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THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

THE HOLY SPIRIT,

His Place and Action in the Covenant of Redemption.

BY THE REV. P. GRAY, KINGSTON.

"After that ye believed ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance," &c.—Eph. i. 13, 14.

All God's works in the material and spiritual world, and all His operations of a moral nature, and the mode in which they are manifested and carried on, are parts of the wise and benevolent plan of Him who "hath made all things for Himself," and of whose vast designs successive events are but the evolution and development.

The cross of Christ, the hope, the life, and the glory of those "predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ;" the cross, the fountain of innumerable blessings, the mainstay of a ruined world, was raised up according to the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God; and His redeemed were "chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world." And in like manner, the mission, and office, and work of the Holy Spirit in the dispensation of grace, form an integral and all important element in the covenant of redemption, and therefore were designed, and comprehended in the eternal purpose of mercy to sinful man.

This whole section of Scripture (Eph. I.) represents salvation as flowing from the gracious purpose of God. And, as the divine agent in imparting this salvation, "the Holy Spirit of promise" is described

in His proper sphere, and doing His appropriate work.

When we think of the work of Christ, as contemplated in God's choice of a seed to serve Him, we learn that, while the purpose of mercy begins in the everlasting love and ends in the everlasting glory, Christ as Mediator occupies all the ground between. But it does not follow that there is no place for the Spirit in the scheme of redemption. Though "*Christ for us*" is the sole hope and refuge of believers; it is not *Christ without*, but *Christ anointed with the Spirit*, who is made unto us of God "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Christ as the great teacher, made known God's truth, as the Great High Priest, demonstrated God's willingness to save, by the sacrifice of Himself, as King, subjects to His sway, and employs all beings and agencies in His service. For this declarative, demonstrative and governmental work, He is qualified by His true Divinity and true humanity. But He has also an administrative work to perform. And that He may be qualified for that; in order that He may awaken sinners to a sense of their guilt and need, that He may draw

their attention and attract their love to the riches of divine grace, that He may save them from all iniquity by making them partakers of the Divine holiness; He has received the Spirit without measure, that is, all potent and all sufficient spiritual influences and energy, and so has gifts of grace to bestow on men—even the rebellious.

We do not therefore, when we take a proper view of the matter, ignore the agency and operation of the Holy Spirit, when we say that Christ is all. Nor do we offend Christ when we acknowledge and feel our indispensable need of that Spirit to solemnize, awaken, and quicken our souls, to convince us of sin, and convert us to God. Nay, these are the Saviour's own words, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." How much He thought of the necessity, and the blessedness of the Spirit's aid to man, you may gather from His last conversation with His disciples, John xiv. xv. xvi.

Turn now to the examination of the text. The Holy Spirit, in the place assigned to Him in the covenant, is described,

1. As the Holy Spirit of promise.
2. As sealing believers.
3. As being to them the Earnest of the Purchased possession.

We may profitably notice at the outset, that there is a speciality in the designation of the character and work of the Spirit here, proper to the position assigned Him in the plan of redemption, and to the condition of the people whom the Apostle was addressing, who were not now far off from God, but had been brought nigh, who were not about to learn, but had learned of Christ.

In speaking of the Holy Spirit in other circumstances, and regarding His agency in a more general aspect, Christ had dwelt with solemn earnestness upon the necessity of regeneration in the case of every human being. Referring to the good Sprites'

acting upon guilty, ruined, reckless men, Christ had said to His disciples, "When He the Spirit of truth has come, He will convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." And we are accustomed to think that the Spirit is first of all, if not most imperatively needed, to startle the secure and sleeping sinful soul, to dispel spiritual ignorance, and lead seekers to Christ for pardon and salvation. In this we think correctly. But when speaking of the Spirit to those who were led by Him, to those who were trusting in Jesus, you can easily understand that, if the Apostle could employ terms which, including the first operations of the Spirit, went at the same time much farther, embracing His whole work from beginning to end, such terms would be more appropriate in the circumstances of the persons addressed, and also the only proper terms of description in a statement where the Spirit's operation was spoken of as a whole, and as occupying a place in a pre-arranged and perfect plan. Well, this is the case here. Each of the terms applied to the Spirit is of the most comprehensive nature. He cannot seal us, He cannot be the earnest of a holy possession,—till we are enlightened, renewed, and united to Christ. And these terms are also so extensive as to include all the Spirit's aid to the last,—consolation,—sanctification,—assurance of God's love,—and the foretaste of heaven.

I.—HOLY SPIRIT DESCRIBED. AS "Holy Spirit of Promise."

1. "Holy Spirit!" as the Holy God,—God Himself,—from everlasting to everlasting, The Being of uncreated, spotless purity. Holy! as engaged in doing His part in maintaining the claims of supreme holiness, and vindicating the holy law, and working in the redemption of a guilty race, from which, under His influence, there is to be brought a holy people—washed from sin, and made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

"*Spirit of Promise*," commentators say, a Hebraism, that is the Jewish idiomatic way of saying, "promised spirit." The criticism is accurate, but the fact is overlooked that if there were not some significance, or emphasis in that Hebrew idiom rather than the Greek, there is no reason why the latter should not be found in the text.—Both Paul and his amanuensis were Greek scholars. And the Spirit who qualified Peter and John to write Greek very well, could surely have taught them to write correctly, as we say, if our idea of the correct would convey His meaning as correctly to our minds.

The Holy Ghost is the promised Spirit. On looking over Old Testament scriptures, we find that the gracious promises of God have all a reference to Christ. They all point to a suffering and yet triumphant Saviour. They all seek to turn the distracted mind from the contemplation of present sin, and ignorance, and woe, to "a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness," and to an era of holiness and peace and gladness, such as the world had never seen. Christ has therefore been called with propriety, the Great Promise to the ancient Church, as He is indeed God's unspeakable gift to the Church of every age.

It was necessary, previous to the advent of Christ, that the person and work of the Redeemer should fill the whole foreground of the vision of grace and latter-day glory; and with no disparagement to the Holy Spirit, necessary even now; for it is on the ground of Christ's atonement that the Spirit comes to sinners; and it is the applying, and securing to them of Christ's purchased gifts that constitutes His work in His administration of the gospel kingdom. But in the old economy, the Holy Spirit was not overlooked. Even then He was the Spirit of promise. We learn from the Old Testament records the distinction of the Spirit in the unity of the Godhead,

His personality, and His divinity, (at least we can see that now, with the more exact intimations of the New Testament before us.) "We read of Him as exerting a creative energy on matter,—as daily replenishing the earth with life and beauty,—as garnishing the heavens, and as visiting and actuating the moral world at pleasure, and wielding potent and salutary influence upon the spirits of men." Recognizing these communications the Psalmist exclaims "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?—If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there, if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." With this knowledge of the truth about the Spirit, but in a state of almost despairing terror, the Psalmist again utters the impassioned prayer: "Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me: restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy fresh Spirit." As we come downward in the history of the Church, we find the stream of prophecy deepening and widening, till in Isaiah's day, the Messiah and the Spirit of the Lord upon Him, are spoken of in equally explicit terms. And then we have Ezekiel's grand prediction, so fully describing the Worker and the work of regenerating grace, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you; a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them." Like to that is the prophecy of Joel, quoted by Peter on the day of Pentecost, and expressly said to have been

verified on that day, "And it shall come to pass in the last days saith God that I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, &c., &c.

In the New Testament we can hardly say that the promise is fuller or clearer: it is rather brought more closely and directly home to us. Just as the Old Testament speaks as plainly of God as Redeemer, while the New Testament presents that God as the "*Word made flesh*" dwelling among us—"the Lamb of God." *Man, and Brother!* So the New Testament differs from the Old, in respect to the Spirit, chiefly in bringing Him, and the necessity of His regenerating work, very near to us—"Ye must be born again." He is the *Paraclete*, ("*comforter*," in our translation,) i.e. Teacher, Monitor, Comforter, Advocate, Helper, all in one,—Christ's best gift, Christ's fullness to us. It is Christ himself that speaks most earnestly and familiarly about the Spirit. To the disciples He calls the Spirit "the promise of my Father." He was to teach them things they could not learn from the Son of man. He was to be Christ's protecting, consoling, and sanctifying presence, ever near, and all this not to them only, but to the church of time, as long as it should need a Guide—a God on earth.

The importance of spiritual operation can never be adequately prized—never fully known by us here. Gathering what we can about it, both from the Old Testament and the New, we learn that but for the gift of the Spirit all other God-gifts would be in vain. The Spirit is the complement and Crown, which gives utility and validity to all other bestowments. God had promised seed time and harvest, many a blessing, and many a privilege; He remembered His promises, and scattered gifts of good with liberal hand; but He might have kept all, even Christ need never have come and died for sinners, if the gift of the Spirit had not been contemplated, and His

work designated and arranged in the covenant of redemption. Thus the phrase, "*Holy Spirit of Promise*," is something more than the equivalent of "promised, holy, divine influence." As the Spirit seals God's people, so the bestowment of the Spirit is God's own seal upon the great and precious promises. The expression is not merely a Jewish idiomatic form underserving serious attention, it is a most expressive and helpful idiography to convey a clear impression of what Christ's Spirit—Christ's *alter ego*—is, to our minds.

There is a peculiar graciousness in this name of the Holy Spirit. When we remember that it was the Spirit of God, who inspired the sacred pen-men to write the revelation of God's good will, whereby life and immortality have been brought to light, heathen darkness dispelled, and a Saviour and His grace and truth made known.—When we remember that it is the Spirit as Christ's best gift, who animates all good men, who pours grace into the heart, and revives with heavenly life, the "dead in trespasses and sins." When we remember that He is omnipresent and omnipotent, the author of all controlling law, the supreme Spirit, ruling over the spirits of all flesh, without interfering improperly with the free agency of any accountable creature. When we remember that all forces natural and moral have been, and can be modified by Him, and that all influences are under His sway; so that the impression for good or for evil, the power, or the powerlessness of that impression, the timing or mistiming of an event pregnant with great consequences, and bearing on eternal destiny, are all subject to His direction. When we remember, also, that He is most free, independent, that it is His voluntary action whatever He does for sinners; then do we not see that his name—"Spirit of Promise," exhibits in a striking light, the love of the Spirit? God could not give the promise of the Spirit but with

the Spirit's consent. He has consented, He appropriates the name, and why? Because He is love. "God is love."

We have no claim on Him for favours, unless He gives us the claim. But He has Himself in that name "Spirit of Promise," given us the right, so to speak, to every blessing He can bestow. We are entitled to go and ask for this gift, which includes and closes all gifts, and not merely because we need His aid, so indispensable for us, but because He is "the Holy Spirit of Promise."

II.—THE HOLY SPIRIT DESCRIBED BY HIS WORK AS

"Sealing Believers."

2. The Spirit seals believers.—"Ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit." "The seal" was used in the apostles' days, as now, to close and make fast a letter, to secure from common observation, the correspondence between confidants. Sealing was resorted to more frequently then, when fewer could write than now, as the subscription of an individual to any document, giving validity to it. We retain this usage still in giving a deed for land, and in some other important contracts.

The seal was at times entrusted to an agent, to be known as the owner's authority for the transaction of business by the agent on his account. It was thus a commission, or ancient *power of attorney*, granted to another person, whose action was thus sanctioned by the owner of the seal.

The seal, or its impression was also put upon articles to mark that they were private property, or public property, as the case might be, and to denote that what was sealed was sacred and right.

Thus "sealing" signified setting apart,—securing,—approving,—regarding as sacred and confirmed.

So the work of the Holy Spirit is a sealing of believers, inasmuch as He puts

the seal of God, the stamp of holiness upon them. They are set apart for God. All covenant blessings are secured to them. They are approved and trusted by God.—They are confirmed, and God sanctions all that the Saviour and Spirit have done for them. Sealed as His, they are chosen, and called; and saved, counted genuine by Him, who can be deceived by no seeming. Like a bag of coins tested, and counted, and marked, by one who can discriminate, the church of Christ, all true believers are sealed as genuine by the spirit of God; Coin that will pass current in heaven, where hypocrites shall never come!

They are sealed as God's property, His at first; torn from Him by sin; then redeemed by the precious blood; separated from an evil world, they are not their own, but Christ's, and Christ is God's.

There are common operations of the spirit affecting all men; there are special gracious operations affecting every sinner returning to God; but *the sealing* is true only of believers, for sealing includes all. It is the stamp of the Spirit on His thorough work.

The sealed were convinced of sin, led to Christ, washed, justified, adopted into God's family, and are being transformed into God's likeness. As such they live a life of faith upon the Son of God—a life of prayer, growing holiness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. They are guided and guarded, made meet for the inheritance and finally they enter into glory. And these graces of the Spirit are the sole sure evidences that any are sealed by God the Spirit, as true members of Christ's body.

III.—THE HOLY SPIRIT DESCRIBED AS WHAT HE IS TO BELIEVERS,

"The Earnest of Inheritance."

3 *Earnest* means the pledge given to ratify a contract:—as when you make an important purchase, you give a part of the money, which confirms the bargain, and binds you in law and honor to abide by

the stipulation and pay the whole price;—binding in like manner the other party to adhere to his obligations.

So the Holy Spirit given us,—testified by His graces wrought in us,—is a *pledge on God's part* that the terms of the covenant of grace will be implemented, that all its blessings shall be ours.

"*Purchased Possession*" is what Christ has procured for His people. Redemption from sin. Inheritance in Heaven.

"*Until the redemption*" of this, that is till we enter into full possession of the purchased bliss. Till then, the Spirit is "*the earnest*"

And as "*an earnest*" is part of the stipulated purchase money, a small part it may be, but one shilling in a contract involving £1000, still it is money, of the same kind as, and so much of the price to be paid; so the "*earnest*" of the Spirit is part of God's reward of grace, and of the same kind as the riches He bestows in glory.

The Spirit's illumination now, is the "*earnest*" of *Everlasting Light* in Heaven; where mists no more shall darken minds, where they need no sun, nor moon, but the Lord God is their Light: where enlarged, sanctified vision and intellect shall rejoice in Jehovah and His works for ever.

The Spirit's sanctification now, is the "*earnest*" of the *Perfect Holiness* of the redeemed in Heaven; where they walk in white, and are worthy: where they shall be as the angels, like Christ Himself, seeing Him as He is: with no stain nor fear of sin, with no enemy to hurt, no unworthy thought to intrude, nor corrupting sight to reflect a darkening shadow, or cast a gloom on the Spirits true happiness.

The Spirit's comforting now, is an "*earnest*" of the unfading joys, the perfect bliss of the redeemed at God's right hand, where pleasures are for evermore; where in a higher and different sense than it can be said of the grave, "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Yes, grace here, is heaven begun. Heaven is but the infinite expansion of the truth, purity, and love, to which the Holy Spirit leads the subjects of his gracious influences now; and the complete conclusion of all that can mar, or detract from "Grace and Glory."

Let us pray for the sealing and the earnest of the Holy Spirit of Promise.

AN INTERESTING EXAMINATION.

An accurate examination into the periods of life in which those whose life of godliness gave evidence of true religion, first began to be followers of Christ, furnishes an amazing demonstration of the folly and danger of delay. The probability of conversion diminishes rapidly as every year rolls on.

"Take a congregation of 1,000 Christians; divide them into five classes, according to the ages at which they became Christians. Of these 1,000 Christians, there would be probably,—hopefully converted,—

Under 20 years of age	548
Between 20 and 30.	337
" 30 and 40	96
" 40 and 60	15
" 50 and 60	8

"Here are your five classes. But you complain of me, You ask, 'Why stop at sixty years old? Ah, well, then, if you will have a sixth class,—

Converted, between 60 and 70 years of age 1

"I once made an actual examination of this sort, in respect of 250 hopeful converts to Christ, who came under my observation at a particular period. Of these there were converted,—

Under 20 years of age	138
Between 20 and 30 years of age	85
" 30 and 40	22
" 40 and 50	4
" 50 and 60	3
" 60 and 70	1

"What an appeal is this to the unconverted of every age!"—DR. SPENCE

THE NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

A dying chief lay on his death-bed; calling his family around him, he said, "You well know that I have from time to time brought you much riches. I used to bring you muskets, hatchets, and blankets; but I afterwards heard of the new riches called faith. I sought it; I went a long and dangerous journey, for we were surrounded by enemies. I saw some natives who had heard of it, but they could not satisfy me. I sought further, but in vain. I then heard of a white man at Kapiti, and that with him was the spring where I could fill my empty and dry calabash. I travelled to his place; but he was gone, gone away ill. I returned to you, my children, dark-minded. Many days passed by. The snows fell, they melted, they went away; the tree-buds came, and the paths of our forests were again passable to our feet. We heard of another white man who was going about over mountains, and through forests and swamps, giving drink from his calabash to the poor natives, to the remnants of the tribes of the mighty, of the renowned of former days, now dwelling by twos and threes among the roots of the trees of the ancient forests, and among the brooks in the valleys. Yes, we heard of that white man; we heard of his going over the snowy mountains and up the east coast, and all over the rocks. I sent four of my children to meet him. They saw his face; yes, you talked with him. You brought me one drop of water from his calabash. You told me he would come to this far off spot to see me. I rejoiced. I disbelieved his coming, but I said 'he may.' I built the chapel; we waited expecting. You slept at night; I did not. He came: he came forth from the long forest, he stood upon our ground. I saw him; I shook hands with him.— Yes, I saw a missionary's face. I sat in his cloth house; I tasted his new food; I

heard him talk in our tongue. My heart bounded within me; I listened, I ate his words. You slept at night; I did not.— Yes, I listened, and he told me about God, and his Son Jesus Christ, and of peace and pardon, and of a Father's home beyond the stars. And now I, too, drank from his calabash and was refreshed. He gave me a book, too, as well as words. I laid hold of the new riches for you and me; and we have it now.

"My children, I am old; my hair is white, the yellow leaf is falling from the tree. I am departing; the sun is sinking behind the great western hills; it will soon be night. But hear me; do you hold fast the new riches, the great riches, the true riches? My children, I have been dreaming. Last night I saw my ministers; he was here smiling upon me and praying for me. It is well; it is good. Now I know I shall go to the world of spirits. It is well. Hold fast the true riches when I am gone. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

“THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK.”—A few weeks ago I was wandering from rock to rock among the Highlands searching after health, and there, day by day, one of the most touching sights I ever saw was to be seen. When the heat of the sun was up, an hour before midday, without exception there was a general move among all the cattle feeding on the pasture there. What was it for? The dam led her offspring to the shelter of the rock; the dam went and lay down under the jutting precipice or in the split cavern, and her offspring followed and lay down there too. Fathers, mothers, lead your children to Christ; go before them to the cleft rock, lie down under its shadow, it will save you from the wrath of God; and let them follow you there. Oh, let your example, and your inviting voice call them around you. Be telling of this salvation to your child! Tell it to your enemy, it will make him a friend; tell it to the stranger, it will make him at home; tell it in the work shop; be not afraid to confess Christ while you strike the anvil. Oh, it will make your heart rejoice! Tell it in your walks, and tell it at home; tell it in your sickness, and tell it in your death, and tell it to your Lord in praise.—*Rev. W. Bruce.*

SELF CONQUEST.

BY THE REV. RICHARD ROBERTS, LONDON.

Concluded.

The victory over the heart is *far nobler in its results* than all the splendid achievements of war. The world's history, in many of its pages, is darkened with sad and gory records of the terrible devastations attendant upon war. What does the warrior leave behind him? Alas! he leaves in his track a soil crimsoned with human blood, vocal with the groans of the wounded and the dying, thronged with ghastly victims, with countenances blanched with the livid hues of death. He leaves behind him a happy home desolated, sacred temples wrapped in flames, the busy stirring sounds of industry hushed, palaces sacked, property plundered, innocence outraged, virtue violated, widows multiplied, children rendered fatherless, mothers mourning over lost sons, Rachel-like weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not. But turn from this scene to another. Look at the moral hero who has mastered self, who has overcome his covetousness, pride, and love of ease, who pursues a career of self-sacrificing beneficence, who spends his life, his energy, and an ample fortune in mitigating the wretchedness, and alleviating the sorrows of the guilty and the miserable. He leaves behind him tears wiped away, sighs hushed, groans stifled, sorrows soothed, a bleeding humanity raised and healed, widows' hearts singing for joy, and orphans made glad with the refreshing smiles of his kind philanthropy. Where is the man who would for a moment prefer following in the track of the warrior through wasted villages and sacked cities, and hear the heart-rending tales, and witness the sickening scenes with which the eye and ear soon become familiar, to the following the self-conquering Howard through dungeons, prisons; and hospitals, and listen to the benedictions of those whom he had relieved and blessed? Be it ours to covet the honour of a Howard, who rose into a sublime forgetfulness of self, in an absorbing desire to benefit the wretched and the guilty. He was a man who addressed himself to the momentous

task of gauging the miseries of his fellow-men, not with the unfeeling heart of an official who goes to gather dry statistics, but who has no heart to soothe, and no tears to shed over the miseries which he seeks in vain to detail according to the cold and unbending laws of arithmetic, but rather as an angel of mercy to wipe the tear which trembled in the eye of distress and widowhood, to hush the sigh, to mitigate the anguish of the oppressed, and to pity those whom no one else pitied, and who would never have known that such a thing as pure philanthropy had an existence on earth, were it not for his visits of self-sacrificing beneficence. Oh, for more like him! Oh, for more hearts that shall either sink or rise into a total forgetfulness of this paltry self-hood, and enlarge so as warmly to embrace other interests besides their own. One of the grandest characteristics of the Redeemer is *unselfishness*. He lived, not for Himself, but for others. He suffered, not for Himself, but for others. He died, not for Himself, but for others. He has carried with him to heaven that same unselfishness; for now, that He occupies His mediatorial throne, He intercedes, not for Himself, but for others.

Again, we would observe that the successes of the warrior cannot constitute him happy. Happiness is a boon which all seek. It is an object of universal ambition. All men covet it. But victory over armed legions and extensive territories cannot bring happiness. It may bring a jubilant, exultant feeling; but it brings no bliss to the soul. It may cause the badge of honour to sparkle on the breast; but it cannot enshrine the gem of contentment in the immortal mind. It may deck the brow with a proud and gaudy wreath; but it brings no bliss to the soul. It may cause the badge of honour to sparkle on the breast; but it cannot enshrine the gem of contentment in the immortal mind. It may deck the brow with a proud and gaudy wreath; but it cannot supply the spirit with peace and joy. If it can, why did it not accomplish this for Alexander, one of the greatest of conquerors? His ambition reached its utmost limit when all the known world lay at his feet. And yet he weeps, yes, hear it, ye men of thirsting ambition—he weeps. He had mastered all, as he thought, and yet briny tears were

the bitter fruits of his triumphs. Alas, those tear-drops were brilliant and mighty proofs that he had not conquered himself, proofs that his passion for power mastered him, and that he himself was the mere puppet of that terrible passion. If, instead of looking at the external world, he had looked at the internal, he would have discovered a wide territory which his marching forces had not trodden, a world within unsubdued. Only let him bring his military skill to bear on the enemies of his own house, let him lay his own mighty passions prostrate on the field, and he will then be great indeed, and dash away from him those base, crocodile tears shed over the folly of not having other worlds to conquer.

No distinction which the world may offer, no honour which the great and noble may confer, can ever impart to immortal man substantial happiness. Without the mastery over self, you would be miserable in a palace, and wretched though royal robes decked your person, and an imperial diadem adorned your brow. Come, and let us show you a man under the dominion of *pride*. He is the prime minister of Persia, a man laden with honours, and second in power only to the Emperor himself. In his hands are the destinies of a vast and prosperous empire. He has a lofty carriage, a dignified mien, and possesses a high consciousness of his position and power. But his master-passion—pride—renders him distressingly sensitive. The slightest disrespect, whether real, or only apparent, touches him to the quick, and pierces his soul with keenest anguish. A poor captive Jew sitting at the palace gate, refusing the obeisance expected by the haughty prince, mortifies his pride, and goads him almost into madness. He burns with intense wrath, meditates revenge, and is eager with his displeasure to consume the insulting captive. He is driven as if by furies, and his very life becomes an intolerable burden. He would rather die than live to endure the insult of so despicable a being. Peace he cannot have until that contemptible object is out of the way.—High honours are profusely lavished on the proud dignitary, the great and noble court his favour, multitudes look enviously at him, and he alone is invited to the royal

banquet; but no matter, his pride is master of him, and the simple refusal of the sturdy Jew embitters all his pleasures, flings a gloom thick as midnight over his lustrous honours, and extorts from his haughty spirit the humbling confession, "All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

We can show you another, under the dominion of another passion—*covetousness*. He is a monarch, a coronet adorns his brow, and his hand wields a sceptre. He has ample stores of wealth, and great extent of possessions, but he is miserable notwithstanding his imperial resources of both wealth and pleasure. His heart speaks through his eye. An indescribable gloom flings its dark shadow over his face, while misery is depicted in his countenance.—His wife at once perceives the change, and is anxious to know the cause of his sadness. That cause is easily ascertained. A poor man possesses a vineyard well nigh the royal abode. The monarch looks upon it with envious eye, and eagerly covets it for himself. To secure it, he made to the owner an overture of a simple exchange. This was declined, respectfully, but firmly. The son of the soil refused to part with his freehold because it was the inheritance of his fathers, and had been handed down to him through successive generations—as hereditary property. On this account he venerated it, and felt he could not part with it even for his monarch. Now, mark the effect on the disappointed king. He throws himself sad and sorrowful on his couch, refuses to eat, for his food becomes loathsome. The mortification of a failure he cannot endure. The coveted object he must have at any cost. The passion of covetousness becomes dominant. It thoroughly masters him. It hurries him on as though charioteered by a fierce demon, until, at length, he lends himself to a base and jesuitical plot to take away the life of Naboth, that he may, even though it be by robbery and murder, gratify the fiendish passion which has unhappily mounted the throne of his heart. It is better for you to endure the yoke of the vilest tyrant that ever occupied a throne, than the galling yoke of an evil passion. No drudgery so base, no thralldom so oppressive, no chains so heavy, as those of un-

conquered passion, whether covetousness, pride, ambition, or lust. If you would be great and happy, hold the reins, assume and maintain the regal power over your passions. Suffer them not to wrench the sceptre, and usurp the supremacy. If you would resist their tyranny, avoid the first apprenticeship, never sign the indentures. Once you have resigned the authority into their hands, they will firmly rivet their galling chains; they will drive you like furies, and be more cruel and fierce than the brutal slaveholder to the poor negro, whose only sin seems to be that his skin is browned by heaven's own sun.

Turn aside with me, and let us gaze on another scene—a happy contrast—that of a man who has learnt the art of mastering himself, and who, in virtue of that self-conquest, is happy and joyous amid circumstances the most unfriendly to happiness. We refer you to Paul the Apostle, one of the most illustrious instances of self-mastery that history records. Amid a life of unequalled vicissitudes, of provocations and cruel persecutions, his perfect self-control invested him with a dignity and power that awed and overpowered his opponents. He confounded magistrates and judges, made princes and nobles quail as he stood before them in all the grandeur of his self-mastery. And even when immured in a criminal's cell, his soul was free though his body was bound, his heart was full of light though his dungeon was full of gloom, and although the aspect of things external was sober and sad, yet there was joy in the spirit, and a song on the lip. Rising far above the painful and alarming circumstances which pressed upon him, and while yet a prisoner at Rome, with nothing apparently before him but martyrdom for the truth, from his cell—yes, his prison-cell—he writes to the Philippian converts: “I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.” That is, “I have so subjugated my nature that my happiness does not depend on external circumstances. The fierce foe may deprive me of my liberty, but of my peace of mind he cannot deprive me. This lives in my deepest soul, and is my joyous companion amid the gloom of my prison and the clanking of my chains.” Let us look at him again, standing as a culprit before Agrippa. The court is thronged with in-

veterate foes, who are waiting with fiendish hate to pour on him their indignation, and with satanic glee to execute on him the sentence of death. If, at this terrible crisis, he suffers himself to be provoked, if he loses the mastery of himself, the base feelings of human nature will developo themselves—envy, malice, revenge, hatred—and Christianity will be for ever disgraced. But over these unworthy passions he nobly triumphs, and cherishes nothing but pure love towards all his enemies, and from his inmost heart wishes them as happy and joyful as himself. Feeling his religion to be within him a well-spring of happiness, like a fountain ever bubbling up fresh and free, he earnestly coveted the same blessedness for even his persecutors. With a grandeur which seems superhuman, and with a benevolence which seems divine, holding up his fetters in the presence of the infuriated multitude, he exclaims, “I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.”

This victory over self will secure the plaudits of the highest and noblest intelligences in creation. You may have to live in obscurity, and fight your battles and win your triumphs noiselessly and unobserved. The historian of your country may not deem it necessary to record your name, or to sound your fame on a single page of his elaborate production. There may be no Macaulay to immortalise you with his eloquent eulogies, there may be no niche assigned you among the great in Westminster Abbey, no bronze or marble monument reared to your memory in the town of your birth, and no poet to waken up a song in praise of your virtue and heroism. Nay, rather, you may have to bear the look of pity and contempt, and be sneered at as puritanic, strait-laced, and mopish. Never mind. You can afford it. Yours is the greatest honour if you only achieve self-conquest. A period will arrive when the intelligent universe will adjudicate aright, when the man who masters an evil passion, who frowns down a popular vice, or upturns a ruinous error, will be deemed worthy of greater praise than the noblest of earth's warrior's. The marble statue will crumble into dust, the niches of abbeys and halls will empty themselves of their memorials of greatness, as the earth

heels to and fro beneath the foot-tread of the coming Judge; the emblazoned roll of historic records shall be consumed in the final conflagration; but the memorial of the moral hero will be imperishable. *He* will live in the grateful memory of those whom he has blessed, whose tears he has wiped away, whose wants he has relieved, whose gloom he has illumined with radiant smiles, and whose feet he has brought into the paths of peace. *There*, yes there, high up in that world of spirits, shall his memorial be reared, where the final flames cannot reach, and where the rocking and heaving of earth's last convulsive throes shall not be felt, where angels will ever flit to and fro, and with belighted eyes read the inscription traced on his immortal honour by the hand of Jesus Christ himself: "To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

The Roman soldiers when returning home victoriously from the field of battle, were hailed by enthusiastic millions. As they approached their splendid capital, laden with the spoils of war, on them were lavished the loud plaudits of admiring multitudes. When Titus and Vespasian returned from the conquest of the Holy City, Jerusalem, they were met by exulting hosts who escorted the daring heroes with pomp and jubilant acclamations under the triumphal arch into Rome. Stirring and animating were the scenes of that memorable occasion. But the praises of the multitude have floated away on the breeze, the heroes themselves have died, and have been laid prostrate in the dust, their proud laurels have long since faded, and their memorials have perished with them; while the poor prisoner of Rome, who was left to languish in its dungeons—the self-conquering Paul, *lives—lives* in the imperishable pages of his inspired Epistles; *lives* in the grateful memory of multitudes who are before the throne of God as the fruit of his toil, and as the crown of his rejoicing. The Ptolemies and Pharaohs of Egypt have perished ages since, nothing that they have done remains to hallow their memory or to enbalm their names; but Joseph, the youthful prisoner and the noble resister of temptation, *lives* in the memorable declaration, "How can I do this great evil, and sin against

God;" *lives* an illustrious example of self-conquest worthy of the imitation of every tempted youth.

When you, young men, return to your heaven-home, the metropolis of the universe, from the field of strife where a fierce battle shall have been successfully waged with the solicitations of an evil world, and with the corruptions, propensities, and passions of an evil heart, you shall be greeted not by sinful mortal man, but by sinless and immortal angels. Your honour will not descend from any earthly monarch, but from the King of kings. Your reward shall not consist in the approval of fickle multitudes who can be bribed into applause or hisses, but in the emphatic "Well done," proceeding from the lips of Him whose smile is heaven, and whose approval is of itself immortality. If, therefore, you would be truly great and truly noble, conquer self. Rise into the proper dignity of your manhood. Prove yourself superior to external circumstances. Let them not enslave you, but see to it that you control them. Let not circumstances mould you, but you rather mould them, and use them as stepping-stones to aid you in attaining your true position in the universe.

No matter what your possessions or what your attainments, you can never know true happiness, nor true greatness, until you have learnt the art of mastering your rebel self. Show me a man who is patient under injury, who endures insults without resentment, who returns good for evil, blessings for cursings, who feeds his hungry foe and slakes his fevered thirst, who loves all, and, without envy, rejoices in the prosperity of all, and without hesitation we say of him, Behold a greater than Alexander is here! Show me a youth who has manfully battled with the evil propensities of his nature, who has bravely breasted the tide of temptations by which others have been borne away, who stands forth in the midst of a debased and depraved world, adorned with integrity, sobriety, chastity, and all virtue; and of him we say without any hesitation, Behold, a greater than Napoleon is here! He has conquered passions that have mastered some of earth's greatest warriors, and brought into subjection evils that have led the world's heroes into degrading captivity.

Many brave and noble men have fought and fallen during our recent struggles on the plains of the Crimea and of India.—We have reason to glory in the fact that so many of them were not only patriots, but Christians—Christians of the noblest stamp and highest order—Christians who were not ashamed to avow their Christianity amid the scoffs and sneers of godless officers, and the impiety of degraded companions,—Christians who diffused an influence for good to the remotest limit of the camp, and who were ever ready to solace the wounded and pray for the dying. Christianity did not make cowards of them, for they were second to none for bravery and noble daring. Their names are enrolled among the most illustrious of British heroes. But, great as may be the distinctions they have won on the battle field, the distinctions they have won as moral heroes, the conquerors of sin and self, are inconceivably greater. Who does not feel that Captain Hedley Vicars was greater as a *Christian* than as a *Criméan hero*? The maintenance of a pure character, and of an unblemished moral reputation, amid such abounding evils, was a far greater achievement than the climbing the heights of Alma, or the taking of Sebastopol at the point of Russian bayonets. Who does not feel that *Havelock the Christian* was greater than *Havelock the warrior*? The subjugation of his sinful nature, the preservation of his purity, integrity, and virtue, amid all the terrible temptations incident to a state of warfare, was a far nobler achievement than the storming of Delhi or the taking of Lucknow. Both these distinguished men, the hero of Inkermann and the hero of Lucknow, are immortalised in the pages of their nation's history for their fortitude and courage; but the conquest they achieved over self has secured for them a far better immortality, an immortality worthy of the name, in a world where glory never fades, where the laurels of triumph never wither, and where the victor's song rolls on its swelling strains for ever. Our Queen and Government proved their high appreciation of real worth by conferring on one of them the honour of knighthood. His ear was, however, never saluted with the proud title, his eye was dimmed in death before he could read the official dispatch which an-

nounced his promotion, and even before it received the signature of high authority.—When his well-earned honours reached the field of strife, he had passed away to a region where human praise could not affect him, but where he had conferred on him true immortal knighthood by the Monarch of the universe. He had become the possessor of a throne more enduring than Britain's, and a crown more brilliant than that which adorns the brow of England's noble Queen.

Young men we challenge you this night to summon courage to address yourselves to this noble but difficult task of self-mastery. Bring your thoughts, imagination tempers, passions, into subjection to a higher authority. Lead them captive, and let them not lead you captive. Put a book in the nose, and a bridle in the lips of your leviathan passions. Venture not to let the reins hang loosely on their neck, else they will bear you away with fury, and you know not whither. Bridle them up. Curb them. Hold a tight rein. Ever seek the consciousness that you are master of them. This will give you a dignity and self-respect which nothing else can.—Slavery you hate, freedom you love; take heed, therefore, that you be not that slave, and that you forfeit not that freedom, by allowing your sins to coil around you, and rivet on your soul the galling chains. If, unhappily, you find yourself enslaved by some evil habit, the wretched victim of some dread despot, we are bold to affirm that you need not any longer endure this cruel oppression, for by the grace which is in Christ, you may rise with your earthly sinews strung with a more than earthly might, and snap those fetters, and fling them for ever away; and then, stepping forth into the liberty wherewith God makes His children free, you will learn to appreciate as you never did before, the truth of Solomon's declaration, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit better than he that taketh a city."

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror."

WE'VE HEARD OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

We've heard of little children
Who told to all around,
How dear a Friend and Saviour
In Jesus they had found.
And we will go to others—
And first to those at home;
We'll say that Jesus wants them,
And ask them all to come.

We've heard of little children
So useful and so good,
That Jesus smiled upon them
For doing what they could.
And we may all be helpful,
If we would always try
To do some good to some one
Before the day goes by.

We've heard of little children
So happy in their death;
They lisped the name of Jesus
E'v'n with their latest breath.
Their footsteps let us follow,
That when we come to die,
Upon the Saviour's bosom
We peacefully may lie.

REV. J. G. SMALL.

CAN'T YOU HELP DOING WRONG?

"Mother, I shouldn't think God would punish children for doing wrong, when they can't help it," said James, who sat looking out of the window a long time, thinking.

"Can't help it," said his mother.

"No," said James; "I don't think they can."

"Isn't it because they don't use God's helps to do right?" asked his mother.

"God's helps!" said James. "What?"

"He has given them a guide-book, in the first place. It clearly tells the right way and the wrong way, and where they lead to,—one to heaven and the other to hell. If anybody consults that book, they can't mistake about the way," said his mother.

"Is it the Bible, you mean," asked James.

"Yes," she answered; "and lest we should get in the dark, or puzzled about the meaning of our guide-book, God has given another help, that is, His Holy Spirit, who, He says, 'will open the eyes of the blind,' and 'will guide you into all truth,'—not part of the way, and then leave you to get along as you can, but guide you into 'all truth,' that you need

make no mistake, and have no excuse for doing wrong."

"But," said James, "how can you get the Holy Spirit? I can read my Bible, because it is in my very hands."

"God will give you the Holy Spirit, if you ask Him," said his mother. "He says, 'Ask, and you shall receive.' The Bible also says the Holy Spirit 'helps our infirmities.'"

"I don't know what that means," said James, quickly.

"When you see a person weakly, sickly, and not able to do what he wants to do, we say, 'He is infirm,' he needs help. God sees how we stumble, and go back, and miss the right way, how weak we are. He therefore offers His Holy Spirit to make us strong."

"That is wonderful," said James: "how God knows everything!"

"Besides all this," said his mother, "He has put a little voice inside you, which, when you are inclined to go wrong, says, 'No, no, no!' and when you do right, says, 'Yes, yes, my dear child,' very sweetly indeed."

"Yes; my teacher told me about the conscience."

"Do you not think, James," asked his mother seriously, "that God has done His part to make little boys, and girls too, do right?—not only to know the right, but to do right, also?"

"Mother," answered James, after a few moments' thinking, "I think God has. It isn't God's fault, I'm sure. Then why don't they?"

"Because they don't mind God's helps," said his mother. "If they would study their guide-book, ask the Holy Spirit to enlighten and help them, and hearken to that kind little voice inside, I am sure no child would go astray."

The little boy was lost in thought for some time; at length he said, "Mother, we have got no excuse for being wicked. God is good, very good." And, dear children, this was a true and a happy solution of the matter.—*Early Days.*

I never had a Doll.

Circumstances once placed me for a short time at the head of a large and promiscuous school. The room was lighted by the smiling faces of a crowd of happy little urelians, and made merry by their busy hum. As my relation to them was but temporary, I could not become personally acquainted with them all. But among that cluster of happy, joyous little beings, there was one whose countenance impressed me with peculiar force—little Isabel—

a sad, thoughtful child. Never shall I forget her melancholy face, as day after day, she slowly and silently entered the hall and took her accustomed seat. From the glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes of the other children, I would often turn to gaze in pity and bewilderment upon that pale, pensive face, as with motionless lids, she sat with her large dark eyes fixed upon the page before her. To her my feelings were particularly drawn out. She seemed to touch the finest chords of my heart, and I eagerly availed myself of every occasion to show her little acts of kindness. But no favor or soothing words ever forced a smile from Isabel, or gave to her voice a tone of cheerfulness; but a word of censure always cast a deeper shade over her mournful face. There was an air of melancholy about her which was exceedingly touching. She seemed to have no spring of cheerfulness in her nature, or if she had, I was ignorant of the means of reaching it. She never joined in the sports of the other children. I never heard her sing. Even in speaking, Isabel's sad tone amid the gay voices of her school-mates, jarred like a discord in a cheerful song. When others were "sporting on the green," Isabel was quietly seated in some obscure corner with downcast eyes, apparently brooding over some hidden sorrow.

The child was an enigma to me. I longed to know her history, but she was never communicative. A natural reserve and timidity seemed ever to seal her lips. Yet I am sure she was not insensible to kindness, and my tender manner touched her feelings, for I noticed that when school was dismissed, Isabel joined not the laughing, frolicsome crowd that eagerly rushed from the confines of the schoolroom, but with others of the pupils she lingered till I was ready to leave, and she always managed to walk close by my side, always quietly resisting any child who in sport might contend for the place.

Thus weeks passed away, and my interest in this melancholy child meanwhile was increasing, though still ignorant of the cause of her premature pensiveness. I was at last satisfied. One evening, as we walked from school, the other children were entertaining me with a description of their dolls and the fine dresses they had made for them. Isabel listened in silence to the merry prat-

tle for some time, then in a sorrowful tone said, "I never had a doll—I never was allowed to play." Those simple words spoke volumes. There was the whole history and mystery of poor Isabel's sadness, she was an orphan, and had fallen into the hands of heartless wretches, who had no sympathy with children, no tolerance for their playfulness. Her very childishness had been pressed out of her little heart. She knew not the feeling of childhood. Youth had no charms for her. She was old, quite old, even in the spring-time of life. All her days were dark and dreary. When age actually comes upon poor Isabel, it will never be brightened by sunny remembrances of by-gone days. There will be no chapter of childish pranks and innocent amusements in her history; no bright pictures imprinted on memory's page; no pleasant reminiscences to soothe and soften her feelings when engaged in the actual toils of life. Years have passed away, yet still in my heart is the echo of those mournful words, "I never had a doll—I never was allowed to play." And often have I wondered how many Isabels there are in this "wide world." How many, many children, who should have been light-hearted and playful, have had their little spirits broken by the stern treatment of those who seem to think children should be men and women, and seem to regard the time as wasted which is spent in frolic and merriment. Cruel improvement of the age. "Books for children" have taken the place of dolls, tops, and toys. The time which should be spent in healthful exercises in the open air, is devoted to the drudgery of the schoolroom. The little fingers that should be busy with the dolls or marbles, are stretching an octave on the piano, or employed with pen or pencil. Children are the helpless victims of the spirit of the age. I must plead for them. I must beg for them a release from such drudgery. Parents, guardians, and teachers, lighten those tasks, open the doors of those close rooms, and let the little ones run out into the pure fresh air, and be children while they are children. Let us no more hear in plaintiff tones, "I never had a doll—I never was allowed to play."

Be Diligent.

In any honest employment Providence throws in your way, be diligent.

1. It is the way to be happy, "I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of humane happiness in this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old saying of 'Too many irons in the fire' conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going."

2. It is the way to do a great deal in a short life. The late William Hazlitt once said: "There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

3. It is the way to be contented. The unemployed are always restless. Employment quiets the mind, by giving it something to do. Idleness makes it, like an empty stomach, uneasy. The mate of a ship, having put everything to rights, called on the captain for what next should be done. "Tell them to scour the anchor," was the reply; he thought that work of any kind saved from the discontent of idleness.

4. It is the way to disappoint Satan. He comes up to the idler sure of a victim; from the well-occupied he goes away as a lion robbed of his prey. The one welcomes, the other repulses him.

5. In conclusion, learn the true secret of earnestness: "The love of Christ constraineth us." All energy from other motives will, in time, ebb and die. This alone will bear you up amidst the storms of life, and sweep away every obstacle.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Many people try hard to be happy. They indulge in all fashionable pleasures, gratify their bodily appetites, mingle in pleasant social circles, and make it the business of their lives to seek happiness. Yet they fail to find it, and are often burdened with murmuring and disappointed hearts. The trouble is, they live for self, and by a mere law of Providence, selfishness defeats itself, and fails of reaching the objects it covets.

The following incident suggests a surer and more excellent way:

"Bessie, there is a peach for you, the finest I have seen this season," said Mr. Kholer to his little daughter,

It was very beautiful—so ripe that it looked just ready to burst through the thin skin, and a painter might have attempted in vain to revive the colour. It was very tempting, for it was the first one Bessie had seen this summer, yet she stood with it in her hands, seemingly lost in thought.

"May I take it to cousin Mary? She is sick; and nothing tastes well to her, and she has been wishing so much for a peach."

"Yes, if you like." And away flew Bessie on her errand of love. She went softly into cousin Mary's sick chamber, laid the peach before her, and quickly glided from the room.

As the parched lips were moistened by the delicious juice, the little sufferer declared that it made her feel "almost well."

Now, that little act of kindness made Bessie much happier than eating the peach would have done. Would you have acted like Bessie?

Laying in a Stock for the Week.

"How bright you look this Monday morning, Jem!" said a bricklayer to his fellow-workman, as they met at a building in Boston Fields, at the breakfast hour. "Now, I've lost a quarter this morning.—I always do of a Monday—I feel so dull-like, and tired, I'm worse than when I knock off on Saturday."

"What do you do with yourself on Sunday?" said Jem. "Oh, I read a bit of the paper, and have an extra ly in bed, and an extra pint or so."

"Ah, that's not *my way*; I go with my young ones to the school, and I leave 'em; and then I get to the service, and my wife keeps things at home straight and tidy, and we read a bit, and at night we go again together to the service, and I tell you, Wil, I'm so happy! what with my home, and my children, and the House of God, I lay in a stock of comfort that *lasts the week through*. Try it, mate."

THE GOOD NEWS.

August 1st, 1861.

THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARK.

Luke I. 57-80.

The spirit of prophecy had been withdrawn from the Jewish church for nearly 400 years; but it was now revived in Zacharias, who was filled with the Holy Ghost, and delivered this beautiful prophetic hymn, regarding the great and long expected salvation, which he saw to be so close at hand. He begins this beautiful hymn, as was most meet, by ascribing praise to the Lord God of Israel, who had at length visited his people, and reopened with them that direct communication which had been so long suspended. This God was about to do by sending His Son, and as being a thing absolutely certain and close at hand, he speaks of it as already accomplished, and He might be said to have already visited His people by sending His Angel Gabriel, to make known his will to Zacharias and Mary, and by inspiring these individuals, and Elizabeth, with the Spirit of prophecy. God, therefore, had now begun the great work of redemption. It is remarkable that Zacharias here says, that God had redeemed His people. This is a mode of expression very common in prophesy, in which the things predicted, though still future, is often spoken of, as if it were already accomplished. In the same way, he speaks of the horn of salvation as already raised up in the house of his servant David, though the Saviour had not been actually manifested. It may be mentioned that the horn was the symbol of strength and power, among the ancient Orientals, so that the expression "Horn of Salvation," is just equivalent to mighty or powerful Saviour. And, O brethren, how

mighty the Saviour, who was born of the virgin descendant of David, and how precious the redemption that he has accomplished for us.

It is very probable that, during Mary's three months' residence in the house of Zacharias, he had been made acquainted with what had occurred to her; and from the teaching of the Spirit he had evidently the most accurate and comprehensive views of the whole subject of the great salvation, which was so soon to be accomplished. This salvation he declares to be that which had been kept before the eyes of the church, by a succession of prophets even from the beginning of the world.

It would be doing great injustice to Zacharias, were we to suppose, as some have done, that it was a mere carnal deliverance from their lordly oppressors, which he contemplated for the Jews, on the present occasion. I believe that his mind was so enlarged at this time, as to contemplate this deliverance, as being not for the Jews exclusively, but for God's people generally, not for the natural seed of Abraham, but for his spiritual seed, i.e. for all those who are possessed of like faith, and like him, had accepted of the great salvation. The covenant into which God had entered with believers from the beginning, and confirmed with Abraham by an oath was now about to be fulfilled. And this covenant secured for all interested in it, deliverance from the curse of a broken law, restoration to God's favour here and admission into the kingdom of glory hereafter. The enemies, therefore, from whom he prophesies deliverance to Abraham's seed, are undoubtedly our spiritual enemies chiefly; though it is probable that with this spiritual, he connects a temporal deliverance, and rightly; for, in proportion as the spiritual deliverance is general, will the temporal deliverance be effected. As an illustration of this, let us appeal to the con-

dition of Great Britain and North America, in which countries there is probably more true Christian feeling and practice than in any other lands, and where the temporal security of God's people has been completely effected; where they may serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of their life.

At the seventh verse, Zacharias turns to his son, and addresses him, though then an unconscious infant, in the following striking words—"And thou child, &c." There can be no doubt that by the Highest, the Saviour is here meant, who, in the subsequent clause is termed, The Lord, expressions which must clearly proclaim his divinity. The last clause of the seventy-sixth verse very plainly assigns the reason why John the Baptist was called the prophet of the Highest, it was because he heralded His approach, prepared men's minds for His reception, and pointed Him out to the people as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.—The mission of the Baptist was entirely a preparatory one; it was to awaken men's minds to a sense of their sin and danger, to show them their need of a Saviour and point Him out to them, and to excite in them a longing desire of what the Saviour alone could supply. Further, we are told in the seventy-seventh verse, that John was to give to the people the knowledge of salvation through the remission or pardon of their sins, and that through the sacrifice of Christ; for he pointed out Jesus, as the Lamb of God, &c. And he was to show them, that all this would spring, not from any merit in man himself, but from the tender mercy of our God, in consequence of which alone they had been visited by the day-spring from on high, which was to usher in the full glory of the Son of Righteousness.

The object of his mission was to enlighten men, whether Jews or Gentiles, who were involved in spiritual darkness—a darkness so dense that it resembled the very region and shadow of death; and having enlightened them so as to render them able to see their true condition, his object was to guide their feet into the way of peace, i.e. to him, who alone could procure for them peace with God, peace with their own consciences, and peace with one another.

So terminates this sublime hymn, which affords us so vivid an outline of the nature, the privileges, and the effects of the great salvation. And with this terminates all farther mention of Zacharias in Scripture, in which nothing is recorded to gratify a vain curiosity; and the subsequent part of his life, having no particular bearing on the history of the great scheme of salvation, is passed over in silence.

All that is known of the boyhood and education of John the Baptist, is despatched in a single sentence, (v. 30.) "And the child grew," it is said, "and waxed strong in spirit." He increased in strength and stature, and under the special care of Providence, and fostering influence of the Holy Ghost, he waxed strong in spirit, that is, his intellectual, and moral powers were developed with unusual vigor; and especially that power, by which he was enabled to realize, and live under the influence of spiritual things. He does not appear to have enjoyed the advantages of what the world calls a learned education; but when it is stated that he was in the desert till the day of his showing unto Israel, we are not to suppose that he lived entirely as a hermit. The deserts here spoken of were probably those of Zipp and Maon, in the neighbourhood of Hebron, which though thinly peopled pastoral districts, were not entirely without inhabitants. We have reason to believe that he attended the synagogue, and went up to Jerusalem at the solemn feasts; but upon the whole it was a retired, austere, and meditative life, which he led, spent in communion with God, rather than in intercourse with men. It is probable that he could have got little in the schools of Judea, at that time, either to develop his mental powers, or foster his piety; and God, therefore, trained him Himself for the peculiar service for which He intended him.

No wonder that the soul of Zacharias was filled with such sublime emotions, at the contemplation of the immediate advent of the Messiah, and that he gave expression to the sentiments of his heart, in such exultant strains. As a well-instructed Jewish priest, he had known, from his youth, the prophecies regarding the Messiah; and no wonder that the birth of his son, and removal of the dumbness inflicted on him, for his unbelief, all in fulfillment of the

angel's statements, were regarded by him, as the most indubitable evidence that the remaining promises regarding the advent and work of the Messiah, whose harbinger his son was to be, would be fulfilled in their appointed season. It is beautiful to see this man, who had been so highly honoured, not alluding to his own distinction, but dwelling exclusively on the public benefits which were to be conferred upon men by the Saviour, whose advent was at hand; his whole soul absorbed in contemplating the redemption that was to be wrought out for the lost children of men. And, O, brethren! wherever any man is brought out of the region and shadow of spiritual death in which all men are by nature, he sees in the glorious light communicated to him, the infinite importance of the great work of redemption, so clearly that every thing earthly dwindles into insignificance in comparison of it. Brethren, if the person and work of Christ appeared so glorious to Zacharias, seen only by the eye of faith, how much more glorious ought these to appear to us, seen partly by the eye of sense! For the present state of the civilized world, so changed for the better, and blessed by the religion of Jesus, affords us a ocular demonstration of what Zacharias saw only by the eye of faith, in faith, in the distant future. The great mass of men even in professedly Christian lands, are little affected by these infinitely important truths, but whenever the scales are removed from the eyes of any one, so that he is enabled to perceive the person, and glory of Christ, and the infinite importance of the work which he has accomplished then he feels somewhat like Zacharias, when his mouth was opened, and cannot but speak to some extent, the rapturous emotions of his soul. And, O, brethren! if you have never felt in some faint degree, the sublime emotions, which Zacharias expressed, in contemplating the work of redemption, it is to be feared that you are still immersed in spiritual darkness. And is this a state in which any can contentedly remain? O, if there be any here, whose consciences tell them that they are in this condition, let me beseech them to be instant in prayer for the promised gift of the Spirit. And if they really feel their need of his enlightening influences, and pray earnestly and perseveringly for them,

as certainly as God's promises are unailing, they will be at length conferred; for we are assured that even more willingly than an earthly parent will give good things to his children will our Father, who is in heaven, give the Holy Spirit to them who ask Him.

Are Children Sinless?

In a sermon preached at the Unitarian Convention, Montreal, 1854, we find the following passage. "The orb of day is seen reflected fully in the pure dew-drop which hangs upon the spider's web. And so, in the pure untainted heart of childhood, we read most easily, lessons of heavenly wisdom; for heaven lies about us in our infancy. The child's soul is the natural medium through which the holy angels can look into our world. Reflected in its mirror, they look at us and we at them.—Blessed are they who are able to see through these sweet love-windows into the eternal truths of God!"

Some of these sentences are without meaning, but the drift of the whole passage, clearly is that men are born without sin. This is a doctrine held by many, even of those whose creed is more scriptural than that of the Unitarian. Some may not believe that children are naturally inclined towards good, rather than evil; but they regard them as being at least in a state of indifference toward either. Hence they are accustomed to speak of a child's mind as a blank sheet on which either good or bad can be written. Now, that the heart of childhood is perfectly free from the slightest taint, certainly sounds very pleasantly. But it is all a dream. Man is by nature depraved. He who knows all things, says:—"The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." The royal penitent—the man after God's own heart, says: "Behold I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." Reason confirms these statements. Children, as is well-known, are more ready to follow what is evil, than what is good. Yea, we find them committing sins, for which they have had no example. It is utterly impossible to reconcile this with the doctrine which we are now considering.

Ah! mother, how sad the thought, that in that tender babe which smiles so sweetly as it nestles in thy bosom, there is a "desperately wicked" heart. Yet, such is the fact. Time and temptation are all that are necessary to prove it. The following anecdote may serve to illustrate these remarks.

A British officer once found a tiger's cub, as he was walking in jungles in India.— He took it to his quarters, and brought it up, carefully keeping all animal food from it. It was a beautiful creature, and besides very gentle, and therefore, became a favourite with every one. But one day, some person, in sport, offered it a piece of raw flesh. In an instant it seized it firmly with its teeth, and uttering a fearful growl, it darted off into the jungles and never returned. Now it is plain that this creature, then, merely showed its real nature, which circumstances had hitherto hindered it from doing. So, in like manner, the infant— though it may seem spotless as an unfallen angel, has an evil disposition from the very first moment of its existence. How this can be is a question, which we confess that we cannot answer. But, we know that it is so, and with that we are satisfied.

That we bring into the world hearts in which are the seeds of every sin, is a thought which should humble us, and stir us up to pray that God would cleanse us by his Spirit. It should also stir up parents to wrestle perseveringly in prayer on behalf of their children. Even the youngest child cannot enter heaven, unless its heart is renewed by the power of God's Spirit, for Christ says: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." How the Spirit can work on the heart of an unconscious babe, we do not understand; but we know that he can, and that he must do so, else it will perish. To speak of a babe perishing may sound harshly. But if a babe were to take with it into the other world, an unrenewed heart, would not that heart be to it a source of inexorable torment? It must be borne in mind that there are no unconscious babes in the other world. The bud here becomes there a full-blown flower. We do not express any opinion on the subject of infant salvation. We merely make a supposition. Now, God is not bound to renew the heart, of even the youngest member of the human family. Who could

prove that he acted cruelly, or unjustly, if he suffered it to pass into the other world and to retain for ever that nature which it had at the very dawn of its existence?— Parents! think of this.

T. F.
Tarbolton, C. W.

Then I must Die!

Such were the last words of one who not long ago went to his great account. He had lived fourscore years. He had travelled over many parts of the world. He had accumulated great wealth. He had been favoured all his life with good health, scarcely knowing from experience what sickness was. At eighty-four he was a hale, he was an erect old man, with buoyant spirits, and expecting to live on for several years longer. But suddenly came the messenger at last. Only one stroke was given, but that was a mortal thrust. Medical skill could not meet it, and after a few vain attempts, the physician was obliged to tell the poor old man that he could not recover, and that he would not live many hours at furthest. He received the intelligence without much emotion, and apparently without a prayer. "Then," said he, "I must die!" He turned himself round on his side, spoke no more, and within one hour was in eternity!

Death.—How invisible to all. "I must die." *Solemnity, certainty, personality,* are found in these three words. Death is indeed, solemn, and to each one most certain. Death,—how terrible to the *unpardoned!* To those to whom earth is so desirable, and distance from God a chosen element; who have heard of mercy and put it from them; who have been invited to Jesus and refuse to go, till at death's bidding they must go, oh, how saddening is death to such!

Think, O, think of the difference between dying in your sins and dying in Christ. Jesus saith, "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." How terrible to carry craving desires and tyrannous passions into eternity, where they cannot be gratified, and where, like vultures they will feed on the soul forever. But they who believe on Jesus shall prove that he saves from sin now, and shall have in death the blessed hope of a sinless and happy eternity. If we would find it so, we must

find it so, we must be one with Jesus *now*. If we go to him, he will receive us, and will say, "Abide in me." Thus abiding in him as a safe refuge, and a heavenly root, we shall be safe and sanctified. For us to believe will be Christ, and to die gain. Then when the message comes, the soul will rejoicingly say, "Surely in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." "I must die," but "I will fear no evil."

"Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have found no other rest."

"Prepare to meet thy God."

One Sabbath morning, a stranger entered a large burial-ground to ramble about, more for amusement than solemn thought. It was during the time of divine service.—Sauntering around, he saw an open grave—the earth heaped on every side, mingled with dead men's bones—waiting the arrival of another inmate of its dark domain. He soon advanced to the brink of it to look into the awful bed. While so doing, his mind at once became deeply impressed; a still small voice seemed to ascend from the depth of the grave with the awful question, "Had this grave been dug for you, where now would your soul have been—in heaven or in hell?" Without a moment's interval he answered, "Hell." He was rivetted to the spot. Again looking down, the question seemed urgently repeated, and once more he gave the dreadful answer. He stepped back but the solemn impression remained. "I have," said he, "neglected the house of God and the interest of my soul. This afternoon I will go to yonder church." He did so. The preacher announced as his text, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." He was struck with the appositeness of the text to his previous thoughts. In the evening he went to another house of prayer, where he was no less surprised by the minister announcing as his text, "Prepare to meet thy God." Regarding these successive appropriate words as the direct words of God to his soul, he exclaimed at the close of the service, "Surely God is pursuing me!"

He retired alone—pondered his past life in relation to eternity; his sins also passing

in fearful array before him—while the question burst upon his lips, "What must I do to be saved?" He could not see any way of deliverance throughout the week, though it was all absorbing thought. On the following Sabbath he went again to the house of God that he first entered after his visit to the grave—not only to hear the word of life, but to send up to the officiating minister a written request for the prayers of the people of God in behalf of one in deep distress about his soul. The minister presented the earnest request, but expressed a desire, if the writer were present, that he would afterwards meet him in the vestry. This was to him the dawn of eternal life. He soon afterwards beheld the lamb of God—saw that He died for him—and became a new creature in Christ Jesus, saved by grace, eternally saved.

My dear reader, have you ever been arrested by the grace of God? Had any of the thousand graves opened during this year been opened for you,—would your immortal spirit now have been in heaven, or in hell?

The time of our death is appointed by God; and the numbered hour, or messenger of death, is on the wing, hear the sound of his approach. Nevertheless, the chosen messenger is approaching rapidly, whether you sleep or are awake; and when the appointed hour arrives, he will at once execute the summons. He may arrive when you are engaged in business, full of ardent expectation of increasing your gain, and may hear you exclaim, "I will pull down my barns, and build new ones. Soul, take thine ease!" His instant reply will be, "This night thy soul will be required of thee." He may arrive when you are hastening through the street to fulfill an engagement; or at home surrounded by beloved relations; or when asleep. Will you tarry till you awake, or are at leisure?

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

A piece of rotten wood shines in the dark, but when the daylight appears forfeits its lustre. So, in the darkness of this world titles of honor seemed glorious; but in the morning of eternity, they lose their flaming brightness and vanish for ever.

The Rebel Chief and how he was saved

Africaner was a rebel chief in South Africa, and an outlaw. He was condemned, and a prize was set on his head,—a thousand pounds for him, dead or alive. He was also a rebel against God, and under the condemnation of the law, but mercy sought him, grace found him, and through the Holy Spirit he was saved.

Robert Moffatt, the missionary who was honoured to bring the rebel chief into obedience to Christ, delivered him also to the Governor of the Cape Colony, not to claim the reward, but to offer allegiance, and to sue for peace. The Governor was glad and yet he was sorrowful, for while he believed in the chief's repentance and reformation, he could not release him from the sentence, but held him to bail. It was not his province to pardon and remit where the crime and the law had condemned; but he said, "I shall plead for you with the king, and on the faith of my word, and in answer to my prayer, you may yet be saved." He was as good as his word; his prayer was also heard and answered, and Africaner, for the sake of the Governor, was made free. On Robert Moffatt, then, devolved the duty of instructing the chief in British law, and he lived an honour to his sovereign, and died as a citizen beloved.

Now, just as he was delivered from the sentence of an outlaw against the King of England, so was he delivered from the condemnation of the law of God. Jesus was his mediator, as well as his Saviour, and for Christ's sake, and in answer to Christ's prayer, the Father sent him pardon, the law was honoured, and Africaner, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, was instructed in the laws of God's kingdom, and lived to the honor and glory of His grace. But Christ did more—He died for Africaner, became a substitute for Africaner, and while he was yet a sinner, He was his friend.

Dear reader, have you been thus saved? You are a rebel, but Jesus has paid the penalty of God's law. You are now welcome to come to Jesus, for "His blood cleanseth from all sin." Come then, 'come now, for "now is the accepted time, and the day of salvation,"

W.

JESUS IS MAN.

This is as true as that he is God. "God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son." And Jesus though "equal with God," "took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in likeness of men, and was found in fashion as a man." He was predicted as a man of sorrows, and frequently styled himself as "the Son of man." He became man in order to obey the law we had broken, and to suffer the punishment we had merited.—Because no one can see God, he lived among us as a man, that from his spirit and conduct we might have a clearer idea of what God is. Thus he said, he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." And he became a man that, suffering what we suffer, we might feel sure that he can sympathise with us. Thus we read, "In that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted;" and, "We have not a high-priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are."

Think, then, of Jesus as a man. Yonder is a funeral. It is a widow's only son, and she follows the corpse with a broken heart. Who is the man who sees her afar off, pities her, goes up to the dead body, restores it to life, and delivers the son to his mother? That loving man is Jesus. Who is this standing amid a crowd of little children, and taking them so kindly in his arms to bless them? It is Jesus. Who is that mourner weeping at the grave of Lazarus? It is Jesus.—Who is it that all the sick, and the poor, and the sorrowful run after, and who heals and comforts them all, refusing none? It is Jesus. He is still the same; a loving, tender, compassionate man. You need not be afraid of him; he is a man, your brother. It is he who says to you, "Come unto me." Listen to him, sinner. He is the mighty God, and able to save you; but he is also "the man of sorrows," and full of sympathy and love. He knows, feels, and pities all our weakness and frailties and fears. He bids you not to be afraid. As a brother-man, he stands with looks of unutterable kindness, and says, "Come unto me; Come unto me." O treat not with indifference so loving a Friend. Listen to him. Let your heart be touched by his tenderness. Trust in his promises. Come to Jesus at once. Rely on him as your Saviour, and obey him as your King, and he will be to you the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Read Isa. 53; Matt. ch. 26, 27; Luke 7:11-15; Jobu 3: 16, 17; 14: 9; Phill. 2: 6-11; Heb 2; 17, 18.—Come to Jesus.

Sabbath School Lessons.

August 4th, 1861.

ISHMAEL BORN.—GEN. xvi.—1. 16.

A FAMILY SIN.—Abram had now dwelt 10 years in the land of Canaan, v. 3. The Lord had frequently promised him children, but had hitherto delayed fulfilling the promise. Sarai, his wife who was now seventy-five years of age, continued childless; and as she had no hope of ever having any children to Abram, she adopted a sinful expedient for securing the long delayed but much desired promise, v. 2. She talked first to her husband, and Abram hearkened to her, v. 3. "The father of mankind sinned by hearkening to his wife; and, now the father of the faithful imitates his example."—*Fuller.* Hagar was one of the maid-servants whom Pharaoh had given Abram.—She was likely most exemplary in her character and conduct. Sarai gave her to Abram to wife. This is the first instance on record of a pious man having two wives, but doubtless it was a common practice among others, and may have been regarded as respectable.

A FAMILY SUFFERING.—Sarai who was first in the sin, was first in experiencing suffering. She was despised by her servant, v. 5. She felt that she was ill-treated by her husband, v. 5; and that she required to deal hardly with Hagar, v. 6. Abram who was second in the sin, v. 2, was second in the suffering, v. 5.—His wife heaped all her reproaches upon him. He very properly relinquished Hagar, but ought to have protected her from ill-usage.—Hagar who was third in the sin, not only through her unlawful position, but through her presumption and her pride suffered severely, v. 6, & 11.

THE FLIGHT.—Hagar fled from the face of her mistress, v. 6 & 8. The Angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness, v. 7. Travellers through the wilderness usually rested near fountains of water for refreshment. The Angel addressed her as *Sarai's Maid*, v. 8; thus showing disapprobation of her own pretensions, and the position in which Sarai placed her. He commanded obedience, v. 9; promised a reward to obedience, v. 10.

The Angel that appeared to Hagar, was the ANGEL JEHOVAH. JEHOVAH himself the Eternal Word and Son of God.

Hagar, though not in the path of duty, was found by the Lord whom she sought not, v. 10. She received a great blessing when she least expected it, v. 10. At the time she thought she was alone and without a friend, the Lord showed her that she had a friend, v. 11.

ISHMAEL.—Signified *God will hear*, v. 11. The word rendered "Wild man" signifies a wild ass man, and this was doubtless an emblem of his own character, and of the character of his descendants. Various tribes of Arabs are considered to have descended from Ishmael. They in history bear the same character here referred to in prophecy. The descendants of Ishmael, also, lived as ravagers in the neighbourhood of the Israelites, and Edomites, and other descendants of Abram, and yet were never subjugated by them, v. 12.

Learn 1. Never do evil that good may come. Examp. Sarai Gen. xvi. 2. Rebe kah. Gen. xxvii. 62.

2. Never leave a post of duty because it is trying to occupy, or others are unkind to you. Gen. xvi. 9.

3. That the eye of God is constantly upon you, v. 13.

August 11th, 1861.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.—JOHN iv. 4-26.

1. The Lord Jesus was on His way from Judea to Galilee, v. 3. Samaria lay between them. To reach Galilee it was necessary to go through Samaria, or go round it. The Jews who had bitter enmity to the Samaritans, v. 9, usually went round it, but the Lord Jesus would not endorse that unchristian feeling. *The city of Sychar* is supposed to have been the same as Shechem; and to have been so named from the drunkenness of the inhabitants. *Jacob's Well*, in a field which Jacob bequeathed to Joseph, there was a well, which tradition reported to have belonged to Jacob. See Gen. xlviii 22. On the well Jesus sat, about 12 o'clock in the day, being weary.

2. The weariness of Jesus is an indication that as man He was subject to man's infirmities. That He had a weak body compared with his disciples, v. 6-8. While seated the woman of Samaria arrived at the well of whom he asked a drink of cold water. This was evidently refused, v. 9-10. Such is the effect of bigotry. For the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, v. 8. The Jews were evidently more to blame than the Samaritans. It is not said the Samaritans had no dealings with the Jews, but that the Jews, &c. They had light which the others had not.

3. *The light of God* may mean in general, the free grace of God to sinners, or the gift of His own Son to be their Saviour. *The living water* is a figurative phrase. It means running water in opposition to dead or stagnant, and is employed here to represent the influences of the Holy Spirit which are in the gift of Christ, v. 10. His influences may be compared to water, because of the inexhausti-

his abundance provided. The gratuitous manner in which they are communicated, and their purifying and refreshing efficacy. The woman of Samaria who was yet blind to the perception of Christ, and the character of the living-water supposed that he referred to ordinary running water, v. 11-12. *Who so drinketh of the pleasures of this life is never satisfied, they thirst again, but those who drink of the waters that flow from the "fountain of life" never thirst. It is ever at hand to satisfy desire.* The woman in her ignorance sought this water, v. 15. She had ground to go upon in asking it, v. 10.

4. The Lord Jesus answered her request in a different way from what she expected,—*Psal. lxxv. 6.* He convinced her of sin, v. 16-18.—*She saw from this intimate knowledge of her character that He was at least a prophet, but pained with the revelation of herself and desirous of avoiding the subject she raised another question, v. 20. Like many others she was ready to talk on matters connected with religion, but not about religion as affecting herself.* The Lord answered her question in v. 20, in favor of the Jews, v. 22, but takes the opportunity of declaring that the existing order of things was now about a close, v. 23. He declares that spiritual worship was to succeed, v. 24, and reveals Himself unto her, v. 26.

5. As soon as the woman knew that it was Christ, she was so much gratified and excited with the discovery, that she left her water-pot, and went to her friends, v. 29, and invited them to come to Christ, v. 29. This woman expected that when the Messiah came He would tell them all things, v. 25. Christ appeared in this very character. He told her all things that ever she did, v. 29.

Learn I. Christ's gracious dealings with a soul usually begin by convincing of sin, v. 16-18.

2. After that He reveals himself under the character most dear unto them, v. 25.

3. As soon as a soul gets the first discovery of Christ, it hastens to bring others to Him, v. 29.

4. When Christ is set forth with evidence of His divinity you ought to go and see Him, v. 30.

August 18th, 1861.

ABRAHAM'S COVENANT.—GENESIS 17th CHAPTER.

I. The Lord appeared again unto Abram, v. 1, who was 99 years old. This was nearly fourteen years after his marriage with Hagar, chap. xvi. 16. "This long trial of his faith may be a rebuke for his misconduct in that transaction." The Lord revealed himself as *the Almighty*, as He who was sufficient for

all things, and therefore Abram was to walk before Him, and *be perfect*, i.e. not to go to the right hand or the left, but to be constantly and entirely dependent on Him and devoted to Him. He had resorted to an unbelieving expedient in taking Hagar to wife, henceforth, he was to keep in the path of righteousness and leave God to fulfill His promises in His own time and way, v. 1, 2.—Abram fell on his face, the usual way in which reverence was manifested, and by which he indicated his faith in God.

II. The covenant made with Abram was indicated first by a change in Abram's name,—*ABRAM* means a *high father*. *ABRAHAM* means a father of a great multitude. The Ishmaelites, Midianites, and other nations were descended from Abraham by Hagar and Keturah, and the Edomites and Israelites by Sarah, David, Solomon and their successors for almost five hundred years, were descendants of Abraham.—see v. 6. This covenant was to be everlasting, v. 7. The Land of Canaan for an everlasting possession was included in the promise, v. 8, and the favor of God to his posterity, v. 8.

III. Abraham was required to accede to the covenant, by submitting to circumcision as an evidence of his acquiescence in the Lord's will, v. 9-14. He further received the assurance that his wife Sarai would be blessed, that her name would be changed, v. 15-16. That a child shall be born of her, v. 17. That he should be called Isaac, v. 19. That the covenant will be established with him, and that Ishmael also will be made exceeding fruitful, v. 20. Abraham, in token of his faith and obedience promptly circumcised himself and his household, v. 23-27.

IV. The person who appeared to Abraham is obviously the same as he who appeared to him at the beginning,—chap. xii. 1-7; xiii. 14; xv. 1-7-18; xvi. 13,—which appears to be the Lord Jesus,—Acts vii. 2, with 1 Cor. ii. 8. He calls it "my covenant" v. 2-4-9, &c., "the everlasting covenant," v. 7-13-19, with Heb. xiii. 20, and Isa. lv. 3; and is, therefore, clearly the covenant of grace,—Gal. iii. 17. Christ himself is called the Covenant,—Isa. xlii. 6; xlix. 8.

V. Abraham secured the covenant, by keeping hold of it by faith,—Gen. xv. 6,—and by manifesting the reality of this faith by holiness of life, v. 1-10. We become heirs of grace exactly in the same way—Rom. iv. 10; Gal. iii. 26.

VI. Pray for the Holy Spirit of promise that the covenant may be revealed to us,—Psal. xxv. 4; that we may find *acceptance in Him*; that we may evidence our acceptance by the fruits of a holy life, and in due time enter on the heavenly Canaan.

THE BRAHMIN AND THE OFFICER.

"I was in the tent of a British officer, who said to me, 'I believe your coming to India is a regular forlorn hope.' 'I should believe the same,' was my reply, 'only God has promised to accompany all I do in his name.' 'But,' he added, 'the Hindoos won't make Christians; they are so cunning, they are downright liars. I would not believe a Hindu was a Christian if I saw him.' I told him I had some good native converts that I should like him to see. 'Well,' he replied, 'I should like to see them, and I would show them up to you.' Just then our missionary, Gongga, who had been a Brahmin, was coming up the walk to the tent, and I said to the officer, 'Here is one of our native preachers coming; perhaps you would like to show him up.' 'Well,' he said, 'I should like to ask him a few questions.' I said to Gongga in the native tongue, 'This gentleman don't believe in your Christianity.' 'Well, I can't help that,' said Gongga—the lordliness of his Brahminical character breaking out. 'He wants to ask you a few questions.' 'What is it he wants to ask me questions for? Does he want to know the reason of the hope there is in me, or to find fault?' 'Softening, he added, 'Let the gentleman ask me any questions, and I am prepared to answer them.' The first question the officer put was, 'How did you get your living before you were a Christian?' Gongga did not quite understand this, and he said, 'Sir, I was an officiating Brahmin.' 'But how did you get your living; tell me that?—Now, just suppose that somebody were to stop the carriage of a gentleman with lawn sleeves, as it was passing along the streets of London, and say to him, 'How do you get your living?' It might be a very awkward question for him to answer, but it would be known very well that he did have a good living. And the officer ought to have understood the case of the Brahmin in the same way. When he did understand that brother Gongga had had the temple revenues and the offerings of the people, and that he had given them up to become a Christian, he said, 'Well, I did not expect that anyhow.' He wanted to show that this man had become a Christian just to get a living. Old Gongga then related

the history of his conversion. He was first impressed with the statements he had found in a religious tract, which led him to put Juggernaut to the test, whether he were a god or no. First he spent a whole day and night in praying to him, and then he spent the same length of time in cursing him. 'Nothing came of it,' said Gongga, 'and I did not believe he was a god; but to make it more certain still, I went and poked him with a spear, and my arm was not withered.' Then he told of the happy change which had come over his own feelings, and how by faith in Christ he had a good hope through grace. The tears stood in the officer's eyes, and he seized Gongga's black hand, saying, 'God bless you! I am glad to have met with you.' Then it was Gongga's turn. 'You have claimed the right,' said he to the officer, 'to examine me; and now, perhaps, you will allow me to examine you a little. You come from a Christian country—you call yourself a Christian; now I want to ask if you are really a Christian?' The officer got up, and walked into an inner room.—Gongga followed him, saying in a gentle voice, 'I did not mean to offend you, and I would only ask you, as a Christian, to pray to God that I may be found faithful until death.' I am happy to tell you that that officer dated his conversion to God from that time."—[From speech by Rev. H. Wilkinson, Orissa.

The Fragment Basket.

True Wisdom.—Science has made rapid advances; but it has not yet learned how to soothe a troubled conscience, or to lift a burden of remorse from an aching heart. Thousands of years ago, in one of the most ancient of books, the question was asked: Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? And in many words that have been written since, men have tried in one way or another to answer it. The thoughtful patriarch who proposed it, sought in vain from all the wisdom and knowledge of his time for a reply that would give peace to his restless spirit. And if we turn to the more mature science of our own day, and repeat the question; "Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding?" what is the answer? Even as it was

years ago. The geologist drills and bores through stratum after stratum, and digs and delves far "deeper than plummet ever sounded," only to return and tell that the depth saith it is not in me." The voyager covers the sea with ships, with sail and paddle-wheel, and Archimedes' screw, they speed north and south, and east and west, and round about the pendent globe. Many run to and fro, and knowledge increases. What the fount-crested waves will not tell, the abyss may reveal, and with net and dredge, and diving-bell, the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean" are searched through, and gazed into, and "gems of purest ray," and monsters who never saw the sun, are brought into the "light of common day." But above all the stir and strife of man's endeavour, the murmuring billows lift their voices, and "the sea saith, it is not with me." The chemist gathers together every object which has shape or weight, or volume, living or dead, and with fire and furnace, and potent agent, and electric battery, tests and assays it. But when "victorious analysis" has done its best he replies, "It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with precious onyx or the sapphire. The gold and the chrystal cannot equal it. The price of wisdom is above rubies." The naturalist wanders through the pathless forests of far distant lands, and with pain and toil grows familiar with the habits of everything that lives; but after he has gone the round of all creation in search of wisdom, he answers with mournful aspect, "It is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept secret from the fowls of the air." The anatomist makes the writhing animal agonize under his torturing hand, and slays it, that perchance in the page of death the mystery of life and of wisdom may be found written: but he will venture in reply to say no more than that "Destruction and Death say, we have heard the sound with our ears."

But while all the oracles of science are silent on this great question, lo! through the thick darkness a ray of light descends, and a voice, solemn, yet benignant, proclaims to us as it did to the first anxious seeker after truth, "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding."—*Review*

Summary of the Gospel from Bunyan.

The word of God declares that men are by nature alienated from him in their understandings, will, and affections—that they have no righteousness of their own—that they are under the power and dominion of sin—that they are under the curse of the law—that they are on the broad way that leadeth to destruction, that goeth down to hell; and that God hath sent his Son into the world, that they might live through him; and that justification and eternal salvation are to be found in Christ, and nowhere else. Surely, if men believed this, they would run to Him. Christ has life and salvation to give to such as want it, and have not a penny to purchase it; and he gives it freely. *If you do not go for it, it is plain that you do not want it.* And that none can save but Christ, is evident; for the word of God again declares, "Neither is there salvation in any other;" "God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." And there is reason for this; for none could answer the demands of the law but Christ. The curse of the broken law was laid upon him, and he bore it. He suffered the penalty, and redeemed his people from under it, with that satisfaction to divine justice, that God can now be just and the justifier of the sinner who cometh to Jesus, and trusteth in what he has done for him. Salvation is entirely by the work of Jesus Christ, that God might be adored and magnified for devising this way of saving sinners, and that all boasting might be cut off from the lips of men; and this salvation is made effectual and received by man, only through the power of the Holy Spirit. Again; salvation is only to be found in Jesus Christ, that we might have it on the easiest terms,—to wit, *freely as a gift—not as wages.* Were it by obedience to the law, we should never get it; were it to be dispensed by fellow-sinners, we should pay soundly for it; but, thanks be to God! it is in Christ, and by him is communicated to sinners, upon the easiest terms, even for-receiving, accepting, and embracing with thanksgiving.

PERSEVERANCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The following interesting incident occurred not long ago, in a first-class railway carriage:—Three gentlemen occupied the three seats on one side of the compartment, and a valued friend of ours was for some time the only occupant of the other side. On stopping at one of the stations, the guard opened the carriage door, and let in a pleasant-looking quaker lady, who took one of the vacant seats by the side of our friend. The train had not long been in motion, when the lady opened a reticule, which she carried in her hand, and taking out a small parcel of neatly printed tracts, she kindly presented a copy to one of the gentlemen opposite to her, and asked his acceptance of it. In a very unceremonious manner, he said, holding up the newspaper in his hand, "I want to read the Times, I don't want any of your tracts." After a few moments of silence, or perhaps of prayer, she addressed the next gentleman, "Wilt thou kindly accept one?" "No," replied he, "don't bother me with your tracts, I want to read the Times when my friend here has done with it."

Although thus repulsed, the lady still persevered. On politely offering the tract to the third gentleman, he immediately folded his arms, closed his eyes, thrust himself into the corner of the seat, and, in a snarly manner, said, "I don't want it, I want to sleep."

It was, perhaps, with a feeling of despondency, that the lady turned to the gentleman on her right hand, repeating somewhat timidly the question for the fourth time, "Wilt thou kindly accept one?" "With pleasure, madam," was the reply, "and I cannot refrain from expressing my deep regret that in an English railway carriage, a lady has experienced the rude treatment she has in this." There was now a profound silence; but feelings were evidently at work, and we rejoice to say that gentlemanly feelings gained the ascendancy. The gentleman who had the Times, was evidently not a little disturbed. The motion of the newspaper in his hand, showed that a struggle was going on in his mind. At length he broke the silence. "Madam," said he, "I beg your pardon, I must acknowledge that you have been rudely treated. I apologize, and if you will give me one of the tracts, I will, with pleasure, accept it." Scarcely had the tract been handed, before the friend in the adjoining seat, said, "Well, it was too bad, I acknowledge it. Will you give me one, ma'am?" The other gentleman remained with his arms folded, and his eyes closed. For a quarter of an hour, he still retained his rigid position. At length, apparently awaking out of a sound sleep, said, "Well, I had better

make a clean breast of it. I beg pardon too. Will you give me one, ma'am?"

With pleasure, which words cannot express, the tract was given. The Tract Distributor felt amply rewarded, and we earnestly pray that the seed of truth sown in that railway carriage, under such peculiar circumstances, may prove like "bread cast upon the waters, found after many days." We trust that every Tract Distributor, under whose notice this fact may come, will not forget the important motto of "Never despair, but persevere."

LAST WORDS OF DYING SINNERS

"Millions of money for one minute of time!" exclaimed a dying lady of rank, of beauty, and of power; but not a minute was to be found for her in the world of time. She had spent her years in the pursuit of pleasure, and never had one moment to spare for the great concerns of the world to come.

"It is too late, I am lost!" was the dying cry of a young man who had passed through a revival of religion, and had not been moved by the power of the Holy Spirit. Sudden sickness seized him, and death stared him in the face, and he was filled with anguish when he saw the danger of his precious soul. He was urged to fly to the Saviour and trust him, as did the thief on the cross. But with the lamentation on his lips, "Too late, I am lost!" he expired.

Mr. Hervey called to see a dying man, who thus gave utterance to the deep sorrows of his soul: "I see a horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness for ever. Woe is me. When God called, I refused. Now I am in sore anguish, and yet this is but the beginning of sorrows. I shall be destroyed with an everlasting destruction!"

"I won't die now," cried a young lady, when she felt the pangs of death getting hold on her. But as they increased, and she saw there was no way of escape, and that, whether willing or not, she must die, she cried out, "Lord what must I do?" and fell back in death.

A rich man was dying, and when the physician had exhausted his skill in fruitless attempts to arrest the violence of his disease, the sufferer asked, "Shall I never recover?" "You are quite sick," answered the doctor, "and should prepare for the worst." "Cannot I live for a week?" "No; you will probably continue but a little while." "Say not so," said the dying man, "I will give you a hundred thousand pounds if you will prolong my life three days." "I could not do it, my dear sir, for three hours," said the doctor, and the man was dead in less than an hour.

"There is no mercy for me now!" said a

youth, who had been careless and irreligious in health, and now in sickness he felt that the atonement which he had despised was not within his reach. He died without hope, protesting to the end that there was no mercy for such a sinner as he.

Reader, would you die as these sinners died? It was a wicked man who said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." But, oh! remember that if you would die the Christian's death, you must live the Christian's life. "Seek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near."

"To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. iv. 7.

"THE ONE THING NEEDFUL."

Love to Christ in a human heart, kindled there by Christ's love to men, and laying hold in turn of the love that lighted it, is the one thing needful. Mary had it while she sat at Jesus' feet in Bethany; John had it while he struggled along with his comrades to keep his boat afloat in the gale; a multitude whom no man can number have possessed and enjoyed it, in the troubles of life and the terrors of a dying hour. If we are in Christ our weakness becomes our strength; our sorrow becomes the inlet of a more abounding joy. The dangers which surrounded these fishermen awakened their latent love. Christ, their head, felt its thrill, as instantly and surely as a living man feels the pain of a wound on any extremity of his body. As the man, without loss of time or wavering of purpose, comes with all his might to the defence of a suffering member, Christ in his almighty grace comes at the cry of the meanest Christian. His power and love are still the same; and still the same is the need of his disciples. The laws of Nature do not grow feeble as they grow old; they are as fresh to-day as when they first began. They hold up the greatest things with the same strength, and grasp the smallest with the same precision. Nor is love, God's law in the other department of his administration, worn and weary because it has lasted long. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He feels your burdened spirit leaning on his heart to-day, as freshly as he felt the strain of Peter, and James, and John, in the time of their distress. It is not that they had to do with a real, personal, near, and loving Jesus then, and that you have to do with a distant, abstract, unsympathizing spiritual principle to-day; the same Jesus hears your cry, and feels the clinging of your faith about his heart. A thousand years is with the Lord as one day. In his view there is not, as in yours, a dim distance of dark ages, between the hold that those Galileans took of his love,

and the hold that you take of it in your need. In his account, John, and James, and Peter leant on his arm yesterday, and you lean on it to-day. In yourselves you are as needy, and to the Lord you are as welcome as they. He puts himself in your power: "Lo, I am with you always." Draw, and you will draw him from heaven for your help.—[Roots and Fruits, by Rev. W. Arnot.

ONLY THIS ONCE.

Ab, 'this once,' what mischief has it wrought! How easy, and yet how dangerous for youth hankering after forbidden pleasures, to yield to the soft enticements, to take the first sip, with the delusive intention that it shall be the last. 'Only this once,' and I am satisfied! This he says when he takes the first intoxicating cup, that is to become his steadfast companion through a miserable life.

'Only this once'—I'll take a few shillings from the desk of my employer, to pay for attendance at the theatre, a club-room treat, a night's debauch.

'Only this once,' cries the duped, deluded youth, when he takes his first lesson at the gaming-table, from which he rises little better than a fiend, to pursue a career of infamy, ending in black despair.

'Only this once!' think of it, young man. Would you become a drunkard, a libertine, a thief, a gambler? Then let 'this once' alone. Your word, your self-control, your integrity, your reputation, your happiness, your prosperity, all go with the fatal, lying resolve.

Once entered on a sinful course, ere long you will find yourself in deep waters, which if they do not overwhelm you, will inevitably carry you on, unless rescued by Divine interposition, till you are dashed over the awful precipice into the seething whirlpool beneath.

Have not millions thus wrecked body and soul for time and eternity by yielding to this seductive, specious pleading? Beware of the first risings of sinful desire; beware of evil company; beware of immoral books; beware of places of sinful amusement. Look upwards to that eye which is ever upon you.—Seek His protection and guidance. Seek His friendship, for He loves you. Yea, the love of Christ can more than satisfy your longings. Pray that His gracious Spirit may turn your feet into wisdom's paths of 'pleasantness' and 'peace.'

LET HIM ALONE!

Let him alone! Methinks it should startle thousands, if it could meet them in their dream of bliss and contentedness with this world's good. Ephraim is wedded to idols; he has chosen the world for his portion, and likes it; he has set his heart upon the things of time and sense, and finds them sufficient to his happiness; his cup is full; his spirit is satisfied; he drinks it eagerly, and does not wish for more. Let him alone—do not rouse him from his dreams to tell him it is not reality—do not disturb his conscience, or mar his pleasure, or wake his fears, or check his hopes; he has made his choice, let him have it, and abide in it—I have done with him. O God, rather than pass such a sentence on us, pursue us for ever with thy chastening rod? If we have an idol that we love too much, better that it be dashed in pieces before our eyes—better that the scorpion-sting of sorrow chase from our bosoms every thought of bliss—better, far better, that we be the wretched and miserable of the earth, than that we be left to such a prosperity—a happy dream, from which the only waking will be eternal misery. While he designs to correct us, there is hope in the very zenith of our folly. While he pursues our sins with punishment, mocks our wild hopes, mars our mad schemes, and blights our expectations, there is hope that he will save us from the eternal consequences of our folly. But when he lets us alone—when the careless conscience feels no pang, the stupified conscience sounds no alarm, when all on earth goes well with us, and no warning from heaven reaches us—when, in the enjoyment of this world's good, the Giver is forgotten, and no evil comes of it—when the laws of our Creator are broken and disregarded, and no punishment ensues—when we prefer time to eternity, and earth to heaven, and sin to holiness, and remain happy withal, start not our bosoms at the thought? He may have said of us, as he said of Ephraim, "Let him alone."—*Caroline Fry*

The Left Hand

Forward they must move to the left hand of Christ, to be judged and sentenced. What a hideous throng! There are the sinners of the old world, and of Sodom and Gomorrhah, liars, thieves, tyrants, murderers, the unclean, the profane; while the more reputable and outwardly respectable of the enemies of Christ will be mixed up promiscuously with them. A man, hitherto respectable and respected, on committing some offence against society for which secret wickedness had prepared him, is sent to prison, and while they are putting on him the twain-colored dress, he says, "This is worse than all. Must I march with locked step and folded arms in the file with convicts?" Perhaps he was a graduate of a college, perhaps he preached, perhaps he held a high place in the Christian church. Justice makes no account of our standing or past associations, nor considers our refinement; down we go to the common herd of the vile, if we turn aside to crooked ways, and are led forth with the workers of iniquity. The sight of the righteous passing away will be the aggravation of their misery. Their personal separations and grief will be the most dreadful. "O my father! mother! my husband! my wife! my child! my brother! my sister! Once I sat by your side, and heard the same gospel; hundreds of times I left your side, and went from the Lord's table where so affectionately and with tears I was urged to come, and where I should have been as welcome as you. But month after month for years, I went away from Christ and heaven are going away from me. One more opportunity to accept Christ! to profess him before men! to join the company of those who showed his death until he come! He is come! All is lost! Once the many who, with me, left the communion table behind, countenanced me; now, this great multitude of them affrights me."—But cries and regrets are vain. All this is the beginning of sorrows.

"To him that is joined to all the living there is hope." "And yet there is room." "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." "As the Holy Ghost saith, To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—*Nehemiah Adams, Boston, U. S.*

Religious Intelligence.

LONDON.

At a recent Wesleyan Home Missionary meeting, a minister labouring among the teeming myriads of the Spitalfields population, said that he was not present as "a counsel to plead, but as a witness to give evidence. He had not to preach to the sable sons of Africa, but to men with bodies black with filth, and hearts black with guilt; not to do with the castes of India, but with the outcasts of London; not to grapple with heathen mythology, but with men who worshipped no God, who never bowed the knee to Jehovah, and who never uttered His name save with blasphemies; not to decipher the thousand characters of the Chinese language, but to preach to London thieves who spoke a language peculiar to themselves."

Mr. Ewer narrated some of his adventures in the dark regions of London life. He stated that there were "hundreds of mothers who did not know how to wash their homes, dress their babes, cook their food, or mend their clothes. He had frequently met with women who had been glad to get rid of their children by death." Then, as to the miserable wages paid to women under the "sweating system," he added "Numbers of them are employed in making match-boxes at 2½d., per gross, superfine trousers for 10d., boots are bound for 1½ per pair." Wicked as are the people in Spitalfields, they are yet found accessible to the missionary. He has held not "midnight" but "midday meetings" for "unfortunates," when the temples throbbed, the heartached, and conscience spoke," and "twelve of them had been rescued." He had "been surrounded by as many as thirty thieves with two or three bull-dogs. He had been insulted." "There was a door to every man's heart. These poor wretches could feel as others felt, and love as others love when kindly treated."

He told also of a City missionary visiting a sweep's room, and finding other men there, proposed to read to them all, as he had been wont to do to the sweep alone.

"Shall I read the Word of God?"

"Yes," said the sweep.

"Well, what shall I read to you?"

"Oh," said, he—and he remembered that he spoke *not* with levity, but with *deep* feeling, although his answer will excite a smile—"Oh," said he, "read about that young cove what bolted from his gunner!"

The man alluded to the beautiful parable of the prodigal son; and Bible women and City missionaries can all testify how this "sweet story of old" moves, melts, and often times wins to Christ the hearts of the vilest of the London population.

A Social Monthly Meeting of the London

Bible women is now held for united prayer and pastoral addresses. The presidency of lady superintendents at District Mothers' Meetings likewise works powerfully for good, as the writer can testify from personal observation. "I am sure," said the Countess-dowager of Duncie, who superintends a Bible Mission in Upper Chelsea, it has a very beneficial effect on the lady's own heart. She often learns that while charity in the shape of money is not half so much valued as might be expected, yet the *personal sympathy never fails to call forth the deepest gratitude*. . . . "Blessed is he that *considers* the poor. That 'considerth' conveys much more to my mind than mere gifts."

"Off-shoots from Bible Missions," are constantly being developed, even as they were and are still appearing in connection with Ragged Schools. Thus it is that among those whom the Bible women visit and bless, there are 'nurses born.' Each has been always "a neighbourly person," ready to lend a hand in sickness and accident.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER in connection with little weekly prayer meetings among mothers are being constantly realized. It is also true that zeal and compassion in the cause of the poor distinguish many Christians in London at this time. Thus, the congregation assembling in St. Jude's church, Whitechapel—where first the Rev. Hugh Allen gathered many outcasts to Christ, and where a still poor but numerous congregation has now the faithful ministrations of the Rev. Samuel Thornton—recently dropped into the poor box on one Sunday (no plates being held at the door) a sum of £22. In like manner *individual* ingenuity, prompted by love to Christ in a *young* heart, led to the writing of a circular to the pupils of a ladies' school, at which the writer attended daily. The *Missing Link* was first introduced to the school library, then a large sheet of paper was ruled and prepared for a subscription list, and on one side an address was written by "Fanny" to her "dear friends and school-fellows," asking help for the Aldgate Mission, "in providing every poor person with a Bible, and enabling them to obtain clothing and bedding at greatly reduced prices." The proprietor of the school kindly headed the list and all the pupils followed her example.

A former pupil at the school, dying of consumption, wrote down her name on the list with a hand "shaky," as she said, but with a heart full of joy in having an opportunity to help. "Twelve hours from that time she was with her Saviour."

"Several dear young Jewesses also were among the contributors." Mr. Thornton also testifies to the "success" of "Olivo," a Bible woman, who, "herself a Jewess, is undaunted

by the difficulties among the Jews. God has blessed many souls by her means." The Jews of London are now reading their own Scriptures to an extent unknown before, and as last month, so now, I ask *prayer—special prayer—continuous prayer*, from all the people of God who read these lines, for the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

PREACHING TO THE RICH—in connection with two series of Saturday Afternoon Addresses in Willis' Rooms, St. James's—has been a special feature of the West End "season."—Last year Mr. Brownlow North inaugurated the movement; this year, while he has been present but disabled from speaking in public, two other holy men have been raised up to proclaim the same message to the wealthy and the noble, with intensest earnestness and tenderness of appeal, and also with uncommon scriptural clearness and fulness, especially as to the method of a sinner's justification by *faith only*, and as to a present salvation thus obtained. The writer has been present at two of these meetings. Carriages in double row lined St. James's Street and extended into St. James's-Square.

The great room—so beautiful in its decorations, and known as the ball-room of "Almacks" for two or three generations of the great and gay—was indeed a consecrated spot—"the house of God and the gate of heaven." Of the preachers, — Blackwood, Esq., a gentleman of family, who married some years ago the young widow of the late excellent Duke of Manchester, was the first whom I heard. His subject was "Glad Tidings," as indicated in the latter part of the 13th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, including the passage, "Through this man is preached to you the forgiveness of sins, and by him *all that believe are justified*," &c. The other speaker was Captain Trotter. In his first address he evoked the reminiscence of the time when he was among the gayest of the gay in that very room, but for years past he has been an eminent witness for Christ among the upper classes, and has done much, in connection with the Rev. Mr. Pemfether, in promoting at Barnet, where his country seat is, the glorious awakening which is still in progress and power in that district. Captain Trotter founded his remarks on the oft-perverted passage, "Work out your own salvation," &c., and with admirable expository clearness elucidated its real application—not to those who were *without* Christ and unjustified, but to those who, having found Jesus, and pardon and acceptance through faith in his righteousness, were called upon to hold fast the beginning of their confidence unto the end, in the spirit of earnest perseverance, diligence, watchfulness, and prayer. A letter was read by him on this oc-

casion from a young lady who had been long seeking to work out a righteousness by her own endeavours, but who had, by one of his addresses, been led to cast herself upon Christ, and to come to Him *just as she was*. She had at once been filled with joy and peace; and now her heart's desire and resolve is to seek to bring others to taste of the same cup of gladness.

In the Sabbath-school and Bible Classes best known to the writer, a recent investigation has been made by the pious superintendent as to the *extent* of awakening. The teachers having considered the matter, and each giving a calm as well as an independent testimony, the delightful conclusion drawn is that, during a comparatively brief period, *seventy* young persons—boys, girls, young men and maidens—have been truly converted and turned to the Lord. The work still progresses, and prayer-meetings are held thrice a week. To listen unobserved to the prayers offered at these meetings, or at one held at the close of the Sabbath and sanctuary services, is deeply impressive. Two or three lads in succession pour out their hearts in petitions earnest, scriptural, impressive—such as, I am deeply convinced, are directly prompted by that Holy Spirit who is the great Author and Inspirer of true prayer.

A young man was lately present at one of these meetings, who but a short time ago was so wicked that he had, as he had told the writer, *cursed God* to his face. He went one evening "for a lurk" with a companion, to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in Islington, and there the Word of God found him out, and now, though persecuted and hated by an ungodly brother, he holds on his way, and is an open yet humble confessor of his Lord and Master.

It is worthy of notice that thus *young evangelists* are raised up to do a great work, and that *as a rule* they are kept from spiritual pride, and are owned and blessed of God in those burning appeals which they make to sinners. To this let it be added, that *united prayer* sometimes long continued has been, in almost every case, the precursor of special blessings in Sabbath Schools.

A conference has been held of the teachers of the North London Auxiliary Sunday School Union, for the purpose of hearing authentic particulars of the glorious work of grace in various schools in the district. It is a melancholy fact that some Sabbath-school teachers, even while professedly praying for revival, *do not recognize or sympathize with it when it comes*. Such teachers need expect no blessing. Faith is wanting, love is cold, and young converts are discouraged, if not frowned on. It is to be feared that there are members of Chris-

lian churches who look with disfavor on extra efforts, or what they call "excitement." But in spite of this partial obstructiveness, the Word of the Lord among the young grows mightily and prevails.

Mr. H. Hull, secretary of the North-west Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, has kindly furnished me with important and most cheering facts, illustrative of his opening statement, that "God's work of grace is deepening and widening amongst and around us here." He says, "In the Associations for Young Men special blessings have been sought and received of late. For several Sundays past conversions have taken place in the Bible class. Three Sundays ago, *four* were awakened; Sunday week, *seven*; and last Lord's day, *three*; and several of them, I have no doubt, arose from the death of sin and are now alive unto God. One of these was a stout, well-dressed butcher, who had, mysteriously to him-self, been led to read a chapter in the Bible in the morning. A tract distributor brought him to the Bible Class; afterwards he came to me, weeping like a child and trembling like an aspen leaf. He left the place rejoicing in the efficacy of the Saviour's blood to cleanse from all sin."

The quickening power of the Word has nowhere been more remarkably realized than at this Bible Class on Sabbath afternoons, conducted by Mr. Hull. For the last two years it has been the scene of conversions, and many faithful labourers for Christ were there and thus "born again of the incorruptible seed." No excitement is attempted or thought of; the teacher's manner is calm; the truth as it is in Jesus is expounded with great unction and fulness; and the large adult class search and compare along with their leader. Strangers careless and giddy, invited by earnest young men, come in, are arrested, enlightened, saved! This is the simple, unexaggerated truth. Let God, *working by His word*, have all the glory!

The glory of Christ crucified is thus being attested widely over London; and the doctrines of His real substitution, of justice satisfied, of legal penalty endured, of righteousness wrought out and reckoned to every sinner that believes as *his own*—oh, what daily illustrations are these receiving in London!—[British Messenger for July.

REAL HEROISM.

The following circumstance took place about twenty years ago, at a village called Ragenbach, in Germany. One afternoon a great number of the village people were assembled in the large room of the inn. There was only one door to the room, and that stood

open. The village blacksmith—a good-natured, pious, brave-hearted man—sat near the door, talking pleasantly, with some of his neighbours in the room.

All at once, a large dog came and stood right in the door. He was a great, powerful beast, with a fierce, frightful look. His head hung down, his eyes were bloodshot, his great red tongue hung half out of his mouth, and his tail was dropped between his legs. As soon as the keeper of the inn saw him, he turned pale, and exclaimed, "Mercy on us the dog is mad!" Then the women screamed, and there was great confusion in the room.—There was no way out but by the door in which the dog stood, and no one could pass him without being bitten.

"Stand back, my friends," cried the brave smith, "till I seize the dog; then hurry out while I hold him. Better for one to perish than for all."

As he said this, he seized the foaming beast with an iron grasp, and dashed him on the floor. Then a terrible struggle followed.—The dog bit furiously on every side, in a most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let go his hold. Unmindful of the great pain it caused, and the horrible death which he knew must follow, with the grasp of a giant, he held down the snapping, biting, howling brute, till all his friends had escaped in safety. Then he flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, and locked the door. The dog was shot through the window; but what was to become of the brave but unfortunate smith.

The friends whose lives he had saved at the expense of his own, stood round him weeping. "Be quiet, my friends," he said; "don't weep for me; I've only done my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love; and now pray for me that God will not let me suffer long, or too much. I know I shall become mad, but I shall take care that no harm comes to you through me."

Then he went to his shop. He took a strong chain. One end he riveted with his own hands round his body; the other end he fastened round the anvil, so strongly that no earthly power could loose it. Then he looked round on his friends and said;—

"Now it's done. You are all safe. I can't hurt you. Bring me food while I am well, and keep out of my reach when I am mad! The rest I leave with God."

Nothing could save the brave smith. Soon madness seized him; and after nine days he died. What a noble fellow! What a real hero that was! He was willing to endure all this for the sake of securing blessings for his friends.—[The King's Highway.

THE GOOD NEWS.

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