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THE ADVISER.

"LIGHT AND LOVE."

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FIRST PRINCIPLES.

The knowledge of remission of sins is the subject of enquiry just now. First, we ask where does forgiveness take place? In our own hearts or in heaven? Most assuredly in heaven. It is not something that we know by a mere feeling of our hearts or an impulse of our mind. More reasonable would it be for us to try to find out what are the feelings or what is the mind of God than to examine our *own* feelings or hearts upon the subject. How are we to find out or ascertain the mind of Jehovah? We answer, by *His words*. And as we live in these "last days," at the commencement of which, the Most High spoke to us by His Spirit through the Apostles of the Lamb. To their testimony we appeal, to know the truth upon this most serious and solemn question. God promises pardon, remission or forgiveness upon certain terms or conditions. Some say only faith; but we ask for the testi-

mony of the Spirit that a man is forgiven without repentance. Peter said "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins," &c., 2nd Acts. Again, "Repent ye therefore and be converted (turned to the Lord) that your sins may be blotted out," &c., Acts 3. But do we not see that the Apostle connects *baptism* with repentance, Acts 2, 37, and as it is impossible to please God without faith (Heb. 11,) therefore faith, repentance and baptism all stand connected. And while the scriptures teach us that baptism brings the penitent, praying believer *into Christ*, Romans 6, and Gal. 3. Yet without faith, repentance and a heart disposed to pray and love the Saviour it is valueless,—of no avail whatever.

Now, if the Lord has promised pardon to the children of men, we ought to know the terms or conditions, Mark 16, 16. "He that believeth (the gospel) and is baptized shall be saved," Luke 24, 4. Repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem," John 20, 23. "Whoever sins you (Apostles) remit they are remitted unto them, and whosoever sins you retain they are retained," Acts 16, 3. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shall be saved and thy house. And they spake unto him the word of the Lord and to all that were in his house, and he took them the same hour of the night and washed their stripes, and was baptized, he and all his, straightway," Acts 22, 16. "And now why tarriest thou, arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins calling upon the name of the Lord," Acts 10, 42. "To Him give all the prophets witness that *through His name* whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of their sins." These, with many other passages teach us that whoever believes with all the heart, repents,

and is baptized in the name of the Lord has the promise of pardon. Now, can we take the Lord's word? Oh, why should any poor soul doubt it. If we cannot trust to the Lord's promise, where can we find the "peace which passeth all understanding?" See how those rejoiced in the promise of the Lord who believed, repented and were baptized as reported in the Acts of the Apostles. See Acts 2nd chapter, 8, 39; 16, 34. And when the Apostles who write by inspiration addressed letters to those who had believed, repented and had been baptized, they wrote to them as saved persons, as in Christ. See Romans 1, 7; 1st Cor. 1, 2; Eph. 1, 1; Col. 1, 2; 2, 12; 3, 1.

Reader, have you a promise of pardon from Christ? Give yourself no rest, if you have not, I beseech you, till you put yourself in the place where you can intelligently claim the promise of the Lord that your sins are forgiven.

SIMON.

EXTRACTS.

MODERN CIVILIZATION.

We hear a great deal in these days about our present "Christian civilization." If by the term it is meant that christianity has done much to modify the present aspect of the world, there can be no objection to it; but so far as it identifies Christianity with the present forms of the world's culture, it embodies a grievous error.

It seems to have been forgotten in these last times, that there is no fellowship or compromise possible between Christ and the world. We need to go back to the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and to be aught anew the essential truth that "all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." We might also learn from the "sure word of prophecy," that in these last times this outward garb of Christianity is merely assumed by the world in order to deceive the Church. It is Satan's endeavor to substitute a Christianized worldly culture for the Gospel of Christ. It is his last and most successful effort to palm off upon the world, and alas, too, upon the Church, his artful substitute for that divine kingdom "of which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began."

And this reveals the true character of what

are called "Christian states." They are the forms in which this latest phase of the power and culture of this world is expressed. They doubtless subserve a most important use in the economy of God's providence, but they are not founded upon the kingdom of Christ, and therefore must be taken down and removed. They are the final experiments of man to become his own Messiah,—his last efforts to work out the problem of his destiny, without the coming and kingdom of the great Redeemer.

And herein we discover the necessity for that great tribulation which characterize the age, there is more or less compromise between Christ and the world, an artful interweaving of the false with the true. In times of persecution the line between the Church and the world was more distinctly drawn. Now, no man can trace it. Those, gifted with spiritual insight to discern between light and darkness, are few. Hence, when he shall come, whose fan is in his hand, to thoroughly purge the world's threshing-floor, what wonder if he smite the earth with a heavy flail. Nothing less can separate the chaff from the wheat. Where the miner finds ingots of gold lying around loose, the process of collection is easy; but where the metal is fused and crystallized into the rock, the ore must be first bruised and washed and tried by fire. So although the ore of the world contains much true gold, yet it is not separated from the earthly mass around. Hence, when the Great Refiner comes to gather the gold to adorn and enrich his kingdom, it must be with fire and hammer.

Hence, too, Gentile Christendom must be rejected, as were the Jews, from occupying the field of the kingdom of heaven, and for substantially the same reasons. Whatever its profession, its language practically has been, "We will not have this man to reign over us." Moreover, that kingdom cannot rest upon the worldly and defective basis of this present order of things. This would be to repeat the experiment, which, if we may so speak, failed in the case of the Jews. The Gospel of the kingdom is not now preached to the Gentiles for their conversion as nations, but to gather a chosen generation out of them all, to be the royal priesthood of the future.

God hath concluded both Jews and Gentiles in unbelief, that, in the revelation of this divine kingdom which is to come, he might have mercy upon all.—*Prophetic Times.*

S. C. B.

EFFECT OF ONE WRONG ACT.

Have you ever considered the effect of one wrong act? The thing may not seem wrong in itself: soon done; and viewed alone may appear of no importance. But you must trace its ramifications, and follow up, link by link, its results. That single insignificant act, done thoughtlessly, in an unguarded moment, must send forward an influence through your whole subsequent life.

The historian of British India, speaking of the voyage of Warren Hastings to that country, says, concerning a circumstance which occurred on that voyage: "It is doubtful whether this act did not exercise an unfavourable influence over his whole moral nature, and over his career." Of how many persons might the same remark be made! One wrong act brings the murderer to his ignominious end. One wrong act stamps, with indellible stains of dishonor, a character hitherto above reproach. One wrong act in youth has thrown many a young person from under the controlling love of a kind Providence, and launched him on a sea of trouble and sorrow to a late old age.

Of how much peace, of how much spiritual prosperity and holy joy, has a single sin at the outset robbed a true child of God? Of how much deep, unavailing sorrow and mortification has it been the inlet! It was an act, perhaps, as soon done as the turning of a key by the angel that opened the bottomless pit; but with a more distressing power for evil it has caused a darkness, as the smoke of a great furnace, to overcloud your prospects, and has led forth amid the wide-spread scenes of all your following years, memories and regrets with a keener power than scorpions, and leaving hardly a green thing in the waste of a life that opened with so much to animate and to cheer. It has drawn down upon you the displeasure of God. It has arrayed his providence against you, and shut you off from the fullness of his love.

An unadvised expression from the lips of Moses shut him out from the green pastures and still waters beyond Jordan. Never till we reach heaven, and there have all our secret history unrolled to our view, shall we know from how many scenes of earthly and of spiritual happiness a single wrong act has excluded us; how many sore afflictions it has drawn around our weary pilgrimage; and from what degree of advancement it has shut us off even amid the glories and blessedness of heaven.

OUR THOUGHTS.

We are ever thinking. Swift as the fleeting sounds, come and go from the mind the light winged thoughts. We call them little things, are scarce conscious of their presence, and yet our characters are according to the nature of our thoughts. We indulge ourselves in a multitude of thoughts, frivolous and unworthy. If we desire to honor our Savior, let us remember that not words and deeds alone, but the offering up of thoughts, may also be acceptable service. As our minds dwell upon the ineffable beauty and sweetness of Jesus, let our thoughts, burdened with grateful love, rise as sweet increase to heaven. The love of Jesus, let it be the dear theme on which our thoughts linger long, and to which they return with new delight.

We express our love for a friend by saying, I think a great deal of you. Let us thus express our affection for Jesus. We shall know that Christ is enthroned in our hearts, when we find him enthroned in our thoughts. We need not doubt our love to Jesus, if through the busy day and in the still night, we are ever keeping in mind the memory of his goodness.

If, then, we have nothing else to bring to the Savior, for mercies countless as the sands, let us bring our thoughts filled with a vision of the Redeemer's beauty and glory, until lost in wonder, love and praise, and offer these as our sacrifice.

We want to be like Jesus. The more we think of him, the more shall we increase in love and kindness to him. It is thus, that beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—The following every day rules, from the papers of Dr. West, are thrown together as general way-marks in the journey of life:—Never ridicule sacred things, or what others esteem as such, however absurd they may seem to you. Never recant a supposed injury till you know the views or motives of the author of it. On no occasion retaliate. Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow. Never think worse of another on account of his differing in political or religious subjects. Never dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, or with an enthusiast. Do not jest so as to wound the feelings of another. Say as little as possible of yourself and of those who are near to you. Never court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanities or their vices. Speak with calmness and deliberation, especially in circumstances which irritate.

PARENTAL SYMPATHY.

The question is often asked, Why is it that there is so little manifest sympathy on religious subjects between parents and children? Why do the children of a praying father and mother so carefully conceal from their parents every indication of the interest they feel in their soul's welfare? Why, when deep conviction of sin forces from them the inquiry, "What must we do to be saved?" are other counsellors first sought? Why, in the first joy of forgiven sin, is it easier to speak the feelings of the heart anywhere else than at home? Why, in the after experiences of darkness, temptation, and doubting, is no confidence given to those who are guides in all things else? There are exceptions enough to this reserve to prove that it is not the natural consequences of the relation. Why then is it? Have not parents something to think of here? It may not be too late for those parents whose hearts are pained by this want of confidence to bring about a happier state of things in their families. At any rate there are other parents whose children are yet in tender years. By God's help they may so train their little ones that this icy barrier of reserve shall never separate them. Never hesitate to talk with your little children of God, of Jesus, of their own sinful hearts. Never hesitate to take them by themselves and pray *with* as well as *for* them. As they grow older continue in your well doing, and never let them feel anything of constraint in your manner when you introduce the subject of religion. Speak not lightly, but speak cheerfully, as well as sometimes solemnly. Make the bible a daily reading book, and let the words of Jesus be familiar household words. Do this in faith, and doubtless the fruit of your sowing shall be pleasant fruit.

Y. E. A.

LOVE.

Salvation is freely offered; but it is almost as unanimously rejected by men as it is freely offered by the Savior. He comes to the sinner and offers him life; but he stops his ears and refuses to listen. He knocks at the door of his heart; the sinner refuses him admittance, and turns away from the bleeding Savior, whose head is wet with the dew, and his locks with drops of the night. And what then? Does Jesus leave him? Does he cut him down and send him to perdition? Ah, no; he follows him, whispers in his ear, *entreats* him to turn, and speaks in a voice of tenderness. "This is the way, walk in it; repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." Still the sinner makes excuses, goes on in his sins, grieves the Spirit, and wounds the Savior afresh. And still the Savior follows him, still he woos

and warns and entreats. Oh, what love! What love! Reader can you slight such a Savior? Can you refuse to yield him your heart? Can you reject his kind invitations?

"Can you refuse His voice to hear,
And love your sins so well,
That you will in them persevere,
And urge your way to hell?"

How long have you slighted this Savior? And does he yet bear with you? Are you yet alive? Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth, that they who have so long rejected Christ are yet out of hell! This is an astonishing exhibition of the love of Christ. Yet how little are we affected by it?

"Sinner, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, Oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love."

TRUST ILLUSTRATED.

A child was once walking through a strange country, led by his father's hand. The loving parent had pointed out to him, far away in the distance, the home to which they were going; and now the child's mind was troubled, for the road seemed to lead quite another way. "Are you sure we are in the right path?" he would often ask.

But his father's only answer was, "Trust to me."

Again the little questioner spoke: "I can not see how we shall ever get there by climbing this steep mountain side."

Still the reply was, "Keep fast hold of my hand, and fear nothing."

So the father and son went on their way until, when the little feet were very weary, a sudden turn in the road showed them that they were at home.

Now, it is in such a way that God often leads his children. They are like the little one who was so puzzled about the way. "What will become of us?" they often ask, "What will be to-morrow? or next year? or twenty years to come?" Now, such questions are like the child's. The proper answer is that which the father gave to him, "Trust." "Do what is right now—to-day; so when to-morrow comes you will find that God is taking care of you and helping you still, and in the end all will be well."

DISPUTING WITH SATAN.—An old and excellent writer gives the following advice:

"If you would not be foiled by temptation, do not enter into a dispute with Satan. When Eve began to argue the case with the serpent, the serpent was too hard for her; the devil, by his logic, disputed her out of Paradise. Satan can mince sin, make it small and varnish it over, and make it look like virtue. Satan is too subtle a sophister to hold an argument with him. Dispute not, but fight. If you enter into a parley with Satan, you give him half the victory." The reason is obvious; for we cannot parley with Satan without giving up *principle*; and whenever we allow ourselves to debate the question, whether we will do wrong, it is almost certain that we shall yield. Principle being abandoned, there is little else to guide but evil passions, which strongly prompt to sin.

THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN.

Am—"Castles in the Air."

A wee bit raggit laddie, gangs wan'ren through
the street,
Wadin' mang the snaw wi' his wee hackit feet,
Shiverin, i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain,
Wha's the puir wee callan? he's a drunkard's
raggit wean.
He stans at ilka door an' he keeks w? wistfu' e'e;
To see the crowd aroun' the fire a' laughin' loud
wi' glee,
But he daurna venture hen though his heart be
e'er sae fain,
For he manna play wi' 'ither bairns, the drunk-
ard's raggit wean.
Oh see the wee bit bairnie, his heart is unco
fou,
The slect is blawin' cauld, and he's dreepit
through and through;
He's speerin' for his mither, an' he wun'ers whar
she's gane,
But oh! his mither she forgets her puir wee
raggit wean.
He ken's nae faither's luve, an' he ken's nae
mither's care,
To soothe his wee sorows, or kame his tautit
hair,
To kiss him when he waukens, or smooth his bed
at e'en,
An' oh! he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's
raggit wean.
Oh pity the wee laddie, sae guileless an' sae
young,
The oath that lea's the faither's lip 'll settle on
his tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks his infant lips
'll stain,
For oh there's nane to guide the bairn, the
drunkard's raggit wean!
Then surely we micht try an' turn that sinfu
mither's heart,
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's part,
An' mak them lea' the drunkard's cup an' never
taste again,
An' cherish wi' a parent's care, their puir wee
raggit wean.

THE BIG BITE.

One day, at noon, as I was in a baker's shop getting my luncheon, two children came in to buy cakes. They were boys, one seven and the other three years old. They seemed to have a good deal on their minds. The older one was trying to persuade the younger to do something he did not want to do, and they had a talk at the door before coming up to the counter. Then the smallest fellow came forward and handed up two cents, and said,

"I want to buy a tream cake!"

"Oh! that's you, Billy, is it? so you've got two cents to spend to-day!" said the baker's wife. And she pushed a cream cake to the edge of the counter. Billy took it, and immediately his mind was so occupied that he didn't answer the woman. Then his brother came and put down a cent, and took up a bun, and the two boys walked off to the door-steps.

I guessed now how matters stood. Those boys were going to exchange bites of luncheon; and

the older fellow had been coaxing his little brother to buy something which would afford him a dainty morsel in return for the mouthful of bun he was going to give.

It was Billy's lot to bite first. His brother held the bun and Billy bit off only so much as his small mouth could hold neatly, quite like a gentleman.

Then the older boy made ready to attack the cream cake which Billy held. Really, I assure you it was shocking to look at the way he opened his mouth! When he shut it again only half of Billy's cream cake remained outside!

I could hardly help laughing to see Billy's eyes, they grew so big when he looked at his remnant of cake, but in my heart, of course, I was grieved at the older fellow's greediness.

The two boys disappeared; and no doubt Billy went down the street lost in wonder at the size of his brother's mouth.

I could not help thinking how exactly those boys had acted over what has been done by older people every day since the world began. This trying to give little for much—to secure the largest bite for oneself, shows the "Old Adam" in us very plainly.

Now there is little doubt that that older boy has often enough been told what a wicked world he lives in, and exhorted to be upright and honest when he shall be grown up. But if all the time he is a boy he goes on doing other things as mean as that one thing I saw him do in the baker's shop, he may not find it so easy to be honest when he wants to be, and nobody will want to have anything to do with him when he comes to be a man.

There is no use in thinking we can *outgrow* our sins. They must be gotten rid of some other way. As the boy grows the sin grows, till it fits the size of the man.

Boys! keep a sharp watch against selfishness. It's a very mean thing. It's a very dangerous thing. It has destroyed many souls.

LYNN.

CHRIST JESUS ALL AND IN ALL.

A very old German author discourses thus tenderly of Christ:

My soul is like a hungry and thirsty child, and I need his love and consolations for my refreshment; I am a wandering and lost sheep, and I need him as a good and faithful shepherd; my soul is like a frightened dove; pursued by a hawk, and I need his wounds for a refuge; I am a feeble vine, and I need his cross to lay hold of and wind myself about it; I am a sinner, and I need his righteousness; I am naked and bare, and need his holiness and innocence for a covering; I am in trouble and alarm, and I need his solace, I am ignorant and I need his teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidance of his Holy Spirit.

In no situation and at no time can I do without him. Do I pray? He must prompt and intercede for me. Am I arraigned by Satan at the divine tribunal? He must be my advocate. Am I in affliction? He must be my helper. Am I persecuted by the world? He must defend me. When I am forsaken, he must be my support; when dying, my life; when mouldering in the grave, my resurrection. Well, then, I will rather part with the whole world and all that it contains than with thee, my Savior; and God be thanked, I know

that thou too art not willing to do without me. Thou art rich, and I am poor; thou hast righteousness, and I sin; thou hast oil and wine, and I wounds; thou hast cordials and refreshments, and I hunger and thirst. Use me, then, my Savior, for whatever purpose and in whatever way thou mayest require. Here is my poor heart, an empty vessel; fill it with thy grace. Here is my sinful and troubled soul; quicken and refresh it with thy love. Take my heart for thine abode; my mouth to spread the glory of thy name; my love, and all my powers, for the advancement of thy honor and the service of thy believing people. And never suffer the steadfastness and confidence of my faith to abate, that so at all times I may be enabled from the heart to say "Jesus needs me, and I him, and so we suit each other."

THE PRAYER OF HABAKKUK.

During Dr. Franklin's residence in Paris, after an evening entertainment, a number of the literati present assented to the general charge against the Bible as being a piece of deception, and destitute of any literary merit. While the whole party assented, it was observed that the Dr. gave no answer, and they appealed to him for his opinion. In this way he avoided an expression by saying that his mind had been running on a new book which he had fallen in with at one of the stores. It might interest them if he would read a short section. They were all eager to hear. Taking the book out of his pocket, he read in a grave and solemn manner a short poem. They all pronounced it the best they had ever heard. "That is fine," said one.—"That is sublimity," said another. "It has not its superior in the world," was the unanimous opinion.

They all wished to know if that was a specimen of the book. "Certainly," said the Dr. "it is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible, out of which I have read the prayer of Habakkuk."

WHAT IS IN THE BED ROOM?

The importance of ventilating bedrooms is a fact which every body is vitally interested in, and which few properly appreciate. We copy the following from an exchange, which shows the injurious effects which must arise from ill-ventilated sleeping apartments:

"If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight at least a pound less in the morning.

Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound. That is during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter which has gone off from the bodies, partly from the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air in part, and in part absorbed by the bedclothes. If a single ounce of cotton or wool be burned in a room it will so completely saturate the air with smoke, that one can hardly breathe, though there be but an ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night, the air

will be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there be an open door or window for it to escape. Now, the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed is far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping; for, while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body. Need more be said to show the importance to have bedrooms well ventilated, and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlids and mattresses in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly made bed?

NO HOME!

Heaven pity those who, in this dark, cold, and unfriendly world; in this "vale of tears," and desert land; in this wilderness of woe amid broken hearts, and crushed hopes, blighted prospects and departed joys; have no home! Wha't a thought!—how sad and mournful the sound! how much of heart sorrow and grief it awakens in the soul! No Home! Who can understand the true import of those words, save those in life whose experience has given them the reality? Who, but those who go forth with no blessed and cheerful home-light to illumine their pathway?

When the gentle spring-time comes, and the season of sweet flowers and the singing of birds is here, while nature without is all life and beauty, oh! how sad then is the heart of that one who, in his loneliness feels and says, "I have no home! Without all is joy; within all is darkness and gloom!

When the summer sunshine comes to ripen the harvest, and bless the earth; as the warm and gentle breezes pass by, it strikes the saddened heart strings, and the mournful echo rolls along, *no home, no home!*

When

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year.

As the autumn winds chant in mournful numbers their solemn dirges, and give forth their funeral strains; they are but the language of the heart that saddened says: "I have no home!"

Winter cold and drear, with its snowy mantle, and icy chains, visits our earth; nature is in mourning, but it cannot compare with the winter of the heart, that says *no home* is mine! These words strike to the very vitals of the soul, and we say "Heaven deal tenderly with those whose experience has learned them a sad, sad, lesson.

"If you, reader, have a home, love it, prize it, do all you can to make it pleasant and attractive, live for those who compose the loved circle there. Remember, pity, and bless those who have no home, Don't turn them roughly away, treat them not harshly, think, "who maketh thee to differ," and weep with them? Be the "Good Samaritan."

No Home! Have you my friend a home in

heaven? A mansion on high? What must it be to have *no home* in eternity save with the lost in perdition! Will you be a houseless and homeless soul forever? Is your peace made with God, and your title clear to that "better land?" See to it *now*, lest you have *no home* eternally.

BIG WORDS.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are often employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education.

It is a very common but very egregious mistake to suppose that long words are more genteel than short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the styles of dress.—They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence."—They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed." And instead of dying, at last, they "decease."

The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood and affectation delight in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—words a "foot and a half long."—*Journal of Education.*

OLD AGE.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Who that has witnessed a calm, serene and peaceful old age, has not been minded of this declaration of the wise king of Israel? An old age filled with sorrowful regrets is a sad spectacle. "My whole life has been a failure." This has been the regretful acknowledgement of more than one whom the world has deemed successful and crowned with many honors. Such an acknowledgment reminds us by contrast of the retrospective view of life taken by the aged apostle: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." Here is an example of an old age, not only serenely peaceful but joyfully triumphant.

Another beautiful example of old age is given us in a touching incident related of the last days of the Rev. John Newton. In commenting at family worship on the text "By the grace of God I am what I am," he used language very expressive of the humility, the tenderness, and the trusting confidence of the aged disciple, ripe for the harvest, and waiting to be gathered into the garner of his Lord. These were his words: "I am no what I ought to be. Ah, how imperfect and deficient. I am not what I *wish* to be. I abhor that which is evil, and I would cleave to that

which is good. I am not what I *hope* to be. Soon, soon I shall put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection. Yet though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say that I am not what I once was, I *would* have sinned and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, "By the grace of God I am what I am!"

Youthful reader, do not suppose that these thoughts are only for the aged. It is too late to prepare for winter when its howling blasts sweep around our dwellings. As summer is the season of preparation for old age. You cannot too soon begin to prepare for the winter of life. You may, indeed, never reach that period; but the best preparation for a peaceful and happy old age is also the best preparation for those endless ages of existence which will succeed the brief period of our sojourn here.—*Sunday-School Times.*

MAYFLOWER.

THE JOYS OF MATERNITY.

Grace Greenwood [Mrs. Lippincott], in an address to mothers, in the last number of *The Little Pilgrim*, thus writes;

"Since I last addressed you, another year has passed over us—a peaceful and fortunate year, to most of you, I trust, yet doubtless bringing to the happiest hearts and homes something of change and sorrow. To me it has brought the most profound and sweet, the most solemn and sacred, happiness of womanhood—for within this year I have been joined to the great and noble army of mothers." I am now *one of you*. Oh, if there is a time when woman may feel that she, like Mary of old, is "blessed among women," it is when she folds in her arms her first born child—feels the touch of its tender little hands thrill on her heart strings—feels upon her cheek the first soft breath of a life immortal—sees, faintly twinkling in the misty depths of sleepily little eyes a love that shall yet brighten the world for her. This joy unspcakable this holy triumph of maternity, is Heaven's abundant compensation for all that is suffered by woman—for all that is denied to her. With existence renewed and freshened by the inflowing of this pure rill from the divine fountain of life—with my heart made more tender and loving by the sweet, mysterious influences by which babyhood, mighty in helplessness, and without speech, most eloquent, comes to us—I feel like consecrating myself anew to the service of such as Jesus took in His arms and blessed—and of you, whom maternity makes kin in her once elected to the highest joy and deepest anguish of mortality—her whom He most loved and most tenderly remembered in His last hour."

"I am not anxious,"—said good Mr. Adams of Falkirk, in the middle of the last century,—and he he was then near his journey's end,—*"I am not anxious either to live or to die; if I die, I shall be with God, and if I live, He will be with me."*

A TASTE for trees, plants, and flowers is a peculiar attribute of woman, exhibiting the gentleness and purity of her sex; and every husband should encourage it, for his wife and daughters will prove wiser and happier and better for its cultivation.

"THE LORD'S NO DEAF."

A poor old deaf man residing in a Fifeshire village was visited one day by the parish clergyman, who had recently taken a resolution to pay such visits regularly to his parishioners, and therefore made a promise to the wife of this villager that he would call occasionally and pray with him. The minister, however, soon fell through this resolution, and did not pay another visit to the deaf man till three years after, when, happening to go through the alley in which the poor man lived, he found the wife at the door, and therefore could not avoid inquiring for her husband.

"Well, Margaret," said the minister, "how is Thomas?"

"Nae the better o' you," was the rather curt answer.

"How, how, Margaret?" inquired the minister? "Oo, ye promised twa years syne to ca' and pray ance a fortnight wi' him and ye never ance darkened the door sin syne."

"Well, well, Margraot, don't be so short. I thought it was not necessary to call and pray with Thomas, for he's deaf, you know, and cannot here me."

"But, sir," rejoined the woman, "the Lord's no deaf."

And the indolent clergyman shrunk abashed from the cottage.

CHRIST'S CARE.—Christ cares for us, else he would not have died for us—he would not have made such ample provisions for our salvation—he would not have called after us so often by his Spirit, and so freely have pardoned us—he would not have watched over us with a shepherd's vigilance and tenderness. Yes, he does care for us! How cheering the thought—

"Yes, for me, for me Ho caroth."

In the solitude of life, when dark clouds brood over us, and the roaring thunder threatens our destruction, and when it seems as if "no one cares for my soul," there is a cheering ray of light and hope in the thought that nevertheless Christ does pity us and love us, and he stands ready to save us out of all our trouble. Even when the dark, appalling waves of death are about to overwhelm us, his care will be more abundantly manifest, and his support will be ample. Let us remember these things, and in all our anxieties, "cast our care on him that careth for us."—*Morning Star.*

WHICH IS THE BLACKEST.—Boswell and Johnson were conversing upon the conduct of a planter, who so flogged his slave that he died. The doctor thundered savagely.

"Well, but," said Boswell deprecatingly, "I have always held the man with the black face to be a connecting link between a man and a brute."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, rolling his huge form from side to side, "and I have always held the man with a black heart to be a connecting link between a brute and the devil."

He then went and dined with Boswell at the Mitre.

INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE.—In the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the season; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer the world ever knew—it is the Indian summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sear and yellow leaf, then the mind of the good man, still ripe and vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well-spent life gushes forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing, and fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a heavenly lustre, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but sours beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon that bright spring and summer which await him within the gates of paradise evermore. Let us strive for, and look trustingly forward to an Indian summer like this.

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

It is appalling to think how near to the happiest and most prosperous scenes of life stands the saddest despair. All homes are haunted with awful possibilities, for whose realization no array of threatening agents is required, no lightning, or tempest, or battle; a peaceful household lump, a gust of perfumed evening air, a false step in a moment of gayety, a draught taken by mistake, a match overlooked or mislaid, a moment's oversight in handling a deadly weapon—and the whole scene of life is irretrievably changed!—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

THE MAN OF FAITH.—In truth, there is a divinity about the man who lives in this gross world by faith, who endures as seeing Him who is invisible who looks to the Lord daily for bread, water, and raiment, who leaves all mysteries to the solution of heaven, who refers the perplexities of time to the adjustment of eternity, and who trustingly considers himself a little one cared for by the good Shepherd of Israel. To borrow an illustration from superstition, the man leads a charmed life. There is a strange mystery in him, a holy secret which he cannot impart to the uninitiated, for they do not understand him, and which he need not speak of to the initiated, for they understand him without words.—"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

The good man—the man of Faith—shines in the firmament of humanity with light received from his Lord. It may be only in miniature, like the features of the father on the face of the child, but the likeness of God may be traced in the character of His adopted sons.

A LOW VOICE IN WOMAN.—Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms—How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by loud, coarse talking.

THE DEPARTED.

The burying ground was called by our ancestors, "God's Acre." The name is significant, and it shows the Faith and Hope of those who gave it. "God's Acre!"—No claims it as his own. His seed is sown in it, and his great harvest will be reaped from it. The resurrection is God's reaping-day. What rich deposits lie under that dust! What hopes are buried there! And what golden harvests await the reaper's hand at the coming of our Lord. It is now the quietest place near the suburbs of the city. Men and women, and even children, go into its gates and pass through its walks, and visit the resting places of the dead with delicate steps and hushed voices. No one speaks aloud. No noise as of merriment, breaks in upon its silence; and the distant clamor of the busy city falls with subdued harshness upon "the place of graves." We are walking among the sleepers; we would not disturb their repose. But what a change will come upon that sequestered spot, one day. The city will become quiet; all business will be stopped and pleasure cease. The wheels of industry and gain, ever revolving now, day and night, will pause, and the city of the living will be as the city of the dead. But in this cemetery, now so quiet, will be heard the trumpet of the resurrection, and the stirring of the dust of many generations, and the shout and song as of the last battle and the last victory.

We plant the willow and the rose by the side of the sleepers, as speaking to the living both of our sorrow and joy; and we place our "*Immortales*"—our wreaths of evergreen upon the hillocks where they repose, to shadow forth our hopes of a future and better life; and we think all this proper. There is nothing in the genius of our religion that forbids it. Far better does it seem to me than the gaudy display of the sculptured marble, addressing more our taste for art, than our love for nature; and rather for the living than the dead. A simple rose at the feet or the head—a little evergreen; some choice plant of affection, is more in harmony with the scantities of the grave, than mausoleums or cenotaphs which speak of art.

I think the earth is growing daily richer, not from the pearls of the ocean, the gems of the mountains, or the gold of California. The treasures hid in its crust give it an increasing value. As it rolls on its axis,—nothing to the eye of angels and the spirits of the just, attracts more attention and awakens brighter hopes than the struggles of the few to overcome, by the faith of the gospel, and the garnered seed, which anticipates the coming harvest. What a rich freight does this ship carry, to the distant heaven, and what hallowed affections and tender recollections lie buried in its dust. In the silent chamber of the dead, before the coffin is borne to its resting place, how subdued the feelings, how chastened the memories, how tender the regrets! Weep on, fond mother! Weep on, stricken father! Jesus wept. It is not in the higher circles of life,—yea, often in the humblest, the truest sorrow is felt. Hear the story of the blacksmith and his wife at "wee Davie's coffin."

"When the house was quiet, Davie was laid in it gently by his father. Jeannie stood by and assumed the duty of arranging with care the white garments in which her boy was dressed, wrapping them round him, and adjusting the head as if to sleep in her own bosom. She brushed once more the golden ringlets, and put the little hands in their right place, and opened out the frills in the cap, and removed every particle of dust which soiled the shroud. When all was finished, though she seemed anxious to prolong the work, the lid was put on the coffin, but so as to leave the face uncovered. Both were as silent as the child. But ere they retired for the night they instinctively went to take another look. As they gazed in silence, side by side, the smith felt his hand gently seized by his wife. She played at first nervously with his fingers, until feeling her own hand held by her husband, she looked into his face with an unutterable expression, and meeting his eyes so

full of unobtrusive grief, she lent her head on his shoulder and said: "Willie, this is my last look o' him on this side of the grave. But Willie, dear, you and me maun see him again, and, mind ye, not to part, na, I canna thoe that! We ken whaur he is, and maun, gang till him. Noo, promise me! Vow along wi' me here, that as we love him and aye another, we'll attend mair to what's gude than we ha'e done; that—O, Willie, forgie me, for its may my pairt to speak, but I canna help it anoo, and just, my bonnie man, jast agree wi' me—that we'll gie our hearts noo and forever to our ain Savior, and the Savior o' our wee Davie!" The smith spoke not, but bent on her neck as he whispered, "Amen!" Jeannie! so help me God." He then took the hand of his boy and said, "Farwell, Davie, and when you and me meet again, well baith, I tak' it, be a bit different frae what we are this night!" Yes, truly when they meet again not merely in spirit, but in their immortal bodies at the resurrection of the dead how "different" and yet how like,—both being in the fashion of the body of our Lord Jesus Christ. Mourners in this vale of tears, forget not in your deep affliction, that the love of the departed never grows cold. They live and they love forever. The weaknesses and the miseries which they have on earth and which excited our compassion—these they have left behind. The love which bound them to our hearts remains. *Jesus is the connecting link between them and us.*

"I do not wonder," said one, to bereaved parents, that "you dwell with feeling so intense on the bereavement which you have suffered. I have known what such feelings are, and now, at the distance of more than forty years, they return, though mellowed and softened by the lenient hand of time." Surely, there is something in the resurrection of the body, in harmony with all our feelings and wishes in this our natural state; and although, it is a fact depending upon revelation and not within the domain of sense or reason, yet when made known the heart gladly embraces it and rests contented with its realization. We shall see them—the same—but, how "different"! If after more than forty years, the loved one and the departed is remembered with feelings, only tormented and mellowed by the hand of time, what a sad disappointment, if they should not be found again, in that day when God shall make up his jewels.

"The harp of heaven
Had lacked its least, but not its meanest string,
Had children not been taught to play upon it."

How beautiful the language of Elliot: "I have had six children, and I bless God for his free grace, that they are all *with* Christ, or *in* Christ, and my mind is now at rest concerning them. My desire was that they should have served on earth, but if God will choose to have them rather serve him in heaven, I have nothing to object to it; His will be done!"

Read the following epitaph on four infant children:

"Bold infidelity, turn pale and die,
Beneath this stone four infants lie;
Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinned, for they lie here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear;
Reason, ah, how depraved!
Reverse the Bible's sacred page, the knot's untied:
They died, for Adam sinned—they live, for Jesus died.

JAMES CHALLEN.

—*Evangelist.*

AS SALT does not season salt, but only that which is unsalted, so the living energy of the children of God should not be expended in contests among themselves, but devoted to the awakening of life in the world.—*Olshausen.*

IF WE try to find God in every thing, our hearts will overflow with thanks and our mouths will be filled with praise.

CHRISTIANITY.—I go back to the age of Jesus Christ, and I am immediately struck with the comment and rapid progress of the most remarkable revolution in the annals of the world. I see a new religion, of a character altogether its own, which bore no likeness to any past or existing faith, spreading in a few years through all civilized nations, and introducing a new era, a new state of society, a change of the human mind, which has broadly distinguished all following ages. Here is a plain fact, which the skeptic will not deny, however he may explain it. I see this religion issuing from an obscure, despised, hated people. Its founder had died on the cross, a mode of punishment as disgraceful as the pillory or the gallows of the present day. Its teachers were poor men, without rank, office, or education, taken from the fishing-boat and other occupations.—*Amen.*

LIVE TEMPERATE.—All who have a mind to live long and healthy, and die without sickness of body and mind, must immediately begin to live temperately, for such a regularity keeps the humors of the body mild and sweet, and suffers no gross fiery vapor to ascend from the stomach to the head; hence the brain of him who lives in that manner enjoys such a constant serenity that he is always master of himself. Happily freed from the tyranny of bodily appetites and passions, he easily soars above to the exalted and delightful contemplation of heavenly objects; by this means his mind becomes gradually enlightened with divine truth and expands itself to the glorious enrapturing view of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God. He then ascends to Nature, and acknowledges her for the fair daughter of God, and views her varied charms with sentiments of admiration, joy, and gratitude, becoming the most favored of sublunary beings.—*Lewis Cornaro.*

SERMON READING.—Dr. Blacklock, the Blind Poet whom Dr. Johnson looked upon with reverence, was educated for the Church and presented to the Parish of Kirkcudbright, by Lord Selkirk. "Never before or since, so far as we know," says a local Journal, "was an attempt made to induct into a living, a man who had been blind almost from his birth. We have heard an anecdote about his first appearance in the pulpit at Kirkenbright, which those who know the antipathy of some people to read sermons, will well understand. An old woman on the pulpit stairs, asked one of her companions, if the new minister was a reader. And how can he read, woman?" was the reply; the man's blind. To which the first made answer, *I'm glad to hear it—I wish they were a'blin'!*"

A DIRTY SHILLING.—Bishop Meade, in the *Southern Churchman*, gives an account of many of the old families of Virginia. Among these he mentions a man named Watkins, of whom the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, left a manuscript notice. A part of that notice in these words: "Without shining abilities, or the advantages of an education, by plain, straight-forward industry, under the guidance of old-fashioned honesty and practical good sense, he accumulated an ample fortune, in which it is firmly believed there was not one *dirty shilling*." This is very homely Saxon language, but it is full of pith and point. In Randolph's mind there must have been running some faint reminiscence of the apostle's phrase, "filthy lucre," used more than once

in his epistles. Either term has wide application in these days, when the race for riches seems to absorb all hearts, and few men care for the soil upon their shilling, provided only they have enough of them. Yet the wisest of men says that a good name is better than thousands of gold and silver; whereas a few dirty shillings, a few unjust gains, a few sharp practices, will put a leprous taint upon the accumulations of a lifetime. It is worth while for any man, before he makes a new addition to his heap, to examine the color of his coin, and keep out the *filthy lucre*, the *dirty shillings*.

GO!—The word *got* is often introduced superfluously and incorrectly into familiar expressions. When, in reply to my "lend me a dollar?" you say, "I've got no money," you simply say what you do not mean; omit the *got*, and your meaning is rightly conveyed. "I've got a cold" is not bad English, if you mean to convey the idea that you have procured or contracted a cold somewhere; but, if you merely wish to say, as you probably do, that you are suffering from a cold "I have a cold" is the proper expression. "She has got a fair complexion." Here *got* is again an interloper; for you do not mean to say she has procured a fair complexion, but simply that she has one. "I've got to go to New York to-morrow." Here *got* is again redundant and incorrect. "I have to go," expresses the idea

THE LOST DAY.

That day is lost in which I have not *learned something from the word of God*. Every day I should open the sacred volume and every time I open it I should seek to discover some treasure of knowledge which I never possessed before.

That day is lost in which I have not done some *act of benevolence*. Where this can be done as a part of my regular calling, I ought to thank God for an employment which offers such occasions of serving God. I cannot live aright without continually looking forward to that solemn award, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. Doing good to the soul is better than doing good to body; but both may be attempted every day. "Pure religion," or pure religious service, as the word there means, consists largely in visiting "the fatherless and widows in their affliction." James i. 27.

That day is lost in which I have not gained some *victory over sin*. Our indwelling corruption is to be put to death by repeated strokes. The conquest of one habit marks any day with colors of joy. The sensible lessening of any evil temper, or the denying of any evil propensity, is better than all the gains of business. Every sin that is mortified is so much weight thrown off in the race.

That day is lost in which I have not enjoyed some *communion with God*. This is the very life of the soul. He is not living aright, who does not seek this heavenly intercourse day by day.

That day is lost in which I have not sought, in *prayer*, some spiritual blessing for myself or others. Such prayers ought to be earnest and importunate, and we ought to remember them, and look for gracious answers.

That day is lost in which I have allowed myself to remain *unreconciled* with a brother. The sun should not go down upon our wrath.

That day is lost in which I have not made some advancement on my way to heaven. The traveller justly regards it a day lost when he lies by, and does not go forward in his journey.

Alas, how many lost days are marked in the calendar of our past life! The time is short—death approaches. Shall I not begin this day to do some of the neglected work for which I was sent into the world.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Be patient with the little ones. Let neither their slow understanding nor their occasional perversity offend you, or provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp with their unripened intellects the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength through years of experience, and it ill becomes you to fret at the little child that fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently, as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little." Cheer him on in this conflict of mind; in a few years his ripe, rich thought shall rise up and call you blessed.

Bide patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the springing spirit of free inquiry, with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary, a long and instructive reply to every slight and casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest enquiry; and aim rather to direct and aid, than to answer the enquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy are you, if in giving your child the molecule of truth he asks for, you can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so wilt thou send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pedant into the world.

Bear patiently the childish humors of those little ones. They are but the untutored pleadings of the young spirit for care and cultivation. Irritated into strength; and hardened into habits, they will haunt the whole of life like fiends of despair, and make thy little ones curse the day they were born; but, corrected kindly and patiently, they become the elements of happiness and usefulness. Passions are but fires, that may either scorch us with their uncontrolled fury, or may yield us a genial and needful warmth.

Bless your little ones with a patient care of their childhood and they will certainly consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seeds of a perennial blessedness; its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.—*Journal of Education.*

SIGNAL memorials of received mercies help to present duties, and quicken faith in the greatest future difficulties.

THE fairest and finest impression of the Bible is to have it well printed on the reader's heart.—*Arrowsmith.*

MANY a man shifts his sins as men do their clothes; they put off one to put on another. This is but waiting upon the devil in a new livery.

RESTLESSNESS AT NIGHT.

Sleeplessness in many cases is caused by nervous affections. Intense activity of the brain, over exertion, grief, and other mental distractions, also exercise an influence over the body which prevents the nerves and muscles from relaxing sufficiently to produce that perfect and quiescence of all its members necessary to healthful slumber. Various remedies have been proposed for it. The late Washington Irving was in the habit of getting up when afflicted with this malady, and either shaving himself or else slowly pacing up and down his room until nature was overtaxed and demanded rest. Artificial remedies, such as drugs, generally react on the system, and much injury results from their employment. We have found a most efficacious cure in our case to be the application of cold water to the body; beginning at the small of the back and continuing to bathe it and the legs until a healthful glow and reaction is produced. In winter or summer this plan is decidedly agreeable and has the merit of simplicity at least. The blood which was sluggish in its circulation is stimulated naturally, and no relaxing is perceptible, as is the case with stimulants or narcotics of any kind. People of nervous temperaments know what intense suffering results from the want of sleep; and physicians and philosophers are cognizant of the losses the world has sustained through bodily weakness and debility in great men, no matter what their profession may be. Any remedy, therefore, that promises immunity from this disease, will be truly an acquisition to the world at large.—*Exchange.*

THE GLORIOUS LIGHT,

"Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."—*Psalms, 4: 6.*

The force of this language, so highly figurative, cannot be appreciated unless we consider the ground of the figure, which is the effects of the human countenance under certain conditions. The human countenance has its light and its darkness, just as the soul within is light or darkness. The countenance is, in some way, an index to the soul.

There are the countenance of love, the countenance of pity, the countenance of forgiveness, in all of which there is light, because there is a blessing in them. Hence, we feel that there is light in the presence of some persons more than others. It is the light of a countenance indexing a heart of friendship, of sympathy, of love.

There are countenances of clouds, of storms, and of darkness, because they indicate hearts full of anger, envy, deceit, selfishness, malice, &c. The darkness of such countenances appals us, and we instinctively turn away from them, for there is not a ray of light, nor a spark of life, nor the least degree of pleasure to be borrowed from them.

The light of God's countenance is the knowledge of his approbation. To enjoy that light is to realize that he loves us as his children; that he is near us, watches over us, and takes pleasure in us. But why should David pray, "Lift the light of thy countenance upon us?" Was he not a saint, always dwelling in the light? True, a saint; but saints often have clouds to intervene between themselves and the divine favor—thick, dark clouds—and this because they sin, and because of the weakness of their faith. Not one of God's saints has ever enjoyed, or ever will enjoy, in this trial state, the light of His presence equally at all times. The world, the flesh, and the devil, have yet too much power over our weak natures; and amid the struggle for eternal life, there will be conflicts in sorrow and

gloom, as well as rejoicings in the light of day. Yet nothing produces utter darkness but sin. It is the dark cloud which shuts out every ray of light, and produces the darkness which is, indeed, *felt*. Through true penitence this cloud may be removed; then, how precious the light! David was a man of strong feeling—a man of passion. His inward nature was as delicately strung as poets' are wont to be, and as the harp upon which he played. In his numbers he soared to heaven, and his own purified spirit revealed in its harmony. In such a spirit as his, sin would produce the most horrible discord. He knew it all and felt it all. The most sensitive natures, those which can soar the highest, can fall the lowest. They know the highest joy and the deepest sorrow. How oft, when sin had afflicted his heart, when deep waters came over his soul, did he sigh and pray for the light of that countenance which alone can give unalloyed pleasure.

David's psalms are his history as a saint—his heart-history; and those breathings from his inner nature meet with responses from the hearts of all saints. Who with him, has not felt himself in darkness, and prayed for the light of the Divine countenance to be lighted upon him? Be gone, unbelief; begone all spirit of disobedience of murmuring and fear—let the glorious light beam upon me; then under its rays I can live, and suffer, and fade, and die, and none shall take my joy from me. A. C.—N

—*Evangelist.*

WATCH.

BY HENRIETTA G. LEGGETT.

"Watch, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Watch in the morning of thy life,
In youth's opening prime,
While hope has twined a radiant wreath
Around that brow of thine;
For lo! amidst the festive scenes,
The Son of Man may come,
To blanch the cheek and chill the heart
And call the youthful home.

Watch when the noon-day's sun
Hath gained his place of might'
And over vast creations throws
His rays of dazzling light.
Though clothed in power and might,
Thy course may soon be run;
E'en while the form is wrapped in strength,
The Son of Man may come.

Watch when the evening shades
Hath deepened into gloom,
And when the sun's diverging rays
Point to the silent tomb;
And peaceful let thy last days be,
E'en as the setting sun,
And prayerfully hail the dread decree
That calls thee to thy home.

Watch ever, for the angel Death
May come with stealthy tread,
When flowers are fairest in thy path.
And blessings crown thy head.
Think not, because bright days are thine,
The spoiler's gone his way;
But though the bridegroom tarry long,
Oh, ever watch and pray.

Louisville, Kentucky.

A HOLY life, spent in the service of God, and in communion with him, is, without doubt, the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.—*Melancthon.*

THE OLD MONK'S PICTURE.

An old Mexican monk in his cell painted an allegorical picture which may now be seen in the public library of one of our cities. It represents a beautiful young maiden, standing on a narrow island, with only room for her feet to rest upon, and all around her dashes and rages a lake of fire. The angry tongues of flame leap up and almost lave her feet, yet she smiles on all, unconscious of her danger. More dreadful still, upon each billow's crest rides a malignant fiend, and they have closed around the seemingly defenceless girl, and are winding their coils about her, one seeking to fasten chains to her limbs, and others tugging with all their fiendish strength to drag her into the burning pool. The muscles of every arm are knotted with the struggle, and the hate and malice of the pit is written on every brow. Yet serenely the maiden smiles, for she sees nothing of her danger. A golden cord of grace, descending from above, is twined amidst her sunny hair, but death stands overhead ready to cut the thread. A hand of help is reaching down to her which she must take or be lost in the abyss. A company of attendant angels, anxiously awaiting her decision, complete the picture.

This is no fancy sketch of the old monk's brain, but a true picture of the condition of every one out of Christ.—'They stand upon slippery places, and fiery billows roll beneath them.' Thousands of fiends are busily at work, to ensure the soul's ruin, and the offers of mercy must all be cut short by death. Grace is at hand reaching down from heaven offering us salvation, and faith is the hand reaching up to receive it. 'They that be for us, are more than they that be against us.' Oh, will we not make friends of these blessed attendant angels, by enlisting under the same great Captain. Who would stand for half an hour in such a position as this young girl is represented as standing. And yet if you have not accepted of salvation you are in an immeasurably worse one. Oh, hasten to take this proffered hand of help, or you must sink in those burning waves forever.

FINDING FAULT WITH YOUR CHILDREN.—It is at times necessary to censure and punish; but very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault finding on the part of its parent; and hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human action—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

THE SABBATH BREAKER SILENCED.—A pious, poor, old man of our Church at——in reasoning with a Sabbath-breaker said, "Suppose, now, I had seven shillings, and suppose I met a man, and gave him six shillings freely out of the seven; what would you say to that?" "Why, I should say you were very kind, and that the man ought to be thankful." "Well, but suppose he should

knock me down, and rob me of the other shilling; what then?" "Why then he would deserve hanging." "Well, now, this is your case—'thou art the man'—God has freely given you six days to work and earn your bread, and the seventh he has kept for himself, and commands us to keep it holy; but you, not satisfied with the six days God has given, rob him of the seventh; what, then, do you deserve?" The man was silenced.

Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being—they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day they make music and aud motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature.

EVANGELISTS' ADVICES.

Meetings were continued in Omagh and Postville. The weather and roads seemed unfavorable for a series of meetings. The people turned out as well as could be expected and gave good attention to the word of the Lord. We ought to be thankful for such meetings under the circumstances. Nine more were immersed in Omagh and four became obedient to the faith in Postville. Bro. W. C. Beatty still keeps up two or three meetings a week, assisted by Brethren Emmet, Earl and Johnston. The last named Bro. ought to speak more frequently. The truth is constantly gaining ground in and about Omagh. We might state that Sister McLaghlin of Nottawassaga was one of the number immersed in Omagh. She will, no doubt, be welcomed by the church in that locality.

We are happy to say that the Brethren are enjoying peace at Postville. Bro. Post is making good progress, so indeed are all the good Brethren and Sisters in that place. They are firmer in the truth than ever. May the Lord keep them in his love.

Leaving Postville, the writer journeyed homeward. After which he, in connection with Bro. Thompson resumed meetings in a School House, situate in what is generally known as the Scott's Settlement, about 5 miles distant, and first day, we had the pleasure of baptizing the teacher, Bro. Adair, who kindly assisted the writer in the evening meeting. He had previously lived not far from Bro. J. C. Trull's place, who no doubt rejoiced to see him submit with all his heart to the authority of Jesus.

Bowmanville, 14th Dec., 1863.

L.

Since I parted with Bro. Lister, I spent some time among the Brethren in Rainham, and in company with Bro. Sheppard in the townships of Loba, Mosa and Metcalf, and recently in the city of Toronto.

When in Rainham, some one of the Elders of the Church always assisted me, and though the Church and myself regretted the absence of Bro. Lister, and especially so, because he was called home on account of Sister Lister's sickness, I did not feel lonesome. It is always refreshing to meet worthy and intelligent Brethren and Sisters as the majority of the Church there are. They have passed through trials well calculated to improve them, and I believe they have not been lost upon them. When there, some of the nights were very wet and dark and but few attended, but generally we had good audiences. I spoke twice in a free meeting house, where Bro. Honsberger has regular appointments, and the appearance of things is very encouraging. May he soon see great good resulting from his labours so faithfully and judiciously put forth. In Loba and the townships mentioned, I accompanied Bro. Sheppard for nearly four weeks, and besides the pleasure of his company and the benefit of his labours, I enjoyed the society of Bro. Sinclair and his family and many other ardent lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus. On this tour Bro. S. baptized eight persons who united immediately with the Churches in Loba and Mosa, and three others previously baptized took membership. The fields in the west are white into harvest and inviting labour.

The last two nights were occupied in a discussion on the proper subjects of baptism, between Bro. S. and Mr. Brown, a Methodist minister, at the Yeagar school house in the township of Metcalf. The first nights discussion was well attended and patiently listened to till late at night; but on the second night the house was packed to its utmost capacity, and many stood outside at the door and windows that could not get in, and listened attentively until the close at 12½ A. M.

It is impossible to give a satisfactory sketch of it in a small compass and therefore I will not attempt to do it.

Mr. Brown possesses a good share of confidence in his own abilities, and in reality he is a superior man, and must have read a good

deal of the current popular religious writings on the subject in debate. The arguments the first night were those of Peter Edwards against Abraham Booth, and the second night they were from another source and of another school. Upon the whole he was a respectable opponent and evinced considerable tact in the management of his points in general.

Bro. Sheppard on the other hand, besides having the right side of the subject, had the advantages of superior education and thorough acquaintance with his subject in all its details; rapid and clear in his perceptions, an accurate logician, possessing a good memory, and earnest and pointed in his address; the cause of truth was well sustained in his hands against Mr. Brown, aided by Mr. Stewart, (Presbyterian), of Mosa. I wish he may soon have another opportunity of the kind with a *learned minister*, as my countrymen say.

There are a few families about the Yeagar school house who carefully study the Bible and have learnt the value of proving all things in religion by it. I hope ere long, to hear good tidings from that settlement.

Bro. Sheppard and myself when travelling in the west, formed the purpose of visiting our Brethren in the City of Toronto and try the effect a *protracted meeting* might have in calling out some strangers that are not regular learners of the Brethren who might be benefited; but we did not succeed in that direction. The principal Brethren received us cordially and treated us with great kindness, so that although our meetings were small and none decided to submit to the claims of the Saviour through our labours, we were encouraged to find the Brethren interested in the effort, and we trust the interview has refreshed us all.

We witnessed the baptism of two Sisters in the Baptistry of the meeting house one evening before meeting.

JAMES BLACK.

Eramosa, 21st Dec., 1863.

Bro. Sheppard and myself are here at the Yeagar School House. Bro. Sheppard replied last night to a discourse delivered then and there on Infant Baptism. To-night he is to reply to another of the series on the same subject. Four baptisms in Mosa, two Baptists added, four Baptisms in Lobo.

JAMES BLACK.

OBITUARIES.

We regret to learn of the decease of our beloved Brother, John Graybiel. Bro. Graybiel was a man of sterling honesty and much beloved. He made the good confession at the close of one of Bro. Kilgour's discourses, and was immersed by Bro. Sheppard. May the Lord bless, sustain and comfort Sister Graybiel and family. We sympathize with them.

L.

Bowmanville, 16th Dec., 1863.

Mr. Moorcraft, an honest, pious and worthy member of this community was interred to-day.

L.

ITEMS.

We insert again the names of the Brethren whom we asked to act as agents.—J. Fox, Clarke; John Heury, Butterfield; Dr. McGill, Oshawa; Wm. Thompson, Bowmanville; Jas. Howat, Uxbridge; Wm. Kester, Stouffville; Wm. Forrester, Pickering; Richard Knowles, Scarboro'; Robt. Beaty, Toronto; Gabriel Wells, King; W. C. Beaty, Omagh; Ephraim Post, Postville; Aaron Culp, Culp Settlement; John Laws, Jordan; George Moot, Gainsboro; Hiram Wilson and Thos. Bradt, Wainfleet; A. Hendershott, Junr., Welland; D. C. Honzberger and Aaron Overholt, Rainham; John McMillan and John Thompson, Erin; D. L. Layton and Edward McMullen, St. Vincent; W. A. Stephens, Owen Sound; Alex. Fleming, Derby; Samuel Woolner, Garafraxa; Archd. Sinclair, Lobo; Duncan Campbell, Howard; D. McKillup, Albora; J. Condell, Brockville; Cecilia Pomeroy Cobourg; M. Campbell, Cheltenham; Jas. S. Carr, Dunville; Jonas Steele, Front Hill; E. E. Evans, Hamilton; H. Read, Mimosa; J. Menzies and John McKinnon, Norval; B. H. Kean, Nasagaweya; H. Hales, Port Hope; A. Campbell, Shakspeare; D. Felker, St. Ann's; Alex. Lunn, Detroit; Dugald Sinclair, Mosa; Jas. Black, Edmund Shepperd, L. Parkinson, Jas. Kilgour and C. J. Lister, will collect anywhere.

We cannot promise these friends a pecuniary compensation, as we make nothing on the *Adviser*. Anything received more than will pay the Printer, will be faithfully handed to the co-operation. We are encouraged by the assistance of many tried friends. Under the

circumstances, (some of which are exceedingly trying,) our subscription list has exceeded our expectation. Let us thank God and take courage.

CONDUCTORS.

FEBRUARY MEETING.

The brethren will remember that the Messengers from the different churches, that have been co-operating for the preaching of the Gospel, will meet at Everton, in Eramosa, on the first Friday in February, 1864. The first meeting, which is for religious exercises, commences at six o'clock, P. M., on said day. The business of the co-operation is generally attended to on the following day (Saturday,) meeting commencing at half-past nine o'clock, morning.

Messengers will come not only prepared to state what the churches will do next year in sustaining Evangelists in carrying abroad the Gospel, but with information such as will answer the following queries: How many members belong to the church of which you are a member? How many have been expelled during the year? How many have been removed by death or otherwise? How many have been added by baptism? How many by letter? How many meetings are ordinarily held on Lord's Day? Do you have a meeting regularly on some evening during the week? Have you a Sunday School in connection with the church? State the average number of pupils? The number of teachers employed? The number of months in the year the school is kept open?

Such queries have generally been answered at our February meetings. For the answers to such, when published, may have the effect of stirring up some brethren as well as churches to greater diligence. Where churches cannot conveniently send Messengers, the next best thing they can do is to send letters containing the desired information, addressed to Bro. R. Royce, Everton P. O., C. W.

Although Messengers only are mentioned in the above, yet we would take it upon us,

in the name and on behalf of the Disciples in Eramosa, to extend a very cordial invitation to all the brethren, including the sisters, in Canada, to meet with us on the above mentioned occasion.

JAMES KILOOUR.

JUNE MEETING.

Applications from a few of the Churches, for the June Meeting for 1864, to be held in their respective localities, have been sent into us. Some Churches that we have heard from that decided to apply for the meeting, failed to send forward their request; yet when coming to a decision we took into consideration the claims of all such. We have decided that the June Meeting for 1864 will be held with the Church in ERIN, and trust that the Brethren generally throughout the Province will come up in great numbers to said meeting, to receive a warm, fraternal reception in the Lord.

JAS. BLACK,
A. ANDERSON,
JAS. KILOOUR.

Brethren by all means remember the February meetings. Bro. Black has made an appeal to you. It ought to have been inserted last month, but came too late. Oh! Brethren, if you knew how many hearts were anxious to hear the Gospel—how many churches long to be reviewed, and how much good might be done by an effort of the right kind to meet even the many macedonian calls. We think you would not be behind in your contribution. Much has been done already by you, but this seems really to show us that we are engaged in a great work, an honorable work, a heavenly work and that we ought to engage in it heart and soul. If nothing had been done, we might despond, but no, everything seems to say, "work while it is called to-day—the harvest is plenteous and the labourers few." The co-operation will lay out every dollar economically, and always render a strict account. And until every Church can send out an Evangelist, we need such a co-operation. Due notice will be given of the time and place of the February meeting,

APPEAL.

Having been requested to ascertain the amount that will be paid by the different churches co-operating for the support of Evangelists for the ensuing year. I have preferred the plan of addressing you through this circular, to that of making a call in person as saving much expense. I trust, beloved brethren, that the cause of Christ lies so near your hearts that but little needs to be said in order to induce you to contribute for that object, which, of all others, has the greatest bearing upon the eternal destiny of the human race—the preaching of the Gospel of God's dear Son in its pure apostolic simplicity, at a time when superstition and infidelity are waging a fierce war upon each other; at a time when sectarianism is stretching every wide-spreading sail for the rapid progress of its gaudy and many colored vessels laden with myriads of responsible souls destined for the eternal judgment; at a time when, in the Providence of God, a door wide and effectual is being opened in so many parts of our country for the introduction of the ancient order of things; at a time when the labours of the Evangelists employed are crowned with such great success, we feel sure, beloved brethren, that no consideration will lead you to withhold your wonted support; nay, that you will, in many neighbourhoods, try to double, if possible, your contributions, that more labourers may be sent to reap the fields already white for the harvest.

Without any delay ascertain in each congregation what amount may be depended on for another year, and send word to Robert Royce, Esq., Treasurer, or John Stewart, Secretary, both at Everton P. O.

Do not forget to come to our Co-operation meeting at Everton, in February, and help to add to the interest of the meeting. We want the statistics of all the churches, and when a messenger cannot be sent, let us hear by letter.

JAMES BLACK,
Rockwood P. O.

Nov. 16, 1863.

NEBUCHADNEZZER.

I see from the October *Adviser* that Bro. SIMON PETER is *compelled* by the *generous* Conductors to spare me, in consequence of my being an *old* veteran, on my reply to Barnabas on Daniel's Chronology, 1st and 2nd Chapters. By comparing Jeremiah xxv. 1st verse, with Daniel i. chap. 1st verse, commentators conclude that Nebuchadnezzar

must have reigned along with his father about two years before he reigned alone, and that that furnishes the key to solve the difficulty. See Scott, Adam Clarke, Doddridge. I have no difficulty to account for such discrepancies.

JAMES BLOAK.

A communication from Bro. Loos justifies me in stating that it is his intention to visit our Province next July. Dorchester, Eramosa, Erin and Toronto, (and Oshawa or Bowmanville if time permitted), were the points named for him to visit last July. If there be no alteration needed in the programme, we must give Bro. Loos timely notice of the day upon which he will be expected in each place; and a notice should be inserted in the *Adviser* and *Banner of the Faith*, so that the brotherhood would be duly-informed.

L.

To A. H., Welland. Thank you. Money received. *Advisers* ordered. Tracts mailed. Hope the *Advisers* are sent right now. If not please let us know.

L.

To C. S. Money received. Books sent. Letter mailed.

L.

To Bro. Black. The obituary you sent for the October number was mislaid, can you furnish another one.

L.

Will Brethren Black and Parkinson please send the matter they furnish for the *Adviser* direct to Norris Black, Toronto. This arrangement will facilitate matters considerably with regard to Bro. B.

K. & L.

It is our purpose to issue the *Adviser* early in the month, hence, all matter intended for its pages, should reach the office during the previous month.

CONDUCTORS.

THE ADVISER.

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