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COMING TO CHRIST.

BY THE REV. ANDREW A. BONAR,

"*Coming to Christ*" is simply the souls' state when occupied with thoughts about Christ, so occupied therewith as to have left behind it all other things. In such a state of engrossment, it is said to have *come to him*. It has no other whom it cares for, no other that fills up its desires, no other that meets its case: and so it has left all others for this one, and in doing so is said to have "come to him." His person and work have met the cravings of both conscience and heart.

If you are at all troubled with this 'Come,' I do not hesitate to say that your eye is averted from its proper object. When Jesus says, "*Come unto me*," (Mat. xi. 28), He never meant you to stop short at the first word; He meant you to put all the stress upon "*ME*." Indeed He has used a form of expression that is purposely fitted to produce this result; for He has used a word for "*Come*" which [in the Greek original] is neither more nor less than "*This way*," or "*Hither*,"—not a verb but an adverb. He cries, "All ye that are heavy laden, leave off trying other means and try *me*! *This way* to me! *Hither* to me!" It is thus that He speaks, putting the whole stress upon the "*me*." "All that labour," says the gracious Master, "look *this way*! look *hither*! to *me*—to *me*—to none other but to *me*!"

It is the same word used (John. xxi. 12), "Come and dine," Leave off now your other engagements, and let us dine." It is the woman's word at Sychar, "Come, see a man that told me all." (John, iv. 29.) It is the master's word in the parable (Mat. xxii. 4), "Come to the marriage;" that is, "Let us off to the marriage! All is ready; away to this feast!" It is the angel's word at the tomb (Mat. xxviii. 6), "Come, see the place where the Lord lay;" that is, "Here is the spot, see for yourselves; this way, down here!" So that the emphasis all lies in the object presented to us; never in the act of our minds. But we, self-righteous as we are, would fain delay and linger, excusing ourselves by saying, "I do not

know how to perform the act aright." The real truth, however, is that we are not quite satisfied, or *very fully occupied*, with the object. We would not thus tarry on our own feelings, and acts, and states of mind, were we really very full engrossed with the Christ who is set before us, and who stands in the abundance of his grace beckoning us to advance and enjoy infinite love: "This way, O sinner! this way? To *me* and to no other?"

Yes, this is all. He beckons you to *himself*! Why turn in your eye on yourself? why gaze on your wounds? why gaze on your temptation? why look at waves, and listen to winds? The Master cries, "To *me*, to *me*." He says, "O soul, up! forsake *your* schemes *your* thoughts, *your* ways, and away at once to *me*! O precious soul! do not be detained by inquiries into your acts of mind, but at once think of *me*; *me* whom the Father sent to save the lost; *me* whom the Spirit delighted to glorify; *me* who have satisfied the law, who my own self bare your sins in my own body on the tree; *me* who have done all that a sinner needs for righteousness; *me* who am come to give you myself, with all I have done and suffered, to be your ransom."

The case might be stated thus, when I, a sinner, am brought to be willing that Christ should come to me and give me all I need, this is my soul's coming to Christ. My coming to Christ is, in other words my soul *satisfied with his coming to me*! When my soul is letting alone and forsaking other things, because *taken up with Christ's coming out of the Father's bosom* to save sinners; this is my soul's coming to Christ! My soul was asking, "Wherewithal shall I come before God?" Shall it be by bringing rivers of oil? Shall it be by offering my soul's sorrow and bitterest grief, I find that it is not thus; nor yet by my prayers, nor by the help of any priest, nor the aid of any creature's merit, nor by any one thing that is not to be found in Christ. *What is in Christ*

is what my soul needs. End then perplexed soul, all your difficulties by dwelling upon this glorious truth; viz., that Christ, "his own self," (1 Pet. ii. 24), is the only atonement for sin, the only propitiation. Do think of Christ, his person, his heart of love, his words of grace, and all this in connection with his finished work, his sacrifice accepted, and while thus engaged, "ere ever you are aware your soul shall be as the chariots of Ammi-nadib."

Most blessed word, "Come!" but let it not be misunderstood. It is not itself the Leader, but only the waving of his banner, the streaming of its folds to the four winds of heaven, as if saying, "Gather to Shiloh, all ends of the earth." Blessed word, "Come!" It is not the *Person*, but it is his kind voice drawing off my attention from other subjects. It is not the *Sacrifice*, but it is the silver trumpet summoning me to the sacrifice. Blessed word, "Come!" for instead of the tremendous "Depart!" of the judgment-day, spoken to rejecting and rejected sinners, it sends forth the proclamation of the gate still open, the heart of God open, for me a sinner.

Surely, then, I and Christ must meet. Why should we not? He beckons me off self and all else, and says, "To me, to me alone!" This day, then, let it be so! Father, I see thee pointing me away from ordinances, from the Bible, from my faith, as well as from my unbelief, to *Christ alone*, that I and He may meet! the *sinner* with the *Saviour*! no one between! Jesus, Master, in thee, in thee is peace! Holy spirit, thou hast bathed my weary soul! And here I rest, until the day arrive when I shall hear him say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom, prepared for you before the foundation of the world."

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

The first part of my story, said a gentleman to his friend, happened at the death-bed of my mother. Her life had been a long catalogue of troubles; but I have been told that she always had a happy countenance, because God was ever near to comfort and to strengthen her. I was

her only son, and she loved me as a mother only can. Although I was but seven years old when she died, I can distinctly remember her taking me into her room, and weeping a prayer to God that I might be saved. When we rose from off our knees, she told me that "God was soon going to take her home," and she was afraid I did not love him. Then she kissed me, and I heard her say, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, "God bless him!—God bless him!" The next week I stood at her death bed. Her eyes were closed, and she lay silent and still, as one waiting for her Lord. I loved her, and could not bear to think that she was going to die. As I kissed her, she opened her eyes, and, looking at me, said, "Edward, do love God, and then you shall one day join me in that land whither I am now going. When I'm dead, remember my words, Love him." She said no more, the eyes closed—the spirit had left its tabernacle of clay, and had winged its way to fairer worlds on high. I cried very much for a little time; but my boyish grief soon abated, and I was as gay as ever.

Years passed away, and I made friends with some bad boys, who led me into sin and almost ruin. We used to gamble, frequent race race-courses, theatres, and other places where "fast" young men resorted. We were one evening sitting smoking in a music-hall, when the dying words of my mother flashed across my mind: "Love God!—love God!" rang in my ears. I tried to stifle them; but no! it was still the dying words, "Love God!" I went home, and, for the first time for many years, the hardened sinner prayed. I need not continue the story. God had begun a good work in my soul, and he has carried it on until now, when a few grey hairs crown my head and the days of my pilgrimage are nearly over. But I'm ready for the summons, whenever it shall come to call me home, there to join in the same everlasting hymn of praise that she is singing, and crown him King of kings and Lord of lords.

Reader, see what prayer does! Do you pray?

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

ROM. VIII.

Ist Gott fur mich, so tret ich.

If God himself be for me,
I may a host defy,
For when I pray, before me
My foes confounded fly;
If Christ, the Head, befriend me,
If God be my support,
The mischief they intend me
Shall quickly come to nought.

This I believe—yea, rather,
In this I make my boast,
That God is my dear father,
The Friend who loves me most;
And that, whate'er betide me,
My Saviour is at hand,
Through stormy seas to guide me,
And bring me safe to land.

I build on this foundation—
That Jesus and His blood
Alone are my salvation,
The true eternal good;
Without Him, all that pleases
Is valueless on earth;
The gifts I owe to Jesus
My love alone are worth.

His Holy Spirit dwelleth,
Within my willing heart,
Tames it, when it rebelleth,
And soothes its keenest smart;
He crowns His work with blessing,
And helpeth me to cry,
"My Father!" without ceasing,
To Him who dwells on high.

And when my soul is lying
Weak, trembling; and opprest,
He pleads with groans and sighing
That cannot be exprest;
But God's quick eye discerns them,
Although they give no sound,
And into language turns them,
E'en in the heart's deep ground.

To mine His Spirit speaketh,
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God, for him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store;

That God himself prepareth,
My heritage and lot,
And though my body weareth,
My heaven shall fail me not

PART II.

Who clings with resolution
To Him whom Satan hates,
Must look for persecution
Which never here abates.
Reproaches, griefs, and losses
Rain fast upon his head,
A thousand plagues and crosses
Become his daily bread.

All this I am prepared for,
Yet am I not afraid,
By thee shall all be cared for,
To whom my vows were paid;
Though life and limb it cost me,
And all the earthly store
Which once so much engross'd me
I love Thee all the more.

Not fire, nor sword, nor thunder,
Shall sever me from Thee;
Though earth be rent asunder,
Thou'rt mine, eternally;
Not hunger, thirst, nor danger,
Not pain, nor pinching want,
Nor mighty princes' anger,
My fearless soul shall daunt.

No angel, and no gladness,
No throne, nor pomp, nor show,
No love, no hate, no sadness,
No pain, no depth of woe,
No scheme of man's contrivance,
Though it be great or small,
Shall draw me from thy guidance,
Not one of these, nor all!

My merry heart is springing,
And knows not how to pine;
'Tis full of joy and singing,
And only sees sunshine,
The sun whose smiles so cheers me,
Is Jesus Christ; to see
And have Him always near me
Is heaven itself to me.

R. M.—B. Herald.

THE POWER OF MEMORY.

How mysterious, how incontrollable, is the association of ideas and of emotions in the mind of man! How inseparable is memory from his being! How imperative and overwhelming at times are its outbreaks through his smothered sensibilities!

What hurries that stranger with tearful eye through the streets of Lucerne, to find a place to weep amid the solitude of the tombs? A simple air, played by a delicate piece of Swiss mechanism, was wont to charm a home since wrapped in silence and in gloom. With the instinctive repugnance of grief toward all suggestive objects, that witching music-box had long been hidden away; the Atlantic had buried its memories, and upon this the Alps were piled. But here, in a strange land, among people of a strange language, four thousand miles from home, the stranger pauses at a shop window, and his ear catches from a little music-box within, that once familiar strain. In an instant the fires of feeling, so long pent, roll off the mountains and the sea, and the heart lies quivering in its first anguish. All now is at the mercy of that unconscious mechanism whose every note cuts through the fibres of the soul, like the cautery of the nerves of vision. The gay traveller, the busy merchant, the eager guide, look inquiringly upon the stranger as he hurries wildly he knows not whither. He heeds them not; an unseen power impels him from its own resistless presence.

What an evidence is here of the soul's personal identity, and on the perpetuity of its substance, its thoughts, its impressions, its memories! And what a power is here in the hands of its Creator, by touching the smallest chord of memory, to bring to light forgotten sins, and to make the soul quiver with remorse! What a retribution will that be in which he shall unroll before the guilty spirit the long record of its crime! O Christless man! there is a hell for thee. There needs not any material punishment to complete thy misery, when thy Maker and thy Judge, in whose hands thou art, shall withdraw thee from all that now diverts thee from thyself, from all that covers up thy sins, and, reviving each association of the past, shall bid thee remember—and remember—and REMEM-

BER, through the ages of eternity. I neither time nor distance can fortify the soul against a remembered sorrow, where shall it find a barrier against remembered sin? If the most trivial association has power to recall a grief endured, how tormenting shall be that memory with which remorse is mingled for a wrong committed! O sinful soul! thou canst not flee from Him who holds thy past and thy future alike in his hand, who can control all circumstances, all associations, all natural and mental laws, so that these shall conspire together for thy punishment. Thou canst not flee from memory; thou canst not flee from thyself. O Christless man! there is a hell for thee; there is a hell within thee; thou shalt be compassed about with sparks of thine own kindling; thou shalt lie down in endless sorrow.—*Dr. J. P. Thompson.*

THE BEATITUDES IN VERSE.

BY REV. WILLIAM FERRIE, A.M.

The "mourners" "meek" and "merciful,"
With those whose "hearts are pure;"
The man "who thirsts for righteousness,"
And he "of spirit poor."

The "peace makers" and such as are,
"For righteousness oppress'd,"
Have all rewards of grace in store,
For Jesus counts them "bless'd."

The man "reviled" too may rejoice,
For "prophets" were malign'd,
And "great rewards" are kept for those
Who bear and are resigned..

"NO SEPARATION."

ROM. VIII. 39.

"NO SEPARATION," O my soul,
'Tis God who speaks the word,
So closely is the union form'd
With Christ the risen Lord.

"No separation"—thou art His,
And His for evermore;
Upon the cross thy debt He paid,
And all thy judgment bore.

"No separation"—life nor death
Things present, things to come,
Can part thee from His precious love,
Or rob thee of thy home.

"No separation"—link'd with Him,
His glory—all is thine;
O wondrous love that thus could plan
A union so divine!

OUR COMPANION IN THE FURNACE;

OR, "THREE MEN BOUND"—"FOUR MEN
LOOSE."

Beloved friend, turn up Daniel, third chapter, and read it, and then read the following beautiful thoughts upon it by a member of "the household of God;" and may your faith in God and your reliance on the precious sympathy of Jesus be thereby increased!

Could not the Lord have preserved His beloved servants from being cast into the furnace? No doubt. This would have been but a very small matter to Him.—He did not, however, do so: it was His will that the faith of His servants should be put to the test—should be tried in the furnace—should be passed through the most searching crucible, in order that it "Might be found to praise and honour and glory." Is it because the refiner sets no value on the wedge of gold, that he puts it into the furnace? No; but because he does. And, as some one has beautifully remarked, "his object is not merely to remove the dross, but to brighten the metal."

It is very evident that had the Lord, by an act of *power*, kept His servants out of the furnace, there would have been less glory to Him, and, as a consequence, less blessing to them. It was far better to have His presence and sympathy in the furnace, than His power to keep them out of it. What glory to Him in this! And what unspeakable privilege to them? The Lord went down and walked with His Nazarites in the furnace into which their faithfulness had brought them. They had walked with God in the king's palace, and God walked with them in the king's furnace. This was the most elevated moment in the entire career of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. How little had the king imagined the lofty position in which he was placing the objects of his rage and fury! Every eye was turned from the great image of gold, to gaze, in astonishment, upon the three captives. What could it mean! "Three men bound!"—"Four men loose!" Could it be real!—Was the furnace real? Alas! "the most

mighty men in the king's army" had proved it to be real. And, had Nebuchadnezzar's image been cast into it, it would have proved its reality also. There was no material for the sceptic or the infidel to work upon. It was a real furnace, and a real flame, and the "three men" were "bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments." All was reality.

But there was a deeper reality: *God was there*. This changed everything: it "changed the king's word," changed the place of high and holy fellowship—changed Nebuchadnezzar's bondsmen into God's free men.

God was there!—there, in His power, to write contempt upon all man's opposition—there, in His deep and tender sympathy with His tried and faithful servants—there, in His matchless grace, to set the captives free, and to lead the hearts of His Nazarites into that deep fellowship with Himself for which they so ardently thirsted.

And, my beloved reader, is it not worth passing through a fiery furnace to enjoy a little more of the presence of Christ, and the sympathy of His loving heart? Are not fetters, with Christ, better than jewels without Him? Is not a furnace where He is, better than a palace where He is not? Nature says, "No!" Faith says, "Yes!"

It is well to bear in mind that this is not the day of Christ's *power*; but it is the day of His *sympathy*. When passing through the deep waters of affliction, the heart may, at times, feel disposed to ask, "Why does not the Lord display His power, and deliver me?" The answer is, This is not the day of His power. He could avert the sickness—He could remove that difficulty—He could take off that pressure—He could prevent that catastrophe—He could preserve that beloved and fondly-cherished object from the cold grasp of death. But, instead of putting forth His power to deliver, He allows things to run their course, and pours His own sweet sympathy into the oppressed and riven heart in such a way as to elicit the acknowledgment that we would not, for worlds, have missed the trial, because of the abundance of the consolation.

Such, my reader, is the manner of our

Jesus, just now. By and by, he will display His power; He will come forth as the rider on the White horse; He will unsheath His sword; He will make bare His arm; He will avenge His people, and right their wrongs for ever. But now His sword is sheathed, His arm covered. This is the time for making known the deep love of His heart, not the power of His arm; nor the sharpness of His sword. Are you satisfied to have it so? Is Christ's sympathy enough for your heart, even amid the keenest sorrow and the most intense affliction? The restless heart, the impatient spirit, the unmortified will, would lead one to long for escape from the trial, the difficulty, or the pressure; but this would never do. It would involve incalculable loss. We must pass from form to form in the school; but the Master accompanies us, and the light of His countenance and the tender sympathy of His heart sustain us under the most severe exercises.

M.

KINGS AT DEVOTION.

In 1813, at Rotterdam, an eye-witness related the following anecdote:—

When the field-marshal Prince Schwartzberg observed the defeat of the French, after the three days fighting at Leipsic, he was anxious to convey the tidings himself to his sovereign, who, together with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, were stationed upon a height, about two miles from the field of battle. The field-marshal galloped up at full speed, and, saluting the emperor with his sword, said, "Your Majesty, the battle is at an end; the enemy is beaten at all points; they fly—the victory is our's!" The Emperor raised his eyes to heaven, and a tear was his answer; but his majesty dismounting, and having deposited his hat and sword on the ground, fell on his knees, and aloud, returned thanks to God. This example was followed by the two other monarchs, who, having also kneeled, said, "Brother, the Lord is with you!" At the same instant all the officers in attendance, as well as the guard, kneeled down, and for several minutes a dead silence reigned; after which, more than a hundred voices cried, "The Lord is with us!" The sight of three crowned heads, accompanied by a

great number of distinguished warriors, kneeling under the canopy of heaven, and with tears praising the God of battles, was most affecting.

OBLIGATION AND PRIVILEGE.

How insipid and foolish a thing were life, if there were nothing laid upon us to do!—What is it, on the other hand, but the zest and and glory of life, that something good and great, something really worthy to be done is laid upon us. It is not self-indulgence allowed, but victory achieved that can make a fit happiness for man.—Therefore we are set down here amid changes perils, wrongs, and miseries, where, to save ourselves and serve our kind, all manner of great works are to be done. Besides, we practically admit the arrangement much oftener than we think. Tell any young man, for example, who is just converted to Christ, of some great sacrifice he is called to make,—as in preaching Christ to men,—going to preach him to the heathen; and that call, set forth as a sacrifice of all things will work upon him more powerfully, by a hundred times, than it would if you undertook to soften it by showing what respect he would gain, how comfortable he would be, and how much easier in this than in any other calling of life. We do not want any such caresses in the name of duty. To let go self-indulgence and try something stronger, is a call that draws us always, when our heart is up for duty; nay, even nature loves heroic impulse, and oftentimes prefers the difficult.

It is well, therefore,—all the better that we are put upon the doing of what is not always agreeable to the flesh. And when God lays upon us the duties of self-command and self-sacrifice, when he calls us to act and to suffer heroically, how could he more effectually dignify or ennoble our liberty? Now we have our object and our errand and we know that we can meet our losses, come as they will. Before every man, and in all his duties, there is something like a victory to be gained, and he can say, as the soldier of duty, Strike me, my enemy! beat upon me, O ye hail! Mine it is to fulfil God's statutes, and therein I make you my servants.—Dr. Bushnell.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

There are some persons who think they set a good example, when they are setting an example that other men cannot follow; now to illustrate the point, if you please. With regard to intoxicating liquor as a beverage, there are a great many good men who say they are setting a good example by their moderation. People generally who are not fully acquainted with the philosophy of the temperance movement, do not understand, or they seem to be troubled by this fact, that drunkenness is a moral evil, but it is produced by physical agency. Now you may say to me if you please as a man, "Mr. Gough, I am a moderate drinker; I use these things in moderation, and therefore I set you a good example." I say at once, "Sir, you do not." "Well but if I drink one glass and there stop, is not that an example for others?" "No, sir; no, sir; no more than if there was a bridge built over a gulf, to fall into which was utter ruin, and that bridge will hold 130 lbs., and you weigh 150 lbs., you say to that young man, and he weighs 200 lbs., 'Follow my example.'" "I don't like the look of that bridge."—"Don't be a fool, I have walked it 40 years: proved it perfectly safe: it is a good example: perfectly safe: never cracked with me: never sprung with me: perfectly safe." "But I don't like it." "Don't be foolish; you can do that which I can do: now I am setting you a good example, follow me step by step." That young man attempts to follow it; he sets his foot on the centre; crash! crash! down he goes, with a shriek, into destruction. Now, did you set a good example? No, because you didn't take into consideration the difference of weight. Before you can say to a young man, "I set you a good example," you must take into consideration the difference between his temperament and yours, his susceptibility and yours. There are some men who cannot drink moderately, who never did and never will: well, you say, "They are weak-minded if they cannot." I say you cannot judge of a man's strength of mind by his ability to take large quantities of intoxicating stimulant.

Why, is it any evidence of strength of mind, that a man can get up in a morning a bear-barrel, and go to bed a barrel of beer? Is it any evidence of strength of mind that a man can drink large quantities of beer? The stupidest dolt of an agricultural labourer I think I ever saw in my life, they told me could drink fifteen quarts of cider in a day—and stand. It is no evidence of a man's strength of mind that he can stand the influence of intoxicating drinks. To make it a little plainer I will give you an illustration. You say you set a good example. Do you set a good example to the drunkard? Some persons say they do, because if he drinks just as they do he will never become a drunkard—he will be a moderate drinker. Now, we will take the drunkard, if you please. Here he is. "Follow my example." "Very well, sir." "I take it twice a-day." "Very well, sir." "I take it at noon, and I take it at my dinner at four or five o'clock." "Very well, sir." "Now, follow my example." "Yes, sir." "You drink just when I do, and only when I do." "Yes, sir." "Well now, we come together at twelve to take the first glass—you and I." "Yes, sir." "Pour it out. I drink it; you drink it." The moderate drinker has drunk it, and this poor man has drunk it. They go away. You go to your business; you have no thoughts about the wine or the drink—not at all.—You attend to your business, go and see your business connections—here you are. Four o'clock comes—you have been spending your time as usual. What has he been doing? He has been getting nervous; he could not help it. He has felt strange sensations—cannot help it. Those sensations have grown into a longing—he cannot help it. He has been thinking there never was such a long afternoon! he has been looking at his watch—if he has got one—he is irritable, he is going to get a certain good when four o'clock comes.—You quietly come to your glass; there stands the nervous man; he looks at it; his eye gleams like the tiger's that has once tasted blood and sees it again. You take yours, sip it quietly; he takes his, clutches it, looks at you, looks round wildly, drinks it at a draught, and before you are ready to go to bed he is drunk—he cannot help it—to save his life he can not

help it. Why? Because his system is diseased, and it is utterly impossible for that man to drink moderately—as impossible as it is to blow up a powder-magazine moderately, or fire a gun off a little at a time. You might as well undertake to wash a negro white as to make a moderate drinker out of a drunkard. Now there is one case where I deny that you set that man a good example. There are some so exceedingly susceptible to the influence of drink, and these are cases where you do not set men a good example. What is moderation, and what is excess? You do not judge of excess by the quantity a man drinks—not at all. It is by the effect of that quantity upon the brain and nervous system. One gentleman may come upon this platform who has drunk a bottle of wine, and he may sit there and he may talk to me and talk to you, and it would be a libel to say he is drunk. Another shall come up on that side who has drunk half-a-bottle, and he shall reel and stagger, and shall look at you with a laugh—“ha! ha!” There is a man that is absolutely drunk with half the quantity of the other man, who it would be a libel to say was drunk. Now, while drunkenness is a sin against God, a sin against a man’s body, a sin against his intellect, while it is belittling and lowering and debasing and degrading, it is produced not by the quantity a man drinks but by the effect of that quantity upon the nervous system.

I believe there are some young men in this assembly who cannot drink moderately in the strictest sense of that term. If I give you a glass to-night you will say what you would not without it, and do what you would not do without it, and go where you would not go without it. It has affected your brain so slightly, yet enough to disturb your self-control, to weaken the power of the will, and warp the judgment. A friend of mine told me that the captain of a packet-ship plying between Liverpool and New York, said to him, “I always considered myself a moderate drinker. I drank a glass of brandy and water at my dinner when at sea, nothing more. And I always felt better for my brandy and water. I came on deck slightly exhilarated.” A heavy sea rolling, or a terrific gale of wind blowing, he would say, “This is magnificent, this is glorious

to manage a fine ship! How she pitches into it—she works like a beauty. Mate, send the men aloft, and shake the reefs out of that main-topsail; ay, ay, shake them out of the fore-topsail: let us have a little more sail, we will make a fine passage.”—The mate looks at him in surprise; the sailors would obey his orders; the vessel felt the press of the sail and quivered in every timber—the bows driving under water, and the mate standing with blanched cheeks clenching the stanchions, looking at the masts bending like whip-stocks in the wind, the captain feeling it was glorious and magnificent. “This if the kind of weather we want; isn’t she flying along; we shall make a magnificent passage.” By-and-by when the influence of that single glass passed away, he would look up aloft, then he would look out to windward.—“Getting dirty weather, mate; better make things snug up there. I say, men, clew up that main-topsail, close reef that fore-topsail, make things snug.” The very same sea rolling, under the influence of one glass of brandy and water, he would clap on sail enough to spring the masts and drive the vessel’s bows under water; but when that influence passed away he would prudently take in sail. “Now,” he said, “I am a sea-faring man, and I believe that many a good ship, with passengers and crew, has foundered at sea through the influence of a glass of brandy on the brain of a captain in a gale of wind.” Now, I say, is that one glass moderation? You may say so to me sitting here, but you would not say so if you were on the deck of that ship. Circumstances would alter your opinion of the same fact. And you would probably say if you were on board on that ship, “I wish he had not taken that brandy,” But he daily drank one glass, “Ay, but that one glass was not moderation.” Two men were brought up at Liverpool, an engineer and a stoker, and were tried, and they proved that they were sober when they went on the locomotive, and they proved that they had only been taking a drop or two with some friends at Christmas. But the guard finding, when they came near to Warrington, that they were going at the rate of some sixty miles an hour, felt that there was something wrong, climbed over the carriages, and found the engineer and the

stoker stupidly drowsing on the engine with a full head of steam on. Do you call that moderation? I care not what a man drinks, I care not whether it is a thimblefull or a quart, if it acts upon the brain so as to induce him to neglect his duty—if its effects are such that life is sacrificed—God save those who travel from moderation. We say that the moderate drink of one man is not a safe example for another man to follow, and what we want specially with regard to young men is this. Young men are exposed in this city to terrible temptations; it is a city of snares; some of you, perhaps, do not know it, and God forbid that you should. But there are men here who could take you on a six hours' exploration in this metropolis and show you scenes—well, I cannot tell you—I cannot tell you what the result would be upon you. I know what they have been upon me. I have not slept at night for them—I have not eaten my food for them—scenes so horrible when we think of them in a Christian land, they won't bear repeating. You cannot describe them. While you are sitting here to-night, they are there, in full force and in full play, and not one of them can be sustained without drink. Drink is the beginning, the middle, and the end of it.—Young men cannot be induced to enter these horrible dens until they are first induced to drink. It is drink that is the beginning; drink is the first step, you find; among those who are whirling their partners in the giddy dance to-night in the casinos, and will be till to-morrow morning—that some of them have been Sabbath-school scholars, some of them Sabbath-school teachers! Ask them the cause of this; ask them the first step, and nine out of ten will tell you drink—drink—drink. And there is no power on earth that debases and degrades and embrutes a man, as the power and influence of drink. Drink—ah! young men, when you look at debased men and women, I know you call them brutes. I know that; I know that I know very well when you see a man that will abuse his mother, you call him a brute; when you see a young man that will, as a young man did that I know very well, steal money from his sick sister, and she said, "I have no friends; I all alone, I have been saving money for my sickness,

and my death, and my burial, and he has left me without a penny." "Ah!" you say, "a man like that is a brute." No, he is not; no, he is not. I tell you, young men of the Christian Association, if we had a strong faith in this fact, that there is no man or woman so debased and so degraded, but they are human yet, there is a spot in their hearts, if we can only get at it; it would go right through them like electricity; if we only had more faith in that fact, we should be doing more good. But we get so weary in well-doing; don't we? We get so weary in setting the example of patience in bearing with the errors and faults of our brother. But, remember God's long-suffering to you. Remember that when you see an erring brother, when you see a faint and erring sister; have mercy on her, as Christian men; have mercy on such, they are human.—Did you ever work among them? Did you ever go among them? Did you ever find a human being that persevering kindness cannot reach, would not touch? Did you? I never did: never—never—never: I care not who they are.

A friend of Hugh Miller related this fact:—He received a letter from a poor woman, he knew not who it was till he went, inviting him to call and see her in her wretched den in Edinburgh. He went, and found the woman on her death-bed, and destitute; she was a townswoman of his. For eight years and more she had been a flaunting street-walker. But she was a woman, and she had a woman's heart; and she lay down to die. He had no money with him but half-a-crown; it was Saturday night; he gave her that, and said, "I will call in the morning."—He did—but she was dead. At the funeral, Mr. Miller saw a woman evidently affected, and he said to her, "Is that any relation of yours?" "Oh, no," she said, "no relation, poor thing. When she was a gay, flaunting girl, with her ribbons, and her furbelows, and her flounces, she purchased things of me, and she owed me half-a-crown, and I could never get it; she would laugh at me when I asked her for it, and evidently seemed bent upon cheating me. On Saturday night, I was astonished to see that poor creature come into my shop: she only had one garment on her; it was a drizzly night; her cheeks were

hollow, her eyes sunk down deep in the sockets, her fingers like the claws of a bird; and she came tottering in, and laid down the half-crown, and said, 'There is your money, ma'am, it lies heavily on my conscience: it is your due—I owe it to you, and I did not mean to cheat you; I must pay you before I die.' They have hearts; did you ever try it? Oh, these poor outcasts! Young men, I could sometimes bow my head and weep floods of tears, when I see the horrible oppression of man to his fellow erring man. "Oh, yes; beat him, give it him, John, he has got no friends!" this is very much the doctrine of the world—and it should not be so with Christian men. They are our brethren; and remember, Jesus our Saviour, in his ministry on earth, never said a harsh word to the outcast—never, never. To the self-righteous Pharisees he said, "O generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell!" but to the woman, the sorrowing woman, he said—"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Oh, young men! the might and power of example! Do not these poor creatures look for it from you? Would to God the time was come when, if we should say to any of these erring, wretched, vile outcasts,— "Friend, that is a Christian man," he would spring to him, and know that the Christian man, like the good Samaritan, would pour in oil and bind up his wounds. Did you ever try consistent, persevering, kindness with the erring? A minister of the gospel, a parish minister in Scotland, told me that when he first went to Glasgow, he made up his mind that he would call on every individual in his parish—every one; but there was one man he was afraid of. His friends said to him, "I would not go and see him, he will do you a mischief probably; I would not go and see him; it is no use going to see him—he is a brute," they said. Well, the minister said, "I was ashamed of myself, to find day after day, week after week pass away, and I did not see this man. I visited everybody else but him. One morning I got up, feeling exceedingly well; the sky was bright, the sun shining, the trees were looking green;—just that sort of a morning when a man feels the blood running through his system, and I said, I will go up and see that man, I am just in the

right trim for it." He went up three or four pairs of stairs, and knocked at the door—no answer; he knocked again—no answer; he knocked again—no answer; he opened the door and went in; and he said when he saw that poor creature crouched by the fireplace, he began to feel a little frightened; he began to feel a sort of sickness in his throat; that sort of feeling, I wish I wasn't here. His hair was matted and tangled, his clothing in rags, and filthy; a four weeks' beard on his face; and his cheeks cadaverous; and as he looked around him, there was a glare like that of a mad beast, and I felt timid and frightened. The first word the poor creature said was, "Who are you?"—"I am a minister." "Minister; what do you want?" "Well, I have called to see you." He rose upon his feet, and the minister said, "Then I began to think where I should take him; I expected a struggle, and I was determined I would not give him up. He came up pretty close to me, and stretched out his hand said, 'You have come to see me, have you; then see me. How do you like the looks of me—I'm a bit of a beauty, ain't I? Come to see me, did you?' Then he came a pace or two nearer, and he felt the pestiferous breath on his face hot, as he said, "Now, I will kick you down stairs."—"Stop," he said; "don't—don't, don't kick me down stairs now, because I have a call to make above; and if you kick me down, I shall be obliged to come all the way up again, don't you see. Now, if it is any gratification to you to kick the minister down stairs, who has come to call upon you out of pure good will, let me go and make my visit up stairs and then I will place myself at your disposal." "Well, you are a rum 'un,"—and shuffled back to his seat. The minister made his call up stairs, came down, opened the door and said, "Well, my man, here I am. I told you I would call again. Now, if it is any gratification to you to kick the minister down the stairs, I am at your disposal."—"Did you come to see me?" the man asks. "Yes, I did."—"Well, then, sit down;" and he began to talk to him, not as if he was a brute, but as if he was a brother; as if he was a man. And by-and-by the poor creature cried out, "Oh, sir! I am the most God-forsaken wretch on earth;" and then he spoke

of a wife and six children, of sorrow and sin, and degradation and despair, and the minister poured in the oil of sympathy into his broken heart. I remember reading that in the Bosphorus a beautiful jewel was dropped into the water. They could not discover it because the surface of the water was so rough. Some one proposed to pour oil on the surface of the water.— They poured the oil; they saw the jewel, and they got it. Now, if we pour the oil of sympathy sometimes on the heaving breast of the poor outcast, there is jewel there. God put it there. Bright and beautiful pearls have been washed by the foul tide of debauchery and sin under the black rocks of oblivion, and we have been sending divers after them to bring them up: and, thank God! some of them shine to day like stars in the firmament of purity, virtue, morality, and religion. The minister prayed with him, left him, came back again, and now that man, with his wife and five children, sit in God's house on the sabbath, and he pays six shillings a year pew rent for each, making seven times six shillings. He sits in God's house clothed, and in his right mind, under the influence of the truth. Ah! this spirit of kindness, this spirit of love, this spirit of tenderness! We ask you, then, to set that example of patient, loving sympathy with the erring. I will pay in the long run. Oh, young men there is nothing so good; there is nothing, it seems to me, so pleasant as to be instrumental in lifting up a poor debased fallen brother, or to prevent a brother from walking in the path that leads to sin and ruin. Do it, then, I say, for the sake of your brother; and if not, do it for His sake who came to seek and save the lost.

(To be continued.)

A WARNING.

“The Lord will not hold them guiltless that taketh his name in vain”—Ex. xx. 7.

Striking illustrations of this text have often been recorded. Here we present our readers with one more. The case described (a clerical friend near London informs us) came under the notice of “a distinguished literary and Christian lady” now living, and is given in nearly her own words:—

John A.———was employed as a black-

smith in a small town on the river Misbourne. He could earn his living well, for he had a strong arm, and moreover did not mind labour,—indeed would do a day's work with any man. But though healthy and vigorous, enjoying the breath of early morn, glorying in the noontide brightness, and resting in the evening shade, he feared not God, nor did he care for his own soul. Oaths and curses poured from his lips; and his companions, though swearers themselves, would often shudder at his blasphemies. One of them even said of him that he was “a foul-mouthed fellow,” and how much that expression meant our readers may perhaps know.

But “let not the strong man glory in his strength,” for soon he may be “crushed before the moth.” It fell upon a day that John A.———was suddenly prostrated, and paralyzed. The anvil was not struck by him; he could not lift his hand. The strong will was there, but not the power. God had touched him, and he shrank. He was arrested amid his awful profanity and his blaspheming tongue became speechless. He was “as a wild bull in a net.” He foamed with rage, and gnashed with his teeth, but not a word could he utter. The man that but a little before had defied the wrath of God, and derided his Maker, was now both impotent and helpless.

Yet did Mercy linger, as if she were unwilling to leave him, and loath to give him up. Reason was not withdrawn from him, nor did he suffer much bodily pain. He could hear, too, and understand what was said to him. Some Christian neighbours called upon him, and read to him of Jesus, the sinner's Friend. One benevolent, kind-hearted gentleman persevered with him in this way for some time; but he would not listen. He wished not to hear; and so his visitors, one by one, got tired of calling, and left the unhappy man to his fate.

It was about this time that I was led to knock at his door, sent thither through the remark of a scoffer, who sneeringly said, “If you pity him, why don't you go and see him?” I merely inquired how he did, at the same time telling his wife at the door that I would send him something to eat. As I was turning away, she said, “You

have not seen my husband, ma'am, will you not come in and see him? I did so, and never shall forget that countenance, nor the mingled feelings of pity and horror awakened in my mind by the spectacle presented in that cottage room.

But summoning up what courage I could, I endeavoured to speak to him of the mercy of God,—mercy to the chief of sinners; repeated text after text in confirmation of that blessed truth; and implored him to cry in his heart for pardon, assuring him at the same time that he would be heard for the sake of Christ, who came to save sinners such as he. I then asked him whether he did not desire to live, and be able to speak again, so as to express his deep sorrow for the profane and wicked life he had led; but to each of these questions he simply replied by a gesture of impatience.

After a short pause, and being unwilling to leave him without, if possible, eliciting from him some sign or token of penitence, I again ventured to say, "If God should raise you up, and restore to you the power of speech once more, would you not be anxious to live differently, and speak differently, from what you did in the past? Would you not earnestly endeavour, as far as you could, to undo the mischief you have done, and to show your sorrow for it before God and your fellow-creatures?" But scarce had I uttered the words, when he began to hiss, and shake his head so frightfully, that I feared he should have expired from the very violence of his efforts to convince me he had no wish or intention to alter his course.

Next Sabbath morning as I was leaving home for the Sabbath School, a neighbour seeing me, ran across the street, and said, "Oh, ma'am, A— is dead!—but he first got his speech for a moment. We were in the next room, and heard him distinctly cry, 'Bring me a cup of cold water;' but ere we had time to fetch it, he was gone!" Gone! whither gone? Alas! let Charity herself speak of such an exit, and with bleeding heart and streaming eyes, but with the truth of God upon her lips, she will tell you that "the fearful and unbelieving, and abominable, &c., shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

Reader, are you a profane swearer, habitually, or even occasionally? In either case be warned by the above. Remember THE THIRD COMMANDMENT, which according to the *Shorter Catechism* has this "reason annexed" to it. "That however the breakers of this commandment may escape punishment from men, yet the Lord our God will not suffer them to escape his righteous judgment."

ENDLESS LIFE.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

MY DEAR CHILDREN—You are never to die, but to live for ever, and ever! You will live a year, and, when that is done, another year, and so on and on for thousands and thousands of years. If but one of the grains of sand on the sea shore was counted each year, yet, long after every grain was counted, you would still be alive. You are to live as long as God lives—that is, for ever.

I know what you are thinking about.—You are thinking of death, and wondering why I say such a strangething as that you are never to die. For, though you have lived a very short time, yet you have often seen burials, and heard of people dying, and have perhaps known some one in your own house who used to be with you every day, but whom you never see now, nor never hear; and you know, too, that you will never see them more in the house, because they are dead. And, perhaps, you remember some little brother or sister who used to play with you, and whom you loved very much, but who became unwell, and got worse and worse; and then every one looked sad; and by and by you were told that they were dead; and you saw them taken away, but never more come back. Remembering all this, you ask, Am I not to die sometime? and thus no doubt you sometimes think of death, though of course you do not like to do so—for death itself is not good. I one day saw a little bird in a cage, and it was very happy singing its songs, and picking its food, and drinking out of its cup. Next day I went to pay it a visit and to hear it sing—but the cage was lying all broken on the floor, and no bird was there! I never saw the bird again. Was it dead? No! It

fled away through the blue sky on a beautiful sunny day, and some people heard it singing as it used to do, near a clear stream of water, among trees and flowers. When your little brother or sister died, it was only the cage that was broken and buried, but the spirit that used to speak to you, and love you, and be happy with you, was never touched, or broken or buried; never!—but it went to Jesus Christ, and there it is living, and thinking, and singing, quite cheerful and happy; and getting far wiser, and learning far more there than you can do here, because it lives in a better place, where there is no sickness and no sin, and where everything is beautiful and good, and every one is kind and joyful.

Now, it may be, you will live for a long, long time in this world, and not leave it till you are old with grey hairs. This, however, is just as God pleases; and God always pleases to do what is best for you, because his name is Love, and so you should be always pleased with whatever He does. But, remember, Death, when it comes, touches only the cage, not the bird. It is the body, not yourself, that dies.—You yourself will never for one moment be away from Jesus, but always be as close to him as those babes were whom he clasped to His heart and blessed when He was on earth.

My dear children, is it not good and kind in God to make us in order to live with Himself for ever? He made all the trees and plants on the face of the earth, but He did not breathe into them His own life: they did not, therefore, become living souls, and so they shall all perish.—God made all the fish of the sea, all the birds of the air, and all the beasts of the field, but neither did he make them living souls, nor say to them “live for ever,” and therefore they also perish. God made all the great world, the mountains, rivers and seas; and He made the sun, the moon, the thousands of stars that shine in the sky, but He never said to them “live for ever,” and so, too, they must pass away. The earth is very old; the mountains are just the same as they were in the days of Adam; you can walk in the Holy Land just in the same places where Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Jesus, walked; and long after our bodies die, the hills we see will remain the same, and the rivers will roll

the same, and they will flow and ebb the same; yet those old, old hills, and rivers, and seas, must one day depart and “no place be found for them!” But you, my dear children, will live long, long after them—for as I have told you, you will live for ever! Has not God, then, loved you far more than the birds, or fish, or beasts, or mountains, or the whole world? Has he not loved you when he made you so great, breathed into you the breath of life, and said to each of you, “I wish this child to live for ever?” And now you ought to love God as your own Father, for He surely did not make you that you should be frightened for Him, and try to forget Him, sin against Him, and make Him angry with you! No, no! God, as it were, says to you, “Love me, my child, and be good and happy.” Remember then *you are never to die, but to live for ever*, and I wish you to be good, so that you may be happy while you live for ever, and not be wicked and therefore miserable.—Pray this way to God:—

“My Father, Thou hast made me to live for ever with Thyself. I thank Thee for Thy kindness to me. Forgive all my sins. Teach me to know Thee, and help me to love Thee my Father now, that so I may be good and happy. Deliver me from evil. Hear me for the sake of Jesus Christ my Saviour, who died for me.—Amen.”

IGNORANCE OF DIVINE THINGS.

“I SAW,” said a gentleman, “two women, badly clothed, sitting over a fire. While conversing, I said to one of them, ‘Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?’

“‘Why you see, sir, I have no learning, and so I can’t tell you.’

“‘Did he live in England?’

“‘I told you I had no learning, so I can’t tell.’

“‘Do you know anything about your soul?’

“‘No, I do not.’

“‘Will it die with your body?’

“‘I really don’t know.’

“I have found many cases of this description. In this sad state of things, as Christian men, what is our duty?”

THE GOOD NEWS.

SEPTEMBER 15th, 1863.

FAREWELL WORDS OF A TRAVELLER.

(From the French.)

There is always something painful in the separation of two friends. When one has for some time enjoyed the society of a person for whom he has an esteem and an attachment which he shares, he cannot bid him a last farewell without painful feelings, especially, if he has no hope of seeing him again. Thus when Paul bid farewell to his friends from Ephesus, they were deeply distressed at it,—“but most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.”

We have spent but a short time together; before we were strangers to one another, and we are about to become so again; each of us is about to continue his journey, and it is very likely that you will never see me again. But, though our acquaintance has been so short, I desire to leave you a token of remembrance at separating from you, perhaps for ever. Each of us belongs to the great family of mankind; we each possess a treasure of great price—an immortal soul; and we are both travelling to the same destination: the life to come. My friend! for it is as such that I regard you, permit me to bid you a tender farewell; and to remind you that if we do not see one another again on earth, we must however find one another again in another world; we shall find one another when our souls shall have left this clay covering; when there shall be no more either day or night; when spring shall have ceased to show itself after winter, and summer to follow spring; when the sun shall have ceased to shine, and the stars to twinkle; when months, years, ages—yea, time itself, shall be no more—when the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, shall have summoned the dead to appear, and proclaimed the arrival of the day of judgment. And then, where shall we see one another again?

Shall it be in a world of misery? Shall

we lift up our eyes in the midst of torments, to discover ourselves in that horrible place from which we can never be delivered? What a meeting that would be! What could we say to each other? and with what looks would we contemplate our misery, regretting that we had ever met before! !

But if we find one another again *in heaven!* O delightful thought! we shall hail one another with a smile more cheerful than the brightness of a beautiful morning. Let us examine, then, if we are prepared for that holy place; for none enters its sacred gates except he has been “prepared unto glory.” O! my soul, how art thou disposed? My friend, how is it with you? “*Except a man be born again,*” He who shall fix our portion for ever, says, “*he cannot see the kingdom of God.*” Have you been born again? Unless our sins are pardoned, we cannot see the kingdom of God with joy. Are your sins pardoned? Without the robe of righteousness, we cannot have a place at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Are we justified and sanctified in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the spirit of our Lord? Delightful hope! glorious prospect! If we are new creatures in Christ Jesus; if he is all our hope—if we bear his image in us, we shall meet again happy, triumphant, glorified.

But, in either case, we shall both be summoned *before the judgment seat of Christ;* for we must all appear there to give account to God, *that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.* There every work shall be brought into judgment, and all secrets shall be made known. Jesus shall be seated on his throne, surrounded by the living and the dead; the great and the small shall be before Him; He shall separate the good from the wicked, as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats; He shall say to the good, who shall be at His right hand, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” But, He shall say to the wicked, who shall be at His left hand, “Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels.” Perhaps we shall not see one another; but, however,

we shall both be there; shall it be at the right hand or at the left? both on the same side, or on opposite sides? Must one be saved, the other lost,—whilst the one shall ascend to Heaven, the other be cast down into the pit of hell, so that we shall never see each other again—never?

You immediately answer that you desire to shun that calamity, but that you know not how to do so. What was the answer of Jesus to a like question? "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." Would you then know how you can be delivered from hell? Christ himself says to you in reply, "*I am the way.*" And if you would know how you can enter heaven, he still gives you the same answer—"*I am the way—the way which will conduct you far from the shadow of death—the way by which you shall enter into life.*" *God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.* Behold the salvation which is offered to you, for that Christ has died and risen again.—"Consider what I say, and the Lord give you understanding in all things." Do not forget these counsels; they are given you by one who earnestly desires your eternal happiness; regard them as the best words of a friend. If you have already thought of these things; if, by divine grace, you enjoy a blessed hope, look if you cannot find means to advance the glory of God and his kingdom in the souls of your brethren. Did you ever hear of any one having repented, on his death-bed, of having served the Lord with too much zeal? The more we are impressed with the thought of eternity, and the more clearly we see the opportunities of usefulness which are put within our reach, in proportion as the passing away of our days brings us near the dread tribunal, we hear the more distinctly that awful sentence—"Cast the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." "When I die," said a zealous and unwearied Christian, "I shall feel the greatest sorrow, and the greatest joy; the greatest sorrow, because I have done so little for Christ,—the greatest joy, because Christ has done so much for me." But if,

unhappily, you have lived till the present in indifference, and in forgetfulness of these things, O think how short the time is; your days come and go; you cannot recall one hour, one moment. The sun once stood still at the command of Joshua, but time did not stand still. The sun went back ten degrees on the dial of Abaz, but time continued its course with the same rapidity. It makes onward, and carries you towards eternity. You risk everything, you may be lost for ever. Wherefore, by the awful authority of God—by the terrors of death, and of the last judgment—by the joys of heaven, and the torments of hell—by the value of your immortal soul, I pray you, I entreat you, to rouse yourself from your security, and improve the favorable moments of life. The world is passing away, and everything is disappearing around you; can you then remain easy in this world, without being prepared for eternity? Rouse your soul, now, at the voice of a friend, before the last trumpet give you a call of another kind. *Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. Farewell.*

T. F.

Metis, C. E.

BETHLEHEM'S AWFUL WAILING.

That was an awful night in Egypt, when it lost its first-born. Then a nation was seen bathed in tears. But that cry of anguish, which the seer son of Hilkiah listened to, as it came up from the plains of Bethlehem, and awak'd the sleeping Rachel in her grave, has not its equal.—The command of Rameses the Second to cast the new-born sons into the Nile, was a cruel one, but that of Herod the First eclipsed it. No mother likes to lose a son at any time, far less at the taking age of two years. Who can bear to have such buds of promise rudely snatched from their embrace? and who can do it? The detachment of Herod's soldiery, which left Jerusalem for the bloody work, was no

doubt a heartless band selected for the purpose. But villains though they were, they must surely have been half-intoxicated, that their humanity might be drowned for the occasion. For lo! they have entered the neighbourhood, all unknown, and liker demons than men, they are steeping their swords in the blood of innocent boyhood, wherever they meet it, whether in the arms of a sister, hanging on a mother's breast, or reposing in an Eastern cradle, while a brother sits by, singing sweet lullaby. O! infamous wretches, how can ye draw your swords to mar such a scene? Do you not remember that you, too, are mother's sons? Will not these women's tears, and shrieks, as they throw themselves between you and their infants, sheath your weapons? Ye are not soldiers, else ye would be moved by such entreaties. "O! spare my darling." "O! let the little one live." "O! my infant! my infant! my infant! if ye are men touch it not." The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, for see their work goes on, and the cry of anguish has reached the neighbouring hills, and is echoed to the sky.—Tears are gushing from all eyes in Bethlehem where fathers are endeavoring to console their heart-broken wives, and sobbing little ones, who are crying for their little brothers who are not. Are not! This is not true; for that a glorious company left Bethlehem—not the soldiers, who retreated like carrion fowls from their fiendish work, but a company of little ones, and they went upward. Heaven never received such an accession from Bethlehem before; and the angels never gazed with more intense wonder at ransomed children, than at these. Heaven, if we may so speak, had now a greater interest in children, for the King himself has become a babe like one of them. And were not they sent up from Bethlehem to show what like the tabernacle was, in which the incarnate God was dwelling. Many a mo-

ther would fall that day, too, in defence of her child, and those who survived would be able to understand in some measure, the love of God, whose bosom was rified of the object of its love—who, that man might be saved, spared not his only begotten, and well-beloved son, but delivered him up to the death for us all.

X. Y. Z.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

Alas! alas! he's with the dead,
And in the grave he lies,
The household circle's lost its head—
A father kind and wise.

His voice of counsel now is hushed,
His honored head laid low,
And soon upon his lowly bed,
Shall grass and wild flow'rs grow.

Ah! yes, the grassy turf shall rise,
The snow-drops screen the spot,
But he who underneath them lies,
Shall never be forgot.

Beloved parent art thou there?
Ah! no, thou art away;
But where the spirit, where, O! where
The spark that lit the clay?

Ask whither sails the bark unwrecked,
Its long sea voyage o'er,
Oh! whither, whither, shall it speed,
But to its native shore.

Or if the earth's attractive force,
Ceased from its satellite,
Where would that silvery orb fly off
But to its source of light?

Even so, when earthly ties are snapt,
Which bind the Christian here,
The spirit quickly soars away,
To its congenial sphere.

Where then is that fond parent gone,
O! whither can he be,
But in that land beyond the tomb
Prepared for such as he?

For as the leaf, before it falls,
Attains its richest hue,
In him the Christian grazes all,
Ere death still stronger grew.

Just as yon sun more lovely seems
At the decline of day,
More radiance in his spirit shone,
Before it passed away.

And like that sun, he's only set,
To shine in other lands,
And now amid the hosts in white,
Around the throne he stands.

He's passed the valley, dark and drear,
The vict'ry he's achieved,
And soon, alas! shall follow him,
The friends that are bereaved.

For as by storms that march along,
The mighty oak is riven,
So by the fell-destroyer's hand,
Man to his doom is driven.

X. Y. Z.

MARY, OR JESUS ?

In a letter to the "Edinburgh Witness" the Rev. C. Chiniquy, the eminent converted priest, states the following interesting facts: Now, let me tell you a fact which will show you how God is working among us. Not long ago a Roman Catholic, who had resisted all the efforts I had made at different times to convert him from the errors of Rome, fell from his horse in the midst of our town; and he got so much injured that he saw he could not live much longer. Though the priest was not very far off, to my great surprise and joy he called for me, "Father Chiniquy," said he, on my arrival, "I do not want to change my religion; I am a Roman Catholic, you know; but I have heard you often enough to understand that there is only one name to be invoked to be saved;—the blessed name of Jesus! I know it is to Jesus we must go to be forgiven. I have called you here to know from you if I cannot remain a Roman Catholic, and keep that faith in Jesus as my only Mediator and Saviour?"

That unexpected question, in such a solemn moment, filled me with the hope that the dear Saviour was casting down a merciful eye upon him. I answered, "My dear friend, one of the most deplorable errors of the Church of Rome is to teach that Jesus is angry against the sinners, that He is rejecting their prayers on account of their sins, and that, to appease Him and bring His mercy upon us, we must go to the saints, and particularly to the blessed Virgin Mary, who will alone be able to appease His wrath. In a word, the great iniquity of the Church of Rome is to have forgotten the Jesus of the gospel, who is the only true friend of sinners, as he is their only Saviour. In the place of Jesus, the sinner's friend, they have forged a new Saviour, whom they called Jesus, who must be appeased in His wrath by the Virgin Mary or some other saints. But the best way to know what your Church teaches about Jesus and the Virgin Mary is to invite your priest to come here,

and ask him all about that subject. I made a prayer with the sick man, read him the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, and left, in order to let him alone with the priest, to whom he had sent a call.

When the priest arrived, the sick man told him—"Mr. Curate, I have called you to know exactly what we have to believe about the worship and the confidence we must have in the blessed Virgin Mary. You know I have always refused to join the Protestants. I was born, and I want to die, a Roman Catholic. I have put the same question to Mr. Chiniquy, but I prefer to be taught by you in such a grave matter rather than by a Protestant."

The priest praised him much for his good dispositions; and he expended a great deal of eloquence in proving that "the Virgin Mary, being a woman and a mother, she must surely have a more tender and compassionate heart than Jesus, who is a man! Mary being a woman, it was more easy for poor sinners to move her heart with their tears and the spectacle of their miseries. Besides that, said the priest, Jesus is God, and infinitely above us, whereas Mary is a creature like us, who knows all our infirmities by her own experience. She must then be more naturally inclined to be compassionate to our miseries than God, and will plead our cause with such earnestness that Christ, who is her dutiful and obedient son, will not be able to refuse her request."

The sick man listened to the instruction of his priest with the greatest attention and respect, thanked him for his charity in visiting him and explaining so clearly the doctrines of his church, and told him, "I want a little rest, I will send for you should I want you again."

A couple of hours after. I went again to visit my sick Roman Catholic friend. "Al, Mr. Chiniquy," said he as soon as he saw me, "in the church of Rome it is just as you told me. They have found somebody in heaven who is more tender, and compassionate, and merciful to poor sinners than Jesus. They say it is not to Jesus we must go directly, but to Mary. I cannot bear that any more. I know, and I feel in my heart, that Jesus is my only Saviour, my only true friend, my infinitely merciful and sufficient advocate. I know and I feel that nobody on earth or in heaven can love me, and be merciful to me as my Jesus, who has shed His last drop of blood for my sins. To Him alone I want to go to be saved. Please, my dear Father Chiniquy, come often to give words of Jesus to a poor sinner. I will die very soon, but before I die come often, day and night, to speak to me of nothing but of my dear and beloved Saviour Jesus."

And no tongue can tell you the fervour of mind with which he was uttering these words.

It was visible that Jesus had come down to visit that new Zaccheus in His mercy; that He had converted that soul; that He had made peace with His prodigal son; that he was carrying on His shoulders His strays sheep. What we were hearing with our ears and seeing with our own eyes was surely the work of the merciful Jesus; and what a marvellous work it was!

We all kneeled down to thank the dear Saviour for what He had done; and after the prayer, standing by his bed, I began to read the fifteenth chapter of John. When I came to the words, "ye are my friends," torrents of tears began to flow from his eyes; and with his hands stretched as if he were pressing the hands of Jesus, and with his eyes fixed to heaven, and beaming with joy, he was exclaiming, "He is my friend; He is my friend; He is the friend of such an ungrateful sinner as I am; how can we love and bless him enough?"

I had to stop my reading to mingle my tears with his tears, and to unite my humble blessings to Jesus with his seraphic and burning expressions of love and joy.

During the six days of his sickness, he would hardly permit me to let a single hour pass without speaking to him of the love and the mercies of Jesus for poor sinners, or reading some of the Divine pages of the gospel.

When I saw that his last hour was very near. I told him, "Dear brother, let us bless the Lord. for in a few moments the dear Saviour will come and take you with Him in His glory."

Then he made an effort to lift up his hands, as if he were to press his dear Saviour on his bosom; his eyes were shining and beautiful in a truly astonishing way; his whole face was beaming with an inexpressible and surely supernatural happiness and joy; his lips moved and proffered the words, "Oh, dear Jesus, receive my soul into thy hands." Then his head fell gently on his shoulder, and the soul was in heaven.

Let me tell you another fact which occurred only a few days ago:—

A very respectable woman, who was sick, and whom I was visiting almost every day, was visited also two days ago by the priest. That woman had been educated in the Roman Catholic religion, of which she had been a very faithful and devoted member, till God, in His great mercy, four years ago, made me the instrument to bring her to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. All her children, to the number of seven, one excepted, have followed her in the ways of the gospel.

The priest spoke to her a considerable time on the necessity of making her peace with the Church of Rome, and confessing all her sins to him, if she wished to be saved. She

listened to his words with every possible attention, without interrupting him in any way; and as soon as he had done speaking, she answered him—"Sir, your words are very fine and eloquent, but the words of my dear Saviour Jesus are still much better than yours; they go more directly to the heart, and do a great deal more good to my soul. Would you be so kind as open this book of the gospel, and give me a few of the saving words of my Saviour."

The poor priest was thunderstruck by the simple answer of this simple-minded woman. After a few moments of hesitation, he replied, "I am in a hurry; I have not the time to read you anything."

"But, sir," answered the sick woman, "you have just assured me that you had plenty of time to hear the confession of all the sins of my life, which would be a very long affair; how is it now that you cannot spare a few minutes to give me some of the words of my Saviour and my God?"

This unexpected question stupified the priest; he muttered a few words, which could not be understood, and in haste left the house.

THE GLASS DECANTER.

"There is one thing we have not got," said a new-married wife, wiping down the shelf of her small, snug closet, which seemed pretty well stocked with necessaries and comforts.

"What is it, Fanny?" asked James, her husband.

"A decanter. We have nothing to put spirits in. We must have, I think, a decanter." A decanter was more of a "must have" then than now; and James drew some change from his pocket, which on counting over was not enough for the purchase.

"I would buy a good one," said Fanny, "while I was about it; not this glass, that will break easily. A handsome cut-glass one will be cheaper in the end."

James thought he should finish a job by noon, the wages of which would not only buy the decanter, but fill it also; and he went out to his work. It was a neat new two-story house this young couple lived in, built by James himself in "odd moments," he said; for James's joinery was in good demand and he was rarely out of employment. There was a patch of ground round it, with vegetables enough for summer eat-

ing, and a few for harvest. They were a well brought-up, industrious, happy couple, with good prospects.

A few nights after, when James came home, he drew out from his green baize jacket the best-looking decanter to be found at Hobbs', he said, and held it up before Fanny and the candle. It was filled.—“Let's try it,” said James. “Hobbs' said it was the very best. Hand me a tumbler, Fanny.”

“Oh! no, James,” replied his wife, “it is not for us; it is for company or sickness. Let us save it.”

“I should not object to tasting;” so he put two or three spoonfuls of sugar into a tumbler, poured out a suitable quantity of Holland gin, and added some hot water from the singing tea-kettle. “Excellent toddy,” said James, stirring, and offering it to his wife.

“No, James, you drink first,” answered she; and Fanny folded her clothes, while James sipped the smoking beverage. “It seems to me you have not left much,” said Fanny, smiling, and taking her turn at the tumbler, “but it is as much as I want;” and she leisurely finished the remainder.

This was the first glass of toddy from the new decanter; and as James and Fanny sat by their warm hearth, in pleasing chit-chat, they did not see the coil of a serpent in the bottom of the tumbler. Perhaps a microscope was needed to discern it; but it was there.

By-and-by a baby was born in the house. Happy father and mother, with their plump little one, who filled their hearts with a new joy! Fanny was happy; only as the months went by, once in a while a fear took hold of her, a strange fear, that made her shudder. What was it? Had she got a glimpse of the serpent? Ah, among all the increasing wants of the little household, there was nothing which of- tener needed filling than the glass decanter.

One day, hearing her husband's step in the yard, she arose with baby sleeping in her arms, tiptoed into the closet, and, snatch- ing the decanter from the shelf, thrust it in to a small cupboard below, and turned the key. Back she went with a trembling heart. James soon after came in. First he played with the baby, then sidled to the closet, and Fanny heard the closet-door creak. What will James think?

thought Fanny anxiously, and much afraid. She laid baby down, and tried to busy herself with dinner. Presently her husband passed through the kitchen without speak- ing. Dinner ready, she rang the bell.— James came in, and took a seat by the fire. Baby crept towards him, but he took no notice of it. “Are you sick James?” asked Fanny. “Not very well,” answered he, sulkily. “You have taken cold,” she said, with affectionate earnestness; “it is very raw. Let me make you a bowl of tea.” “Tea!” growled her husband, an- gily, “I don't want any old woman's nos- trums.” He rested his elbows on his knees, and put his head between his hands.— Fanny pitied him. “What will you have, James?” asked Fanny. “Can I get you anything?”

“Is there anything in the house?” he asked, eagerly turning his face towards her with an asking look. “I think it would make me feel better.” “Well poor James is sick,” thought Fanny, trying hard to feel there was no harm in unlocking the little cupboard, and offering that cup to her husband's lips which a few minutes before she was so anxious to save him from. Poor Fanny wanted firmness.— The contents of the decanter were soon emptied, and James took it away to be re- filled. It did not come back the next day, or the next, or the next. The tumblers were clean and dry, and through the live- long week showed no marks of sugar, gin, or toddy. “James sees his danger, and he has put the decanter away,” thought Fanny, with a thankful heart. A heavy weight seemed lifted from her, and again she sang about the house.

James had a small poultry-yard which not only kept a supply of eggs for his family, but made an occasional trade for the neighbours. One day, about this time, Fanny went to the barn to get a newly- laid egg for James's favourite pudding.— She and the little boy loved to hunt for eggs. In the hay she found a new nest.— Down she thrust her hand, and grasped at something. Fanny started and turned pale, and shrank back trembling. It was not a hen, or chicken, or egg she touched, but something that took her strength away, and she felt as if she could lie down to die. A serpent? It was the glass decanter

which she pulled out, hid away there half filled—with what?—Rum. Fanny forgot her eggs, her pudding, her child as she sat there and cried as if her heart would break.

* * * *

We must now pass over several years of poor Fanny's life; sorrowful years they grew to be. Many children were born to the Farmers. The two oldest died, and the mother wept bitter tears. But greater sorrow was in store for her: as her husband went, step by step, down, down, down, until he lost his fine manly look, neglected his work, was no longer seen at church, and everything within and without his house showed the mournful tokens of a ruined home.

So things went on till Silas, the second son, was twelve years old. A fine lad was he. Two years before, Silas went to live in a gentleman's family, when (the gentleman dying) he came home to seek other employment. It was not long before Hobbs had his eye on him—Hobbs, the dram-seller, whose little shop at the corner had manufactured more hard drinkers than any shop in the country, making its owner rich on other man's sins. "A smart little fellow," said Hobb, with his eye on Silas; "and I can get him for nothing," chuckling over the long account run up against the Farmer estate. He determined to go over and talk with his mother about it. "A fine lad that Silas of yours," said Hobbs, seating himself in a chair. "Silas is a good boy," replied his mother, sadly—"a good boy." "Well," proceeded Hobbs with a little creditable embarrassment, "perhaps you know there is an account against your husband, which, may be, you will like Silas to help to wipe off." "I did not know there were any *honest* debts there," said Fanny, a faint colour mounting into her pale face as she thought of the wicked enticements he used to keep for his victims. "Your husband can remember, I suppose," exclaimed Hobbs, angrily; "and if I am not paid soon, you must take the consequences." With a house still over her head, Fanny had contrived to get along. She feared at no distant day it might be drank away, and she well might dread a creditor like Hobbs. The poor mother was cowed. "I will talk with Silas about it," she said, humbly. "What

would you allow him?" "Oh, I sha'n't be hard," said the hard old man; "send the boy to me;" and Hobbs was not sorry to decamp. He could meet the frightful oaths and reeling idiocy of the wretched man who frequented his bar, but the presence of a stricken woman alarmed his conscience.

When Silas came home his mother told him. "Never! mother, never!" exclaimed Silas; "never will I go and deal out rum to my father or to anybody's else father. No liquor shall pass through *my* hands. Why, mother, I am a soldier in the Cold Water army."

"If father gives you up the decanter, you must go and buy some," said his little brother. "Never!" repeated Silas.—"Then father wou'd beat you," said little Fanny, shrinking. "I would be beaten to death rather than break my pledge," said Silas. "Obey your parents," said his mother, for the mother's spirit was altogether crushed, and she was ready to counsel any compromise father than rouse the brutal rage of the husband and father.—Silas did not believe in compromising with wickedness, but he said nothing.

That evening James Farmer came home and told Silas to run down to Hobbs's, and bring home the decanter. His mother trembled, but Silas took his cap and walked away. He entered the shop as the old man was filling it. "You are Silas Farmer, I suppose. Well, I want you in my shop," said Hobbs, in a tone which was meant to be pleasant. "I came for the decanter," said the boy. "And I want you in my shop," cried the old man, testily, putting it on the counter. "I cannot come, sir," replied Silas, firmly. "I am a soldier in the Cold Water army, and I cannot serve in the shop where my father was made a drunkard." Without stopping further, Silas seized the decanter and went off—not homeward no, no, for he was a soldier in the Cold Water army. He ran to a neighbouring well. On the green grass which grew around it—for everything looks fresh and green where pure water is—he poured out the destroying liquor.—Drawing up a bucket of water, he carefully rinsed the decanter; then filling it with water, fresh and sparkling, he bottled it up and went home.

"Father," said the brave boy, entering

the bedroom where his enfeebled parent was about undressing, "I have brought you some good, wholesome drink, such as God made, and it is all I *could* bring you, because I am a soldier in the Cold Water army." "A soldier in what?" asked the father, looking round with his bleared eye. "In the Cold Water army, father. We are fighting against wicked king Alcohol; and, oh! father, do come and join our ranks; do, father!" There was something in the almost agonising earnestness of his son that touched James Farmer's heart.—"Do, father!" rang in his ears the livelong night. True, he gruffly motioned the boy away; but there were other things that he could not motion away so easily. His mind was alert, and he had nothing to stupefy—nothing to moisten his parched lips and burning tongue—nothing to quench his craving thirst, but the pure water in his well-filled decanter. The first object he described in the grey early dawn was his decanter. He grasped it with his trembling hands. No liquor fumes quickened his senses. How he longed for "a drink." Again he looked at the decanter. No hope there; it was only water, water, water. He glared round the room. How changed was everything in that once happy room—everything else but the glass decanter. And what a long train of misery had it brought into his family! As he looked at it, vipers and serpents, hissing and singing seemed crawling from it, mocking him with cruel mockings. That dreadful delirium, the curse of the drunkard, was creeping over the fine strong frame of James Farmer. He shouted aloud, "Drink! drink! drink!"

For days and nights did Fanny and her son watch by his bed, and bathe his hot brow and cool his burning tongue with cold water. "Do, father!" came first to his mind when it began to clear up. "Oh, my God, help me!" cried the sick man.—"Almighty Saviour! help me to keep it," prayed he, as Silas, true to his soldier duty, brought the cold water pledge to his father's bedside. In large, sprawling letters James wrote his name, and the family knelt down, while the minister prayed for forgiving mercy, and grace to strengthen him in days to come.

"Here, father," said Silas, going to the closet when the solemn service was over,

"here is the decanter filled with cold water; will you not seal your pledge to total abstinence by a glass of this wholesome drink?" "Oh, let us smash that decanter!" cried little Fanny. "And bury the pieces," added Freddy. "From our sight for ever," said Fanny, the mother. "That is all which is left of our first housekeeping, Fanny. Let it stand always filled with water, a witness of my reform, as it was the companion of my fall," said the penitent father. So there it stands an abiding memorial of sad days, now better and brighter.

THE SAVAGE SOLDIER.

While the armies of the first Napoleon were marching through Germany, one of the regiments was quartered on the inhabitants of a village. Among the soldiers was one of a fierce aspect, his face covered by his long black beard, who seemed in his whole demeanour to personify the savage. The farmer upon whom he happened to be "billeted" was terrified at the sight of him, and proposed to the commanding officer that he should take two men in the place of one of such ferocious appearance. The offer was accepted, and the soldier taken to other houses; but the officer perceiving that everybody was afraid to take the frightful-looking man, told him to find a lodging for himself.

Having been refused admittance everywhere, he arrived at the house of one of the few members of the Moravian Society who resided in the village. This occurred on the evening of their prayer-meeting.—the leader of this pious little band was standing in his door as the soldier passed more than once. At length he asked him on whom he was quartered. The soldier replied that no one would take him in.—The brother, though somewhat alarmed by his fierce looks, showed him into his house.

At the appointed time the company assembled, a hymn was sung, a portion of Scripture read, and prayer offered. The poor man was so deeply affected that he exclaimed, "You are a happy people; would God I were like you; but I hear none of these things, I am a poor wretch, and may be shot down in the next battle." The brethren spoke kindly to him, and di-

rected him to that Saviour who will cast none out, not even the worst.

By the kindness of his host, he was well cared for during the evening and night.— In the morning early he went to the farmer who first refused to receive him, and told him how and where he had found comfortable quarters. The farmer laughed at him; and on hearing the soldier's account of the meeting, said he was "very welcome to join those wretched pietists," but as for himself, he would never enter that house.

"But you shall though," said the rough soldier, feeling hurt by hearing his hospitable friend abused; "you shall attend this very evening at their worship, and I will come and fetch you." He was as good as his word. At the proper time he appeared at the farmer's door; who, terrified by his determined manner, accompanied him, and to the surprise of all present, was found seated next to his conductor, who fairly mounted guard over him.

And now the Lord's time had come.— The wrath and fright of the poor farmer vanished; and touched by divine power, the gospel of a crucified Saviour entered his heart. On arriving again at his home, he sought and found forgiveness of sin through the atoning blood of Christ; and by his testimony his wife was awakened to a sense of her lost state by nature, and with prayer sought and obtained mercy.— The change in this man and his wife created a great sensation in the village, and proved the means, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, of the conversion of many souls.—*Latrobe's Letters.*

PRIDE BROUGHT TO THE TEST OF SCRIPTURE

Job xl. 11. God will abase the proud, though a lion for strength, a David for beauty, a Solomon for wisdom.

Ezekiel xxi. 26. Thus saith the Lord God, Abase him that is high.

Daniel iv. 37. Those that walk in pride God is able to abase.

Matthew xxiii. 12. The proud exalt themselves and sin against God. Verses 1—12. Of this Christ warned the multitude and his disciples.

Luke xiv. 11. With this Christ closed his parable on the wedding garment.

Luke xviii. 14. With this Christ closed his parable on the Pharisee and Publican.

Leviticus xxi. 19. Men have the pride of their power.

1 John ii. 16. The pride of life.

Isaiah ix. 9. The pride of the hearts.

Isaiah xxiii. 9. The pride of their glory.

PRIDE INFLECTS SEVEN EVILS UPON

THE SOUL

Obadiah 3. It deceives.

Daniel v. 20. It hardens.

Psalms x. 2. It opposes truth.

Proverbs xi. 2. It leads to shame.

Ezekiel vii. 10. It is fruitful in evil.

Psalms x. 4. It hinders prayer.

Psalms lxiii. 6. It keeps its possessor captive.

GOD'S DEALINGS TOWARDS THE PROUD; OR SEVEN WORDS OF WARNING.

James iv. 6. He resisteth the proud.

Luke i. 51. He scattereth them.

Proverbs vi. 17. He hateth their looks.

Proverbs xvi. 5. He holds them in abomination.

Proverbs xv. 25. He will destroy their house.

Isaiah viii. 11. He will cause their arrogancy to cease.

Psalms xxxi. 23. He will plentifully reward the proud doer.

PRIDE EXEMPLIFIED: Abithophel, 2 Samuel xvii. 23; Hezekiah, 2 Chronicles xxxii. 25; Pharaoh, Nehemiah ix. 10; Haman, Esther iii. 5; Moab, Isaiah xvi. 6; Tyre, Isaiah xxiii. 9; Israel, Isaiah xxviii. 1; Hosea v. 5, 9; Judah, Jeremiah xiii. 9; Babylon, Jeremiah i. 29, 32; Assyria, Ezekiel xxxi. 3, 10; Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel iv. 30; Daniel v. 20; Belshazzar, Daniel v. 22, 23; Edom, Obadiah 3; Scribes, Mark xii. 38, 39; Herod, Acts xii. 21—23; Laodiceans, Revelations iii. 17. Ecclesiastes vii. 8. *He that is poor in spirit is better than the proud in spirit.*

Subbath School Lessons.

October 4th, 1863.

THE FEAST OF TABERNALES.

John 7. 2-10.

The feast of Tabernacles referred to in this lesson, was literally, the feast of tents.—It was in commemoration of the Israelites dwelling in tents or booths in the wilderness, when they were brought out of Egypt. The feast commenced on the 14th, and 15th, of the seventh month Tisri which is our last of September; Deut. 16. 13, &c. Numb. 29. 15. It was one of the three principal feasts of the Jews. At this festival of Tabernacles, the Jews were accustomed to erect booths of palm branches and willows or poplars, and to dwell in them as their fathers did in passing through the desert; so bringing to mind those wonderful events in their history, which they were wont to sing in their triumphal palms.

The brethren referred to v. 3, are his brethren by the same mother. Some people hold that our Lord had no brothers or sisters.—But they are referred to by name, along with his parents, as showing his lowly origin; Matt. 13. 55. These brethren would have him to go to Judea to make a show of himself.—They wished this perhaps not so much in derision as in vacillation; not knowing what to make of him. Thy disciples. Those in Judea who had become His disciples in His precious visit ch. 4. 1-3.

His brethren, though nearly related to Christ by outward affinities did not believe on Him, v. 5.

My time is not yet come, v. 6. Literally, the convenient time, which is mine—His set time, according to the divine plan for manifestation to the world and for going up to the feast was not in the following verse, it is implied that the present hindrance was the bitter nature of the world. They could go up at anytime. "Like does not cast out with like."

He told His brethren not to wait for Him, and after they had gone for a day or two.

He went up less conspicuously than they.—verse 10.

Learn. 1. It is an honour to be of the kindred of Christ; but no saving honour. They that hear His word and keep it are the kindred he values.

2. If Christ had aimed at advancing His secular interests, his brethren would have believed in Him—and would all have followed Him.

October 11th, 1863.

JERICHO TAKEN.

Read JOSH. vi. 12-27.

Connection.—Israel had crossed Jordan and encamped at Gilgal, not far from Jericho. Joshua, when reconnoitering Jericho, had met with Christ himself, who claimed to be the Captain of God's host, gave Joshua the directions, and promised the success this chapter records.

I. Jericho Encompassed, ver. 12-19.

Jericho was closely blockaded, verse 1.—Israel was quite unprovided for such a warfare, always very difficult before the use of artillery, and a well-victualled city might have held out against them successfully; besides, the manna had ceased, and doubtless Joshua was prayerfully anxious lest they should be discouraged at the very outset of their career.

The armed men, ver. 7. The full-armed men, including those of the tribes who stayed eastward of Jordan, were to pass on before the ark—not to fight, but simply to lead the way. The ark, the symbol of God's presence, and the priests, followed. Seven priests blowing trumpets of rams' horns—either made of rams' horns or resembling them; probably the other priests in their white robes accompanied the ark.

The rereward, or the unarmed multitude of Israelites, came after the ark. Early each morning for six days this procession surrounded the city—the priests blowing the trumpets. The people were forbidden to shout—their silence testified their obedience, and that God was working for them. A fear

implanted by the supernatural aid which evidently accompanied Israel, prevented the besieged from sallying forth on them.

‘II. Jericho Taken, ver. 20-27.

The seventh day. The Jews say it was the Sabbath. God’s command can make any work Sabbath-day’s work. Be thankful you have no such bloody work to do—only slay your sins. They rose earlier—they had more to do. They compassed the city seven times, and at the seventh time the multitude shouted—“*for the Lord hath given you the city;*” it was the shout not of battle but of victory. The wall fell, and the armed men entered the city, each straight before him. The inhabitants of Jericho would be quite unprepared.

The city is accursed, or “devoted.” All the spoil was to be brought into the treasury of the Lord, to teach Israel that they must not fight for spoil. Joshua warns the people to beware of retaining what was God’s, *lest you make yourselves accursed.* All life was extinguished—it was God’s own command.

Rahab, all her kindred, and all she had, were saved. The scarlet cord served its purpose well. They were left without the camp. She afterwards dwelt with Israel (25). The same name appears, Matt. i. 5, as the mother of Boaz—perhaps it is this woman.

APPLICATION.

1. *How to secure success. Obey God* most carefully, without questioning his wisdom or goodness. Thus Israel marched round Jericho, till its walls fell. Thus Gideon dismissed his soldiers, took lamps and pitchers, and conquered Midian. Thus Naaman washed seven times. *Wait on Him* silently, till His time come. Israel might think, “why march so often round?” Why silently? The silence implied that God’s time is not yet, but it will come, it is sure; therefore be patient. Elijah on Carmel; Old Simeon; Psal. cxxx. 6; Isa. xl. 31.

2. *What God has promised is as good as done.* “Shout, for God hath given you the city;” so ver. 2. Apply this to all God’s promises, “God hath spoken,” “I will rejoice,” Psal. lx. 6. Are you “poor in spirit?” then heaven is yours! “merciful?” you shall obtain mercy. Are you Christ’s? then “shout”—“all things are yours.”

3. *God and His truth will conquer.* The story illustrates this; the ark was the symbol, of God’s presence; the trumpets, of the proclamation of His truth. So the promise Matt. xxviii. 20, will yet bring down every stronghold of Satan, 2 Cor. x. 4. See how Christ’s word conquered, Luke iv. 36. Has your heart surrendered?

4. *Beware of God’s wrath.* What can save a sinner from an angry God? Think on the inhabitants of Jericho; old and young boys and girls. The walls they trusted to, fall and crush them! The sword reaches every one! They all deserved death—every sinner does—you deserve death—eternal death! Now, shall you escape? Psal. xxvii. 4-6; xlv. 9.

5. *No one can love God and money too.*—God taught Israel this at the very first of their victories. They were not to take the spoil. God called the gold, “the accursed thing”—well may it so be called! 1 Tim. vi. 10. You may have money, but you must not love it.

6. *You may be saved like Rahab.* Believe God’s word—trust his mercy, obey Him, and though all the world perish you will be safe. Psal. xli. 1, 2. Rahab’s house was on the wall—all besides perished—she and hers were safe.

7. *Beware how you build again what God, has destroyed.* See the curse, ver. 26, fulfilled, 1 Kings, xvi. 34. Has God destroyed false hopes, cast down worldly schemes, or broken sin’s power over you. Beware of undoing God’s work.

SECRET RELIGION.

God is often lost in prayers and ordinances. “Enter into thy chamber, said He, “and shut thy door about thee.”—“Shut thy doors about thee,” means much; it means—shut out not only frivolity, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home; it means—let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or He will speak in thunder. I am persuaded the Lord would often speak more softly if we would shut the door.—*Cecil.*

WILL OUR EARTHLY CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIPS BE CONTINUED IN HEAVEN?

There are many circumstances which throw much indistinctness and uncertainty over our views of what the social condition of heaven will be. Such as these, which I can only just name:—

From the language of Scripture, it is quite certain that heaven is a real place, a material abode, and not a mere state, as many are pleased to assert. But whether it be a vast and splendid cluster of worlds, or one spacious, magnificent, and almost unlimited continent of light and beauty, we are not informed. Yet our intercourse must considerably depend upon this.

Then, even if the saved of mankind were the only people there, it is likely that, amidst the numberless myriads of our own race alone, each individual will be able to find his own "familiar friend?" But these will not be the only inhabitants of heaven. There are its nobler and more ancient nations. More than this, from its being the highest part of the creation of God, and the scene of his visible presence, we may justly infer that it is the common home and Paradise of all holy creatures, and that its society will be increasingly composed of races and families from various worlds of the universe. Does it not look as if each of us would find himself among a heaven of strangers?

Were we to be removed to heaven with our present nature only refined and made immortal, we could easily anticipate how we should feel and act; but not so. Our nature is to be dissolved to its very rudiments at death. Now, all that pertains to us simply as beings of this world, all the instincts of the body, many of our sensibilities, perhaps many of the properties which now influence the mode of our social intercourse, will be dropped, to be resumed no more. Our ignorance of what we shall be, when deprived of all these, gives much uncertainty to our conceptions of heaven.

We have scarcely any revelation of the glorified state but as a scene of divine glory and devotional felicity. The heaven of the New Testament is strictly a devotional heaven,—perhaps to impress upon us the conviction that to be fitted for it we must be devotional. Now, we know that when the heart is deeply devotional to the blessed God, social wishes and considerations almost disappear. You have felt this in public worship. You have had scarcely a wish or a thought of those around you. The inferior affection was absorbed and displaced by the greater and the holier. Will not the visible presence of God

displayed in ineffable holiness, beauty and effulgence all over the regions of heaven, meeting us wherever we turn, surrounding us every moment—will it not produce in us an indifference to the presence and regard of creatures—an oblivion of social affections and delight? So we may be apt to imagine at first.

The Scriptures speak of peculiar rewards of grace that will be conferred in heaven on those who have possessed peculiar grace on earth. The present differences in piety are immense—so will be the rewards. Now, will not a superior position of these rewards—which may well be supposed to consist in transcendent dignity of rank, station, employment, nearness to the throne, the performance of high commissions in heaven and abroad in the universe—put a wide separation betwixt many who have been closely united on earth, and who would wish to preserve their friendship and intercourse for ever?—Will a dignified personage, high in honour through the celestial realms, descend from his lofty sphere and society to visit and converse with his former friend, who, far below him in piety, dwells in one of the remote celestial villages among the common people of heaven?

The Scriptures themselves give us no direct information respecting the social constitution of heaven. The whole system of life there, apart from devotion, is left to be imagined with dim uncertainty. And although they speak of it sometimes as a family, sometimes as a festal assembly, suggesting the delightful fancy that all its members will be easily observed and known, as in such spectacles on earth, a little reflection assures us that these are but images, teaching us indeed what the spirit of heaven will be, but not intended to afford us precise and definite information respecting the laws of its intercourse.

It is well to see the difficulties of a great subject; they awaken curiosity; they set the mind to work; they break up the fancies of ignorance, and prepare us to welcome with more delight the certainty that may be attained.

We are, however, acquainted with two or three facts, distinctly established, by the aid of which we may work out with luminous certainty many large and beautiful problems respecting our social prospects in heaven.—Such facts as these—the permanent properties of our nature, the certain assurance we have that heaven is the world of perfection, and those inspired declarations respecting heaven which, although they assert nothing directly of our future mutual recognition, or of the mode of celestial intercourse, speak of heaven as a social state. *Memory* is one of the per-

manent properties of our nature. Memory will be plainly essential for the holy purposes of grateful adoration; for gratitude is, in its very nature, a sentiment inspired by memory. It will be essential to enable us to perceive the rectitude of the final judgment. Suppose the memory of human actions to be lost, the judgment of our race will appear to be a mere act of sovereign despotism. It will also be essential to the existence of conscious identity or continuous being. That memory is a permanent property of our nature is therefore certain. Now, as our friends are closely identified with ourselves, and their words and acts constitute a great part, and sometimes are among the most important parts of our own history, if we remember our own history, if we remember our own past selves, *we must remember our friends* in heaven.

A second property of our lives which we know will be permanent, is *holy love*. There needs no proof that our moral affections will be continued. The present graces of piety will be the graces of heaven. They will go with us wherever we go, and form the temper and felicity of our existence. "Love is God, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "Charity never faileth."—Against this there is no law to condemn it to death. We have seen that our present companions in Christ must always be remembered; we also see that *they must always be loved*; and, in heaven as on earth, it is the nature of love to seek intercourse with its object.

Another established fact that will guide us in this enquiry, is the *perfection* of the heavenly state. It is true that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be," but we know that we shall not be less perfect than we now are. In our instrumental existence, as well as in our character, we "shall be made perfect."—When Paul writes, "Whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away," his plain meaning is, that the present *imperfections* of our communication and acquirement of knowledge shall vanish. Our knowledge of *individuals* as well as of things and truths will no longer be defective, in consequence of an imperfect medium of perception. "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." Do not these words imply a perfection of means and facilities for the attainment of all that knowledge which tends to the promotion of holy happiness—the knowledge not only of God, but of his glorified creatures?

The glimpses of the society of the blessed afforded by Scripture tend to the same conclusion: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are

asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." "Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "And these shall go away into life eternal." "And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Paul anticipates in his converts his "joy and crown." "Every man shall be presented perfect in Christ Jesus," by him who "warned and taught him in all wisdom." In anticipation of Christ's appearance, the most touching appeal of Christian affection is, "By our gathering together unto him." Each of these passages supplies a beautiful social image; with each of them the notion of non-recognition is at least very discordant, while that of recognition agrees with all. Why is the hope held out to us of joint recognition, joint abode, and mutual social delights, if we are to be alike "unknowing and unknown?" Recognition of some kind is implied in all these instances; and can it be a merely *collective* recognition? Where, then, would be the consoling force of the language?

Before these fixed lights of fact and truth, difficulties fade almost to nothing. The difficulty, for instance, arising from the difference of rewards amongst those who were the nearest friends when on earth—we cannot conceive it to have any other effect than frequent separation. It may possibly impede the constancy of their intercourse, but not by any means totally prevent it. * * * I am fully convinced, by long and large meditations upon it, that, notwithstanding its transcendent superiority and happiness, the society of heaven will, in its social arrangements and conduct, bear a much nearer resemblance to that of the present world than is generally imagined. Suppose that of two friends who are now most closely united, and wishing to be so for ever, one shall be greatly

placed above the other in the future kingdom; they cannot touch in the least the ardour of their friendship. The inferior person will feel a just and pleasurable exultation in the dignity of his friend, and of course be always ready to meet him with joy; while, on the other side, celestial dignity will delight to condescend, and to impart his lustre and felicity to the object of his ancient regard. True piety will always be the same. The best Christians, whatever be their station or their mental accomplishments, are the most simple, benignant, and condescending, simply because they are the best, because they have most of the temper of their Saviour.

Though no doubt heaven will be a state of activity in endless forms of service and achievement, there will also be a large portion of repose: "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." Whatever will be the employments of the state, the long leisure of immortality will afford ample time for the indulgence of friendship wherever the affections may lead.

And may we not also be permitted to suppose that the benignant Saviour, who has felt the affections and preferences of friendship on earth, and who will probably retain them forever, and who will preside over the arrangements of eternity—may we not suppose that he will show peculiar indulgence to this most felicitous affection, and so dispose of friends through his celestial empire as to allow them free and delightful intercourse for ever? I have no doubt that he will do this.

Thus, you perceive, there is solid and ample ground for cherishing this most soothing anticipation. But to what extent may this anticipation be indulged? Will our intercourse be continued with all pious friends, or only with some of them? I believe the answer of the heart to this question will be the true answer: Where you wish it to be continued, there it will be. The friendship of heaven will, from the very nature of friendship, be a matter of choice, or rather, an adherence to our present choice.

The affectionate veneration for wise and excellent parents, and the love of their society which nature inspires and piety confirms, will continue for ever. The relation betwixt them and us can never be dissolved, never be forgotten. And as the relation itself is immortal, the tender instincts and attachments resulting from it will also be immortal. Your parents will be as much your parents a hundred millions of long ages hence, in fact and in feeling, as they are at this hour. Their care and love in training us to wisdom and piety, when the supreme value of these results shall be fully perceived, will indefinitely enlarge the sum of our obligations, and ren-

der them more precious and venerable for ever. Then, children in their turn become parents. This gives rise to a new affection, which also, from the nature of the case, must continue through eternity. This opens a beautiful view of the richness and variety of celestial love—love for glorified parents; love for glorified children—in all who are thus blest on both sides of their being.

Whether the tenderness of personal attachment shall be continued in the world to come, when the constitution of our nature shall be changed, seems at first sight the most difficult point to determine in the whole enquiry. The difficulty arises from its being a mixed affection. The inferior ingredients of the tender affections, and the alliances to which they lead, having answered their purpose will be finally extinguished in death; but it, appears to me certain that the mental affinity, the tenderness of spirit, the intercourse of soul with soul, which are more or less experienced in all happy cases of this sort, will remain as some of the finest elements of the life, and will form a high and everlasting endearment betwixt those who were united in the days of time. Milton was as great a philosopher as a poet. His views of human nature and the social affections were the most exalted that ever were formed. To any one who delights to study the social constitution of our race, what eloquent wisdom there is in the following lines:—

"Hail, wedded love * * *
* * * by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known."

And can it be supposed that an affection which produces a measureless flow of good on earth will lose all its charms with the extinction of life and do nothing to augment, the happiness of eternity? It is commanded to those who bear this relation, at least on one side, to love each other, "as Christ has loved his Church." The love of the Saviour is an immortal love; and this seems to convey an intimation that the other will also be immortal.

How infinitely solemn are these friendships of personal tenderness! They are frequently so slight and inscrutable in their commencement that no human thought is fine enough to trace them to their origin. The original fountain lies remote and concealed, among the shades and mysteries of our wonderful nature; no intellectual Bruce has ever penetrated to their source. But, like the Nile, they flow on and bless, and sometimes desolate. They may flow to bless or desolate for ever.

Do you put this final question of the whole subject,—“Who, among all the friends I have

ever possessed, will have most of my regard through eternity?" The answer is certain!—It will be the person who has done you most religious good, who has most drawn down the divine benedictions upon you by his prayers, and who has added most to the riches of your being, whoever that may prove to be. Yet this is certain, all persons and things will then be estimated by this reference to the sovereign Lord of our immortality. Let us adopt this standard of estimate now!

LIFE A BETTER TEACHER THAN BOOKS.

Books and solitude have their uses, and for the earnest aspirant after spiritual perfection altogether indispensable; but they are not the only nor yet the chief means of the soul's growth in grace, which is advanced by thorough acquaintance with the woes and wants, the wishes and the workings, of one human soul, far more efficiently than by the diligent perusal of a hundred folios.

The discharge of duty to another is not only exemption from the sin of omitting it; it is also growing in strength, it is self-knowledge. The really earnest performance of one duty thrills the mind with a consciousness of power, which is itself an increase of strength; it quickens into activity the disinterested feeling, and throws up from the soul's depths as it were into our notice truths which, for their beauty and worth, it surprises us should never have occurred to our minds,

Of the relations of life, many have plainly a religious significance; and but for our blindness, no doubt all of them would have, home and kindred, country and occupation.

We resemble unlearned priests reading the sublime prayers of the Latin ritual, ignorant the while of the fervency, the penitence, the supplication, the thanksgiving, the truth, the trust, the joy of which their words are the utterance. In like manner, the offices and occurrences of life all have a higher purpose in them than we in our unenlightened state imagine.

Every relation which we occupy hath its duties; every hour with which our lives are lengthened out hath its divine purpose. These relations were not or-

dained by God only to please us, and ought not to be indulged in with that idea; chiefly they are means for our growth in grace.

God has made us mutual agents of good. Next to divine help as afforded through Scripture, prayer, and the Holy Spirit, confidential discourse is the best aid to righteousness. There is no such strengthening word as that uttered in secret by affection. Of earthly helps, there is none other such a preservation from sin as mutual trust. Through the wants of our souls, as well as through the word of Scripture, does God exhort us "to confess our faults one to another, and pray for one another."

Religion is a household quite as much as a Church feeling. Faults are incidental to our imperfect natures everywhere; but in a religious house, even inadvertencies are not without their compensating pleasure, since the master reflects within himself, while pardoning his servants, "Even thus does God through Christ forgive me;" and rightly does he reason thus, since the grace to forgive is one token that the recipient thereof is forgiven: so that what are unmitigated troubles to the worldly, to the spiritually-minded occasion thoughts of the Redeemer, of God, of Heaven.—*Mountford.*

A VERY PRESENT HELP.

The very words in which it has pleased God to express himself, seem to teach us emphatically how exactly he foreknew what our wants and necessities would require. At a moment, for instance, when some provocation is rousing us to indulge some angry feeling, &c., so that we feel as if we could not help it, how impressively we are taught the meaning of "A very present help." Or when called upon for immediate action under some unforeseen emergency, when no time is given for consideration, &c., how precious we find it to turn for aid to "a very present help" in God! It must ever be so throughout life that every "present" moment needs an ever "present help." But it will be doubly so in the hour of death; for then especially the past will be felt to be past, and there will be no future to be looking forward to. The "present" moment will be every thing; and truly "a very present help" will be every thing to us.—*Adelaide L. Newton.*