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## THE SABBATH AND THE SANCTUARY.

BY REV. R. MONTEITH, PRINCE ALBERT, C. W.

An important question connected with the Sabbath has reference to the extent of its obligation. Was the law which inculcated a weekly rest, intended to apply to mankind generally? or merely to the Jewish nation? There are some who espouse the latter view; chiefly on this account, that the fourth commandment contained in the decalogue was given to the Jewish nation alone. But this reasoning is very inconclusive as appears obvious from the following considerations. Is it not recorded in sacred history, that God appointed a weekly rest *immediately after the work of creation?* "and on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made; and God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it."—Gen. ii. 2, 3. This phraseology is plain enough, and it ought to convince any mind, that God's appointment in reference to the Sabbath long preceded the existence of the Jews, and dated indeed from the existence of man. The Saviour undoubtedly meant the same thing, when he said, "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath;" if the Sabbath had been made for the Jews alone, the Saviour would have used words to that effect; but no, he said, "the Sabbath was made for man," for the benefit of mankind, for the advantage of the whole species, implying of course, that the Sabbath was coeval with the first man, and that all who derived existence through him were bound to observe it. But again the law of God in reference to the Sabbath constituted part of the moral code, which was suited and meant for the race at large. Not so with the civil, or the ritual code: many of the laws connected with these codes were applicable to any but the Jewish nation; take for example the law of inheritance, or the law of the passover, which bore upon the Jews as a peculiar people. But as to the laws of the moral code—usually called the ten commandments—they have surely no national peculiarity: the second commandment which forbids image-worship, is

binding on Gentiles as much as on Jews; and so is the third commandment, which forbids blaspheming; and so is the sixth commandment, which forbids murder; and so is the eighth commandment, which forbids stealing; indeed, with the single exception of the fourth commandment, the whole decalogue is binding on all men. But wherefore except the fourth commandment? is there anything about it to make it an exception? I trow not; and the fact of its being in the heart of the decalogue seems of itself to warrant the conclusion, that unless its neighbours have a limited reference, no limitation should be put upon it; which is just to say, that Sabbath observance is binding on all men. The reader should also carefully notice the reasons which are annexed to the fourth commandment. "for in six days the Lord made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it;" Ex. xx. 11. Now, where is there anything, in these reasons, which bears on the peculiar circumstances of the Jews, and stamps the Sabbath as a Jewish institution? When the Jews were instructed to keep the passover, a national reason was properly annexed, "ye shall say, it is the Lord's passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses;" Ex. xii. 29. And so in connection with the feast of tabernacles, "that your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt;" Lev. xxiii. 43. But the reasons assigned for Sabbath observance have reference to mankind without distinction; the making of the world in six days, and the resting of God on the seventh day, do not these considerations bear upon Gentiles, and just as strongly as they do upon Jews? and yet they are annexed to the fourth commandment for the very purpose, of making it imperative; placing it out of fair contradiction, that if Sabbath observance

ance is binding upon one nation, it is binding upon all.

The question, however, may be put here, is there any use in the preceding reasoning, unless the original Sabbath be adhered to? And this may be answered very easily. The change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day neither lessens the weight of obligation, nor affects the number on whom it falls: the relative proportion of labour and rest remains now as it did before: we have six days of labour and one day of rest; and the only conclusion we can draw from the change is, to own that God has magnified his claim to a weekly day of holy rest. Obviously so. When his Son, on the first day of the week, was brought forth from the power of the grave, did he not rest from a greater work than the work of creation? yes, "'twas great to speak a world from nought, but greater to redeem;" and the work from which he then rested had no merely national reference; it had reference to the Gentile as well as the Jew, to those that were afar off, as well as to those that were nigh; so that if it was worthy of being commemorated, it was worthy of being commemorated by all, even down to the end of time. No wonder then that, before ascending on high, the Saviour sanctified the first day of the week; no wonder that his followers and friends regularly rested the same day; no wonder that in all parts of the Christian world the day is honoured by his people still. And the same practice will be reckoned imperative by all who are awed by supreme authority, and wish to be guided by supreme example.

In reference to the manner of observing the Sabbath, it will not be needful to say much. From the well-known meaning of the term Sabbath, the conclusion is obvious, that the day should be kept as a day of rest; hence the express words of Jehovah, "in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger, that is within thy gates." To this, of course, there are some exceptions—as in works of necessity and mercy. The Saviour himself expressly taught so; for he said to the Pharisees, "what man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath-day, will he not lay

hold on it, and lift it out? how much then is a man better than a sheep? wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days; and he said to the man with the withered hand, stretch forth thine hand; and he stretched it forth; and it was restored whole, like as the other;" Matt. xii. 11-18. Similar cases might be easily multiplied; as when property is overtaken by fire, when human life is exposed to danger, when a corpse requires to be speedily interred, when vessels are away out on the ocean; in these or in any similar cases, work is allowable, or perhaps imperative, even on the Sabbath. But in ordinary circumstances it ought to be otherwise: if the Sabbath be kept as its name suggests, shops will be closed, farm and mechanical work will be stopped, all the engagements of the world will be desisted from, and even most of domestic operations will be left off. It is not enough, however, that labour be suspended: there ought to be also a suspension of recreation; the Sabbath should not be kept as a holiday, but rather as a holy day; and if so, amusements and sports, of whatsoever kind, require for the time to be given up, and so with unnecessary travel; the man who converts a part of the Sabbath to the mere purpose of animal enjoyment, or in order to indulge in social gossip, must be charged with the guilt of Sabbath profanation, because he is turning sacred into common, and setting aside the divine interdiction, "not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words."

Passing, however, from negative matters, it is needful to notice matters positive. And surely for the right observance of the Sabbath, it is requisite to engage in religious reading. This will embrace the reading of the Scriptures. I have no intention of saying to any one, that the Scriptures may be neglected on the other days: no; it were well for all classes of men if a portion of them were read daily. But they ought to be read particularly on the Sabbath; the leisure and the quiet connected with the day, afford exceedingly fine opportunity, not only for reading them at some length, but with solid advantage; and if such opportunity be turned to account, their interesting stories and their wonderful prophecies, their valuable doctrines and their wise precepts, their whole

contents indeed, will prove a superior mental entertainment, and eminently tend to spiritual good. But there are other kinds of religious reading: have we not biographies of pious people? have we not volumes of sermons and lectures? have we not treatises on Bible subjects, and records of Church history? have we not accounts from missionary fields, and various kinds of ecclesiastical news, and religious tracts? many, if not all of them, worthy of perusal, besides being suited to the nature of the Sabbath; and if these were perused as they ought to be, the best book would be more valued, and he who inculcates a weekly rest would obtain a larger share of honour. But many publications of a different sort are eagerly read on the Sabbath day; such as books of adventure, and ordinary novels, and comical magazines, and all kinds of newspapers; now let any one put the enquiry to himself, are these befitting the claims of the Sabbath? to confine the question only to newspapers, are these befitting the claims of the Sabbath; they give us accounts of the markets, and of crimes and accidents, and all kinds of political and military movements; they advertise fairs and sales of stock, and offers of dry goods, and the sailing of steamers, &c.; they contain fictitious stories, and bits of humour, and fashions for the season; all of them useful or good enough in reference to working days, but O, how unsuitable to the Sabbath day! If such reading be commendable that day, why not advise at the same time that the farmer should engage in ploughing, that the merchant should open his store, that tradesmen and mechanics should pursue their callings, that all manufactures should be set to work, that every business, in short, should be carried on as on the other days? But some, perhaps, will be ready to say, that besides the reading now reprehended, they do not overlook religious reading. And yet I am forced to ask in reply, is it hinted anywhere in the sacred writings, that part of the Sabbath may be kept common, if the rest be kept holy? is it not clear from the nature of the case, that the Sabbath, if a holy day at all, should be viewed as holy in every part of it? and if so, no reading whatsoever should be engaged in that would run counter to its holy character, or hurt the effect of its suitable engagements.

And religious publications obtain so largely (besides the Bible being easy of purchase) that scarcely a single individual among us can lack appropriate reading matter for filling up the Lord's day.

But good as religious reading is, there is something better; there is gospel hearing. Is it not apparent from sacred history, is it not apparent from all past experience, that the public exhibition of the mind of God has availed more than anything else, in turning sinners from the error of their ways, and in preparing saints for the paradise above? Think, for example, of the three thousand who were made believers on the day of Pentecost, were not they converted by the preaching of Christ? And what but the same instrumentality brought about similar results throughout the whole of the apostolic age—in Asia, or in Europe, or anywhere else? Yes, and at every later intervening period, the oral announcement of the way of salvation has proved the prevailing means of conversion. While the great mass of the people of God, whether in ancient or modern times, would willingly affirm, that they owe it mainly to the same agency, that their every element of Christian character was helped forward, and that they themselves were ripened for glory. Hence the propriety of an old declaration, "the Spirit of God maketh the reading, but especially the preaching of the word, an effectual means of convincing and converting sinners, and of building them up in holiness and comfort, through faith unto salvation."

And yet it is a very dismal fact, that many who have access to the preached gospel refuse to avail themselves of the privilege. Yes, offered though they are a welcome to the sanctuary, they will not enter there. I might ask such, if all others were to follow your example, would not places of worship be rendered unnecessary? would not all preaching be a beating of the air? whereas in the last commission of the Saviour we find him saying, "go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel unto every creature"—making the deduction a fair one, that those who can hear the preaching of the gospel ought to hear it. Besides, it is well worthy of notice, that in places where God's will is unfolded, his presence and his blessing are particularly promised; to this effect are the following

words, "the Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob," "for the Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation; this is my rest for ever, here will I dwell, for I have desired it;" Ps. lxxvii. 2; cxxxii. 13, 14. If, then, he avowedly prefers the sanctuary, is it not a token of self-willed folly, aye, and of great daring, to stay away systematically from it! There are many, however, who are less reprehensible, although they are not by any means guiltless: they make an occasional appearance in the sanctuary; but their presence in it is rarer than their absence; or at least their presence is utterly irregular; and with no material barriers in their way, in summer as well as in winter weather, they have some phantom to keep them away, and virtually say, "I pray thee have me excused." Now if any such are among my readers, let me reason with them for a moment or two. You enjoy a privilege of no little value, in having access to the courts of the sanctuary: think of the lessons that are taught there—the lessons that have reference to the great salvation; for although we proclaim the Word generally, we dwell especially on the gladdening announcement, "that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief." How many millions of your fellow-creatures have no access to such a message! but *you* have access to it, frequent access, and to all the lessons that are taught in the sanctuary; aye, and when some are beset with imminent peril, you "sit under your vine and under your fig tree, none making you afraid." Why then be so blind to your best interests, as either to remain away from the sanctuary, or to make your appearance in it but seldom? "See that ye forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." It is surely a sound and just principle, that "to whom much is given, of them shall the more be required;" but very much has been given to you when, besides having got the Bible in your homes, you may hear it expounded so often in the sanctuary. Meditating, then, on the judgment to come, be careful to wait on the preaching of the Word, "for if the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward, how shall you escape if you neglect the great salvation?"

It is matter of very devout gratitude that, in numerous quarters throughout Christendom, a large improvement has taken place in this respect. The United States afford an illustration; and so does the north of Ireland; and so do various localities in Scotland, and England, and Wales; not to speak of other countries connected with Europe. We have it on the most incontestible authority, that in all these places the sanctuary is better attended now than it was but a few years, or even months, ago; so much so that, in not a few cases, hundreds can be reckoned instead of scores, and thousands instead of hundreds. Nor is this change confined to the Sabbath; on week days, as well as on the Lord's Day, great numbers of once irreligious immortals have been led to make their appearance in the sanctuary, and are now surrendering an earnest ear to the things which concern their eternal peace. It is worthy of special notice too, that such flockings to the preaching of the Word are not to be found in the sanctuary only: they obtain in other places than the sanctuary; public greens and open streets, river-sides and shaded parks, besides lecture-rooms and musical halls, have all been turned to good account for holding forth the Word of Life, and in all of them multitudes have gathered to hear. Nor have these gatherings proved ineffectual; O no! the word has very mightily prevailed; though exhibited with much simplicity, and in some cases with uncouthness, it has wrought (through the agency of the Holy Spirit) what we may call Pentecostal wonders: wicked hearts have been made to quiver; careless ones have become concerned; many a one has literally cried out, "what must I do to be saved?" pride has been humbled, scoffing has turned reverent, infidelity itself has changed into faith; vice and irreligion, of every name, have given way for the beauties of holiness; and in place of deep apprehension and despair, which had got possession of the mind for a time, there is now experienced "the peace of God that passeth understanding," or "a joy unspeakable and full of glory"—while those who have passed through such like changes are now swelling with sincerest gratitude because they were brought to listen to the gospel.

We are therefore entitled, on the best of

grounds, to invite all to the preaching of the gospel. Even putting out of view the good it has wrought, might we not appeal hopefully enough to the nature of the lessons which it sets forth? They are surely equal to any other lessons; aye, and vastly superior. We would not undervalue other lessons: science and philosophy, agriculture and commerce, adventure and history, have all an indefinite variety of interesting lessons; and when these are unfolded in the lecture-room, we award credit to our thinking population when they make arrangements to hear them. But is gospel-preaching destitute of interest? or rather, is it not of the very highest interest? let the gifts of the preacher be ever so slender, let his mode of address be ever so humble, if he calls attention to the need of a Saviour, or dwells on the all-sufficiency of the Cross, or unfolds the advantage of a justified state, or speaks of the happiness of heaven, if indeed he employs for oral illustration any of the great themes of the Bible, he comes with a message sufficiently alluring, and well may reiterate the old announcement, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." How many who had once the privilege referred to have ultimately rued the wilful neglect of it! when forced to grapple with the King of terrors, perhaps away on the bosom of the deep, or far back among the woods, or it might be in the heart of a city or village, they have sighed over their misspent Sabbaths, and their systematic absence from the house of God, with no consolation to cheer their spirits, and no hope of happiness before them. Let church non-goers profit by this: while the doors of the sanctuary invite them there, let them take the invitation, and hear words whereby they may be saved: "The Spirit and the bride say, come, and let him that heareth say, come;" "hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not;" "blessed is the people that know the joyful sound."

And let all who regularly go to the sanctuary remember their great duty there. Mere hearing is not enough, even when the mind is awake, and assent is given. It is only when the heart is opened, and we receive with meekness the engrafted word, that we get the benefit intended by the sanctuary, and taste prelibations of the paradise above. How can the sight of an ordinary meal nourish the body or preserve

life! how can the presence of appropriate medicine restore health or lessen disease! the meal and the medicine must be severally taken, that any good may be reaped from them. And so it is with the lessons of the sanctuary: "he that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." O that every hearer of the word were induced to embrace its precious discoveries, saying with an humble and glowing heart, "Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief;" he would then redouble his attachment to the sanctuary; and the Psalmist's words would be often on his lips, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord; a day in thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

### SLANDER.

A venerable old man says: Let The slanderer take comfort—it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones.

The old man is right. Who ever saw thieves throw stones at the birch, maple, or elm tree? The more fruit the tree bears, and the richer it is, the more it is likely to attract the attention of the thief.

No man that tries to do his duty to his fellows, and endeavours to live to bear the fruits of true religion in his daily conduct, can for a moment suppose that he will pass along through life without being slandered more or less. Such a man will of necessity have some enemies; and these enemies will try in every way to injure him, and among others, they will not be slow in stirring up the polluted waters of defamation and slander. A man who has no enemies is merely a milk-and-water nothing. We would not give three figs for such a man. He who is anything, who makes his mark in the world, who does good, will have enemies; and if he have them, he will be sure to be slandered. Let him, then, be comforted in the reflection of the venerable man quoted above—"It is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones."

*Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.—Matt. v. 11.*

## On the Death of Prince Albert.

BY REV. R. F. BURNS, ST. CATHARINES.

(Extract from Discourse on 1 Cor. vii, 29-31.)

The words on which we have been commenting, acquire a fresh vividness and force from that melancholy event which has filled two continents with mourning—and which can excite but one feeling of sympathy and regret—wherever real excellence is esteemed. In the illustrious Prince, whose demise we so deeply deplore, “the fashion of this world” found its most attractive embodiment. Riches and honor—all those elements, in short, which we have noted, and others more excellent by far—met in him. A nation’s hopes hung on him. The affections of the best of sovereigns centred in him. Most auspicious was the day, more than one and twenty years since, when those two loving hearts, like two bright summer clouds floated into one.

The year that is gone will be ever memorable in the domestic annals of our much loved Queen. For upwards of twenty years not a speck appeared to dim her horizon. That year opened upon her bright as any, but it was destined to bring two dark clouds, one near its commencement—the other near its close.

To lose a mother who had watched over her with singular prudence, tenderness, and fidelity, when, a helpless babe, she was deprived of a father’s care, till, into her youthful hands was placed the sceptre of the mightiest nation of the world, seemed less enough. But a second arrow from the quiver of the remorseless rider on the pale horse, must speed its way to the palace and find, if it were possible, a costlier victim. The very season, too, when joy is anticipated, when family re-unions are looked forward to—when it is felt to be meet that we make merry and be glad, was selected for this royal sacrifice. To

have the palace draped in sackcloth and the nation in tears at such a time! At a crisis too when such a faithful counsellor was needed!

It seems but as yesterday since the bells rung out their merry chimes to proclaim the marriage—and now we catch the echo of the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul’s, as, on that night much to be remembered, it announced to the startled millions of the world’s metropolis, that Prince Albert was no more. In the midst of his days! in the maturity of his powers, when a widening sphere of usefulness was being opened to him, and the hope was entertained that, under his skilful supervision, the International gathering of ’62 would cast into the shade the glories of ’51; when his children were growing up around him and shewing the fruit of his judicious care and sedulous culture, and when many philanthropic and patriotic institutions were receiving the benefit of his sagacious counsel and liberal countenance. Even then, when, to human appearance he could ill be spared, he has been snatched away, and we have mournfully to exclaim with the weeping Prophet—“He hath given up the ghost—his sun hath gone down when it was yet day.”

“It was too soon to die.

Yet, might we count his years by triumphs won  
By wise and good and Christian duties done,  
It were no brief eventless history.

This was his princely thought

With all his varied wisdom to repay  
Our trust and love which on that Bridal Day  
The Daughter of the Isles for dowry brought

For that he loved our Queen,

And, for her sake, the people of her love,  
Few and far distant names shall rank above  
His own, where England’s cherished names are  
seen.

Could there be closer tie

Twixt us, who sorrowing own a nation’s debt  
And Her, our own dear Lady, who as yet  
Must meet her sudden woe with tearless eye?

When with a kind relief

Those eyes rain tears, Oh might this thought  
employ,  
Him whom she loved we loved. We shared her  
joy.

And will not be denied to share her grief.

He being dead yet speaketh. From the magnificent mausoleum under the shadow of his Windsor Home, the voice says cry—“All flesh is grass and all the glory of man as the flower of the field—the grass withereth—the flower fadeth.” Riches with splendid honors joined what are they to you royal sleeper! Of what avail all his titles and distinctions! Less than nothing and vanity. Envy not the high and the mighty. Exalted rank but increases death's humiliation. The descent from the Throne to the Grave is just the more deep and terrible. “Put not your trust in princes, in whom there is no help.” “His breath goeth forth—he returneth to his earth—in that very day, his thoughts perish.” Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes. He is the Prince of the kings of the earth, and the dominion of the earth belongs to Him. In his hands the mightiest prince is powerless. He bringeth the princes to nothing. He shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither. Beside the grave of Albert, learn also the absolute certainty of the final conflict with that foe we dread. “The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death.” That enemy every one of us must face. Could money have bribed, or skill have baffled him.” Could he have been induced to forbear striking from regard to royal honors, the melting appeals of the highest and lowest in the land, or a nation's prayers, Victoria would not have been, to-day, a widow. Could a bright galaxy of virtues have secured exemption, Britain would not have been a Bochim.—The first faint streaks of peaceful Sabbath morn would not have streamed through you palace window, on those noble features fixed in death.

“But there is no discharge in that war.” Prince and peasant alike must enter the lists and engage in this conflict. Of what

avail the unremitting attentions of faithful nurses, and the best prescriptions and services of Court Physicians when it is appointed to their illustrious patient once to die.

And, sooner or later, we must receive the same summons. With each “heaving of the lungs—with each working of the eye-lash”—with each beating of this pulse—with each movement of that pendulum, we are all “marching with the intermingled tramp of manhood's heavy foot, and the patter of childhood's footfall,” to the same inevitable bourne. We would like to have attempted a delineation of the character of the deceased—to have sketched his student life amid the Academic groves of Bonn, and his modest manly bearing when he emerged from the retirement of his study on the banks of the Rhine, and the comparative obscurity of a petty German principality, to occupy the dizzy pinnacle which Providence had allotted him.

We would like to have dwelt on his many excellencies, for unlike many princes he has left behind him a stainless name—a reputation that will be ever dear to Britons. It would be pleasant to notice his instinctive appreciation of the peculiarities of his position, and the singular tact and taste with which duties the most delicate and difficult were discharged.

It would be pleasant to speak of his well accredited partiality for plain-pointed Gospel preaching; of the admirable selection he made of an inscription for the splendid facade for the Royal Exchange; of the exquisitely carved statue by a French Protestant artist, of the pious young Edward II., pointing with his sceptre to these words in an open Bible—“Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord,” &c., a statue which stood in a prominent niche at Windsor, and was designed to read a constant lesson, and

represent his anxious father's model to our future king. But we forbear. Nor can we advert to the grief which the retirement of Osborne conceals.

"The owner of a beautiful estate on the margin of a Scottish river was conducting a visitor through the parks and groves which surrounded his mansion." At a bend in the path a lofty beech tree suddenly hove in sight, wanting one hemisphere of its once stately and symmetrical head.—Half way up the straight, smooth, glossy stem, it had in its youth parted into two equal lengths. These two had grown long together, and together, in parallel lines, had shot far upward in the sky. Each filled its own side with branches, and both locked in a perennial embrace, constituted one goodly sphere, proudly waving in the wind or sweetly glittering in the sunshine as the changing seasons went and came.—In the last winter's latest fiercest blast, one of these twin boughs had been rent off.—It had fallen to the ground and been carried all away. The splintered rent whence the storm had wrenched it stared upon the passenger, telling all too plainly its tale of woe, and the survivor seemed a stricken, widowed thing."

In that rent-stricken, lovely tree, I see the emblem of our beloved Queen. Bereft of a doating mother, and now of a faithful husband with her oldest son removed from under the parental roof, and her oldest daughter unable, from illness, to hasten to her side; with her second son mid perils of waters, and a third, a tender plant, compelled to seek, during the inclemency of winter, the more genial sun of Southern France, (losing, too, at the very time he was made fatherless, the guardian who had accompanied him thither,) our Queen is a widow indeed and desolate. If sympathy the most sincere can do anything to heal her wounded spirit, it will flow in on her from all quarters. Every corner of her

vast dominions—even of the civilized globe—will send its tributary rill, to swell the general tide. Nor will Canadians be found wanting. We will do what in us lies by fresh manifestations of loyalty and love, to soothe her sorrows. We will remember her specially when we speak in the ear of the King of kings, who has promised to be the widows' stay and the orphans' shield.

"Lord heal her bleeding heart,  
Assuage its grievous smart,  
Thy heavenly peace impart,  
God save the Queen!

Our Royal widow bless!  
God guard the fatherless!  
God save the Queen!  
Shield them with loving care,  
Their mighty grief we share,  
Lord, hear the people's prayer,  
God save the Queen!

In this our Nation's need,  
With thee we humbly plead!  
God bless our Queen!  
Her life-woe sanctify,  
Her loss untold supply,  
Thyself be ever nigh  
To save our Queen."

"There is a great Gulf Fixed."

LUKE XVI. 26.

These are the words of Jesus. Never man spake like this man. How calmly he utters truth—how clearly he reveals the unseen—and how familiar with the things of which he speaks. He draws aside, in this parable, the curtain that conceals the world of spirits; he bids us look, and we see eternity peopled with two classes of men; he bids us hearken, and we hear Abraham, as he speaks across the gulf which separates the guilty and the godless from glory and from God. He points to the righteous and the wicked, in sight of each other, but between them a great gulf, fixed and impassible.

Reader, these things greatly concern you. You are hastening to this eternity; you will soon be there. *Where?* On which side of the gulf? Have you ever prayerfully asked, "*What is the gulf?—when and where has it existence?*" Of sinners, some, as saved and separated from sin, are with God, in the company of Abraham and Lazarus, and such like; others as dying in their sins, are afar off from God, with Devils and Devils. Between these two companies yawns the dark abyss of separation.

This gulf which separates lost men from God, cannot be conceived of in a material way, as if it were a separation by an interval of space. No! God is everywhere, even from hell he is not absent, as the living God, the eternal Judge! "If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there." No small part of the miseries of the damned arises from the consciousness of being afar off from God, who yet is near, awfully near, as a consuming fire. Sin is separation from God. Sin is that gulf. Wherever sin is found, it forms a gulf of separation from God. Men living in sin, *live* with a gulf of separation between them and God; and dying in sin, the great gulf becomes the gulf *fixed*. Sinner that great gulf is with you, *within* you. You are separated from God by the gulf of your unholy nature—by your love of sin—and by the enmity to God which sprang from that nature.

Thus is it with you, as unrenewed; and because it is so, is there gone forth a sentence of banishment by the righteous God. How great a gulf—how profound an abyss! Canst thou measure the depths of evil—the height of God's holiness—the extent of that law which is exceeding broad?—And see! how the distance increases, how continuously the gulf widens, and deepens, and fixes! Every sin adds to the interval. Born as a sinner on the farther side of the gulf, every sin has been a further separation from your God. Cast off from God; how rapid and ready the moral and spiritual progress evil-ward, down-ward, hell-ward. Are you not conscious of it? Like a star shot from its sphere, with what velocity you travel, and how resistlessly! So with all men in their separation from God—onward, downward; who shall arrest?—who shall recall?—who shall bind again to God? None but he who can bind Pleiades and guide Arcturus. None but he whose name is Immanuel—"who was manifested to destroy the works of the devil."

Do you ask *where* is this gulf? Jesus answers, where sin is. Sin's nature is not changed by time or place; what it shall be in eternity, that it is now in time. Death does not divide sinful men from God—it only *reveals* the separation already existing. Death opens up no new gulf between God and the soul; it only brings unsaved men to the full consciousness, and to the fearful

realities of that gulf already formed. Un-saved brother, avert your thoughts from the conception of any gulf in the future between your soul and God. The gulf exists *now*; now it extends around you, as unsaved man, unholy in your nature, evil in your works, and guilty before God. Now it shuts you out from God. *This* is the gulf which you ought to dread—the true gulf of moral and spiritual character. You would not say that you are like God—that you are nigh to God—that you are, with the life of your soul, your soul, your *true* life hid with Christ in God! What then! dare to realize truth! Your gulf is before you, around you, on every side, as without God and without hope in the world; and unless you cross it and that speedily, it will yawn a dread abyss between you and God in eternity.

But see, reader, the gulf is bridged!—There is a ladder let down from heaven, that reaches to earth. The holy One, "made of a woman, made under the law," hath appeared on *this* side of the gulf.—He became for a season "as made sin," separated from God, and by his *obedience* and *blood* he hath bridged the gulf, and now the arch spans the void between earth and heaven. Springing on the one side from the Godhead of the Eternal, and on the other from the cradle at Bethlehem, the living arch appears—the wonder of angels—the glory of God—the new and living way consecrated for us back to glory and to God. Hear Him who *built* it and who *is* it, as he cries, "It is finished!" What is finished? The new way—the way for God's banished—the way across the gulf between sinners and God. Yet look again, the arch reaches *only* to earth. In eternity it yawns a bridgless abyss—a gulf fixed. For the *place* is passed by, *where* the sinner might have crossed, and the *season* gone, allotted for his return,

In eternity *all* is fixed. God remains the same; he hath forgotten to be gracious; his mercy then is clean gone forever. And the sinner remains the same; his character is unchangeable; the gulf is *fixed*. The damned for a moment may cease from wailing as they listen in vain for hope and help. No sound is heard through the gloom of the place of torment, but the voice of the "Watcher and an Holy One," crying, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and

the responsive cries of fiery consciences, saying, *Amen—ever—for ever!—never—* while across the great gulf, fixed, impassable, are borne the sounds and symphonies of Heaven, as they sing, "Alleluia! To Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

Stand, therefore, sinner, stand, and let me ask thee, at the threshold of another year, where art thou!—on which side of the gulf? Hast thou as yet crossed it? Art thou brought nigh to God?—or does a great gulf of separation still lie between? What if with the year gone, *thy* time for crossing the gulf should have passed away!—what if the year passed should prove to have been the year of *thy* visitation!—Arouse thee, man! eternity is no trifle—banishment from God, no old wives' fable! Dives doubts no more! Let it be thy first duty to get across the gulf by the way Jesus; let this year, 1862, be *thy* year of grace. Behold, the way is before thee. Hasten, the time for crossing, and the place will soon be beyond thy reach; and so thou wilt not be left in eternity in horrible remorse, to see and say, I might have crossed the gulf and been with God, but *now* between me and God, and hope and heaven, a great gulf is *fixed*, for ever!—*Rev. H. M. Williamson, Huntly.*

#### THE LITTLE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

At a tract meeting, held some years ago, in one of the metropolitan districts, the following remarkable and affecting incident, which occurred in that district, was related.

A tract distributor, who was generally most attentive to his duty, allowed himself to be detained at home one Sabbath afternoon, on account of the excessive rain.

When his little daughter returned from the Sabbath-school, she saw his bundle of tracts lying upon the table, and immediately inquired—

"Father, haven't you been with your tracts?"

"No, my dear."

"Are you not going with them, father?"

"Not to-day, my dear. It is *so very* wet."

"O, father, let *me* go with them. I have got my bonnet on, and I shall soon take them round."

"No, no! It's too wet for any one to go this afternoon. We must stay at home, my dear."

The child, however, was very urgent with her father. She thought it would be such a pity for the poor people to be disappointed of their tracts, and she would take great care

not to get wet. At last he gave his consent, and away she started with the tracts.

She came to one house where there was no response to her knock; but she waited patiently for a minute or two, and knocked again. Still no reply. The rain was coming down fast, and the afternoon was particularly gloomy. There were many reasons why she should leave that house and go to the next. But, perhaps, the person belonging to the house was taking a short nap, or had gone upstairs to dress. So she knocked again, much louder than before. Then she thought she heard somebody moving about; and, after another knock, the door was opened, and a respectably-dressed, but unhappy-looking woman, took in the tract.

The child finished the round, and went home. On the next Sabbath, when the father came to the house where his little daughter had been kept so long, the same woman appeared, but with a countenance very different from that which she wore on the previous Sabbath.

"Who was that dear child," she said, "that brought me the tracts last Sunday?"

"My little daughter. I wasn't inclined to come myself, because it was so very wet. But when she came from the Sunday-school, and found that I had not gone with the tracts, she begged very hard to take them for me. And I have really felt quite ashamed ever since, that I allowed the wet to keep me at home, seeing that my little girl was not afraid of it."

"Well!" said the woman, "I shall have to bless God to all eternity that that child ever brought the tracts round last Sunday. I have been in a very bad way for a long time, and had got so low that I felt as if I could not bear to live any longer. And last Sunday afternoon, I went upstairs, determined to destroy myself. I had fastened a rope round the bed-post, had made a noose in it, and was just slipping it round my neck, when your little daughter knocked at the door. I did not know who it was, but thought I would wait until the person had gone away. She knocked several times. Then I thought it would be better to go down to see who it was, and afterwards come back and complete my wickedness. When I found that it was nothing but the change of tracts, I felt very angry. But your dear little girl handed in the tract with *such a loving look*, that I was obliged to take it; and God made that tract the means of turning me from my wicked purposes, and of dispelling all my gloom and doubts. It led me to Christ. And now I am happy in His love, and rejoice that God has spared my life."

## THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

Mr. Perkins and his wife were Universalists. When they sold their place in Sedgville, and moved to Clifton, it was a source of regret to Mrs. P. that there was no meeting of their own denomination in their new home. Her husband had not troubled himself to inquire about it before purchasing the farm at C——, as he cared very little for any Sabbath services. His wife, however, was religiously inclined, and though she had always attended upon that preaching which proclaimed salvation for all, irrespective of character, it was from habit rather than conviction of its truth. So when her only acquaintance at Clifton, Mrs. West, gave her a cordial invitation to go with her to Church, the fact that she would hear Orthodoxy there did not prevent her acceptance.

It is true that the doctrines which she now heard for the first time startled her by their novelty. She had always been taught that a fair external morality was all that a merciful God required of his creatures; but now she was shown, both from Scripture and philosophy of the human mind, the absolute necessity of a change of heart; and it did not take her long to see that she was walking steadily in the broad way "which leadeth to destruction." She found her heart opposed to the law and the holiness of God; and averse to the humbling doctrines of the Cross. She knew that she had never repented of sin, or received Christ as her Saviour, and when she now heard the declaration of Jesus, "He that believeth not is condemned already"—"shall not see life"—the wrath of God abideth on him," she felt that she was a lost sinner, and anxiously asked, "What shall I do to be saved?"

It was then that her new friends set before her the glorious plans which infinite wisdom had devised and infinite love executed to save a lost world. The necessity and sufficiency of Christ's death as an atoning sacrifice for sin; the gracious assurance of God's readiness to receive and welcome each returning sinner; the promised help of the Holy Spirit to those who truly and perseveringly seek it, thrilled her heart, and the divine blessing brought her to the Saviour's feet. She saw how that Saviour had loved her, and sought her even in her

sins, and with a penitent and grateful heart she trusted herself to his outstretched arm of mercy, and felt herself his for time and for eternity.

Great was Mr. Perkins' wrath when he heard that his wife had become a Christian. It was at the market where he had carried the produce of his farm, that an upgodly man, whose acquaintance he had made, said to him with a sneer, "Don't know as you'll speak to an old sinner like me, now you're getting so good over to your house." "What do you mean?" was the wrathful answer. "Oh nothing—only the pious folks here have been making a saint of your wife—that's all."

The truth of this insinuation flashed upon the husband's quick perception, and stung him deeply. He now remembered to have noticed an unusual depression of spirits in his wife for a day or two previous. He was about to speak to her of it, when she suddenly regained her cheerfulness, and seemed happier than ever. He understood it now, and going home in a terrible passion, accused her of having become a saint and hypocrite: in his eyes the two were synonymous. "Fie on you!" he added, with a fearful imprecation, "you've been to hear those brinstone preachers till you've become as blue as they are. I used to be proud of my wife, but now I'm ashamed of you."

Mrs. Perkins did not return railing for railing. She remembered who had said, "a soft answer turneth away wrath." So she meekly replied, "Do not be displeased, dear husband; I cannot help loving the Saviour who has given his life for me. I am sorry to offend you, but I must not deny the Lord Jesus Christ, or be ashamed of his salvation, for he has said, 'Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father: which is in heaven;' and 'whosoever shall be ashamed of me or my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.'"

Mr. Perkins did not answer his wife; he could not. Her patience and gentleness disarmed his anger, while her frank confession of her faith, and her firm decision to "stand up for Jesus," commanded his respect and reverence. For many weeks he narrowly watched her. She knew that he would judge of her religion by its fruits,

and daily asking help from above, she tried by a cheerful as well as faithful performance of duty, to adorn the Gospel which she professed. Thus did she commend herself to her husband's conscience in the sight of God, and whatever the result to him, she will not lose her reward.—*Congregation-  
alist.*

### Efficacy of the Atonement.

If I had been guilty of all the sins of Adam and Eve, and of all their descendants to this day, yet believing in Christ I should be safe, because his blood cleanseth from all sin.— And in Christ the believer has a better righteousness than that of the angels; theirs is finite, his is infinite; a better righteousness than that of our first parents in paradise; theirs was the righteousness of a creature, and they lost it; this is the righteousness of God, and it is an everlasting righteousness, never to be lost.— It is the righteousness in which the saints stand before God for ever and ever.

When the Holy Spirit takes of these things of Christ, and preaches them to the heart, O what a sweet peace follows! For the believer then finds himself saved from all the miseries of sin, and entitled to all the blessings of eternal glory; and, being thus persuaded of his safety, by believing in the atoning blood of our great High Priest, then the Holy Spirit teaches him how to live upon Christ, and how to make use of Christ's fulness.

On our learning this lesson depends our comfortable walk heavenwards; for Christ does not give us a stock of grace and expect us to improve it by being faithful to grace given. No, no; that is not His way. Our souls must depend upon Him, as our bodies do upon the elements of this world. Every moment we must live by faith upon His fulness, and be every moment receiving out of it grace for grace. And this is our happiness—to have all in Christ. A beggar in myself, but rich with unsearchable, eternal riches in Him. Ignorant still in myself, but led and taught by His unerring wisdom. A sinner still, but believing in His blood and righteousness. Weak and helpless still, but kept by His almighty love. Nothing but sorrow in myself, nothing but joy in Him. O this is a blessed life!

No tongue can tell what a heaven it is thus to live by faith upon the Son of God. Thanks be to Him, I know a little of it; and I cannot but heartily pray that you may know more of it this year than you ever did. Surely I could not have thought, some years ago, that there was such a heaven upon earth as I now find. Blessings for ever on the Lamb! May you find it more and more!—*Romaine.*

### THE TIDE OF GRACE.

Let me now urge on you the advantage and duty of improving to the utmost every season of heavenly visitation. There are seasons more favourable and full of grace than others. In this there is nothing surprising, but much that is in harmony with the common dispensations of Providence. Does not the success of the farmer, seaman, merchant—of men in many other circumstances—chiefly depend on their seizing opportunities which come and go like showers—which flow and ebb like the tides of ocean? The sea is not always full. Twice a day she deserts her shores, and leaves the vessels high and dry upon the beach; so that they who would sail must wait and watch, and take the tide; and larger ships can only get afloat, or, if afloat, get across the bar and into the harbour, when, through a favourable conjunction of celestial influences, the sea swells in stream or spring tides beyond her common bounds. The seaman has his spring-tides; the husbandman has his spring-time, and those showers, and soft winds, and sunny hours, on the prompt and diligent improvement of which the state of the barn and barn-yard depends.

If the season of heavenly visitation be improved, who can tell but it may be with you as with one well known to us. She was a fair enough professor, but had been living a careless, godless, unchristian life. She awoke one morning, and most strange and unaccountably her waking feeling was a strong desire to pray. She wondered. It was early dawn, and what more natural than that she should say there is time enough—meanwhile, “a little more sleep, a little more folding of the hands into sleep?” As she was sinking back again into unconsciousness, suddenly, with the brightness and power of lightning, a thought flashed into her mind, filling her with alarm—this desire may have come from God; this may be the hour of my destiny, this the tide of salvation which, if neglected, may never return. She rose, and flung herself on her knees. The chamber was changed into a Peniel; and when the morning sun looked in at her window, he found her wrestling with God in prayer; and like one from a sepulchre, she came forth that day at the call of Jesus, to follow Him henceforth, and in her future life to walk this world with God.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

A lazy Christian will always want four things—comfort, content, confidence, and assurance. Assurance and joy are chief donatives that Christ gives to laborious Christians only. The lazy Christian has his mouth full of complaints, when the active Christian has his heart full of comforts.

## THE MARVELS OF A SEED.

Have you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is the miracle of miracles. God said, "Let there be plants yielding seed;" and it is further added, "each one after his kind."

The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present, and future generations of seeds were contained one within the other, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what signified all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple-seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest seed of a poppy or a blue-bell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about in the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness!

Consider first their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnaeus, who has been called "the father of botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants, and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle of Geneva described 40,000 kinds of plants, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Well, let me ask you, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after, it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest in the shade.

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century. Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up, and sixty years afterwards,

when his hair is white and his step tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life, and become a young, fresh, and beautiful plant.

M. Jouannet relates that in the year 1836 several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Bergorac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies, there was found a small, square stone or brick with a hole in it, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends who had buried them, perhaps 1500 or 1700 years before. These seeds were carefully sowed by those who found them; and what do you think was seen to spring up from the dust of the dead? beautiful sunflowers, blue corn-flowers, and clover, bearing blossoms as bright and sweet as those which are woven into wreaths by the merry children now playing in our fields.

Some years ago a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt, by the English traveller, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the 4th of June, 1844, and at the end of thirty days these old seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about three thousand years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb.—Gausson.

SELFISHNESS.—"Selfishness always travels towards self. The selfish man says 'I will give nothing to foreign missions, I am in favor of home missions.' Ask him for home missions, he will then be in favor of associational missions. Ask him for this object, and he will be in favor of supporting his pastor. Ask him to support his pastor, and he will refuse, saying he must support his family."—[Biblical Recorder.]

There is nothing that God is so tender of as he is of his glory; and nothing that his heart is so much set upon as his glory; and therefore he will visit his suffering people in a prison, and feast them in a dungeon, transact with them in the fiery furnace, show kindness to them in a lion's den; so that every one may shout and cry, "Grace! unto it."

THE GOOD NEWS.

February 15th, 1862.

What must I do to be Saved?

BY REV. L. M. MILLER, OGDENSBURGH.

No question that we have ever asked is so important and necessary as this. There is not one we can ask, upon which so many solemn consequences rest. It concerns our soul, and mind, and body. It affects our peace upon earth, and our happiness beyond it. It relates to our conduct in this world, and embraces the whole length of eternity, and all that eternity contains. If we never ask this question, we are lost beyond a doubt. And if we do not answer it properly, our case is no better—there is no salvation for us.

This question, my friend, you must personally examine and decide for yourself. It is not safe to commit it to another, because God has made it your own, and because no one else can stand in this enquiring attitude for you. If we have never met with a change of heart, if we have never been truly converted by the renewing power of the Holy Spirit, we are in our sins, and hence, as said the Saviour, are "condemned already," and are rapidly hastening to the ruin and despair of the second death.

What is it to be saved? Men are sinners, and therefore sufferers, and live only to continue in their guilt, and exposure to still greater sufferings yet to come. They are insensible and lost to holiness. Holiness is the image of God, in which they were created, and which by sin they have lost. Men cannot love holiness and lead godly lives in their present sinful condition. "They are carnal," says the Apostle. "To be carnally minded is death." "The carnal mind is at enmity against God—is not subject to the law of God—neither indeed can be." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," receive his love or enjoy his favor. In this condition they are "without God and without hope." They have no right to expect his blessing in this life or the next. They have only a fearful

looking for of judgment before them. To be saved, is to be restored to the condition we have lost—reinstated in the favor of God, and become the heirs of heavenly blessings. It is a deliverance from the guilt and dominion of sin, and hence from the consequences which follow sin and guilt. The salvation of the gospel comprehends the greatest blessings man can receive from God, and a deliverance from the most dreadful evils man can suffer. It assures us of grace that will finally make the nature of man perfect, and his existence happy.

To be saved, then, is to have our sins blot-  
ted out, no matter what may be their number or character. It is to have the guilty sensation taken from our mind, by which our consciences now trouble us, and fears of impending evil oppress. We become reconciled to God, and are adopted into his favor. He regards us not only as if we had never sinned, but as exalted for the Redeemer's sake to a high eminence in heavenly favor and glory.—  
The guilt of sin is removed. The stain of sin is blanch-  
ed away. The slavish power of sin over us is destroyed forever.

The effects of this salvation will immediately be seen in our lives. We will cease to do evil, and learn to do well. We will walk as Christ also walked. We will renounce evil habits, and turn from every false way. We will love and speak the truth, cease from profanity, do good to all men, exercise love and charity to all, and in all respects lead holy and godly lives. We will cherish an abiding sense of our dependence upon God, and looking upward ever feel, "Thou, God, seeest me." We will fear to sin against him, and will not cease to pray unto him. As we go on in life, we will be conscious that God is helping us to love and serve him, is helping us to love and do good to all men every where. And unless we are daily becoming more like our Saviour, and are cherishing more kind feelings and wishes towards our neighbors, and desire to forgive even our enemies, as we hope to be forgiven, we have no reason to believe we are safe, or to think that God is pleased with us.

Thus our salvation begins in a life of love and happiness on earth. When we come to die, we shall be sustained by the presence of

our Saviour, and the sweet assurance of full acceptance beyond the grave. Our souls shall pass directly into a state of glorious enjoyment, never more to die or suffer. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying—neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

In due time our bodies shall be raised again, incorruptible and immortal, and shall be reunited to our souls—so that we, sanctified spirits with heavenly bodies, "fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body," "shall dwell with him upon his throne, kings and priests; unto God forever." There shall we spend eternity in the most noble employments, contemplating the wonderful works of God, and shall enjoy the most perfect fellowship of all who have died in the faith of Christ—the communion of angels—of our blessed Saviour, and of God, "in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures forevermore."

It is no cause of wonder that the Apostle calls this a "*great salvation*." It cost the Son of God his life. He bought it for his people with his blood. "We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

*What must I do to secure this salvation?*  
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." We must look up to Christ as the only Saviour from sin. We must give ourselves up to him, and trust in him for this very thing—our salvation.

Belief in Christ implies more than a mere assent to the proposition that Jesus, who was born in Bethlehem, is the Messiah, the son of God. This, devils believe and tremble. In addition to this assent, we must go to him as sinners, feeling our need of his help—loving him for his love to us—and confiding in him for the supply of our spiritual wants. We receive and rely upon him as the propitiation of our sins. When the mind is troubled from a sense of guilt and the accusations of conscience, and we look for some way of escape from the just displeasure of God. The Saviour says, Come unto me and I will give you rest—leave all else, and submit to be saved by me.

Try to do nothing to save yourself, except to cast your burdens and your care upon me.—When we thus give all our confidence to Christ, and cordially believe in him for our salvation, we are accepted for his sake—his righteousness is imputed to us, and he undertakes to deliver us from the power and the dominion of sin.

In agreement with this view of faith, the Saviour tells us that "To as many as received Christ, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." To receive Christ is to accept him in his character as the ransom of our souls as "the Lord our righteousness."

Here, then, the way of life for every lost sinner, is made plain. Let him rely upon Christ, who redeems us from the curse of the law, by being made a curse for us. Let him lean upon Him, as just the prop he needs.—Let him say, This is the very door of mercy that is suited to my necessity—I will enter it. I choose it, as my only hope. I trust it as the great and glorious way selected of God.—Here I am, my Saviour—I bring nothing with me but my sins. I give myself to Thee—it is all I can do.

This is confiding in Christ for salvation.—This is receiving him and believing on him. In order to be saved, many suppose that we must do some great thing, which shall bear some apparent proportion to the blessings we wish. We are slow to bring our minds "to look to Christ," and to come to him as the prodigal came to his father, feeling we are not worthy to be called his children, and willing to be made as hired servants.

"The just shall live by faith." This is God's highway of salvation. We are to lay aside all our objections to it, and acquiesce in it—renouncing our sins—giving up all dependence upon our works, and submitting to the righteousness which God has provided for our salvation. This was what the penitent jailor did, and he was saved. The Jews refused to do this, and perished in unbelief. And if we do this, we are safe: we shall be saved, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. "He that believeth, shall be saved—and he that believeth not, shall be damned."

*Will we not lay hold of this great salvation? Sinners, hell-deserving and helpless as*

we are, shall we not cry unto this mighty Saviour. Remembering that we can do nothing to merit God's favor, let us ask for it in the name of Christ. Knowing that we cannot buy, let us beg. The gift of God, which is eternal life, is without money and without price.

Learning to renounce ourselves and our works, and depending solely upon what Christ has done and suffered, we shall be found in him as the ground of our acceptance before God. Ask in his name and the Holy Spirit will be given unto us, and shall work in us to do the will of God, and to bring forth the fruits of holiness, which are unto the praise and glory of God. No one can take the place of Christ, and no one can stand for us between Christ and our souls.

Enable us, O Lord! to come to Thee, believing that Thou art able and willing to save to the uttermost all who call upon Thee.—*Here, now,* I devote my life and all my powers to Thy obedience—to make Thee known, and the purposes of Thy glory. I look up to Thee in humble confidence, and my faith and hope rest in Thy everlasting love. AMEN.

### THE STEAMBOAT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"Now my days are swifter than a post; they flee away, they see no good. They are passed away as the swift ships; as the eagle that hasteth to the prey."—Job ix. 25, 26.

Last summer I made an excursion in the department of the Lower Seine, and, after having greatly enjoyed the charming sights which the fields therein, which are so fertile and so well cultivated, present, I sought a new source of pleasure in the appearance of the sea, and followed the steep banks which fringe it from Dieppe to Havre, intending to sail up again afterwards to Rouen on one of the steamboats which ply between these ports.

The morning of the day on which I left Havre was magnificent. The air was balmy, and a bright sun gave all nature an appearance of gaiety and of happiness. It is a maxim with me, that to put off till the

last moment, especially when one is travelling, is the way to be troubled and uneasy. I, therefore, went on board a little before the hour fixed for leaving. The passengers continued to arrive; the bell rang; and before causing the gangway to be removed, the captain raised his voice to urge those who were coming to the vessel, to quicken their pace.

Seated on the deck, I amused myself with observing all that was going on. Those who had come on board in good time had arranged their baggage at their leisure; and now, calm and free from all care, they entered without restraint into the pleasure of conversation, or acted, like myself, the part of observers. But, a feeling of confusion and trouble seemed to have seized the last-arrived. They hurriedly threw on deck their parcels, their trunks, and their cloaks. On seeing them troubled and uneasy, one would have said that they were in a fever. One heard them crying, "Where is my valise?" "I have lost my umbrella!" "How afraid I was that I would be too late!" The bell rang for the last time, and they had scarcely removed the gangway, when several persons rushed towards the boat, panting and shouting to them to wait for them. "Why are you so late in coming? did you not know the hour? Come, jump quick; a moment later, and you would have missed your passage." The captain took his speaking-trumpet, the wheels began to move, and the vessel glided out of the harbour.

My eyes were fixed on the spectators who fringed the wharf, when my attention was suddenly drawn to a young man who came down the wharf, running and waving his handkerchief, to make them understand that he wished to go on board. The captain took no notice of him, but seemed to give his whole attention to the steering, which was necessary to enable us to go out of the harbour without accident. The

young man threw himself into a skiff, and the rowers strove to reach us, while the young man shouted with all his might. The captain at first seemed not to hear him, but at last he took his speaking-trumpet, and shouted to him, "We cannot stop, you should have come sooner; *you are too late.*" The skiff returned into the harbour, and our vessel went on her way.

My thoughts followed the young man, and then returned to my fellow-travellers. We have all, I said to myself, another voyage—a much more important voyage—to make; yet how many there are who never think seriously of it! Like the spectators whom we have left on the shore, they see others going towards the kingdom of God, and looking on them with an indifferent and curious eye, satisfy themselves with thinking that they also must some day, at a very distant period, set out on the same journey. Blessed be God! there are at least some, who convinced of the value of their immortal souls, come at the proper season to our Lord Jesus Christ, and devote to God the first-fruits of their years, and the morning of their life. He directs them by his wisdom; he sustains them by his promises, and his effectual grace conducts them in safety to eternal rest. Others remain behind, notwithstanding the entreaties of their friends. Engrossed with the occupations of this life, seduced by its pleasures, influenced by the example of the worldly, they put off from day to day the important matter of salvation, until the Holy Spirit makes the sound of gospel truths reach their hearts, when they hasten to obey the voice which awakens them. But, alas! how dangerous it is to delay to obey the call of God! There comes a time when disease causes a sort of stupor, which renders men incapable of reading or listening to the messages of divine love. Reader! do not put off to the hour of death attending to the interests of your eternity, for *you may*

*come too late!* The vessel could not stop; the captain would not always take in passengers. Those who listen neither to the voice of their conscience, nor to the invitations of the Gospel, and who resist the Almighty till the last moment, may call and not be heard, may cry and supplicate in vain.—Prov. i. 24, 33.

*"Behold now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."*—2 Cor. vi. 2.

METIS, C.E.

T. F.

### Every Christian should Labour.

Dr. Wayland, speaking of the Christians who were dispersed by the first persecution of the church at Jerusalem, says: "This little band accomplished more for the conversion of the world than all the Christians of the present day would have done."—Does any one ask why? "Because," says he, "every individual felt that the conversion of the world was the work to which *he himself*, and not an abstraction called the church, was responsible. Instead of relying on man for aid every man looked directly up to God to forward the work; God was thus exalted, his power was confessed; and very soon, in a few years, the standard of the cross was carried to the remotest extreme of the then known world."

### THE LAST CHANGE.

Change sweeps o'er the world, like the waves o'er the sea,  
From Creation 'twas so, through time it shall be;  
But what are the changes, conflicting below,  
Compared with that change we must all undergo;  
Death enters the palace, the sceptre to sway;  
The soul, from its temple, in flight wings away:  
Then beauty and elegance moulder to dust,  
Friends leave it for ever, with grief and disgust;  
In earth it is hid, a foul, festering mass,  
The worms through its chambers in revelry pass,  
Our name is erased from the census of life,  
Our place is filled up, when we've quitted the strife,  
And the tide of events laves on as before,  
The loved and the lost are remembered no more.  
TORONTO, 18th January. X. Y. Z.

## THE LENT HALF-CROWN.

BY REV. JOSEPH ALLEN, D. D.

"What are you crying for?" said Arthur to a little ragged boy that he overtook on his way home from the village school.—There was something in the kind of crying that led Arthur to think there was some serious cause for it.

"I am hungry," said the boy, "and I can get nothing to eat."

"Why don't your mother give you something to eat?"

"She hasn't any thing for herself, and she is sick, and can't get up."

"Where is your father?"

"I haven't any. He was drowned away off at sea."

"Where do you live?"

"Down there," pointing to a miserable hut in a distant lane.

"Come with me and I'll get you something."

Arthur turned back, and the boy followed him. He had a few halfpence in his pocket, just enough, as it proved, to buy a loaf of bread. He gave it to the boy, and told him he would go home with him.

Arthur went in, and saw a good-looking woman on the bed, with two small children crying by her side. As he opened the door he heard the eldest say, "Do, mother give me something to eat." They stopped crying when Arthur and the boy came in. The boy ran to the bed, and gave his mother the loaf, and, pointing to Arthur, said, "He bought it for me!"

"Thank you," said the woman; "may God bless and give you the bread of eternal life."

The eldest little girl jumped up and down in her joy, and the youngest tried to seize the loaf, and struggled hard to do so, but did not speak. Seeing that the widow's hand was weak, Arthur took the loaf, and cut off a piece for the youngest first, and then for the girl and the boy. He gave the loaf to the widow. She ate a small piece, and then closed her eyes, and seemed to be engaged in silent prayer.

"She must be one of the Lord's poor," thought Arthur, "I'll go and get something else for you as quick as I can," said Arthur, and he departed.

He went to Mrs. Bertron's, who lived near, and told her the story; and she immediately sent some milk, and bread, and tea, and sugar, and butter, and sent word that she would come herself as soon as she could get the baby asleep.

Arthur had half-a-crown at home, which he wished to give the poor woman. His father gave it to him for watching sheep, and told him he must not spend it, but put it out at interest, or trade with it so as to make something. He knew his father would not let him give it away; for he was not a Christian, and thought of little else than of saving and making money. Arthur's mother died when he was an infant, but with her last breath she gave him to God.

When Arthur was five years old he was sent to school, to a pious teacher, who cared for his soul; and knowing that he had no teacher at home, she took unusual pains to instruct him in the principles of religious truth. The Holy Spirit helped her efforts, and before he was eight years of age there was reason to hope that he had been born again.

Arthur was now in his tenth year. He considered how he should help the poor widow, and at length he hit upon a plan which proved to be successful.

His father was very desirous that he should begin to act for himself in business matters, such as making bargains. He did not wish him to ask his advice in so doing, but to go by his own judgment. After the business was done, he would show him whether it was wise or not; but never censured him, lest he should discourage him from acting on his own responsibility.

In view of these facts Arthur formed his plan.

"Father, may I lend my half-crown?"

"To some spendthrift boy?"

"I won't lend it without good security."

The father was pleased that his son had the idea of good security in his head; he would not inquire what it was for; he wished Arthur to decide that for himself. He told him to lend it, but to be careful not to lose it.

"I'll be sure of that," said Arthur.

Arthur took his half-crown and ran to the poor widow, and gave it to her, and came away before she had time to thank him.

At night his father asked him if he had put out his money.

"Yes, father," said Arthur.

"Who did you lend it to?"

"I gave it to a starving widow in Mr. Hare's house."

There was a frown gathering on his father's brow, as he said, "Do you call that lending? Did you not ask my permission to lend it? Have I a son that will deceive me?"

"No, father," said Arthur, "I did lend it." He opened his Bible, that he had ready, with his finger on the place. "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "I lent it to the Lord, and I call that written promise good security."

"Lent it to the Lord! He will never pay you."

"Yes, father, He will; it says He will repay again."

"I thought you had more sense," said his father; but this was not said in an angry tone. The truth was, the father was pleased with the ingenuity, as he called it, of the boy. He did not wish to discourage that. So he took out his purse, and handed Arthur half-a-crown. "Here, the Lord will never pay: I must, or you will never see your money again."

"Thank you, father," said Arthur. "In my way of thinking," said Arthur to himself, "the Lord has paid me, and much sooner than I expected too: I didn't hardly expect He would pay me in money. The hearts of all men are in his hand, and the gold and the silver are his; He has disposed my father to pay it to me. I'll lend it again."

Arthur kept his habit of lending his spare money to the Lord all his days, and he was always satisfied that he was paid four-fold, and often several times over.

A very safe way of lending money is that of lending it to the Lord

### NOAH'S CARPENTERS.

(A Voice from the Deluge.)

"Many will say to me in that day, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye workers of iniquity."—Matt. vii. 23, 23.

It was a late hour at night. The city

of N——, with its many turrets and spires, was sleeping under the shadow of those rocky sentinels which have guarded the plain since the flood. The waves of the ocean fell gently and soothingly on the beach. The moon waded through the fleecy autumn clouds, now playing with the waters and lighting up the scene, and then concealing her glory, as if to make its revelations more prized. It was a night for pious thoughts and conversation.

Two persons were leaving the city and passing along the water-side to a beautiful valley, where one was a resident, and the other a guest. The taller, the elder of the two, was actively engaged in a work of benevolence, in the blessings of which the people of N—— and the students of —— college mutually shared. The work was too heavy for him, and he had invited his young friend, an impenitent lad, of whom we will speak as Henry, to aid him. Together they had spent many a weary day in supplying the Christian labourers who co-operated with them with the choicest means of usefulness, as they crowded the depository of truth. Exhausted by their toils, they were now returning for a night's repose. Hitherto, not a word had been addressed to the obliging lad about his soul. The fitting occasion seemed to have arrived. A quaint, but fitting manner was chosen.

"Henry," asked the elder of the younger, "do you know what became of Noah's carpenters?"

"Noah's carpenters!" exclaimed Henry; "I didn't know that Noah had any carpenters."

"Certainly he must have had help in building one of the largest and best proportioned ships ever put upon the stocks.— There must have been many ship-carpenters at work for a long time, to have constructed such a vessel in such an age. What became of them, think you, when all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened?"

"What do you mean by such a queer question?" Henry replied.

"No matter what, just now. Please answer the inquiry. And you may also tell me if you will, what you would have done in that dreadful hour, when the storm came in its fury, and Noah's prophecies were all fulfilled, and all but the family of

the preacher of righteousness were ready to be engulfed in those black waters?"

"I don't know," said Henry, in a half-thoughtful, half-trifling manner: "perhaps I should have got on the rudder?"

"This is human nature exactly, Henry. It would 'climb up some other way,' rather than enter the fold by the only door. It would 'get on the rudder,' in its pride and short-sightedness, rather than go into the ark of safety. It would 'save itself,' by hanging on at the hazard of being swept into the gulf of despair, instead of being saved by the provision of infinite love.

"But I'll tell you plainly what I mean, Henry, by Noah's carpenters. You have kindly and generously given me your aid, day after day, in building an ark in N——, by which many, I trust, will be saved. I feel grateful for your help. But I greatly fear that while others will be rejoicing in the fruit of our labours, you will be swept away in the storm of wrath which will by and by beat on the heads of those who enter not the ark of Jesus Christ. No human device will avail for you. 'Getting on the rudder' will not answer; you must be in Christ, or you are lost. Remember Noah's carpenters, and flee to the ark without delay."

We reached the house and parted. The winter came. The lad was placed at a boarding-school in ——. He visited home during the winter vacation, and presented himself to the church for admission to its communion. He then stated that the conversation detailed above had never passed from his memory. It led him to serious reflections, and ultimately, we trust, to the ark of safety. He is now entering a career of wide-spread public usefulness. He will never forget Noah's carpenters.

Though Noah's carpenters were all drowned, there are a great many of the same stock now alive; of those who contribute to promote the spiritual good of others, and aid in the up-building of the Redeemer's kingdom, but personally neglect the great salvation.

*Sabbath-school children*, who gather in the poor, or contribute their money to send tracts and books to the destitute, or to aid, the work of missions, and yet remain unconverted, are like Noah's carpenters.

*Teachers in Bible-classes and Sabbath-schools*, who point their pupils to the Lamb of God, but do not lead the way, are like

guide-boards that tell the road, but are not travellers on it; or like Noah's carpenters, who built an ark, and were overwhelmed in the waters that bore it aloft in safety.

*Careless Parents*, who instruct their children and servants, as every parent should, in the great doctrines of the gospel, yet fail to illustrate these doctrines in their lives, and seek not a personal interest in the blood of Christ, are like Noah's carpenters and must expect their doom.

*Printers, sewers, folders, and binders*, engaged in making Bibles and religious books; booksellers and publishers of religious newspapers, who are doing much to increase the knowledge of the gospel and to save souls, but so many of whom are careless about their own salvation, will have the mortification of knowing that, while their tools have been instrumental of spiritual good to thousands, they were only like the pack-mules that carried a load to market without tasting it, or like Noah's carpenters who built a ship they never sailed.

*Wealthy and liberal, but unconverted men*, who help to build churches, and sustain the institutions of the gospel, but who "will not come unto Christ that they may have life," are hewing the timbers and driving the nails of the ark which they are too proud or too careless to enter. Perhaps they think they will be safe on the "rudder," but they may find, too late, that when they would ride they must swim—that when they would float they must sink, with all their good deeds, unmixed with faith, as a millstone about their necks.

*Moralists who attend church and support the ministry*, but who do not receive into their hearts the gospel they thus sustain, are like Noah's carpenters.

Perhaps the Christian reader will be encouraged by this narrative to speak a word in season to some of these ark-builders. Their kindness should be acknowledged. "These things ought they to have done." The danger is, that the great thing will be left undone. Run, speak to that young man. Tell him that the storm of wrath will come. Tell him that "getting on the rudder" of the ark, and all other human devices for salvation, are vain refuges of lies. Tell him that the ark is open, that it is safe, that it waits for him. The dove and the olive-branch are in this ark. The bow of mercy spans the heavens above it.

Peace, and hope, and salvation are there. But, if scorned or neglected, when once the door is shut, they only that are in the ark will "remain alive." Who can abide that storm! Who can buffet those waves?—Who will survive that deluge?

"I KEEP UNDER MY BODY, AND BRING IT INTO SUBJECTION; LEST THAT, BY ANY MEANS, WHEN I HAVE PREACHED TO OTHERS, I MYSELF SHOULD BE A CASTAWAY."  
—1 Cor. ix. 27.

### ONE CENT A DAY,

"Go ye into *all* the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," was the last parting injunction laid on the churches by the ascending Lord. Are they able to fulfill the task? They are, and more than able, were the proper system adopted to raise and collect the required means. To show the churches this, we beg leave to submit to their consideration the following facts:—One million of persons contributing *one cent a day*, would raise daily a mission fund of \$10,000. In one year this would amount to \$3,650,000. At a salary of \$500 a year, this would keep in the field 7,300 missionaries. Or two millions of Christians contributing one cent a day would keep in the field 14,500 missionaries.

This system adapts itself to the poor, and gives to all and every one alike opportunity of glorifying God with their substance. It asks not for rich nor great gifts. Could the yoke of Christ be made more easy or his burden more light than this system makes it? Who through the day would feel himself the poorer for the want of the cent which in the morning he dropped into the mission-pox?

Shall not the system be immediately adopted in the churches, and acted upon by them all? Neither talking nor publishing will raise the funds necessary for our mission board; but this system will, if all the churches would act upon it. No other means to collect funds would be necessary; it alone would yield funds enough and to spare.

*One cent a day* would preach the Gospel to every creature. Shall it not be given?  
—*American Messenger*.

### TESTING QUESTIONS.

Have I more pleasure  
In studying my Bible, than a novel or a newspaper.

In contemplating the righteousness of Jesus than mine own?

In the prayer meeting, than in the pleasure party?

In mortifying sin, than in indulging it?

In clothing the naked, than adorning my person?

In feeding the hungry, than in gratifying mine appetite?

In doing good, than in paying trifling visits?

In speaking a word for Christ, than in gossiping?

In praying for an erring friend, than in exposing him?

In the company of the pious, than of the worldly?

In seeking to save souls, than to save money?

In living humbly, than at the expense of others?

In the approbation of God, than of my fellow-men?

Reader, if thou can'st not answer these inquiries intelligently in the affirmative, why deceive thyself any longer with the idea that thou art "in Christ," or in the way to heaven?

You may be a professor of the Gospel, but be assured you are not "born again." Ye *must* be BORN FROM ABOVE, (John iii. 3,) otherwise ye shall never go thither.

"Saith Jesus unto his disciples, if any man will come after ME, let him take up his cross and follow me."

"Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

"Search me, O God, and know my heart?"—  
*Sabbath School Union Magazine*.

### LET US PRAY,

Lord, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make!  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!  
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;  
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;  
We kneel, how weak!—we rise, how full of power!  
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong  
Or others, that we are not always strong,  
That we are ever overborne with care,  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee.

—*Trench*

## Sabbath School Lessons.

February 23rd.

## THE BEATITUDES.—MATT. v. 1-12.

In these beatitudes we have eight great truths taught us. They are characteristics of the Christian, and as such may be employed by us to test whether we are Christians or not. These principles of Christ are very different from the principles of the world. What Christ inculcates, the world despises.

1. *Blessed are the poor in spirit.* Theirs is the kingdom of heaven; ver. 3. This is the reason assigned for their blessedness. For, &c.; ver. 3. They are also blessed in the possession of this poverty of spirit; Prov. xvi. 19. They are blessed, moreover, by having the promise of God dwelling with them; Isaiah lviii. 15.

The poor in spirit are those who are humble or lowly-minded and self-abased—who are deeply-convicted of their sinfulness in the sight of God.

2. *Blessed are they that mourn;* for they shall be comforted; ver. 4. Worldly men say blessed are the *merry* but Christ says blessed are the mourners. "They are blessed, for their sorrow shall be turned into joy;" John xvi. 20. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;" Rev. xxi. 4.

Those who mourn are those who sorrow on account of sin. That is, with a godly sorrow, and with an eye to the Lord Jesus Christ. They mourn over the corruption of their nature. They mourn over their actual transgressions. They mourn over the hidings of God's countenance, and over the sins of others.

They may be in distress now, but they shall be comforted. If not comforted in time they shall be comforted in eternity.

3. *Blessed are the meek;* ver. 5. The promise to such is that they shall inherit the earth; ver. 5. By the meek Christ means those who are of a patient and contented spirit, who are willing to put up with little honour on the earth. They can bear injuries without resentment, and are not ready to take offence. If the Lord lays his afflicting hand upon them, they quietly submit to his dealings.

They are *blessed*, inheriting the earth; v. 5. In delighting themselves in the abundance of peace; Psal. xxxvii. 11. In being beatified with salvation; Psal. xlix. 4. In being like the blessed Jesus, who was meek (Matt. xii. 29), and in having the undisturbed enjoyment of themselves, their friends, and their God.

They shall "*inherit the earth.*" This is almost the only express temporal promise in the New Testament. They may only possess a small part of it now, but like Lazarus in the parable, they are content to wait for their

good things. They shall not lose in the long run, for one day they shall reign in the earth.

4. *Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness.* By these our Lord means those who desire above all things to be entirely conformed to the mind of God. They long not for riches, nor wealth, nor distinction; but after conformity to God. They desire to be made holy, they desire to possess every spiritual blessing. They shall be filled. They shall be satisfied to the full; John iv. 14; Rev. vii. 16; Psal. xvii. 15.

5. *Blessed are the MERCIFUL,* for they shall obtain mercy; ver. 7. The merciful are not generally supposed to be the wisest, nor are they likely to be the richest, yet Christ pronounced them blessed. They are full of compassion towards others. They pity all who are suffering either from sin or sorrow, and are tenderly desirous to make their suffering less. They are merciful, because they have known the mercy of God in their forgiveness (Eph. iv. 32), and they thereby show that they shall obtain mercy; Matt. vi. 14; Heb. vi. 10; James ii. 13.

6. *Blessed are the PURE IN HEART,* for they shall see God; ver. 8. This is a comprehensive beatitude. Holiness and happiness are not only fully described, but they are put together.

The pure in heart are those who do not aim merely at outward correctness but at inward holiness, and are made pure by the truth. None else can see God so as to enjoy him; Heb. xiii. 14.

7. *Blessed are the PEACEMAKERS,* for they shall be called the children of God; ver. 9. The "peacemakers" are peaceful, and promoters of peace among others. Only such are accounted the children of God; Gen. xiii. 8; James i. 17, 18. They learn this from the Gospel; Eph ii. 14.

8. *Blessed are the PERSECUTED for righteousness' sake.* This is the greatest paradox of all, and peculiar to Christianity, and therefore it is put last and more largely insisted upon than any of the rest; vers. 10-12.

Christ means those who are laughed at, mocked, despised, and ill-used, because they endeavour to live as true Christians. The Apostles were reviled, but they were happy in the midst of it; Acts v. 41; xvi. 25; Rev. i. 10.

March 2nd, 1862.

JOSEPH RULES OVER EGYPT.  
GEN. xli. 37-57.

1. *Pharaoh's preferment of Joseph.* Joseph having interpreted the dreams of Pharaoh with that confidence which Divine inspiration alone could give, with admirable

wisdom advises the king to select a man, who should superintend the work of providing for the years of famine. The proper man for so responsible, so important an office, was brought, evidently by the providence of God, under the notice of the king. By natural wisdom and endowments, Joseph seemed fitted for the office, but what determined Pharaoh in his choice, was that in Joseph was the Spirit of God; ver. 38. It were well, both for princes and people, were those promoted to positions of trust and authority, inhabited like Joseph by the Spirit of God. God had already chosen for Pharaoh, it only remained for the king to instal Joseph in office, which he accordingly did; ver. 40. "Thou shalt be over my house," consequently Joseph was prime-vizier; "and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled." He must therefore also have been constituted chief-justice of the kingdom.

#### 2. The honours which Pharaoh conferred upon Joseph.

"And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand;" bestowed upon him the royal signet. He took off Joseph his prison-garb, and "arrayed him in vesture of fine linen;" they must be delicately clad who dwell in king's palaces; Luke vii. 25; "and put a gold chain about his neck," he invested him with all the insignia of office, "And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, "Bow the knee;" ver. 43. They had to show Joseph the same reverence as Pharaoh himself. By changing Joseph's name Pharaoh showed his authority over him; "he called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah. According to some, Zaphnath-paaneah means "revealer of secrets." If we thus interpret it, Joseph here typified our blessed Lord, who by his word and Spirit reveals to us the hidden things of God; 1 Cor. ii. 10; John i. 18. Rosellini translates it "the salvation," or "saviour of the age," Gesenius and others incline rather to regard it as signifying "sustainer of the age." Pharaoh gave to Joseph a wife out of one of the highest castes; "he gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Pharaoh priest of On." ver. 45. On was situated in Lower Egypt, and was one of the most ancient cities in the world. The name On is rendered in the Septuagint Heliopolis, which signifies the city of the sun. In Jer. xliii. 13, it is called Beth-shemesh, a name of equivalent import.

#### 3rd. Joseph's family.

Two sons were born unto Joseph before the years of famine came; ver. 50. The first-born he named Manasseh, which means "fruitfulness;" for God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil and all my father's house,

Even in Egypt he was solaced by domestic bliss. Thus "unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." And if the great and sudden change which took place in the temporal circumstances of Joseph, caused him such happiness as to dry his tears of mourning for his father's house, what must be the joy of that soul which has been translated from the bondage of sin and Satan, into the glorious liberty of the sons of God? The blessings experienced in the kingdom of grace far more than counterbalance the afflictions of believers, and surely one moment in the kingdom of glory will be far more than sufficient to make us forget all our sufferings, and all our sorrows, in this vale of tears. His second son he called Ephraim, which is the Hebrew word for fruitfulness; "for God hath caused me to be fruitful in the land of my affliction." Egypt was still the land of his affliction; it was not his beloved Canaan. God causes his afflicted children to be fruitful in good works; John xv. 2.

#### 4. Joseph's performance of his trust.

When the seven years of plenteousness that was in the land of Egypt were ended, the seven years of dearth began to come, as Joseph had predicted; vers. 53, 54; "and the dearth was in all lands,"—that is, in all the lands in the vicinity of Egypt. Pharaoh, by attending to the Divine premonitions, and by the prudent management of his prime-minister, was quite prepared for this emergency. When his people cried to Pharaoh for bread, he referred them to Joseph, "Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians. Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do." Thus God in the gospel directs us to his Son; he hath given all things into his hand; John iii. 35. "And Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians;" ver. 56. He did not shut up the granaries in the sordid hope that, as the dearth continued, corn would yet be dearer, but, actuated by true benevolence, he sold them bread at a reasonable price, that their wants should be supplied, and the interests of the king, his master, at the same time be advanced.

Learn—1st. That those in whom dwells the Spirit of God are the best qualified for offices of trust.—Prov. xi. 10.

2nd. That those whom God honours he often causes man to honour.—Esther vi. 11; Dan. ii. 48.

3rd. That, in the goodness of God, the blessings of believers far more than counterbalance their afflictions.—1 Cor. i. 5; 2 Cor. iv. 16.

March 9th.

## THE HEALING OF A DEMONIAK.

MARK III. 19-30; MATT. XII. 22-27.

### 1. Our Lord's zeal is misunderstood by his relatives.

So great a multitude resorted to Jesus to hear his preaching, or be healed of their diseases, that he and his disciples could not so much as eat bread; Mark iii. 20. Jesus did not refuse these eager applicant's access to him, but received them all graciously. His meat was to do the will of his Father; John iv. 34. He preferred that he and his disciples should want their temporal food rather than that the people should lack food to their souls. His friends could not understand such zeal; for even his brethren did not for a time believe on him, John vii. 5; they thought him beside himself. And the servant is not better than his Lord. Those who would follow Jesus must not be surprised if they have to drink of the same cup of which he drank. Hearty, constant, and persevering attention to business or study, worldly men can understand; but zeal in the work of the Lord they totally misapprehend. Is any one an earnest, devoted Christian? the unconverted deem him "a fanatic," "an enthusiast," or "crazed in his intellect."

### 2. The demoniak healed.

What sad work has sin made in the soul. That which was created to be the temple of God has become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. The possessed was blind and dumb; Mark iii. 22. In many Satan has rendered blind the eye of faith, and sealed the lips of prayer. But blessed be God, Jesus is Almighty to save: "he healed him, inasmuch that the blind and dumb both spake and saw;" ver. 22.

### 2nd. The blasphemous imputation of the Pharisees.

These Scribes had travelled all the way from Jerusalem to the scene of this miracle in Galilee, for the express purpose of withstanding our Lord. How deliberate, active and inveterate was their opposition! They hoped that by the influence which they had acquired over the minds of the people by their reputed learning and sanctimony, they would be able to counteract the good effects of our Saviour's miracles and teaching. With dauntless effrontery and determined unbelief, they ascribed to Satanic agency that which was wrought by the Spirit of God. They could not deny the miracle—it was done openly, and witnessed by the assembled thousands. The multitude seemed convinced by it of the Messiahship of Jesus; "they were amazed and said, Is not this the Son of David?" Matt. xii. 23. To

stifle this conviction, the Scribes endeavoured to insinuate into the minds of the people, that our Lord had effected the miracle through collusion with the prince of the devils. The name Beelzebub signifies *lord of flies*, and was given by the Philistines to one of their idols (2 Kings i. 2), which they fancied could protect them from the annoyance of insects; in this passage it is more correctly read Beelzebub, *lord of dung*, which epithet the Israelites contemptuously applied to the idol. This name was transferred to the devil as the god of idolaters.

### 3. Our Saviour's refutation of the arrumny.

He vindicated himself from the malicious charge of his enemies by two arguments—1st. That Satan, the crafty enemy of souls, would never weaken and destroy his kingdom by fighting against those under his authority; would never corroborate by collusion doctrines in direct opposition to his tyranny. Satan well knows that in union there is strength and in dissension weakness, and therefore he ever sedulously endeavours to sow the seeds of discord among Christians. 2nd. He shows the injustice of attributing to the agency of Satan in his case, those acts which they referred to the power of God when done by their children; ver. 27. According to Josephus the Jews at this period sometimes expelled devils out of those possessed by them, in the name of the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. We read of Jewish exorcists (Acts xix. 13), and of some that in Christ's name did cast out devils; Mar. ix. 38. These the Pharisees condemned not; they viewed their actions as proceeding from the Spirit of God, and regarded them as an honour to their country. It was therefore through the most bitter spite and malice that they attempted to attach to our Saviour the stigma of being in compact with Satan.

### 4. Our Saviour's solemn denunciation of the sin of the Scribes.

"All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme;" Mark iii. 28. Blessed truth! though our sins be red like scarlet or crimson, the blood of Jesus can make them whiter than the snow. And doubtless that precious blood availed, in answer to his own dying prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" (Luke xxiii. 34), to wash away the sins of many, who at his crucifixion reviled and persecuted him. From this and some other passages of Scripture, it appears that there is a sin—the sin against the Holy Ghost—which shall never be forgiven; Mar. iii. 29. The precise nature of this sin we cannot tell, but of this we may be sure, that no one who fears that he has committed it, and is solicitous

about his soul's salvation, has been guilty of it. Those who have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost are totally hardened and impenitent. That there is such a sin should be a solemn warning to us all immediately to flee for safety to Jesus, and to endeavour, with the assistance of his grace, to avoid all sin.

Learn—1st. To imitate the zeal of our blessed Saviour in the work of the Lord.—1 John ii. 6.

2nd. That the followers of Jesus may expect to be slandered and maligned by his enemies.—John xv. 20; 2 Tim. iii. 12.

3rd. The imminent danger of continuing in a course of sin.—Heb. x. 26, 27.

### THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Selected for the Evangelizer.

[The authorship of the following lines is unknown. They were first published in an Irish newspaper in 1829.]

O! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,  
And sing me the holy strain  
That soothed me last, as you fondly pressed  
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast,  
For I saw a scene when I slumber'd last,  
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,  
And weep as you then did weep;  
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,  
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry;  
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,  
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dream'd a heavenly dream, mamma,  
While slumbering on thy knee,  
And I liv'd in a land where forms divine  
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,  
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,  
Again that land to see,

I fancied we roam'd in a wood, mamma,  
And we rested, as under a bough;  
Then near me a butterfly flauted in pride,  
And I chas'd it away through the forest wide,  
And the night came on and I lost my guide,  
And I knew not what to do.

My heart was sick with fear, mamma,  
And I loudly wept for thee;  
But a white-rob'd maiden appear'd in the air,  
And she fung back the curls of her golden hair,  
And she kiss'd me softly ere I was aware,  
Saying: "Come, pretty babe, with me!"

My tears and fears she guil'd, mamma,  
And she led me far away;  
We enter'd the door of the dark, dark tomb;  
We pass'd through a long, long vault of gloom;  
Then open'd our eyes on a land of bloom;  
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,  
And lovely cherubs bright;  
They smil'd when they saw me, but I was amaz'd,  
And wondering, around me I gaz'd and gaz'd,  
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blaz'd,—  
As glorious to the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,  
Of white-wing'd babes to me;  
Their eyes look'd love, and their sweet lips smil'd,  
And they marvell'd to meet with an earth-born child,  
And they gloried that I from the earth was exiled,  
Saying: "Here, love, blest shalt thou be."

Then I mix'd with the heavenly throng, mamma,  
With cherub and seraphim fair;  
And saw as I roam'd the regions of peace,  
The spirits which came from this world of distress,  
And there was the joy no tongue can express,  
For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,  
Lay dead a short time ago?  
O, you gaz'd on the sad, but lovely wreck;  
With a full flood of wee you could not cheek;  
And your heart was so sore and you wish'd it  
would break,  
But it lov'd, and you aye sobb'd on.

But O! had you been with me, mamma,  
In the realms of unknown care,  
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had sigh'd  
Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave when  
she died,  
For shining with the bless'd, and adorn'd like a  
bride,

Sweet, sister Jane was there!  
Do you mind that silly old man, mamma,  
Who lately came to our door,  
And the night was dark, and the tempest loud,  
And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud,  
And his ragged old mantle serv'd for his shroud,  
Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

And think what a weight of we, mamma,  
Made heavy each long drawn sigh,  
As the good man sat in papa's old chair  
While the rain dripp'd down from his thin grey  
hair,  
And fast as the big tear of speechless care  
Ran down from his glaring eye.

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,  
Flash'd through each trembling eye,  
As he told how he went to the baron's strong hold,  
Saying, "O! let me in, for the night is so cold;"  
But the rich man cried, "Go sleep in the wold,  
For we shield no beggars here."

Well! he was in glory, too, mamma,  
As happy as the blest can be;  
He needs no alms in the mansions of light,  
For he sat with the patriarchs cloth'd in white,—  
There was not a seraph had a crown more bright,  
Nor a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,  
And dream as I dream'd before;  
For sound was my slumber and sweet was my rest,  
While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a guest—  
And the heart that has throb'd in the climes of  
the blest

Can love this world no more.

Consecration is not wrapping one's self in a holy web in the sanctuary, and then coming forth after prayer and twilight meditation, and saying, "There, I am consecrated." Consecration is going out into the world where God Almighty is, and using every power for His glory. It is taking all advantages as trust funds.

## THE ALARM.

"Will it make a good loud noise, sir?"

"We will try it if you please, my friend; and then 'will you be convinced,'" said the clock-maker to his customer.

The customer was a young mechanic, whose duties called him up early every morning; but whose natural or acquired propensity was to keep his head on his pillow. Young Woodward was a strong and long sleeper, and he had lost one good place of employment from the simple circumstance of his being almost uniformly behind time in the morning. That is to say, his failures were uniform, though the amount of time thus cut off was irregular. Sometimes he arrived at his master's yard only half an hour after his fellow-workmen; but frequently the deficiency extended to an hour, and not very rarely to an hour and a half. At length, the inevitable consequence followed as we have stated.

Woodward was angry with himself. He made excuses to others, indeed, by laying the blame on his constitutional heaviness, over which, as he said, he had no control; but he knew in his heart that he himself was principally in fault, and that, by the exercise of strong determination, it was possible to surmount his ruinous sluggishness. At any rate, his common sense told him there was means by which he might rouse himself from his heavy morning slumbers; and one of his friends suggested an alarm.

Woodward soon obtained another situation, on the indispensable condition of keeping correct time; and this had led him to the clock-maker, to the inspection of the clock.

"We will try it if you please," said the seller, and forthwith he set the alarm, touched a spring, and thus put the machine in motion. And truly, the noise made was so piercing and startling that young Woodward was perfectly satisfied of its efficiency. Without any further experiment, he paid down the money for his alarm (first receiving instructions as to its management), and carried it away with him, confident that he had now a talisman to charm him out of his soundest slumbers.

And for a time, indeed, the alarm wrought wonders. For weeks, and even for months, the young mechanic was seen

punctually going to his work, when the workman's bell was ringing; and before it ceased he was at his bench. He boasted a good deal of his alarm, recommended others to get one also, and declared that there was no further danger of his losing a situation through sleepiness, or even of a fine for occasional remissness. Meanwhile, his friends rejoiced that he had apparently overcome the grievous fault which had so long been his bane.

But the reformation was only for a time. After the novelty had ceased, old habits and inclinations struggled to regain their ascendancy. Young Woodward got used to the sound of his monitor. Somehow or other, it had lost its efficacy. The sounds it gave out were not so startling; and more than once they altogether failed in their purpose. At other times, the young sleeper, only partially aroused,

"Turned his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head,"

and, after the alarm had run down, composed himself, arguing, in a sleepy sort of way, that five minutes would not make so much difference after all. Then the five minutes' indulgence became ten, and the ten minutes grew another morning into a quarter of an hour, and very soon half hours and even hours went the way of the minutes. In short, the plan turned out to be a failure in the end; and the poor alarm had to bear the blame, the truth being that Woodward slept as sweetly and as soundly amidst all the din it caused as in the silence of midnight. The result may be supposed; the sleepy-headed mechanic once more lost his employment, and the alarm was suffered to remain ever afterward unwound and silent.

But was it the alarm's fault or the man's that the intended end remained unanswered?

Reader, our story, such as it is, contains a spiritual lesson, and has its parallels in matters of deeper import than that of temporal prosperity.

Here, for instance, is a man, who, some ago, was persuaded or alarmed into hearing the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He knew that his soul was given to fatal slumbering, and required rousing to activity and earnestness in the true work of life and time. The preaching of Divine truth was

to be the spiritual alarm; and, for a time, it succeeded in awakening him. Perhaps he heard it with concern, perhaps with terror, perhaps with curiosity, perhaps even with a kind of joy. At any rate, he heard it; and he thought he should never sink back again into his former state of sluggish insensibility. But, after a while, the thunders of the broken law, and the softer, sweeter sounds of gospel invitations, became so common to his accustomed ears that they failed in their expected effect. He wanted "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep," and he took it; he would wake up again by and by, he said. Before long, perhaps or it may be, after many years, the alarm was laid aside, neglected, despised. There was no use in it. But, was it the alarm's fault, or the man's?

Here, again, is a man who was persuaded to read the Bible, another of God's alarms. He, too, knew in his heart that he had a work to do in the world—soul work; and that he was not doing it. He wanted waking up; and he would have the alarm. He used it too, for a time; but, where is it now? On the topmost shelf, probably, dust-covered, neglected. Why is this? the man did not really want to be roused; he had no right out-and-out will for the work before him; he chose to remain insensible after the first impulse had passed away; and thence the result. Was it the alarm's fault or the man's?

Reader, are you the man? And will you, when the day is far spent, and the night is come on, when the summer is past and the harvest is ended, and you are not saved—will you venture then to lay the blame on the alarm? No. "The gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." "The Scriptures are able to make wise unto Jesus." The fault is not there; it is in yourself. Perhaps you never meant to awake and work; perhaps it was in your own unaided strength, and in presumptuous confidence in your own power and free-will, that you set about your own reformation, and tried to work out your own salvation; perhaps you undervalued the means you employed, and almost despised them, while professing to use them; perhaps you over-

valued them (it is possible), and looked upon them as the end and not as the means; perhaps, when they directed you to Christ, you went to him as a helper only, and not as a Saviour. Ah, how many causes there are which stifle the sound of God's alarms, and lull the once seemingly awakened soul back again into the fatal slumbers of everlasting death!

Once more, if indeed your case is such as has been here described—listen to the sound of the too long neglected alarm: "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

Every man must either be a Ninevite or a Sodomite; a Ninevite sorrowing for sin; or a Sodomite suffering for it.—*Adams.*

An expositor should be like the maker of a well, who puts no water into the source himself, but makes it his object to let the water flow without diversion, stoppage, or defilement.—[Bengel.]

The truths of the Bible are like gold in the soil. Whole generations walk over it, and know not what treasures are hidden beneath. So centuries of men pass over the Scriptures, and know not what riches lie under the feet of their interpretation. Sometimes, when they discover them, they call them new truths. One might as well call gold, newly dug, new gold.—[Beecher.]

It often falls out in our communion with Christ, when private and public means fail, and the soul hath nothing left but waiting silently and walking humbly, Christ appears: that his doing so may be evidently of grace. Christ honours his immediate absolute action, sometimes, though ordinarily he crowns his ordinances. Though he will meet men unexpectedly in this way, yet he will not meet them at all out of it. Let us wait as he hath appointed; let him appear as he pleaseth.—*Owen.*

## DAVID DANCED.

2 Sam. vi. 14.

How do you propose to enjoy yourselves? Young people must have some sort of enjoyment; to be sure they must, and all that hold out the contrary do not know young people's nature, or are of a morose disposition, and would have every one to be as unhappy as themselves. But you are not going to be led by such sort of people; nor do I say that you should.— You have a nature to be happy, and I do hope you will find the right means to gratify it. What think you of a dance? That, you say, is an innocent amusement, and so it may, for we learn from the Bible that David danced; we also learn from the same source that the daughter of Herodias danced. David danced before the Lord; Herodias' daughter danced before Herod; David danced before the Lord and shouted forth his praises; the daughter of Herodias danced before Herod, and demanded the head of John the Baptist in a charger: so, if there be no sin in a dance, it may not be far removed from sin. This depends very much on the company you keep. If, like David, you dance before the Lord, then no harm can come out of it; and if you are a Christian, when you dance, it must be before the Lord, for the words of Jesus are, "Lo, I am with you always." So, my dear young Christian, remember that, besides your partner in the dance, the Lord is also by your side. You do not see Him; He is nevertheless there, for He says so, and His word is true. But there is another also present that you may not see with your bodily eyes, that is the arch-Enemy of man. If in Job's days he went up with the sons of God to their meeting, it is not very likely that he will keep away from yours. The dancing damsel before Herod was led at his suggestion to break the Sixth Commandment; take care, in dancing before your partner, you be not led by the same evil counsellor to break another commandment of no less importance to your purity and peace of mind. Some have found it so to their sad experience; and what has been may be again. If you have no freedom to dance and enjoy yourself before the Lord, then you had much better stay away and not dance at all, especially

as your Master says, *Whatever ye do, do it unto the Lord.* To such as are not Christians I have a word to say. Not a Christian! who says I am not a Christian! Jesus Christ says so, my poor young friend, unless you are converted, unless you are born again. You may call yourself a Christian, and your neighbours may call you a Christian, but God and your conscience tell you a different tale. How long do you intend to remain as you are, pursuing pleasure and seeking happiness where it is not to be found? Even innocent amusements as they are called, such as dancing and singing do not satisfy you, and certainly indulgence in what is sinful cannot. Go to the dance if you will, Jesus is also with you there; that heart of love is yearning over you with a pity infinitely more profound than human sympathy ever knew. Look at the wounds and bruises of that human body perfect in its proportions, but marred in its members; hear those groans and that agonized cry; see you those tears, and look into the depths of that compassionate eye. "He was delivered for our offences." He points his finger to that crucified body as a proof of the sacrifice; and on earth, at the cross, they pointed at Him the finger of scorn, God pity you, my poor friend, if in unbelief you should now do the same.—[From a letter in the Wynd Journal.

## OLD AGE WITHOUT RELIGION.

Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which he gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order, for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-labourers of manhood, die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.—*Tholuck.*