your shawl when it is cold, mother."

"Dear child, you need it most. How you cough to-night!" replies the mother: "it really don't seem right for me to send you up that long, cold street, now your shoes have grown so poor, too; I must go myself, after this."

"Oh, mother, you must stay with the baby—what if he should have one of those dreadful fits while you are gone? No, I can go very well. I have got used to the cold now!"

"But, mother, I'm cold," says a little voice from the scanty bed in the corner; mayn't I get up and come to the fire?"

"Dear child, it would not warm you; it is very cold here, and I can't make any more fire to-night."

"Why can't you, mother? There are four whole sticks of wood in the box; do put one on, and let's get warm once."

"No, my dear little Henry," says the mother, soothingly, "that is all the wood mother has, and I haven't any money to get more."

And now wakens the sick baby in the cradle, and mother and daughter are both for some time busy in attempting to supply its little wants, and lulling it again to sleep.

And now look you well at that mother.

Six months ago she had a husband, whose earnings procured for her both the necessities and comforts of life; her children were clothed, fed, and schooled, without thought of bers. But husbandless, friendless, and alone, in the heart of a great busy city, with feeble health, and only the precarious resource of her needle, she has gone down from comfort to extreme poverty. Look at her now, as she is to-night. She knows full well that the pale, bright-eyed girl, whose hollow cough constantly rings in her ears, is far from well. She knows that cold, and hunger, and exposure of every kind, are daily and surely wearing away her life. And yet what can she do; Poor soul! how many times has she calculated all her little resources, to see if she could pay a doctor and get medicine for Mary—yet all in vain. She knows that timely medicine, ease, fresh air, and warmth might save her; but she knows that all these things are out of the question for her. She feels, too, as a mother would feel when she sees her once rosy, happy little boy becoming pale, and anxious and fretful; and even when he teases her most, she only stops her work a moment, and strokes his little thin cheeks, and thinks what a laughing, happy little fellow he once was, till she has not heart to reprove him. And all this day she has toiled with a sick and fretful baby in her lap, and her little shivering hungry boy at her side, whom Mary's patient artifices cannot always keep quiet; she has toiled over the last piece of work which she can procure from the shop, for the man has told her that after this he can furnish no more; and the little money that is to come from this is already proportioned out in her own mind, and after that she has no human prospect of support.

But yet that woman's face is patient, quiet, firm. Nay, you may even see in her suffering eye something like peace. And whence comes it? I will tell you.

There is a Bible in that room, as well as in the rich man's apartment. Not splendidly bound, to be sure, but faithfully read—a plain, homely, much-worn book.

Hearken, now, while she says to her children, "Listen to me, dear children, and I will read you something out of this book. Let not your heart be troubled; in my

Father's house are many mansions.' So you see, my children, we shall not always live in this little, cold, dark room. Jesus Christ has promised to take us to a better home."

"Shall we be warm there all day?" says the little boy, earnestly; "and shall we have enough to eat?"

"Yes, dear child," says the mother; "listen to what the Bible says; 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

"I am glad of that," said little Mary; "for, mother, I never can bear to see you cry."

"But, mother," says little Henry, "won't God send us something to eat to-morrow?"

"See," says the mother, "what the Bible says: 'Seek ye not what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, neither be of anxious mind. For your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.'"

"But, mother," says little Mary, "if God is our Father, and loves us, what does he let us be so poor for?"

"Nay," says the mother, "our dear Lord Jesus Christ was as poor as we are, and God certainly loved him."

"Was he mother?"

"Yes, children; you remember how he said, 'The Son of man hath not where to lay his head.' And it tells us more than once that Jesus was hungry when there was none to give him food."

"Oh, mother, what should we do without the Bible?" says Mary.

Now, if the rich man, who had not yet made up his mind what to think of the Bible, should visit this poor woman, and ask her on what she grounded her belief of its truth, what could she answer?—Could she give the arguments from miracles and prophecy. Could she account for all the changes which might have taken place in it through translators and copyists, and prove that we have a genuine and uncorrupted version? Not she! But how, then, does she know that it is true? How, say you? How does she know that she has warm life-blood in her heart? How does she know there is such a thing as air and sunshine? She does not believe these things, she knows them; and, in like manner,

with a deep heart-consciousness, she is certain that the words of her Bible are truth and life. Is it by reasoning that the frightened child, bewildered in the dark, knows its mother's voice? No! nor is it only by reasoning that the forlorn and distressed human heart knows the voice of its Saviour, and is still.

Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies.
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Tract Magazine.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

WE read in ancient history of a king, who, when he published his laws, had them written on plates of brass, but set up on pillars so high that the people could not read them. Still, if they did not keep the laws he made, he said he would punish them. This was very unreasonable. It was very wicked. How differently from this God acted in publishing his laws!—He first came down upon the top of Mount Sinai, and spoke the words of His laws in a voice like thunder. All the people around the mountain heard distinctly every word He said. Then he wrote His laws on tables of stone, that would not wear out, so that the people might always have a copy of them near at hand, and read, and understand them. And now we have these laws printed in our Bibles. And these Bibles we have always near us. They are in our churches, in our schools, and in our homes, so that we can turn to them at any time, and find out just what God wants us to do or not to do.

God's laws are not only easy to get at, but they are very plain, when we do get at them. They are very short; and very simple. When we read the laws that men make, they are wrapt up in so many words, and some of them are such strange words, that it is very hard, oftentimes, to find out the meaning of them. What could be shorter, or more simple, than this eighth commandment, which contains God's great law against stealing?

"Thou shalt not steal."

Four little words make it up. There is

not a single unnecessary letter in it. It is so plain that anybody can understand it.—I suppose the youngest scholar in an infant school can tell what it means.

In speaking about this commandment, the chief thing to be considered is, the different ways in which it may be broken.

You know it often happens, when you are going along a road, that you find it dividing itself into two or more roads.—These are called branches, or forks, of the road. The road, or way we are considering now, that is, the way of breaking the eighth commandment, divides itself into five forks, or branches. These represent five different ways in which this commandment may be broken; or five different ways of stealing.

Suppose we call these forks by the first five letters of the alphabet. Then we shall have *fork A, fork B, fork C, fork D, and fork E.* *Fork A*—is the way of stealing by FORGETFULNESS.

Somebody said once, that "man is a bundle of habits." This is true. Some of these habits are good habits, but a great many more are bad ones. Among these bad habits, none is so common as a bad memory. This is the habit of forgetting things. People with these bad memories borrow things from their neighbours and friends, and forget to return them. Now to the persons who lend those things, it is just as if a thief should come into their house and steal them. Umbrellas and books, and things of that kind are most likely to suffer in this way. Let me show you how it happens.

Here is Mr. John Smith. He breaks the commandment by going through fork A. For instance, John Smith is going to his store one day, when he is overtaken by a shower of rain. He stops under an awning at first; but the rain pours on. Presently, he says to himself, "What shall I do? I can't stay here all day; and yet I don't want to get wet through. Ah! I see, there is my friend Johnson's; I'll just step in there, and borrow an umbrella." He gets the umbrella, promising to see it safely returned. He carries it home, puts it on the hat-stand in the entry, or in the closet under the stairs, and forgets all about it. There is no mark upon the umbrella to show whose it is. It is never returned;

and so Mr. Johnson loses his umbrella.—Isn't it all the same to him as if his umbrella had been stolen? Certainly. Mr. John Smith would be offended if any one should call him a *thief*. Yet *practically* he is just as bad. Perhaps you are ready to say, "Ah! but he didn't *intend* to steal; he only forgot. He merely had a bad memory." Yes, but then he should, *not* forget. He has no business to have a bad memory. He could help this if he chose. Do you suppose he ever forgets when breakfast, or dinner-time comes! Do you think he has bad memory when other people borrow umbrellas from him? Oh! no. His memory is excellent then. This shows that people *can* control their memory if they want to do so. Memory is a thing of habit. We can get *into* the habit of forgetting things, if we are not careful; and we can get *out* of it, if we try properly. If we neglect to try, then we shall break this commandment by going through the fork A, which is the way of forgetfulness.

Take another case. Here are two boys, James and Robert. They both go a good deal through this fork A; they both have bad memories. James is spending an evening with Robert. Robert shows him his Christmas presents. Among these is a beautiful set of Abbot's historical works. The last of the series James has never read. He asks the loan of it, promising to take great care of it, and return it the next time he comes to see Robert. The book is lent; but Robert forgets to put down, on a piece of paper the name of the book, and of the person who borrows it. *Everybody should do this who lends books*. James takes the book home; reads it about half through; gets tired of it; puts it away on one of the upper shelves of the bookcase, and *forgets* to return it. The book never gets back to its owner. Robert finds, after awhile, that one book is missing out of his set of Abbot's;—but he can't remember who borrowed it.

Borrowing is just as bad as stealing, in such cases. I have had a good-sized library of books stolen from me in this way. What a good thing it would be if all the people who travel over this fork A, would, every once in-awhile, overhaul their hat-stands, and closets, and book-shelves, to find out what things they have there

which do not belong to them, and return these to their proper owners. I should have to put up some new shelves in my library, if I could only get all my lost books back again. The fork A, or *forgetfulness*, is one branch of the way in which the eighth commandment is broken.

FORK B—OR CUNNING, is another branch of it.

Did you ever see a counterfeit bank-note? This is a note which somebody has made to look so much like a good note, that most people are not able to tell the difference. It passes for a good note, though it is not worth a straw. And gold and silver coin are counterfeited in the same manner. The people who make them think themselves very cunning. But they are not a bit better than thieves.

Counterfeiting is a great sin. When those who are guilty of it are caught, in this country, they are put in prison. In England, the law is more severe than with us. There, counterfeiters formally used to be hung; but now, they are transported to Botany Bay, when caught and proved guilty. And those who *pass* counterfeit money, if they know it, are just as bad as those who make it. Sometimes you hear people say, "Well, we took it for good money, and therefore we have a right to pass it again." But this is not true. If they take it for good money, and pass it away again before they discover that it is bad, then, of course, they are not to blame. But if they find out that it is bad, then they cannot attempt to pass it without breaking the eighth commandment.

But a great many other things may be counterfeited as well as money. You have all heard of the Yankee pedlar, who made wooden nutmegs, and sold them for real ones. This was counterfeiting; it was stealing, or breaking the eighth commandment by *cunning*. And this is true of every way in which people get up an imitation of something that is real, and valuable, and sell it for the real thing.

You know how men who deal in horses, will take a horse that is diseased, and good for nothing, and manage to hide his faults, or the symptoms of his disease, and then sell him for a good horse. In a day or two, the purchaser finds that he is no

use. So jewelry, and such like things are made of brass and sold for gold. So medicines are sold, as warranted to cure certain diseases, when those who make them know they have no more power to cure such diseases than so much water; and perhaps not half as much. All these are only so many different ways of stealing, or breaking the eighth commandment. And there are scores of such ways in which people are said to live by their wits.

This fork B takes in all the various tricks and contrivances by which cunning men manage to get money out of people, without giving them anything really valuable in return. They may get rich in this way, and think themselves very smart, and pride themselves for their cunning;—but they are no better than thieves and robbers, after all. When God shall come to reckon with them at last, they will find that the real name for what they called *smartness*, was *stealing*. This is the name by which God calls it. Oh! there are great multitudes of people found breaking the eighth commandment along this fork B.

Very many of the shows, and exhibitions; the pretended inventions, and discoveries, of which we hear so much in our large cities, belong to this branch of our subject. This fork B is the place for them. It takes in all who try to get money by anything that may properly be called a *humbug*, instead of by honest labor.

We pass now to FORK C. Here we find all those who break the eighth commandment by DECEIT.

Sometimes this deceit leads people to keep back money that belongs to others, when they think it won't be discovered.

A very good story in illustration of this, is told of the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman. One day the duke had bought a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next morning. Early in the morning, the duke was taking a walk, in a very common dress. As he went along, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy couldn't get on with her at all. The boy not knowing the duke, bawled out to him, in the broad Scotch accent: "Hie, mun, come here and gie's a han' wi' this beast." The duke

walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding he couldn't get on with the cow, cried out in distress, "Come here, mun, and help us, and as sure as anything I gie ye half I get."

The duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do ye think ye'll get for the job?" "I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folks up at the big house are gude to a' bodies."

As they came to a lane, near the house, the duke slipped away from the boy, and entered by a different way. Calling a servant, he put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back. "Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke. "A shilling," said the boy, "and there's half o' it to ye." "But surely you got more than a shilling," said the duke. "No," said the boy; "as sure as dea that's a' I got;—and d've no think us plenty?" "I do not," said the duke; "there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return I think I'll get you more."

They went back. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled. "Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling." "It was that chap there, with the apron," said he, pointing to the butler. The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service immediately. "You have lost," said the duke, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your deceitfulness; learn for the future, that honesty is the best policy." The boy now found out who it was that had helped him to drive the cow, and the duke was so well pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy that he sent him to school, and provided for him at his own expense.

This butler was in fork C. He broke the commandment by *deceit*, and trying to

keep back from another what belonged to him, when he thought he would not be found out.

Merchants, and storekeepers are very much tempted to go through fork C, by representing their goods as better than they are; or by not telling frankly the imperfections of the goods, when they know all about them.

For instance, a lady goes into a store to buy a dress. She finds one of the color she wants. If she could be sure the colors would not fade, she would take it. She says to the storekeeper, "Will these colors stand?" "Oh! yes, madam, they are the very best colors to wear. They will stand as long as the dress lasts." The lady buys the dress on this assurance, though all the while the storekeeper knows the colors will not stand at all. In this way he steals the lady's money. That man's place is in fork C.

A gentleman from the country placed his son with a dry goods merchant, in Broadway, New York. For a time all went well. One day a lady came into the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited on her. She liked the article. The price was agreed upon, and he began to unfold and measure off the goods. While he was doing this he discovered a flaw in the silk. The lady did not notice it. He might have sold it without saying anything about it. Many a shopkeeper would have done so. But this young man was honest. He understood the meaning of the eighth commandment. He did not belong to fork C. He said to the lady, "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you that this silk is imperfect. I have just discovered a flaw in it." Of course the lady didn't take it. She left the store without buying anything.

The merchant saw what had taken place, and was very angry. He wrote at once to the father of the young man, asking him to come and take his son away; "for," said he, "he will never make a merchant."

The father, who had great confidence in his son, was very much grieved, and hastened to the city to find out what was the matter. "What do you mean by saying my son will not make a merchant?" he asked.

"I mean that he has no tact," was the answer. "Only a day or two ago, he told a lady, who was buying a piece of silk, that the goods were damaged, and I lost the bargain. Now, sir, that is no way to do business. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they don't see what is wrong about the goods, it would be foolishness for me to point it out."

"And is that all the fault you have to find with my son!" asked the father.

"Yes, sir, he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever, and I thank you for telling me of this matter; but I wouldn't have him another day in your store for the world."

Now I do not mean to imply that people who keep dry goods stores are more apt to do business in this way than any other people. I know many honorable men among them, who would rather never sell another piece of goods than do as this merchant wanted his young man to do. But you will find some people in every branch of business who are ready to act in just this way. They call it having business tact or talent. God calls it *stealing*, breaking the eighth commandment. If we could go along one of our business streets, and find out who, among the storekeepers, act as this New York merchant acted, I wonder how many signs there would be, on the corner of which might be written, Fork C! This class takes in all who break the eighth commandment by *deceit*.

But now we go a few steps further, and take a turn into fork D. In this branch of the way we find those who break the commandment by EXTORTION.

This word means wringing, or squeezing out.

All those people, are found in this fork, who are never willing to give a fair price for anything. There is a very large class of this sort of people. If you go a shopping with them, you find them always trying to beat down the price of things. No matter whether the price is high or low, they want to get it a *little lower*. They do not consider whether the price asked for a thing is a fair, honest price, or not; however low it may be, they are not

satisfied unless it is put lower still. If an article worth five dollars, is offered them for two dollars and a half they will offer two dollars for it.

Here is a lady, who is a housekeeper, belonging to fork D. She wants some strawberries. There is a poor girl going by with a basket full on her head. She stops the girl at the front door, and asks the price of her strawberries. "Twenty-five cents a quart, ma'am," says the girl.

"I'll take six quarts, if you'll let me have them for twenty cents."

"Indeed, ma'am, that'll take away all my profit."

"Well, I won't give you a cent more."

The big tears roll down the cheeks of the poor girl as she measures out the strawberries. She has a poor widowed mother, with a sick little baby brother at home, who have nothing to depend on but what she makes by selling her berries. The thirty cents which the rich lady has wrung from her,—might I not say *stolen* from her?—would have been, oh! such a help and comfort to them! And yet this lady will go out by and by, and spend dollars by the dozen on herself, for things that she really does not need at all. This is cruel. It is mean. It is wicked. This is what the Bible calls, oppressing the poor, or "*grinding the faces of the poor*;" and God threatens dreadful things against those who do it. That lady little thinks that she is breaking the eighth commandment over the head and heart of that poor girl; but she is; and when God comes to reckon with her, she will find it out.

FORK D, in big letters, ought to be written over her door.

But people along this fork break the commandment *by not giving those who work for them as much wages as they deserve* and, *by not paying them their wages when due*.

The labor of poor people is all they have in the world. It is their fortune. To take this away from them is the worst kind of stealing. What multitudes of women in all our large cities, get their living by making shirts, vest, or pantaloons. And see what they get for their labor.

From a printed list of prices paid to tailoresses for sewing, put into my hands by a friend, I find that for making men's

thick, heavy satinet coats, they get seventy-five cents apiece. It must take a woman at least two days to make one of these. That gives her *thirty-seven and a-half cents for a whole day's labor!*

For making thick cassimere pants, full-trimmed, they get only thirty-seven and a-half cents. A woman would have to work very hard to finish one of these in a day.

For making summer pants they get from ten to fifteen cents a pair. No woman could make more than two pair a day. This would give her *from twenty to thirty cents for a whole day's work!*

In a recent report of the Union Benevolent Society, of this city, a visitor states that she visited a family, the mother of which was making fine shirts, all but the bosoms, for which she received *one dollar a dozen!* I suppose it would be impossible for any woman to make more than one shirt a day, if she kept closest it, sewing hard from morning till night. This would give her *eight cents and a-half for a hard day's work!* These are simple facts.

If this is not stealing, what is it? It is the worst kind of stealing; stealing the health and life of poor destitute women?

But perhaps some of you are ready to say, "Well, we are only children, mere boys and girls. We don't hire working men and women; and what is the use of talking to us about these things?"

Yes, I know many of you are but children, only boys and girls now. But do you always expect to be children? Are you going to remain boys and girls forever? No. By and by you will be men and women, fathers and mothers, masters and mistresses. Then you will have servants and working people to hire. And I am preaching to you about these commandments for the future, and not for the present. I want you to be better men and women, better fathers and mothers, better masters and mistresses, than those who have gone before you.

Now think of the hundreds and thousands of poor women who are working early and late, using up their fingers, and eyes, and energies, for such a miserable pittance as that just spoken of above! How shameful it is? They are actually digging their graves with their fingers, while others are getting rich by them.

A great many rich people break this commandment in the way of which we are now speaking. If we should go through the streets in which our wealthy people live, how many we should find on whose elegant marble, or brown stone houses we might write, Fork D; the meaning of which would be—this man got rich by extortion; i. e., by making the poor labor for him, and not giving them the pay that their labor deserved.

And then other people in Fork D break this commandment by not paying the poor their wages as soon as they are due.

For instance, here is a lady who has had a beautiful silk dress made. She is going to a party; or perhaps she is going to get married in it. She puts it on, and goes into company, and enjoys herself; but the poor dressmaker is not paid. The lady does not intend to cheat her out of the money. She says to herself;—"It's only a few dollars. It don't make any difference. I'll pay her some other time." It makes no difference to the rich lady;—but it makes a wonderful difference to the poor woman.

Perhaps it is winter, and her fuel is all gone, and she has to sit shivering in the cold, because the money which the rich lady owes her for making that dress is not paid. Perhaps she is without food, and she and her children have to go hungry to bed, because that rich lady has neglected to pay her what she owes. She groans and cries in her misery. God hears those cries, and writes them in His book against that thoughtless lady. Just hear what the Bible says about this. "Behold, the hire of the laborers, which is of you kept back crieth; and the cries are entered into the ears of the Lord."—James v. 4.

Do you know that God made a law among the Jews about this very thing? You will find it in Deut. xxiv. 15. This law required the Jews always to pay those who had been working for them before the sun went down. How kind and tender God is, to think about the poor, and take care of them in this way!

When you grow up to be men and women be sure that you always pay the poor well, who work for you. Yes, and pay them at once. There is an old pro-

verb, which says, "He gives twice who gives quickly." And it is just as true of paying. But don't wait till you grow up, talk about this matter at home, now. Don't live in fork D yourselves; and if you can help it, don't let any of those about you live in it.

People in fork D, break this commandment by extortion.

Fork E is the only branch of this subject that we shall speak of. Those who dwell in this fork break the commandment by violence and fraud.

The word violence here, takes in all the burglars or housebreakers, the thieves and highway robbers, who are locked up in our prisons, or are prowling about our streets. It requires no argument to prove that these people break the commandment; we are all agreed about this. I have no fear that any of you will be found in this fork. It is very seldom, indeed, that those who have been taught in Sabbath-schools, when young, are ever found at last, in such company as this.

But the other side of this fork E, takes in a great many of what we called the most wealthy and respectable of our people. They break the eighth commandment by *cheating*, or *cheating*.

Sometimes we hear that a bank is broken. We ask what caused that bank to fail? It turns out, that the president and directors of the bank took the money which was put in it, and used it in business, as if it had been their own. Perhaps they didn't intend to keep the money. They meant to put it back again, by and by. But their business didn't succeed. The money was lost. They never could get it again to put back. And when the poor widows and orphans, whose money had been put in the bank, to be kept safely, came to ask for it, it was *not there*. The bank had failed. The money was lost.

Now, those officers had no more right to take this money, and use it in this way, than they had to go and break open another bank, and steal the money locked up in it. Man's law won't punish those men. It calls their conduct only "a breach of trust." God's law calls it *stealing*. Those men break the eighth commandment, just as truly as the midnight robber does, who creeps into your house, and

steals away your money while you are asleep.

But the real meaning of this word, when applied to such a man, is, *thief*, or *robber*!

Remember, my dear children, as long as you live, that if ever you have any money left in your charge, belonging to another person, you have no more right to use that money as your own, than you have to break into your neighbor's house and steal his money.

The people in fork E, break this commandment by *violence* and *fraud*.

Thus we have gone through five different forks. Let us see if we can recollect them, and the way in which the commandment is broken in each of them. FORK A, BY FORGETFULNESS;—FORK B, BY CUNNING;—FORK C, BY DECEIT;—FORK D, BY EXTORTION;—FORK E, BY VIOLENCE AND FRAUD.

There is a very important question to be considered, in closing this subject. The question is,—*How shall we keep out of these Forks?*

There are two things for us to do, if we would keep out of them. We must resist little temptations. This is one thing to do. Every thing must have a beginning. I remember reading once, about a man who was going to be hung for robbery and murder. On the scaffold he said he began to steal by taking a farthing from his mother's pocket, while she was sleeping. Many children begin to steal, at the sugar-bowl, or at the cake-basket. To take the *smallest* thing that does not belong to us, without permission, is stealing.

A little girl was once taken by her mother into a shop. As she stood there, she saw a basket of oranges exposed for sale. They looked ripe and juicy. While her mother was engaged in another part of the store, she kept looking at the oranges. They made her mouth water. The thought came into her mind—Oh! I wish I had one of them! This was the beginning of the temptation. She ought to have resisted this, and turn away from them. But she didn't. She kept looking at them. The longer she looked, the more she wanted one. At length, watching an opportunity, when no one saw her, she took an orange, hid it under her apron, and walked away. In a moment her

conscience began to trouble her. She felt very uncomfortable. Presently she sidled up to the basket, and put the orange back in its place. Still she kept looking at it. She was tempted again to take it, and again she put it back.

As she walked home with her mother, she looked, and felt very sad. When they were alone, she burst into tears, and said;—“Oh! mother, I've cracked one of the commandments! I didn't break it,—indeed, I didn't quite break it, mother,—but I'm sure I cracked it.”

This little girl did very right in putting the orange back. This kept her from quite breaking the commandment. But if she had resisted the *beginning* of the temptation, by turning away from the orange, the moment she felt a desire for it, she would not even have cracked the commandment. We must resist little temptations, if we would keep out of the different forks in which this commandment is broken.

And then there is another thing to do. We must pray to God to keep us from temptation. This is what Jesus has taught us to do every day, when in using the Lord's prayer, we say—“Lead us not into temptation.”

There was a good man, once, named John Bradford. Whenever he saw any one taken to prison, or to the gallows, he used to say, “But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford.” He meant to say, that if God had not kept him from the way of temptation, or given him grace to resist it, he too might have been a thief, or a murderer. And this is true of us all. If we would not be found breaking this commandment, we must pray to God to keep us from temptation, or to give us grace to resist it. We can do nothing right without God's help. In every thing then, that we do, and especially in our attempts to keep His commandments, we must always pray for the help of God's grace and Holy Spirit. There is a beautiful Collect in the Prayer-Book, very suitable to use after thinking about God's commandments. It is the Collect for the First Sunday after Trinity. Here it is.

“O God, the strength of all those who put their trust in Thee; mercifully accept our prayers; and, because, through the

weakness of our moral nature, we can do no good thing without Thee, grant us the help of Thy grace, that in keeping Thy commandments, we may please Thee, both in will and deed; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

ANSWERING OUR OWN PRAYERS.

REV. T. L. CUYLER.

We use this expression, not too literally, but simply for want of a better one. The idea we aim is, that every Christian is bound to do his utmost for the fulfilment of his own prayers. He is never to ask God to give what he is not trying his utmost to obtain; he is never to ask God to make him what he is not faithfully trying to become.

This is our idea. It is partly illustrated by the familiar fable of Hercules and the wagoner. When the overloaded wagon sunk into the mire, instead of laboring to pry out the imbedded vehicle, the wagoner fell to praying Hercules to interpose his brawny arm for his relief. The God of muscle thus appealed to, reminded the luckless teamster that, while he prayed for help, he had better put his own shoulder to the wheel, and help himself.

In one sense this heathen fable illustrates the true relation between the sovereign God and the child of prayer. On our side is complete dependance. On the side of Omnipotence is infinite mercy. From Him cometh down every good and every perfect gift. And because we are so dependent upon our heavenly Father, and owe him so much of submission, obedience, and trust, therefore are we to "pray without ceasing." But while we pray we are to work: first, as a proof of the sincerity of our desires; and next, in order to obey God, who commands us to become the very men that we ask him to make us by his grace.

Does every child of God do his utmost to secure the answers to his own uttered requests. Most emphatically we reply, No! With even the best men there is a sad disparity between prayer and practice—between the askings of the lips and the actings of the heart—between their life and their *liturgy*.

I. Take, for example, the oft-repeated

prayer for *growth in grace*. This is a vital request, and the most formal Christian professor will utter it nearly every day of his life. If he would resist the continual gravitation of inward sin and surrounding worldliness, he must cry as continually for heart-grace. But just imagine the owner of a vast field of weeds kneeling down among the "Johnswort" and Canada thistles, and praying to God to give him from that field a plentiful corn harvest. Not a furrow has been turned. Not a kernel planted. But the insane husbandman implores from heaven a crop, toward the growing of which his sluggish fingers have not been lifted. My Christian brother, you never are guilty of such folly in the management of your secular interests. You never expect cargoes without sending ships seaward; you never count on crops without plowing, manuring and seeding your acres. No school-girl would expect to see her pet flower grow in the conservatory without water and fresh earth. She sprinkles the azalea leaves until they drip, and feeds the delicate tuberose with new earth as often as its wasting leaves telegraph its hunger. God takes care of her plants; but she takes care of them too, and does not expect him to work miracles for the benefit of lazy people. Her prayer for her flowers is in the brimming pitcher and the virgin earth which her careful hands bring to the green-house.

Carry this same principle into your religion. Do you pray with the lips for growth in holiness, growth in heavenly-mindedness, growth in spiritual *stamina*. Then to the work of cleansing the heart-field. Then to the cutting up of the tares of covetousness—the Johnswort of pride—the nettles of selfishness—the briars of deceit—the overgrown burdocks of sloth—and the seed-scattering thistles of unbelief. Pull them by the roots. Give your inward lasts no quarter. Keep no terms with them. Make no compromise with some darling sin to sprout and grow unobserved in some back corner of your soul-garden. Clear out every weed, in order that the seed-corn of godliness may have the full strength of the affections and energies to make it grow. Watch over that precious seed. Water it with prayers and penitential tears. Strengthen it with

Bible truth. And as you pray for the growth of heart-piety, let no indulgent lust, no pet sin, harbored in secret places, prove your uttered prayer to be an abomination in the sight of the all-searching God. "If I regard iniquity in my heart" (that is, if I cling to it and cherish it) "God will not hear me." Nor will the Lord of holiness answer with a Yea what we are practically answering with a Nay.

II. Let us illustrate and apply this principle, in the next place, to parents who are praying for the conversion of their children. No petition is more fitting than this; none could be more acceptable to God. But what hope have you, my friend, for the renewal of your children's hearts, if you pray in one direction with the lips, and quite in the opposite direction with the life. We see constantly the two antagonistic types of parental influence. Both are nominally Christian; only one is really such. The one man pleads at the altar for the sanctification of his household—that his sons may become sons of God, and his daughters may be as polished stones in the temple of Christ. He makes religion prominent in his family; it is visible, legible, and *above board*. The books that are brought home for the children to read, the newspapers that are taken, the amusements that are chosen, the society that is sought, the aims in life that are set before those children, all bear in one direction and in the right direction. God is not asked by that father to convert his offspring to godliness while he is doing his best to pervert them to sin and worldliness. Nor is God implored to convert them while the parent uses no agencies to affect the longed for result. No more than the Lord would be asked to restore the sick boy from a typhus fever, and yet no physician is called in and no medicine administered. How much worse if the father, having prayed that his child be restored, should fall to giving the poor boy strychnine or prussic acid in large doses.

Yet professed Christians do this very thing often in morals and religion. They pray for their children's recovery to holiness, and then poison them. They pray for a son's purity, and then flash the wine-cup before his eyes. They pray for a

daughter's conversion, with a theatre-ticket in their pockets—"a family ticket" for the whole household. They go to church, look devout, and then come home to trifle, to gossip—to entertain Sunday visitors at a sumptuous feast; to talk politics, to do anything, in short, but follow up the teachings of God's minister with affectionate, faithful home instructions. The practical effect of their whole conduct and conversation, both on the Lord's day and all the days of the week, is to undo whatever good may have been done by the earnest labors of the pulpit. What must such children think of those fluent prayers that they hear every night at the family altar? What of the consistency of those parents who utter such solemn meekeries? Oh! it is better never to pray at all for the conversion of your offspring than to ask God, in solemn tones, to *save* them while you are using your whole influence to harden and destroy them. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou unfaithful servant."

In eternity it will be a terrible thing for many a man to meet his own prayers. Their very language will condemn him; for he knew his duty but he did it not. Those fervent prayers, which the good man labored to make effectual, will be "slaying ones" in white raiment to conduct their author into the banqueting-house of the GREAT KING. But the falsehood uttered at the throne of grace will live again as tormenting scorpions in the day of the Lord's appearing. "Be not rash with thy mouth, nor let thy heart be heavy to utter anything before God," is an injunction that forbids more than irreverence in prayer. It forbids us, by implication, to ask for that which we do not sincerely desire. Above all, it forbids the asking from God those blessings which we are hindering by our neglect, or thwarting by our selfishness and unbelief.

The Persians being invaded by the Turks burnt up all that might be of use to sustain man or beast; that those who could not be overcome by force might be awakened by famine. Not to make provision for the flesh is great assistance towards abating the strength of lust.

HAPPY AS A KING.

Dionysius the tyrant king of Syracuse, was pronounced by Damocles the flatterer, the happiest man on earth. The king, in order to convince him of his mistake, invited Damocles to a banquet, and caused him to be robed and treated as a sovereign. During the entertainment, a sword hung suspended by a single horse-hair from the ceiling, over the head of Damocles; and thus was typified the happiness of a tyrant.

Unconverted sinner, behold thyself in the above picture. Thou fanciest that thou art happy. Ah! thou art woefully deceiving thyself. Thy pleasures are short in duration! Thou art clothed in borrowed garments of vanity, and art seated at the banquet table of thy pleasures, with the sword of Divine judgment suspended over thine head by a slender thread. (See Ecclesiastes x. 2, and Luke xii. 19, 21.)—Any moment thou mayest be cut down by the hand of death, and be hurried all unprepared before the judgment seat of Christ. Oh! be no longer blinded; but turn thine eyes upward and see thy danger. Know that thou art a sinner: "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23.) As a sinner thou art already condemned. The curse of God hang over thee, and in a moment thou mayest be in hell. Turn off thine eyes from sin, and self, and look unto Jesus, who is now both able and willing to save even thee if thou believest on him.

When the sinner believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, he is made by sovereign grace a king and a priest unto God. He is arrayed in "the best robe," the imputed righteousness of Christ. He is enabled by faith to sit down at the King's "banqueting" table, whereon are spread the daintiest dishes, and a feast of wine. Instead of the flaming sword of justice, the "banner" of Jesus' "love" hangs "over" his head.

(Canticles ii. 4; Isa. xxv. 6; Luke x. v. 22, 23; Rev. i. 6.)

Such is the royal provision made by the Jehovah of hosts for every poor and needy sinner, who by simple clinging faith, trusts in his dear Son, whose "precious blood" cleanses the vilest from all sin. May

infinite love glorify itself by admitting you to the marriage-feast of glory.—*Sword and Trowel Tract.*

YOUTH.

I must tell you there is not such a glassy, icy, and slippery piece of way betwixt you and heaven, as youth. I have experience to say with me here, and seal what I assert. The old ashes of the sins of my youth are now fire of sorrow to me. I have seen the devil, as it were, dead and buried, and yet, rise again, and be a worse devil than ever he was. Therefore, my brother, beware of a green, young devil, that hath never been buried. The devil in his flowers (I mean the hot, fiery lusts and passions of youth) is much to be feared; for in youth he findeth dry sticks and dry coals and a hot hearth-stone; and how soon can he with his flint cast fire, and with his bellows blow it up and fire the house! Sanctified thoughts—thoughts made conscience of, and called in, and kept in awe—are green fuel that burn not, and are a water for Satan's coal. Yet, I must tell you, all the saints now triumphant in heaven, and standing before the throne, are nothing but Christ's forlorn and beggarly bankrupts. What are they but re-deemed sinners? But their redemption is not only past the seals but completed; and yours is on the wheels and in doing. Christ hath an advantage of you, and I pray you let him have it; he shall find employment for his calling in you. If it were not with you as you write, grace should find no sale nor market in you; but you must be content to give Christ somewhat to do. I am glad that he is employed that way. Let your bleeding soul and your sores be put in the hand of this expert Physician; let young and strong corruptions and his free grace be yoked together, and let Christ and your sins deal it betwixt them. I will be loath to put you off your fears and your sense of deadness (I wish it were more). There are some wounds whose bleeding should not be soon stopped. You must take a house beside the Physician; it shall be a miracle if you be the first sick man he put away uncured and worse than he found you. Nay, nay; Christ is honest, and, in that, freely arguing with sinners: "And him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37. Take that; it cannot be presumption to take that as your own, when you find your wounds pain you. Presumption is ever whole at the heart, and hath but the truant-sickness, and groaneth only for the fashion: Faith hath sense of sickness, and looketh like a friend to the promises, and to Christ therein—is glad to see a known face.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

Sabbath Lessons.

August 6th

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

This lesson teacher:

(1) That we are required to preserve our own chastity, 1 Thess. 4. 4.

(2) That we should avoid all occasions of temptation. Prov. 5. 3.

(3) That we should strive to be chaste in our thoughts, words and actions. 2 Tim. 2. 22; Eph. 4. 29; 1 Peter 3. 2.

(4) That to preserve our chastity we must daily meditate on the Word of God. John xv. 3; John xvii. 17. We must watch over the heart, the eyes and ears; Prov. v. 23. We must be temperate in eating and drinking. Rom. xiii. 13; and should avoid all light and unchaste company. Prov. iv. 6.

(5) That we should preserve the chastity of others by taking care to do nothing which tends to ensnare or to defile them Gen. xxxviii 14. 15; and by doing everything that we can by example, or otherwise, to preserve and promote their chastity.

(6) That we may not do anything that tended to unchastity, we should avoid speaking, hearing, reading or writing unchaste expressions, unchaste looks, light and immodest behavior, all immodest apparel, idleness, intemperance, and any other that would lead to the breach of this commandment.

(7) The breach of this commandment should be avoided.

(1) Because pollution or uncleanness exceedingly dishonours God. Gen. xxxix. 9; Ps. li. 4; Job xxxi. 11.

(2) Because falls into this sin are not unfrequently the punishment of some other sin. Prov. xxii. 14; Rom. i. 26; Hosea iv. 14.

(3) Because it frequently leaves a stain upon the character. Prov. vi. 33.

(4) Because it secures the eternal ruin of those who are guilty of it. Prov. vi. 32; vii. 26, 27.

August 13th.

PETER DENIES CHRIST.

John xviii. 13-18, 25-27.

The other disciple was in all probability John. He was known to the High Priest, and the therefore, exercised the liberty of going into his house, Peter had to stand at the gate till John came out and took him in.

The word rendered *palace* means rather the

hall, or middle court or *area* of his house. It was situated in the centre of the palace, and was commonly uncovered.

Peter sat with the servants to see the end of the trial. The other Evangelists say that he stood with the servants warming himself. John says it being cold, they had made a fire of coals, and warmed themselves. It was then probably not far from midnight. The place where they were was uncovered, and travellers say that though the days are warm in Judea at that season of the year, yet that the nights are often uncomfortably cold. The fire was probably made of coals laid on the pavement.

Peter denied the Lord three and on each occasion more emphatically than the other, and immediately the cock crew. Luke says that after Peter had denied the Lord, the Lord Jesus looked at Peter, and Peter went out and wept bitterly.

Learn from Peter's fall.

1. The danger of self-confidence. Peter had just before stated that if all men should deny him, he would not.

2. The most exalted privileges do not secure us from the danger of falling.

3. When a man begins to sin, his fall from one act to another is easy.

4. A look from Jesus produces bitter sorrow for sin.

5. True repentance is deep though bitter.

6. After we fall into sin we should, like Peter, retire from the world and seek God.

August 20th.

DAVID BRINGS BACK THE ARK.

2 Sam. vi. 1-23.

The last thing read about the ark was its being taken to Kirjathjearim soon after the death of Eli. 1 Sam. vii. 1. Saul wished once to have it brought to him. 1 Sam. xiv 18; but we are not informed that his wish was gratified.

David wished to have the ark near his royal abode. 1 Chr. xiii. 1-3; and the Princes joined with him in the wish. The solemn removal of the ark was probably determined

on at one of the great festivals ordained by God to be observed.

And everybody rejoiced greatly.

In the removal of the ark observe.

(1) David erred in not having the Ark carried on men's shoulders, instead of a cart. The law was, that it should have been carried on staves. Exod. xxv, 10-15

(2) Uzzah sinned in touching the Ark. Even the priests who carried it did not touch it. The staves were thrust through the gold rings without the Ark being handled. Exod. xxxvii, 1-5. Holy things were forbidden to be touched on pain of death. Number iv, 15. The men of Bethshemesh had been dreadfully punished for looking into it. 1 Sam. vi, 19, 21, which Uzzah ought to have remembered.

(3) David was displeased v, 8-11. If David had understood all the reasons why Uzzah was put to death, he would have seen its justice; but if he could not see them all, he ought to have believed that the Judge of all the earth would do right.

(4) David soon repented of his neglect of the Ark, and from Obededom's prosperity learned that God was not displeased at the Ark being brought up. v, 12, 19. David manifests his thankfulness to God by sacrifice and praise.

(5) Now the best actions may be misinterpreted. v, 20-23. If David had been in fault Michal took the worst way to correct him, for scolding never reformed any one; but all he had done was to put on a priest's ephod, or vest, instead of his kingly robes, and to tuck up his dress, that he might have more freedom in the dance; but Michal, in her pride, thought this beneath the dignity of a king, and represents it in a worse light.

David's reply proves his humility and piety. v, 21, 22.

Learn from this lesson.

(1) *Good intentions cannot make a wrong action right.* Uzzah had zeal, but it was without knowledge.

(2) *How dangerous it is to violate the least of God's commandments.* If we are not willing to do a small thing because God commands it, we are not likely to do what is more difficult. Matt. v. 19.

August 27th.

JESUS CONDEMNED AND MOCKED.

John xviii, 19-24; Luke xxvii, 63-71; Matt. xxvi, 57, 75.

Jesus underwent two trials, each of which his enemies thought was sure to be followed by condemnation to death. The tribunals and the charges were distinct. In the first trial the tribunal was the Jewish Sanhedrim, before which the charge alleged was that of blasphemy, a crime punishable under Jewish law by stoning to death. Means were desired of proving him guilty in the judgment of this partial court.

After the Lord Jesus had prayed in the garden near Jerusalem the last evening of his life, Judas, and soldiers, and a crowd of people came to take him a prisoner. He submitted himself, and went with them alone quietly, and his disciples all left him.

They took Jesus very early in the morning before the High Priest in the palace, where the learned Jews, the Scribes, and Elders, were all met together to try Jesus, as if he had done something wrong. They found no witnesses that could testify wrong, but they found two false witnesses who were disposed but not able to testify any evil against Christ.

The High Priest asked Jesus if he was the Son of God. He said he was. This answer made the High Priest very angry, and he said he needed no more witnesses.

The Council of Jews said that Jesus because of this blasphemy, was guilty of death. Then they spit upon his face and buffeted him. How hard this indignity was to bear yet Jesus bore it all in patience for our sake.

Obs. 1. *The exceeding sinfulness of sin.* Sin, as exhibited in the conduct of the Jewish rulers, in condemning Jesus, rose to its highest point of criminality.

2. *The condescension of Jesus.* To think that the great God would stoop to such a state of humiliation as to be tried as a felon is beyond our comprehension.

3. *The forbearance of the Lord Jesus.* It is surprising that he should have borne the indignities that were heaped upon him.

TO OUR READERS

We begin the Object of Life, an interesting and practical story in this number.

POSTAGE!

We have received various communications from our subscribers within the last quarter relating to the imposition of postage on the Good News, and have refrained from replying through the paper till we could do so definitely.

By the newspaper law of 1859, religious periodicals, according to the opinion of most, were entitled to pass by mail free. In 1861, the Postmaster-Gen., who seemed to have received additional light on the subject, saw fit to impose postage on our Periodicals, after they had enjoyed the privilege of passing postage free from their commencement in January 1859. He then, however, gave to our subscribers the option of receiving a pound of periodicals for five cents, and of commuting the rate of postage to one half to those subscribers who prepaid postage.

This spring, however, he saw fit to withdraw from subscribers the privilege of commutation, and caused each copy to be rated a cent each. We altered the Good News in the beginning of March, so as to entitle it to pass free according to the Postmaster's own rendering of the postal law. We succeeded in the estimation of all whom we consulted, inside and outside of the Post-office department, except the Postmaster-General, who would not concede to our claim. We presented what we considered unanswerable ground for exemption, but it was no use. He was immovable, and unless we should appeal to the court of law, we cannot avoid the postage.

As however, a cent postage is a great expense to our subscribers, and a great hindrance to our circulation, we have resolved on making a change on the Good

News that will reduce the postage ONE HALF. Henceforth it will be issued monthly instead of semi-monthly. The July and August numbers will be each only the size of a semi-monthly, but (D.V.) the September issue will be a full monthly size, and before the expiry of 1865, the balance of the July and August numbers will be supplied. This arrangement will save each of our subscribers 12 cents per annum, and will give us the opportunity, by the commencement of another year, of making some desirable improvements.

We trust this change will be cheerfully concurred in by our subscribers,

TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

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