

THE GOOD NEWS:

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL DEVOTED TO

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

VOL. 5.]

MAY 1st, 1865.

[No. 9.

CONTENTS :

| | | | |
|---|------|--|-----|
| THE CLAPHAM SECT. By Rev. Wm. Punshon, M. A. | 225 | Religious Teaching of Children, | 246 |
| The Two Paths, | 227 | How to win a Child's Heart. . | 247 |
| Providence in a sermon, | 227½ | Missing at the Prayer-Meeting, | 247 |
| What a book may do, | 228 | Breaking the Sabbath Injuries, | 248 |
| The three Entries, | 229 | Teaching young Children, . | 248 |
| In a Minute, | 229 | Don't write there, | 248 |
| Importunate Prayer, | 231 | Keeping the Sabbath Beneficial, | 250 |
| Bob Winslow, | 231 | | |
| Like Father, like Family, | 233 | SABBATH LESSONS. | |
| The Character of Peter, | 234 | Jesus washeth his disciple's feet, | 249 |
| The Tack hammer, | 235 | David and Jonathan, | 249 |
| WHAT IS YOUR CHOICE. | 236 | Jesus points out the traitor, . | 250 |
| The power of Virtue over Conscious Guilt, | 238 | | |
| A remarkable adventure, | 239 | POETRY. | |
| The Golden Snuffers, | 241 | Watching unto Prayer, | 243 |
| The Two Sapplings, | 242 | | |
| Boys help your Mother, | 244 | | |
| Irrepressible Christianity, .. | 245 | | |

EDITED BY REV. ROBERT KENNEDY.

PRESCOTT, C. W.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE "EVANGELIZER" OFFICE,
AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

THE CLAPHAM SECT.

BY REV. W. M. PUNSHON, M.A., LONDON, ENG.

Who and what are the Clapham Sect? Are they shadows, or do they represent a substantial idea; Is that idea fanaticism, or is it earnest life—a thing to be despised or to be admired? There are many now-a-days to whom these questions have interest, and there are many others in whom interest will be awakened when they hear the names of the men whom the “Clapham Sect” is understood to comprise.

Names have been defined as “labelled mysteries—disguises put upon things to conceal from us their mystery.” The name of a thing is generally supposed to be suggestive of everything about it. If I speak of a rose, the name is associated in my mind with the picture of the flower, and with its qualities of form, color, fragrance, beauty. But there are names which have been fastened upon the things which they have come to designate by some chance event, or by some caprice of genius; and in such a case, unless the interpreter be at hand, the mystery is the deeper for the “label.”

It may be that to the uninitiated the mention of the Clapham Sect conveys no definite idea. They cannot trace the connection between geography and religious profession; and they have, perhaps roamed often in that particular suburb of London without discovering “the odour of sanctity” which, some fifty years ago, was so offensive to certain politely vulgar men. To enlighten them in this matter, and to give brief histories of the lives and characters of the men upon whom this name was fixed, is the object of these papers. Perhaps it will appear—if, indeed, the moral be the highest part of human nature, and goodness the highest style of moral excellency that, like the terms Whig and Tory in politics, and Puritan and Methodist in religion, the names give in reproach or by accident, may be accept-

ed with satisfaction, and even referred to by the descendants of those who have worn them with not unholy pride.

It is nearly sixty years ago since there issued from the press a very clever political tract, written to advocate Catholic emancipation, under the following title, “Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my brother Abraham, who lives in the country, by Peter Plymley.” In these letters, whose close logic, keen wit, strong prejudices, and not too nice delicacy, at once, fathered their authorship, the writer admits, “that there is a vast luxury in selecting a particular set of Christians, and worrying them as a boy worries a puppy-dog,” but thinks the Catholics are too numerous to be thus worried with safety, and suggests that the taste might be gratified with less risk in another direction. “But, then, my good Abraham, this, sport, admirable as it is, is become, with respect to the Catholics, a little dangerous; and if we are not extremely careful in taking the amusement, we shall tumble into the holy water and be drowned. As it seems necessary to your idea of an established church to have somebody to worry and torment, suppose we were to select for this purpose *William Wilberforce, Esq., and the patent Christians of Clapham*. We shall by this expedient enjoy the same opportunity for cruelty and injustice without being exposed to the same risks.”

These letters, which had an extensive sale, were published anonymously, but rumour ascribed them to the pen of a clergyman then writing himself into notice in the *Edinburgh Review*, and afterwards promoted by Lord Lyndhurst to a vacant canonry of St. Paul's. For a long time he denied the authorship—a venial offence, some would say, which has many precedents— but an untruth, notwithstanding, and hardly squaring with those ele-

vated morals which a clergyman should impress upon his flock; but when, in 1839, he published his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* in a collected form, he refers to the "Letters" in the preface in these words: "I have printed in this collection the "Letters" of Peter Plymley. The Government of that day took great pains to find out the author: all that they could find was, that they were brought to Mr. Budd, the publisher, by the Earl of Lauderdale. Somehow or other it came to be conjectured that I was the author. I always denied it; but finding that I deny it in vain, I have thought it might be as well to include the 'Letters' in this collection." This same gentleman, who afterwards became a dignitary of the church, and who scarcely hid his displeasure that he had not been lifted to the bishop's bench, had written several articles in the *Edinburgh* on Methodism and Missions. Methodism was a general name under which he classed not only the Methodists proper, but the various bodies of Nonconformists, and the Evangelical clergymen of the Church of England: "Not troubling ourselves," as he said, "to point out the finer shades and nicer discriminations of lunacy, but treating them all as in one general conspiracy against common sense and rational orthodox religion." By comparison of these articles we may know the writer's mind as to the composition of this "patent" Christianity, and we may be helped also to identify the type of men who were the subjects of his unworthy sneer. The revival of religion which began under the ministry of Wesleys and Whitfield, had left upon the face of society a broadly-marked character of its own. Right well did the sturdy spirits of that time do battle for the living truth. From beneath incumbent traditions, or from out of the depths of an indifference like that of death, they brought it to the day. Justification by faith—Luther's "*articulum stantis vel cadentis ecclesie*:"—was pressed upon the people not only as a truth to be believed, but as a blessing to be realized; and they preached it with the confidence of the early apostles, feeling that it was as fit for England as for Ephesus, and that it would overturn the heresies of modern times as readily as it

confounded the Stoics at Athens, or subdued the household of the Cæsars in Rome. Their singleness of aim and purpose, while it lifted them above fear, and preserved them in a high disinterestedness, "of which the world was not worthy," unfitted them, to some extent, for the perception of peculiar difficulties, and of the niceties of individual thought and need. They knew but a common want, to which they applied a common remedy. Their children clung to their creed and trod in their footsteps, but their expression of godliness was less rebuking and stern. It was rather the Samaritan's goodness than the prophet's warning. They were more "in" the world, though as little "of" it. They had a keener insight into the troubles of the doubtful, and a more practical knowledge of the manners and customs of society. They felt that earth had its claims which it were at once foolish and sinful to disregard: and while they held their faith fast—the faster, perhaps, under the dread shadow of the French Revolution—they formed confederacies, that it might work by love, and it was soon found warring against oppression and wrong, looking out for the needy that they might be enriched, and for the helpless that they might be befriended, sowing Bibles broadcast throughout the land, sending missionaries who might instruct and rescue the heathen, and stretching its magnificent charity to the very ends of the world.

These were the men against whom the *Edinburgh* reviewer took up his parable. Their wisdom was pronounced to be folly, their zeal fanaticism, their belief in the efficacy of prayer impiety, their efforts of missionary enterprise socially foolish and politically dangerous, and themselves, as the taste of this reviewer inclined, "canting hypocrites," "quacks in piety," "detachments of maniacs," or "nasty and numerous vermin." Who that remembers these amenities of controversy will not rejoice a kindlier day has dawned upon us now? Public opinion has become almost extreme in its recoil from this intolerance, and there is no reviewer in the land, unless he have lost all self-respect and care for his own reputation, who would venture to write such articles to-day. One great objection which was taken against them was

their ceaseless activity: "One thing is **always** to be taken for granted respecting these people, that wherever they gain a footing, or whatever be the institution to which they give birth, proselytism will be their main object." Here speaks the old moderation embodied: "Given—to begin with—baptism from the duly appointed minister, participation in customary worship;" then, "do not be deceitful, do not be idle, get rid of your bad passions, live quiet and peaceable lives, and you are Christians. It needs not that you should be careful about the religion of others, and it would be had taste and fanaticism to be righteous over much in the practice of your own." Such would be the deadly teaching and quietism to which the nation might have been reduced if this protest against earnestness had been suffered to prevail. But, happily, that which in those days was but the revival of an ancient spirit, has come to be regarded as an essential element in the Christian life. Religion need be no longer locked up in icy proprieties while the fearless enthusiasm strives for the fame or for the gold. Aggression is recognised as the Church's duty and the world's need. The "detachments of maniacs" go forth to attempt the world's winning for Christ, and society shows no disposition to control them. Their "nonsense" is now adjudged the soberest wisdom, their "melancholy" is a portion of serene and satisfying happiness; and, in deepest pity for those who scorn and slander them, they accept the brand of "madness," and vindicate it in the apostle's words: "If we be beside ourselves it is to God; if we be sober it is for your cause."

Congeniality of sentiment drew towards each other the men who were, on these matters, like-minded, that they might be mutually strengthened by communion, and mutually helpful for service. But their association was the more frequent because so many of them lived in the quiet country suburb which pointed the reviewer's allusion. Clapham was then a village proper, with pleasant lanes and field-paths, and a common, and a coach to London, and with all the traditions, and self-containedness, and sturdy pride in itself and its belongings, which a model En-

glish village ought to have; and there can be little doubt that, as Sir James Stephen puts it, "Clapham Common thought it self the best of all possible commons, and the commoners admired in each other the reflection of their own looks, and the echo of their own voices," while they were knights-errant, against every species of oppression and evil. Wilberforce, Henry Thornton, Granville, Sharpe, Stephen, the elder Grant, William Smith, John Lord Teignmouth, all these were dwellers in or upon the skirts of "the sacred village;" while it was the haunt of many others whose leisure was attracted by its quiet, or who were called to its councils when some benevolent project was to be started, or some wrong redressed, or some manifesto which embodied a great principle, made to steal gently upon the world.

The Clapham Sect will now, we trust, be better understood. All varieties of character were found among its members. It was not entirely composed of those who were one in theological belief—for William Smith was of its cabinet, and a foremost man in many of its human charities. It was not identified with any political party—for followers of Pitt and Fox were alike enrolled among its friends. It had no formal organisation, no rules, no funds, no secret oath, nor mysteries of initiation; and if it had a shibboleth, it was a word which breathed a blessing. It was simply a union of good men for worthy objects, held together by the cords of love—which are ever the mightiest bands of a man—by a common hatred of injustice, by a common love of freedom, and by a penetration of spiritual sympathy which linked them in fellowship, not with each other only, but with "the one Lord and Father of them all." Of these worthies William Wilberforce was the most noticeable, both in talent and influence.—*Quiver*,

Christians, let your souls dwell upon the vanity of all things here below, till your hearts are so thoroughly convinced and persuaded of the vanity of them, as to trample upon them, and make them a footstool for Christ to get up and ride in a holy triumph in your hearts.

THE TWO PATHS

By Rev. P. B. Power, M.A.

XIV—THE DISCOVERY.

When Ralph Calvert had succeeded in making his escape from "the Cage" at Chinkley, he made his way with his bad companion, Hartry, to London.

This wicked man was engaged in many unlawful pursuits, and did not care how bad anything was to which he turned his hand, provided he could make money by it.

We have already seen that he passed off some base coin on Ralph Calvert, at Sharnford, when he was there on smuggling business, and he then determined to get hold of the lad, if possible,—proposing to use him as a convenient tool for some of his bad designs.

Ralph, when once he had defied the law, by breaking from the Chinkley cage, was completely in this man's power; and on his arrival in London, he was introduced by him into this gang, and had received very little more than his bare clothes, and just food enough to keep him alive. He was, in fact, quite a servant of the other coiners, and was obliged to do the meanest work for them; nor did he dare attempt to escape—so afraid was he of being apprehended for his former crimes. The proverb says that "The way of the transgressors is hard," and poor Ralph found this to be only too true; and often had he mourned, with bitterness of spirit the hour in which he first listened to Hartry's voice, and went to the theatre, where all his troubles had commenced.

Ralph was now very much changed in appearance from what he once had been; he was no longer the healthy strong looking young man, with bright eyes, and round plump limbs, but he was sallow and thin, and his hair was matted, as though he never touched it from one month's end to the other.

The close confinement to which he had been subject in the coiners' room, together with the continual fear in which he lived had quite broken his health, and he ap-

peared as if he were dying fast of a decline.

When apprehended with the rest of the coiners, Ralph's first thought was that he must be known to every policeman, and that he would now be certainly brought to account not only for being found with the gang, but also for his former doings both at Sharnford and Chinkley. This so cast him down, that with great difficulty he walked along, and when he was put into his cell, the turnkey thought him looking so ill that he paid him special attention. Ralph felt thankful to him for this, for he had seen but few kind looks, and heard but very few kind words of late; and although the turnkey's voice was at the best but rough, still he seemed so plainly determined to be kind, Ralph was quite cheered in his distress,

The turnkey, however, could not remain with this prisoner more than a certain time, and when the heavy key was turned in the lock of his cell and the two outer bolts secured, and Ralph felt himself alone in the dark, he could not but feel wretched and terrified in the extreme.

What would he not have given if he had never gone to that odious theatre? What would he not give if he had had courage to tell his mother of his fault? Yes, he even felt that he would willingly have given much that he had never broken from "the Cage" at Chinkley, for now he had double to answer for, and as he thought, could not hope for any mercy at the hands of the law. It was now, however, too late; he felt that he should have thought of all this before, and that nothing now remained for him but to take the consequences of his guilt.

And let this be a warning to us all! How many times have we had to mourn over the consequences of our sins, to wish that we had not done such and such things, which our consciences told us to abstain from, and yet we are not perhaps as careful now as we should be; unless we have God's grace we cannot be upheld, we can escape neither from sin itself, nor from those bitter results, which, sooner or later, are sure to spring abundantly from it.

Whilst Ralph Calvert's mind thought on these things for a while, it was also engaged during a part of the night, in planning what course he was to pursue. He

"knew very well that Charley was not far off, but where was the use in letting him know anything about his present position; "He can do me no good," said Ralph, "and why should I run the risk of injuring him with Mr. Kersymer, who might cast him off if he knew he was connected with such a fellow as I am?" "No," said the prisoner, "come what will, I'll go through it all without bringing any disgrace on him."

Coldly and dimly the grey hazy light of the morning broke in upon Ralph Calvert's cell, through a small high window or rather slit in the wall, which afforded no hope of escape, like "the Cage" at Chinkley,

At the proper hour the friendly turnkey appeared, and brought some breakfast for the prisoner, and told him to prepare for his examination before the magistrates that day at eleven o'clock.

Poor Ralph eat the breakfast, although every morsel of it seemed to stick fast in his throat, and he felt ready to sink into the ground with shame, when he thought of standing in the dock with the ill-looking gang with whom he had been apprehended the night before. He made himself, however, as decent-looking as he could, and determined on giving some false name, by which he flattered himself that his connexion with his brother Charles could not be discovered, and that no one would know that he was the same person that had been committed for selling smuggled goods, and that had broken from the Chinkley Cage.

Alas! now as on former occasions, poor Ralph's hopes were entirely blasted, for when, in company with the remainder of the gang, he stood up in the dock, the very first person his eyes happened to rest upon, was his brother Charles, whom he had not seen for so long a time.

The court was crowded, for it had got abroad that this desperate gang had been seized, and Mr. Kersymer and his apprentice were there, being highly interested in the affair, as it was through the information of their former shopman, Tomkins, that the capture had been made.

On the appearance of the prisoners, every eye was turned to the place where they stood, and Charles Calvert, after

looking a few minutes, recognized his brother Ralph in the dock. Poor fellow! it was indeed a terrible blow to him, and he fainted away, and was removed by Mr. Kersymer out of court.

"What is the matter, Charles? come, cheer up, man!" said the worthy linen draper, when he succeeded in bringing his companion back to a state of consciousness again; but all Charley could say in answer, was, "Ralph! oh poor Ralph, to think that it should have ever come to this!"

Mr. Kersymer was not long in discerning the cause of Charles Calvert's fainting fit, and the kind man felt as though he should almost have fainted himself; he returned, however, immediately to court, and on looking fixedly at the young man in the dock, he perceived that, however altered he must now be, still his features agreed with the description he had received of them, and without waiting for the end of the matter, off he went as fast as he possibly could to Mr. Sharpe, who with his wise man was doing his very best to trace out the unhappy culprit now so unexpectedly discovered.

(To be continued)

PROVIDENCE IN A SERMON.

BY LAURIE TODD.

There lived near Newark, in 1802, a gentleman named William Ballard. For many months he carried about in his soul and body an awful impression of divine wrath; he went to every church and solemn assembly in the neighbourhood; he found "no rest for his heart, nor peace for his soul," (I give his own words), from his anxiety about the one thing needful. His secular affairs were neglected.

Thinking, that change of place and pursuits might tend to his peace of mind, he removed to New York. He visited most of the churches, prayer-meetings, and solemn assemblies of the city; still the terrors of the law were around him. One sabbath, as the bell rang for afternoon service, he went forth, intending to enter the Middle Dutch Church. Passing from Broadway through Cedar Street, he observed a crowd pressing into a house of

prayer. Previous to this, he had never seen the building, he neither knew the name of the church, nor the name of the preacher. He entered the porch and sat down near the door. He had never seen Dr. Mason, but he thought there was an unusual solemnity in his first prayer, and a familiar mode of expression when addressing his Maker, as of a man speaking face to face with his friend. The text was, "Oh wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The words from the lips of the living preacher (not reader), fell like soothing oil on the stormy ocean in his troubled breast; every word spoke peace; his heart was opened to receive the truth, the scales fell from his eyes, and he wondered in himself "Why have I been so long blind?" He went on his way rejoicing. He joined himself to the church on the next sacramental occasion, about a month thereafter; when, having stated the circumstances above narrated, Dr. Mason remarked, said he, "On that afternoon I entered the pulpit prepared to speak from another text. During the singing of the psalm before prayer, on reflecting, I could neither remember the subject nor the text. After prayer, while the congregation sang, I was yet undecided. In the anguish of my spirit I inwardly exclaimed, 'O wretched man that I am!' An inward monitor suggested, 'What better text? You know the sequel.'"

Mr. Ballard continued a resident of New York for many years after. He long held an office in the custom-house, that of weighmaster, or measurer of grain, I think. He was extensively known and respected as an honest man, and a consistent professor of religion. He died in hope many years ago. Conversing with Dr. Mason some years after this occurrence, he confirmed Mr. Ballard's statement to the letter, as related above.

It speaks out much of Christ within, to own were Christ owns, and love were Christ loves, and embrace where Christ embraces, and to be one with every one that is practically one with the Lord Jesus.

WHAT A BOOK MAY DO; OR, ONE CONVERSION LEADS TO MANY.

The conversion of a soul to God may issue in the conversion of scores more, and perhaps in the planting of various Christian churches. It is impossible to calculate where the blessing may terminate. The visit of a travelling pedlar to the door of Richard Baxter's father led to the purchase of a little book: that little book led to the conversion of Richard Baxter wrote the "Saints' Rest," which was blessed to the conversion of Philip Doddridge. Doddridge penned the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and that led to the conversion of Wilberforce. Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity" was the means of the conversion of Dr. Chalmers and Legh Richmond. How much good Chalmers did by his exalted genius, his burning piety, his sterling writings; it is impossible for any man to estimate, and I think we may safely say that the "Dairyman's Daughter," and other works of Legh Richmond, have been honoured by God to the salvation of thousands.—*Biblical Treasury.*

THE THREE ENTRIES.

One of the Rev. John Fletcher's parishioners in Madeley, who was living when Mr. Cox wrote his life of that saintly man, relates the following characteristic circumstance:—When a young man, he was married by Mr. Fletcher, who said to him, as soon as the service was concluded, and he was about to make the accustomed entry—"Well, *William*, you have had your name entered into our register once before this." "Yes, sir, at my baptism." "And now your name will be entered a second time; you have no doubt thought much about your present step, and made proper preparations for it in a great many different ways." "Yes, sir." "Recollect, however, that a third entry of your name—the register of your burial—will sooner or later take place. Think, then, about death, and make preparation for that also, lest it overtake you as a thief in the night." This person also is now walking in the ways of the Lord; and states, that he often adverts to this and other things which this holy man found frequent occasion to say to him.

"IN A MINUTE."

I once knew a little boy who was very fond of saying "in a minute." Whatever he was doing, if you called him away, he did not sulk, or stick out his mouth, as some children are apt to do, but answered quite cheerfully, "In a minute." Now, can you guess why this little boy I am telling you about seemed so cheerful to do what he was told? I can. He always managed to have his own way before he obeyed. He took not only the minute he bargained for, but a great many he said, or thought nothing about. Now this was a very bad and dangerous habit. In the first place, it was only another way of saying, "When I choose, I'll be obedient;" in the second place, it was untruthful, for although he said a minute, he did not take the least care as to the real time, but finished what he wanted: and, in the third place, it was a putting off, or what is called procrastinating—one of the worst habits any one can have, and one which always leads to unhappiness.

Well, considering all this, you may be sure this little boy's parents tried all they could to break him of it, and sorry as they were to punish their dear son, had to do so very often. Still Willie was nothing better, and said "in a minute" just as often.

One day his father was going into London, and knowing Willie would like to go, went to the garden, and called him.

"In a minute, papa," answered Willie, who was building a new rabbit-house; and thought he might just as well finish the row of bricks he was busy with, before he obeyed his father. So he worked on, and when the row was done, and nicely smoothed, he ran off to the house; and just as he reached the side gate he heard the roll of wheels, and meeting the butler he asked what it was.

"The carriage has gone to town. Your papa and mamma desired me to say, sir, that they could not wait."

Willie flew into a passion, crying out, "that he had not been a minute;" but the butler, who was very fond of Willie, and knew his fault, said, "Indeed, Master Willie, you were full ten minutes. I counted on my watch, for I was afraid how it would be."

Willie did not relish the way the servant spoke, it sounded as if he was lecturing; and, being in no humor for that, Willie walked off, angry with his papa, and just a little angry with himself, for staying so long at the bricks.

He walked back to the rabbit-house, but no had heart to go on with the work; indeed, as he looked at it, he thought, "It's all your fault. If it hadn't been for you, I might have

gone with papa;" and so, saying, he kicked his foot against it, and the lime and clay being wet, down came the wall, and one moment of passion undid the labors of days.

Willie looked surprised and ashamed, he had not intended to knock his work down; but the deed was done, and with a red flush upon his face, Willie turned away.

"When his father and mother returned, Willie was sitting under a great tree reading' and had quite got over, not only his disappointment, but, fortunately, his passion also. But still, he could not help saying, "Oh, mother, why didn't you wait?" I'd have come directly."

His mother looked grave. "Do you think you are right, Willie? We waited several minutes, and you only asked for one."

"I didn't think, mother. I heard you drive away just as I came to the house."

"Very likely. I hope you will remember it, my boy. It is very wrong to say, as you do, 'in a minute,' without once thinking of it."

Willie said he would take care; but the very next morning he began again; and at last there seemed nothing for it but to send him to school, where he would be obliged to act differently. So it was decided he should go to school at the end of the Midsummer holidays.

For a couple of days after reaching school, Willie was quite happy. Everything was so new; there were so many boys to play with—so many things to amuse them, that Willie was perfectly content and happy, more so as no one had yet remarked his fault, although he had said "in a minute" some hundreds of times since he came.

At last attention was drawn to it. One day, when the head-master was passing through the play-ground, he remembered a passage he wished to explain to Willie; who was very backward, and found it difficult to keep in even the lowest class. He called Willie to follow him to his room, and Willie being intent upon something else, answered as usual, "Yes, sir, in a minute," then went on with his game at marble. When he had finished he ran off to the master's room, but it was empty, the master had waited for him fully ten minutes, and then gone to take a class; so Willie was called up after school hours, and asked "why he had not come when ordered."

Willie could only hang down his head and think of the kind words his mother had so often used in telling him of his fault; so he was punished. The next day something else of the same kind occurred, and Willie was punished again; and this happened so frequently that the master's attention was drawn

to the fault, and he became still more strict, determining to break a habit he knew would bring nothing but misery upon its owner. Well, time went on, Willie was continually in disgrace, and yet took no care to get the better of the habit; and I doubt very much if he ever would, had not an accident happened, which showed him plainly the danger and evil he was incurring.

It happened that once every autumn the boys went on an excursion somewhere, and this year it was decided to be a small bathing-place about twenty miles off. Willie was delighted, he could talk or think of nothing else, so was oftener in disgrace than ever.

The day of the holiday and excursion broke cloudless, and many a pair of eyes were peeping from the school windows at sunrise, wondering if it would be fine all day; and then, when the omnibuses came to the door, and the packing began, it would be impossible to describe the delight and fun.

Off they started, cheering lustily; and, as they rattled along, what glorious fun they had, especially when the baskets were opened, and biscuits, cakes, and ginger pop were handed about.

All boys like the sea. There is something that chimes in with a boy's nature in its wild reckless freedom; the fresh breeze seems to stir up his blood, the roar and dash of the breakers bring new light to his eyes, and awaken a longing spirit of enterprise.

So when the schoolboys caught their first sight of the dark blue line, they set up a loud cheer, and one of the first-class boys began singing—

"The sea, the sea; the open sea!"

with all his force, and did not stop until they were in the street of the village, and the master called "order."

The place chosen was a very pretty one, a wild rocky shore, with a beautiful sandy bay. At low water the rocks were steep, and had beautiful caverns in them; and in one of these the boys dined, and the echoes rang again with their laughter.

After dinner, the tide being out, they all set off, helter-skelter, for a ramble, one thing being firmly impressed upon them, and that was, that directly they heard the master's bugle sounding the retreat, they were all to return as quickly as possible, as it would be a signal that the tide was returning, and after that the rocks became dangerous.

Willie was determined to get as far away from the shore as he could, and with a boy who was the greatest friend, set off as fast as his legs would carry him, never stopping until they were quite out of hearing of the other

boys; then they began to look for fish among the pools of water left by the tide, and were very hard at work when the notes of the bugle reached them.

"Come along, Willie," shouted his friend, starting off; "we've a long run."

"All right," answered Willie; "I'll be after you in a minute;" and down he went upon his knees to poke out a funny-looking little green crab. This done, he went to another hole, then another, forgetting how time went and that the tide was coming, nor did he think of it until a rushing sound made him turn, and there, curling along close behind him, was a white wave. He looked forward—there was a great, smooth, black cliff; he looked to the left—another cliff, blacker than the other; he looked to the right, and there were great boulders, covered with acorn shells, very rough and sharp, but Willie had no time to mind that, or the scratches he got as he scrambled to the top of the first; and then his heart gave a great thump, as he saw the water all around, and that he must jump from rock to rock. On he went, jumping and tumbling, tearing his clothes, cutting his hands until the blood ran down; he was tired and out of breath, too frightened to cry. Yet, upon reaching a very high boulder, a cry broke from his parched lips, for he saw his friends about five hundred yards off, all gathered together, looking anxiously that way. Directly he showed himself they gave a loud cheer, and a score of caps went up in the air. But, pleasant as this sight was, it was only poor comfort after all, for a great surging white sea of surf rolled and foamed between them.

Then the tears came into Willie's eyes, as the reality of his danger burst upon him,

Poor Willie, he was crying bitterly now, and was looking round to see where he could go next, when the words, "Stay quiet and you are safe," reached him. He sat down and waited, shutting his eyes, for he dare not look at the waves stealing up the rock.

Suddenly a voice close beside him said—

"Now then, youngster; or will you wait a minute?"

And turning, he saw the head-master standing on a boulder close at hand.

"Jump over now, it's not far," said the master.

And Willie, scarcely knowing what he did, jumped, and felt his hand grasped in the strong man's; then the poor little boy grew sick and faint, and remembered nothing more, until he was quite safe and in a warm bed.

The master had a smart swim for their

lives, but he was a brave man, and God helped him.

Willie's first words were, "I'll never say—'In a minute' again;" and, what is more, he kept his promise this time.

IMPORTUNATE PRAYER.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—James v. 16.

How often the true child of God has labored and prayed for the salvation of some beloved object, and as year after year has passed away, no answer has been vouchsafed. As Mr. Barnes has truly said, 'God does not promise to give blessings at once. He promised only that he will do it, or that he will answer prayer. But he often causes his people long to wait. He tries their faith. He leaves them to persevere for months or years, until they feel *entirely* their dependence on him; until they see that they can obtain the blessing in no other way, and until they are prepared for it.

Of the truth of these remarks, we have recently received striking evidence from the following facts:

Mr. W——, a man of eminent piety and large benevolence, was a father of two sons. Both in early infancy had been solemnly consecrated to God, and both were trained with the same watchfulness and care. But as is often seen in the same household, the one early manifested a spirit of love and obedience, while the other was rebellious and wilful.

One early became a follower of Jesus, a bright ornament to the Church, and a blessing to the world, while the other continued to be a source of grief to his parents, and a scoffer at everything sacred and holy.

Long and earnest were the pleadings of the godly father that Daniel might be turned from the error of his ways.—Sleep often departed from his eyes, and slumber from his eyelids while he wrestled in prayer for his wayward son.

But he lived on, often breaking through the restraints of college laws—drawing largely upon his father's means of support, and causing the keenest anguish in the pious hearts at home.

At length the father resolved that he

would spend one whole night in prayer for his erring boy.

With brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit, such as is well pleasing in His sight, he wrestled with Jehovah, until like Jacob he prevailed, and a blessing, rich and full, was poured upon his own soul.

At midnight he became calm as the still hour, his will swallowed up in the will of his heavenly Father—and he said: "Do what thou wilt with my beloved son, *I will praise thee, for thou doest all things well.* If he will walk in the ways of his own wicked heart, glorify thyself in disposing of him as seemeth to thee good."

With his whole being filled with peace, such as none but the true child of God has ever known, he sought his bed and found rest.

With that holy confidence and peace, still pervading his soul, he was prepared on the following day to meet his son, who unexpectedly arrived home.

It was the return of the repentant prodigal, whose language was, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. Through the boundless mercy of God, I trust I am forgiven through Christ.—At twelve o'clock last night, father, I submitted to him. Can you forgive me for all the trouble I have brought upon you?"

Praying father and mother, be not discouraged, though the answer to your earnest petition be long delayed. Pray more earnestly—more perseveringly—more importunately. Prayer has not yet prepared your own heart to receive the blessings craved, or it would be no longer withheld.

It may be proper to add, that the repentant son became a preacher of the everlasting Gospel.—*Congregationalist.*

Your *character* is a stream, a river, flowing down upon your children hour by hour. What you *do* then and there to carry an opposing influence is at best only a ripple that you make upon the surface of the stream. It reveals the sweep of the current; nothing more. If you expect your children to go with the ripple instead of the stream, you will be disappointed.

BOB WINSLOW.

Bob Winslow was the worst boy in the village. His father never checked him, but let him have his own way, till he had grown to be the terror of the neighbourhood. He particularly loved to make sport of old, lame, crippled persons. There was one poor woman, bent down by age and infirmities, that Bob used especially to make game of. She came every day, leaning on her crutch, to draw water from the well near her house, and just within the playground of the school-house.

Bob would sometimes follow close behind her, pretending to be lame, and hobbling along on his umbrella for a crutch, and mimicking her motions. "Only look at her," he would say, "isn't she like the letter S, with an extra crook in it?" One day, when he was doing this, the old woman turned round, and looking at him reproachfully, said, "Go home, child, and read the story of Elisha and the two bears out of the wood."

"Shame on you, Bob!" said Charles Mansfield, one of the best boys in the school. "Shame, I say, to laugh at the poor woman's misfortunes! I've heard my grandmother say that she became a cripple by lifting her poor, afflicted son, and tending him night and day."

"I don't care what made her so," said Bob, "I wouldn't stay in the world if I was such an ugly looking thing as that. Do look!"

"Shame! shame on you!" said Charles, and "shame! shame!" echoed from each of the boys present. "You may get your own back broken one of those days, Bob,—who knows?"

Charles Mansfield sprang to the old woman and said, "Let me help you, grandmother." Then he kindly took her pail, filled it at the well, and carried it home for her, and the boys made an arrangement for one of them to come, every day, and fetch her a pail of water. "God bless you! God bless you all! dear boys," said the old woman, as she wiped away her tears, and entered her poor lonely home.

Bob Winslow's conduct was reported to the master. He was very much grieved, and sentenced him to stay in the school and study instead of going out to play in

at recess, for a week. This was pretty hard punishment, for Bob had very little love for study, but was prodigiously fond of play. Yet this was a slight punishment compared with what he was soon to receive.

On the second day of his confinement, he sat near the open window, watching the boys at their sports in the playground. Suddenly, while the master was occupied in another part of the room, he rose and jumped from the window into the midst of the boys, with a shout at what he had done. "Now, let him punish me again if he can," cried he. As he said this, he ran backwards, throwing up his arms in defiance and shouting, when—suddenly his voice ceased; there was a heavy plunge, and a loud groan burst on the ears of his startled companions.

It so happened that the well, of which we have spoken, was being repaired. The workmen at a distance, collecting their materials, and carelessly left the opening of the well uncovered. As Bob was going back wards, at the very moment of his triumph, stepped into the mouth of the well, and down he went. There was a cry of horror from all the boys. They all rushed to the spot. Charles Mansfield, the bravest of them all, was the first to seize the well-rope. He jumped into the bucket, and got the boys to lower him down.—The well was deep: but, fortunately, there was not much water in it, and Bob lay motionless at the bottom. Charles lifted him carefully, and with one arm round his apparently lifeless body, the other on the rope, he gave the signal, and was slowly raised to the top. The pale face of the wicked boy kept his companions dumb. Without saying a word, they carried him to the house of the poor woman whom he had treated so cruelly. She had seen the accident from her window, and was hobbling along, on her crutch, to meet them. Poor Bob was taken into her humble home, and laid upon her bed. The kind hearted old woman, forgetful of his ill-treatment of her, got out some bandages, a camphor bottle, and other things; and, while one of the boys ran for the doctor, and another for their teacher, she sat down by his side and bathed his hands and his forehead, as tenderly as though he had been her own son. After the doctor had dressed his wounds

he was carried on a litter to his own home, surrounded by his sorrowing companions, but, still insensible.

A few hours later in the day a group of boys met on the playground. They talked to one another in a low voice. They looked pale and sad. Presently, Charles Mansfield came up.

"Well, boys how is poor Bob now? Have any of you heard?"

"Oh, Charlie?" cried several at once, as they gathered round him. "Oh! don't you know? Haven't you heard? Why, he has opened his eyes, and is able to speak; but his back is broken, and he will be a cripple and a hunchback for life!"

Charles couldn't speak for a while. At last, with tears streaming down his cheeks, but with a manly voice, he said, "Boys, I hope we shall never forget the lesson we have learned to-day. The Bible says, 'The way of the transgressor is hard,' and poor Bob's experience proves how true that is!"

LIKE FATHER LIKE FAMILY.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

Many a sermon has been preached to mothers; many a tract and treatise written on the mother's influence. But how often are sermons preached to fathers? Is there any power for good or evil greater than the influence of him who *leads the family*, who propagates his own character in the persons and the souls of his children, who lives his own life over again in the lives of those whom he has begotten?

Like father, like family. Set this down as a philosophical principle. Occasional exceptions do not undermine the rule; it is an organic one. The father impresses himself upon his children just as undesignedly, but just as surely as I impress my shadow on the ground when I walk into the sunshine. The father cannot help it, if he would. The father *leads*, by God's decree. He makes the home-law, fixes the precedents; creates the home-atmosphere, and the "odour of the house" clings to the garments of the children, if they go around the globe. His father was a Papist, or his father was a Protestant, or his father was a Democrat before him," is the sufficient reason that determines most men's religion or their political opinions. "He is a chip of the old block," said some one when he heard the younger Pitt's first speech.

"Nay," replied Burke, "he is the old block himself!"

In nothing is this so true as in *moral resemblances*. A father's devoted godliness is often reproduced in his children. But still oftener are his errors and his vices. He commonly sets the habits of the household. Whatever "fires the father kindles, the children gathers the wood." If the father rises late on the Sabbath morning, the boys come down late and ill-humored to the table. If he goes on a Sunday excursion, they must carry the lunch, and the fishing tackle, and share in the guilty sports. If he wishes to read a Sunday paper, then George or Tom must go out to buy it. If he sips his wine at the dinner-table, they are apt to haunter for the residuary glass, or at least they grow familiar with the sight of a decanter on the board. To do that, is like hanging up lascivious pictures on the walls of the sitting-room. The lads get familiarized with evil; and woe to the youth who gets "used to" the face of the tempter!

In looking over my congregation I find that, while several pious fathers have unconverted children, there are but few prayerless fathers who have converted sons. The pull of the father downward is too strong for the upward pull of the Sabbath-school and the pulpit. If the father talks money constantly, he usually rears a family for Mammon. If he talks pictures and books at his table, he is likely to awaken a thirst for literature or art. If he talks horses, and games, and prize-fights, he brings up a family of jockeys and sportsmen. If he makes his own fireside attractive in the evening, he will probably succeed in anchoring his children at home. But if he hears the clock strike eleven in the theatre or the club-house, he need not be surprised if his boys hear it strike twelve in the gambling-house, the drinking-saloon, or the brothel. If he leads it, irreligion, what but the grace of God can keep his imitative household from following him to perdition? The history of such a family is commonly written in that sadly-frequent description given in the Old Testament—"He walked in all the sins of his father, which he had done before him."

I find two very different types of paternal religion. Both are nominally Christian. The one parent prays at his family-altar for the conversion of his children. He then labors to fulfill his own prayers. He makes religion prominent in his family; it is as pervasive as the atmosphere. The books that are brought home, the papers selected, the amusements chosen, the society that is sought, the aims in life that are set before those children, all bear in one direction, and that the right one. God is not invoked by that father to convert

offspring to godliness, while he is doing his utmost to pervert them to worldliness, or self-seeking, or frivolity, no more than he would ask God to restore his sick child, while he was giving the poor boy huge doses of opium or strychnine.

Yet there is a class of professing Christians who do this very thing. They pray for a soul's conversion, and yet on the very evenings when revival discourses are being delivered, they take that son or daughter to the opera or the fashionable rout. They pray that their household may live for God, and then set them an example of most intense money-clutching and mammon-worship. One father prays for a son's salvation, and then flashes a wine-cup before his eyes. Another sits down with solemn face to the communion-table, and then comes home to gossip, to crack jokes, to talk politics, to entertain Sunday visitors at a sumptuous feast, to do anything and everything which tends to dissipate the impressions of God's worship, and the sacramental service. Such fathers never follow up a pungent sermon, never watch for opportunities to lead their children Christ-ward, never co-operate with God's spirit for the conversion of an impenitent son or daughter. What must an ingenious child think of such a father's prayers?

I entreat parents most solemnly not to stand in the way of their children's salvation. If you do not help the good work, pray do not hinder it. The selfish or inconsistent life of some fathers is enough to neutralize all the teachings and appeals of both pulpit and Sabbath-school. To Paul's question, "How knowest thou, oh! wife, if thou mayest save thy husband?" we would add the startling query, How knowest thou, oh! father, but thou mayest damn thy own children?

How many a devoted, praying wife is struggling to lead her children heaven-ward, and finds her every effort nullified by the open irreligion of an ungodly father! She toils on alone, prays on alone, works alone, and weeps alone over the perils and the fatal example at their own fireside. God pity and support her! She is striving to bear her children on her own shoulders toward virtue, toward purity and Christ; but to-day her sad failure is written in the homely adage, *like father, like family*.

Secrecy is no small advantage to the serious and lively carrying on of a private duty. Interruptions and disturbances from without, are oftentimes quench-coal to private prayer. The best Christians do but bungle when they meet with interruptions in their private devotions.

THE CHARACTER OF PETER.

Peter was born with the strongest constitutional tendency to a restless and excited activity. He could not have endured a life of monotonous repose. He was a child of impulse; he would have been a lover of adventure. He was not selfish enough to be a covetous, nor had he steadiness enough to be a successfully ambitious man; but we can conceive of him as intensely excited for the time by any distinction or any honor placed within his reach. Had he never seen the Lord, one cannot think of him remaining all his life a fisherman of Galilee; or, if the natural restraints of his position kept him there, even in that fisherman's life he would have found the means of gratifying his constitutional biases. Eager, ardent, sanguine, it needed but a spark to fall on the inflammable material, and his whole soul kindled into a blaze, ready to burst along whatever path lay open at the time for its passage. The great natural defect of Peter was the want of steadiness, of a ruling principle to keep him moving along one line. Left to work at random, the excitability of such a susceptible spirit involved its possessor often in inconsistency, exposed him often to peril. We have, however, had the apostle so often before us, that we need not say more of him. Enough has been said to bring out the strong contrast in natural character and disposition between him and John. Yet these were the two of all the twelve who finally drew closest together. The day of Pentecost wrought a great change in them both, and by so doing linked them in still closer bonds. The grace was given them which enabled each to struggle successfully with his own original defects, and to find in the other what he most wanted. It is truly singular, in reading the earlier chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, to notice how close the coalition between John and Peter became. Peter and John go up together to the temple. It is upon Peter and John that the lame man at the gate fixes his eye. After he was healed, it is said that he beheld Peter and John as if they were inseparable. It was when they saw the boldness of Peter and John that the members of the Sanhedrim marvelled. And when they commanded them to speak no more in the name of Jesus, it is said that Peter and John answered and said, as if in voice as well as in action they were one.—*Dr. Hanna.*

THE SAXON OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.—
Of the sixty-nine words which compose the Lord's Prayer, only five are not Saxon.

THE TACK HAMMER.

A few weeks ago, a little boy in Brooklyn was amusing himself with a magnet tack hammer and needles of different sizes. He was greatly interested to notice how quick the little needles sprang at once toward the hammer, whenever it was placed near them.

You have all, children, seen a magnet, haven't you?—a small piece of iron that picks up other little bits of iron as soon as it touches them, and sometimes sooner?

Yes, I know you have. Well, there was a man who thought he would invent a new kind of hammer; so he makes one end of the hammer like a magnet, and when he goes to tack down the carpet, he picks up the tacks with one end of the hammer, and drives them in with the other. Have you children ever seen this kind of hammer?—(Yes—No.) Well, the gospel is something like this hammer. It draws the little tacks, while the big nails won't move. Now suppose you were to bring near the magnetized end of the hammer a number of fine needles, what would be the effect?—(It would draw them.)

Yes, that's right; it would draw them. They would spring toward the end of the hammer and cling to it, just as a child springs toward its mother and clings upon her neck. What makes this? O, dear ones, there is some mystery here. We can't explain it; but you can understand the fact, for you see it with your own eyes.

But who are these little needles? Can you tell? Well, who are they?—(They are the little children.) Right; they are. And what is it that draws them?—(It is Jesus.) Yes, how sweetly and strangely He draws them! But they must come or be brought near to Him; for don't you notice that if the little needles are not brought near to the magnet they don't move toward? But when you lay them close by, then they move and fasten upon it, as if they couldn't help clinging to it.

But now, dear children, you observe that the big ones are not so easily drawn. While the little ones are clustering, as if all alive, around the centre of attraction, the big ones lie as if dead. They don't move at all; even when the hammer is laid upon them, or strikes a hard blow, they scarcely

seem to move. Oh, these big sinners—how hard it is to move them!

And now, dear children, if, while you are little and can come to Jesus so much more easily, so to speak, you keep at a distance—keep too far off from Jesus to feel His drawing power—when you get big, as you soon will, you will be like the big needles, and perhaps will never be drawn to the bosom of Jesus. How dreadful that will be!

Don't you recall a beautiful passage in the New Testament which speaks of Jesus drawing hearts unto Him? Who can quote it? Can none of you repeat it?—Well, repeat it after me then; "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Now fix that text in your minds, and connect it in your thoughts with the little hammer and the needles.

The Roman centurion who ordered the soldiers to drive the nails into His feet, that hard hearted Roman, gazed on the cross till he felt his heart melted and moved; and he cried out, "Truly, this was the Son of God."

And the dying thief, who was crucified with Jesus, a very wicked man, turned his eyes upon our Lord, and felt his heart drawn toward Him. "Ah," said he, "this Jesus is righteous, but what a sinner I am!" And he looked at the blood oozing from that thorn-clad brow, and streaming from His pierced hands, and he said, "Surely, that blood can wash my sins away!" Then he puts up a prayer, "Lord remember me!" See how he was drawn! And Jesus did remember him, and took him with Him up to heaven.

And now, children have you been drawn to Jesus? Has His dying love, like a sweet cord, drawn you to this precious Saviour? If so, cling to Him now and forever. And bring other little ones near to him. Perhaps they will draw also. If you have not yet come to Him, oh, come now, while so many are flocking to Him, and clustering around His feet, and nestling, as it were, in His loving bosom.

"Come to Jesus: come now."

—From an address by the Rev. E. P. Hammond.

THE GOOD NEWS.

WHAT IS YOUR CHOICE?

BY THE EDITOR.

It is sometimes difficult, and sometimes very easy for us to tell what is our choice; for example, if any boy were in want of a penknife, and the ironmonger that sold them showed a great many, all very good and desirable, yet a little different, he would find it very difficult to choose one; or, if any girls were in want of a nice ribbon, and had to select one from a box where there were a great many ribbons, all very pretty, and yet different, she would find it very difficult to make a choice; but it is not so difficult to know what one thing in the world we prefer. We all know what we would of all things make choice, if we could get them by choosing them. One will prefer one object, another another, all different perhaps, and it may be varying with various years; but what our present choice is we can easily know by looking into our hearts, and seeing where our thoughts and affections delight to be when we are not particularly engaged with anything that is required to be done. Now, I don't want my young readers to tell me what of all things in the world they most like, if they got it by merely asking for it, but I want them to ask themselves. Allow me to tell you what a few girls once made choice of. These girls were four in number, and were cousins. They had met just before a new year, and though the wind was loud and shrill without, they were sitting comfortable and warm before a glowing fire. How merrily they did chat, and laugh. They were a happy four. Recollecting that the new year would speedily come, and that

they would get presents, one of them said to another: come, tell me Susan, what of all things in the world you would like best, if there was a fairy ready to bring them to you as soon as you made your choice?

O, said Susan, this is a great big world, and there are a great many things I should want. Oh, what shall I choose? Well, I would choose—I would choose—I would choose a pony, to ride under the green trees with. Well, a pony is a fine thing to have, and Susan thought so, for she really acted as if she believed she was already on the back of it, but there are better things in the world than a pony.

Next came Miss Fanny's choice; she said she wanted so many things, but she believed she would choose a pretty face with a head of curly hair, curling all the time, and never needing to be curled up. Well a pretty face looking out from a cluster of curls is a pretty thing, and is much desired, but there are better things in the world than that.

Next came Miss Mariba's choice, she said she would choose a large elegant house, full of beautiful things, with green trees all around it, so that anybody that went past would admire, and ask whose splendid house is that? Well, that certainly would be grand; but there are surely better things in the world than that.

Last of all came Miss Esther's choice.—Come Esther said they all what shall the Fairy give you.

There are no such thing as Fairies, but if there were they cannot give you what I need, and she blushed.

They all asked kindly what it was, she hesitated a little and then whispered with her eyes cast down. "I choose a new heart for myself."

There was a pause in the group, as if a rebuke had been spoken: It was the last

gest and best choice of all. It was the one however which they all might have got and got at the time. It was far better than a pony, for it implied that instead of a pony, that she would get angels to take charge of her lest at any time she dashed her feet against a stone. It was far better than being distinguished for a pretty face and curly hair, for it implied the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of great price. It was far better than an elegant home, for it implied that she would possess a house in the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

It was a noble wish but before we say any thing more about it we will tell you about too young men and what they made choice of. These young men lived in the sunny East, and at the time of which we write their father had died and they were left to begin the world themselves, to follow their own inclinations and exert their own abilities. When a young man is thus left, it is of the greatest consequences he should choose right principles on which to act, as he is without friends, without experience, and dependant on his principles to secure him friends and ensure him success. These young men to whom we refer lived in the sunny East. One of them was a very idle fellow that would never set his mind to any business during his father's life and as is common with idle good for nothing fellows he had a very high opinion of himself. Then his father died he left him a hundred drachmas in Persian money, and in order that he might make the best of it, he laid it out in bottles, glasses and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket and exposed them for sale in a very little shop. While waiting for customers he fell into a very amusing reverie. This casket, says he cost me at the wholesale merchants a hundred drachmas which is all I had in

the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling it in retail. Then two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred. Which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by these means I am master of ten thousand. I will lay aside my trade of a glass man and turn Jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds pearls and all sorts of rich stones.

When I have got together as much wealth as I can desire I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself and make a noise in the world. I will not however stop there but still continue my traffic until I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas when I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas I shall naturally set myself on the footing of a prince, and will demand the grand Vizier's daughter in marriage. When she comes she will fling herself at my feet and beg me to receive her into my favour. Then will I, to impress her with a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my lips, and spurn her from me, and swallowed up in his thought he could not forbear suiting the action to it, and instead of the princess kicked his basket of glasses which was the foundation of all his grandeur and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

Now you see what this young man made choice of, and what was the end of it, we will now tell you about the other whose circumstances and whose character was very different. He was a young man that loved the Lord from his youth, and was loved by the Lord in his turn. He was not an idle boy spending his time in frolic and wickedness; but studying the wonders of God's word and works, and while others were content to remain in

comparative ignorance, he was growing in wisdom and in favours with God and man. He was a King's son, and his father having died, he was called to the throne of a very prosperous and extensive kingdom. soon after he had been anointed King and, the first night after he had offered a thousand burnt offerings to the Lord, the Lord appeared to him in a dream and said: Ask what I shall give thee. Now, what do you think was his choice? Would it be anything like a pony, or curly hair, or a beautiful house, or great riches and power? What do you think you would have asked? Well, hear what he said: O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father, and I am but a little child. I know not how to go out or to come in. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And do you think this was a right request, or do you think that the result would be favorable. It pleased the Lord that he had asked this thing, and God said: "Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself; nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment, behold I have done according to thy words, lo! I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart, and I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and power.

After giving these illustrations we need scarcely ask which made the best choice or recommend you whose example to follow; you will at once allow that the new heart chosen by Esther and the wisdom chosen by Solomon were far better than anything the world could offer. But what is your choice. Is it the same. If it is so, happy are ye. It is for this your parents, your

minister and your teacher yearn, labour and pray. It is for this we write to you just now. If you have not yet chosen, choose now whether ye will be like Susan and Fanny and Martha or like Esther and Solomon and then ye will not only be happy yourselves but will be filled with a strong desire to make others so. Being good your most anxious desire will be the doing good by helping forward the work of the Lord.

"Now therefore hearken to my words
Ye children and be wise
Happy the man that keeps my ways
The man that shuns them diea."

THE POWER OF VIRTUE OVER CONSCIOUS GUILT.

Malachi, the last of the prophets, had said that the messenger of the Covenant would suddenly come to his temple; and how did he find it when he came? Not an house of prayer, but a den of thieves. The sight sickens him, and as he once drove out the offending pair from paradise, he prepared to purify and purge his house. Having provided himself with a scourge of rushes, and with severity in his countenance, and decision in his words, he enters as one knowing that he was treading his own domain. In the outer court there are dealers in sheep, lambs and oxen, bargaining with the strangers who wish to make purchases, that they may pay their vows ere they leave the holy city. In another part the money changers sit posted behind their tables, giving Jewish money (in which the temple tribute of half a shekel had to be paid) for the coins of heathen Rome. They scruple not to take advantage of those who are ignorant of the currency. Jesus stands amazed as well he might, at such trafficking in the house of God. The sight offends him, and with an authority which no one

present had power to withstand, he drove them all out, the sheep, the oxen, and their owners. He upset the exchange boxes and ordered the pigeon sellers to begone with their birds. Confusion ensues. Each seizes his property, shoulders it, and away; for trembling has taken hold of them all. The bold and indignant eye of Jesus, joined with the firm tone of his command, "Take these things hence," causes these hardened merchants to make for the streets. A crowd soon collects, enquiring into the meaning of all this ado. The flying mob rally, and some one ventures to ask the Nazarene by what authority he had taken it upon himself to do such things. "What sign showest thou seeing thou dost these things?" is their enquiry. He who is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and who is the resurrection and the life, musing upon the wickedness of those he came to save, is still treading those courts he had cleared, and perchance wishing that the great event of his life might come speedily, replied as he smites upon his breast: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up."

X. Y. Z.

A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

AN ALLEGORY.

(Concluded from page 217.)

After a few minutes, however, with a little assistance, we managed to crawl to our room. We passed a most miserable night. Our bodies were sore from wounds, and our hearts dreadfully depressed at the result of our adventure. It seemed as if there was no hope of success for us; no mail that we could make, could stand those dread sledge-hammer blows. To add still more to the horror of our condition, there was an awful eruption of the mountain that night; the earth quaked under our feet; and a bolt from the thunder-cloud, about the same time, des-

cended on our part of the tower, darted into our room, ripped up our old bellows and ran our blacksmithing tools into lumps worse than useless.

Among the first to visit us in our affliction, were some of the "old foggies," as we had called them. Their sympathy and wise counsel were now better appreciated. They had from the first advised us not to risk an encounter but in the King's mail; but we had been too wise in our own esteem. We were also visited by our old associates; but we were tired of them and told them not to come back.

After a few days we were, once more, able to walk about, and paid an early visit to the King's armory. Our sufferings had considerably reduced our proportions, and we now found no difficulty in getting mail to fit us perfectly. Each suit of armour consisted of several well padded, circular shells, united by joints; so constructed, that a blow on the head-piece, or any other part, of it, could not hurt the wearer, but was spent on the floor, or whatever was on the opposite side. Indeed, as to the quality of the metal and the perfectness of its construction, I never saw anything equal to it. It would bear any amount of hammering without receiving a single indentation; and the keenest sword would not leave a single scratch upon it. Each suit was accompanied with a double edged sword of like exquisite quality and finish. Nothing but conceit and sheer ignorance could have made us overlook the wonderful perfectness of this armour, on our first visit to this apartment. Since that time, however, we had learned very much from the fate of our poor comrade, and the kind instruction of our advisers, who came daily to condole and pray with us in our room.

Our hearts were exceedingly cheered by the advice and sympathy of these good friends. Accordingly, on an early day, headed by one of these worthy veterans, and all clad from top to toe, in King's mail, we sallied forth once more to the encounter. I felt wonderfully calm on the occasion, Henry Goodfellow and I both expressing our conviction, that this time, it would be death or victory. Our leader encouraged us by telling us, that he had never failed in leading safely through the ordeal all that had submitted to go in

King's armour. We were soon abreast on anvil;—our brave conductor, going before us, was the first to engage. He kept the keen point of his sword well to the face of our foes, and boldly demanded 'way' for himself and followers. The answer he received was a couple of perfect "stunners," which, however, rang harmlessly on his mail as on a blacksmith's anvil. I ran up and made a good thrust at the nose of his assailant; which brought a right sound "clip" upon my own head; the jerk of which did not harm me in the least, but went on the floor of the passage. By this time all the ten were upon us, and completely blocked up the passage before us. Showers of blows were falling on the head of our leader; but he industriously kept pricking away with his sword at those in front of him; and I noticed that most of them winced from its keen point. I rushed to his side followed closely by Goodfellow,—the combat now became dreadful. The first four of the ten moved round to our rear, the other six remaining in front. We made desperate thrusts and side cuts, which were sure to be repaid by three or four times as many "sledge-hammers." Many of the ten also tried to strike the swords from our hands, which they were unable to do, as our weapons fastened by clasps in a way impossible to unloose. They also strove to stab us through the joints of our mail, but they could find no opening. The noise of their blows upon our armour was dreadful. You can only have some idea of it by imagining yourself inside of a blacksmith's anvil, while a heavy forge is going on, and six or seven men are pelting it with sledge-hammers. Goodfellow, somehow or other, in the melee was tripped over and fell on his back. Three or four were instantly upon him; some tried to force their swords through the joints of his armour, while one deliberately jumped up and came heavily down on his cuirass, thinking to break it and crush the life out of him. None durst to keep him down; they feared the keen edge of his blade. Our leader still motived us forward; and, making a desperate assault on those in front of us, we succeeded at last in making an opening, and rushed through with hearty hurrah. On looking back, we saw the ten

retiring to their old positions. Our leader directed our attention to the other extremity of the passage, where, for the first time, we noticed a crowd of people that had collected to witness the onset; and there, sure enough, towering above the rest, was my old rebel Captain. Our guide told us that the wicked old wretch would not venture through the tower for the life of him;—the swords of the Ten would cut him to pieces. Our guide understood also that it was the will of the King to deliver him to them in the end.

In a few minutes we reached a little eminence. Vine-clad hills, winding rivers, and shining mansions peeping from groves of beautiful green, were beginning to burst into vision. The gloomy walls of the "Famous Old Tower of the Ten" loomed in the gap behind us. Taking our station at this place, we waked the echoes of the eternal mountains with three rousing cheers, and the solemn notes of the Old Hundredth Psalm; after which, we and our good friend parted, he to return to the Tower, and we to pursue our journey.

KEY TO THE ALLEGORY.

The "old soldier" was a "Christian," his "native Province" was "the kingdom of this world," the "young Prince" was the Lord Jesus Christ, the "dissected Chief" or Captain was the devil, the Proclamation spoken of was the Word of God, and the river he waded was "Decision;" "Phil Mundi" personified "love of the world," "Swearing Jim" "profane habits," and "Reckless Roger" recklessness concerning the future; the "mountains" were the boundary between the "kingdom of this world" and the "kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ," the "pass" was the "strait gate," the sentinels in the Old Tower of the Ten" were the moral law or the ten commandments; the "King's armour" was the "righteousness of Christ," the armour made by the adventurers themselves was "self-righteousness," the "flesh or fatness" upon them was pride, the "singular voice or whisper" they heard was the Holy Spirit, the other noises were forbodings of evil; the "Foggies" were christian friends, and "John Stead-

man" and "Henry Goodellow" were
"Christian professors."

ALEXANDER NICOL,
Rockton.

THE GOLDEN SNUFFERS.

A COMPLAINT AND ITS ANSWER.

"And his snuffers, and his snuff-dishes, of pure gold."—Exod. xxxvii, 25.

Oh, if the Lord would only be pleased to make use of me as His instrument in bringing souls unto Christ! If He would make me His channel of mercy to others! I know it is not our poor feeble words, or our utmost endeavors, that can convert a soul to God. I know it is the Holy Ghost alone who can quicken dead souls; but He does make use of means. We see how honored some are in awakening lost sinners, and oh, I do so crave to be like them. I do not want—I *think* I do not want—high things for myself. I would gladly be the vile clay, if only my Savior would take of me to anoint the blind eyes of even one perishing fellow-creature. I so long to do something for Him who has done so much for me; to bring Him as it were a present of souls, that I might feel I had helped, however little to give Him to see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. But it is never so. I cannot say I have been God's herald of salvation to one single soul. Sometimes the children seem impressed for the time, but it all vanishes. The devil comes and picks out again the seed I have striven to sow, and all, *all* is barren! No fruit; no fruit! And I do so fear the fault must be in myself; my slackness in prayer; my want of faith; my little love for souls, which deprives me of earnestness and power. Yet, I know not what to do. I do pray for a blessing on my efforts, though not half so much as I should do. I do strive to interest the children, and to speak to them plainly and solemnly of the danger of not seeking God at once; yet all seems of no avail. Yes, yes; I know all you would say about different vessels meet for the Master's use, some to honor and some to dishonor; but

I fear I am not a vessel meet for His use at all, for He does not use me!

Softly, softly, dear friend! No doubt whatever of fault there is, it is yours; for we know there is none in God. But let us first be sure that in this particular thing, there *is* fault. Perhaps you are doing all the work of this sort which God has for you, to do; perhaps He is using you all this while. You may not be the servant whom He appoints to plant the young vines in His vineyard, nor the one to prune and train the vines already planted. But there is much preliminary work to be done before His vineyard is ready for that. It wants "the stones thereof" gathered out, that the soil may be rich enough and soft enough for them. It wants a wall building around it, to keep out the wild beasts that would trample down and devour the tender young plants. If these things are not done, there will be no fruit for the Master when He comes. Perhaps you are only building the wall, or gathering out the stones, and may never plant in one single plant; but who shall say that you have not done your part in providing for the Beloved, when He comes into His garden, to gather His pleasant fruits?

You may not be, indeed, *the sacred altar* in His temple, to bear up, in the sight of all the atoning sacrifice which speaks peace to the guilty conscience of the penitent; which touches, melts, subdues the heart of the gazers, and makes them cry, "O Lamb of God, I come, I come! Take my sins, for I lay them on Thy head!" You may not be honored thus to exhibit Christ to their view. You may not be a *golden lamp*, giving forth light whereby the outsiders may be enlightened to find the way by which to approach that sacrifice; but, dear friend, you may be the *snuffers* to remove the hindrance to bright shining from the light of others. Some one fitted to be a bright light may take note of you in your quiet, plodding efforts, and be stirred up to double diligence, to brighter shining. And so, though not yourself a light, you may cause a brighter light to shine from one who is.

And if you say again, "Ah, I would be satisfied with even that, but who does shine the brighter for me? where is there one such light? I know not one!" I say

again, bethink yourself, my friend. When the priest had used the snuffers, would he not lay them aside in some quiet corner or other? *They* would never stand by holding the brightened light. *They* would never see the good they had done, the use they had been. They would have to lie quietly by, until once again the light burned dim, and once again they would be needed for the Master's service.

But if, perchance, you may not even be the snuffers, there was still a lower office, a lowlier vessel—you may be the *snuff-dish*. And even so, you are equally a vessel needed and useful in the Master's glorious temple; equally a vessel He desire should be provided for the service of His sanctuary; equally in your place; equally contributing your share to his glorious worship.

Aye, and equally you too—let us mark this—shall be “of pure gold.” Not that in yourself you are such; but He makes you such, sees you such already in His Son. If, indeed, you are in Jesus, you are pure gold, though only a snuff-dish. And if, as you rise in the morning of each day, it is the earnest aspiration of your soul, Oh that God would use me in His service to-day! Oh that all to-day I may fill just exactly the spot He would have me fill; do the thing He would have me do!—then He would use you, though you may be as unconscious of the fact as an ash-grate or a snuff-dish.

The one thing to be careful of is, that it is indeed His work you seek to do, not your own; His glory you aim at, not your own praise; that, when you seem laid quietly by, it is His hand that put you by, not your own indolence and shrinking from such duty as He does give you, because you have not a grander office appointed you,

Oh, be careful that, while coveting earnestly the best gifts—which you may, and ought to covet—you are not seeking even in spiritual matters, “great things for yourself.” Yes, yes; the snuffers and the snuff-dishes even, that would be used in God's service, must be all of pure gold! O Lord, purge away from us all dross!—*S. S. Treasury.*

Prayer doth not exist in the elegance of the phrase, but in the strength of the affection.

THE TWO SAPLINGS.

During a recent visit to my native home, I wandered among the familiar scenes of “auld lang syne,” and in one short hour lived over again the happy years of boyhood. Conspicuous stands the old sanctuary whose moss-covered walls have out-weathered the storms of more than a century and a half. In “the long ago,” its time-honored aisles had echoed to the tread of a generation now no more, and from one of its old-fashioned pews my youthful voice had often mingled in the song of praise which went up from the great congregation to the God of the Sabbath. In its antique gallery, I first enjoyed the blessings of the Sabbath-school, and learned something of its importance and value;—lessons which, under the blessing of God, perhaps more than any other influence, have made me what I am to-day,—a lover of, and a teacher in the Sabbath-school.

There, beneath the hill, reposes the Lake as of yore, upon whose grassy banks in summer and frozen surface in winter, I had often engaged in boyish sports with young companions, many of whose well-remembered forms are now sleeping that long sleep which shall know no waking till the resurrection morn.

While memory was busy with these and other reminiscences of the past, my eye rested upon an object which had engaged my attention when a boy. Then, two little saplings, by some human hand, had been twisted around each other, and thus secured, had been left to mature in their unnatural embrace. Now, there they stand, two stalwart trees lifting their leafy heads high up towards the stars; the massive trunks still wound around each other in the same unnatural embrace, but with this difference: then, only a little child, I might have easily released the prisoners, and left them free to grow up straight and beautiful. Now, with manhood's strength upon me, I cannot by any possibility break the hold they have upon each other. In their close embrace they must remain until the scythe of time or the woodman's axe shall separate them.

As I gazed I could not but call to mind the truth of the old proverb about the

twig and the tree. And so it is, thought I, with the human character. When we see the inebriate reeling along our streets, we may be almost certain that in childhood he contracted habits which have made him a drunkard. The gambler, the libertine, and the vicious had the seeds of vice sown in their tender hearts while children. So with the good, the honest and respected in our communities; whatever is lovely and of good report in their characters, is it not the result of early training?

Sunday-school teacher! with these facts staring you in the face, do you not realize the great importance of winding around the pliable hearts of the children committed to your care such truths and principles as shall make them honored, respected and loved when they shall have arrived at the years of maturity? Look upon that class of immortal souls who gather around you from Sabbath to Sabbath, and tell me, do you not tremble for their future? You do not see simply children, but future men and women, glorified saints, or wandering stars reserved for the blackness of darkness for ever. The character they shall bear in the future, almost, if not entirely, depends upon their training now. Oh what a fearful responsibility.

In your class is a bright-eyed boy, in whom, perhaps, you have detected traits which betoken a lack of strict honesty. You lightly pass them over, thinking he is only a child; he will learn better when he is older. What if you should live to see that boy incarcerated in a cell for crime? Might he not possibly charge his shame to your neglect?

Be diligent then. You cannot make yourself too intimately acquainted with the traits of character and habits of your scholars, nor too faithfully point out and warn them of that which is evil in its tendency, and strengthen that which is good. When you have done your whole duty in these particulars, you may safely leave results with God. Then, if evil influences counteract the good, and your teachings and warnings, together with the strivings of God's Spirit are unheeded, and any of them go down to ignominious graves, pangs of remorse for neglect of duty

towards them, will not be mingled in your cup of sorrow.

In this age of increasing vice and immorality, it becomes the imperative duty of every Christian to put forth every effort, bend every energy, to train up the rising race in the way they should go, so that the next generation may be such as God can approve; a God-loving, a God-fearing generation, hastening on the happy day when all shall know Him, from the least to the greatest.—S. N. World.

WATCHING UNTO PRAYER.

Two little boys from infancy
Had dearly lov'd each other,—
The children of one family,
Each was an only brother.

One night, as they retired to rest
Beneath a mothers' care,
In parting, she them both caress'd
Without their evening prayer.

But Willie said, "O mother, stay,
And do not say good night!
Till you have listen'd while I pray,
I may not pray aright."

The mother said, "You know I must
Haste to the parlour dear;
The party waits, but you may trust
At morn I'll come and hear."

Soon all was dark and silent there,
Till, in a quiet tone,
A voice was heard, "We'll rise for prayer,
For we must pray alone."

"No, Willie, no!" the brother cried,
"The room is dark and cold."
"We won't stay long," the child replied,
"Each other's hands we'll hold."

"No, Willie, I'll remain in bed,
I cannot rise with you;
For mother knows what's best, and said,
The morning prayers will do."

"Ah, brother! we perhaps may die
Before the morning light;
We need the care of God, so I
Must pray for this to-night."

The door ajar the air was chill,
When Willie rose for prayer;
And on his knees, when all was still,
He ask'd our Fathers' care.

The gentle boy then crept to bed,
With happier mind by far;
When touch'd his shivering brother said,
"How very cold you are!"

But Willie said, "I do not mind,
I am so happy now;
I griev'd that you were left behind,
But I have pray'd for you."

"And now, if I should die to-night,
I would not be afraid;
I'd go to see a world more bright
Than all else God has made."

"There, little angels with their crowns
Of gold, all fair and bright!
And harps and hymns, and glorious throbes
For overshine in light.

"O how blissful 'tis to droll
'Within a world so fair!
Where all are safe, and fear no ill,
For all archooly there."

"But, Willie, 'tis far pleasanter
With pa and ma to stay,
And have my kites and tops, as he, here,
Than on a harp to play."

"No, Frank! I'm sure you always love
To sing our hymns of praise;
But sweeter far, with harps above,
Will be the song we'll raise."

Then gentle sleep their voices still'd,
And Frank began to dream;
But not as when, 'mid fancies wild,
'Things are not what they seem.

For, when he told his dream next day,
His mother found it true;
It seemed to have described what lay
Before his open view.

He said, "We lay a while in bed,
When mother went away;
Then Willie rose and prayers he said,
While I refused to pray."

"He ceased; and side by side, awhile
In bed of heaven we spoke;
Till sleep stole o'er me to beguile
Me, and methought I woke.

"I thought the window then was raised,
Apart the curtains flew;
And on the midnight sky I gazed,
With moon and stars in view.

"The scene was lovely, and, in view,
Two small white clouds I spied;
As they approach'd, and larger grew,
'Two angels I descried.

"With rapid wing they hasten'd down,
And seem'd two ladies now;
And each appear'd to wear a crown
Upon her snow-white brow.

"Within our room they stood, and spoke,
As they approach'd our bed,
In every limb with fear I shook,
And cover'd o'er my head.

"But Willie smiled, nor was afraid,
When th' angels came so near;
I fancied 'twas because he pray'd,
That he was free from fear.

"Are we to take them both away?"
The younger angel said,
'O, no!' replied the guide, 'we may
But take the one who pray'd.'

"The other for a while must stay,
And in this world remain;
Until he too may learn to pray,
And grace from God obtain."

"They spoke so mild and joyfully—
No music half so sweet—
'Twas strange I trembled sore, and high
My heart with terror beat.

"They raised the clothes, and saw me
Oppress'd with grief and fear, 'I said,
O how I mourn'd I had not pray'd,
When angels were so near!

"They pass'd to Willie, and there shone
Around a glory bright;
At midnight it appear'd like noon;
The four was fill'd with light."

"They stoop'd, and kiss'd him, and he
And stretch'd his arms, till they smiled,
Uplifted him: one took the child,
And carried him away.

"The younger angel seem'd so fond
To carry him with care;
The taller threw her arms around:
All floated throw the air.

"Beyond the stars I saw them soar—
A small but shining speck;
And, when I could not see them more,
I thought my heart would break.

"I look'd around—his place was there,
But Willie now was gone;
I grieve'd that, for neglected prayer,
I thus was left alone.

But in the morning when I woke,
I found I'd only dream'd;
For there was Willie; and I spoke,
But sound asleep he seem'd,

"I was so glad and happy now,
That I had found my Willie,
I quickly rose and kissed his brow,
But it was cold and chilly.

"And as he had been cold that night,
When last to me he spoke,
I wrapp'd the clothes around him tight,
'To warm him ere he woke."

Such was the story, simply told;
And Frank yet felt no fear:
But Willie, as he said, was cold—
Sad found to parents' ear!

The mother ran to see her child;
But silent was his breath:
The lovely boy was pale, and smiled
In the cold arms of death.

Let mothers learn a lesson here,
And DUTY NEER DEPART:
Let children learn, death may be near,
And NEER FORGET TO PRAY.

BOYS, HELP YOUR MOTHERS.

We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the wood-pile for wood, to the well for water, or to the meat-house for meat for the breakfast. This is not as it should be.

There is much work about the house too hard for a woman; heavy lifting, hard extra steps, which should be done by those more able. Boys, don't let your mother do it all, especially if she is a feeble woman. Dull, prosy housework is irksome enough at the best. It is long work, too, it being impossible to tell when it is done; and then, on the morrow, the whole is to be gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think.—*Morning Star.*

IRREPRESSIBLE CHRISTIANITY.

This is a strong declaration—that the apostles “could not but speak the things which they had seen and heard”—as it stands in the English tongue. It is even stronger in the terse beauty of its original Greek—there literally reading, “*For we cannot not speak the things which we have seen and heard.*” There is an irrepressibleness in the case amounting to a physical impossibility. Silence is out of the question. The head-waters of feeling crowd so hard on the fountain of speech that no stoppage of commandment, and no pressure of conventionality, and no sealing of courtesy, can keep down its upward rush, and smother its overflow. The law of Nature annuls all other laws; and it is a law of Nature that the full mind *shall* speak.

How invariably we see this as the rule of conversation—where there is no stern self-repression enforced by pride or conscience. If one feels strongly about anything, his talk will be full of it. The enthusiast in any science, or art, or new discovery, or social plan, as we all know, is unable to be long in any presence and keep it secret. It is for this very reason, in part, that society has shaped the proverb, “Beware of the man of one book and one idea,” because when one thought has taken violent possession of a man, it is apt to drive him whithersoever it listeth, with little consideration of the propriety of time, and place and circumstance—of the feeling and convenience of others. He “cannot not speak” the things which he loves, which are the subject of his daily thought and his nightly dream. He wants everybody to take the same view which he takes; wants everybody to enjoy what he enjoys; to awaken to the enthusiasm which stirs his breast and dominates his life. And all this the more especially, if the welfare of others is at stake in the matter, so that all the best feelings of his nature co-work with his enthusiasm to impel him to bring others to his own state of mind by the conviction that they are imperilled by a failure on their part to see as he sees, think as he thinks, feel as he feels, act as he acts.

This being true, there is also a converse, contrary truth. The calm, impulseless inert man, is a man with no great thought in him. Nothing possesses him. No enthusiasm impels him. He drifts with the tide, where the other drives on like the *Great Eastern*, with paddle-wheels and screw, and all sails set. You can tell whether there is fire in the furnace of a steam-boiler or not without opening the furnace-door, or looking at the top of the chimney, or coming into the glow of the radiation of the heat; you can look at the steam-gauge

and listen at the safety-valve. And if the needle of the one points to zero, and the hiss of the other is still, there is no pressure and no power within. All is dead and empty, and dull ashes cumber the grate which was made to glow under its fiery burden.

Apply, now, these principles to men in their relation to religion, and we may draw an inference of value from them. Peter and John had a fire shut up in their bosoms—a fire of faith, and love and duty; and their own soul glowed with it, and the steam-pressure of it showed itself either at the engine, in the sturdy revolution of hard work, or at the gauge and the safety-valve—when work was interrupted for the moment. They *could not not speak*, any more than the safety-valve can help its hoarse utterance, when there is a raging heat underneath.

They had become Christians. Christ had chosen them out of the world to be his; had filled them with his spirit; had given them to see how magnificent a thing it would be for all men to become Christians; had revealed to them the fearful danger which overhangs the world without a Christ received by faith; and, having experienced in their own case the blessings of faith, and its results, they wanted all men, and particularly their Jewish fellow-citizens, to take the same view which they took, and enjoy the same joy in which they rejoiced. They saw now that Christ was the Messiah, the Lamb of God come to take away the sins of the world. They saw of what infinite consequence it was for the world to become aware of it, and to receive him and his doctrine. They felt that on their little company had devolved the responsibility of interesting men in this great salvation, and persuading the world in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. They loved Jesus, and they loved his cause, and they could not bear to think of men's neglecting him, or that that should falter. And so they “could not not speak.” They *must* preach. They *must* work miracles. They *must* do all their possible endeavour. They *must* free their skirts of blood. If they were laughed at no matter sneered at still no matter hated, all the better, since hatred involves an excitement of the mind towards a subject which is more hopeful than dead, listless indifference. As Paul afterwards said of himself, so all the apostles could say: “We are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels and men. We are fools for Christ's sake; we are weak, we are despised. We both hunger and thirst, and are naked and buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place; and labour, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless: being persecuted, we suffer it: being

defamed, we entreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things, we suffer the loss of all things and do count them but dung, that we may win Christ; and, knowing the terror of the Lord we persuade men." Such men so trained, so full, so in earnest, so weightily possessed of a truth vital to the general acceptance, yet met with general misconception and indifference—such men "could not not speak." As well might Niagara poise itself on its ledge, and hold back its flood from that appalling plunge!

What kind of an apostle would men have thought a silent one then to be! One who, when questioned, acknowledged his faith; one who, on Sundays—provided it did not look like rain, and *nothing* hindered—gathered with the others to a Christian service; one who thought it practically wise to move easily along among his fellow-men, solicitous chiefly to have no "trouble" with anybody, and therefore reticent of any speech which, informing his neighbour Gentile or equally pagan Jew that he was a Christian, might provoke opposition, and procure discomfort—would be quite sure to arouse aversion. What kind of an apostle would such a "dumb dog" have made? How long before Peter and his fellows would have repudiated him, as, if not a hypocrite, a fool, and a failure? Saying nothing, because he had nothing to say; moving nothing, because there was no fire of principle and faith to make him speak.

Whence we may get, legitimately, the inference for our own time—that he who now really loves Christ, and is Christ's, will *not be able not to speak* for Christ; he cannot be silent—for him "silence is shame!"

He will be courteous in his manner of speech; remembering both the rights and the tastes of others. He will be sagacious as to the *form* of his utterance; remembering that pearls are not for swine—though other things are, even for *them*, and win even them. He will be discreet as to the *time* of his talk; as knowing that, while a full stomach rejects dainties, the same stomach, long empty, craves even the coarsest nutriment. He will be gentle and humble, and not sanctimonious and formal—least of all, overhearing—in his address. But *speak* he will, and must. There is a great thought, a great fear, a great faith, a great hope, a great desire, a great principle, a great love burning within him, and he *cannot not speak* the things which it bids him utter. It possesses him, and sways him, as he yields himself to its irresistible might.

It is right, then, natural, inevitable, that real Christians should speak often of the things of Christ. If they are real Christians, they will truly love God and heaven and holiness and

if they do truly love God and heaven and holiness they will love to speak of them. If they are real Christians, they will love the souls of men, and greatly desire their salvation; and if they do truly love the souls of men, and greatly desire their salvation they will manifest that love, and that desire with the lips, trying to *persuade men*. It is natural that they should, and impenitent men recognise that fact, and expect that Christians will *speak* to them of the things of God. A real Christian "cannot not speak."—*Quiver*.

RELIGIOUS TEACHING OF CHILDREN.

"S. G. O." has been writing some interesting letters in the *Times* on the management of children. At the close of the last one he makes the following remarks:—"Our great divine Example and Teacher invited young children to come unto Him, lifted them, blessed them. I do not read anywhere that He expected great religious knowledge from them; but I do read that He commanded *all* to become, in matters of faith, as a little child. I cannot believe that He ever meant that very young children should have His religion even before them as a hard lesson. My own view is this:—Children's first feelings of reverence should be obtained as towards the earthly parents; as early as may be it should be instilled into their minds that these parents, to them so wise and powerful—and, it is to be hoped, good—daily serve and pray to an unseen Power, infinitely wiser, more powerful, and better than themselves. Invitation may then cautiously be given the child to kneel as its parents kneel, and to offer some very short, most simple prayer to God—the Being the parents worship. The child's prayer should be strictly childish,—a simple request for blessings on itself and those it loves. By degrees, and only so, should a pious mother give more and more light as to the duty of prayer and the reverence it demands, unfolding gradually the connection of man with his Maker, thus lifting the love and the principle of obedience in the child beyond the seen to the unseen Parent—not diminishing it as regards the former, but showing that that carries out the law of the latter. With equal caution—not as a hard lesson, but as one re-

verently and wisely given, and in all possible simplicity of language—the child may have such points in the Redeemer's history impressed upon it as are the most likely to arrest its attention, avoiding that which, from its age, it cannot in any wise comprehend, displaying all—and how much is there?—it may well love to learn. I would ever avoid at this early age all religious teaching which, becoming wearisome as a mere lesson, is likely to set the heart against it as such. I would never seek to terrify by dwelling on these features of revelation, which, to a mere child, must be full of dread; just tasting life, every physical and moral agency as yet scarce breaking through life's soil, I would not bring up the grave and judgment to awe and to perplex, where from the same book in which both are written there is child's food far more congenial and appropriate to a child's understanding. Obtain reverence for the Unseen, fortified by your example as well as by your teaching; tell of the beauty and love and mercy of the Redeemer, as shown in the passages you select from His life; teach these holy things with reverence as if yourself felt them. A very young child will soon own their influence; you will have prepared the soil for seed requiring greater strength in it; the deeper mysteries of our common faith, the fuller after-teaching direct from the Scripture lessons, will be the more efficient for good, in that they have not been taught until the child's heart has been won to Him, from whose blessing on them all our hope depends."

HOW TO WIN A CHILD'S HEART.

The heart of a child is easily won. It needs no besieging, no formidable preparation for a grand assault, no advancing by regular approaches. You have only to go, in the name of love, and demand a surrender; and without parleying, the prize is yours.

"Love begets love." Anger and hate beget anger and hate. Smiles are like musical voices amid the hills, which come back to those that utter them with all their original sweetness.

Did you ever smile on a child without

receiving an answering smile? On the contrary, when you have looked down coldly, perhaps with a frown, into the eyes of a child, have you not seen the reflection of your manner and expression in the mirror-like face of the little one?

Love children, and they will love you. Let children feel that you care for them—that you are interested in all that interests them, that you sympathise with them in all their little sorrows, and rejoice with them in all their little joys and that you are their true and unselfish friend; and in those feelings you have the key to their hearts.

One word for you, dear teachers. You want to be loved by your scholars. Then love your scholars. If you do love them it will not be necessary for you to say so, in order that they may be conscious of the fact. Children read hearts intuitively. They read your affection for them in every line of your face, in your moistened eye, in your unforced smile. They hear the declaration of it in every tone of your voice. They have the assurance of it in your manner—in your actions, which "speak louder than word."

Happy are ye who have the love of the little ones under your care. It is a fountain of no common joy to your own heart, and it gives you an influence over them which can be obtained in no other way. Thus may you win those dear young hearts to Jesus. God help you to do it!

MISSING AT THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Ah! and who missed me there? My Savior, my pastor, and my brethren and sisters in Christ.

And what did they miss? They missed my figure in its usual place, my voice in the sacred song, and the voice of my heart in prayer.

And what did I miss by my absence? I missed the blessing of God, the approbation of my conscience, and the love of Christ's friends.

And why was I missing at the Prayer-Meeting? I forgot the hour, and was too far away in body and heart to reach there. The My dear reader, if we love commun-

tion of the saints, if we love the souls of sinners, if we love our own souls, let us never be *missing at the prayer-meeting again.*

BREAKING THE SABBATH INJURIOUS.

You know there is a country in Europe called Holland. The land there is very low. In some places it is lower than the sea. The only way in which they can keep the sea from overflowing it, is by building great walls, or banks of earth, which are called dykes. One of the greatest evils that could happen to Holland, would be to have those dykes broken down; for then the sea would rush in drowning the people, and destroying the country.

In the Bible, wickedness is compared to floods of water. The greatest harm that can happen to a country is to have these floods let loose upon it. To protect us from this harm, God has given us the Sabbath. It is God's wall of defense around our country. Wherever the Sabbath is properly kept, like the dykes of Holland it rolls back the floods of wickedness, and prevents them from sweeping in ruin over the land. But every Sabbath-breaker is trying to throw down these protecting walls, and let the sea of wickedness come rushing in upon us.

You know that in France, during the Revolution, at the close of the last century, they tried the experiment how they could get along without the Sabbath. They resolved to have no Sabbath. They burnt the Bible. They said there was no God; no heaven; no hell.

The result was dreadful. All kinds of wickedness prevailed. The prisons and dungeons were crowded full of prisoners.—These prisoners were the best people in the land. They were taken, by cart-loads, every day, and beheaded. The blood of the people was shed like water. That time was called "the reign of Terror."—It was the most dreadful time ever known in the history of the world. They had broken down the Sabbath—God's protecting wall—and wickedness rolled over the land in a flood. Every Sabbath-breaker is helping to do this same thing here.—Breaking the Sabbath does great harm to the country.

TEACHING YOUNG CHILDREN.

In my humble opinion, it is a great error, and it is the parent of errors more serious than itself, that, as a child should understand everything step by step, so he will care for nothing that he does not understand. The very contrary is, I think, nearer to the truth. Try the experiment for a given time, say ten minutes; read to a little boy some pages of this sort, "My cat put her paw up on the hot poker, and then she cried—mew!" For Another ten minutes take a page from Shakespeare or from Milton. I could wager upon the issue of such an experiment, unless the subject of it belonged to the lowest range in the order of mind. But it is not the *music* of words and sentences only that awakens the young brain. If we could but apply our microscope to the brain-mass, so as to see the curdling and crystallizing, and the feathery frost-work that is going on in the cells of that creamy viscus, we should see what sort of process it is, that at the end of five-and-twenty years, has rendered the cerebral substance a tenacious repository of millions and millions again of records, words, things, feelings, until this crowded mass has become a congeries of lexicons and of cyclopedias.—*Isaac Taylor.*

DON'T WRITE THERE.

"Don't write there," said one to a lad who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel.

"Why?" said he.

"Because you can't rub it out."

There are other things which we should not do, because we cannot rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of the diamond upon the glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but his impression on the heart may last for ever.

On many a mind and many a heart there are sad inscriptions, deeply engraved, which no effort can erase. We should be careful what we write on the minds of others.—*Merry's Museum.*

Sabbath Lessons.

May 14th 1865.

JESUS WASHES THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

John 13, 1-20.

Before the Feast.—John gives us no account of this last passover, nor of the supper. He evidently takes for granted that they are familiar to his readers from the other Evangelists.

Feast.—This term means more properly *festival*, and has reference to the entire solemnity of the passover, which lasted seven days.

Being ended.—This term rather signifies *being prepared*. The supper was spread and it was as they were ready to eat that this service was performed. We find them still eating. v. 12, 26.

Simon's sons.—Judas is here spoken of in connection with the name of his father; and possibly a careless or wicked father was in part the cause of such a career as brought his son to the horrible end of a murderer of Jesus, and a suicide.

A towel.—v. 4. The dress of the East requires a girdle, and the people usually wear a sash of silk or cotton around the waist. But to be girded with a towel was the dress of a slave.

Thou hast no part.—v. 8. The meaning is, that if Peter would not allow this, he (Christ) would not allow the spiritual work which it signified; and though the washing of the feet in itself was a small matter, yet if Christ was not allowed to do this cleansing work for him he could not be his.

Obs. (1) *Christ's love to his own.*—He loves first and never changes, Luke 15, 20. He knew the weakness, folly, guilt of his disciples, yet he loved them.

(2) *Christ's knowledge.*—v. 3. He knew all. He saw earth and hell rising against him, yet he saw heaven, and his throne at God's right hand.

(3) *Christ's humility.*—He became a

servant not for his own gain, but for our good. He washed even his enemy's feet that his love might melt him.

(4) *Christ's followers should be like Christ.*—He was Lord of all, yet his thoughts were how to do good to poor sinners; "Freely ye receive."

May 21st 1865.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

1st Saml. 20, 24-42.

From this lesson

Observe (1). *The blinding effect of sin.*—Saul could think of no other reason why David should absent himself, than because he was ceremonially defiled Numb. 9. 6-7;—Numb. 19. 16. Generally persons that are readiest to take offense are those who are least considerate of others feelings.

(2). *The wickedness of anger.* ver. 30-34. The ancients said it was a short madness, but it is a madness that lasts a long time with some, Job 18. 4.

(3). *Anger is foul tongued.* It led Saul to abuse his own innocent wife and Jonathan's mother. When children quarrel they call each other by bad names and use bad words, of which they would be ashamed at other times.

(4). *Passionate people cannot keep a secret.* Saul doubtless did not wish to betray the real grudge he had against David, but in his rage he reveals it, ver. 31. Prov. 12. 16.

(5) *An angry man cannot listen to reason.*—An angry man is like a drunkard, he is too excited to reason. Jonathan's just and indignant defence of his friend turned Saul's wrath against that very son for whose sake he hated David.

6. *Thy unselfishness of Jonathan.*—He knew David was to be his father's successor for he had learned that Saul's kingdom was not to be perpetuated; and possibly David had acquainted him with his being anointed by Samuel, v. 13-17; yet he neither envied nor grieved at the good of his friend. An unselfish heart is about the happiest in the world, 1 Cor. 13' 5.

(7) *An example of righteous indignation.*—Jonathau was angry principally because of the wrong done to David. Still he continued faithful to his father while he lived.

8 *The blessedness of having a true friend.*—It is a great blessing to have a true earthly friend: We can always find such a one in Jesus.

—o—
May 28th, 1865.

JESUS POINTS OUT THE TRAITOR.

Matt. 26, 21-25. Mark 14, 18-21. Luke 22
21-23. John 13 21, 35.

Was troubled, v. 21.—This awful troubling of spirit occurred on several distinct occasions, ch. 12, 33, 12 27. The terms means to be agitated as water in a pool.

Doubling.—v. 22. "They were at a loss." *Lying on Jesus breast*. These terms are different from the former in v. 23. They mean rather falling upon the breast of Jesus.

A Sop.—This word means a morsel of food. After the second cup of wine, at the passchal meal, the master of the feast took a piece of unleavened bread, broke it in pieces, and gave a bit to each of those present. It was commonly dipped in the broth made of bitter herbs.

Obs. (1) *Christ grieves over the sinner's ruin.*—Even for Judas His spirit was "troubled." Four times during supper did Jesus seek to turn him from his treachery. See John 13 11, 18, 21 27. He "would not," Luke 13, 34, 35; Hosea, 4, 8.

(2) *It is only "friends" that can betray Christ.* How melancholy the thought that his enemies find help from his closest friends.

(3) *Judas should be a warning to us.*—Think how much he knew of Christ; how much he did for Christ; how unsuspected by his closest friends he was; how long he was near Christ; how Christ loved and warned him; yet he loved something better than Christ, and perished.

(4.) *How blessed to be loved as John was*

He was blessed to lie on Jesus' breast. Five times does John call himself the disciple whom Jesus loved.

(5.) *Love one another.* Christ commands the love. Love is all that is needed to make home, the school or the world happy.

KEEPING THE SABBATH BENEFICIAL.

You know that, in the land of Egypt, they have no rain. Instead of rain, they depend on the overflowing of the river Nile. This river runs all through Egypt. Every year it rises over its banks, and spreads itself gently over all the land. This overflowing of the Nile fertilizes soil, and makes every thing grow. Thus the Nile is the greatest possible blessing to Egypt. The comfort of the people and their very life, depends upon it. This river Nile rises far away up among the mountains of Abyssinia.

Now, suppose that the governor of Egypt had entire power over the Nile.—Suppose that, whenever he chose, he could stop, or dry up those distant springs, and prevent the river from rising. And suppose he should tell the people, that if they did not mind his laws, and do what he told them, he would dry up the springs of the river, and not let it rise. Then would it not be a very dangerous thing to disobey that governor? And would it not be very important for the people of Egypt to try and please their governor? Yes. And every man who kept his laws, would be doing the greatest good to his country. Well, now, we have no such river as the Nile in this country. For the power to fertilize our land, and make things grow in it, we depend not upon a river, but on the dews and the rains. And God, our Governor, has entire power over these.—He can give them, or withhold them, just as He pleases. Breaking the Sabbath provokes God and tempts Him to take them away. Keeping the Sabbath pleases Him, and He promises to send dews, and rains, and peace, and plenty on those who honor His Sabbath. The Sabbath-keeper does great good to his country,

To Subscribers.

Subscribers to our publications will greatly oblige us by remitting their subscriptions without waiting for any of our agents coming round. And when they remit their own, let them remit as many new subscriptions as they can procure.

We expect always to have a few good agents travelling in the country, but we cannot afford to send agents every year into the same district.

THE GOOD NEWS,

Now in its fifth year, is a Periodical, published twice a month. This periodical contains 672 pages of valuable reading matter, partly original and partly selected, from the best sources in Britain and America.

THE GOOD NEWS is kept free from secular matter and advertisements, and is the best paper in Canada for Sabbath reading.

Price one dollar per annum, payable in advance.

THE EVANGELIZER.

The EVANGELIZER for February is issued in a new form, and for a different class.

It has been published for six years as an unsectarian religious periodical, devoted to the advancement of the Kingdom of God in the world, and has had a very extensive circulation in Canada. The extent of circulation has, however, been considerably reduced within the last three years, partly by our larger publications, the GOOD NEWS and GLAD TIDINGS taking its place, and partly through the imposition of postage.

In order that it may occupy ground which is at present not occupied, the

EVANGELIZER will henceforth be exclusively filled with matter adapted to the young, and to those engaged in the instruction of the Sabbath School.

It will contain interesting narratives and lessons for the young.

It will contain a scheme of lessons for each Sabbath in the quarter, and notes on these lessons, for the assistance of Teachers and parents.

It will contain illustrative notes on Scripture, and anecdotes illustrative of divine truth.

It will contain articles bearing on the proper conduct of Sabbath schools, and interesting intelligence connected with them.

It will, by law, be transmitted by mail: POSTAGE FREE.

Single copies, twenty-five cents per annum; parcels of ten copies, or more, sent from the office to one address for fifteen cents per number, per annum.

Schemes of Sabbath School Lessons, for 1865, supplied at ten cents per dozen.

THE JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE,

Is a monthly periodical, confined chiefly to Temperance literature, but is not the organ of any Temperance Society.

This paper has the largest circulation any Temperance periodical in Canada.

Price fifty cents per annum, in advance.

Specimen copies of the GOOD NEWS, GLAD TIDINGS and JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE, five cents each.

Local agents wanted in every district.

All letters must be addressed, pro paid, to

REV. ROBT KENNEDY,
Prescott, C.W.

Donations.

Donations received previous to April 16th, 1865, and formerly acknowledged, \$1696.09*

GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION.—We have given away gratuitously, from 16th March to 15th April, —

650 Evangelizers, \$13.00

Amount given away from the commencement of the work up to 15th March, 1865 4438.44

 \$4451.44

SPECIAL DONATIONS FOR STEAM PRESS.

Amount acknowledged, \$127.27
 J. S. Phillips' Bridge, 50
 Rev. T. F. Metis, 2.00

'The Journal of Temperance' for May, 1865, is the first number of the second year. It is the best time for new subscribers to commence their subscription. We trust many will send in their names and subscription money, 50 cents per annum in advance.

"THE JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE"

Is a monthly periodical, devoted to the interests of Temperance. It is published the 1st of every month at 50 Cents per Annum.

The "Journal of Temperance" has been undertaken at the suggestion of friends, who take a deep interest in the Temperance cause, in consideration of the fact that at present there is no periodical published in Canada whose pages are specially occupied with Temperance literature, and adapted by price and principles for general circulation.

This periodical will not be the organ of any of the Temperance Societies. Some of these have organs specially devoted to Temperance, and to the peculiarities of their own organization. With such no interference will be made. It will advocate the disuse of all that intoxicates as a beverage or as an ar-

ticle of entertainment, and go in cordially for a prohibitory law.

We do not pledge ourselves to any particular method in conducting our periodical, nor make rash promises that may be difficult or impossible to redeem; but shall do our best on all occasions to make it as suitable for the object contemplated as we possibly can.

We will feel obliged by our subscribers using their influence towards having it introduced in their neighborhood. Specimen copies sent on application.

AGENTS FOR OUR PERIODICALS

- Almonte, D. Ward'
- Appleton, Albert Teskey
- Ashton, Robert Kennedy and James Conn
- Arnprior, Robert Young
- Ayr P.O., Robert Wylie
- Bevilleboro, James Fitzgerald
- Balsam, R. Phippens
- Brantford, E. C. Passmore
- Bennie's Corners, J. McCarter
- Brooklin, Alex. Kitchen
- Brownsville, B. M. Brown
- Downanville, T. Yellowlees and Robt. Young
- Calcedon, Robert Anderson
- Carleton Place, J. W. Ellis
- Cannington, C.W., William McPhail
- Claremont, D. McAd
- Carleton Place, A. McArthur
- Cartwright, H. McPhail
- Copetown, A. J. Campbell
- Edmonton, C.W., Samuel Snell
- Escott, Sam'l. A. Horton, Teacher
- Fairfax, Thos. Reid
- Florence, Rev. W. Scott
- Gananoque, A. Waldie and S. McCannon
- Garafraxa, C. W., John Dickson
- Gloucester, Thomas Duncan
- Greenbank, John Asling
- Ingersoll, Alex. Wallace
- Kirkwall, Wm. McMillan
- Kipping P.O., R. Mellis
- Kincardine, Henry Daniel
- Lunsdowne, D. C. Reid
- Lamarck, A. G. Hall
- London, C.W., Robert Scott
- Long Island Locks, James Gillean, G. W. Sec. B. A. G. of G. T.
- Manilla, Moses Gamble
- Middleville, A. Gordon
- McDonald's Corners, James Stewart
- Newburgh, H. McLean
- Niagara, Jas. Wishman
- Newtonville, Thomas Elliott
- Ottawa, James Lockhart
- Perth, Wm. Stewart
- Port Dover, John Hart and G. Walker
- Port Hope, David Abel
- Portage du fort, Jas. Baird, Bookseller
- Prince Albert, W. R. McLaren
- Quebec, T. C. Freeman
- Richmond, Rev. D. Marsh, Bible Society's Depot
- Seneca, George Brown
- St. Catharines, Robert Thyno
- Smith's Falls, H. McClelland
- South Monaghan, Mr. Hugh Waddell
- Scarboro, Jas. McAdell
- Toronto, W. Westroon, at Parson Brea
- Wolfe Island, Mr. Malone
- Woodstock, J. Veitch
- Wick, James Brobner