

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Dan^c Wakefield

GOOD NEWS:

A Monthly Indenominational Religious Periodical.

NEW SERIES, }
Vol. 2—No. 17.)

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

{ ONE DOLLAR
PER ANNUM.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
COLD WATERS TO THE THIRSTY		Cyrl, the Child Martyr.....	30
SOUL.....	1	My Chief Enemy.....	31
No Use in the Other Country.....	4	The Cross is Bending.....	32
The Temples of the Bible.....	5	Working Christians.....	32
The Cherubim and the Flaming Sword.....	7	“Every One”.....	33
Little Maude.....	8	“Abandoning Ourselves to Jesus”.....	33
Christ's Preventive Ministry.....	11	The Broken Heart.....	36
My Father's Will.....	12	Company Manners.....	38
The Crown of Thorns.....	12	The Star which the Wind blew out.....	39
Profession and Practice.....	12	Obedience.....	39
Dr. Cooke's Intercourse with Malan.....	13	Doomed, yet Delivered.....	39
What the Book Says.....	14	The Answer of a Purged Conscience.....	40
The Truth in Jesus.....	14	Just Ahead.....	40
“And He said, To-morrow,”.....	15	Christian Fidelity: or, A Noble Duke Re-	
Prayer Answered.....	17	proved for Sabbath-breaking.....	41
The Wild Koord's Conversion.....	17	The Lost Inebriate Saved.....	42
Is This You?.....	18	Use Simple Words.....	44
Who Shall Deliver Me from the Body of		First Believe.....	45
This Death.....	21	God's Ownership of the Sea.....	46
A Young Convert's Question.....	23	Christ, the Guiding Star.....	47
Divine Resources Never Exhausted.....	24	Christ the Centre of Theology.....	47
A SERMON ON A GRAND OLD TEXT..	25	A Definite Aim.....	47
Cuvier.....	26	Under the Rock.....	47
Rivers.....	27	The Love of Money.....	48
What is it we Believe?.....	28	Our Copy.....	48
Alone with God..	30	The Two Methods.....	48

PRICE TEN CENTS.

EDITED BY

REV. ROBERT KENNEDY,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

TORONTO:

PRINTED BY BELL & CO., CITY STEAM PRESS, 95 YONGE STREET.

Gatherings.

What we win by prayer, we *may* wear with comfort, and *must* wear with praise. 1 Sam. ii.

Prayer is heart's ease to a gracious soul: the seed of Jacob have often found it so, being confident that God will never say unto them, "*Seek ye me in vain.*"

Though God seems long to forget his people's burthens, troubles, cares, and prayers; yet, he will at length make it to appear that they are not out of his mind.

When anything disturbs us, it is our interest, as well as our duty, to show God our trouble; and he gives us leave to be humbly free with him. 1 Sam. viii.

It is sin against God, not to pray for the Israel of God, especially for those of them that are under our charge: and good men are afraid of the guilt of omissions. 1 Sam. xii.

Those that have acquaintance and communion with Christ, must closely and conscientiously adhere to holy ordinances, must join themselves to his people, and attend to his ministers. Solomon's Song i.

The ordinances of Christ are the ornaments of the church; the graces, gifts and comforts of the Spirit are the adorning of every believing soul, and beautify it: these render it, *in the sight of God, of great price.*

The graces of God's Spirit, in the hearts of believers, are exceeding precious in themselves, and pleasing to Christ; and his presence in ordinances draws them out into act and exercise.

God's people reckon their sacred things their most delectable things. Rob them of holy ordinances and the means of grace, and you *lay waste all their pleasant things.* What have they more? Isa. lxiv.

God will be served and honoured in the way that he has appointed, in the ordinances of his own institution, which are the proper vehicles for those spiritual offerings. Isa. lxvi.

Gospel ordinances are the fields and valleys where the sheep of Christ *shall go in and out, and find pasture,* (John x. 9,) and where they are *made to lie down,* (Ps. xxiii. 2,) as Israel's herds in the valley of Achor. (Eos. ii. 15.) Isa. lxv.

Church censures, duly administered, strike an awe upon men's consciences; the word (the weapons of her warfare) *casts down imaginations,* (2 Cor. x. 5) and even an unbeliever is convinced and judged by the solemnity of holy ordinances. (1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25.) Solomon's Song vi.

That which has been preached, and heard before, may yet very profitably be preached and heard again; but then it should be preached and heard better, and with new affections. What Paul had said before, he said again, *weeping.* Philip. iii. 1, 18.

God's church on earth is a tabernacle, which though it may be shifted from one place to another, shall not be taken down while the world stands. For in every age, Christ will have a seed to serve him. The promises of the covenant are its stakes, which shall never be removed; and the ordinances and institutions of the gospel are its cords, which shall never be broken. Isa. xxxiii.

Those that aim to ruin the church can never do that; but will infallibly ruin themselves. Isa. xxxiv.

It is some ease to a troubled spirit, to give vent to its griefs, especially to give vent to them at the throne of grace, where we are sure to find one who is afflicted in the afflictions of his people, and is troubled with a feeling of their infirmities. Thither we have boldness of access by faith, and there we have freedom of speech. Ps. xiii.

COLD WATERS TO THE THIRSTY SOUL.

By THE REV. DUNCAN MACGREGOR, M.A., St. Peter's, Dundee.

“As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.”—PROVERBS XXV. 25.

Water is the most grateful drink when there is real thirst. It is at once the most refreshing and the most safe. When the traveller in the desert comes to his encampment at noon, with a burning sun overhead and the sand as hot as lava beneath his feet, nothing will satisfy him but a spring of water.

Water is a wonderful creation. The world needs much of it, and there is a plentiful supply. The store is kept in a vast reservoir—the ocean. While laid up there it is preserved in salt. But as portions are drawn off for use, the salt is left behind. It is caught up into the clouds by evaporation, carried by winds across the world, and dropped in rain upon the thirsty earth. An abundant supply is distributed to all God's creatures.

We have much experience in our day of receiving news from a far country. There never was so much running to and fro as now. The social depression among large classes at home—the discovery of gold fields on the other side of the globe—the facilities for travelling which have annihilated space and narrowed the land and seas—have given such an impulse to emigration, that almost every family in the land is bound by tender ties to the antipodes. You know how refreshing it is to hear good news from a far country. A wayward son has sailed and left his mother disconsolate. She thought he was to be the stay of her declining years, and to lay her head in the grave. Years pass. At last a letter comes full of penitence and love; distance and hardships have softened him. He recalls the solemnity of a father's advice and the tenderness of a mother's prayers. He has found

Christ. And he has begun a career of successful industry. He is doing well. Ah!—the news is like cold water to his mother's soul, and, as she presses the letter to her lips she says, “This my son was dead, and is alive again: he was lost, and is found.”

Again: Look at the joy with which we read of the triumphs of the gospel in heathen lands. After long years of waiting the news comes that successful war is waged against the pagan gods and all their abominations, that the standard of the cross is raised in the heart of India and China, that the heathen are casting their idols to the moles and to the bats. Hinduism is tottering to its foundations. China has opened her gates to the gospel. The tidings from Madagascar have filled Christendom with joy and wonder. But lately we heard of the conversion of the king of Basutos in South Africa—of a New Zealand chief devoutly studying the New Testament—of thirteen young converts at Burnshill in Kaffraria sitting down at the Lord's table—of the hearts of missionaries in Australia being gladdened by hearing the sound of praise and prayer from the huts of the Aborigines—of a fresh harvest of souls gathered in Raratonga—of the Fijians stretching out their hands to God. What precious first-fruits of that harvest when Christ “shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth; the kings of Tarshish and the isles shall bring him presents, the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts?” These good news from far countries have been as cold waters to many thirsty souls.

We proceed to the main point.

The soul is thirsty. The world is lying beneath the curse. The heavens are iron and the earth brass. The wells are dried, and the palm trees faded. The tree of life does not grow hereaway. From afar the good news come—the gospel is preached. Jesus speaks—“Lo I come!” and angels sing from heaven’s azure canopy, “Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men.” Oh, when the soul is thirsty, this is good news to satisfy it. This is the well springing up into everlasting life. “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!”

In announcing the gospel as good news from a far country, we feel at a disadvantage, because men are so accustomed to hear it that they regard it as a familiar and oft told tale. Well; conceive the state of the world if there were no gospel. Conceive the state of a sinner with his conscience awakened, and no tidings of a Saviour from the coming wrath. This is the true way to estimate the value of the gospel. What could man do in these circumstances: a guilty conscience condemning him—a dark eternity before him—an awful God above him? What could the taperlight of Reason do to guide him? He cannot solve the question, “How can man be just with God?” He stands trembling on the brink of infinitude, but it is all utter darkness. Even the brow of Plato grew sad under the infinite vault, filled indeed with a pale icy radiance, but having no sun. The speculations of all the sages on this question are but so many floating signals of distress to shew the darkness in which they sank.

But God has broken silence. From that far country were angels see him as he is, he has sent good news to this rebellious province of his empire, couched in terms of the most beseeching tenderness. And, if we thirst for good news from a far country; if, especially when great interests are involved, they are as cold waters to a thirsty soul—how earnestly should we listen to the tidings from heaven!

In regard to every news you hear, a preliminary question arises, Are they true? Now in regard to the good news of the gospel, we say, first, God cannot lie: and second, They have for eighteen hundred years been subjected to the most searching investigation, and have stood the test. It has been said with a sneer that only women and weak-minded men embrace the gospel. The statement is not true. Some of the mightiest minds in every age have owned its power—Pascal and Newton, Butler and Robert Boyle, Paley and Jonathan Edwards, Arnold and Chalmers, Brewster and Simpson: and men in every clime have found it to be the only rest for the soul, the only refuge for the guilty, the only hope for the dying, the only door into the kingdom of heaven. This is enough to shew that the gospel is true. And if the gospel is true, it is “tremendously true.”

In order to commend the gospel news if haply they may prove as cold waters to some thirsty soul, let me ask you to consider the **SENDER**, the **BEARER** or **BRINGER**, and the **SUBSTANCE** of them.

I. The Sender is God.

God is love. The great salvation “at the first began to be spoken by the Lord.” The God whom you have offended, in whose hand your breath is, whose are all your ways, sends you a message of peace. It is not usual for the party offended to be the first to make proposals of peace: but God takes the initiative here. “His ways are not as our ways, and his thoughts are not as our thoughts.” It is not usual for great monarchs to bear insults tamely: but the King of kings offers at this moment, if you lay down your weapons of rebellion, to pardon your transgressions, and cast them into the depths of the sea. He pities you. He sees that you are without hope—and blindly hastening on to doom. He wishes to magnify his grace in your salvation. His mercy is free, rich, infinite. He says, “Why will ye die?” Be persuaded to hear a Father’s-voice-beseeching you. Believe

in the fatherliness of God. Satan tries to fill you with slavish fear. Guilt makes cowards of us all; and thus God wears to our darkened spirits an aspect of wrath and terror, as the sun when seen through a London fog looks fiery red. Believe the golden words which have comforted millions, and are destined to comfort millions more—
 “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.”

II. The Bearer of the Good News is Jesus.

If a visitor from one of the other planets appeared among us, with what strange curiosity and impatience should we listen to his information!! Here is a message from the immediate presence of God. He is the image of the invisible God, the Lord of angels, the wonder of all heaven: He came with good news from the far country. Think of the throne from which he came down; the sacrifice at which he came; the depth of humiliation to which he stooped. Think of the high credentials he brings and how qualified he is to declare his message: “The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because God hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound,” (Isa. lxi 1). Think of his tenderness in delivering his message; how he stands at your door and knocks, until his head is wet with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night. Think of his lamentations over the rejectors of it: “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not.” Follow him through the suggestive steps of his incarnation and obedience; his atoning death and glorious resurrection; his ascension to the right hand of power, and his continual intercession; and say whether the

words of such a message do not deserve the deepest homage of your heart!

“Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown,
 When thou camest to earth for me;
 But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
 For thy holy nativity.”

The foxes found rest and the birds had their nest
 In the shade of the cedar tree;
 But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God,
 In the deserts of Galilee.

Thou comest, O Lord, with the living word,
 That should set thy people free;
 But with mocking scorn, and with a crown of thorn,
 They bore thee to Calvary;—
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for thee!”

III. The Substance of the Good News.

1. *The news of pardon is joyful.*
 Some years ago a murderer was lying in prison in the city of G—, waiting for execution. His crime was attended with deep aggravation, and his guilt clear. An effort was made to procure a commutation of the sentence, but it failed. There was no hope. Late on the night before the execution, when they were beginning to erect the scaffold, a reprieve arrived. In the dead of night the chief magistrate and one of the sheriffs drove to the prison, and communicated the tidings. The condemned one wept for joy when they showed him the royal message, and told him that he was not to die. Theirs was a happy errand. They did not grudge their midnight toil.

2. *The gospel brings news of pardon.*
 Jesus died, and you need not die. His blood cleanses from sin. “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.” “All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme.” “Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.” Dear fellow-sinner, if you felt the burden of your guilt, these tidings would be as cold waters to a thirsty soul.

3. *The news of victory is joyful.*
 To the soldier engaged in the fight it is as cold waters to a thirsty soul. The whole nation rejoices. Cannons firing, bells

pealing, cities ablaze with illuminations, speak the gladness that beats in its mighty heart. The gospel brings news of victory. The battle is won. Goliath is fallen. The Lion of the tribe of Judah has overcome the roaring lion. Sin's dominion is broken. Death has lost its sting, and the grave its victory. "O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."

The gospel offers *health* to the dying. Your soul is pining under a deadlier disease than all bodily diseases put together. But Jesus is a physician. His precious blood and the clean water of the Spirit are the remedies he applies. He has healed the most desperate cases. His skill has never failed. He has never refused to undertake a case however pitiful. He comes to you now and says, "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"

The gospel proclaims *liberty* to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Sweet was the jubilee in Israel when the silver trumpets sounded through the land. The slave was free. The debtor was free. He who lost his paternal inheritance had it restored to him. It was a time of great rejoicing—"the acceptable year." But more joyful still is the liberty which the gospel brings. The great trumpet is blown. They which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria shall come, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt. "Turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope."

"Blow ye the trumpet blow,
The gladly solemn sound.
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

"Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above:
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners home.

A generous friend gave Rowland Hill a hundred pounds to dispense to a poor minister. Mr. Hill, thinking it was too much to send all at once, enclosed five pounds in an envelope, with simply the words, "more to follow." In a few days he sent another letter with five pounds; and the same motto, "more to follow." A day or two after came a third and a fourth, and still the same promise, "and more to follow." Till the whole sum had been received, the astonished minister was made familiar with the cheering word, "and more to follow."

Such are the good news from the far country. Every message announces a blessing, and every blessing announces that there is "more to follow." "I forgive you your sins, and there's more to follow." "I justify you in the righteousness of Christ, and there's more to follow." "I adopt you into my family but there's more to follow." "I educate you for heaven, but there's more to follow." "I give you grace upon grace, but there's more to follow." "I helped you even to old age, but there's more to follow." "I will uphold you in the time of death; I will bring you save to my heavenly kingdom, and when you arrive there, there will still be more to follow!"

My brother, Have you heard the good news? Have you received the message—the letter—from heaven? It was God who sent it. It was in his handwriting, and bore his seal. It was the Son of God who brought it. It was too great a message to be entrusted to an angel. Its purport is pardon, victory, healing, liberty.

No Use in the Other Country.

A distinguished man lay on his death-bed, when a great mark of distinction and honour was brought to him. Turning a cold glance on the treasure he would once have clutched with an eager grasp, he said, with a sigh, "Alas! this is a fine thing in this country, but I am going to a country where it will be of no use to me."

The Temples of the Bible.

The correct meaning of the word *temple* is "a dwelling." Wherever God dwells visibly, or by his felt presence, there is the temple, dwelling, or house of God. In this extraordinary way he dwelt of old in a part only—the most holy place—of the sacred building on Mount Moriah. That part only was, strictly speaking, the temple, or *naos*. The whole sacred building, with its outer and inner courts, was called "the *hieron*." Hence it is that our Lord speaks of one who was slain "between the temple (*naos*) and the altar;" meaning between the most holy place and the altar of burnt offering in the court of the priests. In Scripture we read of three kinds of temples, exclusive of the prophetic temples of Ezekiel and the book of Revelation. The first kind of temple was that of a holy place, the second that of a holy person, and the third that of a holy people.

I. The first temple was a holy place, called also "the tabernacle," "the sanctuary." God commanded the Israelites (Exod. xxv. 8) to make him "a sanctuary, that he might dwell among them," and he promised (Exod. xxix. 44, 45) to "sanctify the tabernacle . . . and to dwell among the children of Israel." This promise was fulfilled by God at the dedication of the tabernacle in the wilderness, for we read, Exod. xl. 34, 35, when Moses had finished the work, "then the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle, and Moses was not able to enter into the tent of the congregation, because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle." This movable temple, or tabernacle, was succeeded by the permanent building on Mount Moriah, where David "desired to find a tabernacle for the God of Jacob; but Solomon built him an house, (Acts vii. 46, 47). At its dedication Solomon addressed God in prayer, and said (1 Kings viii. 13), "I have surely built thee an house to dwell in, a settled place for thee to abide in for ever;" and we are told (2 Chron. vii. 1, 2), that "when

Solomon had made an end of praying... the glory of the Lord filled the house, and the priests could not enter into the house of the Lord, because the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord."

II. The second temple was a holy person—viz., the Lord Jesus Christ. He himself taught the Jews this truth. In John ii. 19. he addressed them in these words, which he intended should be literally understood of himself, for they were literally fulfilled by him: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." The evangelist adds the explanation in the 21st verse—"But he spake of the temple, of his body." Agreeably to these words of Christ, and the evangelist John, the Apostle Paul teaches the Colossians (i. 19), "It pleased the Father that in him" (that is, in Christ) "should all fullness dwell;" and (ii. 9) "in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

III. The third temple is a holy people—namely, all "the saints and faithful in Christ Jesus," that "blessed company of all faithful people" which make up the universal Church of God. They are as real and literal a temple, or dwelling, or house of God, as the body of Christ, or the magnificent house built by Solomon. It is not the language of metaphor St. Paul used when he addressed the Christian believers of Corinth, and said, "Ye are the temple of the living God, and God hath said, I will dwell in them;" or when he addressed the Christians of Ephesus—"Ye are built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth into an holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."

It is in this light regarding believers as "an habitation of God," that St. Peter, in his first Epistle, calls the "elect" strangers "lively stones, who are built up a spiritual house" (ii. 5). This spiritual house is called, in ver. 9,

"a peculiar people," who, because they are such, ought "to show forth the praises of him who had called them from darkness into his marvellous light." This temple, consisting of a people, is the only one which now remains on earth. The first kind of temple—the tabernacle, and the house which was "exceeding magnificent, of fame and of glory throughout all countries," and the successive buildings raised in after ages on Mount Moriah by Zerubbabel and Herod—all these buildings have passed away. The Roman ploughshare has passed over their foundations, and "left not one stone upon another." The second temple, "the temple of his body," who for a season tabernacled amongst men, has ascended up on high, leading captivity captive. He "has gone to the Father," having "finished," on the cross, the salvation of man, and having perfectly "done the will" of his Father, as "it is written in the volume of the book." And now, in this dispensation; the third and only remaining actual temple, that of a holy people, is ever being built. "Every sinner that repenteth," causing joy in heaven, is another "lively stone" added to this "habitation of God through the Spirit."

These truths are not without their practical bearing on Christian life and conduct.

They teach us *negatively* that no building in brick or stone can, in the strictly Scriptural sense or use of the word, be called a temple, or tabernacle, or sanctuary. Places of assembly for Christian worship and instruction—that is, our churches and chapels—are to us what the synagogues throughout Judea were to the Jews. There were many synagogues, and but one temple for the nation. So with us there are now many churches and chapels (synagogues), and but one temple, we, "the blessed company of all faithful people," but one "house of God, which is the church of the living God" (1 Tim. iii. 15). Whilst many and minute directions were given by God, that the tabernacle should be "exceeding magni-

fical, and of fame and of glory throughout all countries" (1 Chron. xxii. 5), not one direction is given in the Bible concerning the style or adornment of other places of either Jewish or Christian worship. We may, then, conclude, from this silence of Scripture, that a plain building for Christian worship, and instruction, is as acceptable in God's sight as one "exceeding magnificent."

The *positive* lessons drawn from this subject are important.

Let us instance some taught by St. Paul.

I. The first is the value of sound teaching to believers. This is set forth in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. In chap. iii. Christians are called "God's building" (ver. 9)—*i.e.*, as Paul, in Ephes. ii. 10, says they "are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus." Unsound teaching is compared to those vile additions to a magnificent building which tend to its destruction and defilement. The apostle cautions the unsound teacher by saying (ver. 10), "Let every man take heed how he buildeth" upon the foundation that had been laid, "which is Jesus Christ," and adds, in verses 16 and 17, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

II. Another practical use of this subject is the correction of some vices which had, in a corrupt city like Corinth, crept into the Church, or had not been renounced by some converts. In the 6th chapter of the First Epistle, speaking of their former impure and licentious manner of life, the apostle asks (ver. 9), "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?" He then specifies, particularly in the 9th and 10th verses, who the unrighteous are, and adds, "And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." To show the Christian con-

verts the heinousness of some of these sins into which they had fallen, or which were not forsaken by them, the apostle asks, at ver. 19, "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"

III. Again, a third lesson taught by this subject is separation from the world. In the latter part of the 6th chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians this duty is thus enforced—"Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" (ver. 14). Christians are here forbidden to form with people of the world, not only the most intimate unions, such as marriage, but connections not so binding, either for business or pleasure, are to be avoided, because of the injury arising from evil "communications." How solemn and impressive to a spiritual mind, is the question, ver. 16, "What agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God: and God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh" "perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."

These examples will suffice to show the practical use of the truths above stated. In other parts of Scripture the attentive reader will find many similar counsels, based on the great fact that each believer is a "lively stone" of "the house of God, which is the church of the living God" (1 Tim. iii. 15).

Those who expect God to hear their prayers must be willing to hear reason, to hear a faithful reproof, and to hear the complaints and appeals of wronged innocency. Judges viii.

The Cherubim and the Flaming Sword.

There were two trees in Eden—the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and the tree of life. The one was the tree of probation, and by eating of its fruit man had already fallen. The other was the tree of recompense. And, to prevent the creature who had failed in his probation from putting forth his hand to the recompense, God had just driven out the man.

God does nothing by halves. The driving out was to be definitive. 'A flaming sword' was therefore placed 'at the east of Eden,' debarring all access to the tree of life. From whatever quarter the presumptuous intruder approached, this sword was upon him. Whether he tried the north, the south, the east, the west, it turned round and faced him. If he persisted, death was the penalty—he could only be cut asunder or consumed.

But it was not, therefore, God's purpose to drive fallen man to despair; and so the 'Cherubim' were beside the flaming sword. We find these Cherubim everywhere throughout Scripture, and they are always emblems of redeeming love. 'Cherubim of glory' were found in the tabernacle, 'shadowing the mercy-seat with their wings.' 'Cherubim and palm-trees,' the symbol of triumph, were carved on the walls of the temple (1 Kings vi. 29). Ezekiel saw them in a living form, and 'the glory of the God of Israel was over them above' (Ezekiel x. 19). Isaiah also saw them proclaiming God's glory in His temple, when one of them re-assured the trembling prophet by laying a live coal on his lips (Isa. vi. 6, 7). Finally, St. John saw them in his visions of the Church in glory. They were beside the crowned elders, the 'Lamb as it had been slain, in the midst.' And they opened to him by the Lamb's command, the book of the divine purpose, 'the revelation of Jesus Christ which God gave unto Him' (Rev. v. 6, vi. 1, 3, 5, 7.)

The Cherubim of Genesis, whatever they were, must have possessed the same character. Their object must have been to tell man that God still loved him; that his thoughts towards him were thoughts of peace; that the Seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent; that he who trusted in eternal mercy should never be put to shame. A double lesson was thus taught—the lesson of self-despair, the lesson of ‘good hope through grace.’ The flaming sword taught the one; the Cherubim, as their glory shone over Eden’s eastern boundary, emphatically proclaimed the other.

All acquainted with the Bible must know that this is the double lesson which God enforces in all His word; it appears in every form from Genesis to Revelation. It was specially taught under the Old Testament, by the arrangements of the tabernacle and temple. God’s people were debarred from His presence; none but the high priest might approach him, and that only once a year. And yet, to keep hope alive, while Israel prayed without, that minister came forth from within, and pronounced on the kneeling worshippers the fulness of the blessing of their God. It is taught under the New by that which gives the New its character—the cross of the Lord Jesus. If even the Son of God could not escape the doom of death, we sinners may well despair. If the love of the everlasting Father toward us has its measure in that death, there is no blessing, in time or eternity, which we may not expect from God’s hand.

We cannot serve God acceptably till we have learned this double lesson. If we think by our doings to find our way to life, we shall be rejected, as was Cain the first Pharisee, and also the first murderer. ‘What must I do?’ was the question of the terrified jailor. *You can do nothing*, was St. Paul’s answer; put your trust in what another has done; ‘Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ’ (Acts xvi. 31).—*Rev. W. Tait, M. A.*

Little Maude.

OR, 'TIS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE. THAN TO RECEIVE.

One lovely spring-day, two children, Maude and Frank, were seated under an arbour in a beautiful garden. A waiter covered with tempting luxuries was on the little table before them.

It was Maude’s tenth birthday, and her mother had invited her cousin Frank to spend it with her. She had also provided this nice feast, as she knew her little daughter liked very much to ‘play party.’

At a short distance from them stood a little boy leaning against the white paling which ran in front of the garden. He was a pitiable-looking object, thin, pale, and ragged. With sad, wistful eyes he gazed earnestly upon the scene before him. Little Willie, for that was the boy’s name, though very hungry, was not thinking of himself, but of his sick mother. He was wondering how he could earn money enough to buy an orange like those the children had, and just such a nice-looking piece of cake for the sick mother he loved so dearly.

Willie’s father had died a few months before; and the small sums which Willie earned by doing errands, and the little his mother received for such plain sewing as she had been able to do, were their only means of subsistence.

For the last fortnight his mother had been too unwell to work, and he had not earned as much as usual; consequently they had been unable to procure sufficient food to keep them from being very hungry.

It had never occurred to Willie that he might beg; but now, as he stood looking at those happy children, he thought of asking for some of their luncheon, but could not summon courage, though he silently prayed that God would put it into their hearts to give him of their abundance.

When Willie left in the morning his mother said:

I hope Mr. Jenks will have an errand

for you to do to-day, as you must need food, for you've eaten neither supper nor breakfast. But don't be discouraged, dear child; the Lord will provide. He will never forsake the widow and fatherless. He who feedeth the raven and the sparrow, will care for us.'

'I think,' replied the boy cheerfully, 'I shall certainly get a job to-day, from both Mr. Jenks and Mr. Rand. If I get five cents from Mr. Jenks, I shall come home before going to Mr. Rand's, and bring you a loaf of bread; then you'll feel better, won't you, mother?'

'Thank you, dear boy, you're always thinking of me; 'twill make you walk much longer, and you are not so strong as you used to be. But,' she added, with a sigh, 'perhaps you had better do so, as I feel very faint. For your sake I must try to keep up my strength.'

Poor Willie had been to both his employers, and neither needed his services. With a sad heart and weary feet he was retracing his steps, when the children's merry voices attracted his attention.

Upon raising his eyes and seeing Willie, Frank exclaimed—

'What are you doing there? Get away, you ugly beggar-boy! I'd like to know what right you have to look over the fence at us. We shall not give you any of our good things, so you may just go away.'

Though Frank was really a handsome boy, his face had a most sour disagreeable expression just then.

Little Willie's heart was too full to bear being so rudely addressed. The blood rushed to his face, and with streaming eyes he turned quickly away.

'I wonder,' thought he, 'if that boy knows how wicked it is to speak so. I hope God won't make him as poor as He has me. He didn't know I had a sick mother at home who is dying for want of food, or he wouldn't have spoken so. I mustn't feel angry with him, though I'm so sorry he didn't want to give me just one orange.'

'O Frank,' exclaimed Maude, in a reproachful tone, 'how could you

speak so crossly to the boy? I'm sure it doesn't do us any harm to have him look at us as long as he wants to. Perhaps he is hungry too. I've read of children who have not enough to eat. I wonder if he is, poor fellow!'

Quick as thought she snatched her portion of the white, frosted cake, oranges and little oyster crackers, and hastily putting them into a little basket, hanging on her arm, which she had brought out to fill with flowers, rushed after the unhappy outcast, calling—

'Little boy! little boy! wait a minute.'

Willie turned, and saw this beautiful child running towards him. She was very fair, with soft blue eyes, over which dropped long shining lashes. Dark curls hung over her snowy white shoulders. 'Twas such a sight as our heavenly Father loves to behold, when that little one, with a heart full of love, offered her basket to the unfortunate child.

'I'm sorry, little boy,' said she, 'that Frank spoke so to you. I guess you're hungry, and have brought these for you.'

Willie's face brightened as he took the basket, and said—

'Oh, I thank you a thousand times. I was wishing God would put it into your hearts to give me some. I did not want it for myself, but for my mother, who is very sick, and faint for want of food.'

'But aren't you hungry too?' asked little Maude.

'Yes,' replied the boy, 'but I don't care for that. O how glad mother will be! The oranges will be so nice for her to take when she coughs. You are real kind. I shall run all the way.'

After once more thanking his benefactress with looks as well as words, he hurried away, but not until she had slipped a gold dollar from her pocket into his hand, saying, 'Tis mine to do as I please with, and I want you to take it to your mother.'

'Maude,' said her cousin, as she returned, 'I do believe you are the queerest girl that ever lived. Now you've

got no luncheon. Aunt has gone out, and you know nurse won't give you any more.'

'Well, I don't care,' replied the happy little girl, 'I feel just as if I'd eaten it all myself. The little boy was so hungry, and his mother is sick and hungry too. I wish you could have seen how delighted he looked.'

'Of course you have a right to do what you please with your own things,' said Frank, in a surly tone, as he turned away and slowly walked down the path, feeling rather uncomfortable. His little cousin's conduct was a more severe reproof to him than any words could have been.

When the children returned to the house, Mrs. Clifford said, 'I'm ready now, Maude, to go with you into the city to buy the doll, and this afternoon I'll help you to dress it, as I promised.'

'I can't buy it,' replied Maude, 'I've spent my dollar.'

'Can't buy it! spent your dollar!' exclaimed Mrs. Clifford.

'Yes, mamma, you know uncle James said I might do as I pleased with it, because it is my birthday.'

'You had a right to spend it,' replied her mother; 'but as you have been wanting a wax doll for so long a time, and seemed to anticipate so much pleasure in dressing it this afternoon, I am surprised to hear anything could tempt you to give up the 'little lady' you had selected.'

'O mamma, I didn't get anything else instead. Nothing would please me so much. That doll at Partridge's is such a beauty, with black eyes that can open or shut, and such cunning little curls.'

'Well, Maude,' replied her mother, 'I must say I don't understand. You say you admire the doll as much as ever, and have chosen nothing else instead. How then could you have spent the money?'

'I gave it to a little boy,' replied Maude, 'who said his mother was sick and hungry.'

Mrs. Clifford looked pleased, kissed her little daughter, and said—

'I am glad you are willing to deny yourself in order to relieve the wants of others. I wish I knew where to find the boy, so that I could call and see if his mother is really suffering.'

At this moment, Bridget, who had just entered the room, said—

'Sure, ma'am, if it is the little boy that Miss Maude gave the basket to this morning ye's after finding, I can tell ye's where he lives. He fetched the basket back just now, and I asked him where he lived. 'Tis No. 45, Margin Street. His name is Willow Carlow.'

'Thank you, Bridget,' replied Mrs. Clifford; then turning to Maude, she said, 'Instead of going to buy the doll, if you and Frank would like it, we will call on Mrs. Carlow, and see if she needs anything.'

'O yes, mamma, do go,' said little Maude. Seeing that Frank said nothing, Mrs. Clifford remarked, that if he would prefer riding to the city with Jim who was going to get some groceries, he might do so.

As Frank agreed to this arrangement, Mrs. Clifford and Maude set out on their errand of mercy, taking with them a little basket of delicacies for the invalid.

Maude was fully repaid for giving up the doll, when she saw the heartfelt gratitude of poor Willie, and heard his mother say as she bade her good-bye, 'Whoso giveth a cup of cold water only, to one of these little ones, shall in no wise lose his reward.'

Little Maude told her mother that night that she had never spent so happy a birthday.

Mrs. Clifford replied:

''Tis because you have thought more of others than of yourself. I hope you will always realize 'tis more blessed to give than to receive, and remember the text you learned last Sabbath, 'He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He repay.'

Getting by Giving.

See the rivers flowing
Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Beautiful and free,
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed.
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures—
From fair nature learn;
Give thy love, and ask not,
Wait not a return;
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Christ's Preventive Ministry.

BY REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

"I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way."—MATT., xv. 32.

These words supply an illustration of what may be called the *Preventive Ministry* of Christ: not only does the Saviour deliver us from *actual* suffering, he guards us also from *possible* danger. Thus he saved this great multitude from fainting: he did not wait until the people really did faint, and then glorify himself by an ostentatious display of restoring energy: he *anticipated* the possibility, and so shewed another aspect of his universal and benign power.

I. *This preventive ministry was originated by Christ himself.* The disciples had not suggested it, nor had the multitude desired it. This blessed and all-blessing love sprang spontaneously in the heart of the Redeemer. Changing the figure, it was a primary ray, not a secondary light. The action was in its impulse as independent as the sun, and in its operation as condescending as the morning: we did not light the brilliant flame, yet its brightness smiles familiarly through our windows, plays laughingly on every tender leaf, and turns the stream and the sea into spangles of silver. It is even so with Christ; he com-

bins a solemn independence with a gracious familiarity,—the loneliness of the sun with the friendliness of light. The thought was his. It did not come from the friction of mind with mind. It was all Christ's. What then? First, *he must have been thinking about the people*; Second, he must have been thinking about the people in those aspects which would seem to be *farthest removed from his mission among men*. Did he not come to reveal God, to teach truth, and to show the way to *higher worlds*? Yes. Yet he stooped to save men from bodily faintness! He did not say "The sooner these people die, the sooner they will go to heaven:" He cared for their bodies as if their bodies were to live for ever.

II. *This preventive ministry was begun by Christ without the knowledge of the multitude.* He did not address the crowd, he addressed the *disciples*. The four thousand men were not aware that the Saviour was planning something for their advantage on the way home. Is he not ever working for us in ways that we know not? We know the great fact of his mediation, but what do we know of the subtle variations of that great fact? its loving devices, its little aside plans, its collateral and incidental service? We do not know all that *summer* does, how can we know all the doings of *God*? We know that summer brings light, and heat, and beauty; but what of the drooping hopes which it cheers, the lonely lives which it gladdens, the anxious hearts which it soothes, and the innumerable little ministries which it exercises in unexpected ways? So with God. We do not know the evils from which he *saves us by prevention*. The railway accident is reported; the shipwreck is published; the explosion is recorded in every journal; but what of the accidents, the shipwrecks, the explosions, the collisions, the disasters of all kinds by night and by day, which are *prevented*? Is not every respiration a narrow escape from death? Is not the heart surrounded by deadly dangers in

every beat? All this is unknown to us, but is not the less surely under the gracious control of the Redeemer. In this view of the Saviour's ministry we see a new occasion for incessant and loving praise.

III. *This preventive ministry was the form in which Christ expressed his compassion.* "I have compassion on the multitude." He did not say he wished to perform a *miracle*. Had the *bread* been equal to his *compassion*, no miracle would have been wrought; but *compassion* will move into the region of the miraculous rather than be thwarted in its gracious purpose. It has no particular wish to do the miraculous, but it *will* do it if needful. It is so amongst ourselves. The mother's love does miracles every day. When we yield ourselves to the best impulses of our hearts, we surprise ourselves by our energy, our unselfishness and spirituality.

Look at all human enjoyments through the medium of this suggestion. Jesus says: "I have compassion upon the multitudes,"—so I call them nightly to rest and oblivion; "I have compassion upon the multitudes,"—so I send the sun to make the earth fruitful for them, lest they faint by the way; "I have compassion on the multitudes,"—so I bid all nature work with them and for them, that they may have enough and to spare. Thus "it is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed."

The subject gives us a point or two of urgent application. First: If Christ has given us all that we have, *what do we owe in return?* Second: If Christ's ministry is *preventive* as well as *redemptive*, why not *surrender ourselves fully to his care?* Third: If Christ would do so much for the *body*, is it not like him that he should do *infinitely more for the spirit?* All miracles dwindle into nothingness in presence of the miracles of the Cross!

We forfeit the benefit of ordinances if we make an ill use of them. Ps. lii.

My Father's Will.

An old man was one day walking to church with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said:

"Good morning, Mr. Price."

"Ah! good morning," replied he, "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along."

"Well, what hath he left you?" said his friend.

"Why, he has bequeathed me a hundredfold more in this life; and in the world to come life everlasting."

This beautiful reply was the means of comforting his Christian friend, who was at the time in sorrowful circumstances.

The Crown of Thorns.

When John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, was brought out to be burnt, they put on his head the triple crown of paper with painted devils on it. On seeing it, he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ, for my sake, wore a crown of thorns; why should not I, then, for his sake, wear this light crown, be it ever so ignominious? Truly, I will do it, and that willingly." When it was set upon his head, the bishops said, "Now we commit thy soul to the devil." "But I," said Huss, lifting up his eyes towards heaven, "do commit my spirit into thy hands, O Lord Jesus Christ; to thee I commend my spirit which thou hast redeemed."

Profession and Practice.

The Queen of Madagascar, gathering some of the palace officers together, said to them, "I am aware that many of you are numbered among the praying people. I have no objection to you joining them if you think it right, but remember if you do so, I shall expect from you a life worthy of that profession. I know that praying people profess to be truthful, honest and upright, to fear God and benefit their fellow men; if you do so, that will be right; if not, you will not be worthy of the profession you make."

Sabbath in Earth and Heaven.

How sweet, O Lord, thy day of rest,
From worldly labour free,
When we can feed our hungry souls
And worship only Thee.

O, may each Sabbath morning bring,
Our thoughts from earth to Heaven,
And think of Jesus and His lovè,
For us his life hath given.

His life so pure, so holy too,
Without one spot of sin,
O may I, Lord, return the love
I have received from Him.

How many Sabbaths I have seen,
Since first my life began,
They are like many stepping stones,
Placed there by God's own hand.

Sweet Sabbath here, thou art the type
Of rest that is for me
In that bright land of love and peace
Forever Christ with Thee.

And O, my Saviour, may I love
Thy Sabbath more and more,
Until I leave this vale of tears
And reach bright Canaan's shore.

Then will I love Thee as I ought,
When free from doubt and sin;
And dwell forever with my Lord;
My Prophet, Priest, and King.

Rockton, July 1st, 1872.

W. H.

 Dr. Cooke's Intercourse with Malan.

In July 1826 he went to Dublin to obtain medical advice; and he found a home in the house of his friend, Dr. McDowel. Under the good hand of God his illness proved a blessing, not to himself merely, but to others. The stormy scenes in which he had taken part during four years had absorbed nearly all his time and had largely drawn away his thoughts from the higher concerns of personal religion. Now that physical weakness had removed him from the strife of political and religious controversy, he had time for reflection. His letters shew how deep and solemn his reflections were. In Dublin he met, for the first time, M. Malan of Geneva. They were kindred spirits; and they took sweet counsel together. He wrote to Mrs. Cooke, on August 2d, "I am not better, but could not expect to be so in so short a time. My appetite is pretty good, and, thank God, my spirits are excellent. I have been much pleased and I hope blessed, by my intercourse

with M. Malan. I long to be home with you, to explain to you his plain, simple, and delightful views of the Gospel of our Saviour. I believe my light, comfort, hope and heart are all improved by my intercourse with him. I long to see you enjoy the same happy assurance in the Lord." On the 4th he again writes—"I am going this evening to Lord Mount-Cashell's, and intend staying there for a fortnight, and hope to return to you in better health. But as to my poor body, let the Lord do as he will. He has saved my soul from doubt, darkness, fear, and the power of sin. I am my Saviour's now. I shall be with him through eternity. Oh! how I do long to see and hear you speak the same words of joy which in true faith I am now enabled, by the grace of God my Saviour, to address to you. Read I John v. 1, and see if you believe it all. If you really believe that Jesus is the Christ, then are you 'born of God.' But you will say, I have a weak, sinful heart, and cannot believe I am born of God till I feel my heart better. Nay, nay, the simple question is, Do you believe the testimony of God, who says that 'Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God'? If so, then you will see that, being a child of God, you can pray for grace; you can pray against sin; you can conquer all the enemies of your heart through Christ strengthening you. Pray for me that my faith fail not, as I pray for you that God may keep you and my little ones in peace. Read also Rom. v. i. Have you peace with God? Then you cannot be troubled nor in fear. For, 'if God be for us, who can be against us?' May God keep you in faith, love, and peace!" —From "*The Life of Dr. Henry Cooke,*" by Dr. Porter.

Those that have the word and ordinances of God near them, and have not to travel far to them, are justly expected to do more in praising God than others. Ps. cxlix.

What the Book Says.

Once, when on a journey to a village in the south of England, for the purpose of preaching the gospel, I had occasion to walk two or three miles from the railway station to my destination; when pursuing my course, I was accosted by a respectable man in a dog-cart, who requested me to ride with him, as he was going to the same place; at first I declined, but on his again asking me to accompany him I consented, thinking the Lord had a word for me to speak to the man; I looked to him for guidance, and the result was the following conversation:—

Q. "Do you go to any church or chapel on the Sunday?"

A. "No, I don't believe in such places, nor in the people that go there; I believe they are all hypocrites."

Q. "Is that any reason why you should be one?"

A. "No."

Q. "It is a very important matter for everybody to know whether he is saved or not."

A. "I don't believe in such stuff."

Q. "Don't you believe that you are a sinner by nature and practice?"

A. "No, I don't; I had enough of that drilled into me at school; it's what the book says."

Q. "Do you believe in the Bible, that it is God's Word?"

A. "No, I don't."

I then explained to him from the 3rd of Romans, that he was a sinner, that all men had sinned and come short of the glory of God; but that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," (John iii. 16), when he again replied, "Ah! that's what the Book says." I warned him too of the truth, "that after death came the judgment." This is a solemn fact, "*It is what the Book says,*" and by that Book—the Word of God—shall men be judged: "The word that I speak, the same shall judge him in the last day;" and that "he that believeth not would b

damned;" when I could get no other reply than "Ah, that's what the Book says."

Reader, dost thou believe the Word of God? It says thou art a sinner by nature and practice, that Christ died for sinners, that He "hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God," and that whosoever believe in Him hath everlasting life. Dost thou believe on the Son of God? If not, may the Holy Spirit help thee so to do this very day, and then thou wilt know that thou art **SAVED**, because *the Book says so*.

The Truth in Jesus.

A celebrated artist had been engaged on and had almost finished a picture that has since become famous in the world. He had brought it to that stage of perfection when an unpractised or unprofessional eye would have pronounced it complete, when a friend called upon him, and requested permission to see it. The wish was gratified; and the visitor on leaving thanked the painter for his kindness, and expressed, at the same time, the admiration which he felt for the work he had been privileged to witness. Having occasion, however, several months afterwards, to call again at the house, he could not help remarking that the portrait must have been finished when he last saw it, as nothing apparently had been done to it since then. His friend hastened to correct the impression, and assured him he had really done a great deal to it. "I have brought out this feature," he said; "I have deepened that expression; I have sweetened that smile; I have——" "Yes, yes," said the other, interrupting him, "but these are mere trifles." "Ah," was the answer, "but it is by these 'trifles,' as you call them, that we reach perfection; and *that*," he added emphatically, "is no trifle."

Now, my readers, upon a work in many respects analogous to this of the painter's, the preachers of Christ's

Gospel are employed, from Sabbath to Sabbath, and year to year, in the cities and countries of the world. To portray the person, work, and character of Jesus the Son of God, so that men may know, and trust, and love Him as their Saviour and their Lord,—to present the image of an ever-living, ever-loving, all-gracious, tender and merciful Redeemer to the minds and hearts of their listeners, so that he shall seem to them the “chiefest among ten thousand,”—to exhibit Christ as “lifted up from the earth,” in his atoning death upon the cross, and to his place of intercession at God’s right hand,—and to offer that Saviour to all who will accept of Him,—that has been the Mission of his ministers ever since his advent: an enterprise of no trifling importance, for its reward is “a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”

The first time that a man, divinely taught by the Spirit, hears the Gospel, he is conscious, perhaps, of little more than a brief sketch, a faint outline, of the “King in his beauty;” he catches only a glimpse of the “land that is afar off.” But as the truth is imparted in “line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little,” the image of the Saviour becomes clearer and more attractive; though as yet, it may be, he sees only as “through a glass darkly.” Gradually, however, as the Spirit “takes of the things that are Christ’s and reveals them” to his soul; as he learns how God became incarnate and stooped to the stable at Bethlehem; how he lived and suffered among us: weeping at our graves, rejoicing at our marriages; and was “touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” as he follows the story of his passion, through the gloom of Gethsemane, the indignities of the Judgment hall, and the agony of the Cross; and as he thinks of him, now exalted, “a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins” to his people, and to him, he is able to realise the hope of a personal Redeemer, and to comprehend with all saints “the truth as it is in Jesus.”

And what an effect that knowledge of Christ produces upon the life, character, and conduct of its possessor? Having this clear conception in his heart, “he is changed into the same image, from glory to glory.” “Having this hope, he purifies himself.” And when at last his Lord appears, he shall perfectly resemble him, “for he shall see him as he is.”

Have you, then, my readers, received “The Truth” in this form into your hearts? You may have read the “history of man’s redemption” with commendable zeal and diligence; but the truth, *as it is in history*, will not save you. “The devils believe and tremble.” You may have mastered the teachings of your catechisms, and become efficient theologians; but the mere truth *in doctrine* cannot win the affections, or satisfy the heart. You may even have conceived a passion for the æsthetic beauty of “The Truth,” and be able to sing with Handel of the grandeur of “the Messiah,” or admire with Rubens “The Descent from the Cross.” But, my friends, it is not the truth *in music or in painting*, not even as it appears *in emblem*, as at the Lord’s table, that converts the heart, and pacifies the conscience. It is only when “it pleases God to reveal his Son in you,” and you are able to say, “I know in whom I have believed,” that you are really possessed of the truth *as it is in Jesus*.” It is not, believe this, or that; but put your trust in a living, holy, divine person for salvation: “believe in the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and thou shalt be saved.”—*Olive Branch*.

“And He said, To-morrow.”

The plague of frogs is upon the land of Egypt. Frogs are everywhere—in their houses, upon their beds, upon their persons, everywhere are the filthy, loathsome creatures. Pharaoh feels the finger of God, he is convinced of his sin, begs Moses to entreat the Lord to remove the plague, and promises to obey God’s

command. Moses says, "name the time;" and Pharaoh says, "To-morrow."

What a strange, strange answer. A man tormented with a loathsome plague, yet on being asked when it should be removed, he answers "To-morrow." Why is this? Does he not want the frogs removed at once? Of course he does, but he has promised to cease sinning when the plague shall be removed; and hence, if the frogs are removed at once, at once he must cease to sin. It is not because he wants the plague to remain, but *because he wants to sin a little longer*, and he says, "To-morrow." So unwilling is he now to cease his sin and obey God, that he is willing to endure a little longer the presence of the filthy creature.

"He said, To-morrow," and that one word sealed his doom. The morrow came; and though the plague was removed, his heart was hardened. He continued in his sins. He began his swift and *sure* course to utter ruin. The plague of flies was placed in his path, but it stopped him not; on he went, for his heart was hardened. The plague of locusts was thrown in his way, but it stopped him not; on he went, for his heart was hardened. The tenth, the terrible plague, which was the death of all the first-born, was before him, but it stopped him not; on, on he went, leaping over every obstacle and dashing aside every obstruction, until a horrible death closed his career.

Here we have Pharaoh's sinning, his being told by the messengers of God to cease his sin, his refusing to obey, his being threatened, his still continuing to sin, his being afflicted, his seeing his sin and promising to do right, *his saying, To-morrow*, his heart being hardened, and his doom made certain, his pressing on, in spite of obstacles, to destruction. This is a true picture of the life of the vast majority of those who go from a Christian land to dwell amid eternal burnings.

Like Pharaoh, they sinned. Like Pharaoh, they were told by the messen-

ger of God to cease their sin. Like Pharaoh, they refused to do so. Like Pharaoh, they heard the threatenings of God. Like Pharaoh, they persisted in their sin. Like Pharaoh, they were afflicted. Like Pharaoh, they promised to cease sinning. But when? Like Pharaoh, they said, "To-morrow." Like Pharaoh, the morrow found their hearts hardened and their doom sealed. Like Pharaoh, they pressed on in the road to death. Though obstacle after obstacle was placed in their path, on they pressed, for their hearts were hardened. Though personal sickness, family affliction, and national calamity were thrown in their way, on they rushed, for their hearts were hardened. Though the prayers of the church and the tears of their parents and the blood of a Saviour blocked up their road, on, on they rushed, on prayers and tears and blood, until they plunged into the world of woe.

If the Spirit of God has not for ever left you—if, in proof of this, you still have some inclination to forsake your sins and turn unto God, say not, *A little longer in sin*. Say not, *A little more of this world*. Say not, *Another day, and I will go*. That is saying, "To-morrow." Jesus says, "Come now; come to-day; come just as you are."

When we are, upon any account, disabled to follow our worldly business, and taken off from it, we should spend our time rather in the exercises of piety and devotion, (in acquainting ourselves with the works of God, and praising him in them,) than in foolish, idle sports and recreations. When our hands are sealed up, our hearts should be thus opened, and the less we have, at any time to do in the world, the more we should do for God and our souls. When we are confined to our houses we should thereby be driven to our bibles and our knees. Job xxxvii.

Those who are prayerless are fearless and graceless. Job xv.

Prayer Answered.

Twenty years ago the master of a coasting vessel was making a voyage in the month of January, from the Tyne to a port in the north of Scotland. He was taken in one of those winter gales which almost every year visit our coasts, and awaken our anxieties about those exposed to them.

In this situation every piece of sail was blown from the ship, and she became unmanageable, and was tossed and driven in consequence. Water began to rise in the hold, and the master considered it his duty to tell the small crew on board that the ship must shortly founder. On hearing this, they calmly anticipated parting by shaking hands. The master, though not a believer at the time, recollected that he had a Bible in his berth, and told the sailors to follow him into the cabin, upon the floor of which the water was already flowing. Having never before prized the Scriptures, except with the outward respect many well-trained people show to them, he did not know where to look for a passage suited to the time of need; but the Lord was with him, though unseen, and led him to open at Psalm cvii, which, in one passage, speaks of those who go down to the sea in ships, and cry to God in their distress, and are brought into the haven of rest. With such encouragement he prayed, though a great trial for him to do so before others for the first time.

After prayer, he remembered that there was a spare piece of sail yet left in the ship, and at once succeeded in "bending it on" for a try-sail, or storm-sail. With this sail, by control of the helm, the vessel was kept from driving in shore until the storm passed over; then were they brought to their desired haven in safety.

The master has, for many years since this deliverance, been one of those who "call Jesus Lord, to the glory of God the Father," and his calm recourse to reading and prayer, when the convenience was that of a cabin filling with

sea-water, and the circumstances sufficient to deprive him of the necessary equanimity, may to some of us arise as a remembrancer, should we be tried either by perils of the sea or perils of the city. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."—*London Christian.*

The Wild Koord's Conversion.

With a gun thrown over his shoulder, a dagger at his side, and with his belt full of ammunition, a wild Koordish mountaineer named Gewergis, made his appearance at the Nestorian Mission School. He was known to be one of the vilest of the Nestorians, but now he brought his eldest daughter, perhaps twelve or thirteen years of age, and begged that she might be taken into the school.

"I want to leave my girl here and I want you should teach her," said he to Miss Fiske, the missionary superintendent of the school.

"Oh, yes, I will," was the reply; "she may stay."

"I want you to teach her just as well as you can; make her a good teacher, so that she can earn money."

"Yes, I shall do as well as I can by her. Is that all you want?"

"I should like to take the clothes she has on."

"Why, Deacon Gewergis, are you her father? Is she your child? I never heard of such a thing. Take her clothes! Yes, you may if you wish to, but I haven't any clothes for her."

He was ashamed, and holding up his tunic with both hands before his face, said, "I think I'll go."

Some time passed away, and the wild Koord again crossed the deep snows of the mountain-passes, and presented himself at the school. It was just at a time when a religious awakening had set in, and many of the girls were weeping over sin. He ridiculed their anxiety, and when his daughter asked him to go

alone with her to pray, he laughed at her, and said, "Do you not think I too can pray?"

They went by themselves. The father repeated his form of ancient Syriac; the child bowed down, pleaded for her own soul, and then for her perishing father.

As he heard her say, "Save my father from going down to destruction," he raised his hand to strike her, but God alone kept him from it. They left the place of prayer, and he was not led to it again that day, even by his pleading daughter.

After this, other members of the Mission family talked to him, but he laughed at them, saying, "I am safe."

"I see you don't wish me to speak with you of your soul. I promise you that I will never do so again, if you do not wish me to; but I want you to make me one promise; when we stand at the bar of God, and you are found on the left hand, promise me that you will tell the assembled universe that on this twenty-second day of February, you were told of your danger. I leave you to pray for you."

With a full heart she turned away, when he burst into tears, and said, "My sister, I need this salvation. I will go and pray for myself."

Passing into the nearest room, in a low voice he lifted up his heart in prayer, and not long after, as it was the Sabbath, he entered the place of solemn assembly, where Missionary Stoddard was preaching. His gun and dagger were gone, his turban had fallen over his face, his hands were raised to his eyes, and the big tears fell.

At the close of the service he entered the study of one of the missionaries, and cried in the bitterness of soul, "My sins! my sins! they are higher than Jehu mountains."

"Yes," said the missionary, "but if the fires of hell should be put out, you would not be troubled, would you?"

Then the strong mountaineer was bowed to the floor, and exclaimed, "Sin,

I would not carry this load of sin if there were no hell."

The missionary pointed him to Christ, and then left him till the morning, when his soul was full of the love of Christ, and all he could say was, "My great sins and my great Saviour." Before noon he had left for his mountain home, saying, "I must tell my friends and neighbors of sin and of Christ."

Ever after as he entered the passes among the rocks with Testament and hymn-book in his knapsack, he was sure to be found singing "Rock of Ages cleft for me;" and when he sat down by the fountain side, he was ever ready to burst forth in saying, "There is a fountain filled with blood." He warned all whom he met and pointed them to Christ. — *From "Fidelia Fiste."*

Is this You?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO ENTER INTO REST."

"Well, certainly I am not what I once was. No doubt there was a time when I said I believed I was converted, but that was many years ago, and I should say that what I felt then was more the result of circumstances than of anything else. Many a man of sense and experience can look back upon what he now sees to have been nothing more than a temporary excitement.

"Would I rather not remember it? No; I have no dislike to the subject. I merely look upon it as a mental phase left behind with many other things which advancing life shows to be transitory and narrow-minded."

And you now regard yourself with great complacency. You have in your own mind just struck upon the happy medium, going neither to the one extreme nor the other. No one has anything to say against you. To your own family you are all they can desire—kind, loving, steadfast, dependable. Your friends most justly esteem and respect you; indeed, many of them feel you are far beyond themselves, come to you in their troubles and difficulties,

accept and sometimes even follow your advice, and speak of you as wonderfully good and upright, highly superior to themselves. Moreover, you have a real regard for religion; you expect salvation through Christ alone; you respect Sunday, and attend church, and occasionally look at your Bible; you wish any one good-sped in any religious work that they undertake; but for yourself naturally you do not care to go so far.

So far as what? You wish to be saved, and you look for salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ? Undoubtedly.

Ah! that is where it is. You will willingly take the salvation which is offered you, you will willingly be saved from the just judgment of God, but you will not do one thing for Him who suffered death, and agony, and bitter shame to save you. You grasp the gift—it is comfortable to feel safe for eternity—and you turn your back upon the Giver. True, in public assemblies, where it is the correct thing to own Him, you do it; but from any near sight of him you turn away, "lest you should suffer persecution for the cross of Christ."

It was not so once—not at the time when you were converted—that time, which, now looking back upon it, you describe as only a passing excitement.

Just for a few moments try to take yourself back, and to remember the joy that welled up in your heart, and the strong feeling that even death could not part you from your Saviour. It would have been easy to die for the One who so loved you, and whom you then so loved; and in your thirst for more of Him you eagerly turned to His Word, and to those who already knew Him, to find out His will and pleasure, that you might know Him more and more, and show your gratitude by your life.

Truly, death could not have parted you from Him, but what that most dreaded enemy could not do, casual or ordinary life has done. For months, possibly years, you followed Him, only feeling that you could not get too near to Him, and the intimacy and the sym-

pathy grew. It was too good news to keep to yourself, this majestic wonder of redeeming love, and there was no refraining from telling these things to your own people, from some of whom you had to bear with indifference and slight; no hiding of it amongst those you lived with and met in busy life; no shrinking from turning from amusements and places of resort, which had hitherto made your pleasure, but which then you could not afford to attend, just because they clouded rather than revealed Jesus to your soul.

How was this, but that your heart was filled with Him? His presence cast aside all that was sinful, all that was wrong, all that was even doubtful, that was a hindrance to a Christ-like life, that did not help it on.

Will you be honest enough to answer one question truly to yourself? Was that a happy time or not? Were you ever before, or have you ever since been, satisfied as you then were? You may not wish, you may not care to be different now from what you are; but was there not a time when, if you could have looked forward and seen yourself as you are now, your heart would have cried out in its bitterness, and your one prayer would have been, "God forbid."

No physical agony could have been so great as the thought that you would deny your Saviour, thus—for you have denied Him. How did it begin? I know not, and very possibly, you may not know yourself, but it must have been in some very subtle, wary way that Satan beguiled you. He will not come to bold, open conflict, but he entices little by little. Gradually and slowly you relaxed, with many self-reproaches at first, and seeking to excuse yourself. Daily communion with Christ was the first to fall off; prayer and reading became a form and then ceased. Satan gave such plausible arguments for one thing and another. By conceding some minor point you hoped to make the gospel more attractive to another—to show that, though a Christian, you

were still liberal-minded. And your first concessions were not flagrant ones; perhaps only in points that are considered "doubtful," "questionable," and not actually wrong. But it is these doubtful things that decide us as strong or weak Christians; and by giving way in one small thing after another, each comes to feel natural; and the next easier; and before we know, we have slid away; and conscience is much stifled. You do not mind remembering your conversion? Will you, then, for a short time give your whole heart and mind to it? Suppose that this is the night of your death; the sentence has irrevocably gone forth; to-night you appear before God. Which part of your life, if you could choose, would you wish to present to God?

Suppose you are in a house where crushing sorrow has entered. You, but of your loving heart, would like to bring comfort. Will you seek to find it from among the occupations and amusements of the later years, or from the strength and light that guided you in that far gone time?

You yourself are in danger. Where does your heart flash for dependence and safety?

Trouble comes to you! You seek freedom; and perhaps forgetfulness; in your present life. Does it bless you and make you better? or does it make you bitter, and still unsatisfied, hankering after you know not what? And does not your heart, sometimes unbidden, travel back to the years ago, when trouble brought a present Saviour nearer—when it bound you closer to Him, closer than before—when you dwelt all the day long in Him, and there found all you needed?

Or, is nothing amiss with you?—all shining brightly outwardly, and yet you are not satisfied; now and then a glimpse of past perfect satisfaction, in another than yourself, enters your soul, and you take up a book, or begin a conversation, to hide from yourself that you do not desire such thoughts.

This is one side; there is another. Have you thought how all these years your Saviour has been grieving for you; longing for your return; sending you messages through people, and books, and sermons; through heart-pricks and pangs of which nobody but yourself knows; and all this that He may have the joy of folding you to His heart and blessing you. "His eyes behold the children of men." Perhaps on you they are turned with the same look that He gave Peter when he denied his Lord, just as you are doing now. You are His, redeemed with His precious blood, sought out and washed and cleansed; and you have wandered away, far away from Him; and are covered with mire and clay, and are too ashamed to look Him in the face. Yet He is following you. Will you let Him find you?—not to put you in a hard school of affliction to teach you not to stray again; but to lay you on His shoulder, rejoicing over you, so that you will feel that you can no longer grieve such love again. Oh! if you will not return for your own sake, return for his! Is it nothing to you that Jesus, the Son of the mighty God of heaven and earth, "beseeches you to be reconciled to God"? Don't disappoint Him. How often have you turned away from that face, so full of sorrow and love for you. Won't you to-day—even this day—turn to Him? Never mind if you have no words. He looks into your heart, and sees there the very first turn towards Himself, and the feeblest, most fearing, most ignorant, most selfish return, will He welcome; not with upbraiding; but with wide stretched arms of love. Oh! will you not run into them? You may think you are only fit to get the place of a mean servant; but his welcome is so full of a Father's strength and love, that you will have no power to speak of that only power to feel that you are again blest—again on the heart of Jesus—again crowned with the crown of forgiveness.

You cannot resist such love. The Lord Jesus is longing to receive you—

back. He bids you look at the days when you were His—at the sad wanderings and sin since—at His own love and compassion for you, not yet tired out, and He says, "Come back to Me." Have you not one wish to give Him this joy?—one wish to be blest again yourself? You must have one at least. The fact that you have taken the trouble to read this shows it, and back in your heart I do believe there is a great hungry cry to be again in His arms—a feeling that though your present life passes away this time, yet it does not *pay*, so to speak, for it does not satisfy—does not enrich your heart.

Let there be joy in heaven for you. Think of the past—think of the present—think of the future. "All you need is, in one word, Jesus—Jesus himself—a personal Saviour—a personal Friend. Will He be so to you, who have thus erred and strayed—who have thus disgraced Him, and shamed yourself?"

Listen to what He says. Here is a special word for you, written particularly for you—"Return, O backsliding Israel, for I am married unto you."

Can such a bond be undone? Oh! turn to Him, even as He turned to you, and rivet the bond more closely than ever before.

Who shall Deliver me from the Body of this Death?

One of the most blessed discoveries made by the child of God who has been favoured to enter into that experience which is sometimes called the "Higher Christian Life," is that of its wonderful conformity to Scripture. Text after text, and promise after promise, which once were so obscure and perplexing, come out into marvellous clearness under the heavenly light which now is shed upon them. The blessed truth of sanctification by faith so illumines its contents, that the Bible seems almost for a time to become a new book again, just as it did once before, when first the eyes were opened to see in its pages the

glorious truth of justification by faith.

And, perhaps, nowhere does this new illumination bring out more wonderful teaching, than when it shines on the cry of the Christian, in the last part of the seventh chapter of Romans, and the triumphant answer to that cry.

It is when the poor believer, loving holiness and hating sin, is yet unable to lay hold of the one, and finds himself bound by the other, that he cries out in anguish of spirit, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

In the days of my ignorance of the way of sanctification by faith, I often wondered why that question had ever been asked, since I thought Paul must have known that in this life there was no such deliverance to be found. He certainly was aware, I reasoned, that the "body of death," or the "old man," under which he groaned, was always to dwell within him and fetter him, and that, until death should release him from its hateful presence, he need not look for any release. And yet continually the fact stared me in the face, that Paul had asked that question, and had answered it too; as though he really believed there *was* a way of deliverance.

Then, again, why did he ask, "Who shall deliver me?" Why did he not rather say, "What shall deliver me?" And answer to this, "I thank God, discipline and growth shall do it partially; and death shall consummate the deliverance." Did he not know that this was the only way—a gradual process of getting rid of part of it by obedience and cross-bearing, and finally a full and perfect release at death?

And how many souls unconsciously reason just as I did? There never was a Christian heart yet that did not long for this deliverance; never one that did not hate the bondage into which "the law of sin in its members" was continually bringing it. And I believe it is safe to say, that every child of God has, at one time or another, echoed that cry of Paul's, "O wretched man that I am,

who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But generally they echo it without any hope of its ever being answered. They look upon it, as an inevitable condition of our human nature, that this "body of death" is to be a life-long companion and torment; an inward enemy, always alive and alert, always seeking opportunities to betray us into the hands of our adversary, the devil, and often finding them. Of course such a cry of despair cannot be answered, and according to their faith it is unto them.

But there are others who see a deliverance promised them in the Scriptures, and who feel that they cannot rest until they find it. They read the declaration that our "old man is crucified with Christ, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth they should not serve sin," and they see further that they are commanded to put off this crucified old man, and to "put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness." And they echo this cry of the apostle's with some hope of finding an answer. But they make the mistake of echoing it with a vital alteration, for they say, instead of "Who," "What shall deliver me;" and some spend a lifetime in trying to find an answer to this *what*. They try all sorts of modes of deliverance. They try earnest Christian work. They try careful study of the Scriptures, and the continued discovery of new truths. They try resolutions, and efforts, and prayers, and wrestlings. Sometimes they try cross-bearing, and even penances. Each mode thus tried will seem to give a momentary deliverance, and the soul rejoices that now at last it has discovered the thing that answers its question, of "What shall deliver me?"

But these momentary deliverances are gone almost before they have been enjoyed, and the old cry has to be taken up again, with a sadder and more despairing heart than ever. But still they do not see the mistake in their question, and they continually reiterate their

"what" with an ever-increasing hopelessness.

It is, indeed, a question that can never be answered.

There is no *thing* that can effect this deliverance. Only a Person can perform such a mighty work, and this Person the Son of God alone. When the soul comes to know this, when it has tried all other ways and has found them vain, when everything has failed utterly and hopelessly, then it begins to cry, out in its despair, "Who shall deliver me?" And to this cry the answer is very near at hand, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ my Lord."

To the question, "What shall deliver?" there may be many answers. The Church has found many, as she thinks. The convents and monasteries of the Romish Church are standing memorials of her vain attempts to answer it. Many an earnest soul, I doubt not, has gone into these places, goaded on by this always tormenting and always unanswered question, "What shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But to the question, "Who shall deliver me?" there can be but one answer. Every Christian heart instinctively knows this. If a Person is to deliver us, it can be but One, and that One the Lord Jesus Christ. So soon, then, as we come to the point of asking "Who?" the answer comes at once, and all our troubles are at an end. Our hearts cry out joyfully, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord," and we find ourselves delivered. Jesus can do it—we none of us doubt this—and He alone. And since He is the very One provided to do it, what a mighty encouragement we have to come and have it done. We want this deliverance, and we see it promised, let us have it then.

But how? This is now the grand question: I would reply, How do we ever get any spiritual blessing? What is the way God has arranged for us to apprehend or lay hold of any of those things for which we are apprehended of Christ Jesus? There is, of course, but

one answer to this question. It has always been by faith. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Everything we have ever received in the past we have obtained by asking and trusting. And everything in the future is to be obtained in the same way. Above all things, this; nowhere else is faith so absolutely essential as in finding this deliverance. And nowhere else does God's rule so absolutely apply, "According to thy faith it shall be unto thee."

"But what sort of faith?" will be the next question; and how am I to exercise it? 1 John. v. 14, 15, answers this question. We have here the whole process of faith clearly stated. "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to his will, He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we HAVE the petitions that we desired of Him." Notice that it is *have*, not *will have*. There is an infinite distance between these two.

Follow this process, then, you who desire to experience this deliverance, and you will find the work done. Settle it first that you really desire to be delivered from "the body of this death." Settle it next that it is in accordance with His will that you should be delivered. Then ask for it. And then *believe that you do receive it*. And you have God's word for it that you **HAVE IT!**

The way is just as simple and plain as it is possible for a way to be.

Desire, ask, believe that you receive, and you shall have.

And then, having believed, never suffer yourselves to doubt again. Do not for a moment forget that God's invariable rule is, "According to your faith it shall be unto you," and let what else fail that may, see to it that you keep up a steadfast and unflinching faith.

Beloved, let us, oh! do "let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering," for He is faithful that pro-

mised!"—H. W. S., in *London Christian*.

A Young Convert's Question.

A Christian was recently sitting in a railway car, waiting upon God for the guidance of his Spirit, as to how to improve the opportunity, when his eyes rested on a young man, the head of a large factory, with whom he was slightly acquainted. Taking a seat by his side, he entered into the affairs of the factory, and gradually led him easily and naturally to speak of his own religious experience.

"I have lately," said the young man, "commenced to read the Bible every evening before going to sleep, but," he added, "I cannot comprehend it. Last night I closed it with a despairing feeling, and said to myself, 'Well, I can't understand it. I hope its meaning will be some time opened to me.'"

The heart, prepared by waiting upon God for his guidance, was thus led to the very one in that car who was long-
ing for deliverance, and it was not strange that in a conversation, almost as brief as that of Philip with the Ethiopian treasurer, the young man was led to see the plan of redemption, and to believe in Jesus as a present Saviour. When this point was reached, the simple question was put—

"Believing thus in what the Scriptures teach about Jesus, are you willing to believe also what Jesus says about *yourself?*"

"What is that?" he inquired.

"It is just this," was the reply. "He that believeth *hath* everlasting life;" "*is not* condemned;" "*shall not* come into condemnation;" "*is passed* from death unto life." These are the words of God's Book about all who, like yourself, call Jesus in sincerity LORD! You may, in the midst of all the confusion of this car, and while surrounded by strangers, as truly as though you were alone with God in the desert, accept this great salvation as yours."

Then and there, amid all the din, Christ spoke pardon to a trusting soul. After musing thoughtfully, he grasped his companion's hand, and said—

"I do believe."

Then after a few moments, he inquired with deep earnestness—

"But will this trust in Christ keep me from sinning again?"

This is a close, searching question to us all, as we look back upon our soul's history, since the day that we trusted Christ for pardon. Has the faith we then placed in Christ kept us from sinning? Has our faith in Christ claimed all of the salvation which He is ready to bestow? Is there any deficiency in the plan of redemption, or in the power of Christ, that we have not been preserved from constantly repeated transgression?

The answer to that young man was—

"Christ is a *Saviour* from everything, in accordance with the written word, for which the soul can trust Him. You have, by faith, taken Christ for pardon, and your soul is at once freed from God's judgments for sin, and freed from an evil conscience. You find, already, that this has a tendency to make you hate sin, but you will find remaining an immense propulsion of your being towards certain kinds of sin, from which the faith *so far exercised* will not wholly keep you. Apply this lesson of faith, that *what you trust Christ for is yours*; and, as you have come to the Lord definitely to blot out all your transgressions, so now come again to Him for a 'clean heart' and 'a right spirit.' Faith in Jesus 'overcometh the world' as surely as it brings pardon. Can you not plead, 'Thou hast delivered my soul from death, wilt thou not *deliver my feet from falling*, that I may walk before God in the land of the living?' And can you not ask it in such faith that you shall be able to say, 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee; for Thou *hast* delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears,

and my feet from falling."—R. P. S., in *London Christian*.

Divine Resources Never Exhausted.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe relates a striking incident, which once gave to a speech which Frederick Douglas was delivering a startling and almost overwhelming power. Douglas was descanting, in his usually impassioned manner, upon the wrongs and miseries of the negro race. Warming with this subject, and waxing more and more indignant with their persecutors, he seemed to lose all patience, and at last said, they must henceforth trust in the strength of their own right arms, seeing that it was in vain otherwise to hope for deliverance. At this moment there arose a tall, aged negress, who, while perfect silence reigned through the hall, said, in a voice not loud but deep, which thrilled every heart in that excited assembly, "*Frederick, is God dead?*"

—Does want overtake me at any particular place or at any given point of time? I need not travel to find Him who can supply it. I am already in His temple—not, indeed, in the "holy of holies," but at its threshold. "My Father's house" is around me; and though not in the state apartment, yet one of its "many mansions" I am already occupying. It was the devout exclamation of Jacob, "Surely the Lord is in this place," when far distant from the camp of his kindred, with the lonely wilderness around him, gazing upon the rich canopy of an eastern sky. We may visit oceans where a sail has never been unfurled, or a vessel wafted,—we may roam in deserts which have never echoed with the melody of human converse,—but there is His open ear, His unclosed eye, His untiring hand—"Man is distant, but God is near."—*Milner*.

A SERMON ON A GRAND OLD TEXT.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."—1 TIM. i. 16.

Our short homily shall begin with the doctrine of the text, and we will handle it negatively. Notice that our text does not say that Jesus Christ has come to compliment, to encourage, and to foster the independent spirit of righteous men. It is not written that he has come to tell us that human nature is not so bad as some think it to be, or that he has come to commend those who are self-reliant and intend to fight their own way to heaven. Here is not a word of the kind; and, what is more, there is not a word like it in the entire Book of God. There is no encouragement in Holy Scripture to the man who depends upon himself for salvation, or who imagines or conceives that eternal life can spring out of his own loins, or can be wrought out by anything that he can do: and yet our human nature loves to do something to save itself. I don't know that I ever felt my blood boil so with indignation, nor my heart melt so much with pity, as when I went to see the Sancta Scala, at Rome, the holy staircase down which our Lord is said to have been brought by Pilate. On those very stairs Martin Luther was crawling on his knees, trying to find pardon for his sins, when the text came to him, "Being justified by faith we have peace with God." I stood at the foot of those marble stairs. They are very high, and they are covered with wood lest the knees of the faithful should wear them out, and this wood has been worn away three different times by the kneelers. I saw men, women and children—little children, too, and aged women, going up from step to step upon their knees to find their way to heaven. On the first step there is a little hole in the wood, so that the worshippers may kiss the marble, and they all kissed it and

touched it with their foreheads; the middle and top steps are favoured in the same manner. It was an awful reflection to me to think that those poor creatures really believed that every step their knees knelt on there were so many days less of purgatory for them; that every time they went up the stairs there were so many hundreds of days of deliverance from their sins. Oh, if they could but have understood this text, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," that men are not saved by crawling upon their hands and knees, or by penance and self-inflicted misery—what a blessing it would have been to them, and how they would have turned with scorn from those infamous impostures with which priests seek to mislead and destroy the souls of men. No, the Scripture does not say that Jesus came to encourage the righteous and to help those who are their own saviours.

Note, again, that it does not say in the text—Jesus Christ came to help sinners to save themselves. There is a gospel preached which is very like that; but it is not the gospel of Christ. The poor man who was wounded on the road to Jericho was found by the Samaritan half-dead. Now the Samaritan did not say to him, "I want you to come part of the way to me in this business," but he came to where he was lying wounded and half-dead, and poured the oil and wine into his wounds, bound up the gashes, took him and set him on his own beast, carried him to the inn, and did not even ask him to pay the reckoning, but said to the host, "If there be anything more I will pay thee." If there was anything more to be done for sinners, Jesus would do it, for he

would never let them have a share of the work of salvation. The sinner's business is to take the finished work of Christ, to give up all his own doings, and let him who came from heaven to save, do the saving which he came from heaven to do. It is not ours to interfere, but to let Jesus do his own work.

Another thought demands expression. The text does not say that Christ came to half save sinners, intending when he had completed half the work to leave them to themselves. There is a notion abroad that men may be saved, and yet may fall from grace; that they may have eternal life, but it is eternal life of an odd kind for it may die out; they may be pardoned and yet punished; they may be children of God and yet become children of the devil, members of Christ's body and yet be cut off and joined to Satan. Blessed be God it is not so written in this precious book. Jesus does not begin the saving work and leave it unfinished. When he once puts his hand to it, he will go through with it—his wonderful salvation will be completed, none shall say that he began but was not able to finish. Glory be to his name, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners from top to bottom; he will be the Alpha and the Omega, he will be the beginning and the end to all who trust him.

One other reflection here. Christ the real Saviour came into the world to save real sinners. When Luther was under a deep sense of sin, he said, "Oh, but my guilt is so great, I cannot believe Christ can save me." but one who was helping him much said to him, "If thou wert only the semblance of a sinner, then Christ would only be the semblance of a Saviour, but if thou be a real sinner then thou shouldst rejoice that a real Saviour has come to save thee." If we meet with a man who says, "Yes, I am a sinner, I know I am a sinner, but I do not know that I ever did much amiss; I have always been honest and correct." Such a person has a name to be a sin-

ner. He is a sham sinner, and a sham saviour would suit him well. But for another who confesses that he has been a grievous transgressor, there is a real Saviour. Rejoice, O ye guilty ones, that the Christ of God himself really came with real blood and presented a real atonement to take away real sins, such as theft, drunkenness, swearing, uncleanness, Sabbath-breaking, lying, murder, add things I need not mention, lest the cheek of modesty should blush; even these can be blotted out by the real Saviour who has come to save the chief of sinners from suffering what is due to their sins. Oh, that we could ring this great gospel bell till the hills and valleys were filled with its music. May the Lord open men's ears and hearts that those who hear the glad tidings may accept the Saviour who has come to save them.—REV. C. H. SPURGEON, in *Sword and Trowel Magazine* for July.

Cuvier.

He stands pre-eminent and unrivalled as a naturalist and a philosopher. Linnæus and Buffon were but the morning stars that heralded his advent; and if we seek for his name in the lists of immortality, we must find it on the same level with that of Newton and of Kepler. When the laws of the planetary system were announced in the *Principia*, the scientific world was prepared for their reception. Minds of the highest order had contributed their contingent, and in the final struggle, Newton had the good fortune to be the first who reached the goal. Cuvier, on the contrary, had no precursor, and no rival in his career. The scientific world was unprepared for his discoveries. They were opposed to the existing philosophy, as well as to the most hallowed prejudices of the age; and but for the evidence of demonstration which he marshalled in their support, they would have been regarded as the fictions of romance, or as the dreams of a disordered mind. In its

expansive range, the genius of Newton carried him to the very limits of the visible universe; and in the survey of his achievements, the imposing ideas of magnitude and distance tend to exaggerate our estimate of them, and give a false colouring to their impressions. But time has its depths as well as space, and if Cuvier's genius was confined to our own globe, it ranged through periods of unlimited duration; it grasped in its syllogisms the ruins and regeneration of successive worlds; and it exhibited, in their remains, the waving forests of our primeval earth,—the huge reptiles that took shelter in its caves, and the gigantic monsters that trod, uncontrolled, its plains.

Before Cuvier's time, history and tradition, and stern reason, had indicated to man but one creation, and one period for its duration. The starry heavens disclosed to us no indications of their origin, and exhibited no prospect of their passing away. But, now that it has been proved that our globe has been the theatre of such transcendent movements—the seat of so much revolution and change—the birth-place and the grave of so many cycles of organic life—may we not expect to find analogous laws in the planetary system of which that globe forms a part? Launched on the boundless ocean of space, the ark of human reason has no pilot at its helm, and no pole-star for its guide; but an authority that cannot err has issued the decree, that the heavens themselves shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture shall be folded up; and that while they shall perish and pass away, a new heavens shall arise—the abode of happiness, and the seat of immortality. What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar furnace—the volcanic eruptions on our own

satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—all are foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away—thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling in the mausoleums of former worlds—let us learn from reason the lesson of humility and wisdom—if we have not already been taught it in the school of revelation.—*Sir David Brewster.*

Rivers.

I love rivers. A sweet little river was the chief companion of my childhood. It moved, and sparkled, and twisted itself, like a dog fawning about your knees, and chattered, and seemed to invite caressing. It knew me well; for all the summer I was in it every day, and sometimes nearly all the day. Devoutly yet I make an annual pilgrimage to its banks, and renew my early friendship. Every river has its own character, and its own habits. A fancy lingers within me, that if you should carry me blindfold to the spot, and open my eyes on a square yard of that river's surface, I should recognise it, and it should recognise me. Its eddies dance about in their own way, not precisely the same as the way of other respectable streams. If I had been bred to reverence any of the powers of Nature, the spirit of the rivers would have been my chosen tutelary. I have seen the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, the Rhine and the Danube. I would willingly undergo the toil of travelling, if I were permitted to visit other hoary chiefs in the regions where they reign in majesty and mercy—the Amazon, the Nile, and the Ganges. The only fault I have to find with these royal continental rivers is, that they have cruelly diminished the magnitude of my own dear native stream. It was a great river when first, unaided, I swam across it from brim to brim; but, I confess, it makes my heart

sad to visit it now, and look on its shrivelled proportions.

The memories of my youth are, for the most part, twined round that river, as the honeysuckle twines round the hawthorn on its banks. I cannot now look back on either the joys or sorrows of childhood, without perceiving the sheen of the water under the setting sun, or hearing the purling of the eddies round the submerged root of an ancient tree. If the spring period of my life, as seen from the serene autumn of the present, seems to be a beautiful flower, spread out and dried, that river is the page of the herbarium to which the flower adheres—the background of the picture on which all the articulate figures stand out.—*Rev. William Arnot.*

What is it We Believe?

We may be tempted to think that if a man be sincere in his belief, that is all that can fairly be required of him. Such an idea, however, is clearly untenable, and would furnish a reason for setting aside revelation altogether. Although man has rebelled, he has not been able to throw from him a feeling of dependence on a higher Power. What may be called the religious sentiment is still natural to him, hence those who are destitute of the knowledge of the true God, impelled to worship some being, fall down to stocks and to stones, the work of their own hands; and it is found that those *faiths*, which we have no difficulty in pronouncing to be false, command from those attached to them, manifestations of devotion and zeal, it would be an abuse of language to characterise as insincere. Where will you find devotion superior to that of the Hindoo devotee, who, by torturing his body, seeks to purify his soul; and displays his piety by crushing himself beneath the chariot wheel of his idol god? or what sincerity is deeper than that of the worshipper of the false prophet, who will peril his all on a pilgrimage to the consecrated tomb, which, ere it be ac-

complished, is too likely to conduct him to his own? or what can exceed the devotion of the Romish zealot, who will compass sea and land to make a proselyte, and oftentimes will not scruple to break every law, human and divine, to further the interests of a church he has vowed to serve? It is not, then, the fact that we believe, so much as *what* we believe, that makes men differ, or must determine our character and safety. To us the Word of God is the fountain of truth: that tells us what God is, what his laws are, how his favour may be obtained by us, what constitutes the service which he will accept, what that excellence is which must characterise his children, and whence that strength and grace are to be derived through which we are enabled to do his will or to enjoy his love.

Revelation constitutes the only light by which we can safely walk, for it alone points the way which leads to heaven; it is only through receiving this Word that we own those principles and exercise those affections that are in harmony with Christ's kingdom; and this word of truth is the only instrument which God the Spirit of truth can or will employ in communicating to the heart that grace which quickens us into newness of life, and nourishes us up into life everlasting.

Another faith, then, than that of the Gospel is error and not truth, and can only cause the soul to wander further from the paths of righteousness and peace. It becomes us then to enquire what it is that we believe; is it that truth which as sinners we must understand and embrace in order to our being saved? This is a question, happily for us, the solution of which no extraordinary powers of analysis are needed. What are called the saving truths lie on the surface of revelation; to these, as to many centres of light, the eye of the enquirer is frequently drawn. These bear to each other harmonious relations, so that the knowledge of one prepares the way for the reception of another;

and when one of these truths is cordially received, it is difficult to reject any of the rest. The scheme of reconciliation which the Scripture unfolds is glorifying to God and humbling to man; it condemns sin, and magnifies the grace that pardons the sinner, and discovers to us the Great Supreme—supreme in excellence as in power—and in infinite mercy, to the honour of eternal justice, and for the production of holiness, extending his blessing to the guilty and hell-deserving.

In their conceptions of the truth men have erred by separating what, in the scheme of salvation, is inseparably connected. Looking to the infinite mercy the gospel reveals, they trust to its exercise without having respect to that prudence wherewith God has made his grace to abound towards us, through means of which the gift of his mercy, becomes the gift of righteousness, and is so bestowed that the more clearly the individual perceives and feels his obligation to grace, he is the more effectually turned from sin to holiness.

Others again, not denying that man is justified through the obedience of Christ, yet leave the doctrines of grace comparatively in the background, and in their speculations dwell mainly on the natural attributes of God, and lay special stress on rectitude, meaning, by that, equity towards their fellow-men, as chiefly characteristic of excellence; thus adopting a religious system which may be held without that spiritual discernment and those humbling experiences which betoken and accompany the reception of Christ Jesus. He that takes Scripture as his guide, whilst he magnifies the moral perfections of Jehovah, and regards righteousness to be an essential attribute of the saint, nevertheless fixes his thoughts first of all on those attributes of his God which chiefly commend Him to his heart as a sinner,—taking refuge in the mercy and faithfulness of his Redeemer, and relying on the promised grace of his Spirit, whose influences are necessary to fit

him, in any measure, for doing what is acceptable in God's sight.

Let us enquire then whether our creed be that which the Scripture sanctions, careful that we hold nothing as of sacred authority which that does not teach, and that we seek, as far as possible, to know all that the Scripture requires us to believe; that we hold the truth in opposition to all error, careful that we do not with the Papist rob Christ, both of his personal excellence and mediatorial character, by sharing with others his real and official dignity, or seeking to perfect his sacrificial merit by the worthless addition of human obedience; or with the Antinomian who, turning the grace of God into licentiousness, hopes to be saved by a mercy which winks at his sin, and leaves him a servant to corruption; or with the moralist who, not denying the Saviour, yet contrives to live without him, and really hopes to be saved by his own merit.

And here let me notice, that to have a faith evangelical in its character, and therefore of a nature to save us, we must make God himself the man of our counsel, and reading out of the book of his law, compare spiritual things with spiritual, not forgetting to seek the aids of God's Spirit, without whose illuminating influences a veil will rest on our hearts, concealing from us the plainest declarations of God's word. J. D. F.

INVERKEITHING, SCOTLAND.

Ordinances are empty things, if we meet not with God in the ordinances. Ps. lxxxiv.

They whose souls are at home, at rest in God, cannot but desire a settlement near his ordinances.

The holiest and best of men sometimes have their lawful and pious requests denied. God is pleased to answer our necessities rather than our requests. 1 Peter i.

Alone With God.

I have tasted the pleasures of earth,
I have bask'd in its sunshine and smile;
I can tell how its music and mirth
Can the soul of its sorrows beguile:
But I know that earth's brightest and best
Cannot ease my heart of its load,
Cannot give such perfection of rest,
As I find when alone with my God.

Yet when first I did feel He was near,
And I stood in His presence alone,
Like a culprit I trembled with fear;
I remembered the sin I had done;
But He pointed my eyes to the cross,
And that instant my terrors were gone;
I pronounced earthly treasure but dross;
I would live with my Saviour alone.

When I now get a glimpse of His face,
When He whispers "My child, I am thine,"
When I feel now the light of His grace
All around in its tenderness shine—
I experience a peace deeper far
Than enjoyments of sense ever bring;
I am calm, 'mid the storm, like a star,
As alone to my Saviour I cling.

I am drinking the same precious stream
Welling up from the fountain of love,
And I bask in the same blessed beam
Which gives joy to the spirits above;
And there falls on my pathway a light
Can illumine the gloomiest road,
Can refresh me by day and by night,
As I walk thus alone with my God.

Who can talk of the pleasures of earth
In the presence of glory like this?
Who will care for earth's laughter and mirth,
Having bathed in this ocean of bliss?
I would give every joy of my heart,
All the pleasures the earth has bestowed,
Yes, I would with the whole of them part,
For an hour all alone with my God.

DAVID E. McNAB.

MANSE OF ARDOSSAN, SCOTLAND.

Cyril, The Child-Martyr.

It is more than fifteen hundred years since little Cyril lived, and his birth-place was Cæsarea, in Asia Minor. Cyril was thought a very happy boy by the children of Cæsarea. His father had a beautiful estate, with every luxury, and numbers of slaves to serve him; and Cyril had plenty of playfellows, and all things to make him happy as regards this world.

But the people of Cæsarea were heathen. They did not know the true God, and lived in great sin and wickedness. Cyril's father worshipped false gods, and taught his child to do the same. And God pitied little Cyril. He had set his great love upon him, and had marked him for his own. In his wise and graci-

ous providence He sent some of his poor, despised servants to Cæsarea, who preached the gospel to the heathens.

Cyril heard of God's love, and believed it. He heard of Jesus dying for sinners, and he put all his trust in his precious death. For the first time he knew what it was to love the God he worshipped, and to look up to heaven as a holy place, where all are happy, because all are good and holy like the Lord Jesus. Cyril heard, too, that those who shall live for ever in that holy home above must not be ashamed to confess the Lord Jesus before men, but must meekly suffer for his sake.

The emperor had just made a law to take away the life of man, woman or child who should dare to confess that Jesus is the Son of God, or that should refuse to worship the heathen gods.

It was not long before the father found out that his child had ceased to worship the gods. When he questioned him he was very sorry to hear that Cyril had become a believer in Jesus, and he violently commanded the boy never to mention that Name again.

Cyril bore his father's angry words with Christian meekness, but he resolved, by God's help, never to deny the Saviour, come what might, and only prayed God to forgive his father, and turn his heart to Christ.

His father, finding that nothing he could say would alter Cyril's purpose, consulted with his heathen friends as to what he should do with him.

He was his only son, and a good and affectionate boy, but he loved Jesus Christ, and that being an unpardonable offence in the father's eyes, he said to his friends, "I have determined what to do. I will obey the emperor; although Cyril is my own son, I will deliver him to the judge to be punished."

The judge was touched with a feeling of pity when he saw so young a child before him, and he tried, by every persuasion, to get Cyril to give up Jesus and to worship the heathen gods. "My child," said he, "I will pardon your

faults, and your father shall receive you again. It is in your power to enjoy your father's state, provided you are wise and take care of your own interest."

"I rejoice to bear your reproaches," replied Cyril. "God will receive me. I am not sorry that I am expelled from our house, I shall have a better mansion. I fear not death, because it will introduce me into a better life."

You see, dear children, it was believing in God's love to him that made Cyril so willing to give up this world, with all the pleasures of sin. He could say, without any misgiving, "God will receive me. I shall have a better mansion and a better life." He believed in Jesus Christ, therefore his heart was not troubled, neither was it afraid.

When the judge saw he could not overcome the child's faith, he ordered the soldiers to bind him, and to lead him to the place of execution.

Again the judge pleaded with him to turn and escape the terrible pain he was going to suffer. Cyril only answered, "Your fire and your sword are insignificant. I go to more excellent riches. Despatch me quickly, that I may enjoy them."

But still the judge hoped that the boy might repent, so he gave secret orders to the soldiers to bring him back again if they should be able to cause his courage to fail at the sight of the fire in which he was to be burnt to death.

As the child was led to the fire, many wept out of pity; but Cyril, remarking their sorrow, said, "Ye should rather rejoice in conducting me to punishment. Ye know not what a city I am going to inhabit, nor what is my hope."

Thus he went to death; and as the fire burnt his tender frame, but touched not his happy spirit, nor caused one unchristian word to escape his lips, his enemies were filled with admiration; and doubtless the faithful death of this dear child was made the spiritual life of many who witnessed his holy joy and heard those words of living faith.

God grant, dear little readers, that

you may meet in heaven Cyril the martyr, who suffered for Christ fifteen hundred years ago.—*Faithful Words.*

My Chief Enemy.

I have a bitter enemy, with whom I am obliged to live on terms of closest intimacy; and yet, in spite of his evil intentions, and plots to work my ruin, I secretly love and cherish him. He never or rarely is out of my sight, and is of such an obtrusive character, that he is ever present when I most wish him absent. I am so proud of his intellect and power to wing his flight above and away from the region of sense, of his romantic, artistic, and poetic mind, and even (strange anomaly) of his vices and failings, that I praise and talk of him in glowing terms to any one who will lend an attentive ear, and aid me in exalting him. And yet at the same time I think and know him to be a base and vile thing, whose proper place is in the dust of the earth, and who ought never to have one good thought of himself.

I love him, so am constantly doing that which gives him pleasure, even at times when I really desire to serve my best and truest Friend. And yet I hate him; for he is so desperately wicked and deceitful, that he makes black look as if it were white, and earthly, sensual motives as though they came from heaven. He dresses up pride in the garb of humility, and often his bended knee and recumbent form hide a lifeless prayer. He makes a melodious voice the proxy of the heart, and pleases the eye of sense in order that he may blind the spirit's vision. In fact, he does so many vile things, that I feel sure, if unrestrained, there is nothing he is incapable of doing. I wish him far away, and yet am always inviting his presence by thinking of him, serving him, and gratifying his vanity and love of praise.

Who shall deliver me from this bitter foe? Is there any one stronger than he. There is only one, and he is mightier far: so I cry to Him (the Lord Jesus Christ) to save me from myself.

The Cross is Bending.

The following ideas were suggested by a passage in a speech, delivered at a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting, and the passage itself was founded on an Eastern opinion, that, as midnight passes, the *Sign* or Constellation in the Southern celestial hemisphere, called "THE CROSS," inclines towards the earth. The pious orator took occasion to apply the idea, in a very beautiful manner, to the state of the heathen world, that there are various indications of the midnight of heathenism having already passed, the Cross becoming more conspicuous, through the instrumentality of missionary labour, or, to carry out the figure, "*bending* towards them:" but the writer of these lines extends the metaphor to other Christian circumstances, and connects it, in a general way, with christian experience.—All that we know of the composer is, that he uses the signature of "a Commercial Traveller," publishing the article in an Irish Paper, and dating it from Redditch, Worcestershire, May, 1844.

A traveller in eastern climes,
Pursued his course o'er deserts dreary,
His way he knew not, nor the time
Of night; and he was faint and weary.
He turned him to his Moslem guide,
And asked the hour, the *sign* portending;
'Be of good cheer,' the Turk replied,
'For midnight's past—the cross is bending.'

And am I not a traveller too,
O'er deserts drear my course pursuing,
Till I the 'better country' view
A mount above earth's burning ruin?
And have I not a guide to tell
The hour, while onward I am tending—
In deepest gloom to cry, 'All's well;
Midnight is past—the cross is bending?'

O yes! I still am travelling on
From earth to heaven my pathway steering,
With scarce a star to gaze upon;
No sound of comfort ever hearing,
Save then my soul's 'True Light' I see
And hear his voice from heaven descending,
'Hold on thy way, and trust in me;
Thy midnight's past—the cross is bending.'

Where'er I turn my eye abroad,
And see a world in Satan lying,
The wise by wisdom know not God,
The foolish in their folly dying—
My heart is pained, and bleeds to see
Man's fallen race to ruin tending;
Till faith, believing prophecy,
Cries, 'Midnight's past,—the cross is bending.'

When earthly cares my breast invade,
And cloud my anxious brow with sorrow,

I cling to hope, but half-afraid
To think upon the coming morrow;
I turn me to my heavenly Guide,
And on his counsel still depending,
Trust in his love; am satisfied
That 'Midnight's past—the cross is bending.'

When forced to part from those most dear,
And roam o'er earth a hapless stranger,
Life's numerous ills alone to bear,
Inured to pain, and toil, and danger,
When unbelief cries out, 'Give up
The fight—'tis all in vain co' tending.'
Jesu's sweet voice inspires the hope
That 'Midnight's past—the cross is bending.'

When conscious of my nature's guilt,
My soul feels bowed beneath the burden,
I look to him whose blood was spilt
On *Calvary's* cross to buy my pardon:
On *Calvary's* blood-stained cross I see
Mercy with justice sweetly blending;
That sight, my soul! proclaims to thee,
'Thy midnight's past—the cross is bending.'

And if, when life's last pulses beat,
And flesh and heart are fast decaying,
And Satan's rage doth sore beset,
I can but hear my Saviour saying—
'As thy day is thy strength shall be;
One struggle more, and all is ended'—
My soul from sin and suffering free,
Shall shout, 'Night's past—the cross is bended.'

Working Christians.

Learn to be working Christians. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." It is very striking to see the usefulness of many Christians. Are there none of you who know what it is to be selfish in your Christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some precious morsel undisturbed by his companions. So it is with some Christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness; but it is alone, and all for themselves. Are there not some of you who can enjoy being a Christian while your dearest friend is not, and yet you will not speak to him? See, here you have got work to do. When Christ found you, he said, "Go work in my vineyard." What were you hired for, if it was not to spread salvation? What blessed for? Oh, my Christian friends! how little you live as though you were the servants of Christ! How much idle time and idle talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself! how few for Christ and his people! This is not like a servant.

"Every One."

Rom. 1, 16.

There's a blessing too high
For the highest to teach;
There's a secret too deep
For the wisest to teach;
'Tis the gift of our God,
Thro' the work of His Son,
And He offers it freely
To EVERY ONE.

The poor drunkard, the outcast,
The backslider, the thief,
The man who in vileness
Is vilest and chief,
May all hope for this mercy
Of God thro' His Son,
For He offers it freely
To EVERY ONE.

I stood by His cross;
I beheld how He bled;
I saw my transgressions
All meet on His head;
He said, "It is finished!"
My heart said the same;
He has finished the anger—
The sorrow—the shame.

No more condemnation,
No more heart-despair,
No more of the hatred
That used to be there;
'Tis peace at the fullest
God gives thro' His Son,
And He offers it freely
To EVERY ONE.

Then with voices like trumpets,
And hearts full of flame,
Still louder and louder,
This joy we'll proclaim.
'Tis the gift of our God
Thro' the death of His Son;
We will offer it freely
To EVERY ONE.

W. S. L.

"Abandoning Ourselves to Jesus!"

BY MISS MANSFIELD.

When a little child hangs around your neck with clinging arms, and says, with tears, "I want to be good, but I cannot be good," do you hesitate to say, "There is a Saviour who loves you, and is ready to make you good"?

And the only satisfying answer to the troubled heart's deep questioning in riper years, "How shall I be holy?" is just the same; it is to be found in one word—"JESUS!" "Thou shalt call his name JESUS, for He shall save his people from their sins." He is not only "the Door," but "the Way"—the whole way from forgiveness to glory.

Let that anxious question be asked (direct) of Him—the Man "who was in

all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," who is therefore able to succour them that are tempted," whilst He has an infinite sympathy with our temptations, our weaknesses, our humanity. Instant confession to Him, of sin, of helplessness, and even of little faults and mistakes, with a confident openness touching every thought and feeling of the heart, we shall find to be the highway alike of holiness and happiness.

The story of his life on earth shows us that the Saviour has his human tenderness for every human, brother, his divine yearnings over all the creatures of his hand; and that no cry of agony ever reached his ear without his pity being moved, and his help or comfort granted.

But to live the life of victory over sin, the life of one who "overcometh," and who is therefore to sit with Christ Jesus in his throne, even as He also overcame, and is set down with his Father in his throne, there should be first an undoubting trust in his forgiveness, and of safety in Him.

"Oh, raise thy downcast eyes to him
And read the blessed secret there;
The pardoning love from guilt that frees,
By loving these, shall make thee fair.

"Thy guilt and shame on Him must lie;
Then search the past thy guilt to see:
Instead, this sight shall meet thine eye—
Thy Saviour on the cross for thee!"

To love, so freely given, what return so great can be made, as unquestioning trust in its truth?

Not long ago, an officer in the Indian army was ordered to England on account of his delicate health. On his way to the port of embarkation, a sudden and fatal change took place. He was dying, in the prime of his gifted manhood, in a strange land, and in a stranger's house, far away from the beloved parents whom he yearned to see yet once again.

Then his strong faith supported him to bear his great suffering bravely and cheerfully, and even enabled him, with calm acquiescence in the will of his God, to face the unexpected parting

from an almost idolized wife and tender little children.

The peace that passeth understanding was clearly seen in his face. "I would thankfully change places with you," said his kind hostess, "if I might only have your firm faith in Christ and assurance of heaven. How did you get it?" He made answer, with one of his own happy smiles, "I like a generous acceptance of God's generous offer."

A little later, when it was evident that the noble life was rapidly drawing to its close, his wife, who had promised that when the parting moment was at hand she would herself give him a sign, repressing for his sake the anguish of her breaking heart, softly repeated words long known and loved by him—

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

He understood it at once, and, responding with a last radiant look, he pointed upwards, and departed to enjoy, in its fulness in heaven, the generous love he had so implicitly trusted on earth.

The eternal Father has "devised means whereby his banished should not be expelled from Him;" and from the well of love for them, sunk in his own heart in a past eternity, has sent forth a fountain to cleanse the world of its sin, and a stream of living water to satisfy every thirsting heart, and "to be in it a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

When this is seen and believed in the story of the cross of Calvary, and in the promise of the Holy Spirit to dwell in us, the conquering life has begun. "Believe that you are a pardoned creature, and that will issue in your being a purified creature. The starting-point at which this race of holiness begins, and from which the noble career of progressive and aspiring excellence is entered on, is your freedom from condemnation through the death of Christ. It is your reckoning by faith upon this which cuts asunder the load by which the com-

pressed and heavy-laden energies of the soul are restrained from bursting forth on a path of hopeful activity;.....and it is the thing which gives its first prosperous outset to the work of sanctification."*

But this is only the beginning of the race. "Let us so run that we may obtain."

An apostle who could search the whole universe for possibilities of separation from "the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 31, 32), and could then, in the might of faith, defy them all, yet in his life of unequalled devotedness and self-sacrifice in the service of his Lord confessed, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. iii. 12, 13).

And elsewhere the Holy Ghost reveals to us, at-once, the secret of such unflagging energy in the pursuit after holiness and the secret of its success, in these words, "Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus."

Those who have known what it is to try self-denial, mortification, effort, work, and yet more work; and again still stricter watchfulness, and yet more fervent prayer; and who have found that the heart has remained unholy still, unreached by those remedies, have yet to try the resources of Omnipotence in a living Saviour! He bought by his death, for all who will trust Him for it, deliverance from the power of sin as truly as from its guilt; and it is the contin-

* The late Rev. Dr. Chalmers' "Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans."

ual exercise of trust in Him, moment by moment, the *life* of faith upon the Son of God, which alone can sustain these victories.

We have trusted Jesus only to save us; and "as we have received Christ Jesus," even so, we are bidden to "walk in Him," abandoning ourselves constantly to him to keep us. "Be thou my stronghold, whereunto I may continually resort."

Nor is it only our sins and our failures that He invites us perpetually to exchange for his holiness and perfection. All our cares he entreats us to cast upon Him, "for he careth for us." Let us pass on every thought that disturbs us, every pang, every fear, and even the keenness or the weight of physical suffering, to Him who is our Burden-bearer.

An old man who, having lost every near relation, is living alone, enduring hopeless pain, the end of which, through increasing agony, must be death, said, not many days ago, "sometimes when I lock my cottage-door at night to get me to my rest, there come thoughts between it and me. How shall I bear the worst days or years of pain, when they come? Who will take care of me then? Will they be good to me, or tired of me? Will all my little money be gone? And what will become of me? And then I speak about these awkward thoughts to the Lord Jesus, and He comes nigh me, and lays his kind hand on my heart, and it makes a stillness there, and I fall asleep."

"Some of you know Christ by education, some by the testimony of others; some by reading the Bible. Those know of Him, but others have felt His presence. They have communed with Him. They have heard Him speak in a way they could not misunderstand to themselves, in their very hearts. They could tell you what He said, and the very accent. They have presented petitions; and had their answers straight from Himself. They have laid burdens at His feet, and he has taken them up.

He has accepted their little gifts, and smiled on their small services. They have proved Him. Is He not another being—another Christ to them? They know Him.

"And what do they know Thee, blessed Jesus? They know Thee the most loving and loveliest of beings—all grace, full of tenderness and sympathy; stooping to the meanest, and kind to the very worst. Our Brother, and Light, and Joy, who has taken away all our sins, and carried all our loads near us, in us, giving us a being better than our own, faithful to all thine undertakings, caring for our little cares, keeping for us what we never could have kept for ourselves—uniting us, in Thine own person, even to the Godhead, one link of brotherhood with all the saints; our own dear, only, precious Saviour, very precious—our hope—our heaven—our all."*

For them all sorrows are soothed by being poured into his bosom, all joys are glorified as the gift of his love. For them—

"The discord that involveth
Some startling change of key,
The Master's Hand resolveth
In richest harmony."

For them age wears more than the glow of youth, for whilst the world is perpetually in the sunset of joy, they are in the dawn of its endless day.

For them, there is neither a distance nor a strangeness between earth and heaven; for that which, in its fulness, creates a heaven, the knowledge, the presence, the fellowship of the Lord Jesus, the consciousness of an eternal union with Him, has been vouchsafed to them already; and inasmuch as they are faithful in their use of the gift, is that gift increased, until their days are "as the days of heaven upon the earth."

Should mists arise to veil the light of his countenance, they cannot remain in their shade, but must needs press past them to Him; for they have seen his beauty, and have tasted of his graciousness, and nothing less than a clear sight of his face, and a heart-to-heart commu-

* Rev. James Vaughan, Christ Church, Brighton.

nion with Him can satisfy them now. Even the dark waters of death, for them, flash into sunshine beneath the smile of their Lord, as He passes over to meet them or stands with outstretched arms, waiting to lift them upon the eternal shbre.

Blessed Saviour! manifest to our souls the reality of our union with Thee by thy Spirit dwelling in us, enabling us to sustain constant communion with Thee; and opening our eyes to see Thee in all thy beauty and glory, thy love, and sympathy, and holiness, and strength! Thus break the power of sin; revive and purify our souls; let Thine own Spirit breathe upon our garden that the spices may flow out; and send us forth wholly consecrated for thy service. "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn our Beloved!"

Company Manners.

"Will you please sit down and wait a few moments till mother comes?" said a little girl to two ladies who came to see her mother.

"And will you give me a glass of water, Martha?" asked one of the ladies; "I am very thirsty."

"With pleasure," answer Martha.

Martha presently came back with two goblets of water on a small waiter, which she passed to both ladies.

"Oh, thank you," said the other lady; "you are very thoughtful."

"You are quite welcome," said Martha, very sweetly.

When Martha went out of the room one of the ladies said, "This little girl is one of the loveliest children I ever met. How sweet and obliging her manners are! It must be delightful to live with such a child."

Let us go into the next room and see. Martha took the waiter back into the dining-room. "Me drink! me drink!" cried little Bobby, catching hold of his sisters dress and screwing up his rosy lips. "Get out, Bob!" cried Martha, roughly; "you are for ever in the way." "Me drink," said the little fellow.

"No," said Martha, "go to Bridget." "Don't speak go to your little brother; it will grieve him to death," said Bridget. "It is none of your business what I say," cried Martha, tossing back her head.

"Martha!" That is grandmother, calling from the top of the stairs. "What?" screamed Martha back. "Please come here, dear," said Grandma. "I don't want to go," muttered Martha. She, however, dragged herself upstairs. Unwilling feet, you know, find it hard to climb; besides, they are so clumsy. "Martha," said grandma, "will you try and find my specs? I am pretty sure I left them in the dining-room." "No, you didn't," cried Martha in a cross, contradictory tone. "you always lose them up here," and she rummaged round the chamber, turning things over like the north wind. "No matter," said the dear old lady, seeing she would have much to do to put things to rights again; "no matter, Martha, they will come to hand," and she quietly put down the newspaper for by-and-by. Martha left her and went down stairs with a pout.

Oh, dear! where are Martha's civil, obliging manners? Why, those are her company manners. She puts them on in the parlour, and puts them off when she leaves the parlour. She is cross, and disobliging, and rude, and selfish. Is not that bad?—*The Children's Advocate.*

The Broken Heart.

"I was intimately acquainted," writes an unknown friend, "with the late Robert Flockhart, street preacher, who died in 1857. One Sabbath a young preacher, with whose family I had some acquaintance, was officiating in the church where Robert usually attended. On meeting him soon after, I asked his opinion of the young preacher, when he replied, "Ah! he wants the broken heart." The answer made a lasting impression on my mind, and implied what the good man, considered an indispensable requisite in a gospel minister.

Swimming an Emblem of Faith.

When I have been at the seaside I have had a great passion for swimming, and I think I should have been able to swim by this time, but I could never persuade myself to take both feet off the bottom at one time. I have gone into the bath, and when I have felt a little of the buoyancy of the water I have lifted one foot, and I have been half inclined to remove the other, but somehow it was not done. I could not quite trust the liquid element after all.

The text speaks of "waters to swim in," and swimming is a very excellent picture of faith. In the act of swimming it is needful that a man should float in the water. So far he is passive and the water buoys him up. You must keep your head above water if you are to swim. We are told that the body is naturally buoyant, and that if a person would lie quite still upon the water, he would not sink, but if he kicks and struggles he will sink himself. The first sign of faith is when a man learns to lie back upon Christ—to give himself up entirely to him—when he ceases to be active and becomes passive, brings no good works, no efforts, no merits, to Jesus by way of recommendation, but casts his soul upon the eternal merit and the finished work of the great Substitute. That is faith in its passive form, floating faith. In the heavenly river you must float before you can swim. I pray God to teach every sinner here to rest upon Jesus. You want to save yourself, do you? You will drown, man; you will drown. As surely as you live you will drown. Will you give up and let Christ save you? Will you believe that he can save you? Fall back into his arms. You will float then. There is no drowning a soul that gives up itself to Christ, and trusts entirely to him.

But the text does not speak of waters to float in, though this is essential. Many people never get beyond that floating period, and they conclude that they are safe and all is well, because they fancy their heads are above water;

whereas the man who is really taught of God goes on from the floating to the swimming. Now swimming is an active exercise. The man progresses as he strikes out. He makes headway. He dives and rises; he turns to the right, he swims to the left, he pursues his course, he goes whithersoever he wills. Now, the holy Word of God and the gospel are "waters to swim in." You know only what it is to float—many of you. You are resting in the truth of God for your salvation; but making no advance in heavenly things. Oh, beloved, let us learn to swim in those waters—*swim* in them; I mean, let us learn to trust God in active exertion for the promotion of his kingdom, to trust him in endeavors to do good. How blessedly our friend Mr. Muller of Bristol swims! What a master swimmer he is! He has had his feet off the bottom many years, and as he swims he draws along behind him some 2,500 orphan children, whom, by God's grace, he is saving from the floods of sin and bringing, we trust, safe to shore. Dear brother, dear sister, could you not swim too? "Oh, but I have no money." You want to walk, I see. "But I have very slender gifts compared with what I need." Cannot the Lord give you gifts and graces? Will you not trust him? Dear brother, are you called to serve God in a very difficult sphere of labour? Cannot you go on? "I have nobody to help me." Oh, I see, you are all for walking on the bottom. Brethren, it is "waters to swim in." Cannot you swim without any help except the help of the All in all? See how the arch of heaven stands without a pillar. See you yon lamps of heaven how they burn? Who gives them oil? See how they are swung in heaven without a golden chain to hold them in their places. Yet they flicker not; neither do they fall from their sockets; neither doth the arch of heaven tremble. May the Holy Ghost teach us to trust. Oh, may God teach us not only the passive trust which leans on Christ and floats, but the active trust

which manages the waters,—walks them, swims them, dives into them at will, as Gods helps it! We are not trustful enough of the invisible God. We are young eaglets, born of God to mount up to the sun, but we stand shivering by the nest, not daring to try our callow wings. Young eaglets, trust the invisible ether:—trust it and rise aloft. It shall bear you up, and ye shall not fall. Trust it more. Put out all your wing-strength. Lean on it more, and it will bear you up, up, up, beyond clouds and mists, up to the very sun itself. He will rise highest who can trust most. He shall have most who can believe most in God. If you will treat with the Eternal on his own terms of boundless credit, and trust yourself without reserve to him, there are great things in store for you. Blessed Master, give us “waters to swim in.” Though they shall be stormy waters, though they shall be drowning waters to our unbelief, they shall be swimming waters to our faith, and as we swim to heaven we will rejoice in thee, “having no confidence in the flesh.”—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

The Star which the Wind Blew Out.

It was a sweet April evening, and I was on my way to the village of H—, to visit a dying boy—a bright, promising child, about eight years old.

The sun had set at least an hour, and the stars were quickly coming out, one by one, in the sky, the brightest, of course, first. My little girl trotted briskly at my side, making her remarks as we passed on. There was some wind, and the sky was not free from clouds. One star shone out very brightly, and it caught our eye. We stood still to look at it. As we were looking a sudden blast rose and swept over us, driving the clouds before it. It was not at all a very angry blast, but it was enough, to lay hold of my girl's bonnet, and carry it off with some haste. In the pursuit of the bonnet, the star was for a

minute or two forgotten; and when we looked up again it was gone!

“Oh, papa, papa, the wind has blown out the star!” cried a sad little voice beside me.

“Not quite, perhaps, my little one; have patience, and let us see if it is quite blown out.”

On we walked; but the clouds still kept their place. Sky and star were hidden; and my little one kept scolding the wind, and wondering if the star would ever come back.

Just as she was talking the clouds moved suddenly off, and the big bright star shone out.

“Oh, papa, papa! God has lighted the star again which the wind blew out. I hope He won't let the wind blow it out again.”

We had now reached the cottage of the sick child. We went in and stood beside his bed. He was near death, and suffered much. Pain was there; pain that threw a shade over his brow and eye, yet could not take away a sweet smile that played on his parched lips. He was ready to depart, and was looking upward, as if expecting to be called.

“How are you, Tommy?” I said.

“Very ill,” was the answer.

“But going to be well?” said I.

He understood me and smiled, repeating my words, “Going to be well.”

In a few minutes more it was all well with him. He went up to be with his Saviour.

On his pillow there lay his Bible and his hymn-book. I took up the latter, and it opened at the hymn, “Lord, look upon a little child.” I read the third verse.

“A star of early dawn, and bright,
Shining within Thy sacred light;
A beam of grace to all around;
A little spot of hallowed ground.”

I turned to my own little one as I read these lines. She was looking up at me; and both of us were thinking of the star which the cold wind of earth had blown out, but which God would so soon light up again. It was only for a season that the star had gone out; it would

shine ere long more beautifully than ever. For "them that sleep in Jesus will God bring, with Him," "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption."—*The Day of Days.*

Obedience.

I heard a mother say to her little boy, "Bring your sister into the house; the dew is falling upon the grass, and she will get cold." "Now I saw that this little boy did not want to obey this command; and yet he was afraid to come out into open disobedience. I would not judge children unjustly, for I love them very much—even dirty, ragged children, who have not the fear of God before their eyes. I love and would do them good—but I saw that this little boy lingered, and looked this way and that, as though he wanted an excuse for staying longer. Had he wanted to obey his mother, he would have taken his sister and gone promptly into the house. Instead of that, he pulled her roughly by the hand; and when she cried, he called to his mother, and said, "Sis won't come." "Bring her, then," was the next command; and the little boy brought her to the door-sill, and set her down. The mother had now gone out, and there was no one to say for the third time, "Take your little sister into the house." So she soon crept out again, playing upon the cold door-stone, and among the damp grass, until the mother came home. And when the little boy was reprov'd for disobedience, he answered in this way: "I did mind you—I brought her in as I was told. You did not say, 'Shut the door,' and she crept out again."

Was that obedience, little reader? No, it was wicked, determined disobedience at heart, and a poor half-way obedience of action. And what do you suppose was the result? It was this. The dear little sister was attacked with croup, and in a few days was laid away in the silent tomb. This was a dreadful result indeed, and one which, through

life, must be remembered—sadly, painfully remembered by that little boy. But it is not always thus. Sometimes children go on in a course of disobedience for years. In childhood and youth, they are disobedient to parents; in manhood and old age, they continue this rebellion—refusing to do what God tells them; and yet they cannot see that anything dreadful has been the result of their disobedience. But, alas for such! A book of remembrance is kept, and He who has said, "Children, obey your parents," never forgets.

The obedience required by our heavenly Father is *prompt* and *full*. Not only all that is commanded, but all that we understand as *implied*, should be obeyed, and obeyed at once. The Psalmist said that he *made haste* to keep the divine commands. When the voice of the Lord spake to him, and said, "Seek ye My face," his heart promptly replied, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

"Soon as we hear our Father say,
"Ye children, seek My grace,"
Let each reply, *without delay*,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

"Doomed yet Delivered.

More than half a century ago, a soldier was condemned to be shot for mutinous conduct. About twelve thousand men were drawn up to witness the execution. There stood the firing party; and near them was a coffin. The gloomy procession was nearly finished, and the victim was approaching the fatal spot, while the instruments of martial music were sounding forth a death-strain.

At that moment a soldier was seen in the distance riding at full speed. He bore a pardon. The news was announced, and the whole army burst into a tremendous shout of joy. "Ah! sir," said the old soldier who told me this, "since I obtained the pardon of my sins through the blood of Christ, how often have I thought of that scene, and thought too what joy there was in heaven among the angels over the salvation of my precious, but long-neglected soul!"

Grace and Righteousness.

A certain king made a law, that the man who should be guilty of a certain crime, should have both his eyes put out. His own son committed the crime.

The king was very sad; yet he must be righteous, and mete out to his own son the same punishment as to the meanest of his subjects.

He reasoned thus in his heart: "I love my son; but to pass over his crime, would be to stand before my subjects as an unrighteous king, who did not really look on the sin, as my law led them to believe he did; I will lose one eye, and my son must lose one also; and so, I will vindicate my law, and spare my son by the same act."

The good king executed what he had purposed in his heart, and the sightless eyes of the king and son, told to all his subjects the love to the son, and the hatred of his sin.

This is a faint picture of the love and righteousness of God, as seen in the cross—and of that righteousness which shines forth in the risen Christ. God's law was broken, and the penalty was banishment from God. God in his love sent His Son, who bore the banishment, and His cry on the cross testifies: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" And now, in a risen Jesus, we see the love of God, and the righteousness of God—His wounds declare both to all eternity. Sinner! Can you doubt love like this? Can you refuse righteousness like this? God forbid! Rest not in your own works; but rest on Christ, who is freely offered unto you in the Word; for the righteousness of God is unto all (offered to all), and upon all them that believe. Rom iii. 22.

The Answer of a Purged Conscience.

An old author relates the story of a dying man, to whom (it was said) the devil appeared and showed him a parchment that was very long, and wherein were written on both sides the poor

man's sins, which were many in number; there were also written the idle words he had spoken (which made up three quarters of the words that he had spoken in his life); and his actions, arranged according to the commandments. Whereupon Satan said, "Seest thou? Behold thy virtues; see here what thine examination shall be." Whereunto the poor sinner answered, "It is true, Satan! But thou hast not set down all: for thou shouldst have added, and set down here below, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all our sins;' and this also should not have been forgotten, 'That whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

Just Ahead.

BY C. E. BOLTON.

I heard a home missionary say (in a report of his labours on the Western frontier, before the students of Amherst College) that in all the new towns he visited "he was sure to find the whiskey-barrel just ahead of civilization."

Only once in my experience have I found the reverse true. During the year 1871 the wild country south of Oil City, Pa., became excellent oil-producing territory, necessitating new stations along the Alleghany Valley Railroad. Eighty-five miles north of Pittsburg, on this road, a new town, called Foxburg, has suddenly sprung into existence. It is located on an estate owned by the heirs of a Mr. Fox, and already boasts of a bank, express and telegraph offices, several stores, dwellings, etc. For some reason, the whiskey-barrel was behind-time. Rumour says, that the heirs would only lease to parties who would agree not to sell liquors. Thus Foxburg welcomed Christianity just ahead of the whiskey-barrel because a woman's *no* held the mighty evil in abeyance. We sincerely hope the report, that the heirs have, after much importunity, finally yielded, allowing liquors to be sold in the new hotel soon to be opened,

is without foundation. On January 10th, three members of the Y. M. C. A. sat at dinner in the little old hotel at Foxburg. Learning that no public religious meeting had been held in the place, they resolved to have one in the evening. The landlord kindly offered his dining-room, fifteen by forty feet. Verbal notices were given to every soul in the town. After tea, the tables were removed, and chairs arranged; every sitting was soon filled, and all the standing-room taken. Boarders and servants of the hotel, carpenters engaged in erecting new buildings, machinists, clerks, well-diggers, and strangers were present. Prayer was offered, Scriptures read, exhortations made, and the singing having been joined in by nearly the entire congregation, the inference was naturally drawn that some at least knew a Saviour's love. The request being made, "Let all who have been members of churches raise the right hand," imagine our surprise when full three-fourths of all present responded.

"Oil on the brain" had so monopolized their time that scarcely any one knew a fellow-Christian. The remainder of the hotel meeting was delightful. The landlady bore testimony of an early love for Jesus, and said "she was glad to have public worship in her house." A major, now cashier in the new bank, who has been instrumental, in the last twelve months, in holding many successful meetings in the hilly region of Warren county, spoke and sang earnestly for Jesus.

A young oil-producer from Titusville, hearing of the meeting, walked three miles in the mud to say: "Jesus called me, a fearful sinner, to repent, and now he is very precious. Won't you leave your sins and serve him to-night?" A backslider said: "I will return, pray for me." Timid men and women said: "We desire to be more earnest for our Master." A young man of twenty-three said: "My mother was a noble Christian; her earnest prayers led me to start heavenward three years ago, but

the strong temptations of this wicked region have overcome me. I too will begin again."

"Come, thou fount of every blessing," "Nearer, my God, to thee," and "Shall we gather at the River?" to close, were sung with much fervour. The Holy Spirit was indeed present, and as many lingered to shake hands, we all felt the truth of the words,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

Such was the first religious meeting held in Foxburg by laymen, and we hope it may serve to prepare the way for a union church, which shall successfully cope with the whiskey-barrel and all its damning influences.

May the zeal of Christians be such that the religion of Jesus shall be just ahead of evil wherever civilization makes way for pressing humanity! "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Christian Fidelity; or a Noble Duke Reproved for Sabbath-Breaking.

It betokened great moral courage in Elijah when he confronted as he did, the ungodly Ahab (1 Kings xviii. 17). It was a bold step for the Baptist to reprove the incestuous Herod (Matt. 14. 4). It was a bold and perilous step for Knox to remonstrate, as he did, with Queen Mary and her gay, luxurious court. Nor was it less intrepid or fearless in Argyle to have cautioned and faithfully admonished the licentious Charles II. Such fidelity on the part of the Lord's servants we are accustomed to admire as rare instances of the moral sublime, but, at the same time, deem of much too lofty a character for any instance of the kind to be looked for in modern times, and among ordinary Christian people.

Without meaning to draw ludicrous contrasts, by comparing small things with great, I may adduce an example of

fidelity of this description that came within my own knowledge, not remotely analogous to some of those cases just alluded to. A humble country elder, with nothing in particular to distinguish him from his neighbours, unless, indeed, it was a jealous regard for the divine law of the ten commandments, which he believed to be equally binding on high and low, rich and poor, was wont, at the time of my acquaintance with him, to receive an occasional passing visit from no less a personage than a certain noble Duke, not very long deceased. His Grace, in the most familiar and homely manner, would come in, take a seat, and talk upon any subject that came uppermost, give "a toss" to the baby, or playfully place his hat on its head. Happening upon a time to look in upon our friend of a Sabbath afternoon, my Lord Duke began talking of crops, the news of the place, and of matters in general, just as if it were not the day of sacred rest at all, but an ordinary week day.

"Please your Grace," said the elder, "are you not forgetting it is the Lord's day?"

"Perhaps so," replied the Duke, "but are you not *over-scrupulous*, John, as to such things?"

"I don't think so," returned the elder, "I am a humble servant of Jesus Christ, whose day the Sabbath is, and I dare not wilfully disobey his command to keep it holy." Seeing the remark was not taken amiss, he continued, "If I were in your service, my Lord Duke, you would expect me to obey your orders, and support your authority and honour, and your Grace will surely allow that my divine Master can require no less at my hands with regard to his honour and authority."

The Duke, with his characteristic good nature, heard the elder's reasoning patiently, and assented to its truth, nothing displeased at being thus schooled by one so much his inferior in rank and social position.

Not long after this incident, the

nobleman referred to was seized with the complaint of which he died; and whatever may have been his moral, and religious character previously, it is certain he was much concerned about his soul's salvation for many months prior to his decease. It could, however, be said of him, when quitting this earthly scene and all its grandeur, that he did so with at least some humble assurance of entering that kingdom into which, according to Samuel Rutherford of saintly memory, but few kings and great men ever come.—G. M.

The Lost Inebriate Saved.

BY THE REV. W. E. BOARDMAN.

He had been a prosperous man, a banker, with a loving and lovely wife, and a large circle of reputable friends. Insidiously, the habit of wine-drinking had grown into that of a craving appetite for something stronger, and this into an alarming frequency and constancy in the use of intoxicants, until at last it became a cancerous vice, striking its deadly roots into the vitals of his character, prosperity, and prospects. He began to neglect his affairs. He did things that were foolish, yea fearful, for a business-man to do. Confidence in him gradually ceased, friends dropped off, business diminished, and finally he was compelled to change his line for one of lower grade.

Meanwhile he became alarmed for himself, and sought to reform. He tried gradualism, and the grade was downward even into deeper depths. He tried total abstinence by resolutions which snapped in the hour of temptation. He added the force of public sentiment by the public pledge, but respect for his word before men proved as ineffectual as his private resolutions had done. Neither self-respect, nor respect for his wife, nor for public opinion, could hold him back from intoxication.

One resource remained, and this he felt sure would answer the purpose—the church—religion. His wife was a

member of the church, and he made up his mind to cast in his lot with her and be a true Christian. He took his stand publicly, entered the Sabbath-school, talked in prayer-meetings, and offered himself as a member of the church; and was indignant that they did not call a special meeting to receive him. All this while he was using tobacco as a substitute for stronger stimulants, and often hastening home from church or Sabbath-school to his pipe. This, of course, could end only in failure, and this time his failure was an awful one. Like the Prodigal, he deliberately took everything that he could scrape together, and literally went away into a far country and wasted all in riotous living. With a high hand he kept it up for many weeks, until his money was all gone. At last he came so far to himself as to return deeply humbled to his home.

Before going away he had heard Dr. John Hall, and been impressed with his sincerity, and after his return he again sought his ministry. The Lord so ordered it that the subject of discourse this time was the love of God, and it fell upon the prodigal returned like the welcoming arms of a father; his heart was deeply touched, and he sought an interview, and said frankly "I have come to see you about my soul." Dr. Hall said many things, true and kind. One thing went home to the depths of his visitor's heart. He asked him if he knew the plan of salvation. The answer was, "Oh! yes, I understand it very well." "You know, then, that you need to have imputed to you the righteousness of Christ, do you?" "No, sir, I do not; what does that mean?" The Doctor explained. "The righteousness of Christ!" thought he, "the righteousness of Christ! No, I have been trying to mend my own ways, so as to make them right in my own eyes, and commendable to God. *Oh! I must have the righteousness of Christ.*"

Heartily thanking the Doctor, he went out, sought his own place, locked

himself in, and that very night, before he had been long prostrate in the presence of the Lord, he had his eyes opened to see the miserable patch-work of his own righteousness, mended up as best he had been able to do it, as *all and only filthy rags*, while the perfect righteousness of Christ came out before him in its spotless beauty and shining glory as *all his own by simple faith*. Instantly his mourning was turned to joy, and his garments of heaviness to praise.

From that blessed hour he was in a new life, in a new world. His motives were new, his feelings were new, his chains fell off. The old appetite left him; tobacco, like alcohol, ceased to be a temptation to him. He was a free man, a true man, a true child of God. Yet, although free, he was not full. He was, indeed, at times very joyous; but then again he was in unrest. From the day of his conversion he gave himself to earnest and active service as a Christian, but he found the impulsion too often to be only a sense of duty, when it should have been love. He worked faithfully, but longed more and more for a deeper spiritual endowment.

His sense of need grew oppressive. At last he went to Jesus, and gave himself up anew to the Saviour, and laid himself over like an infant in its mother's arms, and there rested. From that hour his soul was satisfied in Jesus. Duty was turned into delight, and service became the joy of his life.

This proved a new era in his heart history. He still keeps his position as a little child resting in the arms of Jesus, trusting for all things and finding all things in Christ. Before this he fought his own battles, looking to Christ to help him, and was often defeated. Since then he lets Jesus fight for him, and comes off conqueror. Up to that time he had planned work for the Lord, and tried to get the Lord to carry out his plans. Since then he has let the Lord plan for him, and looked to the Lord for grace to do his own appointed

work in his appointed way. Before that, the Bible was precious, but it was sometimes read as a task. Now, the living Word so illuminates the written Word that it is sweeter than honey, And up to that moment prayer had sometimes been a burden, but since then it had been one of the great and ceaseless pleasures of life.

During the more than thirty months that have since gone by, this beloved brother in Christ has been tried to the utmost, but the Lord has been faithful and has not permitted his faith to give way. In one instance the arch enemy put him to the test in a way no less subtle than cruel. One day in a street car he was seized with dizziness and fell. Fellow-passengers lifted him up and sustained him until he so far recovered as to get home. A physician prescribed for him; the apothecary sent him the medicines prescribed. The package contained two ounces of brandy. Taking it in his hand he went into his closet, and holding up the vial before the Lord he prayed: "O Lord, if it be possible, heal me without my taking this brandy; if not, then let me die." He was healed without the brandy, and lives to glorify God our Saviour for this deliverance and for all his innumerable mercies.—*Times of Refreshing.*

Use Simple Words.

In addressing an audience, you should use words suitable for your audience. A gentleman speaking to a Sunday-school, used the word *epitome*. The pastor said to him: "The children will not understand that word." The gentleman then said: "An epitome is an abbreviated synopsis." He explained a hard word by one harder still. The parables are a model for the study of the teacher. By them an interest is awakened in the listener, the hearer is made a judge in his own case, and obliged to pronounce sentence before self-love has put him on his guard, as in the case of David, when the prophet said, "Thou art the man."

A missionary to the heathen was explaining that they could not be saved by their own works. The heathen said, "If I keep six commandments, and break four, I have kept the majority; is not the Lord bound to save me if I keep the most?" The missionary took a scene on the Ganges. "There is a boat in a storm in distress; they fear the rocks along the shore. Those on shore take a chain, fasten a stone to it, and throw it to the boat; it is caught, and the boat is drawn within a few yards of land, when one link breaks in the midst of the chain; shall they cling to the unbroken links?" "No! no! let them cast themselves on the mercy of God. If one link is broken, it is as though all were broken." If one commandment of the law be broken, it is as though they were all broken. We cannot, then, be saved by the law, but must lay hold of the mighty hand of Christ, held out to save us. When the sinner, condemned by the law, is ready to give up in despair, he casts himself on Jesus, and finds peace.

An Indian was asked, "What has the Lord Jesus Christ done for your soul?" "Come, and I'll show you." He took the person to the borders of the wood, took some dried leaves, laid them round in a circle, and then struck fire, and made a ring of fire; in the centre of it he put an earth worm. The heat drove the worm to right and left; the fire met it whichever way it went. The poor little thing turned back to the centre, coiled itself up, and lay still, as if waiting for help from abroad. The Indian then took it up, saying: "That is what the Lord Jesus has done for me." The wrath of God was all around me. The Lord took me out of it as I have taken this worm out of the fire."

A sceptic was objecting to a colored man down South that there were many contradictory passages in the Bible, as that "we were in the Spirit and the spirit in us." "Der's itō puzzle 'bout dat. We in 'de spirit and de spirit in

ns ; it's like dat poker ; I put it in de fire, till it gets red hot—now de poker's in de fire and de fire is in de poker."

Charles Edward Stuart, the last prince of the house of Stuart, gained a victory at the battle of Preston Pans in 1715. In the battle a chief of the McGregors was killed. When he fell, his followers were dismayed at their loss ; but the wounded chief lifted himself upon his elbow, and said, " I am not dead, but looking at you, to see if you are doing your duty." Brothers and sisters, toilers in the vineyard, Jesus, the Captain of your salvation, who suffered and died for you, is not dead, but alive, and from his mighty throne on high is looking at you every day and hour, to see if you are doing your duty.

First Believe.

BY THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Whosoever therefore thou art who desirest to be forgiven, and reconciled to the favour of God, do not say in thy heart, " I must *first do this* : I must *first* conquer every sin, break off every evil word and work, and do all good to all men ; or I must *first* go to church, receive the Lord's Supper, hear more sermons, and say more prayers." Alas ! my brother, thou art clean gone out of the way. Thou art still ignorant of the righteousness of God, and art seeking " to establish thine own righteousness " as the ground of thy reconciliation. Knowest thou not that thou canst do nothing but sin till thou art reconciled to God ? Wherefore, then, dost thou say, I must do this and this *first*, and then I shall believe ? Nay, but—

FIRST BELIEVE.

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the propitiation for thy sins. Let this good foundation first be laid, and then thou shalt do all things well.

Neither say in thy heart, " I cannot be accepted yet, because I am not *good enough*." Who is good enough—who was ever—to merit acceptance at God's

hands ? Was ever any child of Adam *good enough* for this ?—or will any, till the consummation of all things ? And as for thee, thou art not good at all—there dwelleth in thee no good thing ; and thou never wilt be, till thou believe in Jesus. Rather thou wilt find thyself worse and worse.

But is there any need of being worse in order to be accepted ? Art thou not *bad enough* already ? Indeed thou art, and that God knoweth, and thou thyself canst not deny it. Then delay not. All things are now ready. " Arise and wash away thy sins." The fountain is open ; now is the time to wash thee with the blood of the Lamb. Now he shall " purge " thee as " with hyssop," and thou shalt " be clean ; " he shall " wash " thee, and thou shalt " be whiter than snow."

Do not say, " But I am not *contrite enough* ; I am not *sensible enough* of my sins." I know it. I would to God thou wert more *sensible* of them, more contrite, a thousand-fold than thou art. But do not stay for this. It may be, God will make thee so, *not before thou believest, but by believing*. It may be thou wilt not weep much till thou lovest much, because thou hast had much forgiven. In the meantime look unto Jesus—behold how he loveth thee. What could he have done more for thee which he hath not done ?

" O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine ?"

Look steadily upon him till he looks on thee, and breaks thy hard heart ; then shall thy " head " be " waters," and thine " eyes fountains of tears."

Nor yet do thou say, " I must do something more *before* I come to Christ." I grant, supposing the Lord should delay in coming, it were meet and right to wait for his appearing, in doing, so far as thou hast power, whatsoever he hath commanded thee. But there is no necessity for making such a supposition. How knowest thou that he will delay ? Perhaps he will appear, as the dayspring from on high, before the morning light.

Oh, do not set him a time ; expect him every hour. Now, he is nigh, even at the door !

And to what end wouldst thou wait for *more sincerity*, before thy sins are blotted out ?—to make thee more worthy of the grace of God ? Alas ! thou art still establishing thine own righteousness. He will have mercy, not because thou art worthy of it, but because his compassions fail not ; not because thou art righteous, but because Jesus Christ hath atoned for thy sins.

Again, if there be any "thing good" in *sincerity*, why dost thou expect it *before* thou hast faith, seeing faith itself is the only root of whatsoever is really good and holy ? Above all, how long wilt thou forget that whatsoever thou doest, or whatsoever thou hast, before thy sins are forgiven thee, it avails nothing with God toward the procuring of thy forgiveness ; yea, and it must all be cast behind thy back, trampled under foot, made no account of, or thou wilt never find favour in God's sight ; because until then thou canst not ask it as a mere sinner, guilty, lost, undone, having nothing to plead, nothing to offer to God but only the merits of his well-beloved Son, "who loved thee, and gave himself for thee."

To conclude : Whosoever thou art, O man, who hast the sentence of death in thyself, who feelest thyself a condemned sinner, and hast the wrath of God abiding on thee, unto thee saith the Lord—not, "Do this, perfectly obey all my commands, and live ;"—but, "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED." "The word of faith is nigh unto thee ;" now at this instant, in the present moment, and in thy present state, sinner, as thou art, just as thou art, believe in the Gospel, and "I will be merciful unto *thy* unrighteousness, and *thy* iniquities will I remember no more."

God's Ownership of the Sea.

God has given the land to man, but the sea He has reserved for Himself : "the sea is *His*, and He made it." He

has given man "no inheritance in it ; no, not so much as to set his foot on." If he enters its domain, he enters it as a pilgrim and a stranger. He may pass over it, but he can have no abiding place upon it. He cannot build his house, nor so much as pitch his tent within it. He cannot mark it with his lines, nor subdue it to his uses, nor rear his monuments upon it. If he has done any brilliant exploit upon its surface, he cannot perpetuate the memory of it by erecting so much as an arch or a pillar. It steadfastly refuses to own him as its lord and master. It is not afraid of him, as is the land. Its depths do not tremble at his coming. Its waters do not flee when he appeareth. When it hears of him, then it laughs him to scorn. All the strength of all his generations is to it as a feather before the whirlwind, and all the noise of his commerce, and all the thunder of his navies it can hush in a moment within the silence of its impenetrable abysses. Whole armies have gone down into the unfathomable darkness, and not a floating bubble marks the place of their disappearing. If all the populations of the world, from the beginning of time, were cast into its depths, the smooth surface of its oblivion would close over them in an hour ; and if all the cities of the earth, and all the structures and mountains that were ever reared by man, were heaped together over that grave for a tombstone, it could not break the surface of the deep, and lift back their memory to the light of the sun and the breath of the upper air ; the sea would still clap his hands in triumph over them, and roll the billows of his derision a thousand fathoms above the topmost stone of that mighty sepulchre. The patient earth submits to the rule of man, and the mountains bow their rocky heads before the hammer of his power and the blast of his terrible enginery. But the sea cares not for him ; not so much as a single hair's breadth can its level be lowered or lifted by all the art, and all the effort, and all the enginery of all the generations of

time. "The land tells of man because his footprints are there, and his marks and monuments are on every side. But the sea does not tell of him, for he can build no monuments upon its domain. Though he travel a thousand years upon the same path, he leaves upon it no footprint to tell where he has been. Nor can he, with all his skill, fix upon it any mark of ownership. It steadfastly refuses to receive any impression or keep any memorial of him. He comes and goes upon it, and a moment after it is as if he had never been there. He may engrave his titles upon the mountain-top, and quarry his signature into the foundations of the globe; but he cannot write his name upon the sea.—*Leonard Swain, D. D.*

Christ the Guiding Star.

Christ is the true star to lead all earth's travellers in the way of safety and peace. "Some few years ago," says a writer in *Home Words*, "a young man in South America had to travel through the night for a distance of about seventy miles. The track lay across the prairie, where he might very easily lose his way. Before he started a friend gave him a word of direction. 'Go straight, with your eye fixed on that star, and you cannot go wrong,' he said, pointing to a bright star rising on the horizon. He took the advice, and found himself in a few hours close to the place which he desired to reach."

Christ the Centre of Theology.

An American writer says:—"We have in our congregation a little deaf and dumb boy. On Sabbath he loves to have his mother find for him the words that we are all singing, though the music never thrills his quiet ear, nor touches his heart. He looks at the hymn, glides his little finger over every word to the end; if he finds 'Jesus' there, he is satisfied and absorbed to the close of the singing; but if the word 'Jesus' is

not there, he closes the book, and will have nothing more to do with it. So should we test the religion of the day:—if we find Jesus the central thought of any system of theology, it is good, it will do for us; if not, turn away and have nothing to do with it."

A Definite Aim.

Do not sow the Word broadcast, but, as the Scotch would say, "Dibble it in!" Make a hole in the ground with a sharpened stick, and push the seed into the earth with your heel! Let every sentence tell. Shoot with an aim. Take your arrow from the quiver and put it on the bow with your eye on the soul and on the throne, then let it go home. Do not pull it out—Let it be a distinct and felt impression. Do not talk to human beings who are asleep. I have no faith in somnambulism in church. Let every eye be engaged as though it would look you through and through. Give the children something worth receiving, and send the truth home.—*Dr. Ormiston.*

Under the Rock.

A lady was riding in her carriage, when, spying a beautiful flower by the side of a large rock, she alighted to take it up, that she might remove it to her conservatory, but found that, delicate as it appeared, it resisted all her efforts, because the root ran under the rock. Ah, thought she, this is an illustration of the safety of the Christian, whose life of beauty is under the shelter of the Rock, and whose root of strength runs far beneath it.

The old city of Troy had but one gate. Go round and round and round the city, and you could find no other. If you wanted to get in, there was but one way, one way, and no other. So to the strong and beautiful city of Heaven there is one gate, and no other. Do you know what it is? Christ says, "I am the Door."

The Love of Money.

A greed for wealth grows with years. A rich miser of New York, at the age of fourscore, one day tottered out into the street. A friend asked him how he felt. "I feel better to-day," the old man replied, eagerly; "*stocks are up.*"

Ah! what a *fare* that old millionaire had to pay for travelling farther and faster than others on the road to wealth. It shrivelled up his very soul. It is not easy to own gold without its burning us. No man can make money safely and wisely, unless he holds his earnings as a trust from God. And "what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own *soul*?"

Our Copy.

Have you ever noticed how badly boys write at the bottom of the pages in their copy-books? There is the copy at the top, and in the first line they look at that; in the second line they copy their own imitation; in the third line they copy their imitation of their imitation; and so the writing grows worse and worse as it descends the page. Now, the apostles followed Christ; the first fathers imitated the apostles; the next fathers copied the first fathers; and so the standard of holiness fell dreadfully; and now we are too apt to follow the very lees and dregs of Christianity; and we think if we are about as good as our poor, imperfect ministers or leaders in the church, that we shall do well and deserve praise.—*Spurgeon.*

Ministers must not be ambitious of broaching new opinions, framing new schemes, or coining new expressions, but must content themselves with plain, practical things, with the word that is *nigh us even in our mouth and in our heart.* We need not go up to Heaven, nor down to the deep, for matter or language, in our preaching.

The Two Methods.

There are two methods by which Christian workers try to advance God's kingdom upon earth. One of these is superficial and deceptive; the other radical and fruitful. Many suppose that the world is to be saved by the adoption of outward reforms, by lopping off this and that evil custom, by the enacting of righteous laws, by the punishment of criminals, and the praise of them that do well.

To deny that such measures are of exceeding value and properly belong to Christian progress, would be the height of bigotry; and yet it is absolutely true that these are not the most important objects to be sought. They are simply the results and accompaniments of true Christianity, which is an inner life, a root principle, from which all real and permanent reforms must proceed. The true method of cleansing society is to subject the hearts of individuals to the great Purifier. Out of the heart proceedeth all the sins which make the world miserable. If covetousness breaks forth in crimes against property, the surest preventative will be found in the destruction of covetousness, not in laws against theft and swindling. If intemperance abounds, it can be most surely restricted and finally crushed by personal self-control, founded on religious principle. Laws are indeed helpful, but our chief reliance must inevitably be on the controlling spirit within the hearts of men. If we can gain the single advantage of influencing that spirit in behalf of Christ, we have done more to help the world to a higher life than in planting a multitude of reforms in that stony ground of mere surface experience, where they have not much earth, and must of necessity, being without root, soon wither away.

Those that would know God's mind must observe his appointments, and attend there where they may *hear his word.* Jer. xviii.

Gatherings.

It well becomes the men of God, with tenderness and concern to inquire about the welfare of their friends and their families.

Ministers of eminent gifts and stations should make themselves familiar with those that are every way their inferiors, and know their character and state. 2 Kings iv.

The holiest and best of men sometimes have their lawful and pious requests denied. God is pleased to answer our necessities rather than our requests. 1 Peter i.

Those who expect God to hear their prayers must be willing to hear reason, to hear a faithful reproof, and to hear the complaints and appeals of wronged innocency. Judges viii.

Divine revelation is one of the first and greatest of divine favours with which the church is blessed; for God restores us to himself by revealing himself to us, and gives us all good by giving us knowledge. Ps. ciii.

Those that would be instrumental in conveying spiritual life to dead souls, must affect themselves with their case, and accommodate themselves to it, and labour fervently in prayer for them.

Prophets should endeavour to make every place they come to, in some way or other the better for them, endeavouring to sweeten bitter spirits and to make barren souls fruitful, by the due application of the word of God.

In the raising of dead souls to spiritual life, ministers can do no more by their own power than to lay the word before their faces: There is neither voice nor hearing till Christ, by his Spirit, comes himself: The letter alone kills, it is the Spirit that gives life: It is not prophesying upon dry bones, that will put life into them: Breath must come from Heaven and breathe upon the slain.

A child of prayer, is, in a special manner, bound to be a good child.

The edifying of the church will be the glorifying of God, and therefore we may be assured it will be done in the set time.

We forfeit the benefit of ordinances if we make an ill use of them. Ps. lii.

Whatever the troubles of the church are, God's mercy is a sovereign remedy. Ps. cxxiii.

God has many ways of disabling wicked men to do the mischief they design against the Church, and shaming their counsels. Ps. cxxix.

God's people have always had many enemies, and the state of the church from its infancy has frequently been an afflicted state.

The delight God takes in his church and the continuance of his presence with his church, are the comfort and joy of all its members. Ps. cxxxii.

God is, and always will be, to his church, a gracious, faithful, wonder-working God; and his church is and will be the same to him; a thankful, praising people; and thus his name *endureth for ever*. Ps. cxxxv.

The poor must pray for those that are kind and liberal to them, and thus requite them, when they are not capable of making them any other requital. Ruth ii.

God gives us leave, in prayer, not only to ask good things in general, but to mention that special good thing which we most need and desire. 1 Sam. i.

It is a comfort to all that lay the interests of God's Israel near their hearts that Israel's God is the same that made the world, and therefore will have a church in the world, and can secure that church in the times of the greatest danger and distress. In him, therefore, let the church's friends put their confidence, and they shall not be put to confusion. Ps. cxxiv.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Evangelizer.

An undenominational religious periodical, of small size, well adapted for circulation in Sabbath Schools, and for general distribution in place of tracts, is issued in the beginning of every month, at 15 cents per annum, post-paid, or at the rate of ten copies for one dollar, free of postage.

The Evangelist.

An undenominational monthly religious periodical, double the size of the EVANGELIZER, and containing the matter published in it, is issued at the commencement of the month, at the rate of twenty-five cents per annum, postage paid.

This paper is well adapted for families who want a religious paper at a small price.

The Glad Tidings.

A larger undenominational religious periodical, is published monthly, in quarto form, sixteen pages; price, 50 cents per annum, postage paid.

This periodical is in a form suitable for binding, and when thus preserved is a valuable household possession for many years.

The Good News

Is a semi-monthly undenominational religious periodical, containing all the religious articles published in the EVANGELIZER, EVANGELIST and GLAD TIDINGS, with considerable additional reading of a similar character.

The Good News is issued on the 1st and 15th of the month, containing twenty-eight pages, including cover, at \$1 per annum, in advance, postage paid.

A Monthly Number, in colored cover, one dollar a year, or ten cents a number. Subscribers may either have the Monthly or Semi-Monthly at their option.

Our different publications are intended, and we trust in some measure calculated to advance the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ, and on that account we feel warranted in soliciting co-operation. We are anxious that one or other of them should be introduced in every district of the Dominion where no superior publication of a similar character is taken. We solicit the co-operation of

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

everywhere. Whether they live in town or country, they might do their neighbours good by endeavouring to get one or other of our publications introduced into their families. Let them look at our terms for local agents, and send on to us for specimen copies.

OLDER MEN AND OLDER WOMEN

who love the Lord Jesus Christ, are usually ready to do what they can to help forward His work in any way. We have a number already co-working with us, but there is work for others, and we respectfully solicit them to take a handful of the good seed and scatter it in their neighbourhood, encouraged by the promise that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

TEACHERS have a fine opportunity of scattering, through their school room, and of interesting the children and parents of the section. Let them send to us for a parcel of specimen copies to distribute through their school section.

MINISTERS have an interest in seeing that their people have good reading for the Sabbath and the week. The reading at home is supplementary to the hearing at church: and if the former is all of the world, the effect of the latter will be less than it would otherwise be. We shall be glad to send specimen copies to any congregation, or to any minister who is disposed to take the trouble of scattering.

To encourage individuals to act as local agents in their respective districts, we state the following terms. All who take the trouble to get ten subscribers to the EVANGELIZER, and send us a dollar, will receive a copy gratis for the year.

All who take the trouble to get four subscribers to the EVANGELIZER to one or to separate addresses, and send us One Dollar, will receive a copy gratis for the year.

All who take the trouble to get four subscribers to the GLAD TIDINGS, to one or to separate addresses, and send us Two Dollars, will receive a copy gratis for the year.

All who take the trouble to get four subscribers to the Good News, and send us Four Dollars, will receive a copy gratis.

All who take the trouble to get subscribers to the amount of Four Dollars, to any or to all our papers, and who send us the money, and the list, will be entitled to one copy of the Good News gratis.

If parties getting up clubs send us on the names and Post Office address of the individuals composing them, we will send on the papers to their address, thus saving the getter up of the club any further trouble.

Any one can with a little effort in their neighbourhood get up a club to this extent. We will send specimens to any one intending to make an effort.

Parties who intend to subscribe for the GLAD TIDINGS or Good News will please send in their names as early as possible to secure copies from the commencement; as back numbers cannot be guaranteed.

Specimen copies will be sent to parties on application

The Evangelizer

Is published on the first of every month. It will be sent to subscribers post free, at fifteen cents per annum, and in parcels of ten or more, to one address, at the rate of one dollar per annum, payable in advance.

When copies are sent to any parties who have not ordered them they are without charge, and the parties receiving them will oblige the publisher by their being distributed.

We will be obliged by our friends everywhere making a little effort to get the EVANGELIZER introduced into their neighbourhood. Those who take the trouble to get up a parcel of ten or more will receive at additional copy.

Those who wish specimen copies, or copies for distribution, will receive them by writing to

REV. ROBERT KENNEDY,

Toronto.

Gratis Circulation.

Numerous opportunities for the circulation of the EVANGELIZER, in districts where they would be instrumental in advancing the Kingdom of Christ, and where they can only be distributed gratuitously, are constantly opening up. Missionaries and others frequently make applications for a supply when they are unable to pay for them. We are not very able from our own means to supply them, or distribute papers ourselves where they would be useful, though in times past we have done so up to, yea even beyond our ability. We would therefore thankfully receive and acknowledge in our various periodicals, donations for this purpose; and as the work is the Lord's, and not ours, we respectfully urge our Christian friends who can afford it, to remember this department of usefulness.

Any collections which our friends choose to make on occasion of our own preaching, will be devoted to this purpose.

DONATIONS FOR GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION.

Received to 15th August, 1872:—

A. McC., Esq., Toronto.....	\$1 00
Mr. S. S., Cheltenham.....	2 25
Collection in Kirk Presbytery.....	3 65
Widow's Mite.....	124

Printed for the Publisher by BELL & CO., City Steam Press, 96 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario.