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ONENESS OF JESUS.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. J. DENHAM SMITH, IN THE FREE ASSEMBLY HALL, EDINBURGH.

BELOVED FRIENDS,—I want to shew you how wonderful is the ONENESS which believers have with the Lord Jesus. "For," says Paul the apostle, "we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. . . This is the *great mystery*; . . *Christ and the Church*."

This subject is little understood by the vast majority of Christians. There are many whose conception of the Lord Jesus is, that He forms a mere *shelter* from the wrath to come. Blessed truly it is that He "delivers us from the wrath to come," but that alone is a low estimate of Jesus.

There are some, again, whose idea of the Lord Jesus might be expressed by the word *reconciliation*. It is a glorious truth "that God was in Christ *reconciling*."—"We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the atonement." But that does not rise to the fulness of God's thought in Christ regarding us who believe.

There are others who get a step further and tell of *communion* with Christ. That is an unspeakable blessing. We are "made nigh by the blood of Christ." We are now in the light of "the holiest of all," as God is in the light, and God communes with us "inside the veil," whither the blood of Jesus has been carried through the Son of His own love. But blessed as communion is, there is something higher.

There are others who go a step further, and know something of *assimilation* to Jesus. We are changed into the same image by the indwelling Spirit who reveals Jesus, the living, loving, exalted Lamb of God. God has but one likeness that properly shews Him, and that is JESUS; for He is "*the image of the invisible God*."—But Jesus hath ten thousand times ten thousand images of *Himself*; imperfect they doubtless are,—yet all true saints are photographs of Jesus.

But while this and the truths we have named are blessed in their measure; yet ONENESS WITH JESUS rises high above them

all, for if *one* with Him, *we are as He is!* Wondrous thought! blessed privilege!—This *oneness* was foreshadowed when Adam, looking on her who was taken from his body, said, "This is Eve, *bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh*;" and Paul the apostle, referring to this, says, (Eph. v. 30,) "*We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones*," and adds, "I speak concerning CHRIST AND THE CHURCH."

A friend once spoke thus in my hearing—"Some men may ask, May not believers, though united to Christ, finally fall away and be lost? May they not possibly slip out of Christ's hand? or fall, as it were, through His fingers? "Nay," he answered, his mind going back to this passage, "believers ARE *His hands*; they ARE *His fingers*—members together of *His body, of His flesh, and of His bones*." Beloved, "*ye ARE the body of Christ, and members in particular*." How glorious the height to which we are raised in Christ Jesus!

There are two sides to this subject; and I will now shew you, first of all, HOW THE LORD JESUS BECAME ONE WITH US; and then I will picture to you HOW WE ARE ONE WITH HIM.

As to the Lord Jesus being one with us, we need hardly say that He is *not so* as regards His *essential Deity*; yet the members have all the advantages of the glory and majesty of their Head. Just as when the father and head of some family of poverty rises to wealth, and opulence, and a material splendour, all the members of that circle partake of that opulence and splendour; so the grandeur and glory of Christ, even as to His essential riches, reflect themselves upon all the members of that mystical body of which He is Chief and Head. The dews and rays of uncreated glory and blessing descend from Christ, the peerless, timeless, deathless ONE, over His whole body the Church—even to those whose lot and place in that body may be the most distant or obscure. But—

1. **JESUS became one with us BY TAKING OUR NATURE.** "The Word became *flesh*." "God manifest in the *flesh*!" Wonderful mystery is the incarnation of Deity in the person of the Son of God! Jesus was as much a man as I am, as you are, and is so now that He is before the throne of God. He loved to be among men as a man; and as "His delights were with the sons of men," as one with them, He delighted in the name, "*Son of Man*." In one chapter He says, "The *Son of Man* hath nowhere to lay His head;" and yet that was the God-man; for in the beginning of the next He says, "*The son of Man* hath power on earth to forgive sins." And when He speaks of His coming in glory to judge the world in righteousness, He says, "The *Son of Man* shall come in his glory."—Blessed name! wonderful identification!—Lord Jesus, Thou art one with us in this, that Thou hast *our nature*!

2. **JESUS also became one with us BY TAKING OUR SORROWS.** "*Himself* took our infirmities, and bear our sicknesses." "*He*" was "*a man of sorrows*, and acquainted with grief." It was because He had taken *the place of the sinner* that He bore our sorrows. He shewed Himself to be the Brother born for our adversity as He wept at the grave of Lazarus and on the descent of Olivet; and He is the same now that He is in heaven. He it was that called to the fierce persecutor of His people, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou *me*?" Oh, tender relationship! Just to think that after going back to heaven, He is yet touched by the afflictions of His members down here. He yet carries our sorrows as His own; such a *oneness* is there between us that He asks of every one who would injure us, *Why persecutest thou *me*?*"

3. **JESUS, likewise, became one of us IN BEARING OUR SINS.** "He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Many do not see this. If we could take the sins of all "the spirits of just men made perfect" in heaven,—the sins of all His saved ones now on earth,—the sins of all who will yet be saved up to the time when the last ransomed one is called by the grace of God, and gather all,—the sins of each being more in number than the hairs on his head,—and put them

upon Christ, that were a picture of the manner in which He became *identified with our sins*! Oh, surely it is well to know that "as members of His body," all our sins were laid by God on the blessed Lamb. On the pillow of this precious truth I can lay me down in peace and sleep or die; for "*He was wounded for our transgressions*;" He was bruised *for our iniquities*. The Lord hath made to meet on Him the iniquity of us all." Many stumble here, and have neither peace nor joy because they do not understand the nature of *the redemption of Christ in His oneness*—(shall I say it)—*with the sinner and his sins*. We cannot understand the *Psalms* aright, in which we have *Christ and His Church*, unless we perceive in them the breathing forth of one deep in the grief of sin,—confessing sin—not His own, but ours. That confessing One is Jesus, who takes the place of the *guilty*! This leads me to say once more that—

4. **JESUS became one with us IN DYING OUR DEATH.** As identified with "*our sins*" He must die "*our death*." If not a sufferer for sin, whence the deep sobs and sighs of Gethsemane or Calvary? Listen to his cry of anguish as the waters go over His soul, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" What was, in effect, God's reply? He replied in tones of vengeance, "*I can by no means clear the GUILTY*." That one, *substitutionally*, was JESUS.—He hung there with sin on Him, from which, in finishing, God hid His face.—Oh, wondrous oneness with us in our sin, that God could not clear Him! Oh, transcending mystery, that the Lord of life and glory should become sin for us, and thereby place Himself in our death; should bear sin's curse in His own body on the tree; and all, *all for us* His death-doomed members. Is not this marvellous! After He had drunk the cup dry which the Father had given Him, and He could say, "*It is finished*," His cry is no longer "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani;" but communion is restored, and He now says, "*Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit*."—Having drunk the cup of damnation dry, he hath filled it with salvation; and now "*I will take the cup of salvation, and call on the name of the Lord*."

This may be seen in a figure at the Red Sea. The Israelites regarded the Red Sea

as a sad place of death. They stood on its shores without hope; but the Lord came down, entered the depths, divided the place and power of death, and they passed over in triumph. In the same way at the Jordan, when the ark stood in its waters, as in the place of death, and divided them, it did not leave them until all the ransomed of the Lord had passed over. These were foreshadows of death and the triumph of Christ over death at Calvary. He received death in its own place, bared His breast to its sting, paid the penalty, endured the shame, and then (for it was finished) hurled the monster from Him harmless for ever. Ah! thus the Red Sea is divided! Jordan is an "emptied river!" Jesus has laid His hand on "the hole of the asp," and all our hands may now be laid with safety there, for death has to us no sting beside that which penetrated the Blessed one who being identified with us, "died for our sins." *To be continued.*

THE LORD'S TREASURY, AND HOW TO FILL IT.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF CHRISTIANS TO SUPPORT GOSPEL ORDINANCES.

"The obligation to support gospel ordinances springs from the Christian's relations to God and to man, being at once the proof and expression of his devout allegiance to God, and of his cordial identity and sympathy with man.

1. *This obligation is due to God* as the first and paramount claim; before man's own needs and enjoyments, and in his own personal responsibility, unbiassed by the example of others, or by the prevalent standards of local custom or general habit.

1. *As an act of solemn worship and fealty to God.* Approach to a sovereign was formerly made by an offering proportioned to his rank, and to the means of the offerer. Jacob sent a present by his sons to the lord of Egypt. "Bring an offering and come into his courts." It is an act of homage rendered to God as Lord and King. Are the obligations of the Christian inferior to those of the Jew? Are his offerings less needed? Are they to be applied to inferior objects? God has himself provided the infinitely meritorious offering which allows of man's approach to his throne. *Can any true believer refuse his tribute to advance the divine glory?*

2. *As an expression of grateful and adoring love to God.* Man's obligation for being, preservation, enjoyment, and the blessings of salvation, what heart can conceive? Where is there ground for gratitude, if not here?—

Gratitude will find expression. Thankful adoration to God is an unavoidable obligation, which it is as personally injurious as it is base and ungrateful for man to withhold. Ought not love to God to secure substantial offerings, seeing that they advance his glory? How much more, seeing that they are expressly enjoined? "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase," (Prov. iii. 9); "Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel," (1 Cor. ix. 14).

2 This obligation also arises out of the Christian's relations to his fellowmen.

1. *It is a duty of justice to the ministry of his choice.* The relation of minister and flock is of the most elevated character, referring not to estate, or health, or family, or reputation, but to the very man himself and his eternal interests. Ministerial services are the most valuable performed by man—embracing continual research into truth, a yearning solicitude of heart, prayerful vigilance and exhausting labours for the spiritual edification, consistency, and salvation of men. The benefits derived from a gospel ministry immensely excel those of all other ministries. Instruction and renewed impression in divine truth; consolation, and refreshment of heart under guilt and sorrow, and cordial sympathy and friendship in all the interests of life. Should not the Christian's offerings for a minister's services bear some proportion to the benefits derived from them?—Can these offerings be justly depressed to a stinted minimum? Was it for his own sake, or from sympathy with his impoverished ministers, that God said, "Ye have robbed me, even this whole nation!" (Mal. iii. 9).

The apostle Paul puts the subject of ministerial support in the light of justice, when he asks, "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" (1 Cor. ix. 11). He further argues the subject in the instance of his own right, even as of Peter and other apostles; proceeding thence to establish the sacred obligation of maintenance of ministry beyond dispute; as a fundamental institution of the kingdom of Christ; in analogy with the soldier's right to subsistence from his sovereign; the servant's claim on his employer; the husbandman on the produce which he cultivates; the toiling oxen for needful food, and the Jewish priesthood to support from the offerings of the nation. (1 Cor. ix. 7-14).

The Pauline epistles contrast parsimonious with generous churches. The Corinthian churches were large, well-conditioned, and emulous of showy gifts, yet deficient of liberality. The Macedonian churches were poor but bountiful. To the former he wrote, "I robbed other churches to do you service," (2 Cor. xi. 8). To the latter he wrote, "Now ye Philippians know also, that in the begin-

ning of the gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church communicated with me concerning giving and receiving, but ye only. For even in Thessalonica ye sent once and again unto my necessity," (Phil. iv. 15-16). *Which of these cases is the more honourable? Which does the reader commend and admire? Which will he henceforth imitate?*

2. *It is an obligation of honour which the Christian owes to his fellow-worshippers.*

Man is not an isolated being, but one of a community. He cannot bear the cost of worship alone, even as he cannot engage in the highest form of worship alone. God has instituted unity of worship, and unity of offering in worship, to deepen mutual sympathy, to strengthen mutual joy and benefit in worship, and to conjoin the affections and gifts of all for one common and glorious issue. If a princely David will devote millions to erect a temple to the Lord, the poorest in Israel may add his gift. The treasury is ever open to receive the gold of the rich, the silver of the operatives, and the copper of the poor. *In the fusion of all an adequate supply is found, and the true idea of joint worship is realized.* To withhold our proper proportion is to present heartless worship to God. The members of a mutual association bear each his share of its burdens from a sense of honour, shall the Christian withhold his quota of offering from the means of his own spiritual refreshment, and of the promotion of his Saviour's glory? That man would be branded with disgrace, who, sharing in the advantages of a mutual compact, should refuse to bear his portion of its outlay—*shall there, then, be found among Christians those who, partaking of spiritual benefits, evade partially or entirely their share of the involved aggregate liabilities.*

3. *It is the Christian's obligation of benevolence towards mankind.* Humanity is a sacred brotherhood. Man is his brother's keeper, so far as he can do him good. The instructed are the keepers of the ignorant, the rich of the destitute, the saved of the perishing.—No means so extensively and richly benefit man as Christian ordinances. They inspire the degraded with self-respect, prompt the affluent to beneficence, send forth streams of temporal relief and soul-healing to bless near and distant sufferers, combine their attendants in every form of labour and sacrifice, and they recover myriads of wanderers to God and happiness. Their name is legion, to counteract the legion forms of evil originated by sin. The provision thus made for the destitute portions of mankind is at once the highest duty performed by the Christian, and the richest boon conferred by him on his fellow-men. Who that admits the sovereign efficacy of the gospel as God's instrument to regenerate men, can withhold his aid from the yet unevangelized nations? *Obligations to aid arise from knowledge of each other's need, from ability to assist*

them, and from the urgency of the interests involved. *Of the spiritual need of mankind the true Christian is but too cognizant. The uncertainty of time, the probationary character of the present life, and the influence of passing moments and material gifts on eternal ages and infinite interests, prove the depth of this need, and the urgency of its claim on the Christian's largest beneficence.*

4. *It is a solemn obligation due to the Christian's own consistency.* This is not simply or chiefly a question of benefit due to others; it exercises a vital influence on the spiritual tone and harmony of the giver's heart and character. Man needs training in benevolence and sympathy. If through rooted selfishness, man slips out of every contribution, or cramps his gifts to the smallest possible sum, souls may perish through his avarice, the just claim of God's majesty and grace is withheld, and also the man dwarfs his own spiritual stature, withers his own affections, and denies himself one of the sweetest joys of life; yes, and he blights his own reputation in that decision, which shall stamp every man's true character eternally as on his forehead, revealing thousands of assumed believers as incurably selfish creatures, *whom neither the woes of man nor the love of Christ had cured of their miserable parsimony, after all their urgent appeals.*

Could man implore a heavier curse, in relation to moral and spiritual culture and fitness for eternal companionship of angels and enjoyment of God, than that soliciting objects should never more cross his path?—How many are there who, by their harshness and parsimony, tempt God never to afford them another opportunity to give?

The support of the ordinances of the gospel must manifestly devolve on those whose spiritual happiness they continually promote. *If they will not support them, who will? If they evade this claim, who will meet it?* This obligation has been too much devolved on others, often with most disastrous consequences as to purity of truth and liberty of action. *The aid of others may be allowed, but should not be urgently sought. If Christians were devoted, it would not be needed.*"

“ One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I've ever been before!
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea!
Nearer the bond of life,
Where I lay my burden down;
Nearer leaving my cross!
Nearer wearing my crown!”

THE BIBLE OF THE DEAD.

With frequent feet affection haunts
The spot where buried friendship lies;
But my lorn spirit inly pants
For converse that the tomb denies;—
I find it by some stream or tree,
Where my loved friend walked—sat with me.

Beside the grave my thoughts descend
To the corrupting form within;
But in our former walks they blend
With that friend's spirit, free from sin;
And follow whither it has flown—
Now perfected before the throne.

I would not scorn the painter's skill,
Whose magic canvass can display
Those features that seem living still,
Although I know them now death's prey:—
But in my heart an image lies,
Surpassing all these mimic dyes.

And in the dark and silent night,
Visions before my face appear
Of that same form, now clothed in light—
A dweller in a higher sphere;—
With angels of majestic mien,
And bright like them in heavenly sheen.

But not the streamlet's flowery bank,
Nor tree that spread its grateful shade,
Where friend with friend refreshment drank,
And with glad hearts their praises paid—
Nor visions of the silent night
That plumed the wings of faith for flight—

Bring to my heart so warm a glow
As sight of The Book often read,
By one no longer here below:—
It is the *Bible of the dead*:—
Oft pondered with a tearful eye—
Oft breathed on with a heart-wrung sigh!

I turn its leaves, and many a line
The pen or pencil there has traced,
Becomes to me a thrilling sign
Of that on which his hopes were placed—
The risen Saviour's dying love—
The cross on earth—the crown above!

Now of my friend by death bereft,
His Bible be my daily guide;
Precious remembrancer still left,
Of one no longer by my side;
But pointing me to follow on,
To that bright heaven where he has gone.

W. S.

ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

It is the greatest folly for persons who know that they have not believed in Jesus Christ, and are still in their sins, dead, lost, undone for eternity,—and, if they repent not, certain to be damned, and consigned to the everlasting hell of fallen angels,—to come to the investigation of Divine truth with philosophical calmness, and study the Bible intellectually! The great thing needed by such is to be stirred up “to flee from the wrath to come.”—

Exposed every moment to “everlasting destruction,” “condemned already,” and, with the terrible words of the Incarnate Love ringing in their ears, “*Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God*,” “*He that believeth not shall be damned*”—if they are not driven almost mad by their fearful circumstances, it must be because they do not believe that they are lost—do not realise their awful position. The *consciousness* of being in imminent peril makes a man anxious to escape from his terrible circumstances, and betake himself to a place of safety.

After Sir Colin Campbell's silent retreat from Lucknow, in the last Indian war, there was one man left behind. “Captain Waterman,” says Mr. Rees, in his personal narrative of the siege, “having gone to his bed in a retired corner of the brigade mess-house, over-slept himself. He had been forgotten. At two o'clock in the morning he got up, and found to his horror that we had already left. He hoped against hope, and visited every outpost.—All was deserted and silent. To be the only man in an open entrenchment, and fifty thousand furious barbarians outside! It was horrible to contemplate. His situation frightened him. He took to his heels, and he ran, ran, ran, through the Feradbuksh and the Tehree Kothee till he could scarcely breathe. Still the same silence, the same stillness, interrupted only by the occasional report of the evening's gun or musketry. At last he came up with the retiring rear-guard mad with excitement, breathless with fatigue.”

Were not this officer's anxiety, excitement, fright, horror, and flight all reasonable, seeing that he knew his circumstances? And if you *realised* your dreadful circumstances as a lost sinner in danger every moment of hell-fire, would not similar feelings and conduct be eminently rational in your case? Suppose a person had come up to the imperilled officer in Lucknow just as he became conscious of his fearful position, and had endeavoured to tranquillise him by counselling him not to give way to his feelings, not to become excited, but to regard his circumstances and prospects with philosophic calmness, think the matter out for himself, viewing it intellectually as a gentleman of education and intelligence; would it not have been

an insult and a mockery at that dread hour, when he had such a vivid consciousness of his danger, and felt convinced that his safety depended solely on his immediate flight? "Captain, view your circumstances philosophically and intellectually!" Cruel mockery! Flee! flee!! *Escape for thy life!*

The parallel is so apparent that it needs not to be pointed out. Your salvation depends not on the amount of your intellectual knowledge of the plan of redemption—not on your balancing evidence and coming to conclusions with regard to the veracity of the Holy Scriptures—not on your calm deliberation and avoidance of excitement, but on being soundly convinced by God's Holy Spirit of your lost condition and in your betaking yourself to Christ Jesus, the sinner's only refuge, and being "FOUND IN HIM, NOT HAVING YOUR OWN RIGHTEOUSNESS, BUT THE RIGHTEOUSNESS WHICH IS OF GOD BY FAITH."

"THE HARVEST IS PAST."

How solemn are these words! How startling should they be to the thousands that are pressing on through life careless and unconcerned! The harvest is past! Yes, it is past! What has been gathered is safe. What has not been gathered is lost—lost, it may be, forever. The summer is ended—ended forever! It can never return. Its weeks and days are with the past. The record is made; the page is closed; and what is the result? Are we saved, or are we lost? One or the other is our condition. There is no neutral ground upon which we can stand. These months past have been full of spiritual blessings and privileges. God has been forbearing and long-suffering. The Saviour has been pleading and waiting; the Holy Spirit has been striving; and yet how many have neglected all these things! They have passed through the summer; life and health have been continued; and yet they are not saved! Neither the mercies, nor the judgment of God have had any apparent effect. Thousands have fallen all around them, and yet they are careless. They heed not the calls of mercy, nor the thunders of judgment.

But it will not always be so. To many, their last summer has come and gone.—

The falling leaves, the fading flowers are the last they will ever see. Before another summer shall begin, they shall have passed to that shore "where days and years are known no more." How solemnly are they admonished to put their houses in order, and prepare for their departure! If they are still unsaved, they have not a day to lose—no, not an hour. The summer of privilege and of hope is past. The autumn has come, and at any moment they may be summoned to their great account.—*Parish Visitor.*

HEART THEOLOGY.

"Draw me," "turn me," "quicken me," "incline my heart to thy testimonies"—even such prayer is an acknowledgment of the weakness of the soul, of its utter aversion to holiness, and of the sovereignty and sole efficacy of the grace of God.—*How much theology is in one of these short prayers!* The best divines are praying souls. They apprehend truth in its full form and just relations; not in that one-sided way which falsifies truth itself. In the light of God they see light. The sovereignty of God and the absolute helplessness of the soul they deeply feel. But the full apprehension and profound consciousness of these truths cause them to strive and wrestle, and work out their salvation with fear and trembling. The very same doctrine which lays the carnal soul to sleep, wakes them up to the utmost energy of prayer and effort. God alone can help them. This is with them a reason not for lying down and doing nothing, but for awaking, arising from among the dead, assailing the throne of grace with continual cries, and setting themselves to do all the commandments of God. The sovereignty of God is a weapon which the natural man puts under his head and goes to sleep upon, expecting in some future time to be summoned to some unknown conflict. The spiritual man, on the contrary, grasps the same truth with an earnest but joyful conviction, "does violence to the kingdom of heaven" with it, and "takes it by force." "Without me, ye can do nothing." That same declaration is an opiate to the careless and sin-enslaved soul, and an incentive to continual and hopeful efforts to the Christian.

THE CULTIVATION OF INDIVIDUALITY.

It appears to us of first importance, in order to the production of true manhood, that men should *dare to be themselves*. It is melancholy to think of the capacities which lie in disuse—of the wealth of power which is wasted because they dare not think their own thoughts, nor act out their own convictions, owing to an undue regard to the opinions of others. We would not, indeed, countenance the dogmatism against which we have already cautioned our readers, when young men flippantly criticise the doings of their seniors, and pronounce oracularly on questions on which, necessarily, they are profoundly ignorant. Any one who imagines that that is what we recommend when we ask him to dare to be himself, is not more a fop than he is a fool. Even in his outspokenness he does not give utterance to his own thoughts.—It is from the want of individuality that he speaks with such dogmatism. It is the thing which is common to his class, the way to secure their favourable opinion.—His own sense of right, did he dare to follow it, would suggest a more modest demeanour.

The thing which we believe to be indispensable to manhood is, that men, instead of seeking to be moulded after the fashion of others, should give fair scope to those individual peculiarities which are natural to themselves. How many are almost lost to all good purpose, rendered weak and comparatively useless, through a too slavish copying of their fellows. Instead of men, they are so many things, which, by an unnatural process, have been crushed into uniformity—well-drilled machines, moving in the same manner, and producing the same results. And the worst of it is, that in our educational and theological systems means are used to secure this unnatural and worthless uniformity. Our schools, necessarily or unnecessarily, are conducted on this principle,—not training young minds to think, but to repeat, in parrot-like manner, what has been thought before. And in our theological teaching, creeds containing not only the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith, on which men generally are agreed, but all their ramifications and relations as traced by some strong mind—

all the minutiae of dogmatic belief, on which thinking men invariably differ—are crammed into the disciple. Not without reason, you may say,—natural that men should preserve that which is good, and seek to make others share in it. Yes; but what was good for another may not be good for me. It was good for him because it was the natural outgrowth of his own mind—the conclusion at which he arrived through the unfettered exercise of his powers. For me to have it forced upon me may not be good, any more than it would be good for my body to be forced into the precise mould of his. But every man, you say, ought to be educated to believe the truth. Precisely so; and therefore do we contend for the unfettered exercise of thought. For it should be remembered, that what is true to one may be a lie to another. It is a lie if it be forced on him by authority, and is not the result of his own conviction. No two minds think precisely alike. And if you force a man to receive your creed intact in all its parts, in those which are not so much matters of faith as of opinion, the tendency is either to cramp his thinking powers, or to elicit his hypocritical assent to that which in his inner soul he does not believe. And though you may not think it desirable that men should be heretics, even in the mildest sense of the term, you surely cannot imagine that you mend the matter if you make them hypocrites instead. We wonder that, with your professed love of Protestantism, you should attempt to place restraint on thought. Have not you confidence enough in the truth to believe that free and honest thinking will lead to it? All your creed may not be credited, we admit; but what of that? If you are not infallible, some parts of your creed may, after all, be false. And at all events, you cannot, with advantage, force it on any one. The belief which is not the result of, which in fact is not consistent with, free thought, is not a belief at all, but a hollow and hypocritical mimicry of belief. Oh, the injury which is done by this enforced uniformity! Customs and opinions, recommended at first, perhaps by some great names, and subsequently sanctioned by time, are venerated as if they were God's ordinances. Men have an impression that they are not so sacred as they seem; but dare not give it utterance because of the opprobrium which

would follow, and are content therefore to practise a habitual falsehood. Thus they press on society like an incubus,—crushing the manhood out of thousands, until some great soul, finding their pressure intolerable, examines them, discovers that they are not God's truths, but man's falsehoods, declares them to be what they are, and tears them into shreds. Thus reformations are produced, which break up the incrustations of centuries, and men once more think freely until the growing tendency to enforce uniformity again fetters the mind. Have you never noticed the effect of this on the modern pulpit? I would not scandalise my brethren. Those who know me best can testify that such is not my habit. And certainly any man who would bring sweeping charges against a class of men, many of whom are earnestly attempting to do God's work, would deserve to be branded as a reckless slanderer. It is not scandalising, however, to take notice of statements which are in general circulation. According to notorious rumour, there are hundreds of ministers whose preaching is of no interest to any mortal. Hearers sit and yawn under them. They go to church because it is their duty to go, not because they expect to get anything; and go away just as they came. No thought is awakened, no instruction received; because the minister repeats without variation the same often-told tale. Let twenty of them preach,—let one preach twenty times,—in every sermon you hear just what you have heard a thousand times before. The arrangement may differ somewhat, and you may have a different text, but the same substance. "What a weariness," says one, "is an ordinary meeting on one of the fifty-two ordinary Sundays of the year!—What a dreary thing is an ordinary sermon of an ordinary minister! He does not wish to preach it; the audience do not wish to hear it. So he makes a feint of preaching, they a feint of hearing him preach. But he preaches not; they hear not. He is dull as the cushion he beats; they as the cushions they cover." I do not think this is a fair representation; but in so far as there is any ground for it, it appears to me partly owing to the fact that ministers have been drilled to think in a particular manner, until they are afraid to think for themselves, and have no power

to awaken thought in others. And I am the more confirmed in this when I see that many of those who now exert the greatest influence in the pulpit are men who have either not been drilled, as we say, or they have been strong enough to resist, or outgrow its influence. Some, indeed, without any great originality, attract by the felicity of their diction, or the splendour of their imagery, or the artistic structure of their discourses, and others impress by the earnest enforcement of old truths; but the great lights of the pulpit, those whom the spiritually intelligent and growing can hear with profit, are men who, holding fast by the great truths of the gospel, trace their relations into new spheres of thought, and apply them in new forms and combinations to the various duties of life, making them luminous in the light of their own strong understanding. Even the most striking instance of noisy success which modern times supply, is a man who, whatever may be his faults or virtues, has this one indispensable element—he dares to speak the thing that is in him. Nor is it thus with the pulpit only. It is so in every sphere of life. Those who would be men must dare to be themselves—to think their own thoughts, and to speak out the thing that is in them. They may possibly make mistakes—very likely will—all men are liable to that, but better be mistaken occasionally than not think at all. Better advance, though at the risk of making a false notion, than stand forever still. Better, through many blunders, attain to the right and the true, than remain always where and what you are. Prudence may be a very profitable virtue, but it is none of the most admirable, even in its best estate, and it is capable of being carried to such an extent as to become a positive vice, and one of the meanest of the vices withal. I cannot for the life of me admire the man who never goes wrong because he always stands still; and if there be one whom I detest more than another,—who is more than another the object of my intensest scorn,—it is he who waits to know how the wind of public opinion blows before he dare give utterance to his own thoughts, and refuses to stir a step until it has become so popular that he can do so with perfect safety to his reputation or his purse. O my friend, for what were we made? That we might fol-

low each other like silly sheep? to have our individuality crushed out of us by being pressed into a common mould? Was the Creator so deficient in contrivance that He must fashion us all after the same pattern? I think not. I think He "has as many plans as He has men," and we honour Him and fulfil His purpose, not by slavishly copying our neighbours, but by daring to be ourselves. As to the human countenance He has given endless diversity, creating no two entirely alike, and adorning various types with their own style of beauty; so has He endowed us with endless diversity of disposition and talent: and His purpose is not that we should emasculate our strength and destroy our peculiarities by striving after a worthless and impossible uniformity, but that each one should be content and ambitious to be himself and not another.

But while I say all this, I would not omit to add, that nothing is more essential to individuality, or to the manhood which we wish you to cultivate, than proper self-control. A man must be master of himself before he can be properly independent of the opinion of others. To act hastily on a passing impulse,—to give utterance to every crude and ill-digested fancy,—dogmatically to assert an opinion which you have not had time to weigh, and which ere an hour has passed you may see reason to renounce,—that is not to dare to be yourself, nor to foster your own individuality. That opinion which you utter so strongly is no part of yourself. You have not weighed it sufficiently to make it yours. It is a mere passing fancy which has seized you, and by which, like a child, you have allowed yourself to be taken captive. Men who act thus have properly no self, no individuality. They are mere creatures of impulse—"everything by turns, and nothing long." The convictions which should be uttered and acted on are not slight and evanescent impressions; but convictions which are the result of careful and deliberate thought,—convictions which grow upon you until they have all the force of a burden from the Lord, and demand utterance if you would not be unfaithful to yourselves. Mighty is the difference certainly between the youth who blab out every thought that strikes him, when there is no reason why it should be

spoken except his own overweening conceit or the want of mastery over his tongue, or who yields to every impulse, and is now idle, and now active, now depressed, and now elevated, according to the mood of the moment,—mighty is the difference between him and the man who dares to be singular, because he will not, by life or speech, deny that which in his inner heart he most surely believes, and is not prepared at the dictation of others to sacrifice his manhood. The one remains a mere child in force long after he is a man in years; the other is already possessed of one of the elements, and is pursuing a course which naturally issues in the development, of true manhood.—*Landels.*

SHALL CHRISTIANS DANCE.

SHALL CHRISTIANS DANCE?—Why not *Christians*, if anybody? We would not advise a sinner to dance. A sinner is an enemy to God, and shall he dance? A sinner must repent or perish, and shall he dance? A sinner is on the way to hell, and may be there in an hour—shall he dance? There is something supremely shocking in the idea of a dancing sinner. What fearful declarations are those of Job! "They send forth their little ones like a flock and their children dance. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave!" Job xxii 11, 13.

But a Christian is a redeemed sinner. "He is bought with a price." "He is washed, he is sanctified, he is justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and the spirit of our God." "He is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." The Christian is the image of Christ, and is to show to the world that he has been with Jesus, and has learned of him, "who was meek and lowly in heart, and went about doing good." The Christian is crucified to the world, and the world unto him! so that "he rolls his dying eyes upon a dying world." The Christian is, in a little while, to be in heaven, beholding and enjoying, and forever to enjoy the glory of God, and shall he dance when he passes to his eternal home? The apostolic exhortation is, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God."

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have a time to dance. At what point of time between one communion season and another shall it be? just before, or just after, they sit down at the table of the Lord? Is it the kind of preparation which fits them for that scene which Calvary beheld? Will the dance help them to "examine themselves?" Will it

enable them to deny themselves as they should after they have been anew to see Christ crucified? Or will they fix the time at a point equally distant from the celebration past, and the celebration to come; so that they may *forget*, or *almost forget*, the command, "This do in remembrance of me?" Can they, at the dance, think intensely upon the scenes in the garden; in the palace of the High Priest; in the hall of Pilate; on the way to Calvary; at the nailing of the victim; and at the innocent sufferer's cry of agony. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This cry, under Almighty wrath, crushing him to death for our sins, makes the ears of Christians tingle. How can they forget it, so as to find a *time* to dance between one communion season and another?

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have *leisure* to dance. "Wot ye not," said Jesus, "that I must be about my Father's business?" He began early, and continued to the end to be about his Father's business; so that in the end he could say to his Father, "I have glorified thee upon earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Then he was ready to depart, and with his last breath cried, "It is finished." Duty and suffering were completed. Are Christians the followers of such a Saviour, at leisure, so that their work is done long before their sun has set? Do they understand God's word so well, that they need study it no more? Are all their duties to God in the closet, in the family, and in his house, diligently and faithfully performed? Do they perform all that is needful for the young, for the aged, for the church, for the world, and then find leisure to unite with gay companions in moving to the sound of the viol, amid the mazes of pleasurable dissipation? Is the soul duly cared for? And from the dance, can they return home to commune with God, to pray for all saints and the ministers of Christ, with all prayer, and without ceasing? Can they "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world?"

Shall Christians dance? Then they must be *imitated* by others. Allowing that Christians have *time*, *leisure*, and *money* for the dance, the question remains—Is it expedient? Does it tend to edification? Is it attended with no danger to others? Will the gay and thoughtless be likely to derive benefit from such examples of Christians? If we would advise sinners not to dance, we certainly would not set the example. If but one member of a church be found in the ball-room, who will not know it? Will not every eye be fixed on that individual? Will not some be ready to say in his heart, "Did not I see thee at the *Lord's table*?" Will it not be reported the next day? And will not the echo fly among

the circles of the lovers of pleasure? Will not the thoughtless urge this example as a plea for the indulgence which conscience forbids? And will not many be emboldened, not only near by, but far off, to do what no sinner should venture to do, as it must be at the peril of his soul? And will not those gay companions of yours despise you for your vain indulgence?

Dear friend, how can you have any delight in this amusement, or in any other pastime in which they delight who are strangers to God? When all the sweets of Paradise are before us, need we covet the forbidden tree? Can you recommend Christ and him crucified to your jovial companions? Can you converse seriously on the salvation of the soul, while on the way with them either to, or from, the merry meeting? Dear friend, how came you to be in this vacillating state of mind? You did not feel once as you do now. Are you become, or are you about to become, one of those who draw back to perdition? May you not, if you love the dance, or any other carnal amusement, question whether you are as yet saved, on the road to heaven—a new creature in Christ Jesus? We have never found any born again of God, but in Jesus they had enough to satisfy the longings of their immortal souls. Holiness is their delight, and holiness is not to be found in the dance.

"BECAUSE" AND "THAT."

"Now tell us what is the great difference between you and me?" said a Roman Catholic lady to Dr Malan, of Geneva, as they were travelling together one day in a public coach, in France—"I being a good Catholic, and you a Protestant?" "Well" said the doctor, "the difference between us does not seem very great; it consists only in the use of a little conjunction." "What is that?" she said. "Why," he replied, "we say, 'We must love God and obey His commandments, BECAUSE He has saved us;' and you say, 'We must love Him and obey His commandments, THAT He may save us.' The difference lies in the two words 'BECAUSE' and 'THAT.'"—He then explained the gospel of a free salvation to her, and he had reason to believe she was led savingly to understand it.

USE ME!

MAKE use of me, my God!
 Let me not be forgot;
 A broken vessel cast aside,
 One whom thou needest not.

I am thy creature, Lord;
 And made by hands divine;
 And I am part, however mean,
 Of this great world of thine.

Thou usest all thy works,
 The weakest things that be;
 Each has a service of its own
 For all things wait on thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
 The tiny drops of dew,
 The giant peak and little hill;—
 My God, Oh use me too!

Thou usest tree and flower,
 The rivers vast and small
 The eagle great, the little bird
 That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
 The little hidden lake;
 The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
 The lily in the brake.

The huge rock in the vale,
 The sand-grain by the sea,
 The thunder of the rolling cloud,
 The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve thee here,
 All creatures, great and small;
 Make use of me, of me, my God,
 The meanest of them all!

Bonar's Hymns of Faith and Hope.

A WORD IN SEASON.

A young lady, known to Samuel Hick, a village blacksmith, from her childhood, when her horse had lost a shoe, called at his shop to have it replaced. She appeared delicate. He looked compassionately upon her, and asked, "Dost thou know, *bairn*, whether thou hast a soul?" Startled with the question, she looked in return; but before she was permitted to reply, he said, "Thou hast one whether thou knowest it or not; and it will live in happiness or misery for ever."

These, and other remarks, produced

serious thoughts. Her father perceived from her manner, that something was preying upon her spirits. She told him the cause: "What!" he exclaimed, "has that old blacksmith been at thee, to turn thy head? but I will *whack* him." So saying, he took up a large stick, left the house—posted off to Samuel's residence—found him at the anvil—and, without the least intimation, struck him a heavy blow on the side, which, said Samuel, when relating the circumstance, "nearly felled me to the ground," adding, "and it was not a little that would have done it in those days." On receiving the blow, he turned round and said, "What art thou about, man? what is that for?" Supposing it to be out of revenge, and that religion was the cause of it, he made a sudden wheel, and lifting up his arm, inclined the other side to his enraged assailant, saying, "Here man, hit that too." But either his courage failed him, or he was softened by the manner in which the blow was received: beholding in Samuel a real disciple of him who said, "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." He then left him, and Samuel had the happiness of witnessing the progress of grace in the daughter.

Some time after this the person himself was taken ill, and Samuel was sent for.—He was shown into the chamber, and looking on the sick man he asked, "What is the matter with thee? art thou *down* to die?" He stretched out his arm to Samuel, and said, "Will you forgive me?" Not recollecting the circumstance for the moment, Samuel asked, "What for? I have nothing against thee, *bairn*, nor any man living." The case being noticed, the question was again asked, "Will you forgive me?" "Forgive thee, *bairn*? I tell thee I have nothing against thee! but if thou art about to die, we will pray a bit, and see if the Lord will forgive thee." Samuel knelt by the side of the couch, and the dying man united with him: and from the penitence, faith, and gratitude which he manifested, there was hope in his death. The daughter continued an object of his solicitude; she grew up to womanhood—became a mother—and he afterwards rejoiced to see her and two of her daughters hopefully converted.

Four conversions are here to be traced, in regular succession. springing apparently from a word fitly spoken by one of the *weak things* of this world made mighty through God.

WHAT IS A SERMON?

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

There are two ways of regarding a sermon: either as a human composition or a Divine message. If we look upon it entirely as the first, and require our clergymen to finish it with their utmost care and learning, for our better delight, whether of ear or intellect, we shall necessarily be led to expect much formality and stateliness in its delivery, and to think that all is not well if the pulpit has not a golden fringe round it, and if the sermon be not fairly written in a black book, to be smoothed upon a cushion in a majestic manner before beginning. All this we shall duly come to expect: but we shall, at the same time, consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is our duty to listen without restlessness for half-an-hour or three-quarters, but which, when that duty has been decorously performed, we may dismiss from our minds, in happy confidence of having another whenever it shall be necessary. But if once we begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us which is a matter of life and death, whether we hear or refuse; if we look upon him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; if we make some endeavour to conceive how precious these hours ought to be to him, a small vantage on the side of God after his flock have been exposed for six days together to the full weight of the world's temptations, and he has been forced to watch the thorn and the thistle springing in their hearts, and to see what wheat had been scattered there snatched from the wayside by this wild bird and the other, and at last, when, breathless and weary with the week's labour, they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men,

to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them from all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastening of those doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked, and yet none has opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where wisdom herself has stretched forth her hands, and no man regarded; thirty minutes to raise the dead in,—let us but once understand and feel all this, and we shall look with changed eyes upon that frippery of gay furniture about the place from which the message of judgment must be delivered, which either breathes upon the bones that they may live, or, if ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation, perhaps, against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them. We shall not so easily bear with the silk and gold upon the seat of judgment, nor with ornament of oratory in the mouth of the messenger; we shall wish that his words may be simple even when they are sweetest, and the place where he speaks like a marble rock in the desert, about which the people have gathered in their thirst.

THE THEOLOGIAN AND THE PREACHER.

The office of the theologian, though not higher, is, I am well aware, one involving intellectual exercises of a kind far more severe and subtle than that of the preacher. The creditable performance of the duties of the popular instructor does not imply ability to meet that more stringent tax on the purely intellectual energies which is imposed on the scientific theologian. The relation of the theologian to the pastor is, in many respects, that of the public speaker to the philosophic grammarian—of the practical reasoner to the scientific logician and the psychologist—of the retailer of scruples to the scientific chemist and physiologist. It is possible to practise an art the basis of which in theory we are incapable of investigating. He may be a fluent or eloquent speaker who has no analytic power to trace and expound those principles which lie at the root of all language, and which are involved in all accurate speech. The instinctive sharpness

of the special pleader may be utterly dissociated from the power to investigate the laws of thought and to develop the dialectic principles and rules which are involved in the act of reasoning. And, in like manner, higher in one view though the qualifications of the preacher may be; yet it is quite possible for a man to declare in apt and persuasive words the truths of the gospel, who is destitute of the power scientifically to analyse and defend them. To the theologian appertains the duty not simply to state and enforce the truths and duties of religion, but to investigate into the sources and criteria of our religious knowledge, to point out the evidence on which our belief in it rests, to define and verify each separate conception or doctrine, to show the manifold mutual relations of different truths, and to mould all the separate elements into a consistent and systematic form. All this to be done well implies something rarer than the rhetorician's art.—DR. CAIRD.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

BY THE REV. W. PATERSON, EDINBURGH.

The writer was lately on a visit to some Christian friends in one of our provincial towns. Many in the place had lately been made partakers of the blessings of the Gospel, and in the first full gush of spiritual joy went in amongst their acquaintances, till the attention of the town was excited, and the minds of many turned to the consideration of eternal things. It was truly a pleasure to be beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Howard, where the position they occupied in life was sanctified, and the whole family warm on religion, and yet wise in all their endeavours for the extension of Messiah's kingdom, which made their intercourse and friendship peculiarly pleasant.

It was a holiday in the town, and the young gentlemen who had already entered on the world, were expected to spend the day beneath their father's roof. A short excursion into the country was proposed, and there being an old churchyard in the neighbourhood, noted for the picturesque ruins of an ancient chapel, with many other mementoes of the past, thither we

bent our steps. It was a pleasant day in spring; the storms of winter were over; the winds softly fanned the trees that were already clad in their first green foliage; and the broad bosom of the earth seemed ready to burst with the gush of vernal glee. We wandered here and there, marked the old ruin with its wreaths of ivy, where voices rung in song, and where knees bent in adoration, that long since mouldered in the dust. We read the records of the past, and trode softly over the grassy mounds, where the dust of the rich could not be distinguished from that of the poor.

After moving about for some time, and as we were preparing to retire, "Come," said the eldest son, "let us sing a hymn round mother's grave," and to his mother's grave we went. It was a calm, sweet, sheltered spot in a solitary corner, where the sunbeams lingered all day, and which the rude, rough winds could hardly touch. She had only been buried about eighteen months, and standing round the place of her sleep, with uncovered heads we sung the Paraphrase—

When the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake;
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake.

Those bodies that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.

It was a melting hour; the whole of our party, young and old, were in tears; the words of our hymn we could hardly articulate, for the feelings of our hearts choked our utterance, and singing thus around the grave we realized more than ever the animating truth, *They shall arise.*

After our song the eldest prayed, and in prayer thanked God for the circumstances in which they met, for the living example of a pious mother, and the hope they had of meeting her in heaven. After prayer I went up to him, and remarked it was one of the most touching scenes I had ever witnessed. "Yes, perhaps so," said he, "but let me tell you all the circumstances. When we last met round this spot, there was not a living soul amongst us but the dear one in the grave. Now, thank God, our whole family of father, sister, and four sons, are all in Christ."

THE GOOD NEWS.

FEBRUARY 15th, 1863.

WHY DID YOU NOT SPEAK TO ME ABOUT MY SOUL?

A HINT TO MINISTERS.

This question was once put by an aged individual to a minister of the gospel. It was not put through petulance, but in the way of gentle rebuke, after the old man had been awakened, from a state of dead formalism, to a newness of life, and remembered how the minister had frequently spoken to him about many things, but had omitted to speak to him about his soul.

Is not this common? We remember in our early Christian experience, when our feelings were fresh and our heart full of the realities of eternal life, we conversed with several ministers relative to studying for the ministry. Interesting and instructive were our conversations, but we were struck with the absence of any reference to things pertaining to our soul, or to the personality of Jesus. We resolved then, that if ever we were engaged in the work of the ministry, it would be different with us. But, alas, it is with us as with others. We have met, conversed, and parted with many a one, who perhaps expected we should have spoken to them about their soul, and said nothing on the subject. We are most prone to do so, to those with whom we are on most familiar terms, and with those who are professed Christians, and we presume that it is so with others. The retrospect on this subject is humbling in the extreme to us, and we would charge ourselves, when we remind our brethren, to WATCH FOR SOULS, AS THOSE THAT MUST GIVE AN ACCOUNT.

THE REV. J. DENHAM SMITH.

In this issue of the *Good News* we give the first part of a very profitable address by the Rev. J. Denham Smith. This gentleman, now a travelling Evangelist in Great Britain and Ireland, and whose services are greatly blessed, had been a pastor for twenty years

previous to his being the subject of a fresh baptism of the Spirit, which introduced him to the full joy of that gospel which he is now preaching, and the careful preparation of these years brought his mind into close contact with all the leading themes of divine revelation. In this way he has the advantage over many, that he knows both the Scriptures and the power of God. As a consequence of this thorough training, his addresses are solid, varied, and intensely Scriptural, and Jesus is always the object prominently held forth.

We refer our readers to the address inserted in this number. From it, it will be seen that Mr. Smith preaches a full Christ, in an interesting manner, and on this account we commend it.

From one of our exchanges we cull the following, being part of an address made in London, England, to students from the Independent, Baptist, and Presbyterian Colleges:

“Rev. J. Denham Smith, in an address full of striking incident and happy illustration, alluded to several ministers and laymen, among many others, who have been eminently successful in the salvation of souls, during the last few years, and said it would be a matter for conversation to inquire wherein lay the secret of these men’s success, and if attainable, to secure it for ourselves, for surely we are not going to be satisfied with reading or delivering an elaborately prepared sermon and gaining great applause, without hearing of souls having been awakened and converted under our preaching. “The fact is,” he said, “I don’t know what I should do if the Lord did not give me souls. The salvation of souls has become the passion of my life.”

Speaking of his own experience, he said, that when he went first to college, although he believed he was converted, still he had no assurance of his interest in Christ; and if, any one asked him if he was saved, which they did not, he could only say he *hoped* he was, deeming it almost presumption to be sure. And of course he never had real joy and peace in believing. Years afterwards when a pastor, he always preached there was a hell, a heaven, and a judgment, spoke often and plainly of the guilt and misery of sin, the justice and holiness of God, till at length the people began to believe all this too; and he became surrounded with a perfect anxiety, which he felt utterly unable to remove. Nor had he yet himself been delivered from the bondage of doubts and fears. What could

he do? He was like a man telling a condemned criminal of the horrors of the drop, and the guilt of murder, all the while aggravating his misery without being able to remove it. Not till he himself was led into the liberty, joy, and peace of the gospel, could he do anything to meet this wide-spread conviction. But once experiencing the peace and joy of the Holy Ghost in his own soul, he began with all his heart to preach *Christ* to the people, and they looked and were healed. This led him to refer to two ministers who spoke to him, and who like himself were in doubt and fear about their acceptance with God; but being introduced by the Holy Spirit into the light and love of the Gospel, went back to their flocks to preach as they never did before, and were, under God, the means of much blessing to them.

At the conclusion of his address, conversation was invited, and many of the students availed themselves of the opportunity to get further information as to the mode of preaching which appeared to produce such effects, and as to the permanent results of the revival work. Replying to the first, Mr. Smith wisely directed the mind from the *mode* to the *matter* of preaching, showing that the preaching of Christ and Him crucified by those who themselves had felt the power and love and joy of the Gospel was the successful means of winning souls. And as to the results of the work of revival in Ireland and Scotland, he gave decided testimony as to its general permanency. Mr. Smith's address evidently awakened much interest on the part of the students, as was seen in the numbers who took part in the conversation upon it; and although considerable difference of opinion was exercised on several points, his kind visit was so much appreciated, that he was heartily invited to renew it the next time he came to the metropolis.

THE STUDENT AND HIS SISTER.

As a youth was leaving his Christian home, for the temptations of college-life, a pious sister put into his hand a parting note.— Words of sisterly affection and interest were followed by this brief appeal; "Dear brother, if at the hour of *twilight* you are ever tempted to engage in anything that would dishonour your parents or your God, remember, I entreat you, that your sister is pleading for you at the throne of grace. That hour shall be with me hallowed time, devoted to God on your account."

Months passed away; and while the student won a fair name by his exemplary deportment and attention to study, his sister untiringly pleaded with God for his conversion. At

length a precious letter came home, bearing the hope that he had found the Saviour.— Acknowledging his indebtedness to the teachings and prayers of his father and mother, he said to his sister, "Among the many influences which I hope have been instrumental in leading me to Jesus, none is more signal than the consciousness I have had that you, my dear sister, were daily bearing me on your heart at a particular hour. I could not engage in open transgression with that fact before me. When tempted to join my associates in some forbidden pleasure, or to spend an evening in an unprofitable manner, a voice seemed to say to me, 'Beware; your sister is praying for you.' I tried to put it away; I buried myself in my books to drown the voice of conscience, but it grew louder and louder. Outward propriety would not satisfy me, and I had no rest till I began to pray for myself. I had bitter struggles with my wicked and proud heart. The way of salvation seemed hard and impossible, but I could not turn back. God has heard your prayer, my beloved sister, and I shall always feel that I owe much to you."

Ah, sister, brother, friend, you know not the power which you wield over those brought up at your side. The love of home and friends, even if unsanctified, may do much; but you who know the throne of grace may encircle a cherished one with those strong cords of influence which temptations and sophistry in their most wily forms, cannot break. You may thus win the joy of those who "save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

THE RICH FOOL.

The Rev. John Cooke, of Maidenhead, once, when travelling, fell in with a rich farmer, who was very unwilling to listen to any serious remarks which he was disposed to make, and at length said with a sneer, "I don't like religion, and I told you so." "You are not a singular farmer, sir," replied Mr Cooke. "I have read of one whom you greatly resemble. The farmer to whom I allude, finding his ground very productive, and his barns too small, resolved to build larger barns and filling them; and said to his soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, 'Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? Luke xii. 19, 20. Now sir, I think you must see yourself in this picture. Here is a farmer, very rich, living to himself in health, ease, and pleasure, "without God in the world.' No doubt his neighbours envied and flattered him;

but no one dared to reprove so rich a man.— And if no one reproved his sins, and many flattered them as virtues, he never heard the truth. This accounts for our Lord's words, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God?" But although he thought himself wise, and others wished to be like him, God addresses him differently—"Thou fool!"

"Why, sir, do you suppose the only wise God called him a fool?" He was silent.

"But, candidly, do not you think he was a fool?"

"I shall not say, sir.

"Well, sir, if you will allow me to hazard an opinion, he appears a fool—

"1. Because he preferred his body to his soul.

"2. Because he preferred the world to God. 'Eat, drink, and be merry,' was the extent of his aim.

"3. Because he preferred time to eternity: 'Thou hast goods laid up for many years.'

"Because he lived as if he should never die; and, whilst presuming on many years, exposed his soul to all the horrors of a sudden death, without repentance, without forgiveness, without holiness, without hope."

STORY OF A RAVEN.

In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious peasant of German extraction, by name Dobry. Without his fault he had fallen into arrear with his rent, and the landlord determined to evict him; and it was winter. He went to him three times in vain. It was evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with all his family, when, as they sat there in sorrow, the church bell tolled for evening prayer; and Dobry kneeled down in their midst, and they sang—

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands."

And as they came to the last verse—

"When thou wouldst all our need supply
Who, who shall stay thy hand?"

there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window, the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious stones.

Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but he thought again that he would bring

it to his minister; and he, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him, and related the story. And the king sent for Dobry, and rewarded him, so that he was no more in need; and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own stall; and over the house-door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath this verse—

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light."

—*Good Words.*

THERE IS ROOM.

What a glorious declaration is this in regard to the Gospel! There yet is room. Millions have been saved, but there is room. Millions have been invited, and have come, and have gone to heaven; but heaven is not yet full. There is a banquet there which no number can exhaust; there are fountains, which no number can drink dry; there are harps there which other hands can strike; and there are seats there which others may occupy. Heaven is not full, and there yet is room. The Sabbath school teacher may say to his class, there yet is room; the parent may say to his children, there yet is room; the minister of the Gospel may go and say to the wide world, yet is room. The mercy of God is not exhausted; the blood of the atonement has not lost his efficacy; heaven is not full. What a sad message it *would* be if we were compelled to go and say, "There is no more room, heaven is full. No other one can be saved. No matter what their prayers, or tears, or sighs, they cannot be saved. Every place is filled; every seat is occupied!" But, thanks to God, this is not the message we are to hear: and if there yet is room, come sinners, young and old, and enter into heaven. Fill up that room, that heaven may be full of the happy and the blessed. If any part of the universe is to be vacant, O let it be the dark world of woe!—*Albert Barnes.*

WHO WILL BE A SOUL-GATHERER?

By the Authoress of "The Child of the Kingdom."

CHILDREN,—Will you help in this harvest-work? Will you glean after Christ? When you are alone with a playmate, sing one of the sweet songs that first made you happy.—Pray for him. . . .

Does the name "Soul-gatherer" seem strange to you? It came from a mother, standing by the pillow of a child like you, waiting to see its spirit pass away. Long weeks of sickness had brought it very low. A friend arrived at the house to wait for the night train. "Go and see him," said the child. And when her mother came back, she asked, "Did you find out if he had come to Jesus yet?" "No,"—"Oh, then, I'll try to be able to see him before he goes." A fit came on, and, unasked, the stranger, with others, sprang into the room, where the child lay in agony, to give his help. When breath came back, they were left alone. "Will you speak of Jesus to-night to the people in the train?" asked the child, gently. "Well, I fear not." "Oh! you can't have come to Jesus then; everybody that has Jesus tries to bring more to Him." Once more a paroxysm of the illness brought all into the room. That time the stranger feared he should never see these lips move again; but as the child lay back on his arm, and while he bent in fond love over her, saying, "What troubles my darling? is it pain?" the smile returned, and the child said, "Nothing troubles me but *your soul*, because you haven't Jesus. Do trust Him now, and you'll be so happy. I don't sleep; somebody needs to stay with me. Stay you: do stay, and perhaps you'll find Jesus before morning." Far on in the morning, while the train still carried him hundreds of miles away, and the lamps burned low beside the watchers, these pale lips whispered, "No, I can't sleep; but I'm praying for *him*. I wonder if he has found Jesus in the train, and if he's telling the rest how to find Him! He has so sweet a face; but if he had Jesus, you would see it far sweeter." Another day and night, and there was almost no pulse and no pain, yet the little one could whisper, word by word, "Write for me, and say I wonder if he has found Jesus." The Lord said, "Mother, wilt thou give the child to me?" and her heart said, "No." But her soul said, "Yes, Lord. Though I cannot give up *my child*, take Thou thy little soul-GATHERER." For she thought she saw an angel divide the waters, and her own child climb, with the ripe ears gathered in early morning, up to the footstool of the great white throne. (Dan. xii. 3.)

BOSOM FRIENDS,—Whether you be fellow-students, or fellow-servants, or even should seas roll between you, making your love all the less selfish, that it expects little from earth and all in heaven, will you let Jesus stamp that friendship with love for the lost? Throw that love of yours—God's sweet gift—though barren still of good to any but yourselves—throw it as a plank across the gulf between the living and the dead. Let him who pleads best under shade of the mercy-seat lodge within the veil. Let him who can work near the pit's edge, and who feels how each devil's arrow glides off him on the Captain's shield; let him linger among the lost, make errands among the perishing with a heart of love, and with a tongue of fire, saying, "Behold the Lamb!" Give these two glowing hearts to God to be fired for the first time, or fired anew, by love divine. Next New Year's Day shall not your pillar of remembrance be built of living stones, which your hands have carried off Satan's ground? Do it with all your might as those who rescue the dying.—Sacrifice something. The men who lift the wounded after bloody battles will scarcely stop to pluck wild flowers growing near the slain.

MOTHER,—Could not God make that home of yours the place of blessing? Lease to Him, for one year, without conditions, heart and home. See how He can use them. Like one in search of a rare flower, passing many a gay garden by, did Jesus once search Judea, looking out for FAITH. * * * * * Shall He not find it by first planting it—in that crushed heart of yours? Yield your home up to Him to be blest. "He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of him shall flow rivers of living water. This spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive." Like the fountains that play day and night in the hall in warm countries, Christ can first dig and fill and then keep flowing in your dwelling a well of living water. Remember, He has the great river beside the throne to fill it from! Beware of staying His hand. Beware of seeking to guide or control these waters. Take no charge of them except to take an hourly draught yourself. Be always there to serve them out to each thirsty visitor. There is no rule how.—Each one who gives himself quite away to Christ will find a way. Do not put on a grave face. Describe the unseen Lord to the blind guest, seated at your side, just as you would tell a stranger how kind your own husband is, and how happy your children make you. All forced, stiff mention of Him ceases when He is *near*. Ask Him that each friend who comes in may bring or get His blessing. Let the children help you. Train them up to

feel that the guiltiest miser on God's earth is he who can hide the gold of Ophir in a selfish breast and see his neighbour go poor for ever. Accustom the children to listen for Christ's footstep in the house. What you and they join in asking God to do, they at least—for their faith is simplest—will expect to see done. Soon He may make you a household of Soul-gatherers. "And the name of the house from that day shall be Jehovah-Shammah—THE LORD IS THERE."

WHAT IS BELIEVING?

WHAT is this believing, which is of such matchless importance. What is the nature of this faith which gives a man such amazing privileges? Here is a rock on which many make shipwreck. And yet there is nothing really mysterious and hard to understand about saving belief. The whole difficulty arises from man's pride and self-righteousness. It is the very simplicity of justifying faith at which thousands stumble. They cannot understand it because they will not stoop.

Believing on Christ is *no mere intellectual assent or belief of the head*. This is no more than the faith of devils. We may believe that there was a divine person called Jesus Christ, who lived and died and rose again, eighteen hundred years ago, and yet never believe so as to be saved. Doubtless there must be some knowledge before we can believe. There is no true religion in ignorance. But knowledge alone is not saving faith.

Believing on Christ, again, is *not mere feeling something about Christ*. This is often no more than temporary excitement, which, like the early dew, soon passes away. We may be pricked in conscience, and feel drawings toward the gospel like Herod and Felix. We may even tremble and weep, and show much affection for the truth and those that profess it. And yet all this time our hearts and wills may remain utterly unchanged and secretly chained down to the world. Doubtless there is no saving faith where there is no feeling. But feeling alone is not faith.

True belief in Christ is *the unreserved trust of a heart convinced of sin, in Christ, as an all-sufficient Saviour*. It is the combined act of the whole man's head, conscience, heart, and will. It is often so weak and feeble at first, that he who has it

cannot be persuaded that he has it. And yet, like life in the new-born infant, his belief may be real, genuine, saving and true. The moment that the conscience is convinced of sin, and the head sees Christ to be the only one who can save, and the heart and will lay hold on the hand that Christ holds out, that moment there is saving faith.

J. C. RYLE.

THE CHILD'S REST.

In a quiet parlor in a street in London, sat a middle-aged man in deep thought. He had that evening returned from a prayer-meeting, where he had seen the Holy Spirit's work in many a stricken soul. On the other side of the fire sat his little daughter, her face half-hidden in her hands, and in thought as deep, but for her own sins. "Father, were you very long before you found peace?" inquired the child.

His eyes rested on the pale sad countenance up-turned to his own, and read therein the answer to many a prayer. "Yes, my child, I was indeed very long before I found peace; but I left off seeking peace and sought only Jesus. When I had Jesus I had peace too." He spoke no more; he knew that the Holy Spirit's work had begun in the young soul; he was constrained to be silent, and see the salvation of God.

He saw it. The day of rest for her soul came. A happy lark-like song sounded from the chamber where his little daughter lay. None who tasted of the joy born of the Holy Spirit need ask, "Wherefore dost thou laugh?" Her heart rippled over with gladness, rejoicing in the peace that passeth all understanding. The Lord had need of her. She was not too young to know him and love him; she was not too young to die; for she believed in that love in which she was to rejoice evermore.

The heavenly husbandman sent the north wind and the south wind upon the little bud. Sickness came, and weakness, and weariness, but it was well, for the flower was to bloom for the upper garden; and the Lord looking on it, loved it. There was sunshine as well as shade upon that death-bed. She loved to look to heaven, and would entreat for the curtains to be left undrawn in her sick chamber that she

might watch the stars. "I love to see the beautiful pavement on which the angels are treading," she would say. "I shall soon be among them, justified! I have a right to be there with Jesus." Some two months went by, and then the hour of rest came; she was not, for God took her.

Now this child saw herself a sinner, and she believed that there was a Saviour; but until she knew him as having pardoned her sins, she could not know peace. "In me ye have peace." She believed, and he gave her that rest which he offers to all who go to him. She sought neither in toys, nor books, nor even in natural affection, to fill that void in her soul. None of these things could satisfy. She sought Christ; and having him, she was made partaker of the promise—"They which have believed do enter into rest."

THE EXHAUSTLESS FULLNESS.

"It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell;" dwell, not come and go, like a wayfaring man who tarrieth but a night, who is with us to-day, and away to-morrow; not like the shallow, noisy, treacherous brook that fails, when most needed, in heat of summer; but like this deep-seated spring, that rising silently though affluently at the mountain's foot, and having unseen communication with its exhaustless supplies, is ever flowing over its grassy margin, equally unaffected by the long droughts that dry the wells, and the frosts that pave the neighbouring lake with ice. So fail the joys of earth; so flow, supplied by the fulness that is in Christ, the pleasures and the peace of piety. It cannot be otherwise. "If a man love me," says Jesus, "he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

I have read how, in the burning desert, the skeletons of unhappy travellers, all withered and white, are found, not only on the way to the fountain, but lying grim and ghastly on its banks, with their skulls stretched over its very margin. Pauting, faint, their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth, ready to fill a cup with gold for its fill of water, they press on to the well, steering their course by the tall palms

that stand full of hope above the glaring sands. Already, in foud anticipation, they drink where others had been saved. They reach it. Alas! sad sight for the dim eyes of fainting men—the well is dry. With stony horror in their looks, how they gaze into the empty basin, or fight with man and beast for some muddy drops that but exasperate their thirst! The desert reels around them. Hope expires. Some cursing, some praying, they sink, and themselves expire. And by-and-by the sky darkens, lightnings flash, loud thunders roll, the rain pours down; and, fed by the showers, the treacherous waters rise to play in mockery with long fair tresses, and kiss the pale lips of death.

But yonder, where the cross stands up high to mark the fountain of the Saviour's blood, and Heaven's sanctifying grace, no dead soul lies. Once a Golphtha, Calvary has ceased to be a place of skulls. Where men went once to die, they go now to live and to none that ever went there to seek pardon, and peace, and holiness, did God ever say, "Seek ye me in vain." There are times when the peace of God's people, always like a river, is like one in flood, overflowing its margin, and rolling its mighty current between bank and brae.—There are times when the righteousness of God's people, always like the waves of the sea, seems like the tide at the stream, as, swelling beyond its ordinary bounds, it floats the boats and ships that lie highest, driest on the beach. But at all times and seasons, faith and prayer and fulness of mercy to pardon, and of grace to sanctify, in Jesus Christ. The supply is inexhaustible.

Mountains have been exhausted of their gold, mines of their diamonds, and the depths of ocean of their pearly gems. The demand has emptied the supply. Over once busy scenes, silence and solitude now reign; the caverns ring no longer to the miner's hammer, nor is the song of the pearl-fisher heard upon the deep. But the riches of grace are inexhaustible. All that have gone before us, have not made them less, and we shall not make them less to those who follow us. When they have supplied the wants of unborn millions, the last of Adam's race, that lonely man, over whose head the sun is dying, beneath whose feet the earth is reeling, shall stand

by as full a fountain as this day invites you to drink and live, to wash and be clean.

I have found it an interesting thing to stand on the edge of a noble rolling river, and to think, that although it has been flowing on for six thousand years, watering the fields and slaking the thirst of a hundred generations, it shows no sign of waste or want; and when I have watched the rise of the sun, as he shot above the crest of the mountain, or in a sky draped with golden curtains, sprang up from his ocean bed, I have wondered to think that he has melted the snows of so many winters, and renewed the verdure of so many springs, and painted the flowers of so many summers, and ripened the golden harvests of so many autumns, and yet shines as brilliant as ever, his eye not dim, nor his natural strength abated, nor his floods of light less full for centuries of boundless profusion. Yet what are these but images of the fulness that is in Christ? Let that feed your hopes, and cheer your hearts, and brighten your faith, and send you away this day happy and rejoicing.—For, when judgment flames have licked up that flowing stream, and the light of that glorious sun shall be quenched in darkness or veiled in the smoke of a burning world, the fulness that is in Christ shall flow on throughout eternity in the bliss of the redeemed. Blessed Saviour, Image of God, Divine Redeemer! in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures evermore. What thou hast gone to heaven to prepare, may we be called up at death to enjoy!—*Dr. Guthrie.*

A DEAD SOUL.

What a still and solemn place, in general, is the house in which a dead body lies, before its burial! As in Solomon's temple "there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building," so all is silence while the temple of the body is dissolving. People walk on tip-toe, and speak in whispers in the presence of death.

But how much more fitted to inspire terror and to strike with awe is the thought, that there may be a *dead soul* in the house—a *dead soul* in a living body!

See how calmly he reposes after the toils, after the sins of the day! See how sweetly she sleeps after the fatigues of work, and the cares of domestic life, with which not one thought of God or eternity has been mingled, or a prayer to Heaven offered up! Oh, "what is the chaff to the wheat?" what is a dead body in comparison with a dead soul?

And yet there may be a dead soul in every house throughout the land. It makes one sit down in dumb silence to start up in the wildest terror, but to think of it, much more to realize it to be true in your own dwelling. Lord, is it I? Is it my partner in life? Is it any of my children, those objects of the strongest affections of my heart?—is it possible?—can it be?

O living God! with whom is the fountain of life, take the dead amongst us by the hand, lift them up, and say unto them, Live! O thou who art the resurrection and the life, by thine own resurrection from the dead, raise them to the power of an endless life! and thou the life-giving Spirit, breathe upon dead souls, and awake them, lest they sleep the sleep of death!

And ye, ministers of the word of life, cease not to cry in the ears of men, "Why will ye die?" "This is life eternal to know the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." "Arise from the dead, and Christ shall give you light."—*Weekly Record.*

CHEERFUL TEACHERS.

How much does usefulness in the world depend upon a pleasing demeanor and an agreeable manner? We have often seen efforts to do good prove fruitless, just because of the harsh or rude way in which they were done.

When Lord Peterborough stayed for a time with Fenelon, he was so delighted with his piety and amiability, that he exclaimed at parting, "If I remain here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself!" Could such an idea as that have been formed by a visitor in your home, dear reader?

As a teacher of the young, it is of the greatest importance to cultivate a cheerful

and friendly spirit. Children are very susceptible and observant, and they are easily repelled by a hasty look or an unkind word. In the brief memoir of a poor old woman, the writer observes, I always felt how beautiful the Christian character appeared in Jeanie, and that even the irreligious most have admired it. She was spoken of among the children as the "old women who loved God." I never knew them bestow the same appellation upon another. She had a very happy way of winning the artless affection of children, and never missed an opportunity of dropping an earnest word to them about that blessed truth which all must become little children to learn, telling them that they would either be prepared for longer days, or fit for early death. Her cheerfulness and kindness of heart showed itself in her peculiar kindness of manner."

WHERE DOES THIS ROAD LEAD TO ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TRINITY.

A fine new church edifice had just been erected in the city. It was within view. Its dome was being finished. A number of dials appeared for a city clock. Let us suppose there were just three of these, exactly alike, equal in size and importance, and soon to be connected with the common mechanical arrangement within. This may aid to an understanding of the Trinity. The invisible chronometer may represent that indissoluble essence of the Godhead called Jehovah; and these dials its *persons*, called Father, Son, and Spirit. There is *one* clock, but *three* dials; and yet *each* dial is a full and complete clock, and still there are not three time-pieces, but only one. If we number these dials first, second, and third, the individuals who reside in that part of the city on which number two reflects or points, can see all that is necessary in regard to the division of time, without seeing either of the others. The word "face" is used in Scripture as that feature in the second person of the Trinity, in which all communicable excellencies of Jehovah are made to appear to man. Now, as Christ is the dial, or face, of the Deity that is turned to a sinful world, so in him we see all the fulness of the Godhead. On this we are all urged to look and be saved; and surely the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in this "face" will be the grandest exhibition of divine beauty that the greatest saint will ever see.

GOD'S THOUGHTS TOWARD US.

“*Thy thoughts to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.*” (Ps. xl. 5.)

Meditate on what He who is THE WORD suggests—, “*God’s thoughts toward us!*” The unnumbered multitude of His thoughts of love to us! The forests with their countless leaves, the grass on every plain and mountain of earth, with its numberless blades, the sands on every shore of every river and ocean, the waves of every sea, and the drops of every wave of every sea, the stars of heaven—none of these, nor a combined, could afford an adequate idea of “*His thoughts toward us!*” “*There is no comparison to these,*” nothing where-with to help out a statement. And the *depth of love* in every one of these thoughts! Who can sit down and meditate on Redemption’s wonders! Who would not be confounded!

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

When once the soul of the believer hath obtained sweet and real communion with Christ, it looks about him, watcheth all temptations, all ways whereby sin might approach, to disturb him in his enjoyment of his dear Lord and Saviour, his desire and rest. How doth it charge itself not to omit anything, nor to do anything that may interrupt the communion obtained! A believer that hath gotten Christ in his arms, is like one that hath found great spoils, or a pearl of price. He looks about him every way, and fears everything that may deprive him of it. Riches make men watchful; and the actual possession of Him, in whom are all the riches and treasure of God, will make men look about them for the keeping of Him. The line of choicest communion is a line of the greatest spiritual solicitude; carelessness is the enjoyment of Christ pretended, is a manifest evidence of a false heart.”—*Owen.*

PICTURE OF THE UNGODLY.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

At the seaport town of Garlieston one day lately, certain workmen were busy preparing a better berth for a vessel which seems to have taken the ground a little too soon. On a sudden some one raised a cry that the ship was listing over, and while some four men were able to escape, one poor fellow was unable to do so, and the ship fell upon his lower extremities and loins. Now this was thought perhaps, to be no great danger, for they could take the sludge and extricate him. So they began to shore the ship, and willing hands brought ropes and blocks, and wedges, and earnest strength. But they soon discovered that the thing was impossible from the nature of the bottom of the river, and from the position of the cargo; which, I suppose, they could not speedily remove. The man was jammed under the bulwarks, and must remain fixed there without hope. There was just one awful hour before the coming tide would reach the spot. Well might a solemn hush succeed the frantic labours of the townsmen as death was seen riding on the advancing flood. The poor creature had to lie there that hour as the tide came gently in. A minister stood by his side praying with him; let us trust that his soul found peace with God! But O the terror of his position; well might he say, “Cever my head, that I may not see the water.” Steadily the cold un pitying waters flowed on until a corpse was hidden, where an hour or so before a strong man laboured. This is a graphic picture of the position of every ungodly man! He does not know it, but the waves of time are coming up about him now, and *we* cannot help him to escape.—The load of his sins is on his loins: he cannot deliver himself; the great waters of God’s wrath must swallow him up quick. O, sinner, would that I could save thee! Alas, it is not in my power! But there is an arm that can deliver thee; there is one who can lift the burden off thee; and say to thee, “Be free!” Believe in Him and thou shalt never die.

Sabbath School Lessons.

February 22nd, 1863.

FIVE THOUSAND FED.—Matt. xiv. 13-21.

I. THE MULTITUDE RESORT TO JESUS.

Into a desert place apart—To be out of danger from Herod. Christ's "hour was not yet come."—*They followed him*—for healing and instruction. How attractive must the teaching of our Saviour have been!

2. THE MULTITUDE FED.

Send the multitude away—They were equal in number to a Roman legion—to the population of a large town. *He commanded the multitude to sit down*—In this miracle our Saviour's omnipotence was displayed; the same power that created a world out of nothing, miraculously multiplied the loaves and fishes. How consoling to the Christian the thought that his Saviour is Almighty! We have in this miracle an image of the gospel feast. The famishing multitude represent souls hungering after righteousness; the disciples, the ministers of Christ who can only give what they have received from their Lord.—The remark of Brentius on this miracle is worth notice. He says, "the whole sixth chapter of St. John is the true explanation of the use of this miracle. Christ is the bread of life, and he who eats of him shall live forever."

Learn. 1. *That we should seek Jesus.* This the multitude did. Many did so no doubt merely to be healed of their bodily sickness, but many also that they might get good to their souls. The latter should be our great object in seeking the Lord. So intent were the multitude upon following him that they resorted to him even in a desert, and it seems had forgotten to take with them their necessary food. Thus earnest should we be in seeking our soul's salvation.

2. *That Jesus is a compassionate Saviour.* He was moved with compassion toward the multitude. It was compassion that brought him down to earth from heaven. Compassion moved him to weep over Jerusalem, Luke xiii. 34, to suffer and die for sinners, and compassion moves him still to feed the hungry soul, to clothe the naked, and to send away the poor, sin-sick suppliant in peace.

3. *That Jesus is able to supply all our wants.* He is the God of providence. He that fed the five thousand on five loaves and two fishes can surely supply the poor believer's humble wants. He that feeds the soul can surely also feed the body; Phil. iv. 6.

4. *That we should supplicate the Divine blessing on the good things of this life.*—

What pleasure can the best things in this world afford to those who regard them not as coming from a kind and loving Father's hand? to those whose cold hearts are warmed with no gratitude, no love? But when we view even creature comforts as bounties from the hand of our gracious God, however humble or scanty may be our fare, then, and only then, can we be said to enjoy them.

5. *That we should not waste.* The fragments were taken up. Jesus gives us not his bounties to be destroyed. There is no room for extravagance while there are poor to feed, and the gospel to propagate.

March, 1st, 1863.

NADAB AND ABIHU.—LEV. x. 1-20.

I.—THE TRANSGRESSION.

Nadab and Abihu were the eldest of Aaron's four sons. *Took either of them his censor*,—the censor was a brazen instrument with a place in one extremity for the fire, over which the incense was scattered.—The incense was a mixture of aromatic ointments and spices, which when burned filled the air with fragrance. It represented the prayers of the saints, Psal. cxli. 2.—*Strange fire.* Fire from the cloud which overhung the tabernacle had consumed the burnt-offering, as it lay on the altar. This flame was ever after kept burning, and from it alone it was lawful to kindle any sacrifice or burn incense. Contrary to this ordinance, Nadab and Abihu used common fire. *Fire from the Lord*,—the fire which before consumed the sacrifice, now consumed the sacrificers. Upon this Bishop Hall well observes, "It is a dangerous thing in the service of God to decline from his own institutions; we have to do with a God who is wise to prescribe his own worship, just to require what he has prescribed, and powerful to revenge what he has not prescribed."

II.—WHAT MOSES SAID.

The sin of Nadab and Abihu may seem but trivial to us, but that it was not so in the sight of God, their punishment evinced. *I will be sanctified.* Before all Israel. God had been dishonoured, and before all Israel, he vindicated his honour. *Uncover not your heads.* This was a perpetual law, Lev. xxi. 1-10; perhaps as a symbol that no grief enters the upper sanctuary.

III.—WHAT THE LORD SAID.

God himself delivers a new law to Aaron, prohibiting the use of strong drink to the priests, while engaged in the temple service. The reasons for this law were, that they might

preserve the worship of God pure and intact, and that they might be the better qualified to teach others.

IV.—THE SACRIFICE NOT EATEN.

Moses reminds Aaron and his sons of the commands regarding their eating the parts of the sacrifices not burned, and enjoins strict obedience. Aaron does not comply with the command. Moses, though angry at first, was satisfied when Aaron explained the reasons of his conduct, v. 19.

LEARN 1. *That we can only approach God through Christ.* He alone is the way—the new and living way. “No man,” said our Saviour to his disciples, “cometh unto the Father, but by me;” John xiv. 6. All those, who like Nadab and Abihu, approach God by ways of their own devising, will find him “a consuming fire.”

2. *That we should take heed lest we fall into presumptuous sin.* The high honours and privileges which had just been conferred upon Nadab and Abihu, rendered them presuming; but the more we receive from God the humbler should we become. The Psalmist’s prayer should be ours, Psal. xix. 12.

3. *That we should prayerfully endeavour to submit our will to the will of God.* How sad it must have been to Aaron to see his nearest friends thus cut off in their sins! Yet strengthened and supported by Moses, he could endure his affliction with quiet resignation, and say, like Eli in similar circumstances, “It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.”

4. *That we should dread the sin of drunkenness.* The prohibition laid by the Lord upon Aaron and his sons, regarding wine and strong drink, connected as it is with the sin and punishment of Nadab and Abihu, renders it highly probable that their transgression was, at least partly, owing to the influence of strong drink. How many have erred through intoxicants! Noah, Lot, and Nabal are instances for our warning and instruction.

5. *That God judges us not by the action but the motive.* The transgression of Aaron’s sons was summarily punished, but his own non-observance of the command was forgiven, because his motive was good.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our temper; in company, our tongues.

I see in other sinners what I am; in Jesus, what I should be.

Pictures for the Children.

GOD’S CHOICE OF A FRIEND.

The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh upon the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh upon the heart. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he in the sight of God. And when God wants an instrument to do a work for him, he generally selects one, whom the world would not expect. When he wanted to set a king upon the throne of Israel, who would do all his pleasure, he made choice of a shepherd lad. When he wanted a zealous and heroic preacher, he made choice of a bloody persecutor. And when in olden time he wanted a bosom friend, where do you think he sought for one?—He looked around among the shining hosts of seraphim, and cherubim, but his friend was not to be found there. He descended to earth, to prosecute the search. But he did not visit regal architecture, where satraps wait upon their lord, the king. Neither did he go to Salem, where Melchizedek the priestly sovereign was offering sacrifices to the most High God, possessor of heaven and earth, nor yet to the wise and the noble, nor to the sages of the time. Earth has been ransacked, and an unheard of shepherd in Uz, of the Chaldees, is only found worthy. There the son of Zerah may be seen serving other gods—bowing down to his idols, still he is the chosen one. For the Lord said unto Abraham. “Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, unto a land that I will shew thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee.” Abraham hesitates not, but promptly obeys the call of Jehovah. “He went forth, not knowing whither he went.” That morning Abraham struck his tent, and prepared for his journey it was all one to him, whither it might lead. And what had he

to fear, for with the God of heaven for a guide, he did not require to concern himself, as to his destination. He confided in God, and God led him to Canaan. And those who trust him now, and accept his friendship, he will lead to Canaan still. And the poorest, and the meanest, and the vilest of the land may be his friends, for "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are." X. Y. Z.

GOD IN HISTORY.

The prayer of the patriarch, when he desired to behold the Divinity face to face, was denied; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah, after he had passed by; and so it fares with our search for him in the wrestlings of the world. It is when the hour of conflict is over, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim, "Lo! God is here, and we knew it not." At the foot of every page in the annals of nations may be written, "God reigns." Events as they pass away "proclaim their original, as they roll into the dim distance of the departed time, perpetually chanting "*Te Deum Laudamus*" with all the choral voices of the countless congregation of the age.—*Ben-croft's History Discourses.*

H A B I T.

I trust everything to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver as well as the school-master has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes to any. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.—*Lord Brougham.*

THE WATERS ARE MOVING.

There was a man lying near the pool of Bethesda. The world has felt sorry for him, for nearly two thousand years. He could not get into the water alone, and somebody was always before him if help was offered him. There was a mystery about the water. An angel came and stirred it at times, and when it was bubbling up, it had such healing powers that the first patient who was put into it was cured. Long and weary had been the years of this poor sick sufferer at the spring.—Thirty-eight years the disease had been upon him! Perhaps he was an old man now. He was friendless too. Sick, old, and no friends! Poor of course or he would have had plenty of friends. But he had not one who cared enough for him to help him into the water, though that would have healed him. And so he lay there to die.

The pool of Bethesda, the fountain of health and life in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, is stirred just now, to its deepest depths, and thousands are stepping in, one after another and are healed. Now is the time, the promised time. Though God is ever willing to hear and save the sinner turning unto him for life and pardon, there are times when his Spirit is poured out more abundantly than at others, and salvation seems to be very near to all who call upon him. Such is the present time—the dispensation of the Spirit. In many places of our land, in many other lands the porches about the pool of Bethesda are daily filled with the sin-sick and suffering; the angel comes down every day and stirs the water, and the dying are healed. The waters are troubled all the time. Their healing efficacy is felt with every passing hour, and one after another testifies to their virtues, as he gives glory to God who has given health to his perishing soul.

This is the time to get help. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him turn to the Lord for He will have mercy upon him.—Waiting to be gracious, He will hear if He is spoken to now. The Saviour is passing by now. Call upon Him while he is near.

This is a good time to help others. Take them by the hand and lead them if they can walk, and show them the way. Bring them to the porch of Bethesda. But do not leave them there. Lead them in. If they are unable to go, take them in the arms of faith and love, and lay them in the healing waters.—Behold now is the day of salvation. Bring your unconverted friends to Christ in this, the day of his power.

IRENEUS.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

"Is this my Minnie? Surely not!" cried an old grandpapa, as he looked on the fretful face of a little girl who sat on a stool holding a torn picture-book in her hand. Only a little before, her merry laugh had filled the room as she and Harry looked over it together; but angry words had come, then angry blows, and now she sat gloomily gazing upon her disfigured treasure.

"Never mind," said the old gentleman; "come to grandpapa and he will make pictures on the wall for you."

It was a new idea to Minnie, and she watched the dancing shadows with delight until all traces of the late disaster had disappeared. Harry, too, came stealthily behind, that he might discover grandpapa's trick. Now Harry was a great big school-boy, who should have been ashamed of teasing his half-baby sister.

"What makes a shadow, Harry?" asked his grandfather.

"It is something coming between us and the light."

"And what can take it away?"

"Moving away that something, I suppose," said Harry; "if you put away your hand there will be no shadow."

"Aye, just so," said the old gentleman. "But all shadows are not like this: there are dark enough ones in the world,—dark ones sent by God, and darker still brought by man's own sinful passions." Then recollecting that the children could not understand his words, he added, "I like to see the sunshine of good-humor on my little Minnie's brow; but there was a dark shadow on it a little ago,—who put it there, Harry?"

Harry did not answer. That night he lay thinking about the shadow on the wall until he fell asleep and dreamed a dream. He thought he saw a long road before him basking in sunshine, which seemed to lead to a beautiful palace beyond, and his heart rejoiced to think of the pleasant journey before him. Presently, however, he be-

came perplexed by a number of fitting shadows that followed and surrounded him on all sides. In vain he looked around and behind to discover whence they came. At last, in despair, he called out, "Shadows, shadows, tell me what you are!" and many voices began to speak to him at once.

"I," said a little limping shadow upon stilts, "I am Discontent, and I have followed you from the cradle."

"I," said a gigantic shadow in front, "I am Passion, and you must follow me."

"I," cried a little creeping one, "am Envy, and I am going to follow you now."

"I," cried a huge broad shadow, "I am Indolence, and I think of following too."

"I," said another in front, "am Pride, and this is Ambition my brother, and we two are leading you."

"I," cried the most distorted of all, "am Selfishness, and you know me well;" and as he spoke he crept closer and closer, until his shadow and Harry's seemed to become almost one.

"I," and "I," and "I," resounded on all sides, but Harry turned to three silent shadows on his right hand, "And who are you?" he asked, with a trembling voice.

"I," said the first, "am Sickness: but I come from God that I may draw you nearer to him, and further away from these your tormentors."

"I," said the second, "am Sorrow, and I come from God, and I too will lead to him."

And Harry did not need to ask the name of the third, for he knew that it was Death.

"Do not fear me," said that great, great, solemn shadow. "I too come from God, and can bring you to a land where the shadows flee away."

Then Harry awoke and found it was a dream. And Harry did not speak about his dream, but if any one had asked him why that morning he did not, as usual, try to get the best of all that was upon the breakfast table, perhaps he would have told that he had seen a creeping shadow called Selfishness, and wished to hold no brotherhood with him.

"CHRIST IN YOU."

COL. I. 27.

What remarkable words those are! I have read books in several different languages; but, except as quoted from the Bible, I never met with any like them elsewhere. Who but an inspired writer would venture to use such words: "Christ in you?" They are frequent, however, in different forms in the Bible, and took their rise from the promise of Christ to his disciples: "If a man love me, my Father will love him; and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." And again: "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."

That these words may be understood let me tell two stories. One relates to a person who lived long ago, in the early ages of the church; the other to a man who lived and died a few years back, in the place where the writer lived. The first was a bishop, the second was a pilot.—Both knew the meaning of the words "Christ in you."

The bishop's name was Ignatius, and the church over which he presided was at Antioch. He was well known, and celebrated for his earnest devotedness to the cause of Christ. Little do we know, in our highly favoured days, the trials of those who lived in the times of Ignatius. Those were days of fiery trial and bitter persecution. The Roman emperor Domitian was the first who stretched forth his hand against the church of Christ at Antioch, and his evil example was closely followed by Trajan. Trajan was, indeed, a fierce and fearful persecutor. In the course of a triumphal march at the head of his army he arrived at Antioch. As one of the dearest objects of his ambition was to destroy Christianity, the celebrated Ignatius was speedily brought before the tyrant, and put on trial for his life. There was an expression at that time in use among the Christians, derived, no doubt, from the words before us—"Theophoros," which means "God-bearer," and another, "Christophoros," or "Christ-bearer." It was common for Christians to call themselves by these two names, as expressing the confidence they felt of their union

with their God and Saviour. Ignatius had used this expression while standing before Trajan. The heathen conqueror understood not its meaning. "Who," asked he, "is Christophoros?" "He who carries Christ in his heart," answered the venerable Ignatius. "Dost thou, then, carry Christ in thy heart?" demanded the emperor. "I do," said the faithful servant of a loving Master; "for it is written, 'I will dwell in them, and they in me.'" He then with great fervour, and amidst the impatience of the court, spoke freely to the great Trajan of the ruin of mankind by sin, and of salvation by Christ. He warned the emperor to turn from idols to the worship of the ONE GOD. The conference was very short between the celebrated soldier of the world, and the no less celebrated soldier of the cross. The question was put, "Dost thou, then, carry Christ in thy heart?" and the answer was given, "I do;" and when the exhortation of which I have spoken had been uttered, this sentence was passed upon the prisoner:—"Since Ignatius declares that he carries within himself the man who was crucified, let him be put in bonds, and carried to the great Rome, to be food for the wild beasts, and to make sport for the people."

This sentence was fully carried out.—Ignatius was taken in chains to the great Rome. He was there thrown to the wild beasts, which were kept in dens for such purposes, and by them he was torn piecemeal. His agony is described as being very short. The wild beasts quickly slew and devoured him, and his soul was safe for ever with Him "whom, having not seen, he loved; and in whom, though then he saw him not, yet believing, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Yes, for he was *Christophoros*, or Christ-bearer. He who dwelt within him, had used this method to prove the power of his religion, and to call his servant to himself.

Now let us turn from emperors, and bishops, and martyrs of the olden time, to the humble cottage of a pilot on our east seacoast. He was a fine-built man as you ever saw—tall, skillful, and courageous. During the winter, when the northern seas are frozen, he was much at home. I venture to assure you that at such times he was never absent from his seat in church,

Whoever kept away, they got no encouragement from him. There might you have seen him in all weathers and at every service. Every minister who knew this fine specimen of a British sailor, felt thankful for his presence, and encouraged by his prayers. His life was holy, chaste, and happy. His example, in all things, was a good one. He loved God, and served him lovingly. But I must lead you to his death-bed.

The strongest frame cannot ward off illness. Death comes with a scythe to cut down the strong, oftentimes before the weak. Long did James the pilot lie battling with disease. It was good to visit him. None came away without learning how great is the power of religion, how upholding is the influence of faith. At length the last moments came. His family were gathered round his bed, and the clergyman of the parish had joined them. The last struggle ceased. He lay in perfect stillness, breathing faintly, and evidently unconscious of those who were standing at his bedside. All present were expecting the latest breath, and some thought that he was gone. But suddenly he seemed endued with preternatural power, "as seeing Him who is invisible." He unexpectedly, and without the smallest apparent effort, raised himself on his bed, and sat upright. His eyes opened, and he gazed earnestly upwards. He then raised his hands with unspeakable solemnity heavenwards, and said, "*Christ there;*" and immediately he drew back his hands to his own breast, "*Christ here.*" This done, his strength left him as suddenly as it had been sent. He fell back upon his pillow, closed his eyes, breathed for the last time, and his spirit was with God who gave it. He, too, was "Christophoros," or Christ-bearer. No difference was there in heart and spirit between the dying bishop of the olden time, giving up his soul to God among the lions which devoured him at Rome, and the humble pilot who died with his friends around him, in his own home. Both were in Christ, and Christ was in both of them.

You who are Christ-bearers will feel as Christ feels about sin—about salvation—about heaven; you will hate the first, strive earnestly after the second, and look

forward to the third as your portion for ever and ever.

Again, if you are a Christ-bearer, you will love what Christ loves. Now Christ loved his Father much, and in everything consulted his honour. He also loved the Sabbath, and the Bible, and the house of God; and, added to all these, he loved the sons and daughters of our race, and tried to do them good. His servants will love what he loved. If Christ be in us, we too shall love God and consult his honour.—We shall love our Bibles, our Sundays, and our seat in God's house. It will be our earnest wish to spread the knowledge of Christ to all around us, and to lead the sons and daughters of our race to love him also.

My reader, is "Christ in you?" Are you Christophoros?

When you have read my two stories, ponder for a few moments on these words of the apostle, and pray over them: "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God (*i.e.* in whom Christ is not) hath not life."

The statement is very plain, and it is most clearly expressed.

Christ in you; and you live. Christ not in you; and you perish.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

I know—that my Redeemer liveth.—Job xix. 25.

I know—In whom I have believed; and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. 2 Tim. i. 12.

Ye know—that He was manifested to take away our sins. 1 John iii. 5.

We know—that all things work together for good, to them that love God. Rom. viii, 28.

We know—that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2 Cor. v. 1.

We know—that when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. 1 John iii. 2; v. 15, 18, 19, 20.