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SELF-COMMUNION.

By Rev. Octavius Winslow, D. D.

"Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still."—Psalm iv. 4.

It will be acknowledged by every spiritual and reflecting mind, that the tendencies of the age are not the most favourable to the calm, solemn, holy duty of *self-communion*. We are fallen upon times of great religious, as well as worldly activity and excitement. So strong and rushing, indeed, is the tide, that there exists a fearful and fatal liability in those who profess to walk with God, as did Noah and Enoch, to neglect entirely one of the most essential and effectual helps heavenward—the due, faithful, and constant examination of the spiritual state and condition of their own hearts. To the consideration of this vitally-important subject—a subject so intimately entwined with our progress in the divine life—let us now address ourselves. The Divine precept is emphatic—“*Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still;*” or, as it is rendered in another and a beautiful version of the Psalms, “*Commune with your own heart in your chamber, and be still.*”^{*}—Both renderings are good, but perhaps the latter conveys more distinctly and impressively the idea of *retirement* for self-communion. “*Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers,*” is the invitation of God to His Church. Like to this is the Saviour’s exhortation—“*When thou prayest, enter into thy closet.*”

With everything but *themselves* the great mass of human beings by whom we are surrounded are in the closest communion. Man is in communion with nature in its glories, with science in its wonders, with art in its triumphs, with intel-

lect in its attainments, with power in its achievements, with the creation in its attraction. There is but one object with which he holds no rational, sacred, and close communion,—from which, though the nearest and the most important, he seems the most widely isolated; that object is—*himself!* He studies not the wonders of his being, the spirituality of his nature, the solemnity of his relations, the accountability of his actions, the immortality of his destiny. He thinks not of himself, and of death, and judgment, and eternity at the same moment. He will examine and prepare himself for worldly preferment, but his state as a moral being, his position as a responsible being, his future as an accountable and deathless being, absorbs not a moment, awakens not a thought, inspires not an aspiration of his soul—What a fearful verification of and comment upon the word of God, “*DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND IN SINS!*” But the saints of God present another and a widely-different class. The religion of Jesus, while it is designed to disarm man of selfishness, and, when enthroned supremely upon the heart, ennobles and expands it with the “*expulsive power of a new affection,*” yet concentrates his most serious, devout, and earnest consideration upon himself. “*Man, know thyself,*” becomes a heathen maxim, in its highest and noblest sense, Christianised. It is of the utmost moment, then, that the saint of God should be kept in perpetual remembrance of this sacred duty of self-communion: its neglect entails immense spiritual deterioration and loss; its observance will, more than all other engagements—for it stimulates to activity all

* The Book of Common Prayer.

others—effectually advance the soul in its heavenward course. *Self-communion* is the topic which will now engage our thoughts—may we give to it the devout and earnest consideration which a subject so closely intertwined with our personal advance in heavenly meetness demands! Oh that this portion of our work may be written and read under the especial anointing of God the Holy Ghost! Let us endeavour to ascertain what this sacred duty involves.

In the *first* place, my beloved reader, commune with your heart, *to know its true spiritual state as before God*. This will bring under your review the subject of *conversion*—a state which many take for granted without scriptural evidence of the fact; a great question in the matter of salvation, which, to speak after the manner of the schoolmen, too many beg—they assume the existence of their personal conversion without proof. And yet how vast the consequences of the most momentous question they take for granted! There is no statement clearer in God's Word than this, that to enjoy heaven we must become heavenly. God cannot cease to be God; therefore He could not make us, like Himself, perfectly happy, unless He made us, like Himself, perfectly holy. The Holy Ghost must make us new creatures—the subjects of a nature that is Divine—in order to fit us for the enjoyment of a heaven that is pure. The questions, then, which we must weigh are—Have I passed from death unto life? Has my heart been convinced of sin? Am I a subject of the new birth? and from a state of insensibility to objects, and feelings, and hopes that are spiritual, eternal, and divine, have I been quickened by the regenerating Spirit to walk with God, and before the world, *in newness of life*? These are personal and serious questions, which must not, which cannot, be evaded without imperilling all

that is most dear and precious to your everlasting well-being. Oh, give to your eyes no slumber until the subject of the new birth has awakened in your mind the profoundest thought. It is spoken by Him who is *the Truth*, and it is written by Him who is the *Spirit of Truth*, "*Unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*" Heaven or hell is suspended upon the issue! My reader! are you sensible that within you all things have been made new? that, whereas once you were blind, now you see? that your heart is in sympathy with objects that are spiritual, with enjoyments that are holy, with engagements that are heavenly?—in a word, that your views of sin and self, of God and of Christ and of the gospel, are radically, essentially changed, and that you seem to yourself the subject of a new-born existence, and the occupant of a new-created world?

Commune with yourself to ascertain *the existence and condition of the love of God in your heart*. Enmity or love to Jehovah characterise us; there is no modified state between these extremes. A careful inspection of our hearts as to this principle will enable us correctly to decide our spiritual condition before the Lord. Do you love God because He is holy? His law, because it is righteous? His government, because it is divine and just? His ways, because they are wise, and right, and sure? Do you love Him for sending His Son into the world to save sinners? Do you love Him as a Father, as a Friend, as a God in covenant relation? How stands your heart, O believer! with God as to its *love*? What is the warmth and vigour and ardour of your affections? Do you so love God in Christ as, under its constraining influence, to do what He commands, to yield what He asks, to go where He bids, to hate what He hates, and to love what He loves; yea, to embrace Him with an affection simple, single, and supreme, oblivious, if need be,

of every other claimant, and satisfied, if so, He willed it, with Him alone? Oh, what is the state of your love to Jesus—frigid, selfish, inconstant; or, glowing, self-denying fixed? You ask how your love to Christ may be tested and increased? Test it by obedience; “*If you love me, keep my commandments.*” Increase it by a more close, believing dwelling with Christ’s love to you. Your love to Christ will never increase by feeding upon itself. You must light your torch of affection at the altar of Calvary. You must go there, and learn and believe what the love of Jesus is to you: the vastness of that love,—the self-sacrifice of that love,—how that love of Christ laboured and wept, bled, suffered, and died for you. Can you stand before this love—this love so precious, so great, so enduring, so self-consuming, so changeless, and know that for you was this offering, for you this cross, for you this agony, for you this scorn and insult, for you this death, and feel no sensibility, no emotion, no love? Impossible! Sit not down, then, in vain regrets that your love to God in Christ is so frigid, so fickle, so dubious; go and muse upon the reality, the greatness, the present intercession of the Saviour’s love to you, and if love can inspire love, then methinks that while you muse, the fire will burn, and your soul shall be all in flame with love to God. “*The Lord direct your heart into the love of God.*”

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

Commune with your own heart as to *its views of, and its feelings towards, the Lord Jesus.* The great question, which decides so much is, “*What think you of Christ?*” Is it with you a reality that Christ died for sinners? Do you fully credit the promise by which God has engaged to accept through His sacrifice and intercession all who believe

in His name? Do you believe Him to be divine, accept His obedience as justifying, and His death as sacrificial? Has it pleased God to reveal His Son in you? Is He precious to your heart? And do you receive Him, trust in Him, follow Him, and hope to be with Him for ever, as all your salvation and all your desire? You ask me how you may come to a right conclusion in the matter. You long, you yearn, you pray to know whether or not you love Christ, are one of His disciples, and shall certainly be with Him where He is. But why doubt it? Is the matter so difficult? If your mind were filled with admiration of a being, could you question the emotion thus awakened? If your heart were captivated by an object of superior intellect and beauty,—and that object, towards which the yearning and clinging of your affection went forth in a warm and ceaseless flow, became supremely enthroned in your sympathy and regard, would the fact admit of a moment’s doubt? Would you call in question the existence, the reality, or even the intensity of your love? Impossible! The higher and more momentous question of your attachment to Christ admits of a yet easier solution. Do I love Jesus? Is He the object of my supreme admiration and delight? Is He the chosen, the preferred, the supreme Being of my warmest affection? Is He precious to my soul? And am I trusting believingly, and exclusively, and without mental reservation, as a sinner utterly undone, self-aborred, and self-condemned, to His atoning sacrifice? And still you hesitate! And yet you doubt! It is still a problem which you tremble to solve! You think of your sinfulness, your unworthiness, of the taint and flaw and unloveliness of all you are doing, of your faint love, of your weak faith, of your doubtful sincerity, and then you shrink from the thought of claiming an interest in

Christ, and resign yourself to the conviction that your salvation is an utter impossibility—that you are *not*, and never will be, saved! But to take a closer view of the matter. Upon what ground do you base this hesitation and justify this self-exemption from the great salvation? It is not for your worth that you are saved, but for Christ's worth. It is not on the ground of your personal merit that you are justified, but on the ground of Christ's merit alone. It is not upon the plea of your fitness, your tears, your confessions, your prayers, your duties, that God forgives and accepts you, but simply and exclusively upon the one plea of the Saviour's sacrifice. The BLOOD of Christ *pardons*, the RIGHTEOUSNESS of Christ *justifies* you, and this is all that you require, or that God demands. The great work is all *done*—it is not to *be* done. It is complete, finished, accepted, sealed. And you, as a lost sinner, without holiness, without strength, without one plea that springs from what you are, have nothing to *do*. *Believe*, and you are *saved*. Believing is not *doing*, it is not *meriting*, it is *TRUSTING*—it is the simple exercise of a faith in Christ which God gives, and which the Holy Ghost produces in the heart; so that your salvation, from beginning to end, is entirely out of yourself, in another. With what clearness and emphasis has the Spirit of truth set forth this: "*By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified,*" (Gal. ii. 16.) "*But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness,*" (Rom. iv. 5.) All your own works, until your faith embrace the Lord Jesus, are "*dead works,*" and dead works never took a soul to heaven! You need as much the ATONING BLOOD to purge you from *dead works* as to purge you from *deadly sins*. Here the words of the Holy Ghost—"How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit

offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from DEAD WORKS to serve the living God?" (Heb. ix. 14.) And still you ask, "What then must I do to be saved?" *Do!* I answer—NOTHING! All is done, completely and for ever done! Blessed, O thrice blessed be God! Christ has done it all—paid it all—endured it all—suffered it all—finished it all—leaving you, O sin-burdened, anxious, trembling, hesitating soul, *nothing* to do, and only to *believe*. Will not this suffice? Will you demur a moment longer to commit yourself to Christ, to lay your soul on Jesus, to accept the salvatic, the heaven, the crown, the eternal life He proffers you as the free bestowments of His grace? Your sins, countless as the stars, are no barrier to your salvation if you but believe in Jesus. Your transgressions, deep as scarlet and as crimson, shall not be of too deep a dye if you, but plunge into the fountain of Christ's blood. His delight, His glory is to receive sinners—to receive *you*. And the moment you cease to give over *doing*, and begin only to *believe*, from that moment your soul rests from its labour, you enter into peace, and are for ever saved!

"Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it *all*,
Long, long ago.

"When *He* from His lofty throne
Stoop'd to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
Hearken to *His* cry—

"'T IS FINISH'D!' Yes, indeed,
Finish'd every jot.
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?

"Weary, working, burden'd one,
Why toil you so?
Cease *your* doing; all was done
Long, long ago.

"Till to JESUS' WORK you cling
By a simple faith,

‘Doing’ is a deadly thing—
‘Doing’ ends in death.

“Cast your deadly ‘doing’ down—
Down at JESUS’ feet;
Stand ‘IN HIM,’ in *Him* alone,
Gloriously ‘COMPLETE!’”

Commune with your own heart *touching its ruling principles of action*. It is a law of our moral being that the human heart must be governed by some all-controlling, all-commanding principle,—some secret potent spring that moves and regulates the entire powers of the soul. What is the ruling principle of your heart? Have you examined yourself to know? Beware of self-treachery, the most easy and the most fatal of all species of deception. There are many deceitful things in the world. The wind is deceitful, the ocean is deceitful, the creature is deceitful, but the human “*heart is deceitful above all things,*” and in nothing, probably, more so than in the principles and motives which govern and sway it. Oh, it is appalling to think what self-idolatry and self-seeking and self-complaisance may reign in our hearts, prompt and govern our actions! How carefully and nicely may we adjust our sail and shape our course to catch the soft breath and win the low murmur of man’s approbation and acclaim, as we float on the bosom of the stream, while ostensibly we are doing all for God! But, retreating to my chamber, let me, in solitude, self-scrutiny, and prayer, commune with my own heart. Laying bare, as with the deepest incision of the knife, its spiritual anatomy before God,—my motives, purposes, and aims,—can I say, “Lord! sinful though I am, the chief of sinners, yet do I desire to be ruled in my life by Thy Word, to be governed in my principles by Thy fear, to be constrained in Thy service by Thy love, and to make Thy honour and glory the end of all I do?” Thus ruled and swayed, how fragrant and acceptable to Him your lowliest service, your meanest

offering! It may be but the “*widow’s mite*” you have cast into the treasury—to Him it is more costly than the jewelled diadem. It may be but a “*cup of cold water*” you have offered to a disciple in His name—to Him it is as beautiful and sparkling as the crystal river which flows from beneath His throne. It may be a service for Christ you have done, imperfect in itself and trying to your spirit, unrecognised and unrewarded by others; yet, the tribute of your heart, in harmony with His will, and promotive of His glory, this box of precious ointment which you have broken shall fill earth with the fragrance of your love, and heaven with the music of Christ’s praise.

Commune with your own heart, and ascertain its *heavenly tendencies*,—whether the shadows of time or the realities of eternity have the ascendancy. Let no child of God deem such a scrutiny needless. The Word of God is replete with exhortations to the Church to set its affections on things above and not on the earth; to seek first the kingdom of God; to have its conversation in heaven. Encompassed as we are by earth, blinded by objects of sense, weighed down by human cares and anxieties, we need to be watchful against their secular influence upon our minds. It is good, therefore, to retire to our chamber and examine the spiritual barometer of the soul, to adjust the balance of the affections, and to see that divine and eternal realities are obtaining a growing ascendancy and pre-eminence. How distinct and impressive the precept—“*Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*”—“*Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed.*”—“*Who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father.*”

Commune with your own heart as to *its real and habitual fellowship with God*. Do we pray? What is the character of our prayers? Do we *pray in the Spirit*? Is our prayer *communion*? Do we walk with God as a Father, and with Christ as our best Friend? And is the throne of grace the sweetest, holiest, dearest spot to us on earth? For the want of this honest communion with our heart, there is often an essential defect in our communion with the heart of Jesus. Our hearts grow so cold that we are insensible to the warmth of His. There is so little self-examination touching prayer, that our devotions glide into a cold, abstract formality, and petitions and supplications which should be as swift arrows shot from the bow of faith entering into the presence of God, congeal in icicles upon our lips. Oh, look well to the state of your heart in the matter of prayer—it is the true, the safest test of the spiritual condition of your soul. See that your devotions are the utterances of the Spirit, sprinkled with atoning blood, and offered in the lowly, loving spirit of adoption, the breathing of a child to God as your Father. This is “fellowship,” and all other is but the name.

Commune with your own heart as to *your progress in the divine life*. It is impossible to know correctly the distance we are on our heavenward way, the stages we have travelled, the points we have reached, without self-communion. The mariner examines his ocean-chart, the traveller the milestones of the road, to mark the progress he has made homewards; how much more necessary this for the voyager to eternity, for the traveller to the heavenly Zion! Everything in nature is advancing—notling stationary. Progress is the universal law of the universe. Is the renewed soul—the heavenly traveller—alone to stand still? Is the living water, welled within the soul of the regenerate,

alone to be stagnant? Is the kingdom of grace alone exempt from the operation of this law of progress? Let your inquiry then be—How high is my sun in the moral heavens? How near is it to its glorious setting? How far am I from the haven whither my soul longeth to be, sheltered from storm and billow in eternal safety and repose? “*Knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.*” (Rom. xiii. 11.)

(To be continued.)

THE TEXT THAT TOOK HOLD.

Over the mantle-piece in a drunkard's home hung one or two ornamental cards, each containing a few verses of a hymn which his child had received in a ragged school, and which were fastened up by the little boy as a choice treasure. The father had seen them a hundred times over, and never heeded them; but he was laid upon a sick-bed, and then a text from Scripture quoted in one of these verses first caught his eye, and found its way to his heart. He desired the child to bring his Bible, and see if the quotation was correct. He then read on; and a visit from the Scripture reader occurring soon afterward, was received with gratitude, for his old companions had deserted him. It pleased God to raise him once more to health, and he has now renounced infidelity, is an attendant at God's house, has prospered in the world, and has become the father of a happy family—all owing to the “text that took hold” upon him.—*Scripture Readers' Journal.*

THE BEST TIME TO FRET.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly and grumbled at his loss, visiting his neighbour some time after, was astonished to see another fine-crop growing, and inquired how it could be. “These are what I sowed while you were fretting,” was the reply. “Why, don't you ever fret?” “Yes, but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief.” “Why, then, there's no need to fret at all.” “True; that's the reason I put it off.”

A CHILD'S FALSEHOOD: A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

"A man," says the Rev. Dr. Todd, "who is now a minister of the gospel, gave me the following account. I tell it to you in order to show you what repentance is. 'I had one of the kindest and best of fathers; and when I was a little white-headed boy about six years old, he used to carry me to school before him on his horse, to help me in my little plans, and always seemed trying to make me happy; and he never seemed so happy himself as when making me happy.—When I was six years old, he came home one day, very sick. My mother, too, was sick, and thus nobody but my two sisters could take care of my father. In a few days he was worse, very sick, and all the physicians in the region were called in to see him. The next Sabbath morning early, he was evidently much worse. As I went into his room he stretched out his hand to me, and said, 'My little boy, I am very sick. I wish you to take that paper on the stand, and run to Mr. C.'s and get me the medicine written on that paper.' I took the paper and went to the apothecary's shop, as I had often done before.—It was about half a mile off; but when I got there I found it shut, and as Mr. C. lived a quarter of a mile further off, I concluded not to go to find him. I then set out for home. On my way back I contrived what to say. I knew how wicked it was to tell a lie, but one sin always leads to another. On going in to my father, I saw that he was in great pain; and though pale and weak, I could see great drops of sweat standing on his forehead, forced out by the pain. Oh, then I was sorry I had not gone and found the apothecary. At length he said to me, 'My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain.' I hung my head and muttered, for my conscience smote me, 'No, sir; Mr. Caster says he has got none!' 'Has got none! Is this possible?' He then cast a keen eye upon me; and seeing my head hang, and probably suspecting my falsehood, said, in the mildest, kindest tone, 'My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for

the want of that medicine!" I went out of the room, and alone, and cried, I was soon called back. My brothers had come, and were standing—all the children were standing round his bed, and he was committing my poor mother to their care, and giving them his last advice. I was the youngest, and when he laid his hand on my head, and told me "that, in a few hours I should have no father; that he would in a day or two be buried up; that I must now make God my father, love Him, obey Him, and always do right and *speak the truth*, because the eye of God is always upon me," it seemed as if I should sink; and when he laid his hand upon my head again, and prayed for the blessing of God, the Redeemer to rest upon me, "soon to be a fatherless orphan," I dared not look at him, I felt so guilty.—Sobbing, I rushed from his bedside, and thought I wished I could die. They soon told me that he could not speak. Oh, how much would I have given to go in and tell him that I had told a lie, and ask him once more to lay his hand on my head and forgive me! I crept in once more, and heard the minister pray for "the dying man." Oh, how my heart ached! I snatched my hat and ran to the apothecary's house and got the medicine. I ran home with all my might, ran in, and ran up to my father's bedside to confess my sin, crying out, "Oh, here, father!" but I was hushed; and I then saw that he was pale, and that all in the room were weeping. *My dear father was dead!* And the last thing I ever spake to him was to *tell a lie!* I sobbed as if my heart would break, for his kindnesses, his tender looks, and my own sin, all rushed upon my mind. And as I gazed upon his cold, pale face, and saw his eyes shut, and his lips closed, I could not help thinking of his last words,—"My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for want of that medicine;" I could not know but he died for the want of it.

"In a day or two he was put into the ground and buried up. There were several ministers at the funeral, and each spoke kindly to me, but could not comfort me. Alas! they knew not what a load of sorrow lay on my heart. They could not comfort me. My father was buried, and

the children all scattered abroad, for my mother was too feeble to take care of them.

"It was twelve years after this, while in college, that I went alone to the grave of my father. It took me a good while to find it; but there it was, with its humble tombstone; and as I stood over it, I seemed to be back at his bedside, to see his pale face and hear his voice. Oh! the thought of that sin and wickedness cut me to the heart. It seemed as if worlds would not be too much to give, could I then only have called loud enough to have him hear me ask his forgiveness. But it was too late. He had been in the grave twelve years, and I must live and die, weeping over the ungrateful falsehood. May God forgive me!"

WHO ARE THE ELECT ?

The Senator and his Son.—You have heard of the senator relating to his son the account of the book containing the names of illustrious members of the Commonwealth. The son desired to see the outside. It was glorious to look upon. "Oh, let me open it," said the son. "Nay," said the father, "it's known only to the council." Then said the son, "Tell me if my name is there." "And that," said the father, "is a secret known only to the council, and it cannot be divulged." Then he desired to know for what achievements the names were inscribed in that book.—So the father told him; and related to him the achievements and noble deeds by which they had eternized their names. "Such," said he, "are written, and none of such are written, in the book." "And my name be there?" said the son.—"I cannot tell thee," said the father; "if it be like theirs, thou shalt be there; if not, thou shalt not."

And then the son consulted the book, and he found that his whole life had been in drinking, and singing, and drinking, and singing, and drinking himself; and he found that he was not temperate, nor sober, nor could not read, as yet, and he was bound to "make his name." And thus, "by the way of all doing, the end of his life was honour, immortality."—E. P. HOON.

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE."

If none of God's saints were poor and tried, we should not know half so well the consolations of divine grace. When we find the wanderer, who has not where to lay his head, who yet can say, "Still will I trust in the Lord;" when we see the pauper starving on bread and water, who still glories in Jesus; when we see the bereaved widow overwhelmed in affliction, and yet having faith in Christ, oh, what honour it reflects on the gospel! God's grace is illustrated and magnified in the poverty and trials of believers. Saints bear up under every discouragement, believing that all things work together for their good, and that out of apparent evils a real blessing shall ultimately spring—that their God will either work a deliverance for them speedily, or most assuredly support them in the trouble, so long as he is pleased to keep them there, this patience of the saints proves the power of divine grace. There is a lighthouse out at sea: it is a calm night—I cannot tell whether the edifice is firm; the tempest must rage about it, and then I shall know whether it will stand. So with the Spirit's work: if it were not on many occasions surrounded with tempestuous waters, we should not know that it was true and strong; if the winds did not blow upon it, we should not know how firm and secure it is. The master-works of God are those men who stand in the midst of difficulties, steadfast, unmovable,—

"Calm 'mid the bewildering cry,
Confident of victory."

He who would glorify his God must set his account upon meeting with many trials. No man can be illustrious before the Lord unless his conflicts be many. If then yours be a much-tried path rejoice in it, because you will the better shew forth the all-sufficient grace of God. As for his failing you—never dream of it—hate the thought. The God who has been sufficient until now should be trusted to the end.—C. H. Spurgeon.

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

“ . . . Life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save, or serve, but all can please.”

“ Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.”

The world has its books of etiquette, its code of laws and regulations, by which to fashion the manners of those who are wont to mix in its gay circles; and volumes have been written, even by noblemen, to initiate the higher classes in those finished arts of politeness which are considered essential in fashionable life. Nor are these instructions in vain; for no one who has mixed among those classes can have failed to observe that graceful politeness which is the distinguishing charm of such society, and which renders the guest perfectly at ease, however inferior his rank or position may be.

It was the quaint saying of a good though eccentric man, when advocating an improvement in our church psalmody, that he saw “no reason why Satan should have all the best music;” so we may, with equal truth, say we see no reason why the world should have all the best manners and most courteous behaviour.

We remember hearing it remarked by another good man that a Christian shoemaker ought to be the best shoemaker in the parish. So, surely we may say, that a Christian gentleman ought to be indeed a thorough gentleman; for excellent as may be the world's conventional laws of politeness, we fear not to assert that they fall far short of those which the Christian possesses. *He*, too, has his “book of etiquette,” and there are exquisite finishing strokes given to the the general laws laid down in that Book for the regulation of our conduct towards one another, which we shall look for in vain among either the precepts or the practices of the world.

A *rude Christian* is a perfect anomaly. Shame, then, to him, who by his disagreeable manners and want of courtesy, brings reproach upon his profession, and provokes the remark, even from the lips of his fellow-Christians, “I believe he is a good man, but he is so uncourteous and

repulsive in his bearing, that I do not desire his company again.” Surely, even in this we have often reason to say that “the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.” Let such a one—and, alas! too many are to be found—reflect for one moment on the dishonour which he does to his Lord and Master. Let him not imagine that no sin was involved in that abrupt answer, in that uncourteous manner, in that cold and repulsive reception of one who was a brother and fellow-pilgrim, and who, as such, had a right to kindly sympathy. Or, if the unwelcome visitor was one whose heart was still given to the world, who can tell but that kindness and gentleness of manner might have gained such influence over him that ere long he might have been won over to the service of the same gentle and gracious Master? Alas! such Christians know not what mischief they may have done, nor what good they may have prevented. It is true they may have very clear views of the doctrines of the Gospel; they may be bold and fearless in the confession of Christ before the world; they may be sincere and consistent in the exercise of various duties; and yet with regard to this Christian grace, may it not be said of them, “One thing thou lackest?”—Truly they have forgotten the exhortation of the Apostle, “Be pitiful, be courteous.”

It is surprising how frequently the want of courtesy mars the loveliness and the usefulness of even sincere Christians. And yet that sweet and lovely temper and demeanour which our blessed Redeemer exhibited during his sojourn on earth, ought invariably to characterise all his true disciples. How continually does the Apostle Paul urge his blessed Master's perfect example, as a constraining motive to all his followers! “Let every one please his neighbour for his good to edification, *for even Christ pleased not himself.*”—And again, “In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than himself.—Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. *Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.*” And as if he could find no higher appeal on which to found his earnest exhortations to his be-

loved Corinthian church, he exclaims, "I beseech you, *by the meekness and gentleness of Christ!*" an appeal which well became that apostle, whose whole life was so eminent an illustration of those precepts of Christian courtesy which he was wont to enforce. The 13th chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians contains the secret principle of all true politeness. Pity it is that the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, verses of that remarkable chapter are not more generally practised by those who profess to take God's Word as the rule for their daily life and conversation!

Let us bear in mind that true Christian courtesy is very different from that outward polish and blandness of manner which is commonly called politeness. The latter is on the surface alone, and often conceals many a bitter and envious feeling. The former has its seat in the heart, and sheds a sweet fragrance over the whole character. Sincerity is one of its distinguishing marks. It will influence our conduct towards all with whom we hold any intercourse. It will commend the religion which we profess. It will soothe the broken spirit of the care-worn stranger who may cross our path. It will diffuse happiness among our families and households. It will lessen the difficulties of some, and increase the pleasures of others. It is so closely allied with that "meekness and gentleness" which are among the fruits of the Spirit, and with that self-denial, and that "preferring one another," which are positive duties enforced in the Gospel, that the exercise of it cannot fail to "glorify our Father which is in heaven;" and surely, therefore, every Christian should consider it well worth while to cultivate and cherish this habit of Christian courtesy.—*Quiver.*

WATCHFULNESS.

Learn your weak side, and guard it well, for on this quarter the attacks of the enemy are most likely to succeed.—Be constantly careful to mortify all the seeds of the body, especially your constitutional sin. In this, nature affords the tempter a double advantage against you; this has the command of other lusts. Take the eader, then, and the whole band will easily be routed. In order to assist you

in finding it out, I shall give you some of its leading characters. It is that sin which you have most frequently wished were no sin; that on account of which you have been enabled to endure the greatest difficulties; that for which conscience is most apt to accuse you, and for which your invention is most ready to find out excuses; it is that sin which disturbs you most in your sacred retirements, crowds first upon your thoughts in the morning, employs them most in the silent watches of the night, and most easily carries away your heart at any time. Watch against and resist the very first motions of sin. Lay restraint upon the first sallies of corrupt affections and wandering thoughts.—Whenever you find imagination begin to be pleased with tempting baits, to devise excuses for the indulgence of the flesh, or the neglect or careless performance of duty, then you may be assured you are falling into temptation, and that it is high time for you to be upon your guard. Immediately check the dalliance of your hearts with forbidden objects, and hold not the least correspondence with the enemy.—Want of care, in this point, was the source of the numerous train of miseries into which the whole human race are plunged.—*R. Smith.*

"WAS IT OUR JESUS?"

A little three year old girl stood at the window one pleasant Sabbath, "watching for papa," who was at church. Soon she spied him coming; and as he entered the door, she raised her dark eyes to him, and said, "Papa, what did Mr. Roberts preach about this morning?" Her father replied, "He preached about Jesus." "Papa, was it our Jesus?" she asked. "Yes," said her father, "it was our Jesus." The dark eyes brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus, and talked about him to his congregation.

Do you, my dear child, claim this Jesus as yours? I hope so, for it is a most blessed thought that every little girl and boy may have him for "their own" Saviour. No matter how much he loves other children, there is room, **EVER ROOM** in his affection for you.

PRACTISING A LESSON.

"I did some credit to our Sabbath School to-day—that I can tell you, mother," cried Harry Fenton, leaning back in his chair, and rubbing his hands.

"Harry repeated by heart the whole parable of the wise man who built on a rock, and the foolish one who built on the sand, and he did not miss one word of it," said little Rose, glancing up with a look of pleasure.

"And did you fully understand that parable, Harry?" asked their mother.

"Of course I did," replied Harry; "it is very easy to understand. Those who build upon the sand are they who hear God's Word, but do not obey it; those who build on the rock are they who do not only hear, but obey."

"And had my little Rose nothing to repeat?"

"Only one little verse, dear mother; the same which Harry learned last week; 'Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'"

"A beautiful lesson, my dear; easy to learn, but hard to practise. May you be a doer, and not a hearer only."

Next day Harry was in high spirits, as his uncle had promised to go with him to a beautiful lake in the neighbourhood.

"Shall you take your fishing net with you, Harry?" inquired Rose, placing carefully before her brother the large china mug with his name on it in gilt letters.

"No; is it not provoking?" replied Harry, impatiently, "when I last took it out, I found that it had several large holes in it. It is good for nothing until it is mended, and there's no time for that. But look there!" he cried suddenly, "mind, Rose, or the milk will boil over—quick!"

Rose's pet white kitten, the most gentle, yet the most playful of her race, and much loved by her little mistress, sprang upon the table. Rose perceived the danger of her favorite. "O she will be scalded!" cried the little girl, darting forward, and pushing away the mug with too eager haste. Harry heard the exclamation, and the crash of the mug on the stone floor.

"My china mug!" he cried in a passion of anger. "I'll pay you for breaking it, and all for this wretched creature!" And before Rose had time to utter a word, the furious boy had dashed the little animal with violence against the floor, and then kicked it to the other end of the room.

"My kitten! my kitten!" exclaimed Rose, in an agony of sorrow, as she ran and took up her poor pet, now trembling in the convulsions of death.

"You wicked, cruel boy!" she began, but tears choked her voice; she sat down with her dead kitten on her lap, and sobbed over it in a passion of grief.

It was time for their mother to speak.—Severe was her rebuke to Harry, as his conduct well deserved, but her words seemed to have little effect.

The mother's next care was to comfort little Rose, but this also was a most difficult task. For long she tried in vain to soothe the child's sorrow, till she thought at last of lending her a long desired book, the large edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which was one of her treasures, and the sight of whose prints had raised in the mind of Rose a very strong wish to be permitted to read it.

"If you rise early, my dear, you may look at it before breakfast. You will take great care of it, I am sure."

The thoughts of Rose, as she retired to rest, were divided between her loss and the much desired treat before her, till the little girl knelt down to say her evening prayer, and then a new trouble disturbed her mind. How dare she pray while still angry with her brother? Her text sounded in her ears like the voice of conscience, "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." Was she to be only a hearer and not a doer of the Word?

"Had he done anything else," murmured Rose to herself; "but my poor dear kitten, my little delight! Yet the Bible does not allow us to choose what we will forgive, and what we will not; and O how often the Lord Jesus has forgiven me!" Rose knelt down by her little cot, and asked for a forgiving spirit; then prayed for her brother, and went to sleep. Next morning she rose early, and was promising herself an hour of quiet reading, when her eye fell upon Harry's net hanging against the wall—the net that was in such want of repair.

Now, if there was one thing that Rose disliked more than another it was mending, and above all the mending of nets. Why did she pause, then, with her book half open—why did she glance first at it, then at the net—why, after a short struggle in her mind, did she lay the book down, and quietly take her work-box? Can the reader guess.

I will tell you what her mother found when she came down about an hour after. She saw a sight which filled her heart with joy. There was Rose, seated on her little stool by the fire, with a bright happy smile upon her rosy face, fastening off the last knot in the net.—By her side knelt Harry—how changed since the night before! His heart was full, no more with pride, but with repentance and love.—

When he saw his mother, he sprang up to meet her, and exclaimed, "O see what Rose has done, and for me, cruel, hard-hearted, revengeful as I have been! I thought that I understood that parable of the wise and foolish builders, but Rose has taught me to know it, indeed, by heart! I was but a hearer, she a doer of the Word.

THE MOTIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

By the late Rev. James Smith, Cheltenham.

What extraordinary characters God has raised up for the accomplishment of his purposes, and in answer to the prayers of his people! Most plainly has he shewn us, that he can never be at a loss for an instrument to do his work, nor be dependent on any creature for the performance of his word. I have been thinking of Samson, than whom perhaps God never raised up a more extraordinary person. But I am not going to write about Samson in general, only to consider for a few moments one statement respecting him, "*The Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times.*" Judges xiii. 25. The words present three things to our notice:—

A Young Man.—Samson was, at this time young, and tenderly beloved of his parents, he was honourably distinguished from his fellows, intended for great usefulness, exposed to many temptations, and compassed with lamentable infirmities. In looking around me, I can see young men, in these respects, very much like Samson. They are tenderly beloved of their parents, who look upon them as their hope and joy. For them their prayers ascend, and around them their affections gather. Nothing is denied them that is considered likely to advance them or do them good. And in many things they are honourably distinguished, for they are sober, and thoughtful, and moral. They believed the Bible, respect the Sabbath and attend the means of grace. They appear likely to be very useful, for they have respectable gifts, a generous disposition, and if their hearts were right with God, they would be shining and useful characters. But they are exposed to many temptations, for Satan lies in wait to mislead them, the flesh is strong within them, and worldly companions would like to ensnare them. Nor are they free from infirmities. Some of them need more courage, some more simplicity, and all of them need decision—I mean decision for God and devotedness to him. But we are introduced to,

A Holy Agent.—"*The Spirit of the Lord.*" The Holy Spirit is a divine person, equal with the Father and the Son, consequently the true and eternal God. But he has undertaken a distinct work in creation, providence, and grace. In

creation he moved on the face of the waters, or brooded over the abyss, and gave both vegetable and animal life. In providence he works for the saints in a secret, certain, and mysterious manner. But his principal work is in grace. He inspired the prophets and holy men of old; he began to move, or prompt, or influence Samson at times, and so he does our young people now. He is the gift of God, and generally communicated and received through the preaching of the gospel.—He is the author of all spiritual good in the hearts of the Lord's people. He generates every good desire, directs to the use of every good word, and prompts to every good action. His presence, power, and agency, are absolutely necessary for man; as without these there would be no regeneration, conversion, or sanctification. He is possessed by all believers, and works in them to will and to do of his own good pleasure. To be without the Spirit, is to be without life, without power, and without spiritual wisdom. The Son of God is not more necessary to be our Redeemer, than is the Spirit of God to be our guide, teacher and sanctifier. Therefore we have set before us,

A Divine Operation.—"*The Spirit of God began to move him at times.*" The mind of man is naturally restless, it is always in motion, but of itself it never moves right toward God, or divine things. The motions of the Spirit are always in accordance with our nature, and suitable to our condition and circumstances. He never acts upon man as he would upon matter, or as he would upon the brute creation; which is only saying, that he acts wisely in his dealings with us. His work is in accordance with the end to be accomplished, hence in some he acted as a Spirit of prediction, in some as a Spirit of government, and in Samson principally as a Spirit of strength. In us he acts as a Spirit of grace, or a Spirit of truth, or a Spirit of life. In his work, he not only has regard to our nature, but to our age, circumstances, and destination. He moves the young often, when they little suspect that it is his divine agency which is at work with them. There is a thought, it may be of death, of eternity, of sin, of salvation, of God, or of Christ—or there is a fact, perhaps a very solemn fact, presented to, and fastened upon the mind—a solemn sense of danger and fear is produced—a desire for salvation, or to escape the wrath to come, is felt—a prayer, simple but fervent, is put up—a hope that mercy will be shewn, and deliverance be wrought, is excited—a sense of pleasure in reference to divine things is realised—and at length the soul's interest in Christ is cleared up. In all this, we trace the moving of the mind and heart, by the Spirit of God. For we ascribe every good motion, every good desire, all real prayer, and every good action to him.

Reader, the personality and divinity of the Holy Spirit are solemn truths; and the work and operations of the Holy Spirit in the heart are absolutely necessary to salvation.

WHAT WOULD MAKE YOU HAPPY.

Substance of part of an Address delivered at one of the London Theatre Services, by Richard Weaver, the Converted Collier.

"Many of you are saying, 'I wish I was as happy as Weaver.' Well, I wish you were; and I'll tell you what makes *me* happy, and what would make *you* happy too. If you had seen me ten years ago—a man with bloodshot eyes and bloated face, a drunkard and a blasphemer—a man with brutish passions and bloody hands—a man too bad for earth, and almost too bad for hell, but not too bad for the arms of Christ. No; glory be to God! his arms were stretched wide open to receive me, bad as I was. And they are stretched wide open to receive *you*—yes, the very worst of you, and just as you are. If anything was needed from us, what had I to bring?—nothing but dice, and boxing-gloves, and game-cocks, and fighting dogs. "But according to his mercy, he saved me." The Lord Jesus Christ shed his life blood to redeem me. We have all forfeited life, for "we have all sinned," and "*death is the wages of sin,*" but Jesus gave *his* life a ransom for us.—The Law, which cannot be broken, says, "*Life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth;*" (Deut. xix. 21;) and, blessed be God, *life has gone for life.* Justice demanded our life, and Jesus gave his life instead.

Ah, my friends, Jesus is God's gift to the world. God loved the world—yes, a world of sinners, with so great love that he gave his only begotten Son to save them. Oh! "thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!" And now does some one ask—"How and when am I to get this gift?" I say *Just by receiving it,* and receiving it *at once*—now, upon the spot. It does not need a twelvemonth to receive a gift. Does it? Now, as God gave Jesus *freely* to be a Saviour, I just receive him *as freely as he is given.* I receive him as my ransom. I accept him as my Saviour, and I am saved. Glory be to God! I am saved by faith. How?—do you again ask me? I'll tell you: Faith saves by obeying God. Saving faith is obeying faith. If I was asked to dinner to-morrow, faith would go straight to the house.—When the door was opened, faith would

walk in and take his seat at the table.—Faith would partake of what was provided.—Faith would enjoy it and be satisfied.—Faith does not come three parts of the way to Christ but gets right to Calvary, and standing on the top of that blood-stained mount, cries, "This blood was shed for me." The blood has paid my debt—yes, this blood has not only paid my debt, but it has made me a child of God, and an heir of glory; for, as the Word of God says, "*we are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.*" And again, "*We are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.*" O sinners, if you perish, it won't be because God didn't love you, or because Christ didn't die for you, but because you didn't believe in him. You would not have him; you did not want him. It is because you would rather lie down in damnation, than come to him to be saved. You would not trust your soul to him, though he beseeches you to do so.—If you did, that's *what would make you happy,* and holy too. Oh, what a friend Christ is! You know that often if we say something which our companions don't like, they'll turn their backs upon us; but he has been my companion for ten years, and I've often said things he hasn't liked; but he says to-night, "I'll never leave thee, Richard, I'll never forsake thee." The Lord bless you."

"THOU SHALT NOT COVET."

In 1853, I knew a young girl, whose great besetment was a love of dress. She looked pale and wretched whenever she saw anyone among her companions better dressed than herself. She always lamented she was too poor to buy fine clothes. It happened that her aunt kept a lodging-house at a watering-place, and this girl lived with her as a servant. A lady, from London, went down to lodge in their house. On the very night of the lady's arrival, she was seized with the worst form of cholera, and died in a few hours. The clothes the lady had on, when she was attacked with the disease, the doctor ordered should be burned, for fear of infection. There had not previously been a case of cholera in the town, and the authorities

were anxious to take very vigorous measures, if possible, to stay the pestilence. Now the lodger had worn a very handsome silk gown. Jane noticed it with covetous eyes when the poor lady came. She heard the order given that the clothes should be burnt, to which of course the lady's friends made no objection, and Jane's aunt threw out a large bundle from the window, into an iron-pot in the yard, in which there was some lighted tow. But Jane managed to get away the silk gown. She did not consider that she stole it, because it was condemned to the flames. She coveted it, and yielded to the temptation. Now, some people think that cholera is not infectious, and I cannot venture to say whether it is, or not, but I know that no one in that house shared the poor lady's fate, but Jane. Ten days elapsed—she took an opportunity to wear that gown when she went to see her mother, and was taken ill with it on, and died after three days' illness. "THOU SHALT NOT COVER."—*Mrs. Balfour.*

IRRESOLUTION.

Irresolution is a habit which creeps upon its victim with a fatal facility. It is not vicious, but it leads to vice, and many a fine heart has paid the penalty of it at the scaffold. Trifling as it appears in the wavering steps of the young, as they grow older its form changes to that of a hideous monster, which leads them to destruction with their eyes open. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurian and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in its most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain is poison, yet he swallows it. He knows, for the example of thousands has painted it in glaring colors, that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with foul disease, and hurry his progress to a dishonoured grave, yet he drains it under a species of dreadful spell, like that by which small creatures are said to approach and leap into the jaws of the loathsome serpent, whose fiendish eyes have fascinated them. How beautiful and manly is that power by which the resolute man passes unmoved through these dangers.

LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

Nothing is more true than that the happiness and the true success of life often depend upon little things. God is as admirable and perfect in his least works as in his mightiest, finishes up as wonderfully the minute sting of a bee, as the sky-piercing needle of Mont Blanc. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the fact that the microscope, which reveals the little, shows us along vistas and corridors of exceeding beauty and perfection of detail, as truly as the telescope, which conducts us through the glowing pathway of the sky, and amid the serene order and sublimity of the Milky-Way.

We are to take pattern in this as in other things, from our Divine Head and Father, and study to be perfect in all our ways, in the least as well as in the greatest. It was said to be the secret of the success of Napoleon, that, while he conceived great plans, he was attentive to the slightest particulars. He never left anything to chance. He did not win, as is generally supposed, by lucky hits, but by having everything ready; by seeing that preparation was made for every contingency; by having his artillery, and cavalry, and infantry, and all their appointments and details carefully and perfectly made; and then, when all was prepared, launching his whole force like a thunderbolt into action. His good fortune was simply better calculation. And when, at last, he began to fail, and the bright bubble of his glory burst, it was because he grew careless, took counsel of rashness, and trusted more to luck and chance. Nothing is ever forgotten. Nothing is ever lost. Nothing is too small to have its effect. Words, deeds, feelings, fancies, whims, speculations, talks, dreams, as well as principles, lessons, truths, all go to weave that wonderful whole which we call character. There is a recording angel that writes down the whole, and that angel is not sitting far up aloft in the skies. He sits and sings, if the entry is good; or, he sits and groans and weeps, if the entry to be made is foul and ill, in the confines of our own breast. The most fugitive thoughts, the swiftest gleam of fancy, the faintest quivers of the heart-strings, cannot escape his bright eye and deftly recording pen. Down it goes, good or bad, sorry or glad, the lie, the sin, the impurity, the hard-heartedness—it is a sadly-mottled book; but what covers its infinitely varied and spotted pages, each day a page, is not great things—battles, sieges, coronations, shipwrecks, deaths, crimes, bankruptcies—but little things, mere sands and grains in life's hour-glass, but together making up the good or bad life and character.—*Christian Inquirer.*

PERSONAL HARDSHIP.

BY REV. FREDERICK G. CLARK.

Whoever will trace the history of human success will wonder to find the way to eminence so generally a rugged, uphill path; and this is so, whatever the department of effort, whether literary, religious, political, or philanthropic. How beset is this path with chasms, morasses, deep streams, and jungles! The world never made a greater mistake than when it writes the path of genius a painless one. The superficial think genius but an express train to success, in which the illustrious did but take their seat with a through ticket in their pocket. But they who have better read the history of greatness, have learned that genius is mainly the power of work. Did we sketch it, we should see a strong form, with muscle, and nerves, and burning eye. See him there grappling with the difficulties of the way. His progress is very often a dead climb up steep which other men dare not essay. See him grasp rocks, twigs, roots; see where he puts his foot: see the strain of all the man, and the fiery purpose of the soul to overcome the hardships of his lot, and to conquer success by the sheer power of effort. Is it not a marvel that man, the greatest of creatures, must begin his existence in the greatest weakness and dependence?—The horse comes to perfection of muscle and movement as a birth-right. But what will man become if left to mere natural development? What does he know but by attention, imitation, and study? What can you make of him, until he is jostled from the cradle of his ease by some hardship or rudeness? Hardship is at once the price and the birth-pang of that which earth and heaven values.

So much is this the case, that one might almost venture to graduate successes by their cost. A wild rose will grow anywhere. It needs no culture, no care; it will blossom along the roadside. The world is full of such flowers; but what is the wild rose? Pluck it; smell it; look at it. It is poor, colorless, odorless. It costs nothing; it is worth nothing. But you hand me now an exquisite rose-bud.—What fragrance, what richness of color,

what matchless beauty! Where did you get it? Tell me its history? It is one of a hundred seedlings which struck root in your conservatory. The gardener planted them, watered and watched them, defended them from insect marauders; and out of the hundred he rejected ninety and nine as common and comparatively worthless. That one rose, then, is the result of skill, time, and painstaking. And we have heard of a gardener's putting a choice plant away in the dark, starving it of all light and cheerfulness, until every leaf fell off, and it seemed about to die; and all this severity of treatment was only that afterwards, when the light was admitted, the plant might bring forth a blossom of such rare, deep coloring as could only come from those dark days.

So everywhere in human experience, as frequently in nature, hardship is the vestibule of the highest success. That magnificent oak was detained twenty years in its upward growth while its roots took a great turn around a boulder by which the tree was anchored to withstand the storms of centuries.

I see a pearl upon your bosom. What is it? It is the result of suffering in the oyster. It came of disease and hardship. I see a man; he is a pearl among men.—Shall I tell you his history? He is born not only of flesh and blood, but of crosses and disappointments, and he has struggled to his present position by a succession of victories over hardship and suffering.—This discipline has made him what he is.

Hence it is that PATIENCE is the greatest of virtues, since it vanquishes hardship.—This is the principle which says in reference to every honest pursuit, "I bide my time." Patience is faith in truth, in effort, in great laws leading on to success. It is the principle which the sapling oak unconsciously illustrates as it grows side by side with the sunflower. The ephemeral plant will out-top it, stretching out its great arms in derision, and laughing with its jolly round face at the poor creeping oak. But that oak will attend the funeral of generations of sunflowers, drawing its very life from the loam which constitutes their grave. Patience with ourselves, patience with others, patience with God

and with his providence—this is the secret of success. Patience lives in the conviction that truth and right are strong and will yet have their day. It is no less sure that wrong is weak, and that its sun will by-and-by go down in a starless night. It remembers the old story of Bessus and the birds' nests. The innocent chatter of the birds under his window reminded him of the murder of his father, a crime which he had committed secretly, and of which he was never suspected till in anger he tore down the nests. If we can only be patient we shall overcome. Difficulties will disappear, and mysteries will solve themselves; the right will triumph in God's full time. The mill of God grinds too slowly for us all. We know not how to wait the "due time" of Providence in the great interests of the world, and in the interior struggles of our soul. But if we would conquer, we must *struggle and wait*.

"GO, WORK IN MY VINEYARD."

Ye servants of the Holy One,
Your Master's voice obey
And rest not till your work is done
Nor for the morrow stay.

Look to the garden of your heart,
For weeds are growing there;
With faithful prayer act well your part,
It needs a constant care.

Behold the fields for harvest white
Fields of immortal grain;
Go, labour there with all your might;
Your work shall not be vain.

And other soil awaits the seed—
Beside all waters sow;
And ask your Father on each deed
His blessing to bestow.

However humble is the sphere
By God assigned to you,
In just the place He gives you here
There is a work to do.

Some sow the seed, while others reap,
And some prepare the soil;
While some through sufferings only
weep
And pray for those who toil.

Why stand ye idle all the day?
Filled with a Saviour's love,
Go, point to dying souls the way
To life and joys above. LEILA GREY.

THE KEY TO THE HEART.

Miss Grey's school was in the outskirts of a village, in a lonely, dull part, where the children were very rude and ignorant; they were not properly governed at home, and they did not behave well at school.—Indeed the school bore such a bad character, that Miss Grey's friends advised her not to go there. But Miss Grey said she would try what she could do; she was not easily frightened or discouraged. She loved the Lord Jesus, and she remembered how He said, "Feed my lambs;" and she knew these children were *His* lambs, only they were *stray* lambs; and she thought how happy she should be to lead these little stray lambs back to Jesus' good fold. Was she not a kind schoolmistress?

Well, the children soon began to love her very much, and they grew more tractable and obedient. But there was one boy, whose name was Dick, who was worse than the rest. He would not mind; he would not study; he seemed to take pleasure in giving trouble to others; he did not care for anybody. He often boasted "*he* did not care for governess!" And for a long time Miss Grey could not find any soft little place to touch him; she thought there *must* be such a place, for she could not believe the boy's heart could be all hard, and yet she could not find it.

Then she thought she would go over to the boy's home, and see his home, and see his father and mother. It was a long walk through the woods, and not a very nice looking cottage when she reached it. His mother was in, and she said, "Well, Miss, what do you make of our boy?—He is a mischievous little fellow as ever was," she continued in a rough tone; "I tell him he'll come to a bad end some day."

Miss Grey did not tell all she thought; she only spoke as kindly as she could; and after staying for a little while, she set out for home.

Dick was perched outside on the wood pile. "Here, you idle boy," shouted his mother to him. "Go, and show your governess the shortest way." Dick got slowly down, and without vouchsafing Miss Grey a look, or a word, marched on before her, whistling.

"What are you whistling for, Dick?"—

"For my dog," answered the boy.

"Ah, you never told me you had a dog. I like dogs. I should like to see your dog." And Miss Grey told him some amusing stories about her dog which she had at home; and Dick seemed pleased.

Presently they came to a turn in the road. "There," said Dick, "you take the right turning, and you'll get home.—Are not afraid, are you?" Miss Grey said she was not, and Dick hurried off.

Miss Grey thought he had left her suddenly; but it was only Dick after all, and she walked on alone and thinking. It was not long, however, before she heard a running behind her; she looked around, and lo, there was Dick and his dog in hot haste after her.

"I have brought my dog to show you," he said. "Mother hates dogs, and father hates *mine*; but he and I like each other best of anybody. Here, Watch; here, sir, speak to the mistress. Is he not a beauty, ma'am?"

Miss Grey had certainly seen handsome dogs; but she spoke kindly to Watch, and Watch wagged his tail and looked quite delighted. Dick and Watch trudged quite home with her. It was a very sociable walk.

The next morning Dick came to school in time, and he took his slate cheerfully, and tried to do his sum. "I like governess first-rate," he told the boys; and from that time Miss Grey had no trouble with Dick. In fact, she found the soft place in his heart; she *sympathized* with him about his dog. Poor Dick's parents had forgotten they were ever children; they had been hard with the boy; they had never sympathized with him in his child interest, and trials, and pleasures. Miss Grey felt for children; she remembered when she was a child; and poor Dick thought he had never found such a friend before in his life. He now began to improve.

Such is the power of sympathy. It is this which makes the Saviour such a precious Friend. He became a child and a man, not only that He might die for us, but that He might *feel* for us. Oh, if we only believe this, should we not love Him more, and take a greater delight in doing what He tells us?

Would you try to influence for good some one whom you know? You must do it by loving sympathy. Kindness is the key with which to open human hearts.—*The Church of England Sunday Scholars' Magazine.*

"'T WAS MY MOTHER'S."

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for the starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come, John, come!" said the superintendent, "What are you going to do with that old piece of calico?" "Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it out to take with me. My dear dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and *it is all I shall have to remember her by!*" And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother's love, and of the sad death-bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break! But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom, "to remember his mother by," hurried into the car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow.

Many an eye has moistened as the story of this orphan boy has been told; and many a heart has prayed that the God of the fatherless and motherless would be his friend. He loved his mother, and we cannot but believe that he obeyed her and was a faithful child. Will our little readers, whose parents are yet spared to them, always try to show their love by cheerful obedience, knowing that this is pleasing to the Lord? Will the boys, especially, always be affectionate and kind to their mothers?

JOHN NEWTON'S PERSONAL TESTIMONY TO FREE GRACE.

Great sinners often tremble lest the singular blackness of their sins should shut them out from finding mercy in Christ Jesus. Let the following testimony of one who, from the depths of sin was raised to an eminent height of holiness, and usefulness act as an encouragement:—"All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto man." "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." These and similar texts were all proved to the letter in the case of the African blasphemer, who became the mighty London preacher. Let us hear him speak for himself:—

"My case has been singular upon earth, and I think it will be almost so in heaven. If love is the essence of happiness, and if they to whom much has been forgiven shall love most, then, surely (astonishing thought!) I shall be found among the foremost, and, if I may so speak, the first-rate spirit before the throne.

"If great services and sufferings in the Lord's cause should be chiefly distinguished in the courts above, I may be thankful if I be admitted within the door; but if much forgiveness is the distinction, I shall have a claim above millions—I might venture to dispute precedence with Paul himself. I am the man who did many things against Jesus of Nazareth; *not because I thought I ought*, but because I was resolved I would. How often have I publicly and deliberately treated him as an impostor, compared him with Mahomet, and given preference to the latter! My mouth was an open sepulchre, and my life such, that I am persuaded the characters of many who died at the gallows would have been deemed amiable in comparison with mine. The Lord knows I do not exaggerate; yet I was spared, pardoned, and, what is more wonderful, reserved to preach the faith which I had despised, and laboured to destroy. Thus I was in the dark and dreadful days of ignorance. Since the Lord was pleased to call me by his grace, he has wonderfully restrained, and kept me in my outward path; so that I have not been suffered to make any considerable blot in the view of my fellow-creatures.—

Yet it is chiefly this latter period I shall refer to, for in that also much has been forgiven me. Sins after conversion have an higher aggravation, from the higher love and experience, against which they are committed, which cannot be found in the worst actions of natural men; and the heart, like the sea, has depths which no human plummet can fathom, and monsters which no eye but the eye of God can explore."

Sinner come as you now are to him who received John Newton, for he is ready to receive you.

THE WIDOW'S SON AND HIS BIBLE.

There was a pious widow, living in the northern part of England, on whom, in consequence of the loss she had sustained, devolved the sole care of a numerous family, consisting of seven daughters and one son. It was her chief anxiety to train up her children in those virtuous and religious habits which promote the present happiness and the immortal welfare of man. Her efforts were crowned with the best success, so far as the female branches of her family were concerned; but, alas! her boy proved ungrateful for her care, and became her scourge and her cross. He loved worldly company and pleasure, till, having impoverished his circumstances, it became necessary that he should go to sea. When his mother took her leave of him, she gave him a New Testament, inscribed with his name and her own, solemnly and tenderly entreating that he would keep the book and read it for her sake. He was borne far away upon the bosom of the trackless deep, and year after year elapsed without tidings of her boy. She occasionally visited parts of the island remote from her own residence, and particularly the metropolis; and, in whatever company she was cast, she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed, if perchance she might hear any tidings of the beloved object who was always uppermost in her thought. On one occasion, she met, in a party in London, a sea captain, of whom she made her accustomed inquiries. He informed her that he knew the vessel, and that she had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of Charles—; and

added, that he was so depraved and profligate a lad, that it were a good thing if he, and all like him, were at the bottom of the sea. Pierced to the inmost soul, the unhappy mother withdrew from the house, and resolved in future upon strict retirement, in which she might at once indulge and hide her hopeless grief. "I shall go down to the grave," was her language, "mourning for my son." She fixed her residence at one of the seaports on the northern coast. After the lapse of some years, a half-naked sailor knocked at the door, to ask relief. The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her, and never failed to awaken recollections and emotions better imagined than described. She heard his tale. He had seen great perils in the deep, had been several times wrecked, but said he had never been so dreadfully destitute as he was some years back, when himself and a fine young gentleman were the only individuals of a whole ship's crew, that were saved. "We were cast upon a desert island where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow! I shall never forget it." And here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks. "He read day and night in a little book, which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment; he wept for his sins, he prayed, he kissed the book; he talked of nothing but this book and his mother; and at the last he gave it to me, with many thanks for my poor services. 'There, Jack,' said he, 'take this book, and keep it, and read it, and may God bless you!—it's all I've got;' and then he clasped my hand, and died in peace." "Is all this true?" said the trembling, astonished mother. "Yea, madam, every word of it." And then drawing from his ragged jacket a little book, much battered and time-worn, he held it up, exclaiming, "and here's the very book, too." She seized the Testament, descried her own handwriting, and beheld the name of her son, coupled with her own on the cover. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold, thy son liveth." Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salva-

tion." "Will you part with this book, my honest fellow?" said the mother, anxious now to possess the precious relic. "No, madam," was the answer, "not for any money,—not for the world. He gave it to me with his dying hand. I have more than once lost my all since I got it, without losing this treasure, the value of which, I hope I have learned for myself; and I will never part with it till I part with the breath out of my body"

ALL IN CHRIST.

Man, or woman, or child, do you want anything? Are you anxious about the matters of your soul? Are you disturbed? Are you ignorant? Do you feel, "It is wisdom I want;" or "It is righteousness I want;" or "It is peace I want;" or "It is heaven I want?" Well, it is all in Christ. In the knowledge of Him is eternal life. And do you understand, it is all with Christ? You do not receive it from Christ; you receive it with Christ.—"He that hath the Son hath life." There is no salvation out of Him. We become bound up in Him by faith, and then all that belongs to Him, is ours. As it is all in Him, it is all with Him. Once more, it is all *for* Christ. Do you understand that all we receive is to go back to Him? it is given to us that we may glorify His holy name. Are we justified? Are we sanctified? Are we blood-bought? Are we temples of the Holy Ghost—heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ? It is that we may have liberty to serve God, and glorify the name of our Redeemer. Thus all that salvation implies is in Him; all that salvation implies is with Him; and all that salvation implies is for Him, in time and eternity. My brethren, Christ is a root, Christ is a rock. He is a root out of which flows the sap of grace, through the branches; and the soul that is united to Him as a branch, receiveth it. He is the Rock of Ages; and the soul that is based on Him, the gates of hell cannot prevail against; it shall rise up a mighty tower unto the skies, a building that shall manifest the wisdom, the power, the grace, and the glory of God, throughout eternity.—*Rev. C. Molyneux.*

"WE MUST BE SAVED."

Acts iv. 12.

Have you ever said to yourself, "I MUST BE SAVED?" Have you said it often? Are you saying it now? It is so awfully solemn, and so surely true. "WE MUST BE SAVED!" Does it not thunder through your soul? I knew of one whom these words arrested, as if a serpent had reared itself in his path, forbidding another step in that direction—as if a gulf had suddenly opened at his feet. Oh that some lightning-flash from the throne of God might fling into the conscience of every unsaved one the blaze of this tremendous truth, "WE MUST BE SAVED! WE MUST BE SAVED!"

It was the language of the apostle Peter at a remarkable time. He was looking round on a vast assembly, and specially upon an array of embittered judges who were seeking his life; but filled with pity and concern for their souls, his words became more and more earnest, till he wound all up in this startling appeal.—"WE MUST BE SAVED!" ran through the Judgment-hall where not many weeks before the Lord Jesus had been condemned; "You and I, Caiaphas, must be saved!" "You and I, O august Sanhedrim, must be saved!" He speaks as one who saw nothing before him but the peril of perishing. He is handling a matter as to which there is no possibility of doubt, and so with an almost unconscious confidence and vehement boldness, he summons his judges to confront their true condition and realise their state as sinful men.

I. IT IS THE LANGUAGE OF ONE WHO SAW MEN IN DANGER OF ETERNAL PERDITION. We are sinners, and so we are undone. And yet we cannot make up our minds to die? For who among us could dwell with the devouring fire? who among us could lie down amid everlasting burnings? "WE MUST BE SAVED!"

Unsaved soul, every sin pronounces over again the sentence, "Thou shalt die;" and that death is the hell of which Jesus says three times in one breath, (Mark ix. 44, 46, 48,) "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." One unpardoned sin places you among the left

hand company who "go away into EVER-LASTING punishment," (Matt. 25, 46;)—"Unto the fire prepared for the devil." It is "The unquenchable fire," (Matt. iii. 12;) a fire that even God cannot quench, for so to do would be to forego the claims of justice, and the honour of His Law. You must, then, be a sinner for ever! an enemy and hater of God FOR EVER! Your nature must be sensual and devilish FOR EVER! You must lie down in misery FOR EVER! under God's wrath FOR EVER—under God's abhorrence—in blank despair—FOR EVER AND EVER! EVERLASTING! is written on the prison-walls.

God in His Word has taken every possible mode of declaring this truth. Every sinner, too, forebodes it, and hence dreads eternity. And truly there is no other fact so terrible as this. At the same time, there is no other MORE SURE. We said, Scripture asserts it in every variety of form; but conscience is continually pointing the sinner forward to it. Reason, too, declares, that were hell to have an end, then sin would have led to heaven at last: sin, only by a longer route, would have landed the sinner in bliss! and so sin and holiness, like two confluent streams, would have become one! O fellow-sinner, AN ETERNAL HELL is an infallible truth; and you and I must flee from the flames. "WE MUST BE SAVED!"

It is indeed a truth little believed. For the policy of Satan is to withdraw attention from it; to get men to doubt it because it is so terrible; to persuade them to forget it, if not to disbelieve it. But neither unbelief nor forgetfulness will quench the endless flame, any more than man's forgetfulness of God can cause God to cease to be. And the appalling reality will burst on men ere long. Soon their eyes shall see it all! Soon there shall be no way of escape to be found. It is now, only now, that it avails us to say one to another, "O brother, we must be saved!"

Say not, "Surely if this be true, and all so tremendously terrible, God would make us more sensible of it; God would take care to have us right awake to the peril." But in this idea you are mistaken. All is already done, in the way of alarming you, that need be done with responsible beings. What evidence could make you

FEEL that hell is eternal? And even if one came to tell you that he had felt the beginning of it, and saw no shore to that lake of fire, you would forget it all, as you do now. "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead," said Jesus, (Luke xvi. 31,) who knows us well. You are called on to believe the testimony of God; and if you choose to doubt His word and thus call Him a liar, do you think He is bound to do more for you? If the rich man were sent to this world, and were he telling how he saw Lazarus afar off in Abraham's bosom, with an IMPASSABLE GULF BETWEEN! and were he to take for his text, "not a drop of water to cool my burning tongue!" all would fail to move the man who proudly, irrationally, daringly refuses to believe God, who sent His Son to testify to us, that there "Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

"WE MUST BE SAVED!" We dare no longer sit at ease. Let the words of our God and Saviour be sufficient to arouse us to flee from wrath. The angel testified of the coming shower to Lot at Sodom, but did not show him one spark of it before it came. The Holy Ghost does not take to the margin of that awful gulf in order to awaken it; we never once read of any who saw the flame of that hell, though we read of one who, after his conversion, saw Paradise and the Third Heavens. No, the Holy Ghost presses on the sinner's attention the testimony of Moses and the Prophets, and the Apostles, and the Saviour: and thus you must learn to realise something of that awful world to come, something of that abiding wrath, something of that intolerable, unutterable, never-ceasing, never-ending woe, which a lost soul must bear!

GLASGOW, 1863.

A PRAYER OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

It may be interesting to our readers to meet with a prayer used in the second century, and to see how exactly it corresponds with the religious sentiments of pious men in the present day:—

"In faith, I confess and adore Thee, O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Creator of angels and of men, have mercy on thy creatures!

"In faith, I confess and adore Thee, O invisible Light most holy Trinity, and one God! Creator of light and Destroyer of darkness, expel from my soul the darkness of sin and ignorance, and enlighten my soul at this moment, that I may be able to pray unto Thee after thy good pleasure, and obtain from Thee my request. Have mercy upon a great sinner like me.

"Heavenly Father, true God, Thou who hast sent thy beloved Son to seek the lost sheep, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee; accept me as Thou didst accept the prodigal son, and clothe me in the primitive dress of which I have been deprived, and have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me a miserable sinner.

"Son of God, true God, who didst descend from the bosom of the Father, and tookest a body upon Thyself in the holy Virgin for our salvation, who hast been crucified, and buried, and raised up from the dead, and hast ascended up into heaven, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee; remember me as Thou didst the thief on the cross, when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom. Have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a great sinner.

"Spirit of God, who didst descend in the river Jordan, and hast enlightened me with the baptism of thy holy fountain, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee; purify me again with thy fire divine, as Thou didst purify the Apostles with the tongue of fire. And have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a miserable sinner.

"Christ, thou living fire, kindle in my heart the fire of thy love, which Thou hast scattered upon earth, that it may consume the uncleanness of my heart, and purify my conscience; and kindle in my intellect the light of thy knowledge. And have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me a miserable sinner."

PEACE PROCLAIMED!

At the close of the war with Great Britain, I was in the city of New York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth; and as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single-handed. Our harbours were blockaded. Communication coastwise between our ports was cut off. Our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security. Our immense annual products were moulding in our warehouses. The sources of profitable labour were dried up. Our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. The extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other, and differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household. The credit of the government was exhausted. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could much longer be protracted.

It happened that on a Saturday evening in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a vessel bringing home our commissioners at Ghent, from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city. Expectation became painfully intense as the hour of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell, rushed in breathless haste into the city, to repeat them to their friends, shouting, as they ran through the streets, "*Peace! Peace! Peace!*" Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting, like madmen, "*Peace! Peace! Peace!*" When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fireside, beguiling

the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agony of war was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, *every one becoming a herald*, the news soon reached every man, woman and child in the city; and, in this sense, the city was *evangelized*.

And now, my Christian friends, when Jehovah has offered to our world a treaty of peace—when men, doomed to hell, may be raised to seats at the right hand of God—is there not to be a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Are men to perish around us, and no one ever personally to offer to them salvation through a crucified Redeemer?—*Dr. Wayland.*

GOING HOME.

"Going home," and going quickly!

It's a thought to cheer the heart.

Should we suffer—be it meekly;—

Soon the world and we must part,

Never more to meet again:

There's an end of suffering then,

There's an end of all that grieves us;—

How the hope of this relieve us!

"Going home,"—how sweet, how cheering!

Going to the place we love,

There in royal state appearing,

'Midst the shining hosts above;

There our FATHER dwells and reigns,

Greater He than fancy feigns;

There His people live for ever,

Theirs a portion failing never!

"Going home,"—there's nothing dearer

To the pilgrim's heart than "*HOME*:"

Drawing nearer still and nearer

To the place where pilgrims come;

Much he thinks of what will be,

Much of what he hopes to see;

Thinks of kindred, friends, and brothers,

But of Christ above all others.

'Tis the blessed hope of seeing

Him he loves, in glory there!

Blessed hope of ever being

With the Lord, His joys to share.—

'Tis this hope that lightens toil,

And in sorrow makes him smile,

Cheers him in the midst of strangers,

Keeps him when beset with dangers.

"Going home,"—then it behoves us

Here to live as pilgrims do:

When the trial comes it proves us,

Proves if we have faith or no.

Let us make our calling sure,

Let us to the end endure;

In the Saviour's love abiding,

In the Saviour's strength confiding!

THE ORPHAN BOY;
OR, HOW LITTLE JOHN WAS RECLAIMED.

BY MISS E. MATHEWS.

'Tis evening, see the twilight clouds
Are hastening on their way;
And dark-robed night will soon usurp
The throne of glowing day.

The sunbeams kiss the waving trees
That ornament the park;
And bid the ling'ring children haste,
To reach their homes ere dark.

Within a small and quiet room
The parting sunlight falls,
Gilding the snowy window-blind,—
The pictures on the walls.

A woman fair is sitting there,
A babe is sleeping near,
She sighs, and with a trembling hand
Wipes off a falling tear.

"Oh, what will my poor baby do,
In this wide world alone?
The doctor says, I may not live,"
She said in softest tone.

"God knows I do not fear to die,
For thee, my child, I sorrow;
Oh, who will love and care for you,
If I should die to-morrow?"

A step is heard upon the stairs,
The door is opened wide;
She smiles to greet the husband dear,
Who hastens to her side.

"What! tears, my darling one?" he said,
And stooped to kiss her brow;
"You must not weep, the doctor says:
But you are smiling now!"

"Cheer up, my love, you will not die,
Your cheek is growing red;
These eyes as bright and beautiful
As when we first were wed.

"You must get well for baby's sake:
Ah, Mary! why that sigh?"
She did not speak, but pointed to
The golden-tinted sky.

"Oh, listen, John!" at length she said:
"When from you I am borne,
And when the tie that binds us both
By Death's cold hand is torn;

"Remember her you loved so well,
Who waits for you on high;
And strive to win the peace of mind
That riches cannot buy.

"I scarce have felt a mother's joys,
So soon I'm called to part
From the sweet babe, who nestles now
So closely to my heart.

"But thou, I trust, wilt see the bud
Become a beauteous flower;
Wilt hear the name of 'father' lisped
In sorrow's gloomy hour.

"In him thou'lt trace his mother's face;
His eyes are dark as mine;
He must not be a stranger's care,
No, John,—he must be thine."

She ceased, her deeply earnest eyes
Were gazing in his own;
The tears fell fast, he could not speak,
But heaved a bitter groan.

The sun declined, the last faint beam
Shone softly from the west;
And now the infant smiled upon
Its fair young mother's breast.

The shadow fled the husband's brow,
He hailed the sight with joy,
And cheerful once again he bent
To kiss his lovely boy.

"You must not have such gloomy thoughts,
Those dull books turn your head;
I will not leave you quite so long
To-norrow, love," he said.

"I wish that prosy canting set
Would keep away from here;
You want a pleasant merry friend
To cheer your spirits, dear.

"They talk so much of death and hell,
Enough to drive one mad;
I do not wonder, Mary, love,
That you are growing sad."

"Not sad, dear John, but anxious you
Should share my happiness,
You know how much I love you both,"
She said, with fond caress.

The moonbeams gently flood the room,
Yet still the mother pleads,
And then, her husband, at her wish,
Her much-loved Bible reads.

The loving words she well explains,
The young man lists in sorrow,
Nor dreams that voice will soon be hush'd
In death upon the morrow.

But lo! at dawn, the Angel came
And called her soul away,
And sights and sounds of deepest woe
Greeted the rising day.

Two years and more have quickly fled
Since that young mother died;
The tiny infant that she left,
Is now its father's pride.

'Tis little John with merry shout
The workman runs to greet;
'Tis little John that toddles now
Beside him in the street.

The tender father loves to gaze
Upon that beaming face;
Again he seems, in fancied thought,
The mother's brow to trace.

Those lustrous eyes so brightly dark,
The smiling coral lips;
Her dying words ring in his ears,
He turns away and weeps.

"Oh, Mary, love! though thou hast gone,
Thy memory still is dear,
Methinks in such an hour as this
Thy Form is hovering near."

Ah, yes! unseen, an Angel stands,
The spirit of his wite,
And hends o'er both in anxious love,
To guard them from the strife.

The landlady throughout the day
Took care of little John,
His prattling tongue and pretty ways
Her kindly heart had won.

She grieved for that poor lonely man,
And tidied up the room,
And strove in many friendly ways
To drive away his gloom.

John saw it all, and ponder'd long—
"The widow's good and kind,"
Said he, "my darling will, I'm sure,
In her a mother find."

And ere a month had pass'd away
The widow was his wife;
But soon poor John lamented much
That he had changed his life.

For frowns had ta'en the place of smiles,
Her children soon were rude,
And he had now to labour hard
To find them all in food.

No pleasant words and cheerful hearth
Now greeted his return;
The cloud fell darker on his brow,
He grew morose and stern.

Poor little John was pushed about,
And left to Sally's care;
A puny child of eight years old,
With rough untidy hair.

Her frock had many an ugly slit,
Her feet were naked too;—
And soon the tiny prattling child,
The neighbours scarcely knew.

His once sweet face had pallid grown,
They often heard him cry;
All marked the change, and pitying sought
His infant tears to dry.

His father press'd him to his heart
With deep and bitter grief,
And wished that death would quickly come
To give his woes relief.

But soon he rose and sought his wife,
Rage flashing in his eye;
She answered just as fierce as he,
And hoped the "brat" would die.

Ah! could it be John's arm that fell'd
The woman to the floor, [brought
That caus'd the screams which quickly
The neighbours to the door?

Alas! that night John sought in drink
To drown his shame and grief,
The public-house was close at hand,
'Twas there he sought relief.

He sat behind the crimson blind
And laugh'd with drunken glee,
To hear the wit and ribald songs
Of those as drunk as he.

His work, and then his home, he left;
Scarce saw his little John;
The landlord of the "Blue Pig" laughed;
Another dupe was won.

The night is dark, the stormy wind
Is howling through the streets;
And on the heads of two poor boys,
The rain relentless beats.

The younger one is tall and fair,
His bright eyes black as jet,
And tight he draws his ragged coat
To shield him from the wet.

The other boy is taller still,
He may be twelve years old;
And, better clad, his well-worn suit
Defies the rain and cold.

"Come, John I hope you are inclined
To do a job to-night;
The weather serves us to a 'T';
Nay, lad, don't look so white!

"You can't expect that 'Jolly Bob'
Will keep us both in food,
Unless we take him something home,
As thieves in honour should.

"He's taught us all the tricks we know;
You're quite as quick as me;
And why you fear to make a snap,
I really cannot see."

"Come, here's a court will hide us both,
Should yonder gent suspect
We have an eye upon his purse,
And all our schemes detect,

"There's not a 'Peeler' now in sight,
So, Jack, let me go first;
And if I'm caught, then you run home
And tell old Bob the worst."

"Nay, Harry, stop!" exclaimed the lad
"Just list to what I say,
Oh, cannot we give up this trade,—
Pay Bob another way?"

The other laugh'd and saunter'd on;
A man that moment pass'd,
So quick he walk'd that not a glance
Upon the boys he cast.

But not so quick that Harry's trick
Was then perform'd in vain;
No! swift as thought the purse was caught
And carried up the lane.

"Now stop!" cried Harry, when he found
That they were not pursued;
"Let's see how Fortune's favoured us,
I hope 'tis something good."

"Look, John, a golden sovereign!
Two shillings, and a note!
Bravo! this welcome sum will serve
To keep us both afloat.

"And oh, what jolly fun we'll have,
A supper fit for kings;
And won't old Bob's eyes glisten bright
To see the tempting things."

With hasty feet and whispering tongues,
The hapless orphans ran
And thought how cleverly they'd robbed
That unsuspecting man.

But we must turn to earlier times,
When John was two years old;
And tell how soon his father died,
And slumber'd 'neath the mould.

How when a helpless orphan left,
The woman beat him sore;
And he was forc'd, at her command,
To beg from door to door.

Until, by chance, he meets old Bob,
A trainer of young thieves;
And gladly at this man's request,
His stepmother he leaves.

Five years have pass'd and now, inured
To cheat, and swear, and lie,
He goes with Harry to the streets,
His dreadful skill to try.

But o'er the little outcast's path
A guardian angel flies;
The form of her he never knew
Comes to him from the skies.

Oh! hath she pray'd in vain for him?
Shall sin assert its power?
Ah, no! she feels he will be saved,
Though storm and tempest lower.

'Tis night once more, and John goes forth
Into the streets alone;
For Harry still is revelling
In riches not his own.

The stars look down upon the boy,
An angel form is nigh,
He dreams not that his mother sees
Her darling from on high.

A gentleman with hurried step
Advanced to John, and said:—
"Pray, do you know some tidy house
Where I can get a bed?"

"I'm weary now with travelling,
And want a quiet home;
Speak! can you show me what I want?
Or must I further roam?"

With blanching cheek, but steady hand,
And quite an honest look,
John spoke, and slyly from the man
A pocket-book he took.

The stolen treasure tight he grasp'd,
The gentleman passed on;
While John ran trembling up the lane
To see how much he'd won.

But hark! what sound is that he hears
Borne faintly on the wind?
"Stop thief!"—John rushes madly on,
While steps are heard behind.

With cries and yells the crowd pursue,
They nearer, nearer come;
He rushes now with flying speed
To reach his distant home.

'Tis vain, the thief is caught at last,
A policeman holds him tight,
And takes him to the station-house,
To linger for the night.

There, fastened in a gloomy cell,
Poor John awaits the morrow;
He cannot sleep, he cannot pray,
His heart is filled with sorrow.

At length the weary night was gone,
And, glad to know his fate,
John went with beating heart before
The sitting magistrate.

"A month, as 'twas his first offence,"
The sentence soon was heard;
With bursting heart he left the dock,
He could not speak a word.

The four dull weeks went slowly by,
The morning came at last
That set John free, with smiling face
Boys like himself he pass'd.

Poor children that had never known
A parent or a friend;
He reach'd the gates, then paus'd to think
Which way his steps to wend.

"If I go back to Bob," he said,
"He'll make me steal and lie;
And if I roam about the streets,
I shall with hunger die."

Ah, reader! he was not the first
That had such thoughts as these;
The jailor thinks his duty done,
When he the captive frees.

It may be so, but let me ask,
Where shall the outcast go?
The thief, the wanderer, whom the world
In scorn will never know?

He cannot starve, he must go back,
To haunts of crime and sin,
Until once more the cell receives
The harden'd culprit in.

John stood some time debating thus,
And heaving many a sigh;
When suddenly a gentleman
Observed his tearful eye.

He spoke so kindly to the lad,
That tears began to fall;
And then with deepest blush of shame,
The poor boy told him all.

"You say, you do not wish to steal,
Then come with me my child;
God loves to see a soul repent;"
He said in accents mild.

"So now, you shall go home with me
I'm sure you want some food;
And as we walk, I'll try to guess
Some plan to do you good."

John gladly took the offer'd hand,
Though he was so much surprised
To find by such a gentleman
He was not quite despised.

At length they reached a noble house
And knocked loud at the door;
A footman came, so grand a man
John had not seen before.

"Here, James, pray take this little boy
Down to the kitchen fire;
He wants some dinner, tell the cook
She acts by my desire."

The kitchen seem'd a fairy-land:
John blushing, took a seat,
As the fat cook with friendly words
Brought him a plate of meat.

And then, to crown the rich repast,
Some apple-pie she gave;
Because, she said, he was a lad
Who knew how to behave.

The bell was rung, the footman came,
And made John clean and neat,
Then bade him follow him upstairs;
He went with trembling feet.

With downcast eyes he stood abash'd
 Upon the parlor-floor;
 While soft the footman left the room
 And gently clos'd the door.
 "Don't be afraid, my little man,"
 A lady kindly said;
 So sweet she smiled that John grew bold,
 And lifted up his head.
 Again she spoke: "I've heard your tale,
 You've got an honest face;
 Say, would you like to have procur'd
 For you a decent place?
 "You soon will learn to clean the knives,
 And rub the windows bright;
 In service you may earn some clothes,
 If you do what is right."
 "Oh, thank you, ma'am!" said happy John,
 "I'm sure you're very kind;
 But do you think they'd take me in,
 If you a place could find?"
 "I wish indeed—" he stopp'd and blush'd,
 The lady sweetly smiled;
 "Say, would you like to live with us,
 My poor neglected child?"
 "Thanks, lady! thanks, indeed I should;
 In pity, let me stay!
 Oh, blessed hour, that led my steps
 In you kind-stranger's way.
 He pointed to the gentleman,
 Who felt the deepest joy,
 To think he'd rescu'd from the streets
 This ragged outcast boy.
 'Twas all agreed; John was to stay
 And live eight pounds a-year;
 No happier lad than he was found
 In London, far or near.
 Poor John grew up a pious man,
 And had a pious wife,
 And to his children loves to tell
 The story of his life.

Sabbath School Lessons.

BY REV. W. FERRIE, A.M.

January 17th, 1864.

EHUD.—JUDGES III. 12-31.

Verses 12 and 13. "And the children of Israel did evil again," &c. This was forty years after their deliverance under Othniel.

A new generation had sprung up, which probably had not been sufficiently taught about the past by its parents. What they did we are not told, but probably like their fathers they forgot God and served Baalim, &c. The consequence however was, that God strengthened another king against them. This was Eglon, king of Moab. The Moabites were descended of Lot, as also were the Ammonites. Moab and Ammon were the children of Lot's daughters, and should never have been born. The country of Moab lay to the east and south-east of the Dead Sea, and that of Ammon immediately to the north of Moab and to the south of the river Jabbok. Both the Moabites and Ammonites were idolaters, and hundreds of years ago their territories became the possession of the Arabs. "Moab shall be a perpetual desolation," is a prophecy of Zephaniah which has long since been fulfilled to the letter. They were every now and then waging war with Israel, or rejoicing in Israel's calamities, and this it was that drew down their ruin. The Amalekites were among the most ancient of the nations, but it is not clear where their territory lay. They were determined opposers of Israel to the end, and consequently long ago they ceased to be known. It is supposed they were descended of Ham. "The city of palm trees" is Jericho. (See Deut. xxxiv. 3.)

Verse 14. The children of Israel for their second offence had to serve ten years longer than for their first. It is a bitter as well as an evil thing to sin against the Lord.

Verse 15. God hears the cry of his people when they return to Him. "Turn unto me, saith the Lord, and I will turn unto you, saith the Lord." "The afflicted's cry He will not scorn." He who had strengthened an Eglon against them, now raises up an Ehud to deliver them; yet how few perceive the arm of the Lord revealed!

Verse 19. For "quarries" you will find in the margin "graven images."

Verse 24. See the margin for explanation of his "covering his feet," &c.

Verse 30. The land had rest twice as long this time as it had had before this new offence of Israel. If Israel receives twice as much

enrichment he obtains also twice as much rest after it. How mercifully does God still deal with His chosen ones.

January 24th, 1864.

LAZARUS' IS DEAD.—JOHN XI. 1-19.

Verse 1. Lazarus means "the help of God," Mary means "exalted," and Martha "who becomes bitter." Bethany is variously rendered "the house of song or affliction; the house of obedience; the house of the grace of the Lord." Bethany is styled the town of Mary and Martha, for they lived there. It was a mile and three quarters (see verse 18) and a little more from Jerusalem, and it was usual in going to it to pass over the Mount of Olives. It was returning from Bethany to Jerusalem that Jesus cursed the barren fig-tree, and it was when nigh unto it that he ascended into heaven. It is now an obscure village, but still Lazarus' grave is exhibited to strangers.

Verse 2. "It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment," &c. See next chapter at the 3rd verse. Mary had not yet done this, but she had done it long before John wrote his account of the gospel, which was some sixty years after Christ's ascension. There seems no ground for the idea that this was Mary Magdalene. The ointment she used was of spikenard, which is an aromatic plant, found, it is said, chiefly in India, and so costly that a pound of it has been computed to be worth £8, 6s. 8d. sterling.

Verse 4. "This sickness is not unto death." Christ here means that Lazarus' sickness was not intended to remove him away from his sisters permanently, as death does usually, but was sent to give Christ an opportunity of glorifying God by raising him from the dead.

Verse 6. Christ's abiding two days where he was, after hearing that Lazarus was sick, was owing to his love of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, for he had evidently been commissioned to raise Lazarus from the dead, and had he gone to Bethany before Lazarus was dead, his love might have exposed him to the temptation of preventing his death by healing him.

Verse 7. Judæa was formerly the kingdom of the two tribes, and Samaria and Galilee together that of the ten tribes. But it is believed that at the restoration from Babylonish captivity the children of Israel, irrespective of their former division into tribes, returned to Palestine in various detachments.

Verse 8. The people of Judæa were emphatically *Jews*, those of the ten tribes *Israelites*.

Verses 9 and 10. It was still Christ's day of life. It was not yet the night or time for his sufferings. See chapter ix., verse 4.

Verse 11. Our friend Lazarus sleepeth—that is to say, sleeps the sleep of death. Death is often spoken of as a sleep.

Verse 15. It was well for them Lazarus was dead, which might not have happened had Christ been there, for they would believe better on seeing him raised again.

Verse 16. Didymus signifies "a twin."

Verse 18. A furlong is the eighth part of a mile. "Fifteen furlongs," therefore, are a mile all but *half a quarter* (or an eighth).

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WHEN?

When shall I flee from earth away,
And be at rest?

When shall I hail eternal day,
No more distressed?

When shall I lay my armour down,
The conflict o'er?

When shall I wear the victor's crown
On Canaan's shore?

When shall I stand from sin set free,
Arrayed in white—
A dweller in God's temple be,
Both day and night?

When shall I drink the living stream,
That flows above
And know that heaven is not a dream,
That land of love?

If I am Christ's this better part
I soon shall see;
But if I'm unrenewed in heart
'Tis not for me.