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THE

GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL;

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

CHRIST'S MEASURELESS LOVE.

BY THE REV. H. G. GUINNESS.

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Ephesians iii. 19.

This sentence forms part of Paul's prayer for the Ephesians: "I pray," says he, "that the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ—your precious treasure—"may dwell"—always—"in your heart"—not so far off!—"your heart, by faith"—the hand that feels him there; "that ye, being rooted"—"rooted and grounded," so that neither storm nor flood can move you—"in love"—oh, heavenly foundation!—"that ye being imbedded in depths of love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ;" which is broader than ocean—longer than time—deeper than hell—higher than heaven; and "know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God!"

Here is "the fulness of God!"—He whose inner man is strengthened with might by the Spirit—he whose heart through faith is inhabited by Christ—he whose roots and foundations are grounded in love—and he whose soul comprehends the love of Christ, is "filled with the fulness of God." "And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

These words may seem to many of you to be words of paradox. You say, "How can I understand that which I never can

understand! How can I comprehend that which I never can comprehend! How can I know the love of Christ, when at the same time it passeth knowledge!" Now, it is just one of those spiritual things which are only spiritually understood.—"The carnal mind is enmity against God," and understandeth not these things; in fact, they are "foolishness" to it. The carnal man may sit here and listen attentively to what we have to say on the subject, and fancy he understands; but these things, after all, will be but foolishness to him, because they are only "spiritually discerned;" "but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit, for the Spirit searches all things, yea the deep things of God." The Scripture contains many apparent spiritual paradoxes. For instance, the Apostle Paul, when speaking of himself and his fellow-apostles, says, that they are "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."—How can that be? "As poor, yet making many rich."—How can that be? "As having nothing, yet possessing all things."—How can that be? And now He prays that you may know the love of Christ, that "passeth knowledge."

Now, in speaking on this living love—because you must know the love of the Lord Jesus Christ is not something dead and buried—that was, and is not; in speaking of this love, which is as real, as deep, as mighty, and as fervent this night

as it has ever been, and as it ever will be, our object shall be just to shew one thing, that the love of Jesus can never be fully known—that it “passeth all understanding.” And, dear brethren, the more I consider this subject, the more it overpowers me. Suppose I take a dim taper light, and go into a large room that is quite dark; I hold it above my head, and it only serves to shew me the darkness of the room. Now, suppose, passing into a larger room, I increase the light, say, a thousand-fold, into a mighty burning blaze, shining amid the gloom; does not that increased circle of light shew me an increased circle of darkness around it! It is so with us this evening; we may light the torch and go forth into the darkness of this mystery, and see more of it than we ever saw—and find that there is more of it that we cannot see, than there ever was before.—Not all the dawning light of that eternity which shall presently shine around me, can light up all the depth of this mystery—not all the light of that day, when the world burns as a red beacon, shedding a fiery glow far and wide over the great universe, shall shew me all the breadth of this mystery—yea, not all the glory of heaven, which shall shine in concentrated splendour upon its altar for evermore, shall rise high enough, or reach far enough to fill this measureless Temple of Mystery! The love of Christ is a mystery to all but God, and will be so, I believe, through all eternity. Be not surprised then at Paul's prayer: but, oh, make it your own, say from your heart—Oh, may I “know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge!”

In speaking upon this precious and blessed subject, I shall try to shew you seven views of it.

1. You never can fully know the *cause* of the love of Christ. 2. You never can fully know the *beginning* of the love of Christ. 3. You never can fully know the *greatness* of the love of Christ. 4. You never can fully know the *tenderness* of the love of Christ. 5. You never can fully know the *immortality* of the love of Christ. 6. You never can fully know the *value* of the love of Christ. 7. You never can fully know the *end* of the love of Christ.

In its cause, its beginning, its greatness, its tenderness, its immortality, its value, and its end, it “passeth knowledge.”

1. Now, what was its *cause*? There are some of you, I dare say, thoughtful persons. You may leave this sanctuary, then and shut yourselves up in your studies, and meditate upon Christ's love, in order to discover its cause, and all in vain. You may then turn away baffled, from the exercise of your own ingenuity, to books written by uninspired men, and search every work in every language, and not find the secret. You may then turn to the Word of God; and you may, I believe, search every book, and every chapter, and every page, and every verso, and every line, and every word, and every syllable, and every letter from the first chapter and word in Genesis to the last chapter and word in Revelation, without discovering it.

Now, consider, for a few moments. We know that the Lord Jesus Christ loves what is holy; therefore, if we were holy, He would have loved us for that reason.—Now, is this the the cause? Does He love us because we are holy? I ask you, Is a man who is blind with sin, deaf with sin, dumb with sin, crippled with sin, cursed with sin, dying with sin, and ready to be damned with sin—is such a one holy!—Such then are we; and yet He loved us! Oh, why?

Christ knew that Paul would be born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and yet He loved him. Christ knew that he would help the murderers of His blessed martyr, Stephen, and yet He loved him. Christ knew that he would make havoc of the Church, and breathe out threatenings and slaughter against His saints, and drag strong men and helpless women to prison, and all for His name's sake—and yet He loved him. Paul could say of Him, “Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.”

Now, we often love others because they love us; love in them to us begets love in us to them. Now, have we discovered here the cause of Christ's love to us?—Or, in plainer language, did He love us because we first loved Him? We are compelled to reverse this order; the Scripture says—“We love Him because He first loved us.”

Perhaps some of you say the cause of Christ's love to us is this.—He is our father, and it is natural in Him to love us. What do you mean: our father by nature, or our

Other by grace! If you mean the former, then I say you argue that one man has Christ's love as much as another—Judas as much as John.

But you will not say that He loves all men alike—now, why does He love the Church more than the world! It is because He is the father of their spiritual life as saints? Why, we learn that He loved them before they became saints—yea, before they were born. *And why?* Who can tell me? Because, says one, He chose them. Do you mean to tell me that His love followed His choice—that His choice of them was the cause of His love to them? Why both love and choice are equally from all eternity! What caused His love, I say? You cannot tell, and perhaps shall never know it. I believe everything about God Himself to be unsearchable. None can measure His strength, fathom His knowledge, conceive His infinity, calculate His age, explain His nature, or understand His heart.

Augustine was walking one morning by the sea-shore, meditating on the doctrine of the Trinity. Three holy persons, thought he, in the Godhead, equal in wisdom, equal in power, and equal in glory; yet not three Gods—only one! And as he tried in vain to understand it, he saw before him on the shore a little child, holding in its hand a coloured sea-shell, scooping a hole in the sand, running to the waves, filling it with water, returning to the hole, and emptying it. "What are you doing, child?" said Augustine. "I am going," said the child, "to pour the sea into this hole." Ah, thought Augustine, it is the very thing I have been trying to do—standing on the shore of time, by the ocean of the infinite and eternal Godhead, and trying to comprehend that Godhead with my little mind! And the love of Jesus is such an unsearchable ocean, without bottom or bounds,—therefore wonder and adore, but think not to discover the cause of the love of Christ, which "passeth knowledge."

II. Let me ask you, in the second place, Can you ever know the *beginning* of the love of Jesus? If you think you can, just try to find it out. You may trace back the love of Jesus for eighteen hundred years, to the cross of Calvary, and say, "Then He first loved us," But, no; He

loved us before then! You may trace it back six thousand years, to the time when He walked with Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and say, "Then He first loved us." But we tell you He loved us before then! You may trace back His love, from age to age, to the time when first, moving in darkness over the face of the silent deep, He spake those words which called from the womb of night the newborn day, and say, "Then He first loved us." But we tell you He loved us before then! You may then trace back the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, by a stretch of thought, to that time when in heaven He formed the very first living angel, and say, "Then He first loved us." But we tell you He loved us before then! Now you cannot go further back than that; you have no data for doing so. You do not know what was before that. What can you do! Who shall tell me now the beginning of the love of Jesus Christ?

This golden vein of Christ's love goes down so deep, that were you to dig into gone-by ages for ever you could not reach the bottom! I solemnly believe it—this mighty river of the love of Christ, ere it rolled through sixty centuries, rose among the hills of heaven, flowing from that deep fountain the heart of God, having been embosomed there who can tell how long! Surely none. For as you can never know the beginning of eternity, so you can never know the beginning of the love of Christ, which was from eternity! For one good reason you can never know its beginning—it never had a beginning! for it is written, "I have loved thee with an EVERLASTING love, therefore with cords of loving-kindness have I drawn thee."

III. Shall we be more successful in discovering the *greatness* of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ to sinners? Never! for in this, too, it "passeth knowledge." Often in climbing a high mountain, the higher you get, the higher the mountain seems to rise. You reach a lofty ridge, and lo, a gigantic stretch of still higher crags looms down upon you. You climb the winding path up the rough side to the top, and lo, the snow-white peaks still soar up above you. You ascend, and stand at last far up in heaven on a higher reach, and lo, the lonely summit still looks down upon

you through a rent in its gray veil of clouds!

The love of Christ is magnificent in greatness as a mighty mountain. Climb from Gethsemane to Calvary, and from Calvary to Heaven—and it is still above you! And the strongest angel might ascend eternally without reaching its still over-distant summit.

Now, settle this down in your mind, saint of God—you never can tell how much Christ loves you! That is what you want to impress upon your inmost heart. Oh, think of it day and night—*You never can tell how much Christ loves you!*—Why, I tell you, that even in a devoted mother's heart there are, far down, *depths of love* which it takes all the sorrow, and care, and trial of years to bring up to light. And down far in the heart of Christ there are depths of love which His wondrous sorrows have brought up to light, that might have been, but for these, forever hidden.—Who could I have told that He so loved us as to be willing to drink the cup of the wrath of God for us, had not Gethsemane revealed it? Who could have told that He so loved us as to be willing to wrap about us His arms, and cover us with His living body, that He might save us from the heavy scourge of God, had not His torture at Pilate's Pillar revealed it? Who could have told us that He so loved us as to be willing to bow His head, and bear a load of shame, and scorn, and hatred, such as never was borne before, that He might save us from "everlasting contempt," and not that mournful, memorable night before the crucifixion revealed it? And who could have told that He so loved us as to be willing for our sakes to pour out His heart and soul, and to struggle alone in darkness with the sorrows of death and the pains of hell, had not the cross of Calvary revealed it? Not even this did exhaust His love. His body faints, but His love never faints. His soul sunk, and His heart broke, but His love could not die. It was stronger than the pains of death and hell, for it conquered them! Oh, here is love that passes knowledge! Oh to know more, and more, and more, and evermore more of it!

And here we are lost! I confess I cannot understand even the greatness of that

love which led Jesus to do what He has done for us on earth: but this is only *part* of all He does for us. Oh, when shall I know *how much* He loves me? When He raises me from the dark grave, and changes my vile body into the image of His glorious body, shall I know it fully? Oh, no! When He acquits me of guilt before the universe, and confesses my name before God and angels, and calls me blessed, shall I know it fully? Oh, no! When He takes me to Himself, and wipes my tears away, and transports me to the third heaven, and walks with me "in white," shall I know it fully? Oh, no! If I am His, He loves me more than tongue can tell, or heart can wish, or mind conceive; and my love to Him, when compared with His to me, will be as a drop to the ocean.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

IV. And now, none can ever know all the *tenderness* of the love of Christ.—When Christ stands over a sinner's wounded soul on the battle-field, to defend Him from death and hell, His love nerve Him with omnipotence; but oh, when He has driven death and hell away, and stoops down to bind up the sinner's broken heart, love unman Him who is more than man, and His hands tremble, and His tears fall. Does any one dare to offend one of His little ones? He rebukes, and love makes His voice terrible as the sound of thunder. Is that little one affrighted? He speaks, and love makes His voice tender as the sound of tremulous, unearthly music.

What mother ever was so tender to her first-born child as Jesus is to His little ones! Does He not take them in His arms, and carry them in His bosom? How tenderly He stills the little throbbing heart, and hushes the tremulous faint cry, and wipes away the swelling tear, and draws down the half-closed eye-lids, and takes the fluttering spirit to His bosom, and carries it to heaven! O sweet Jesus! It was with that tenderness of love Thou didst say to a widowed, bereaved woman, "Weep not!" It was with that tenderness of love Thou didst weep Thyself, with Mary and Martha, at the grave where Lazarus was lying in the sleep of death. It was with that tender-

ness of love Thou didst, at the last supper, draw John to Thy bosom, and say, ere Thy departure, to Thy sorrowing disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled—I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."—It was with that tenderness of love Thou didst, when betrayed in dark and sorrowful Gethsemane, plead for Thy disciples with Thine enemies, and say, "Let them go their way." It was with that tenderness of love Thou didst look on a poor, sinning Peter, who had denied Thee, till the tears filled his eyes, and he went out and wept bitterly. It was with that tenderness of love Thou didst, when dying, commit Thy heart-broken mother to John, and say to him, "Behold thy mother." And it was with that tenderness of love Thou didst, when hoarse with the thirst and torment of crucifixion, plead with God for Thy very murderers, and cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

O my brethren, Christ Himself could not express by His words, and prayers, and tears, and cries, *all* the tenderness of His love. No wonder that we should find it inexpressible!

O Lord Jesus! Thou art more than Saviour to Thy people. Thy tenderness of love makes Thee their Comforter. How often when walking in darkness have we heard Thy voice saying to us, "Fear not; I am with you!" How often, when lying down to slumber, have we felt Thee breathe upon us Thy sweet blessing, and heard Thee say, "Peace be to you!" How often, when waking at midnight, have we seen Thee standing by us, and heard Thee whisper, "Even the hairs of your head are all numbered!" And do we not hear Thy voice still always saying, "I will never leave you nor forsake you!" O most tender Jesus! "there is none on earth to be compared to Thee," and none in heaven.—Never was love like Thine. Thou art "The Lamb of God." Thou art "The Husband" of Thy people. Thy love "passeth knowledge."

V. Never can we fully know the immutability of the love of Christ. What is there in the universe but God that hath not changed either for the better or for the worse? Search and see, and you shall find that God alone is immutable; God alone

hath "no shadow of turning." Now, the love which we speak of is not simply human, but human and divine; therefore it is, like God, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Some dare to deny this, but we can defy them all to prove that Christ's love has ever changed in the very least degree toward any on whom He has set it. Mark, there is a difference between the love of pity and the love of complacency. I can easily prove from Scripture that God loves *all men* with the love of *pity*; but none can prove that He loves all men with the love of complacency. In this the Bible is our only book of reference, and from that none can prove that Christ ever changes, while all may learn that Christ never changes. "I am the Lord, *I change not*; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

Oh, what grandeur there is in such immutable love! What is it like unto?—Not to the sea, for that doth smile or frown as sunshine or shadows sweep over it, and doth murmur or roar as the winds roughen it, or roll it into raging billows; but to a mighty mountain, whose white summit stands far up in heaven. Down below, snows are falling, and then melting; clouds are brightening, and then darkening; thunders are sleeping, and then echoing.—But above, all is calm, still—the same for ever. Oh, I glory in such immutable love!

It is easy to change the love of man.—A little unkindness will sometimes do it. But not all the unkindness in the power of man to show can change the love of Christ. Time can change our affection for others into indifference; but not all the ages of eternity can abate anything of the fervency of Christ's love. Peter—whom Christ called to be an apostle—delivered from death, and saved from hell—who saw Christ walking in power on the waves of Galilee transfigured in glory on the summit of Tabor, and travailing in sorrow in the garden of Gethsemane—thrice, with oaths and curses, denied his Lord. But did Christ change towards him? Ah, no!—He prayed for him, and freely forgave him all. And we, too, change towards Jesus every day; our love is always ebbing and flowing; but His is still the same to us—

"Often I feel a grateful heart
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;
 But though I have Him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not."

The mother who bore me may forget me,
 but the Saviour who died for me never
 can. Sooner will He forget Himself:—

"Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee!"

O Christian! here is a rock for thy feet,
 and a staff for thy hand, and a pillow
 for thy head, and a song for thy lips, and
 a hope for thy heart, and rest for thy soul
 —*Christ's immutable love!*

"Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, firm as death."

IV. Now, as to the *value* of the love of Christ. The same thing is often differently valued by different persons. Sometimes one man cares little or nothing about what another values highly. Too often we esteem what is worthless more than what is precious, and give the precious in exchange for the worthless. Did not Esau sell his birthright for a mess of pottage? Did not Judas sell his Master for thirty pieces of silver? And have not thousands sold heaven for this world? Alas for man's ignorance! He knows but little about the *true* value of anything. Who knows the value of health till he loses it? Who knows the value of life till it is gone? And who can tell the value of the love of Christ till it is lost for ever!

Ah, me, that men should despise God's gifts because they are so common; and Christ's love because it is so free. If man's noblest work is not to be compared with God's lowliest work,—if Solomon in all his glory was not to be compared with one of God's lilies, surely man's love is not to be compared with Christ's love, surely man's warmest, strongest, highest love is nought, when compared with Christ's least affection. Oh, why will you any longer overvalue the love of your fellow-men, and undervalue the love of the Lord Jesus?

Consider now.—What is Christ's love really worth? First tell me what Christ is worth Himself, and then you may be able better to tell me what His love is worth;

for as sure as heaven is above earth, he that has Christ's love as his own, has Christ also.

Surely the love of Christ is all we need. The love of Christ is a sweet cure for every disease of man! A deep fountain from which all blessings of grace flow out! A great treasury in which all heaven is hid! And a broad ocean of life and glory everlasting! So precious is it, that all the riches of time and eternity cannot purchase it; yet so free, that the poorest child that ever breathed may have it. So precious is it, that all the pains of poverty, misery and damnation cannot merit it; yet so free, that the vilest sinner that ever wept in penitence may receive it. A king of empires without this love is poorer than a beggar with it; and a beggar with it is richer than an angel without it. Whoever has this love, has everything; whoever has not this love has nothing. Surely, its value "passeth knowledge."

VII. Lastly, you can never know the *end* of the love of Christ. All things earthly have their end. Death blights the flowers of summer with the breath of autumn, and buries them in the grave of winter; they have their end. Death cuts short our few hours of light and shadow with sunset, and carries us away in darkness; we have our end.

But beyond! there is no death! Hell is not death, but is the grave where sin and misery are buried together alive; and heaven is not death, but is the temple where holiness and joy rest by the river of life everlasting. And is the love of Jesus everlasting? *Everlasting?* What! has it no end! *No end? No end? None!* Great God! this "passeth knowledge." Great God! oh, teach me this; for ever teach me this; for ever teach me this; for ever.—Amen.

I close, Christian, put on this easy yoke—"the love of Christ *constraineth* us." Oh, carry this light burden—this winged burden; carry it, and it shall carry thee! "The love of Christ *constraineth* us!" Let it take off your chains, and make you a slave for life. Let it constrain you against your will, and with your will. Let it be deadly poison to your sins, and strong food to your soul. Let it slay you daily, and keep you alive for ever. "The love of Christ *constraineth* us."

Unforgiven sinner! may I say a word to you? Christ says, "Whosoever the cause is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Now mark! Whosoever the crime is, there will the curses be gathered together; and wherever the crime of crimes is, there will the curse of curses hover over. You ask, "What is the crime of crimes, to which God binds the curse of curses?" Let God Himself answer you—"If any man move not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be ANATHEMA MARAN-ATHA!" I dare not add anything but, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—
 [From a Volume of Sermons published by Robert Carter & Bro.

Past Defects.

"O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God: O our God, what shall we say after this?"—EZRA ix. 6, 10.

To deliver sermons on each returning Sabbath; to administer the Lord's Supper steadily; to pay an occasional visit to those who request it; to attend religious meetings; this, we fear, sums up the ministerial life of multitudes who are, by profession, overseers of the flock of Christ.—An incumbency of thirty, or forty, or fifty years, often yields no more than this. So many sermons, so many sacraments, so many visits, so many meetings of various kinds! These are all the pastoral annals, the parish records, the ALL of a lifetime to many. Of souls that have been saved, such a record could make no mention; for, in all likelihood, such a thing was never thought of, never seriously desired, and, therefore, never attained. Multitudes of souls have perished under such ministry; the judgment only will discover whether so much as one has been saved. There might be a learning, but there was no 'tongue of the learned to speak a word in season to him that is weary.' There might be wisdom, but it certainly was not the wisdom that "winneth souls." There might even be the sound of the Gospel, but it seemed to contain no glad tidings at all; it was not sounded forth from warm lips into startled ears as the message of eternal life—"The glorious gospel of the blessed God." Men lived, and it was never asked of them by their ministers, whether they were born again! Men sickened,

sent for the minister, and received a prayer upon their death-beds, as their passports into heaven. Men died, and were buried, where all their fathers had been laid; there was a prayer at their funeral, and decent respects to their remains; but their souls went up to the judgment-seat unthought of, uncared for; no man not even the minister who had vowed to watch for them, having said to them, Are you ready?—or warned them to flee from the wrath to come.

Is not this description too true of many a district and many a minister in our land? We do not speak in anger; we do not speak in scorn; we ask the question solemnly and earnestly. It needs an answer. If ever there was a time when there should be "great searchings of heart," and frank acknowledgement of unfaithfulness, it is now when God is visiting us; visiting us both in judgment and mercy. We speak in brotherly-kindness; surely the answer should not be of wrath and bitterness. And if this description be true, what sin must there be in ministers and people; how great must be the spiritual desolation that prevails!—Surely there is something in such a case grievously wrong, something which calls for self-examination, in every minister, something which requires deep repentance.

Fields ploughed and sown, yet yielding no fruit! Machinery constantly in motion yet all without one particle of produce!—Nets cast in the sea, and spread wide, yet no fishes enclosed! All this for years—for a lifetime! How strange! Yet it is true. There is neither fancy nor exaggeration in the matter. Question some ministers;—and what other account can they give? They can tell you of sermons 'preached,' but of sermons 'bled' they can say nothing. They can speak of discourses that were admired and praised but of discourses that have been made, effectual by the Holy spirit, they cannot speak. They can tell you how many have been baptized, how many communicants admitted; but of souls awakened, converted, ripening in grace, they can give no account. They can enumerate the sacraments they have dispensed, but as to whether any of them have been "times of refreshing," or times of awakening, they cannot say. They can tell you what and how many cases of dis-

cipline have passed through their hands; but whether any of these have issued in godly sorrow for sin whether the professed penitents, who were absolved by them, gave evidence of being, "washed and sanctified, and justified," they can give no information; they never thought of such an issue! They can tell what is the attendance at school, and what are the abilities of the teacher; but how many of these precious little ones, whom they have vowed to feed, are seeking the Lord, they know not; or whether their teacher be a man of prayer and piety, they cannot say. They can tell you the population of their parish or the number of their congregation, or the temporal condition of their flocks; but as to their spiritual state, how many have been awakened from the sleep of death, how many are followers of God as dear children, they cannot pretend to say. Perhaps they would deem it rashness and presumption, if not fanaticism, to inquire. And yet they have sworn, before men and angels, to watch for their souls, as they that must give account! But ah what use are sermons, sacraments, schools, if souls are left to perish; if living religion be lost sight of; if the Holy Spirit be not sought; if men are left to grow up and die unpitied, unprayed for, unwarned!

It was so in other days. Our fathers really watched and preached for souls.— They asked and they expected a blessing. Nor were they denied it. They were blessed in turning many to righteousness.— Their lives record their successful labors. How refreshing the lives of those who lived only for the glory of God and the good of souls! There is something in their history that compels us to feel that they were ministers of Christ, true watchmen! How cheering to read of Baxter, and his labors at Kidderminster! How solemn to hear of Venn, and his preaching, in regard to which, it is said, that men "fell before him like glaked lime!" And in the much-blessed labors of that man of God, the apostolic Whitefield, is there not much to humble us, as well as to stimulate! Of Tanner, who was himself awakened under Whitefield, we read that he seldom preached one sermon in vain! Of Berridge and Hicks, we are told that, in their missionary tours throughout England, they were blest, in one year, to awaken four thousand souls!

O for these days again! O for one day of Whitefield again!

Thus one has written.—"The language we have been accustomed to adopt is this; we must use the means, and leave the event to God; we can do no more than employ the means; this is our duty, and having done this, we must leave the rest to him who is the disposer of all things."—Such language sounds well, for it seems to be an acknowledgement of our own nothingness, and to savor of submission to God's sovereignty; but it is only sound: it has not really any substance in it, for though there is truth stamped on the face of it, there is falsehood at the root of it.—To talk of submission to God's sovereignty is one thing; but really to submit to it is another, and quite a different thing. Really to submit to God's sovereign disposal, does always necessarily involve the deep renunciation of our own will in the matter concerned; and such a renunciation of the will can never be effected without a soul being brought through very severe and trying exercises of an inward and a most humbling nature. Therefore, if whilst we are quietly satisfied in using the means without obtaining the end, and this costs us no such painful inward exercises and deep humbling as that alluded, we think that we are leaving the affair to God's disposal—we deceive ourselves and the truth (in this matter) is not in us. No; really to give anything to God, implies that *the will* which is emphatically *the heart* has been set on *that thing*; and if *the heart* has indeed been set on the salvation of sinners, as the end to be answered by the means we use, we cannot possibly give up that end, without as was before observed, the heart being severely exercised and deeply pained by the renunciation of the will involved in it. When, therefore, we can be quietly content to use the means for saving souls, without seeing them saved thereby, it is because there is no renunciation of the will that is, no real giving up to God in the affair: the fact is, the will, that is, *the heart*, had never really been set upon this end: if it had, it could not possibly give up such an end without being broken by the sacrifice. When we can thus be satisfied, to use the means without obtaining the end, and speak of it as though we were submitting to the Lord's disposal, we use

a truth to hide a falsehood, exactly in the same way that those formalists in religion do, who continue in forms and duties without going beyond them, though they know that they will not save them, and who, when they are warned of their danger, and earnestly entreated to seek the Lord with all the heart, reply by telling us they know they must repent and believe, but that they cannot do either the one or the other of themselves, and they must wait till God gives them grace to do so. Now, this is a truth, absolutely considered; yet most of us can see that they are using it as a falsehood, to cover and excuse a great insincerity of heart. We can readily perceive that if their hearts were really set upon salvation, they could not rest satisfied without it. Their contentedness is the result, not of heart-submission to God, but in reality of heart-indifference to the salvation of their own souls. Exactly so with us ministers; when we can rest satisfied with using the means for saving souls without seeing them really saved, or we ourselves being broken-hearted by it, and at the same time quietly talk of leaving the event to God's disposal, we make use of a truth to cover and excuse a falsehood; for our ability to leave the matter thus is not, as we imagine, the result of heart-submission to God, but of heart-indifference to the salvation of the souls we deal with. No, truly; if the heart is really set on such an end, it must gain that end or break in losing it."

He that saved our souls has taught us to weep over the unsaved. Lord, let that mind be to us that was in Thee! Give us Thy tears to weep; for, Lord, our hearts are hard toward our fellows. We can see thousands perish around us, and our sleep never be disturbed; no vision of their awful doom ever scaring us, no cry from their lost souls ever turning our peace into bitterness.

It is told of Archbishop Usher that, at one period of his life, he used on Saturday afternoon to go alone to the river side, and there sorrowfully recount his sins, and confess and bewail them to the Lord with floods of tears. Is this not fitted to reprove many, many of us? And even where we lament our sins, how many of us go apart oftentimes to weep over lost souls, to cry to the Lord for them to implore, to

beseech, to agonise with them in their behalf! Where is the water-side aside which our eyes have poured out streams in our intense compassion for the perishing! Do we believe there is an everlasting Hell!—an everlasting hell for every Christless soul? And yet we are languid, formal, easy in dealing with and for the multitudes that are near the gate of that tremendous furnace of wrath! Our families, our schools, our congregations, not to speak of our cities at large, our land, our world, might well send us daily to our knees; for the loss of even one soul is terrible beyond conception. Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered the heart of man, what a soul in hell must suffer forever.—Lord! give us bowels of mercies! "What a mystery! The soul and eternity of one man depends upon the voice of another!" — *Words to the Winners of Souls.*

A Fearful Dream.

Some ninety years ago, there flourished in Glasgow, a club of young men, which from the extreme profligacy of its members, and the licentiousness of their orgies, was commonly called the "Hell Club." Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held one grand annual saturnalia, in which each tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy. On those occasions there was no star among them whose lurid light was more conspicuous than that of young Archibald B——, who, endowed with brilliant talents and a handsome person, had given great promise in his boyhood, and raised hopes which had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless dissipation.

One morning, after returning from this annual festival, Archibald B——, having retired to bed, dreamed the following dream:

He fancied that he was himself mounted on a favourite black horse that he always rode, and that he was proceeding towards his own house—then a country seat, embowered by trees, and situated upon a hill, now entirely built over, and forming part of the city—when a stranger whom the darkness of the night prevented his distinctly descrying, suddenly seized his horse's rein, saying, "you must go with me."

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young

man, with a volley of oaths, whilst he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see bye-and-bye," returned the other, in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth; who, plunging his spurs into his horse, attempted to fly, but in vain—however fast the animal flew, the stranger was beside him, till at length, in his desperate efforts to escape, the rider was thrown; but, instead of being dashed to the earth, as he expected, he found himself falling, falling still, as if sinking into the bowels of the earth. At length a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to enquire of his companion, who was still beside him, whither they were going. "Where am I. Where are you taking me?" he exclaimed.

"To hell!" replied the stranger; and immediately interminable echoes repeated the fearful sound, "To hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared, which soon increased into a blaze; but instead of the cries, and groans, and lamenting, the terrified traveller expected, nothing met his ear but sounds of music, mirth, and jollity; and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands. Within, too, what a scene!—No amusement, employment, or pursuit of man on earth, but was here being carried on with a vehemence that excited his unutterable amazement. There the young and lovely still swam through the mazes of the giddy dance. There, the panting steed bore his brutal rider through the excitement of the goaded race. There, over the midnight bowl, the intemperate still, drawled out the wanton song, or maudlin blasphemy. The gambler plied for ever his endless game, and the slaves of mammon toiled through eternity at their bitter task; whilst all the magnificence of earth passed before that which now met his view. He soon perceived that he was among old acquaintances, whom he knew to be dead; and each, he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was that had formerly engrossed him; when, finding himself relieved of the presence of his unwelcome companion, he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D——, whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth absorbed at loo, requesting her to rest from the game, and in-

troduce him to the pleasures of the place, which appeared to him to be very unlike what he had expected, and indeed an extremely agreeable one. But with a cry of agony she answered that there was no rest in hell: that they must ever toil on at those very pleasures; and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults, "There is no rest in hell!" Whilst, throwing open their vest, each disclosed his bosom, an ever burning flame! In the midst of the horror this scene inspired, his conductor returned, and at his earnest entreaty, restored him again to earth; but as he quitted him, he said, "Remember in a year and a day we meet again!"

At this crisis of his dream, the sleeper awoke, feverish and ill; and, whether from the effects of the dream, or his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days; during which period he had time for many reflections, which terminated in a resolution to abandon his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well, however, than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their society; and having wrung from him a confession, the cause of his defection, which as may be supposed, appeared to them eminently ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolutions. He joined them again, resumed his former course of life, and when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with his glass in his hand at the table; when the president, rising to make his accustomed speech, began by saying, "Gentlemen, this being leap year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary, &c." The words struck upon the young man's ear like a knell; but ashamed to expose his weakness to the jeers of his companions, he sat out the feast, plying himself with wine even more liberally than usual, in order to drown his intrusive thoughts till in the gloom of a winter's morning, he mounted his horse to ride home. Some time after, the horse was found quietly grazing by the road side, about half-way between the city and B.'s house, while a few yards off lay the corpse of his master, a melancholy monument of the truth of the word, "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be

destroyed and that without remedy."—Prov. xxix. 1.

Dear Reader, if you are unsaved what a warning this tale brings to you. Will you not stop, and think,—for you are nearer hell every day. Yes, wherever you are, and whatever you are engaged in you are travelling thither. When you are sleeping you are porting thither. When you take a journey of pleasure you are still advancing on that other journey. When you are laughing and talking or in the full enjoyment of your sin, you are still hurrying on. You have never stopped since you began to live. You never stand a moment to take breath. You are nearer hell this day than yesterday. Oh, stop and think. God is pleading hard with you now. "Choose you this day whom you will serve." Come to this very instant, as you read these words, to Jesus. "Flee from the wrath to come" "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

GOOD NEWS.

BY RALPH ERSKINE.

Here is good news and glad tidings to all people that hear this gospel, that all things relating to the new heaven and the new earth are of God:—

Good news to the hardened, unconvinced sinner; conviction is of God, who promised to send His Spirit to convince the world of sin:—

Good news to you that are not yet regenerated; regeneration is of God, who of His own will begets us, by the word of truth. O friends, cast yourselves down at the foot-tool of sovereign grace, reigning through the righteousness of Christ to eternal life.

Here is good news to the polluted sinner, purification and sanctification is of God in Christ. "The God of peace can sanctify you wholly. I am the Lord that sanctifyeth you."

Here is good news to miserable wretched sinners; redemption is of God in Christ, who of God is made to you wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption:—

Good news to the weak, and impotent

soul, that can do nothing; for prayer and ability is of God in Christ, who says "He giveth power to infants, and to him that hath no might He increaseth strength:"—

Good news to the weary and restless; soul-rest is of God in Christ, who says—"Come to me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest:"—

Good news to the unbelieving soul, plagued with an evil heart of unbelief, that faith is of God; it is the gift of God in Christ who is the author and finisher of it:—

Good news to the impenitent and hard-hearted sinner, that sees the stony heart will not break; the new heart and the heart of flesh is of God, the penitent heart is of God, Who exalted Christ to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins.

Here is good news to the soul diseased, and overrun with all spiritual maladies; health and healing is of God in Christ, whose name is JEHOVAH-ROPHI, "I am the Lord that healeth thee:"—

Good news to the black, deformed soul, all blackened, as it were, by the smoke of hell; beauty is of God, who says "Though ye have lien among the pots, ye shall be as the wings of a dove, covered over with silver, and her feathers of yellow gold:"—

Good news are here to the tempted soul, tossed with the horrid suggestions of Satan; the way to escape is God in Christ, the God of peace, that shall bruise Satan under your feet:—

Good news to the harrassed, distressed, and oppressed soul, sighing under some heavy burden; relief is of God, who is a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble; your time of heed is His time of pity, who is the burden-bearer; "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

THE RICH CHILD.—A little East Indian girl, who had attended the mission school at Bellary, said a day or two before her death: "Mother I am going; God bless you!" Her mother rejoined, "My poor child!" She replied, "No, mother, rich; I am going to my Father in heaven."

The Shade of the Tree of Life.

"As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."—*Song of Solomon*, ii. 3.

Come hither weary soul,
And drop thy burden here,
Thou seekest to be whole,
And I can tell thee where
Upon the high-way side there grows
A Tree that health human woes.

Upon the road it stands,
To catch a pilgrim's eye,
And spreads its leafy hands,
To beckon pilgrims nigh;
Breathes forth a gale of pure delight,
And charms the humble traveller's sight.

Its friendly arms afford,
A screen from heat and blast,
Its branches are well stored,
With fruit of choicest taste;
And in its leaf kind juices dwell,
Which sore and sickness quickly heal.

Yet stand not looking on
The branches of this tree;
Walk under and sit down,
Or sure it helps not thee.
Beneath it rest thine aching side,
And in that resting-place abide.

BRIDGES.

SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.—It was a noble and beautiful answer that our Queen gave to an African Prince, who sent an embassy with costly presents, and asked her to tell him the secret of England's greatness. Our beloved Queen sent him—not the number of her fleet, not the number of her armies, not the account of her boundless merchandise, not the details of her inexhaustible wealth. She did not, like Hozekiah, in an evil hour, show the ambassador her diamonds and her costly jewels, and her rich ornaments, but handing him a beautiful bound copy of the BIBLE, she said, "Tell the Prince that THIS IS THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS."

Awakened Sinners.

May I be allowed here to point out an error into which many good ministers have fallen in their treatment of awakened sinners? In answer to the inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?"—they have urged immediate repentance, and instant submission to God, almost to the neglect of faith in Christ. It was so when I was young, and it had like to have been my ruin. I somehow got the impression that I must repent first, and then come to Christ; that after I had repented, and not till then could I accept of Christ as my Saviour.—Repent first; then believe.—This all arose from the undue prominence given to repentance. But I soon found that I could no more repent, i. e., exercise the repentance of the Gospel, than I could make a world. This perplexed and discouraged me for many months, and almost drove me to despair. I learned from Dr. Dwight that I might go to Christ immediately, without having first gone through the process of repentance. If I only desired to be saved from sin, and was willing to be saved by Christ, and to be his forever, I might go to him at once, this very minute, and be saved. If I found it hard to repent, i. e., to come up fully to that state of mind which the word repentance denotes, I might go to Christ for repentance as for every other blessing. He is exalted at God's right hand to give repentance, as well as remission of sins, Acts, v. 31. This opened a new view to my bewildered soul. It was like life from the dead. It seemed too good news to be true. It met my case exactly. It was, however, long before I could fully realize it. In proportion as I have realized this fundamental truth, has been my life and comfort as a Christian. Many others, I have no doubt, have been troubled in the same way.

The fact is—faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and not repentance, is the grand condition of the Gospel salvation, but repentance is as legal, and as impossible as salvation by one's morality, or good works. Repentance, indeed, is necessary, so are good works; but both repentance and good works, and everything else that is morally good, are sure to follow a believing application to Christ. I would have repentance preached, and instant submission to God, till a deep

conviction of helplessness and ruin is wrought in the sinner's mind. Then when he asks, "What must I do to be saved?" direct him to Christ as a Saviour ready to receive him just as he is, and able to deliver him from his sinful heart, as well as from the wrath to come!—*An Old Minister.*

“Only Believe.”

A YOUNG MAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION.

At last, when I had lost all hope, these words were deeply impressed on my mind, "Believe on the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and thou shalt be saved." I cried out in an agony, What is believing? What is real scriptural faith? Lord teach me! I know nothing! I can do nothing! If thou save me not, I perish!

It was then brought to my mind—"Cast all thy care upon Him!" I cried, Lord, the burden of sin is all my care, and may I cast this upon Thee? Wilt Thou receive such a sinner? I know Thou art able to save me, and Thy blood is sufficient to atone. But art Thou indeed willing?

It came into my heart—"Only believe," I felt a rising hope, and cried, I will. But my sins stared me in the face, and I thought, Oh it is impossible! My sins have been so secret so complicated. It came to me again—"Only believe." I thought it cannot be now. It must repent more—be more earnest. I is impossible He should be so merciful, to forgive all my sins now. It was applied a third time

—"Only believe." I said, Lord, help me to believe, and to cast my soul upon Thy free mercy. Let me know that I am indeed born of Thee: that I do believe to the saving of my soul. I have nothing to plead; but Jesus came to save sinners, even the lost, I am lost! Thou hast said, Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. I am weary and heavy laden; I come; therefore, the promise is for me.

Whilst I was thus pleading, I was enabled to venture my soul upon my Redeemer, with an assured confidence in His promises. Then I was happy indeed. His love was shed abroad in my heart; and those precious words were applied, He that loveth, is born of God. Now, if I had had a thousand souls, I could have trusted Him with them all. I found a real change in my heart, I was a new creature. I was a child of God.

Dead and Drifting.

(Eph. ii 1, 2.)

1. Standing by some deep river's bank, I am startled by the sight of a human form floating slowly past. It shows no gash or rent, or mark of violence, nothing to tell me at first sight that life is long since gone. As I watch for it a little I mark it whirling in the eddies, or gliding in the cataracts, but ever drifting with the stream. Now, it seems to rise, and now it seems to plunge, but only as the current shallows, or takes a leap. Immediately I conclude that life's struggles are all over, and it is only the drifting of a corpse to its last grave in the engulfing sea.

Brother! are you, 'walking according to the course of this world?' Then you are "dead in trespasses and sins." You may not have the brand of a felon on your brow; you may show no ghastly rent in your outward character; but if you are only idly floating in the stream of this world's fashion, or gliding in the rapids of this world's gait, or drifting in the stream of this world's sin God sees you to be a *dead soul* borne on the stream of time into the dark ocean of eternity.

2. Walking in the clear moonlight I see a shadow ever and anon flitting across my path. It comes and goes with a bird-like swiftness and ease and grace. I walk on somewhat perplexed, until I catch sight of the moving thing. The dim light scarcely allows me to make out its shape; but as I watch its movements I see it now whirling helplessly in the air, now rolling along the path, and at length dropping helplessly into the wayside ditch. At once I gather it is after all no living thing, but only a withered branch or a parted leaf tossed idly in the autumn breeze.

Brother! are you walking "according to the prince of the power of the air?" Then are you dead in the sight of God. In the dim twilight you have the semblance of life. You are whirled high in the gusts of this world's passion, you are wafted and tossed in the shifting breeze, of this world's gait, or you are floating calmly in the atmosphere of this world's sin; but in God's sight to live only thus is to be dead. You are a withered branch torn from the living tree, and the breath of this world in which

we move and turn will waft you at the last into devouring fire. The "power of the air" is moving you, the gusts of this world are ever changing and shifting you, but you yourself are dead.

Brother! it is no strange thing for God to "quicken the dead." If we know not this, we have lived last year in vain.—Many a soul not long since drifting in a deep-sleep, "secure, insensible," has felt the stirrings of the "breath of life," and having been drawn from the water, is now on the highway to glory, singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. Many a branch, dry and cossed before, has, by the Spirit, been engrafted into the living side of Christ, and is now rooted eternally in him, to live by his rich fulness, and to bear golden fruit to God. What hindereth this with you! Why should you remain in death when the Life-Giver is near you? Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.

R. W.

The Sense of Unfitness.

At a recent Sunday-School Convention in one of the Eastern States, a clergyman took occasion to speak of the reluctance which many professed Christians cherish toward the work of teaching, on the ground, as they say, of their unfitness. He illustrated the matter by a leaf from his own experience to this effect: "Soon after I began to hope that I was a Christian, and had united with the Church, a venerable, pious, old lady, one day talking of my plans for future life, asked me if I should not like to prepare myself for the ministry. I replied, with some hesitation, that I had thought of it, but was discouraged from it, because I was not *fit*. Her countenance became very solemn, and after a few minutes she looked at me with a kind penetrating gaze, and said "Well, think a great deal more of your unfitness than you ever have done: pray that the Lord would show it to you more and more, that you may learn it all: and then, when you find that you are ten times more unfit, than you have ever supposed possible, then you will be *just fit* to prepare for the ministry.' The good mother in Israel has long gone to her rest; but before she went, she bequeathed a precious legacy, to me, if there are any

in this Convention who have ever excused themselves from being teachers, on the plea of not *fit*. I wish they might hear the Christian woman saying to them, "Think a great deal more of your unfitness; pray that it may be shown to you clearly; and then when you find you are ten times more unfit than you have ever supposed possible, then you will be *just fit* to become a model teacher."—*Intelligencer*.

The Child Colporteur.

"Please, mother, may I be a *real* colporteur? may I mother, please?" asked a little boy, looking earnestly into his mother's face.

"A *real* colporteur, Eben, what do you mean?"

"Why, the other day, mother, when I stayed at home sick, I played at colporteur; shall I show you how, mother? Just suppose, Mother, that you are a poor woman in a cottage, and I will come in."

Eben went out, his mother sewed on, when, by and by, a knock at the door was heard. "Come in," said she. The door was opened, and in walked the little fellow, with his old great-coat on, and a bag of books slung over his shoulders.

"Would you please to like a good Christian book, ma'am?" said the little colporteur; "one that would do your heart good?"

"I do not know; what books have you got, my little man?"

"Oh, I'll tell you about them, then you'll be very thankful I've come." He took down his bag, and opened it. "Here is 'Little Henry and his Bearer.' Little Henry was a white heathen; he did not know about God: he was very naughty.—Neither his father nor his mother told him about Jesus. He was left to his poor heathen bearer, who taught him to worship idols. By and by, a young lady from England, told him of the love of Jesus in coming down from heaven to die for sinners, and then little Henry told his bearer. He told him how Jesus loved the poor heathen and died to save them. Then his bearer became a Christian too. Then he was happy: he was not happy before. I think you had better take this book, ma'am."

"But suppose I am *too poor* to buy?"

"Then you shall have it for nothing.— Please take it for nothing."

"There, mother," Eben exclaimed, taking off his cap, "cannot I be a *real* colporteur? Why, mother," he went on to say, while a deep seriousness overspread his face, "there are a great many very wicked people about this street. The little children swear awfully. I asked them if they had any good books, and they said, 'No.' Is not this a good place for a colporteur, mother? and ought we not to do something for them? Could I not be a colporteur, mother? I am not too young, am I?"

"Where can you get books and papers, Eben?" asked his mother.

"I have got some of my own, Jane and Susan will give me a few, and perhaps you and father will help. Don't you think mother, that we can spare some of our books? we have read them through and through; and *ought* we not to try and do good with them?" The mother was very much pleased with the plan, and when her little boy begged to begin next Saturday afternoon, she gave her consent. How interested was Eben collecting and assorting his little books; "this would do best," and "that had the ten commandments in it," and another was about lying; he looked them all over, and could tell what each was about. When Saturday afternoon came, his mother thought he might forget it, for his brothers loved play, and always wanted Eben to go with them; but no, Eben took no interest in bat and ball upon the common; he had another plan which he liked better; so he packed up his little books and set forth.

"Good-bye, Mr. Colporteur," exclaimed Jane. His mother took a tender interest in all his proceedings; she did not hinder him, for she thought haply the Lord had sent him, and when she watched him going out, looking so much in earnest, she bade him "God-speed," and prayed that God's blessing might rest on her child, and bless these humble attempts at doing good.

Eben was gone a long time, and when at last he returned, he had many things to tell. "Why, mother," said he, "all the mothers were as glad as could be, and some of the little children that could not read, I read to them. There was one big boy, who swore, mother," said the child, fixing his large eyes upon her; "I told him about

the third commandment. I told him God would punish swearers, I told him I would bring him a book about it.

Was not this mission of a child-colporteur a beautiful one? I have thought how many nurseries and bookcases there are in Christian homes piled up with books, read and re-read for the last time, laid aside which might be threading their way to the alleys of ignorance and sin; and I have wondered if children, dear Christian children, in their simplicity and earnestness, might not go forth to the poor homes in their neighborhood, and carry the bread and water of life.

THE LITTLE FRENCH CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S PRAYER.

A Sunday school teacher, knowing that all the boys in his class were much occupied during the week, feared much that prayer was sometimes neglected: He spoke to them earnestly one Sabbath on the importance of prayer. At the close, he asked a little boy of ten years of age, who led a very uncomfortable life in the service of a master sweep, "And do you ever pray?"

"Oh yes, monsieur."

"And when do you do it? You go out early in the morning, do you not?"

"Yes, monsieur; and we are only half awake when we leave the house. I think about God, but I cannot say I pray then."

When then?"

"You see, monsieur, our master orders us to mount the chimney very quickly, but he lets us take a little rest when we are at the top. Then I sit upon the top of the chimney and pray."

"And what do you say?"

"Ah, monsieur! very little! I know no grand words to speak to God. Mostly I only repeat a verse that I have learned at school."

"And what is that verse, my dear boy!"

"God be merciful to me a sinner," was the simple but beautiful reply. Thus showing that the teacher had not laboured in vain.

THE GOOD NEWS.

February 1st, 1861.

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.

Christ is very precious to His people.—

This is the testimony of the Apostle Peter. "Unto them who believe He is precious,"—1 Peter ii. 7. It is the testimony of all saints, in all ages, and every land. It was the testimony of Abraham who rejoiced to see his day, and who saw it and was glad. It was the testimony of Job, who looking through the vista of ages, in joyful assurance, said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body; yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another." It was the testimony of Moses who thought Him so precious that to suffer reproach for His name was, in his estimation, greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. It was the testimony of David, of Solomon, of Isaiah, of Paul and of innumerable saints who have declared not only with their lips, but by their lives, in fatigues, in perils, in losses, in disappointments and in death that none but Christ was dear unto them.

Though Scripture and biography testify that Christ is precious to all His people, yet there are times, or occasions in the believers experience, when He is more precious than others. He is unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; but the feelings and frames of believers are so fitful, and changeable that they are not always able to realize that He is equally precious. The sun in the firmament is steady, and always shining. There is no change in it, but sometimes through clouds and mists that rise from the earth, his light and heat are unable to reach us. So it is with the believer. Christ is the sun in the

firmament. He is constantly shining, but through the clouds and mists that arise through our perversity and sin we cannot steadily experience His genial rays beaming in upon our soul. There are seasons however, when the believer enjoys the preciousness of Christ in more than a common degree.

One season is at and immediately after
Conversion.

At this season the believer experiences a gush of new feeling, new delights, new desires, new hopes, and new purposes, which find their source and their centre in Christ. Just before his conversion he felt himself a lost sinner. God's Spirit had opened his eyes to see the sinfulness of his past life had revealed the justice, and holiness of God, had pointed out the eternal consequences of his guilty career, and had, as it were, shaken him over the mouth of hell till he cried out in the anguish of his heart, "Oh wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from this body of death." At this time, when all hope seemed to be lost, when no way of escape seemed to open, when almost driven to despair, the Lord Jesus sent a servant to him to say, "Look unto me and be ye saved." This was good news to him. He looked at Christ as He suffered, and he felt that He suffered for him. He looked at Christ as He stands at the right hand of God making intercession for his people, and he felt that He made intercession for him. And as he looked, the burden of guilt fell off his back, the clouds that had hid God's face were dispelled, and a joy such as he never felt before took possession of his soul. He was delighted with the deliverance, and enraptured with the deliverer. Christ who had broken his shackles and made him go free. Christ who had plucked him as a brand from the burning and planted him in the garden of the Lord. Christ who had shut the mouth of hell and opened the gates of heaven, became to him the "chiefest

among ten thousand," and "altogether lovely." Christ became the object of his love, the centre of his thoughts, the subject of his conversation. Christ was his all and all, exceeding precious.

Another season when Christ is precious to His people is in the hour of

Affliction.

The brightness of a gem is seen to best advantage when placed in darkest setting, so the preciousness of Christ is seen most markedly in the hour of deepest distress and trouble. Then when we need a friend and when all others may turn away from us, He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Yea, one reason why affliction is sent may be to teach us the value of Christ, for just as we know not the preciousness of a friend till our adversity tries him, so we know not the preciousness of Christ till we experience His sympathy and succour in distress.

But to be more minute, Christ is precious in affliction by *His example*. The example of others in suffering has an important influence in enabling us to endure our afflictions with fortitude and courage.

So with the example of Christ. When He was on the earth, He was a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Though he was without the sinfulness, yet He was not without the infirmities of men, hence he endured the pains, the distresses and the sufferings common to them. And

just in proportion as His nature was more noble and elevated than mans, so His sorrows must have been more exquisite, must

have cut more keen, must have penetrated more deeply than his. Yet in the midst of all his afflictions He murmured not,—

He complained not. He was sometimes thirsty, and hungry, and weary, He had

not a place whereon to lay his head. He was laughed at and mocked. He was

tempted by Satan and buffeted by wicked men. He endured the agonies of Gathse-

mane and the pangs of the cross of Calvary. In His experience, a world's misery was concentrated in a single life-time, and on a single head. But he endured it because it was His Father's will. Now Christ's example in this respect is precious to us. Shall we complain of poverty while we see Jesus, who was eternally rich, for our sake voluntarily becoming poor. Shall we fret and murmur at our condition, when He had not where to lay His head, and shall we complain of pains, or sickness, or distress, when He bore the pangs and sorrows all for us?

Christ is precious in the hour of affliction by

His Promises.

When pain, poverty, crosses, disappointments and insults lead the soul to the throne of Grace, then the promises which are all yea and amen in Christ, are exceeding precious. These promises may have been often read, and their value not apprehended, but in the hour of affliction they fit in, and their preciousness is discovered. Thus when a man is reduced to poverty, having enough for to-day, but dark for to-morrow; when he becomes afraid of want, the Lord spreads before him a precious promise, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." When a man is perplexed and knows not how to turn, the Lord spreads a precious promise, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not. I will lead them in paths that they have not known. I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." These and other promises are like spars thrown to a drowning man. They are clutched, when there is no other foundation to stand upon, and are precious supports to lean upon when tossed on the billows of life.

Christ is precious to His people by

His Fidelity.

In this He is very unlike man. Man stands by us while the sun shines brightly, and the gale blows auspiciously, and our bark is making a successful and prosperous voyage, but as soon as clouds overhang and winds oppose, and the billows of trouble and affliction sweep over us, they then leave us to the swelling surge. But it is not so with Christ. Like a friend *indeed*, He is always a friend *in need*. Though He may allow our frail and puny bark to be tempest-tossed, till our hearts melt with fear, yet through the gloom and darkness, we will hear His voice saying, "*Be not afraid, it is I.*" At the nick of time. At the moment of extremity, He will manifest Himself by working out deliverances for us. No changes in our circumstances will make a change in Him. For having loved us from the beginning, He will love us to the end.

Christ is precious to His people in the
Hour of Death.

We have but to visit the death-bed of the wicked and the righteous to discover the preciousness of Christ to the dying.—The wicked brought sooner to face the grim tyrant than they expected, and hurried on whither they cannot tell, are racked with anguish, and often paralyzed with fear. They have no hope, and when Christ at the last hour is represented to them as the Saviour of the chief of sinners, they thrust him aside and go down to hell crying "too late, too late." The righteous however, rest. When the shafts of death arrest them suddenly, they are not in dismay. God in Christ is their Father.—Heaven is their home—Christ their Saviour and Friend, will be their judge.—So they lie in peace and expectation, singing the songs of Zion, and crying out at intervals, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Reader, do you know anything of the preciousness of Christ! Many know Christ

by name. Many have an intellectual belief in Him as the Saviour of the world.—But they know nothing of Him as *their* Saviour. They know nothing experimentally of Him as *their Friend* in adversity, as their Counsellor in difficulty. Seek ye to know Christ. Pray unto Him. Read about Him. Speak with saints concerning Him, and above all, entrust yourself and your interests unto Him. And the longer you live, the deeper you are experienced, the more thoroughly will you be convinced of the

Preciousness of Christ.**THE SIN OF UNBELIEF.**

You can believe a man if he promises you anything; but you cannot believe Christ when He says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." If you are cast out, it must be in some wise; but Christ says, "*in no wise.*"

If He had said, I will receive all who come except one hundred, then you might certainly think you were of that hundred; but this "*in no wise*" excludes all such arguing.

There are few awakened sinners who doubt Christ's *ability* to save, but the *fear* seems to run on His *willingness*, which, of the two, is certainly the most dishonoring to the blessed Saviour.

To illustrate my meaning—suppose you had promised to pay one hundred pounds for me, and had given me the promise in writing. Now, if you should refuse to pay the money when I sent for it, which, do you think, would involve the greatest impeachment of your character; to say that you were perfectly willing to fulfil your engagement, but really had not the power; or to say, that no doubt could be entertained of your ability, but you were unwilling to be bound by your promise.

Unbelief is a great sin. If the devil were to tempt you to some open notorious crime, you would be startled at it; but when he tempts you to disbelieve the promises of God, you hug it as your infirmity, whereas, you should consider it as a *great* sin—the greatest of all sins.—*John Newton.*

Sabbath School Lessons.

February 3rd, 1861.

THE FALL OF MAN.—GEN., III CHAP.

This third chapter of Genesis is a key to the Bible, and to the history of man as he now exists. It is interesting and deeply instructive, and it becomes us to study it with attention and care. To understand its contents correctly, we ought to remember what is otherwise told us.—That Adam was the most wonderful creature that God had made.—That he was the link between the Material and the Spiritual world; for he had a body made of the dust of the ground in common with irrational animals, and a soul breathed into him which connected him with angels and the great God Himself. That he was put into the Garden of Eden prepared by God Himself. That while in the Garden, the Lord entered into a gracious covenant with Adam, promising life on condition of perfect obedience, but threatening death in the event of disobedience.—Gen. ii. 16, 17. Rom. 7, 10. That sin had appeared before in heaven. 2 Pet. ii. 4; Jude vi; 1 Tim. iii 6. That many angels had fallen under one leader called Satan, who being aware of the happy condition of Adam and Eve, showed his wickedness by seeking to ruin them.

FIRST.—THE TEMPTATION.

1. The Tempter. The serpent is said to have been the tempter, v. 1. But that this serpent was the Devil speaking through a serpent is manifest, from Rev. xii. 9; xx. 2; where he is called the "Old Serpent" who deceiveth the whole world. Serpents are very wise and cunning, or subtle. Matt. xvi. 16, and it was through this subtlety the old serpent beguiled Eve. 2 Cor. xi. 3. See note.*

2. *The tempted* was Eve, who was addressed by Satan, Gen. iii. 2. The abruptness of the question v. 1; show that it was not the beginning of the conversation, and that we are only instructed to it at that point where the temptation properly commenced. God has informed us only with what is essentially necessary to know, but not what vain curiosity would demand.

3. *The form of temptation.*—During the conversation with Eve, Satan put on airs of superior wisdom, "of knowing better," and in a tone of mingled surprise and incredulity he asks, *Hath God said ye shall not eat of every*

tree in the Garden, when assured that only one tree was excepted, he said 'ye shall not surely die. It is said just to frighten you, and keep you in ignorance all your days. God knows if you eat of the fruit of that tree, you will become more intelligent. You will be as Himself, You will know the difference between good and evil.'

The temptation was successful. The bait took. They took of the fruit of the tree, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband, and he did eat.

Learn 1, To avoid bad companions. It is easier to prevent temptation than to resist it. Prov., iv. 14, 15.

SECOND.—THE RESULTS OF THE TEMPTATION.

1. *The eyes of both were opened.* Gen. iii. 7. The eyes of both had been opened to see good before this, but not evil. As soon as they ate of the forbidden fruit their eyes were opened to see evil also, and they became ashamed of each other. This was a new era in the history of man, when the eye of a guilty conscience opened for the first time.

2. *They were afraid of God.* Gen. iii. 8. When they heard His voice in the Garden, they were afraid, v. 8. We are not told in what way the Lord spoke to them in Paradise. We are told that the Lord spoke to Job, out of the whirlwind, xxxviii, 1. That He spoke to Moses from the top of mount Sinai, iv, 23, 20. That He spoke to Elijah by a "still small voice." 1 Kings, xix, 13. The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet. Nahau. i. 3.

They hid themselves amongst the trees of the garden as if God was not omniscient. Jer. xxiii, 24. Ps. cxxxix. Amos, ix, 3.

It is not *placere* that can make us happy.—Adam was still in Paradise, and miserable through sin.

2. Sinners cannot face God.

2 Temptation does not excuse sin: Temptation may induce but but can never make us sin:

THIRD.—THE EXCUSES.

1 I was afraid because I was naked, and I hid myself. Here is one lie. They were afraid not because they were naked, but, because they had sinned. They had fellowship with God before they were naked: Gen. iii, 12.—Gen ii, 18: Job xxxi, 33: Prov xxviii 13:

The woman said the serpent beguiled her, Gen. iii, 13., v. 4. 2 Cor. xi, 3: 1 Tim ii, 14.

Learn 1 Never attempt to excuse thy sin. God knows what we do, and what leads us to do it.

3 It is fruitless to hide from God; God's voice will reach the sinner into whatever depths of solitude he may pass.

THIRD.—THE SENTENCE.

1 On the serpent. v. 14, 15. It was cursed above all cattle, though it was simply the medium through which Satan tempted our first parents. It is referred to in verse 14. The Devil, or old serpent, is referred in verse 15; between whom and the seed of the woman there should be enmity. It is worth noticing, that this enmity between the seed of the one and the seed of the other was put by God: "*I will put,*" is the language of God, and doubtless Satan was sadly disappointed at the announcement. He may have envied the happiness of Adam and Eve in paradise, but that was probably not so much a reason for plotting their fall as to secure their co-operation as enemies against God. And when he found that enmity to himself was to take the place of union, he must have felt himself foiled. This enmity has been manifested since then. Christ is the seed of the woman has bruised his head. Satan has done what he could to bruise his head. 1 John iii, 8. Heb. ii, 14.

Christ is called the seed of the woman, not the seed of Adam; to intimate that He would be a true partaker of human nature, without being a partaker of the *corruption* of human nature. Sin comes through Adam—Gen. v. 12.—But Jesus is spoken of as descending from the woman Isa. vii, 14. Matt. i. 25.

2 On the woman, verse 16.

The curse pronounced on woman was sorrow connected with her children, and subjected to her husband. She shared with man the disadvantages of the curse on the ground.

3 On man, v. 17, 19. That the ground was cursed for his sake. That labor, which was altogether a source of pleasure should become an occasion of anxiety and sorrow.

Learn 1. That God punishes all the workers of iniquity alike. He punished Satan, the woman and the man for their respective sins.

2 The character of the punishment resembled the sin. Satan tempted the woman, but the woman would bruise his head. The woman tempted the man, but the man was to hold her in subjection. The man robbed the tree of fruit forbidden, henceforth the earth would not yield its produce without labor.

FOURTH.—THE EXPULSION.

Adam and Eve had no longer any right to the tree of life which they could formerly eat freely.—Gen. i. 9, 16, and therefore they were driven out of Eden.

Learn, Paradise was lost by our first parent's sin; but paradise is regained by the obedience of Christ.

February 10th, 1861.

THE BIRTH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.
LUKE, i. 57, 80.

The birth of a little child is always a matter of interest to those connected with it to the reflecting mind the appearance of the little thing just ushered into the world, suggests many solemn thoughts and considerations. It is an immortal being destined to live forever. What is its position in time; what is to be its condition throughout eternity?—The birth of John the Baptist must have suggested many thoughts, and bears an amount of no common interest. Yea, we are told v. 58, that his mother's neighbors, and cousins having heard how the Lord had shown great mercy to her, came and rejoiced with her. This great rejoicing was foretold. v. 14.

FIRST.—THE CIRCUMCISION.

Those neighbors and cousins that were prominent with the congratulations at John's birth returned at his circumcision,

Among the Israelites, all male children were circumcised when eight days old.

It is everywhere customary to give the father's name to the children, this John's mother offered.

Zacharias must have been deaf as well as dumb, since the Angel's visit, they made signs to him.

He called for a writing table. These were generally made of a thin board spread over with wax, which received the marks made by a sharp pointed iron pen.

As soon as the child was named, the last particular of the Angels' message was fulfilled, the tongue of Zacharias was loosed and he praised God.

It was manifested to the onlookers, from this striking fulfillment of the Angels' prediction, that this was no common child. They not only marvelled, but feared, and spread abroad the intelligence which caused people to ponder.

Learn 1. "We should rejoice with them that do rejoice." Elizabeth's friends did so. But it requires a loving spirit. A bad spirit leads individuals to rejoice at others' misfortunes.

2 They obey God in little things. The naming of the child was a small thing, but it

was God's will that it should be done. The performance of little things more than great things shews the disposition.

3 To have faith in God. Zacharias doubted when he had only the angels' word, and he became dumb, but when the word was fulfilled he believed and his mouth was filled. "Without faith it is impossible to please God."—Heb. xi, 6.

SECOND.—THE PROPHECY.

Zacharias filled with the Holy Ghost, prophesied. v 67. True Prophets prophesy only through the Spirit. Joel ii, 28.

He prophesied with regard to Christ v. 68, 75.

"That he should deliver his people from their enemies" v, 71, 74, and should guide them to holiness, and righteousness. v 74, 75.

He prophesied with regard to John, v 76, 78. That he should be the Prophet of the Highest. That he should prepare the way of the Lord. v 76.

Learn 1. The end of Christ's coming into the world was, that we should be holy. If this was Christ's object and aim, ours should be the same. Acts iii, 26.

THIRD.—JOHN'S YOUTH.

John grew, and waxed strong in spirit. v. 80. We are not told what schools and schoolmasters he had; but we are told that he dwelt in the wilderness till his showing unto Israel. There he must have commenced with God. There he had solitude adapted for physical and intellectual development.

Learn 1. Young people should aim at growing strong in spirit. Their souls must breathe in a pure atmosphere. They must avoid bad company, and walk with those that fear God. The soul must be fed with good food. The word of God should be read, prayed over and meditated upon.

2 Young people should be content with being unnoticed and unknown, till the day when the Lord requires them to become prominent.—

Impatience for distinction is a characteristic of youth.

February 17th, 1861.

THE FIRST SACRIFICE AND MURDER.—GEN. IV, 1, 16.

The last lesson was about the birth of a child, this one begins with the account of the first birth in the world. It begins about the birth of Cain, Eve's first son. She seems to have been proud of her first-born, as many parents are, little knowing or imagining that the child may live to be a heart-break, and a dishonor. She called him Cain, which denotes gotten or acquired, and acknowledged that she had gotten him from the Lord. This expres-

sion rather indicates a pious disposition; and leads us to hope that though she was first in transgression, she was also first in contrition. It is possible that Eve imagined that he was the son who should be the deliverer. She afterwards bore Abel, which signifies a feeder.

FIRST.—THE OFFERINGS.

Cain was a tiller of the ground. Abel a keeper of sheep.

Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering to the Lord; and Abel brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof, as his offering. It is evident from these passages that both these were thank offerings.—The different characters of the offerings was owing to the different occupations and professions of the two brothers. Both offerings expressed belief in God.

The Lord had respect unto Abel's offering, but had not respect unto Cain's offering. Here there is much unwarrantable assumption among commentators, as to the reason why the Lord accepted the one and not the other. To us, the reason appears in the respective offerings. Abel gave up the firstlings of his flock, &c., as God commanded. Numb. xviii' 17. But Cain did not give the first fruit as he ought to have done, Numb. xviii 12. This explains the non-acceptance, and the communication God made to him.

The acceptance of Abel's offering, and the non-acceptance of Cain's, did not affect the position of one brother to the other. The younger had still to be subject to the elder. v. 4.

It is said in Heb. xi, 4, "By faith' Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain. Some suppose from this that it was owing to his faith that God accepted Abel's offering; as if the faith was a feeling separate and distinct from the offering, and that qualified the offering. We think that Abel's offering, inasmuch as it was an offering exactly in accordance with God's word, and evidenced his faith. He might not understand the reason why God required the firstlings; but though he did not understand that, he obeyed God's word, believing that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. Cain believed that God existed, but like too many worshippers of the present day, had not faith to believe that He was as good as His word; and that it would be all the same to give Him a sorry part of the fruits of the ground.

Learn 1 God is no respecter of persons.—Acts x, 34.

2 To do whatever God requires, though you do not understand why He requires it.

3 Men who ought to be angry with themselves, are usually angry with God.

FIRST.—THE MURDER.

Cain talked with Abel. Very likely they

were conversing on the subject of the offerings. Cain's anger would not be any appeased by the possible expostulations of Abel. But while in the field, without any provocation on the part of Abel, after gracious expostulations on the part of God: he rose up and slew his brother. v. 8.

Very likely he buried his body; but he could not hide it from God. When God inquired for Abel, Cain answered by insolence. v. 9.

God's blessing on Cain's tilling of the ground was no longer given. The sin of *omitting a duty*, that showed his unthankfulness to God was followed by a *sin committed* that derived him of the benefit of the ground entirely. This reads a solemn lesson.

When Cain heard the sentence passed upon his sin, he said "Is my punishment greater than I can bear." The improved translation of these words is *Mine iniquity is greater than that it may be forgiven*, v. 13.

This contrite spirit called forth God's compassion. Cain described his own deserved doom. v. 14. The Lord in mercy set a mark upon him: some sign or token of protection. It appears that Adam had many other children at this time beside these.

Cain had hitherto dwelt in the presence of the Lord, probably near the flaming fire over the gate of Paradise.

Learn 1. Sin of necessity brings punishment. Prov. i. 31. xiv, 14.

Gen. xlix, 6. We ought to beware of these sins.

*Scriptural evidence attests the serpent's influence on the early destinies of mankind; and this fact may be traced in the history, the legends, and creeds of most ancient nations. It is far from being obliterated at this day among the pagan, barbarian, and savage tribes of both continents, where the most virulent and most dangerous animals of the viviparous class are not uncommonly adored, but more generally respected, from motives originating in fear; and, others of the oviparous race are suffered to abide in human dwellings, and are often supplied with food, from causes not easily determined excepting that the serpent is considered to be possessed of some mysterious superhuman knowledge or power.

SABBATH LESSONS.

For Feb'y. 25th—The Birth of Jesus.—Matt. i. 18, 25.

" March 3rd—Enoch.—Gen v. 18, 24.

" " 10th—The Angels appearing to the Shepherds—Luke ii, 6, 20.

Notes on these will appear (D V) in the Good News. We propose furnishing our Notes a few weeks in advance of their need, to

prevent any disadvantage arising from their delay in publishing. We fear owing to this cause, the Notes for February 3rd will not arrive in time to be available.

Jesus Suffering For Sin.

O ye who do not know how inflexible justice is, stand at the foot of yon cross and hear the dying groans of Jesus; sit there and behold his looks of misery; mark his lineaments of woe; and ye shall know how severe is justice. No man ever thought Brutus so severely just, as when he put his own sons to death. 'Surely' they said he will spare *them*.' 'They have broken the laws of my country, and they shall die.'

And so in a higher and more sublime sense, we might never have known how just God was, if he had not put his own Son to death. Bring forth the sinner, justice! bring forth the sinner! 'Nay' saith justice. I will let the sinner go free; but here is the sinner's substitute.' Bring him forth O justice! 'Art thou the substitute for sin?' 'I am, my Father, I am.' Well, my Son, I love thee, I have loved thee; but since thou art become the substitute for sinners, I will punish on thy head every sin they have committed.'

See, the lash is uplifted; will it fall gently on his shoulders? He is the Son. See there! the sword is unsheathed. O sword, sleep in thy scabbard: he is the Son! he is the Son! Ay, but Son though he be, he is the sinner's representative, and he must die. Mark how the sword unparingly smites him; see how the rod falls on him; mark how thoughtful after thoughtful of his quivering flesh is torn off as they lash him at Pilate's pillar; mark how he bleeds at every pore, while in the garden he sweats under his Father's wrath.

Oh! Reader, God is just; but we never know half so well, till in Gathsemane's gloom and in the midst of Galgotha's horrors we have tarried for a while.

What thinkest thou, O unpardoned man or woman? If God punishes his Son, surely he will punish thee. If Christ, who only had *imputed* guilt, must suffer like this, how wilt thou suffer? for thou hast *thine own sin*. If *he*, the perfect, the pure, the spotless, must suffer so fearful an amount of agony, how shalt *thou* escape if

thou dost neglect so great salvation!

How hopest thou to be delivered, if on his Son's head such vengeance fell?—Where wilt thou find a covering for thyself? Know this, that he who is awfully just, not having the penalty, but having exacted all at Christ's hands, will surely exact it at thine if thou diest impenitent, and if thou approachest before his bar unwashed in a Saviour's blood.—*Spurgeon.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANECDOTES.

We recently heard the following interesting fact related by Mr. Dickson, of Tarperry, a gentleman of colour:—"When in Sydney, I one day observed one of the convicts reading a little tattered hymn-book and afterwards place it in his canvass jacket in so careful a manner as to evince that he prized the little book. On entering into conversation with him, I found that he had been a Sunday-Scholar in Yorkshire up to the age of sixteen. He then left home as an apprentice. During his apprenticeship he was unhappily led into sin by going with bad companions. From one evil way to another, step by step, he fell, until he got connected with a party of thieves. At the very first burglary he attempted he was caught, tried and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. At the time of our interview he had passed about eight years of his penal-servitude. On conversing with him on spiritual matters I was thankful to find that through the operations of the Holy Spirit upon his mind, he had been led to seek for mercy at the feet of the Redeemer. He said, 'Oh, sir, when I began to pray, the recollection of the advice of my Sunday-school teacher, in England, flashed so vividly across my mind, that it seemed as though I had just been listening to my teacher. Although so many years had passed away, my teacher's prayers, in the 'little room' to which he used to retire with his class, seemed to be sounding afresh in my ears. Thank God! I sought Him earnestly by prayer, and was at length enabled, by simple faith, to lay hold on the hope set before me. Christ revealed Himself to my poor oppressed and sinful heart, and although I am still bound by the fetters of my country, I can rejoice as a free man in Christ Jesus.'"

THE RIGHT CHOICE.

Some children were once playing together on a warm, sunny summer day.—They were in front of a neat farm house, and the green fields were all around them. The poultry were in the yard, and the insects were flying about over the meadows. The parlour window was open, and inside, in a pretty cage, was a little singing-bird, carolling a tune of its own. "Which now," said one of the children—"which of all the winged creatures near us would you rather be? Come, let us choose and tell our choice, and see who will select best." So they all agreed to do this. After a short pause, "I should like," said one, "to be a pretty butterfly; it has such a life of pleasure, sporting over the fields and hedgerows in the warm sunshine."—"Not an idle butterfly would I be," said a second, "but a busy bee; he gathers property, he stores up honey,—a rich little fellow is he." "But who minds him," said a third, "with his brown coat, as he goes humming about? see yonder beautiful peacock, whom everybody admires for his gorgeous feathers,—I should like to be such a bird, and have people talk of me with admiration." "Oh," said a fourth, "you wish to be praised; it is much better to be loved. I should like to be the singing-bird within the house, fondled by the children, taken out of my cage to rest on their hand, or nestle in their bosom,—surely that would be better than sunshine, or honey, or fine feathers." "Yes," said another child, and his face grew grave and sweet with serious thoughts springing up in his breast,—"yes, it surely would, but there is something better still. I do not see the winged creature that expresses what I would be, but I think there may be one near us. I would be an angel, flying on swift wing, serving God and doing good to men." The children heard their little companion speak; his word was a sweet reproof, and they thought as they looked on his loving face how very nearly he was being what he wished—how, indeed, he was already (for he was a holy child) a little ministering angel, going on ready foot, if not on swift wing, to do his Father's will.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—*JOHN. xxiv. 15.*

TO YOUNG CONVERTS.*

I.—PRAYER AND THE STUDY OF THE WORLD.

Men may help you, social religious exercises, may greatly help you. But the life of your soul peculiarly depends upon your own personal, private care. Your care of your soul rests upon God's work. Work, for God worketh in you. But God does not sustain your spiritual life as He does the life of a tree, or of a brute beast. Your will is concerned in it; you co-operate with God. Belief in His works will prepare you to work.—The care of your soul is your business. God has laid it upon you, and you cannot fulfil your great trust without making it your own personal, private business.

There is private prayer, the meeting of the soul with God, communion with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: there is private reading of the Bible, and meditation on its contents;—without these you cannot maintain your spiritual life. It is of no use trying. I commend to you these two exercises, as the great source of spiritual life and power. I fear there are many poor, inadequate conceptions of our need of them existing among us. An inquirer the other day said, "I have been thinking of Christ the whole day." The saying reminded me of the experience of many ripe saints. I have met with many who seem to be thinking of their Lord the whole day. Many of you young people may think that strange, overstrained, unnatural, old-fashioned; but it is wonderful how like ripe saints and young converts, nay, even mere inquirers are, when thoroughly earnest. Once in earnest, and you cannot live without divine fellowship.

So, too with the study of the Bible. There is much *languid Bible-reading* among us.—I will not say on how little food a person may exist; but you wish to *live*, and to "reign in life;" and I warn you that you cannot do it, unless you make your Bible a devout study.—And when I say 'study' I mean study. You will never get much good from your Bible, without affectionate and patient thought.—Now, look how the Bible is treated. What an amount of time have some of you spent on such a life as that of Cromwell, weighing every fact and incident that might help you to understand his life and times, brooding over the matter, till it came out of hazy indistinctness, into clear outline and full rounded form. In what an earnest and painstaking way do you go about the study of the life of any man of mark? Is the Bible read, is the life of our Lord and Saviour studied in this painstaking way? I fear not; but they must be; nay we must keep our best for the Bible. There are mines of wealth in it to be dug out. It is

worth all the study we can give it; and unless we do make it a *systematic*, loving study, our spiritual life will get low. Young men, I say particularly to you, you must study your Bible. Perhaps others may get on with the aid of a text, picked up at random, but you cannot. "I have written unto you, young men, because you are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." From the character of your own minds and from the world you live in, you must have a thorough and intimate acquaintance with the divine Word or the world will master you. The Word of God must thoroughly possess you, or you will be slaves of the god of this world.

How to Reprove Sin.

FOR SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

I once knew a teacher who had charge of boys, not only on the Sabbaths, but throughout the week, and I have often wondered at the skill with which he brought moral truth to bear on his pupils. In speaking of moral truth I use a familiar distinction, and mean that he levelled the doctrines and declarations of the Bible with peculiar skill at faults and malpractices. For twenty or more teachers who can expound doctrines and set forth explanations with tolerable success, you will find but one, I believe, who can wisely point Scripture at the real daily life of young people.

No doubt the person to whom I allude, enjoyed a special advantage in having to do with his pupils throughout the week.—Still, I think his plan worth recording, though no account can picture the living effect which it sometimes produced. As a week passed by, it often brought with certain faults and sins, committed by one and another of the boys, which came to the teacher's notice. If they required immediate notice, it was given; but if a greater good was to be accomplished by including them in the Sabbath instructions, they were let alone, the offender being ignorant that his misdeed was known to the teacher.

On the Sabbath evening when all were assembled, the lesson went on as usual, sometimes being from the Bible, sometimes from the Shorter Catechism. No intimation was to be made that a solemn reproof was to be given, but the favorable opportunity was evidently planned beforehand. A certain part of the lesson, no doubt fore-

chosen, was made to fall into the hands of the culprit. At first he was questioned on it in an ordinary way. Then the question assumed a complexion which made him uneasy, till at last one pointed query brought the matter home. It was not "Have you done so and so?" or, "Why did you use such an such an improper word?" but a question like this: "Now in the light of these explanations, after what you have said, what do you think of a boy who acts as _____?" and then came a clear picture of what he himself had done.

I have seen the offender blush and tremble under a sense of guilt and exposure, while all the rest were solemnized. Never indeed, has it been my lot to see conviction of sin, as aimed at by *man*, so effectually accomplished, and that time after time.— But let my fellow-teachers observe, that this was done by skilful questioning. There was no thundering of moral axioms, no vehemence of manner, but a quiet calm, pre-arranged leading of the culprit to the point, where memory and conscience did their combined effective work. And into this questioning, along with *short* comments, there were woven those elements of Divine truth, those bearings of the doctrine or passage in hand, which told upon the offender and offence. Thus the decisive question—for it was always *one* which brought the matter to a point—fell like seed upon prepared ground, and very telling, I can give my word for it, were the effects produced.

Are You Prepared:

In one of the prayer-meetings, a sailor-speaker arose and said:—I "have some good news from the sea. Some time ago, a large vessel became leaky, and in a violent gale, she was so strained that she opened her seams, and leaked very badly. The captain did all he could, to save his ship and his crew, but finally he gave it up in despair. He called his crew together, thirty-two in all, and said:—"My men, I can keep it from you no longer; we must go down in a very short time. Are you prepared?" The captain was not a pious man. Two of the seamen stepped forward, and said:—"Captain, we believe we are prepared." "Then pray for me and your shipmates; I acknowledge I am

not prepared." They all kneeled down on the deck together, and those two men prayed. They asked God to save them, if it was consistent with His will, but at all events to prepare them to live or die; that they might be the children of God, living or dying. They had discovered a large ship at a great distance from them before they began to pray; so far off that they did not attempt to signalize her, not supposing that they could attract attention. So they kept on praying, and did not attempt any means of making known their situation to the distant ship. While they were yet upon their knees in prayer, they heard a noise, and looking over the side, there was a life-boat from the distant ship, well manned, which took them all in, and took them on board. The ship had discovered the sinking condition of the stranger and sent their boat to their aid. The crew they rescued were very much impressed that this was the hand of God in answer to prayer. They resolved to hold a daily prayer-meeting, which they did; and when they landed at Fayal, which they did some time afterwards, every one of those thirty-two seamen had become hopefully pious."
—*Power of Prayer.*

"How Hard it is to Die!"

"How hard it is to die!" remarked a friend to an expiring believer. "Oh, no, no!" he replied; "easy dying, blessed dying, glorious dying!" Looking up at the clock, he said, "I have experienced more happiness in dying, two hours this day, than in my whole life. It is worth a whole life to have such an end as this.— Oh, I never thought that such a poor worm as I could come to such a glorious death!"

Chrysostom, when banished, said to a friend, "You now begin to lament my banishment, but I have done so for a long time; for since I know that Heaven is my country, I have esteemed the whole world as a place of exile. Constantinople, whence I am expelled, is as far from Paradise as the desert whither they send me."

A few moments before he expired, Edward Auger said to a friend, "Do you see that blessed assembly who await my arrival? Do you hear that sweet music which those holy men invite me, that I may henceforth be a partaker of their hap-

piness! How delightful is it to be in the society of blessed spirits! Let us go.—We must go. Oh, death! where is thy sting?"

What is it to die! To believers it is to drop the body of this death, and put on a joyous immortality; to pass from darkness to everlasting sunlight; to cease dreaming and commence a waking existence; yea, to awake in the likeness of God—satisfied, fully and forever satisfied.

What is it to die! To feel the last pang, to shed the last tear, to raise the shield of faith against Satan's last dart. It is to go home to God; to open the eyes on the enthroned Mediator; to close the ears upon all discords, all sounds of woe, all the falsehoods, the blasphemies of earth, and open them to the harmonies of heaven.

What is it to die! To lean on the Almighty for a few steps down a narrow valley; to step out of Jordan on the borders of a better land; to pass up to the New Jerusalem; to enter by one of these gates of pearl into the city; to have ten thousand angels come and utter their cordial welcome; to see—oh, let me die the death of the righteous!—to see the Saviour smile benignantly, and to hear him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord!" That is to die.

That to the believer! To the unbeliever, *what?*

READER, WHAT WILL IT BE TO YOU!

SEED-WORDS.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word,
From careless lips that fell,
Forget, perhaps, as soon as said,
And purposes as well.

But yet, as on the passing wind
Is borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded, as a flower,
Or as a noisome weed—

So often will a single word,
Unknown, its end fulfill,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
Of actions good or ill.

A Believer's New-Year's Song.

A few more years shall roll, a few more seasons come;

And we shall be with those that rest, asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare my soul for that great day;

O wash me in thy precious blood, and take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set o'er these dark hills of time;

And we shall be where suns are not, a far serener clime,

Then, O my Lord, prepare my soul for that blest day;

O wash me in thy precious blood, and take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat upon this rocky shore;

And we shall be where tempests cease, and surges swell no more,

Then, O my Lord, prepare my soul for that calm day;

O wash me in thy precious blood, and take my sins away.

A few more struggles here, a few more partings o'er;

A few more toils, a few more tears, and we shall weep no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare my soul for that blest day;

O wash me in thy precious blood, and take my sins away.

A few more years shall here shall cheer us on our way;

And we shall reach the endless rest, the eternal Sabbath-day.

Then, O my Lord, prepare my soul for that sweet day;

O wash me in thy precious blood, and take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while and He shall come again,

Who died that we might live, who lives that we wish Him may reign

Then, O my Lord, prepare my soul for that glad day;

O wash me in thy precious blood, and take my sins away.

H. BONAR, D.D.

A Story for Little Folks.

At a meeting in Exeter Hall, London, where there was a great number of Sabbath school children assembled, a clergyman arose on the platform and told them of two bad little boys whom he had once known, and of a good little girl whom he afterwards learned to know. This little girl had been to Sabbath school, where she had learned "to do some good every day." Seeing two little boys quarrelling, she went up to them, told them how wickedly they were acting, made them desist from quarrelling, and in the end, induced them to attend Sunday school. These boys were Jim and Tom. "Now, children," said the gentleman, "would you like to see Jim?"

All shouted with one voice, "Yes! yes!" "Jim, get up!" said the gentleman, looking over to another part of the stage. A reverend-looking missionary arose, looking smilingly upon the happy children.

"Now, would you like to see Tom?" "Yes! yes!" resounded through all the house.

"Well, look at me—I am Tom, and I too have been a missionary for many years. Now, would you like to see little Mary Wood?"

The response was even more loud and earnest than before—"Yes!"

"Well, do you see that lady over there in the blue silk bonnet,—that is little Mary Wood, and she is my wife!"

The Old Herb Woman,

Alice found her one day resting under the cooling shade of a tree outside the garden-gate.

"Do you want something?" asked Alice.

"Yes, dear child, she answered, I want a new dress."

"A pretty calico?" asked Alice. "That will too soon fade," answered the poor herb woman.

"A black woolen." That will too soon wear out," answered she. "A silk," asked Alice. "I have nothing fit to wear with it," answered the herb woman, and Alice thought as much,

"A plaid, a beautiful plaid!" asked the child. "That will too soon go out of fashion," answered the poor herb woman.—

"Do you care much about the fashion?" asked Alice. "I want the dress to last me a thousand years or more," said the old woman.

"Oh," exclaimed Alice drawing back, for she half thought the poor woman was crazy, "do you expect to live so long? A thousand years is a great, great while, and you are pretty old now."

"I shall live longer than that," said she.

"I will ask my mother," said the little girl much puzzled, "if she knows what dress would suit you, and perhaps she'll buy it for you."

"Your mother is not rich enough to buy it dear child," said the old woman.

"My FATHER is rich, said she.

"Not rich enough to buy me the dress I want," answered the old woman.

"Do you want to dress like a queen?" asked Alice.

"No; but I want to be dressed like a King's daughter."

"The old herb woman is crazy," thought Alice to herself; "she talks so queer."

"I don't know where you will get such a dress," said she aloud, "something that will never fade, never wear out, never go out of fashion."

"And never get soiled or spoiled," added the old herb woman; "wear it when and where you may, it will always keep white and shining."

"Oh," was all Alice could say. Then she added, "I should like such a one, I am sure. Could a little girl have one? but a little girl would outgrow hers."

"No said the herb woman, the dress would let itself out so as to suit you alway.

The child was lost in wonder. "Will you please tell me what it is, and where I can get one?" she asked.

"It is the garment of salvation, the robe of righteousness, which Je-us Christ has wrought out for me, dear child," said the old woman tenderly. "Christ came to take away the poor rags of our sins, and to put on us his pure white robes, and make us fit to be children of God, the great King, and live in his palace forever. Shou'd you not like this, dear child?"

"Yes," answered the child, "I do want to be one of God's children. I always wanted to be so. Will he give me a heavenly dress, do you think?"

Scraps of Good News.

1.

MIDNIGHT MEETINGS AT LIVERPOOL.—
EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.—The Liverpool
 Courier reports that at a midnight Meeting
 held in that town two hundred girls, of all
 classes and degrees in their miserable calling,
 assembled. For four hours these women
 remained, conducting themselves with the
 utmost propriety, and listened with the
 most marked attention. When the bless-
 ing was pronounced, scarcely one rose to
 go. One girl asked for another hymn.—
 About eighty remained to take advantage
 of the invitations to Homes..

2.

THE PEW SYSTEM.—A Meeting on be-
 half of the Incorporated Church Building
 Society was held at Birmingham last
 week, the Earl of Dartmouth in the chair.
 The Rev. Walter Field attended as repre-
 senting the Society. Mr. Newdegate spoke
 in strong approval of the Special Fund for
 Temporary School Churches, and followed
 in the same strain by Rev. Dr. Miller, who
 also referred, at some length, to the abuses
 of the pew system in old parishes, as one
 which had been most disastrous in its ef-
 fects upon the working classes and the
 poor. He was an advocate for appropriated
 sittings, and would not run into the ex-
 treme of paining the poor by giving them
 an ostentatious proximity to the rich; but
 the system which rendered the pew of the
 aristocrat and the country-gentleman as
 unapproachable as his drawing-room, and
 in large towns, thrust those who had been
 drawn to church by house to house visita-
 tion into corners, was a mockery and an
 insult. He attributed the attendance of
 the poor and artizans at his own church,
 in a great measure, to the fact that, at an
 early point in the service, every unoccupied
 seat, without distinction, was opened to
 them. Next in importance to God's gift
 of faithful men, he ranked the abolition of
 this objectionable exclusiveness in some of
 our own country and town churches.—
 There were also present Rev. J. B.
 Gabriel, Geo. Pettitt, H. T. Braay, F.
 Morse, &c.

—The Dean of Carlisle preached in
 Christ Church, Carlisle, on Sunday; and

in the course of his sermon, thus referred
 to the present system of pew-letting in the
 Church of England: "To my mind it is
 one of the saddest thoughts that has
 pressed upon it during my residence in this
 place, that when people built these churches
 they were so selfish they built them for
 themselves, or those who could pay for
 them. But for those who cannot pay,
 what accommodation do they make?—
 Nothing, I will venture to say, but what is
 an insult to working men. I thank God
 that the Church of England is awaking
 to her senses in this matter; to break down
 her barriers, to throw open her churches,
 that the Gospel may be preached as free as
 air. The shabby resort of supporting the
 clergymen by letting the pews is the most
 beggarly contrivance that ever entered the
 minds of men. This is the reason why
 we have lost so many excellent and worthy
 members from our Church; and I say if,
 as I become more and more acquainted
 with the working men of this place, I re-
 commend them to go to the House of God,
 where are they to go? I don't know
 where to send them—they are locked out,
 they cannot come in."

3.

FRANCE.—A new Protestant place of
 worship is now going up in Paris, which
 makes the 20th of that description. There
 are 104 Protestant clergy, and 2800 chil-
 dren in the Protestant Sunday schools.

4.

The Rev. M. A. Camilleri, Curate to the
 Rev. Dr. Woodsworth, Canon of West-
 minster Abbey, is about to proceed to
 Italy, as one of several agents, who will be
 accredited to carry out a new English
 Mission among the Italian people. The
 primary objects of the Missionaries will be
 to encourage internal reformation in every
 way possible. 1. By the judicious distribu-
 tion of the Anglo-Continental Society's
 Italian publications and Italian Prayer-
 Books. 2. By explaining by word of
 mouth the limits of the legitimate juris-
 diction and authority of the Bishop of
 Rome, especially with reference to the
 liberties of the Churches of North Italy
 and Sicily. 3. By enforcing on excited
 minds the necessity of Ecclesiastical order.
 4. By convincing men, both by argument
 and by the example of the English Church,

of the possibility of a National Church reforming itself, and being at once Catholic and Protestant,—Catholic in maintaining the faith and discipline of the Holy Catholic Church, Protestant in rejecting Papal usurpation and dogma. The Missionaries are also instructed to avoid any transgression of the law of the land, and to abstain from any attempt to draw individuals out of the Italian Church into separate communities.

The "British Messenger." Published by Peter Drummond, Stirling, N. B. Edited by the Rev. A. Cameron.

The "British Herald." Published by James Nisbett, & Co. London and Edinburgh. Edited by the Rev. Wm. Reid.

The "Herald of Mercy." Published and edited by Mr. Duncan Mathieson, Hnntley, Scotland.

These are three Religious Periodicals of Scotland of kindred character to our own publications.

"THE BRITISH MESSENGER" is so extensively known, that it needs no commendation from us. The number now before us is the first number of the year, under a change of editorship. The Rev. Andrew Cameron who has been appointed, is well known as editor of "THE CHRISTIAN AND FAMILY TREASURIES." Perhaps no man in Scotland, within the last twelve years, has wielded so large an influence for good, or has shown himself more capable of discharging the duties to which he has been appointed. We wish the "MESSENGER," under its new editor, God speed.

"THE BRITISH HERALD" is a large periodical, not materially different from the "BRITISH MESSENGER." It is edited by the Rev. William Reid, the editor of the "British Messenger" from its commencement till the end of 1860. It is sufficient recommendation to him to say, that that periodical grew under his editorship, from three, to over a hundred thousand

per month. When we read the intimation in the December "Messenger," that Mr. Reid was about to leave the editorship, not altogether of his own accord, we deeply sympathised with him. We are not aware of the reasons of the change, but consider that they ought to be weighty, to warrant the publisher or editor in this case, to assume so grave a responsibility. It may be, however, that the Lord has ordered the change, with the view that another valuable periodical may be scattered in thousands for the Kingdom of God in the world. Mr. Reid has our sincere and hearty wishes of success. We pray that the Lord may bless his labors in his present sphere as He did in the past.

"THE HERALD OF MERCY" is a smaller periodical, of three year's standing. It is published by a Mr. Mathieson, who distinguished himself by his service in the Lord's cause, in the Crimea, during the war. It is a publication very much to our taste,—Its selections and original articles being short, pithy, and to the point.

Revival Intelligence.

We have had delightful meetings here during the past week; every evening Ministers and people of all denominations met in the Town Hall for united prayer. It is the first time that all the differing churches have thus united together in this place. On Thursday evening when the principal meeting was held, the Hall was crowded with nine hundred souls, whilst one or two hundred were obliged to return home unable to find room. A spirit of unanimity, devotion, and solemnity rested on the assembly, and it is to be hoped, that the Holy Spirit has commenced a good work here.

J. V.

Ingersoll, Jan. 15, 1841.

Revival Extracts.

[FROM GIBSON'S YEAR OF GRACE.

Answers to Special Prayer.—"I may now mention one or two cases illustrative of answer to prayer. Soon after the revival commenced here, a neighboring clergyman called on me one Saturday, and requested that I and our converts would pray for the conversion of his two sons, boys of ten and twelve years of age. I assented, and next morning, at our prayer-meeting, I proposed to the converts that we should make the conversion of the minister's sons a special topic of supplication every morning during that week.—On the following Friday evening this minister came over, to assist me at our usual evening service, and with tears of thankfulness declared that God had already converted one of his children, and entreated us to continue our supplications for the other. We did so, and in about ten days afterwards the same minister wrote, informing me that his other son was also converted to the Lord.

"Another instance, illustrative of the same fact, is that a poor man, advanced in life and unmarried, who was converted in our congregation, at the beginning of the work. As soon as he had embraced the Lord himself, he became most anxious for the conversion of the family with whom he resided, and of his fellow-workmen in the mill where he was employed. But all these were most ungolly; and when they saw the change which had taken place in him, instead of rejoicing in his joy, they mocked, swore, sung impure songs, and did all they could to thwart and distress him. He saw that remonstrances were in vain, and he resolved to pray for them. He did so; but for a time no answer came, and he was sorely discouraged. Still he resolved to continue his supplications on their behalf; and suddenly

one day the men in the mill were astonished by cries proceeding from their homes which were hard by. The business in the mill was suspended, and when the men rushed to their houses to see what had caused those cries, they found their wives and daughters prostrated under strong convictions, crying for mercy to the Lord.—The hitherto despised convert was at once applied to, and, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, he led their supplications and directed all to Christ. Soon the Lord vouchsafed His mercy; the weeping penitents became rejoicing converts, and wives and daughters were that day added to the Lord.

Scene in a Mill.—"C——'s prayers were as yet, however, only partially answered. They were still to receive a more glorious fulfillment. Some days after the above occurrence, the mill had again to be stopped, but this time not because of the women, but of the men. Husbands and brothers, whilst engaged at their work, were arrested and smitten down whilst in the very act of attending the machinery. Some of the strongest men and greatest scoffers in the whole country fell powerless in a moment under the mighty and mysterious influence that was at work.—Never had there been such a day in that establishment. Strong men might be seen prostrated and crying for mercy; converted wives and daughters bent over them with tears of joy, whilst they returned thanks to God for the awakening of their husbands and brothers, and prayed that soon all might rejoice with one another as heirs together of the grace of life; and such has been the case. Poor C——'s prayers have indeed been answered, for he has just been telling me that the seven souls in the house where he resides are now all converted, and that about ninety-fifths of the workers in the mill have been visited by the Spirit of the Lord.

Revival among Quarrymen.—"My space already well nigh exhausted, will only allow me to give another instance, of the power and prevalence of the revivals in this district. About two miles from this, near the out-kirts of the parish, there is a quarry, which was formerly notorious for the wickedness of those who wrought in it. It was, in fact, an emporium for all sorts of vice; but when our revival commenced in Comber, it was such a strange and unheard of thing amongst the quarry-men that they resolved, through curiosity, to come and see how it was that people were so mysteriously knocked down. They accordingly attended the nightly prayer-meetings, in our congregation. Gradually a change came over them. Drinking was diminished, swearing was given up, seriousness and anxiety prevailed. I was requested, as I could not go in the evening, to go and preach to them during working hours in the middle of the day. I did so.—Immediately on my appearance all work was suspended; and, at the very busiest time, master and men attended for upwards of two hours. Whilst under the open sky, in a sort of large amphitheatre, formed by the excavation of the quarry, and surrounded by the mountain's rocky walls, I proclaimed to them the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Much good, I understand, was that day affected. Prayer-meetings amongst the men were immediately established. The occupier of the quarry and head of the whole establishment soon announced to his men that he himself was entirely changed, and declared that he had resolved to live henceforth only for Christ. A marvelous alteration was soon apparent; and such has been the effect produced, that Mr. D.—, the head of the establishment referred to, told me last week, that out of ninety-six families in his employment, upwards of ninety have now established family worship.

"Drunkenness," he said, has disappeared and neither oath nor improper expression is heard in that quarry. As for myself," continued Mr. D.—, "I now look upon myself as a mere steward, having nothing of my own, and bound by feelings, both of responsibility, and gratitude, to live for God's glory."

“HOW GOOD IT IS THAT WE HAVE A GOD.”

A little boy, of four years old, was sleeping one night in a low bed, in the same room with his mother. He was a lovely and thoughtful child, and though so young, had already received fully into his mind the idea of the great God who made him and rules over all. He was happy in having been taught to pray to this great God, and was daily in the habit of asking what he most wanted of his heavenly Father, without fear and without doubt.

But this night of which I speak he awoke out of sleep with a loud cry, as if he had been disturbed by a frightful dream. When his mother tenderly inquired what was the matter, he told her that he was afraid, and begged to know if God would indeed take care of him.

When his mother assured him that God would take care of him in the darkness as well as in the light, he sunk back upon his pillow and sighed out, "How good it is that we have a God!" He then fell asleep peacefully, as if he felt the everlasting arms around him.

A GOOD ANSWER.—A young lady offered a ticket for the theatre to a little girl belonging to a Sunday school, who curtseyed politely, and said,—

"I thank you, ma'am; but I hope I could not disgrace the school so much as to think of going to such a place."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGENTS.—We will be glad to send a number of copies on application to those who wish to aid us as agents.

POSTAGE.—The Good News, Family, and Gospel Message are delivered free of postage.

THE GOOD NEWS.

A Semi-monthly periodical, devoted to the Religious Education of the old and young.— Published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at One Dollar a year.

It contains :

1. Original and selected articles, on practical Religion.
2. Revival intelligence, and accounts of the various Christian movements for the amelioration of society.
3. A Scripture Lesson for every sabbath in the year, adapted to assist parents and teachers
4. News of the churches in Canada.
5. A sermon from some living Preacher.

Back numbers can be supplied.

A Scheme of Sabbath School Lessons for every Sabbath in 1861, are supplied by post for ten cents per dozen.

ROBERT KENNEDY,
Prescott, C. W.

THE EVANGELIZER,

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

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

The Evangelizer is well adapted for circulation in all districts, but especially in those districts where men are perishing for lack of knowledge. And its circulation in those places can be promoted by Ministers, Missionaries, Sabbath School Teachers, and Christians of every class acting as agents.

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

Gratis Circulation.

We are anxious that our paper should circulate among the careless and the infidel, as well as among the religious. Many of these we know, will not subscribe for nor support a paper such as ours, but we wish it to circulate amongst them, notwithstanding. And the way it can be done is this,

Reader, suppose in your locality, school-section, congregation, village or town, there are twenty, thirty or fifty families, or more, which you could conveniently visit once a month. If you wish to do them good, send to us for as many papers as there are families.— If there be fifty families, we will send fifty copies each month FREE. Take them round—hand them kindly to every one of the fifty who will receive them, no matter by what name they are named. When you hand them in,

speaking a word for Christ. It will be a good opportunity for you. If you are not able to do so, leave the Lord himself to speak through the paper.

In this work all classes of our readers may engage, but especially would we like to enlist a number of females, as we have always found them able and devoted distributors.

THE GOSPEL MESSAGE.

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

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

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

To those who have the opportunity of scattering, but cannot afford to purchase, as many as they can circulate, we will be glad to supply them gratis, as far as the Lord enables us.

For the gratuitous circulation of Evangelizer and Gospel Message,

Donations

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

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We have now Eight Cooperators, who devote their time to the distribution of our publications, whom we commend to the Christian kindness of those whom they may visit, and to the care and keeping of the Great Head of the Church,

The sphere of usefulness is wide, and the need of Cooperators great, so that if any young man of piety and activity is disposed to enter on the work, in connection with us, they will be kind enough to communicate with us direct.

PUBLISHED BY ROBERT KENNEDY
Prescott, C. W., to whom all communications and contributions must be addressed, prepaid.

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