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THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

THE CHURCH.

REV. H. B. WRAY, B. A.

CONTINUATION OF SERMON ON "MYSTERIES OF THE KINGDOM."

Mankind never did agree upon any religious topic since the controversy between Cain and Abel. The first man who ever died, died for religion. But there is no religious topic upon which men have disagreed so extensively, as the subject of the Church; and, perhaps, there is no disagreement, or misunderstanding which has been more injurious to the peace and harmony of Christians, than the misunderstanding of this subject. Therefore, methinks, that it is a very befitting subject: for me to say a word or two upon, when I am preaching the Gospel to a congregation composed of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and perhaps to some who have never been connected with any Church. While I do not expect to make you all think alike upon all points of lesser moment, on which the wisest and best Christians have held a great diversity of opinion; yet, I hope that we all agree upon the grand, essential, vital truths which involve man's eternal salvation.

The Church is used by all religious bodies to represent that particular demoniation to which they belong. The Independent and Free Church-man talk of the Church as if they alone were the centre of infallibility. Let me show you, in as few words as perspecuity will allow, what is the primary meaning in which the term is used in the Bible. *First*—the name—

Secondly—a few of its distinctive characteristics.

The word Church literally means a people called out: that is, a people called from the service of Satan to the service of God; or, it means the house of the Lord, God's spiritual temple built of *living stones*. Thus Paul characterizes believers, *God's building; a habitation of God through the Spirit*. Having an High Priest over the House of God. By the Church is uniformly meant in Scripture, the whole body of believers, of which Christ is the head. Our Lord himself fixes the meaning of the word where he tells his disciples *to rejoice because their names were written in Heaven*. By the Church, therefore, is meant true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ of every age, nation and kindred, the whole body of Christ both in Heaven and Earth. In our Communion Service it is denominated the "blessed company of all faithful people: members incorporate in the mystical body of Christ;" the Church of our text, the Church of the Bible, is God the Father's redeemed family, God the Son's *Meeke Bride*, God the Holy Ghost's sanctified *Temple*. This is the *stock of Christ*—the *royal priesthood*—*chosen generation*—*peculiar people*—*light of the world*—the *salt of the earth*.

Secondly.—Characteristics of the Church—1st. *Mystery*—yes, mysterious is the union of the divine and human natures in Christ the Church's head,

his name shall be called Wonderful. Mysterious, the vital and spiritual union subsisting between Christ and his faithful ones. It is however a plainly revealed Scripture fact; and our duty is to state, not what may appear most rational for God to reveal, but simply what God has revealed. While this union is so mysterious and ineffable, infinitely transcending every conception of our finite minds; yet it is so near and intimate as to bear some distant resemblance to the oneness of the three persons of the Godhead. This is not a dogma of the Schools, but an inspired truth taught us by the special revelation of Christ himself, when He prayed for his Church. "That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." This union, is a mystery, not of man's invention, but of God's revelation. It is plain and clear to God. Mystery is only another name for our ignorance. The mechanism of creation is to us mysterious, not so to God, to whom nature is art. All around us is mystery—man is a mystery, God is a mystery, heaven is a mystery, hell is a mystery; but great as all divine mysteries are, as God's revelation to us, we must in simple faith admire them, and gaze upon them in holy wonder, love and praise. When the Holy Ghost sheds light upon them, they will teach us humility, and cause us to presume less on our own judgment.

Another grand feature of the Church is Divine presentiality—"Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Christ in you the hope of glory."

Spirituality—This is an essential feature of Christ's Church. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his. Romans viii. 14; xiv. 17.

Redemption.—It is a redeemed Church. Redemption is always spoken of in Scripture in a vicarious sense, as an atonement made, not only for sin, but for sinners; a substitutionary sacrifice; a ransom paid for certain characters—all believers. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price—to feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." The song of the redeemed beautifully attributes the redemption of the Church to the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, "thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people,

and nation." Redemption is a fact, a finished work. "It is finished."

Vocation—It is a called Church, I Cor. i. 2. Romans i. 6; viii. 30. Effectual calling by the Holy Ghost in conversion and regeneration are represented in Scripture, as essentially necessary to the individual salvation of a sinner, as the work of Christ. The believer is under equal obligation to the three persons of Jehovah. The work of Christ and the work of the Spirit, are mutually necessary to each others efficacy. Without the atoning work of Christ, there would have been no salvation for sinners; without the quickening, sin-convincing, converting work of the Holy Ghost, no sinner would accept that salvation. The great work of applying the benefit of Christ's death, sprinkling the blood of Christ upon the individual conscience and soul, is in a special way the office of the Spirit. John xiv. 7. Christ finished the work of salvation upon the cross; the Holy Spirit begins the work of salvation in the soul.

Is not this mystery clearly revealed in the typical sacrifice of the Paschal lamb, it was not enough that the blood was shed, but that blood must be sprinkled upon the lintels of the doors with hyssop; figuring to us the work of the Spirit in applying the efficacy of the great sacrifice to the individual heart. Christ has opened the prison door, but the prisoners will not come out. "They fancy music in their chains, and so forget their load;" until the Holy Ghost "says to the prisoners, go forth," no spell bound sinner will ever come trembling to the feet of Jesus, crying, "what must I do to be saved." Christ by his death, has rolled away the stone from the door of the grave of dead, corrupt humanity; but, no Lazarus will arise, no soul dead in sin will be quickened, until the Holy Spirit gives the command, "Loose him, and let him go!

Justification and Sanctification.—It is a justified and sanctified Church. We join these two cardinal doctrines together; while they are essentially distinct, they are inseparably connected, and what God has joined together, we must not put asunder. The one signifies our title to, the other, our "meetness for the inheritance of the Saints of light." The one expresses what Christ has done for us; the other, what

He works in us; the one is a *relative*, the other a *real* change. The doctrines of Christianity are prefigured in the facts of Christianity. These two doctrines of a living Church were revealed to us on the cross of Calvary, in the water and the blood that flowed from the Redeemer's side.

"To be of sin the double cure;
To acquit from guilt and make us pure."

These are the two grand arteries flowing from the heart of Jesus Christ, conveying life, and causing spiritual circulation through all the members of his mystical body. As in the symbol of the vine and the branches. As the sap from the parent trunk permeates the branches, and makes them bear fruit, so does the life and grace of Christ animate all believers, and enable them to bear the peaceful fruits of righteousness. "This is a great mystery! It is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes."

While much is said, well said, and written about justification by the blood and righteousness of Christ, being the article of a standing or falling church; perhaps, too little is said and written about regeneration of heart and life, by the spirit of Christ, being the article of a living or dying church. The church that is without Christ's righteousness, is destitute of the element of its standing; the church that is without the Holy Spirit's work, has no element of life. Therefore, it is just as necessary that we should preach to you the necessity of spiritual regeneration and fitness for Heaven, by the work of God's Spirit, as that we should preach the necessity of a title to Heaven by the work of God's Son.

Antiquity.—It is an ancient Church. Numbers, tradition and antiquity, are not certain criteria of a true church. Error does not become venerable and command respect, merely because it is old. Truth has ever been in a minority, Christ's Church has ever been a little flock. The Church of Christ has the only true claim to antiquity; she is not only Patristic but Apostolic; her members quote the authority of the apostles, prophets and patriarchs—they date back to the ancient archives of the everlasting covenant; her members are an ancient people, "chosen in Christ before the foundations of the world were

laid." If antiquity commands respect and veneration, what can parallel the cross in all the elements of a true antiquity; before the suns of the morning sang together, and celebrated a new-born world, even then the cross was erected upon the high and holy hills of Jehovah's councils standing forth in prominent relief, the one central object, shedding its splendors upon the past, and casting its glories upon the future, the only hope of them that should believe to the end of time.

Catholicity.—It is the Holy Catholic Church, because all its members are holy; people doubly holy, through the imputed and imparted righteousness of Christ. Catholic, because her members are gathered out of the whole world: her pale is the universe. *I will bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth. I will hiss for them and I will gather them, for I have redeemed them.* Because her doctrines are catholic—*one body and one spirit; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all. All have sinned: all the world have become guilty before God, that he might have mercy upon all. Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden. Ho every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters: and the Spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.* This is Catholic doctrine. Catholic, because her religion and worship are circumscribed by no natural, conventional boundaries, and are suited to every people, country and age; it has no peculiar exemptions or privileges for any sex, age, order, or degree; all are one in Christ. Jew and Gentile, bond and free. "The righteousness of Christ is unto and upon all that believe, for there is no difference.

The Gospel is the religion of sinners, not of sectaries; it is designed to be universal, immortal; it speaks a language that all can understand, and in tones that all must feel. Catholic, because all its members have large hearts, expanding with love and charity to all the particular compartments of the universal church; recognizing every man as a friend and brother, who loves the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and consecrates his being to the glory of his Saviour, who opened his arms on the accursed tree to embrace a lost world, when emptying his heart of all but love; and I believe, just

in proportion as Christians are destitute of this catholic spirit, which can rejoice in the access of all churches where Jesus Christ records his blessed name, are they going back to the exclusivism of Judaism, and receding from the glorious dispensation of the Gospel of liberty. The tabernacle of Christ's Church, is the universe; her temple is open at the top, lighted from above by the sunshine of a Father's love. But when the congregation is all complete, when the flock is all gathered in, of which "not a hoof will be left behind," this temple of living stones will be roofed in with a crowning dome of glory, and the "headstone thereof will be brought forth with shoutings of grace—grace unto it."

"Grace all the work shall crown."

Unity—Church unity is not rigid uniformity in externals, but internal spiritual identity. As the physical unity of the whole human family is traceable to one common centre, so all the redeemed family derive their features of spiritual unity from Christ their head, the second Adam.

Division—Is another characteristic of the Church of Christ, not essentially, but accidentally, owing to the infirmities and sins of her members. Like the disciples in the infant Church, Christians are still falling out by the way, and the question at issue is still the same, not who shall be the least in the kingdom of Heaven, "but who shall be the greatest?" The old heathens said of the young church, "behold how these Christians love one another!" What think ye would heathens say of the old church, that has "kings for her nursing fathers, and queens for her nursing mothers," if they were to read our religious newspapers; perhaps it would be to this effect—behold how these lambs resemble wolves, how they bite and devour one another; how they hate another. When Christians take common ground, and make common cause against a common enemy, sin and Satan, then, and not till then, will the world believe that we are the true followers of those who were "first called Christians at Antioch. When all the evangelical churches take the Bible for their platform, Gethsemane and Calvary for their stand-points, and casting their little differences into the broad lap of frail humanity, rally round the cross as a com-

mon standard, all striving heart and hand, not merely to bring men into their pale, to wear their badge, and pronounce their Shibboleth, but to bring sinners into the arms of one common Saviour—all ambassadors for one king—all fighting the good fight of faith under one Captain, though wearing different uniforms—all facing the same enemies of their holy religion, though wearing different facings upon their religious creeds: when Christians thus go forth in a holy phalanx of hope and love, under the Omnipotent leadership of our conquering Emmanuel, then will the world believe that we are Christians indeed and in truth.

The Church is divided in its place of abode; one part is on earth, the other in glory; one in the holy place, the other has passed the veil, and entered the holy of holies; one, like the tribe of Reuben, remains in the green pastures on this side Jordan; the other has passed over to the happy land of promise; one, like the family of Jacob, has crossed over the ford of Jabbok; the other, like the patriarch, taries at this side to wrestle with the angel till the day dawn and the shadows flee away.

Progression—The Church must progress, Grace must grow in the Church collectively, and in the hearts of individual believers. The Lord is adding daily to His Church such as shall be saved. "The path of the just is as a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day." There is an undercurrent of grace flowing gradually onward, though unseen and unregarded by the world.

The progress of the Church of Christ bears a strict and beautiful analogy to the progress of the Divine life in the soul of the individual believer. The growth of grace in the soul appears frequently to be suspended: the world, the flesh, and the devil, contend fiercely with the power and influence of the Gospel in the heart. The believer is often dismayed and ready to say with Rebekah, "if it be so with me, why am I thus assailed by Satan;" or with David, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul. The life-giving truths of God are almost eradicated from the mind. But though we forget God, he will not forget himself, he will not deny himself. He carries on the purposes of his unmerited

mercy in the hearts of his people, notwithstanding all our faithfulness. "Having loved his own, he loves them to the end." So it is, has been, and will continue with respect to the progress of truth and the conquest of the Church in the world. Christ, by his truth, grace and spirit, will conquer all difficulties. The world and the devil, infidelity, rationalism and error in all its Protean developments, are now arrayed against the truth of God. Yet, when all seeming temporal hindrances and spiritual obstacles, and departures from the truth of the Gospel, seem to delay the glorious consummation of Jehovah's purposes in Christ, God's foundation standeth sure. All human events are made subservient to grace. Everything is foreseen and provided for in every age; events are overruled to the furtherance of his divine designs, and instruments are raised up accurately adapted to achieve his peculiar objects.

God makes the wrath of man to praise him. Bad as well as good men have been promoting in different ways and with different motives, the same object, the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth. The political Jehus, while battling with the weapons of carnal zeal for civil and religious liberty, are the apostles of the Prince of Peace, the heralds of the cross, without intending it. Ever since the days of the Babylonish, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman conquerors, instruments have been raised up in their respective spheres of action, to humble the tyrants of the earth, shiver the iron sceptres of despotism, and prepare a way for the missionaries of the Gospel. Oh! that the soldiers of Christ's kingdom would evince the same self-sacrificing zeal, as do those brave fellows, those heroes of freedom, who now appear upon the political stage sounding the trump of another Jubilee through the length and breadth of Christendom, filling men's hearts with the enthusiasm of truth, and waking all Europe with the thunders of long dormant liberty and oppressed Christianity.

Providence is a great mystery. The all important fact which history is every day disclosing is this—this world, with its complicated machinery, is Christ's world, and all passing events are subservient to the Church and the glory of God in Christ. This blessed truth is the only key

to explain the mysteries of Providence. Facts are the alphabet of history. Although we cannot read clearly its mysterious page; although we cannot reconcile its facts and events of history, we cannot see how they are conducive to God's glory, and consistent with his attributes—yet, when the work is finished all will be legible, plain; and when the mystically interwoven tapestry of Providence is completed, all will be clear; when the volume is finished, one short sentence in golden letters will explain all its darkest lines—"Christ is all."

Diminution—The Church militant is daily decreased to increase the Church triumphant; the empty chair and the vacant pew are contributing to fill the "many mansions" in glory. We mourn the absent friend, forgetful that to be absent in the body is to be present with the Lord; we sorrow when a voice is silenced in the family and congregational choir. Ah, but could we lift the veil that separates the eternal world from our view, we would rejoice that the ransomed choir is more complete, and the harps of Heaven more responsive.

"Tis sweet when year by year we lose
Friends lost to sight in faith, to muse
How grows in Paradise our store:

Whether the trees of the Lord's right hand planting are cut down by the scythe of death or the sword of persecution, they will flourish in perennial youth in Paradise. The promise is sure—"they who are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God." The Church, like the palm tree, the more it is crushed and shoots the more vigorously. Churches have been cut down almost to the very roots, and have been, and shall be visited with a spring-time of divine favor, sending forth from their hewn and trampled trunks branches of richest fruitfulness and living verdure covering the hills with the shadow of their boughs.

Lord send us a Penticostal shower and water our parched little vineyard with the dew of Thy blessing; and if in Thy mysterious Providence the nether springs of Thy bounty are stopped, close not from our thirsting souls the upper springs of Thy grace. Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Lastly:—

Glorification—It is a glorious Church. "Whom he justified them he also glorified." This is the Church that shall be truly glorious at the last. When all earthly glory shall have passed away, then shall this glorious Church be presented in the dew of her youth "arrayed in fine linen clean and white at the marriage supper of the Lamb." Such are a few of the distinctive features of the Holy Catholic Church.

These are doctrinal mysteries but they have a practical aim and tendency. Doctrines are the great motives to duty; and the most mysterious of all doctrines, the doctrine of the cross, and spiritual union with Christ are made the groundwork by the apostles of all practical exhortations. The latter chapters of the Epistles to the Romans, Colossians, and Ephesians, you will please to read, as illustrations of this truth. The practical object of my remarks has been to lead you to the personal examination of your characters and condition in the sight of God; to lead us all to more humbling views of our own sinfulness, vileness, and wickedness by nature; and to higher views of the value and preciousness of Christ's work. Therefore, they know not whereof they affirm, and are libellers of the preaching of a full and free Gospel, who say that the setting forth the free sovereign grace of the Lord and the finished work of Christ, has a tendency to induce presumption and ungodliness of life. The apostles assert the very opposite; they declare, that the very cause and motive that must operate in the believer's breast to make him bring forth fruit to the glory of God, is the fact that he has been called by sovereign grace, and redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. To tell a man to do good works before that he is influenced by Gospel motives and principles, is just to tell him to make bricks without straw, to perform the whole duty of man, before he had received any portion of the grace of God.

The practical object of this discourse has been to lead you to put this all-important question to your consciences—am I a living member of Christ's Church, a child of God and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven? Is Christ in me and I in Him; has he given me his nature, as I have taken his name?

Examine yourselves then, friends, and

see what is the ground of your hope; whether the Gospel has come to you in power or in word only. May you be led childlike to the feet of Jesus, the great Prophet, to say: "Lord what I know not teach me." Oh that the Holy Spirit may vouchsafe to make Christ a Saviour of life to you all. May Christ lift up your hearts for the outpouring of his wisdom, power and holiness; that you may see and know what is the "fellowship of the mystery, what the hope of your calling, and what the riches of the glory of your inheritance with the saints." Read Ephesians iii. 16-20. It is only the Spirit of the Lord God in a preached Christ, that can bring to the penitent sinner's heart the blessings of the glorious Gospel in all their full and apprehended reality and power.

May God of his infinite mercy enable you to put these questions seriously to your hearts. May we all seek to be kept near to one another and united in the bonds of the Gospel. Let us pray that our love to our Lord, to each other and to all mankind, may abound more and more; may the uniting Spirit of Christ knit us together in the blessed communion of the saints, that with one heart and one mind we may exert ourselves to advance the glory of God in promoting the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom and the common salvation of all our souls.

Let us value more the church privileges which we enjoy. I have no faith in the religion of the man who says, it matters little where we worship, and who does not consider his own church the best and love it the most. A love and predilection for our own particular church is not only necessary but natural. He who loves all churches alike, has never loved any right, nor has any true love for God, nor can he be said to love the Universal Church if he is not visibly connected with one of its branches. A Christian without either shepherd or pasture is a most inconsistent character; his soul will derive little spiritual nourishment from the broad right of common which he claims.

To value any thing merely on account of its antiquity is little-minded, contemptible, but to undervalue what is valuable and excellent merely because it is ancient, is far more contemptible. While I love the Church universal and love all who love the

Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, I love my own Church the most, with almost a superstitious reverence; and that Church shall ever have the first place in my affections and the highest place in my prayers, which has connected with the land of my fathers' sepulchres so many time-honored associations, and hallowed memories. The church which I believe to be most catholic and scriptural in doctrine, most ancient and apostolic in origin, and most primitive in ritual; a church which has given to the world, in her Liturgy and 39 Articles, the noblest composition of uninspired man, the fullest and most complete summary of divine truth that ever came from human pen. A church that can number among her ministers such a bright galaxy of pious and learned divines, those great expositors of scripture, those mighty masters of moral and casuistic science, whose names and writings are synonymous with whatever is Scriptural in doctrine, sublime in thought, majestic in theme, rich, powerful and noble in elocution, strict in logic, cogent in argument, and practical in tendency. Alas! that men should consider it a mark of superior sanctity to separate from a church in communion with which such men lived, such men died.

May the Lord abundantly bless our Apostolic Church and make her a blessing to this land; may he lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes; may righteousness be the foundation of her walls, truth and peace the ornament of her palaces; may Christ be the foundation of her faith, the ground of her union, and thus she shall be as she ever has been, the fortress of Protestantism and the bulwark of Gospel truth in the world. May the pure spark of apostolic zeal that was dropped from Heaven into the hearts of her Reformers and fanned into a seraphic flame in the hearts of her confessors who sealed their faith with their blood; may it never die or flicker upon her altar, till it is lost in the full effulgence and blessedness of the Millennial morn. Then the Chief Shepherd shall appear to separate the sheep from the goats, the chaff from the wheat. Then there shall be "one fold and one shepherd;" then there will be no difference between Christ's sheep, then all the wheat that has grown in Canaan, however it may have been separated by hedges on earth, when it is

gathered into the heavenly garner, shall be God's wheat without one single mark to distinguish that once Christians differed in outward circumstances, modes and forms.

Lastly—My friends, let us not forget the "Church in the house." Family religion is the most unmistakable test of Christian character; where two or three are met together in Christ's name, there is a true church; wherever the believer has a tent, there God has an altar. It is in the family that we are to look for the most genuine fruits of righteousness, the most unmistakable evidences of whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report, if there be any virtue, it is in the family and the life that we are too look for its most beautiful illustrations. May God enable us to bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

We shall soon take an eternal farewell of another, and comparatively mis-spent year. This is a favorable point for reflection. Let us put to our consciences the question of Pharaoh to Jacob: How old art thou? how many years have I lived to God? how many years of my past life have been spent in the service of Satan or God? One of these two masters I have been serving. How many Sabbaths have I devoted to my worldly business, how many to God. In the past year I have given to God or the devil seven weeks of precious Sabbaths, in the last seven years, I have given to God or the devil one entire year of precious Sabbaths, in fifty years, I have given to God or the devil seven years of precious Sabbaths. Solemn thought. Try and think this thought over.

We all differ in age, circumstances, gifts and graces, but we all agree in this, we are all sinners; we must die. Some of us must die soon; we must all die certainly. We must all tenant the dark chambers of the grave. The coffin, the winding-sheet, and the worm, are common marks of unity. The grave is the only earthly picture of equality; there is the small and great, and there the servant is free from his master. There will be unity in the grave. The ashes of Ephraim and Judah will sleep peacefully together in the same urn. "What are you looking for, Diogenes, in that heap of rubbish," (said the monarch who sat upon the throne of the world, yet

never learned to govern himself, or to solve that mysterious problem, *what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul*), to which the sage replied, "I was just looking for your rather Philip's bones, but I could not discern them from those of his slaves." Some, while the game of life, which moralists call chance, is being played, are kings, queens, knights, and some are humble pawns, upon the checkered stage of society, moves, places and relative positions must be observed. But when the game is over, how altered is the case, like chess-men thrown into a bag, the bones and ashes of kings and beggars commingle unceremoniously in the lap of mother-earth, awaiting the trump of God to summon an assembled world to the board of judgment. What a revolution will then take place; the first shall be last, and the last first. May you, and I find mercy of the Lord in that day, for Christ's sake.

I leave you, the question, am I a king? do I belong to old Simon Peter's royal priesthood? Believers are kings and priests by birth, and extraction; in their relations and alliances. There is no gradation of rank among God's children, they all belong to the blood-royal of Israel; they are all on a footing of equality. The brother says the apostle, "of low degree rejoices that he is exalted, and the rich in that he is made low. They are all one in Christ Jesus.

Fellow-sinners, its both a solemn and sublime thought, that there are but two kingdoms and two great alliances, the kingdom of Christ, and the kingdom of Satan; those who will, and those who will not have Christ to reign over them. To which kingdom do you belong?

I will conclude in the language of our Liturgy, praying, that "God who has knit together his elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of His Son Jesus Christ, may grant us grace to follow the blessed saints in all godliness of living; that we being regenerate and made His children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by the Holy Spirit, through the same Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with the Father and the same Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

MIRACULOUS DELIVERANCE,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE SINNER'S FRIEND."

At a public meeting of the Norwich City Mission one of the speakers gave the following deeply interesting narrative of the recovery of a wretched individual who appeared lost, almost beyond hope.

In the town (Maidstone), where I reside, (said the speaker, Mr. J. V. Hall), were twelve young men who were accustomed, early in life, to meet together for indulgence in drinking and all manner of excess. In the course of time, some of them engaged in business; but their habits of sin were so entwined with their very existence, that they became bankrupts or insolvents. Eight of them died under the age of forty, without a hope beyond the grave; three others were reduced to the most abject poverty. Two of these had formerly moved in very respectable circles, but they are now in the most miserable state of poverty, disgrace and wretchedness.

One more, the last of the twelve, the worst of all, remains to be accounted for. He was a sort of ringleader, taking the head of the table at convivial parties, and sitting up whole nights, drinking and inducing others to do the same. He was an infidel, a blasphemer, a despiser of the word of God; yet a good-natured man, and would do anybody a kindness. At length he left the town, and went to reside at a distance, where, for a time, he refrained from dissipation, was married, and everything seemed prosperous around him; but instead of being thankful to God for his mercy, and watching against his besetting sin, he gave way to his old propensity, and brought misery to his family and friends.

One dark night, being in the neighbourhood of Stourbridge, he had been drinking to excess, and in a state of intoxication he wandered out of the house, and staggered amongst the coal pits, which are in many places left open and exposed. These he passed in safety; but the road he took went over a canal; he missed the bridge, and rolled over the bank to the edge of the water. And here he seemed to have arrived at the end of his wicked course; but God, who is rich in mercy, had caused a stone to lie directly in his path, and thus spared him in this the apparently last hour of his mortal existence; one turn more, and he would have sunk into eternal ruin, and his disembodied spirit been ushered into the presence of the Judge of all. The arm of mercy, however, interposed; his senses returned for a moment; he saw the water beneath him, he crawled back again into the road;

there he was picked up and lodged in a public house for the night.

This miraculous escape, it might have been thought would have made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind; but no—it was viewed simply as a lucky escape, and he continued to pursue his career of sin as ardently as before. After an indulgence in drinking for some days, having come to his senses, he began to reason with himself upon his guilt and folly, surrounded with blessings yet abusing the whole—and in an angry, passionate manner he muttered, ‘Oh! it’s no use for me to repent; my sins are too great to be forgiven.’ He had no sooner uttered these words than a voice seemed to say, with strong emphasis, *If thou wilt forsake thy sins they shall be forgiven.* The poor man started at what he believed to be a real sound, and hastily turned round, but seeing no one, he said to himself, ‘Surely I have been drinking till I am going mad.’ He stood paralysed, not knowing what to think, till relieved by a flood of tears, and then exclaimed, ‘Surely, this is the voice of mercy once more calling me to repentance.’ He fell on his knees, and half suffocated by his feelings, cried out, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner!’ The poor wretch was broken-hearted; and now his besetting sin appeared more horrible than ever; but it must be conquered, or he must perish. Then commenced a contest more terrible than that of conflicting armies—the soul was at stake;—an impetuous torrent was to be turned into an opposite course. He now began to search the Bible, which he had once despised. Here he saw that crimson and scarlet sins could be blotted out and made white as snow; that the grace of God was all sufficient. He refrained from intemperance, commenced family prayer, and hope again revived, but his deadly foe still pursued him, and he was again overcome.

Now his disgrace and sinfulness appeared worse than ever, and with melancholy feelings he cried out, in anguish of spirit, that he was *doomed to eternal misery*, and it was useless to try to avert his fate. His cruel enemy took this opportunity to suggest to his mind that he had so disgraced himself that it would be better to get rid of his life at once, [frequently the end of drunkards]. The razor was in his hand—but the Spirit of the Lord interposed and the weapon fell to the ground. Still his enemy pursued him, and seemed to have new power over his sin of intemperance. He would sometimes refrain for days and weeks, and then again he was as bad as ever. Hope seemed now to be lost, and especially when, one day, after having been brought into great weakness, through intemperance, death appeared to be very near, and his awful state

more terrific than ever. Not a moment was to be lost; he cast himself once more at the footstool of his long-insulted Creator, and with an intensity of agony cried out, ‘What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? Shall it declare thy truth? Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me: Lord, be thou my helper.’ He sank down exhausted; he could say no more. *That prayer was heard*, and a voice from heaven seemed to reply, ‘I will help thee, I have seen thy struggles, and I will now say to thine enemy, Hitherto thou hast come, but *no further.*’

A physician was consulted as to the probability, or possibility, of medicine being rendered effectual to stop the disposition to intemperance. The poor man would have suffered the amputation of all his limbs, could so severe a method have rid him of his deadly habit, which, like a vulture, had fastened upon his very vitals. The physician boldly declared, that if this poor slave would strictly adhere to his prescription, not only the practice, but the very inclination for strong drink would subside in a few months. Oh, could you have seen the countenance of that poor man when the physician told him of this: hope and fear alternately rising up, whilst he grasped the physician’s arm and said, ‘Oh, Sir, be careful how you open that door of hope, for should it be closed upon me, I am lost for ever!’ The physician pledged his credit, that if his prescription was punctually attended, the happiest results would ensue. The remedy was a preparation of steel and eagerly did the poor slave begin to devour the antidote to his misery. Every bottle was taken with an *earnest prayer to God* for his blessing to accompany it. He commenced taking this medicine on the first week in March, 1816, and continued till the latter end of September following; and to the honour and glory of the Lord Almighty, who sent his angel to whisper in the poor man’s ear, ‘I will help thee,’ for the glory of God be it spoken, that from the latter end of Sept. 1816, to the present hour, [upwards of 23 years], not so much as a spoonful of spirituous liquor, or wine of any description, has ever passed the surface of that man’s tongue.

The speaker concluded by saying, ‘The narrative which I have thus detailed might appear almost as a fable, a tale, got up for effect, but every syllable is *truth*; and, to the glory of God, the man who has been so marvellously delivered is now in perfect health, the happy servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he who has been plucked as a brand from the burning, and delivered from the power of Satan, *now stands before you*, and it is from his lips that you have heard the goodness of

that God, whose mercy endureth for EVER!"

The life once dedicated to the indulgence of depraved appetites, is now spent in seeking to further the glory of God, and the temporal and eternal welfare of man. The individual has written a little work, "The Sinner's Friend," of which upwards of HALF A MILLION copies have been put in circulation, the design of which is to call sinners to repentance; and while he adores that unmerited grace which pitied him in his low and lost estate, he seeks to warn his fellow sinners to flee from the wrath to come; and, in this, the day of grace and merciful visitation, to turn to that God who will have mercy upon them; and notwithstanding their manifold transgressions will, through the merits of the Lord Jesus, "abundantly pardon."

In the foregoing extraordinary case, the Lord has not only raised up this man as a monument of everlasting love, but has also mercifully verified the truth of his own word—"He shall tread upon the lion and adder, [besitting sins]. He shall call upon ME, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him; with long life* will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

All these blessings has the Lord poured out upon this individual, in full confirmation also of the Redeemer's words, "He that cometh to ME, I will *in no wise* cast out." No; not though his sins had overtopped the highest mountains,—for The blood of Christ, cleanseeth from ALL sin."

Come then, Sinner:—fear not;—come to Christ, and He will save YOU.

* Now [Dec. 1851] in his 78th year, full of life, health, and fire—holy fire—Christ Jesus, ever in his heart, a million times welcome guest.

A GARDEN OF SPICES.

On the southern coast of Scotland—almost in sight from the decks of the Cunard steamers, as they pass to Liverpool—lies the parish of Anworth. In this ancient parish there was standing not many years since—and, perhaps, is standing to this hour—an ancient and rustic church. The swallows, during many a summer, built their nests in the crannies of its roof. The crumbling walls were garnitured with moss and festooned with creeping vines. In the new College of Edinburgh its rusty key still hangs as a precious relic of the era of the "Solemn League and covenant." The old oaken pulpit is still preserved; and well

it may be; for in that pulpit once stood a man of whom it used to be said that he was always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechizing, and always studying the Word of God.—He it was who uttered that memorable saying to his beloved people, "My witness is above that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations unto me." That was the pulpit of Samuel Rutherford—glory of all devout Scotchman.

The savory, Bible saturated discourses which were once preached in that hallowed place, to weeping and melted auditors have, for the most part, perished long ago; but still that pastor is remembered, and will be while there are loving Christian hearts on earth. His world-known "Letters" will be Rutherford's enduring memorial. More than two centuries ago they were written—in the dark, troublous days of King Charles I—yet the smell of the myrrh and the cassia has never departed from this garden of spices. The delicious aroma of devotion breathes from every line. Without any special interest as descriptive or historical letters—devoid of all literary ambition and all theological dissertations, they live, and will ever live, from the perennial Christliness that pervades them: they are the artless love-letters of a holy-heart on fire with the love of Jesus. The sainted M'Cheyne was wont to make his Rutherford a companion for the closet. Cecil styled it "one of my classics." Richard Baxter said "Hold off the Bible, and such a book the world never saw." This sounds extravagant to those who have never gone into this garden of spices for themselves, and plucked the purple clusters from laden trellises, and inhaled the heavenly perfumes that linger in the air.

The copy of Rutherford's letters which stands in our book-case—an excellent reprint by the Carters is too thoroughly pencil-marked for any one else's ownership.—It is hard to keep your pencil from making note of such a passage as this: "Welcome, welcome, Jesus, in what way soever thou comest, if we can but get a sight of thee. And sure I am that it is better to be sick, providing that Christ came to the bedside, and draw aside the curtains and say, Courage, I am thy salvation, than to enjoy lusty health, and never to be visited of

God." Or such a terse, epigrammatic sentence as the following. "His loved ones are most tried; the lintel-stone and pillars of his new Jerusalem suffer more marks of God's hammer than the common side wall stones." Sometimes his soul is wrapt into a sort of delirium of heavenly love as when in writing to Lady Kenmure he says: "Honorable Lady, keep your first love.— Hold the first match with that soul-delightful bridegroom, our sweet, sweet Jesus, the Rose of Sharon, and the sweetest-smelled rose in all his Father's garden. I would not exchange one smile of his lovely face for kingdoms. Let others take their silly, reckless heaven in this life. Put up your heart, shout for joy, your King is coming to fetch you to his Father's house." In writing of the indestructibility of the Church, he says: "That bush has been burning these four thousand years, but no man has yet seen the ashes of that fire."

For that church he underwent sore and harassing persecutions. He was confined for two years at Aberdeen, but "found Jesus sweet to him in that place." He used to date his letters "from Christ's palace in Aberdeen;" and the very stones in the walls of his dreary apartment "glittered in his eyes like rubies." On his way from home thither he spent a night with Dickson, the author of the incomparable hymn: "Oh! mother, dear Jerusalem."— They had a night like that which Great Heart and Old Honest spent with the hospitable Gains in Bunyan's allegory; for they were both pilgrims halting for a few hours on their march to the Celestial City. As soon as his confinement at Aberdeen ended, Rutherford hastened back to his hungry flock of Shepherds and fishermen in the parish of Anworth.

From thence he was called to a Professor's chair at St. Andrews, but was soon deposed by the Government, and his works were burned in Edinburgh by the hands of the common hangman. He was also summoned before Parliament on a false charge of treason. But the summons came too late. He was on his dying bed, and calmly remarked that he had got another summons before a superior judge, and sent this message, "I behave to answer my first summons; and ere your day I will be

where too few kings and great folk ever come."

On his dying bed he cried out—"Oh! for arms to embrace Him! oh, for a well-tuned harp!" Like some other departing saints, he seemed to have a premonition of the very time when he should pass over the unbridged river; and, on the last afternoon of his life, he said, this night will close the door, and fasten my anchor within the vale, and I shall go away in a sleep by five o'clock in the morning. There is nothing now between me and the resurrection, but 'this day thou shalt be with me in paradise.'" As the enrapturing visions of the open gate broke upon his falling eyes, he exclaimed: "Glorious glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land! With this chant of triumph on his lips he passed through the gates into the city. When the news reached Parliament that he was dying, it was voted that he should not die in the College as a Professor. Lord Burleigh arose and said, "You cannot vote him out of Heaven." Nor could they vote him out of the hearts of tens of thousands who have found in that orchard of spiritual delights which his fervid piety planted for them, some of the sweetest satisfactions their souls shall feel on this side of the New Jerusalem. The nearer we come to our home, the dearer some books grow to us. And upon that shelf of our inner sanctum, on which we lay our Pilgrim's Progress, the Saint's Rest, and Thomas a Kempis, we should have a place, too, for Samuel Rutherford's Letters.—*Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler.*

IMMENSITY OF SPACE.—Humboldt's "Cosmos" says, "It is calculated by Sir John Herschel that the light is nearly two millions of years in coming to the Earth from the remotest nebulae reached by his forty foot reflector, and therefore, he says, those distant worlds must have been in existence nearly two million years ago, in order to send out the ray by which we now perceive them. It also follows that their light would continue to reach for two million years to come, were they to be now stricken from the heavens!"

Where the Weary are at Rest.

I am dreaming of the blessings
 Just beyond the bounds of time,
 Of the pearly-gated city,
 O'er whose wall no evils climb;
 Where the Father folds His children
 Safely to His loving breast,
 'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.'

Now the toiling Christian pilgrim
 On a roughen'd pathway goes,
 Here dejected, there disheartened,
 Ever harass'd by his foes;
 Pilgrim raise thine eyes above thee,
 There are joys for the oppress'd,
 'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.'

Hast thou sickness, hast thou sorrow,
 Pains commingled with thy tears,
 Canst thou trace the path of weeping,
 Down the passage of the years?
 'I am sick,' none say in heaven,
 None by sorrow are possess'd,
 'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.'

Oh, the joys of holy dying!
 From a holy life they come,
 Constant toiling for the Master
 Yet will bring the servant home;
 When he calls the tired pilgrim,
 To the mansions of the bless'd,
 'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.'

—*American Presbyterian.* E. J. H.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

As in every place and every time, so in every event there is God. Is the earth shaken by inward convulsions? It is God that heaves the mountains to and fro. Or, do the valleys laugh in the sunshine, and do the rejoicing husbandmen carry home their harvests? God is there right manifest in the lavish bounty of His hand. The greatest political disasters are predestinated, guided, and overruled by God. When an Attila scourges the earth and reddens her soil with blood, his steps are ordered, arranged, and foreordained as much as the flight of the eternal angel who shall blow the trumpet of the gospel and proclaim the year of jubilee. There is no event, however base and vile, however grand and good which is not within the management of

the dread Supreme. His dominion hath no limit. Even the dark gulf of evil is spanned by the bridge of His Wisdom. Journey onward till you seem to go where goodness is not found and grace is all eclipsed; in the thick darkness where He dwells. He makes the clouds His chariot and yoke's the whirlwind to His car. Be of good cheer, beloved, in every event you may behold your God. And if it be so, that God is in every event, permit me to remind you that God is where there is *no event*. When there is a lull upon the waters and all is stagnant, when in the lesser world of your own house and your own soul there is a dead calm, perhaps the woful prelude of a dread tempest, God is there. Great God, thou standest in the midst of the silent desert, where not even the hum of the bee disturbs the dread solemnity of stillness! Thou art far down in the cleft of the rock, where creatures could not live! Nay, in the bowels of the solid adamant Thou hast Thy palace, and beneath the surging of the ever-tossing sea Thou hast a tabernacle. In the unknown ravine in the untraversed gorge, the Lord-Jehovah has His dwelling-place. He keeps you rocks from tottering to their fall. He swells those rivers till they roll along. Let him but remove his hand, and earth's pillars totter to their fall, creation reels, and the universe expires. As dies the spark struck from the steel, so dies creation, if God ceases to be present there.— Oh, learn, then, evermore, that not only in His doings but in His restings, not only in His actings, but in His standing still, God is most manifest to you if you will but see Him, if your eyes, anointed with the Heavenly eye, save are but open to behold your Father and your King.—[Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

CAN YOU ASK A BLESSING?

Against her better judgement, Mrs. Ellis had at length consented to allow her daughter Eleanor to accept an invitation to an evening party, or rather a kind of private ball. The mother had many misgivings as to the propriety of allowing her child,—whom she had tried to bring up as a Christian,—to join in these frivolous pursuits; but she was overruled by Eleanor's entreaties, and the advice of foolish friends.

Very beautiful Eleanor looked as she stood in her flowing evening dress, putting the last finishing touches to her toilette.

"Now mamma," she exclaimed, "I am just ready, and want you to see my dress. How do you like it?" Now, dear mamma, make your mind easy; you see I am not going to be an extravagant, fine lady; only just to have a little more amusement than I used. Surely, there can be no harm in that,—Shall I put this rose in my hair, or not? Do fasten it in

mamma: it looks so pretty. Now give me my gloves and bouquet. Oh, I feel so ready for a dance." and in a flutter of excitement, she was turning to go, when her mother threw her arm fondly round her, and said in a voice of deep feeling:—

"Can you ask a blessing on the dance Eleanor?" she colored deeply, gave one look of quick surprise and hastened down stairs to take her place in the carriage.

As it rolled off Mrs. Ellis again kneeled down in prayer—earnestly entreating that help which is never sought in vain.

Long before the usual time of her return home, and before Mrs. Ellis had retired to rest, the hall door bell was heard, and Eleanor hastened to her own room.

Surprised, and fearing she might be ill, Mrs. Ellis hastened up to Eleanor's room; but as she opened the door her daughter's voice in prayer fell upon her ear.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee," were the words she heard. Unwilling to disturb her, she was about to withdraw, but Eleanor had already heard her. She arose from her knees, threw herself into her mother's arms, and wept without restraint.

"You are not ill, my child?" said the mother, anxiously.

"No, mamma. I have been to the ball: it was very brilliant, and I was one of the gayest there. I danced, and talked, and laughed; but all the time there was an arrow here," and she pressed her hand on her heart. "Those words, 'Can you ask a blessing on the dance?' seemed to haunt me. I felt I could not ask for a blessing,—that the thought was incongruous with such a scene; and then I felt as if I were shut out from the presence of God, and that willfully. Oh, how glad I was to hasten away; and, mamma, I have left these scenes for ever! Never again will I go where I cannot ask for God's blessing to be with me."

They knelt to pray together, and then, too much agitated for sleep, conversed long and earnestly.

"Mr. Langton was here to-day, Eleanor," said Mrs. Ellis; "he needs your help very much, and was anxious you should take part in some of the work in the district."

"Did he know," said Eleanor, gravely, "that I have been forsaking all I once held sacred, and thinking only of folly and self-indulgence?"

"He knew that you were going out to a dance, because I told him so, and he then told me to ask you if you could ask a blessing on what you were doing, which I did. He complained that there were so few to help in the Lord's work.

"While I," said Eleanor sadly as she laid

aside the finery in which she had been arrayed, "have been going over to the enemy's side. Yes, dear mamma, you know, "our Lord says: 'He that is not with me, is against me; he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.' What a mercy that I have been arrested in so thoughtless a course! Henceforth, I trust, I shall never engage in it without first trying it by the test—

"CAN YOU ASK A BLESSING?"

Sicilian Generosity.

Two of his Sicilian Majesty's galleys being on a cruise, pursued and took an Algerine vessel of twenty guns and one hundred men. The prize was sent to Naples, and whilst lying under guard at the Mole, a young gentleman then bathing, was seized with the cramp, and immediately sunk in the presence of numbers, who did not attempt anything for his relief. One of the Algerine sailors, who was standing on the gunwale of the prize instantly jumped into the water, and having laid hold of the body in its rise, tied one end of a handkerchief round the shoulder, the other end of which he fastened to his own, and swam with it to shore. The drowned person was recovered by proper applications, and the Marquis de Pallierhi, whose son was thus preserved, being introduced to the king, threw himself on his knees, and requested the liberty of the gallant Algerine. His Sicilian Majesty's reply was truly noble. "Your request, sir," said he, "is both reasonable and humane; the Moor is yours, and you may dispose of him as you please. The remainder of the crew are mine, and by the laws of war perpetual slaves; but they are free from this moment. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom from the wrath of the Almighty, and shall not one gallant and humane man, who has risked his life for an enemy, and restored to me so valuable a subject, merit the pardon of a few companions?" Next day, an order was published for their release, and they departed amidst the acclamations of the populace.

So much for kingly generosity in the olden time. Had the late King of Naples or his father, shown any such nobility of feeling, the same waters of the Mole d Gaeta would never have witnessed the late fruitless struggle of the Bourbon to retain their paternal throne.

IS IT FATHER'S LETTER?
EASY LESSON IN THE EVIDENCES.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

George — was home from college, and much had he to tell about college life, the professors, the boys' pranks, boarding in commons, studies, exercises; "and, mother," he said one evening, "there's a club of fellows in college that don't believe the Bible, as *you* do. They say it is absurd to call it the word of God. They say it isn't any more divine than Herodotus, or Pliny, or any of those old authors. It's only history, like any history, but not inspired by God." George enlarged freely upon this new set of opinions, new at least to him, but old as the world is, for Satan's great aim in Paradise was to destroy Eve's faith in the word of God; and he has never slackened his efforts to do so with men ever since. His mother saw that her son's faith was shocked, if not shaken; at any rate, that worst of all evils, doubts, like a flock of carrion crows, had been lodged in his mind.

While they were talking, one of the bank clerks handed in a letter. "From father!" cried George, holding it up, "and post-marked Liverpool." "From father, from father!" shouted the younger children, clapping their hands. It was for mother, but she bade George open and read it aloud. A long and interesting letter it was to this little family group, and they all began to talk about its contents as soon as George had finished,—all but mother, who amid this hubbub of cheery voices said nothing; she sat gravely looking into the fire. At last, when they began to wonder at her silence, she said, "Are you sure that letter is from your father?" The children looked at each other and at their mother in surprise. For a moment no one spoke; the glad flow of their spirits seemed suddenly checked and chilled.

"Why, mother, it has certainly got father's signature," said James, taking up the letter and looking it over. "Anybody might know his signature; it's exactly the same he writes on his bank-bills—just such a quirl of the G, just such square Ws; that says it's father's as clear as daylight."

"In other words, proves it authentic," said the young collegian George.

"And certainly there's no denying father's seal on the outside," said Jessie, taking her turn at the letter, "the eagle with a scroll in his mouth, the very one Dr. H—— gave him so long ago."

"Why, mother," cried a third, "it *suits* us so. Who but father, away off in Liverpool, knows you have a son George in college? Who but father knew Sarah wanted a writing-desk? Who but father knew all about poor Jessie's lame leg? Who in all that big town knows all our different wants, and could say just the things to us and *about* us all, but *father*, our own father dear?"

"Well, mother, I suspect you won't doubt when the desk, and your shawl, and all the little nick-knacks father mentions having sent, *come*. That will be convincing enough, I suppose," said George pretty positively.

The conversation passed off, but not the impression it left on George's mind, which was an uneasy one. How strange, he thought, for his mother to doubt, and so seriously doubt, whether that letter was from his father! Was his mother going crazy? Could this be a symptom of insanity? He knew she had not been well, and two or three people were in the Insane Hospital that once were just as unlikely to be there as his mother. He pondered the matter long after he went to bed, and fell asleep painfully puzzled.

The next night the thundering knock of the expressman announced the arrival of father's promised package. "There, mother," said George, as he received and opened it, taking out one after the other the articles specified in the letter, "does not *this* confirm father's letter?"—After they had been sufficiently admired and talked over, George sat down by his mother, and affectionately taking her hand. "Now, dear mother," he asked, "what did make you doubt it was father's letter? It seemed to me so extraordinary."

"Not more extraordinary, my son, than to doubt the genuineness of the word of God, the Bible, the heavenly Father's letter to us." Then George instantly saw it was to teach him an important lesson.—"How did you all try to prove your father's letter genuine, that he was indeed

the author of it; what was the proof?" she asked.

He thought a moment, and then answered, "First by his signature; then by his seal; then because it suited our case; and to-night, by the arrival of the package, which it *said* he sent; that is, by the fulfilment of its promises—four substantial proofs, mother."

"And these are precisely some of the proofs which satisfy us that the Bible is from God," said his mother. "First, it professes to be; its writers declare it is so. God said to Moses when he sent him with his messages, 'I will be thy mouth.' David says, 'The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue,'—When Christ sent his disciples to preach the gospel, he told them, 'It is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.' You see it professes to be from God; his *signature* is put to it.

"That alone is not enough, however.—Let us look further, and we shall find God's seal upon it. Moses went to Egypt with a message from God. 'Prove that it is from God,' they said. And what did he do?—He wrought miracles before them. 'There are my credentials,' he said"

"What are credentials," asked James.

"That which gives us a *title* to people's confidence," answered his mother.—"When a man is sent to any country from England on the Queen's business; he takes his credentials with him,—a letter with the English seal upon it. The apostles in the same way wrought miracles in proof that they brought the gospel from God. Miracles are God's *seal* upon his messages to man.

"Then you said your father's letter suited our case," continued she; "it knew all about us. And this is a great proof that the Bible is from God; it is so suited to our wants. We are guilty; it offers pardon. We are rebels against God's law; it brings a message of peace. We are lost; it tells us of a Saviour. We are dead; its truths bring life and immortality to light. We are sorrowful and wretched; it promises joy, and hope, and heaven. The Bible is wonderfully adapted to all our wants, you see. It knows our case.

"And the further proof is, *what it says comes to pass* in the fulfilment of its promises and prophecies. The arrival of the

package you considered the crowning proof of the genuineness of your father's letter. In a like manner the Bible promises, and no one yet ever found it to fail. It foretells future events, not for one year only, but years and centuries beforehand,—events which none but God's all-seeing eye could foresee and foreknow. In the march of time they all come to pass, and are constantly fulfilling before our eyes.

"Therefore you see, my son, that the same kind of evidence which established the genuineness of your father's letter, and which you thought it so extraordinary that I could doubt, establishes the genuineness of God's message to man; and none but unfair or frivolous minds, incapable of appreciating evidence, will ever doubt or reject the truth that *the Scriptures are the word of God*, written, as they declare, that we might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing we might have life through his name. To find this life, the *one great* object and end of all our endeavours, George, 'Search the Scriptures,' says the Son of God; and it is a search we cannot too earnestly make."

"O mother," said the young collegian the next day, kissing her pale cheek, "your words are like apples of gold in pictures of silver,"

Jesus, Sweet Name,

FROM THE LATIN OF SAINT BERNARD.

Jesus! the very thought is sweet!
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this;
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High!

Jesus! the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek thee, oh how kind!
But what art thou to them that find!

No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness;
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows love of Jesus! what thou art.

O Jesu! King of wondrous might!
O Victor! glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!

THE GOOD NEWS.

May 15th., 1861.

THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARK.

Luke I. 28-40.

When we last heard of the Angel Gabriel, it was in the magnificent sanctuary of the temple at Jerusalem; we now observe him in a poor cottage, in the obscure and despised town of Nazareth. When he last appeared to mortal eye, it was to a man, who occupied one of the most exalted stations which man can fill,—it was to a priest to the Most High God. And this appearance took place whilst he was engaged in discharging what was accounted the most honourable part of the priest's office; it was whilst he was burning incense on the golden altar. But now, he appears to a virgin of the name of Mary; whose lot was cast in the humbler walks of life. But though her family was now reduced to a comparatively poor condition, she was of royal descent; for the blood of David flowed in the veins of this obscure Jewish maiden. Her family was now reduced to such a condition, that, in regard to temporal things, her illustrious son might well be compared to a root out of a dry ground. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that they were in absolute poverty. The fact that Joseph and Mary had to go up to be registered at Bethlehem, is an indication that one, or both of them, had property there; though their ordinary residence was at Nazareth. It is highly probable that the representatives of David's family had, from a regard to their personal safety, prudently retreated to the remote and obscure town of Nazareth, that there, away from the observation of Herod, they might be less exposed to the suspicion of the cruel and unscrupulous tyrant.

Thus then, though Joseph and Mary moved in an obscure sphere, and were not above the condition of labouring with their own hands, they must have been possessed of some property. This, one might infer from the fact, that their genealogies were preserved with such care, probably not merely in their family records, but in the public registers; and also from the fact before noticed, that they had to go to Bethlehem to be enrolled at the time, when the Romans were making a census, previous to the reduction of Judea, into the form of a province; for a census among the Romans was not, as amongst ourselves, a mere numbering of the people, but included also a valuation of their property, with a view to the imposition of taxes.

It was in the sixth month after Elizabeth's conception, that the angel Gabriel was commissioned by God, to make the announcement to Mary, that she would be honoured to be the mother of the Messiah. Before this time, she had been betrothed, or espoused to Joseph, who, though but a carpenter by trade, was, like herself a descendant of David. How commendable the conduct of this admirable man, who, though no doubt valuing himself upon his illustrious descent, yet when reduced in his circumstances, thought it not beneath him, to support himself by the labour of his own hands. How favourably does his conduct in this respect, contrast with that of many in similar circumstances, who feasting their imaginations on visions of the past, and priding themselves on their ancestral dignity, would rather live on the bounty of others, than stoop to support themselves, by their own exertions.

But though Mary was espoused to Joseph, the marriage had not actually taken place. She was still an unspotted virgin, and we have every reason to believe one of the purest, and most estimable of the human race. It was customary for young people among the Jews, to be betrothed to

each other a considerable time before the marriage was consummated, and whilst in this state, they were subject very much to the same laws which were applicable to persons actually married.

When the angel appeared to Mary, probably with such circumstances of celestial splendor, as revealed at once to her, his true character, he addressed her in these words, "Hail! Thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." *Hail* was just an ordinary term of salutation among the ancients, and was an expression of good wishes. It means peace and joy be to thee. Our Saviour uses the very same form of salutation to the women, to whom he manifested himself as they were returning from the sepulchre, after his resurrection. The expression—Thou art highly favoured, or as the Romanists translate it, full of grace, does not mean any self-produced holiness, or excellence in Mary, but only her election by grace. No doubt Mary was adorned with the beauty of holiness, to a greater degree perhaps, than any of our race; but the word here employed leads us to believe that this holy beauty, this moral loveliness, was conferred on her by God, and not wrought out by her own exertions. Some interpret the expression—"The Lord is with thee,"—the Lord *be* with thee, still in the form of a good wish, and as more consistent with the nature of a salutation. As there is no word in the original corresponding to *is*, this is allowable. It appears to me, however, that our interpreters are right in interpreting this as a direct affirmation. It states the ground of her favour; and the expression is the same, as that employed by the angel in addressing Gideon, "The Lord is with thee thou mighty man of valour." The expression—"Blessed art thou among women,"—has commonly been understood to mean, "Thou art favoured beyond all others." One para-

phrases it, "Thou shall be accounted, through all generations, the happiest of women that ever lived upon earth." But though there can be no doubt that Mary was the most highly favoured of women, it does not appear to me that the words necessarily imply this. There is a still stronger expression of a similar kind, applied to Jael in the song of Deborah—"Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Eber the Kenite, be. Blessed shall she be above women in the tent."

I have been thus minute, in explaining the address of the angel to Mary, in order to show that it partakes nothing of the nature of adoration, or of the form of a prayer; but that it is just such an address, as a superior might make to an inferior.—And yet this address has been converted into a prayer, or office of devotion to Mary by the idolatrous Romanists. It is well known that the famous prayer to the Virgin—*Ave Maria*, or Hail, Mary, is used by the more bigoted papists, more frequently than any other; perhaps I might say, more frequently than all others put together. It just consists of the angelic salutation, which we are now considering, with a short, but very important addition; and is in these words—"Hail Mary, full of grace! the Lord is with thee; Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary! mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and in the hour of our death. Amen." Just let us bear in mind, that these words, I mean those employed by the angel, were addressed to Mary, by one of the greatest of created beings, when he came to make to her an important communication from heaven, and the absurdity and blasphemy of employing then, as a prayer, must be at once apparent. It is one of the most dangerous characteristics of Romanism, because most likely to strike and impose upon the superficial that its worst practices are founded

on something apparently Scriptural; but it will be found on minute inspection, that it is a perversion of Scripture." The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

When Mary beheld this glorious being, and heard the address which proceeded from his mouth. She was not only alarmed at his presence, but troubled at his sayings; and reflected on the nature of this strange salutation. Whilst she was agitated, and perplexed with this strange address, the angel told her not to fear, repeated the substance of what he had before said—that she had found favor with God; and then proceeded to announce to her the important information which he had come to communicate.

First, he informs her that she was to conceive, and give birth to a son, and that his name was to be called Jesus, or Saviour. Then he makes her aware of the glorious dignity, and destiny, of this illustrious child. "He shall be great, and shall be called the son of the Highest. And the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of his Father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

It is obvious that this prophetic description of Jesus, though shorter, is of an infinitely higher kind, than that which was given to Zacharias, of John the Baptist. He was to be recognised as the son of the Highest. John was to be merely his servant. The throne of his Father David was to be given to him. He was to reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there was to be no end. From this, Mary would perceive that her son was to be the long promised Messiah. And this description would probably both reveal and explain to her the remarkable passage, in Isaiah ix, 6. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. And the government shall be upon his shoulders,

and his name shall be called wonderful counsellor, the Mighty God, the prince of peace.

When this marvellous announcement was made to Mary; with child-like simplicity she gave it full credit. She staggered not through unbelief, but fully believed that what God had promised, through his angel he was fully able to accomplish. The question which she put to the angel, did not, like that of Zacharias, in similar circumstances, arise from want of faith, but from a simple desire to obtain instruction. She did not say "How *can* this be," but "how *shall* this be;" and she asked for no sign to confirm her faith, but simply for instruction that she might know how to act, in the delicate circumstances in which she was placed. Accordingly without any mixture of reproof, the angel answered her, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: and also that Holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." This clearly intimates that the rudiments of the human structure of the child, whom she was to bear, would be created in her womb by the immediate act of God, without any interposition on the part of the creature; and that consequently, he would be holy, harmless and undefiled, and separate from sinners; though eminently the seed of the woman, he would, even in his human nature, from its being created in its elements, from the immediate act of God, be entitled to be called the son of God.

And now was about to be fulfilled the prophecy delivered by Isaiah more than 700 years before—"Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Immanuel. Christ's human nature was to be thus created by the immediate act of God; that not proceeding from Adam, in the ordinary course of natural generation, it might be free from original sin;—that he might be a second Adam, a

new representative, not of the *whole* human race, but of all who enter into that gracious covenant of which he is the mediator; and that his human nature being made up chiefly of the substance of the virgin, might be subject to the same conditions as other men, liable to sufferings, and capable of death. But though Immanuel was to be born of a virgin, she was an espoused virgin, that honor might thus be put on the married state, that the character of Mary might be free from injurious suspicions, and that the Holy child Jesus might have a natural and judicious protector.

Mary had asked no sign to confirm her faith; but the angel spontaneously gave her one. Behold thy cousin Elizabeth she also hath conceived a son, in her old age, and this is the 8th month with her that was called barren. Elizabeth was doubtless known to Mary, as having been childless during her youth and mature age; now at her advanced time of life, for her to have a child, must seem humanly speaking an impossibility. No doubt Mary was ignorant of her cousin's present condition, and when she should see her in the state indicated by the angel, this would be a fulfillment of the angel's words, and convince her, that he who could accomplish such an unlikely thing for Elizabeth, could accomplish the still more extraordinary thing for herself.

Mary not only believed the declarations of the angel; but submitted herself to the divine will,—“Behold the handmaid of the Lord”—i. e. I am at the Lord's Service. Let him do with me according to his good pleasure. Nay more, she expressed her desire; that it might be with her, as the angel said. “Be it with me according to thy word.” In Mary's conduct on this occasion, we have one of the most beautiful exhibitions of perfect faith. No doubt it was an object of great desire to Mary, as it was to every Hebrew woman, that she might be mother of the Messiah. But ob-

serve the delicate circumstances, in which she was placed. She was a virgin, but an espoused virgin, and as she knew that this Holy child must be conceived, before her marriage with Joseph was consummated, she must have foreseen that injurious suspicions would arise in his mind,” and that unless he believed her report, she might, according to law, be stoned to death as an adulteress. But none of these things moved her; she was still, and knew that Jehovah was God, who could bring forth her righteousness as the light, and her judgment as the noonday. Let us learn to imitate the faith of Mary, and when we are certain that any course is chalked out for us by providence, let us not fear a Lion in the path, and leave consequences to God.

As soon as it was convenient in this marvellous transaction, Mary set out to visit her cousin Elizabeth, regarding whose extraordinary conception the angel had informed her, and of which he had told her as a sign to establish her faith. It was probably at Hebron a city of the priests, situated in the Hill country of Judea, where Zachariah and Elizabeth lived, in the neighborhood of which Abraham had long resided, and where David was crowned king of Judah. Hither the virgin came from the remote town of Nazareth in Galilee, situated almost at the opposite extremity of the kingdom. And how would her faith be confirmed and her heart be rejoiced, when she found the statement made to her by the angel, regarding Elizabeth confirmed. And how would these holy and highly favored women rejoice, as they talked over their experience together. How transporting would be their joy, when they thought that the long promised deliverer of the human race was made manifest in the flesh, the seed of the women who was to bruise the head of the old serpent, to accomplish the redemption of the sinful children of men, and bring in everlasting

righteousness. 'And as they were still flesh and blood probably we do them no injustice, when we suppose that they might experience some personal satisfaction, not to say pride, when they thought that God had honored them, the one to be the mother of the Messiah's harbinger, and the other of the Messiah himself. And very natural is it for us, if not to envy these highly favored women, at least to regard them as more highly honored, and blessed than any other mothers in Israel. But as if to show us that there is no pure and unmingled happiness here, and that high honor and distinction often expose those, who are possessed of them, to great suffering and sorrow, these women were both exposed to the most exquisite sorrow, in connexion with their most honored and beloved sons. We know little of Elizabeth's early trials, in connection with John the Baptist; but how intense must have been her suffering, if she lived to see him imprisoned, and hear of his bloody death by order of a cruel tyrant. And as to the virgin, however great her joy in that glorious child, yet how great must have been her anxiety in regard to him, during the dangers to which his childhood and infancy were exposed; and well may we be assured, that the sword spoken of by Simeon, pierced through her heart, when she saw him suspended on the accursed tree. And O brethren, let us learn not to attach undue importance to a mere natural connexion with the Saviour himself. When he was told that his mother and brethren were without, seeking him, he answered them saying, "Who is my mother, or my brethren?" And he looked round about, we are told, on them who sat about him, and said—"Behold my mother and my brethren! for whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother."

Whilst we respect and honor the memory of the virgin, as one of the holiest

and the most highly favored of women, let us take care not to idolize it; and learn from the words of the Saviour himself, that a mere fleshly relationship to him is of little value, in comparison with a spiritual connexion with him. Let us rejoice in the assurance that all may attain that spiritual relationship to the Saviour, who really desire, and seek earnestly and perseveringly to obtain it. And then in virtue of their union with the Saviour, all things will be theirs, the purest and most exalted happiness on earth, and afterwards the fulness of joy, which is in God's presence, and the pleasures which are at his right hand, for ever more.

A Thoughtless Sailor.

A Sailor once paid a visit to St. Paul's in London. Whilst carelessly passing along the isle, he heard the officiating minister utter the words, *Pray without ceasing*. They made no impression on his mind. One fine evening, many years afterwards when at sea, as he was walking on deck, suddenly the words darted into his mind, 'Pray without ceasing.' 'Pray without ceasing! what can these words be?' exclaimed he. 'I think I have heard them before, where could it be?' 'Oh! it was at St. Paul's in London, the minister read them from the Bible. What! and do the Scriptures say, 'Pray without ceasing?' Oh, what a wretch I must be, to have lived so long without praying at all! God who had first deposited this Scripture in his ear, now caused it to spring up in a way and at a time, and with a power, peculiarly His own. The sailor felt conviction seize on his conscience. He began to pray, but praying was not all. 'Oh,' said he, 'that I had a Bible, or some good book!' He ran to his chest, and at one corner, found a Bible, which his poor old mother had, twenty years before, put among his clothes, and which, till now, he had never opened. He embraced it, clasped it to his heart, read, wept, prayed, believed, and became a 'new man' in Christ Jesus his Redeemer.

SLAVERY TO THE APPETITES.

John B. Gough gave recently the following illustration of absolute bondage to intoxicating drink:—

A graduate of one of the universities of Great Britain came to me shaking and trembling. He said he had "come to see me as he would go to a physician."

I said, "You must stop drinking."—"I can't."

"You will die."—"I am afraid I shall."

"Give it up."—"I can't."

My wife and two gentlemen were present.

I said, "What good does the drink do you?"

"No good."

"Why do you drink?"—"I must have it."

Thinking that, being an educated man, he might give me some ideas, I asked him, "Will you tell me how you feel before you begin to drink, and afterward?"

I shall never forget it! He stood up and said, "All I can say is, I must have it."

"Why?"—"I feel as if there were insects

in my veins! O, it is horrible, horrible! I

touch my coat, I touch my hands, and I jump!

O, I shall go mad—mad—mad! If I could

not get it, without having a sound tooth torn

out of my jaws, bring the instrument, and

wrench it out; I must have the drink, you

see—so I get it. And then I stand still, that

I may not disturb its effect. That's what I

want—I want relief; and I feel it. Quick,

quick, hot it sends the blood through my veins

the insects are gone, and I begin to perspire.

Yes, I am better, better, better! its what I

want—it's coming—it's coming—it has come

to me—relief—like a flash of summer light-

ning, and it has gone, and I get another."

"Then," I said, "you will die."—"I am

afraid I shall! can you help me?"

"Not unless you stop drinking."—"I can't

do; I haven't offered a prayer to God for six-

teen years."

"You must give it up."—"I can't,"

I said, "God will help you."—"No, He

won't."

"I will," said I; "my wife and I will take

care of you four days, if you will. I have just

four days to spare for you."

We took him, though we could get no

promise from him. We nursed him night and

day. The third afternoon, he sat with me, his

hand in mine, and I spoke to him of God, and

Christ and eternity. He said, "I am a man

of some common sense, I believe; and I am

very well aware I can never be happy in an-

other world."

He then went out, and cut his throat from

ear to ear. O, my friends, shall we not try to

save our fellow-men from such a fate?

COME TO JESUS.

FOR PEACE OF CONSCIENCE.

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Some sinners seem to be at peace, but it is only by refusing to think. They will not consider. But such thoughtlessness is not worthy to be called *peace*. It is like a man in a sinking ship who will not examine what is the danger; or like a tradesman who fancies all is not going on well, but who will not look into his accounts lest his mind should be disturbed. So the sinner fancies something is wrong, and fearing to be made unhappy, he banishes reflection about God and his soul.—Yet every sinner thinks sometimes, and then he must be wretched. When death visits a neighbor's house, or enters his own, or threatens himself, and at many other times, the thought will come, "God is angry; my soul is in danger; I am not fit to die." And how must such a thought damp his pleasure, and disturb his repose!

No, you cannot be at peace until you have obtained pardon. You may try all the pleasures of the world in turn; you may seek to drown thought by plunging deeper and deeper into sin, but you cannot be *happy*. But when we come to Jesus, all our sins are at once forgiven. We still think of them with sorrow, but we need no more think of them with terror. God says to us, "Your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more." He blots out "all trespasses." He "casts them behind his back, into the depths of the sea." They will not be mentioned at the judgment-day. "He will abundantly pardon." He now regards us with love. We need not be afraid of him. He invites us to trust him as a kind friend. Instead of hiding from him, as Adam did, we may hide in him, as David did, saying "Thou art my hiding-place." O what a happy change! I am a sinner still, but a sinner pardoned, reconciled, saved. And whatever dreadful things conscience may tell me, Jesus says, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Poor sinner, you and peace have long been strangers. Worldly pleasure is not peace; and nothing can give it while you and God are enemies, and your sins hang heavily on your soul. Come then to Jesus. He both makes and gives peace. Seek pardon through him, and you will soon know what is meant by "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

See Isa. 55: 7; 57: 21; Micah 7: 18, 19; John 14: 27; Rom. 5: 1; 8: 31-34; Phil. 4: 7.

Sabbath School Lessons.

June 2nd, 1861.

JOHN THE BAPTIST'S TESTIMONY
TO JESUS.—JOHN I. 19-34.I. *John's statements regarding himself.*—

These statements were made to the officers of the Jews, v. 19. The Priests and Levites were the two classes employed about the temple service,—Josh. iii. 3.—and on this occasion some of them were sent officially to inquire into the pretensions of John.

1. John said that he was *not the Christ*. The Messiah had been expected, and such was the popularity of John that many thought that he might prove the Messiah. He might have claimed to be the Messiah, as Christ had not yet appeared.

2. John said that he was *not Elias*, v. 21. Elias is the Greek term for Elijah, whom the Jews expected to come down from heaven in person to anoint the Messiah. The personal appearance of John reminded them of Elias.—See Matth. iii. 4. 2 Kings i. 8. John denied that he was Elias in any such sense, though he was personally the Elias prophesied by Malachi, chap. iii. 1-4-5. That he came in the power of Elias was the most that could be said.

3. That he was *not that Prophet*, v. 21.—The Jews looked for *one of the old prophets risen again* to herald the advent of Christ.—Some thought it Jeremiah. Some one and some another,—Matth. xvi. 14. Or *that prophet* like unto Moses which was promised, Deut. xviii. 15-18.

4. That he was the voice &c., v. 23. John applies the prophecy to himself which the Evangelists apply to him,—Isa. xl. 3.—Those who were sent were of the Pharisees, and as John was only what he claimed to be, they wished to know on what authority he baptized. They ought to have known that being Christ's forerunner he had a right to baptize, but this they did not understand.

II. *John's statement regarding Christ.*—
John said.

1. That Christ stood in their midst, v. 26, though they did not know Him. This testimony of John was, doubtless, delivered often and in different terms and circumstances. The testimony given in this lesson was *after* Christ's baptism, when John had already recognised him. And the sign given at the baptism was not for the people but for John; so that he might make Him known to them,—See v. 33.

2. That Christ was superior to him, v. 27. He was *preferred*. Whose shoe's latchet, &c. The people of the East wore only the sole of a shoe, bound fast to the foot by strings passed

over and around it. This was more pleasant for hot countries. But it was the work of the lowest servants to stoop and untie this sandal. This shows John's true humility.

3. That Christ was the Lamb of God, v. 29. *The next day*, i.e. the next day after the delegation of the Jews inquired of John. This was just after Christ's return from the temptation in the wilderness.

Christ a Lamb. A lamb was killed and eaten in commemoration of Israel's deliverance from Egypt. Christ was predicted by Isaiah as a Lamb led to the slaughter, chap. liii. 7, who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. In this lesson he is announced as bearing or taking away the sins of the world. This *bearing* of sin is frequently referred to in the Old Testament, and signifies, to remove the guilt or penalty of sin by expiation,—Lev. x. 47. Exod. xxxiv. 7. Num. xiv. 8.

Christ the Lamb of God. He was God's lamb, as the sacrifice provided by God,—John iii. 16,—and accepted by the Father as a satisfaction for sin, according to the plan of grace. It was not any private offering like the lamb which any sinner brought to the altar, but it was God's unblemished offering, furnished by His infinite love.

Christ the lamb of God *that taketh away the sin*. The sacrificial lamb which bears the sin, also takes it away. There is no bearing of sin as Mediator without removing it. This cannot be done by mere teaching, nor even by Christ as a teacher, but only by Christ as "our Passover," whose blood must be sprinkled on our conscience. The doctrine of *substitution*, that is, of one's punishment endured by another, was clearly taught in the Old Testament. In this light Isaiah sets forth the suffering Messiah. He was wounded for our transgressions,—See chap. liii. John here says, "Behold the sacrificial lamb," the great appointed sacrifice prepared by God, predicted and brought forward by Him to bear the sin of the world. *Of the world*. The Messiah's work was extended to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews.

Learn 1. Christ is the only sacrifice once offered for sin.

2. That every one who would be saved must look unto Christ.

3. That it is your duty to *behold* Christ, with wonder, with admiration.

"Blessed, holy, spotless Lamb!
Seated on the rainbow'd throne,
Wilt Thou take me as I am?
Wilt Thou one so guilty own?"

Yes; it was for such as I
That Thy precious blood was spilt;
Nothing brought Thee here to die—
Nothing but our woe and guilt."

9th June, 1861.

THE CALL OF ABRAHAM.—Genesis
12. 1-9.

I. THE CALL.—Abraham was 60 years old when the family quitted their native city of Ur, and went and abode in Charran. The reason for this movement is not given in the Old Testament, but is given in Acts 7, 2-4, where it is said God first called Abraham. This first call is not recorded, but only implied in Gen. 12 ch., and is distinguished by several pointed circumstances from the second, mentioned in 1st verse.

The nature of the call rendered it a great trial to Abraham's faith. He was to leave country, kindred, and father's house and to go where he *knew not*. Were God to call us to leave country, &c., and go to China, Japan, Africa or elsewhere, it would be a trial of our faith, but to have us to leave home without knowing where we were going, would still be more trying.

The encouragements offered were several. I will make thee a great nation, v 2, ch 17-6; 18, 18; Deut. 26, 5. This was a gratifying promise to a man seventy-five years of age who as yet had no children. I will make thy name great. v. 2; 24, 35; to become conspicuous is also gratifying. Thou shalt be a blessing. v. 2. To be the means of conveying blessings is the delight of every pious soul. v. 3.

Observe—How careful we ought to be in our treatment of those whom God calls to himself or to duty. In blessing them we will be blessed, and in cursing them we will be cursed. v. 3.

II. THE OBEDIENCE.—So Abraham departed as the Lord had spoken to him. His obedience was prompt, complete.

Lot went with him. It is not said that Abraham took him, for he was commanded to leave his kindred. Probably Lot would not stay behind but went though the Lord called him not, and his subsequent history shews that it would have been as well for him to have remained in Haran.

III. THE REWARD.—Abraham journeyed to Canaan and having passed through the land unto the place of Sichem and encamped, then the Lord appeared to him there. He promised Abraham the land of Canaan, to his seed for a possession. This was the first instalment of the reward of his obedience.

Observe—Abraham builded an altar to the Lord who appeared to him in Sichem, while a stranger in a strange land. Afterwards when he pitched on the east of Bethel, he again builded an altar and called on the name of the Lord. His example ought to be imitated by

us. Wherever our tent is pitched there we ought to have an altar to the Lord.

As part of the reward of obedience in Abraham all families of the earth are blessed v. 3, ch. 18. 18; 22, 18; 26, 4, 5. Ps. 72, 17. Gal. 3, 8, 9. All families of the earth are blessed through him inasmuch as Christ after the flesh came of the stock of Abraham. Inasmuch as his example has induced thousands to believe in God.

Learn 1. If God calls you to do anything however great the sacrifice involved, do it. Duty is ours, results are God's.

2. Call upon God in all places. Commit your way, &c. Ps. 37, 5.

ENGLAND'S YEOMEN: from Life in the Nine-
teenth Century.

This is published by Carter & Brothers, New York, and is written by Maria Louisa Charlesworth, author of several other works such as "Ministering Children," "The Ministry of Life," &c. It is a very interesting history of an English farmer and of the family to which he belonged. Of the manner of agricultural life in England in the beginning of this century, and of the difficulties which the family had to contend with, in the hindrances and opposition of an ungodly rector. The position of this family, with regard to church ministrations, was and is, we fear, that of two many of the adherents of the Established Church in England, but this book teaches the important lesson, that where there is an unfaithful pastor and a heretical preacher, the Liturgy is of great worth and advantage. We hope this book will be widely circulated.

HELP HEAVENWARD; or Words of Strength
and Heart Cheer to Zion's Travellers.

This is another of Carter & Brother's publications, written by Octavius Winslow, D.D. It is a series of short sermons or rather expositions of particular texts of Scripture, without the formality of discourses prepared for the pulpit, in which the author endeavours to encourage saints who are wearying by the way. Mr. Winslow is well-known as one of the most savory of living writers, and this work, like his others, will endear him to his fellow-travellers. We shall favor our readers from time to time with an extract from his book, which is well worth perusing.

HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH
WELL.

He liveth long who liveth well,
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it freely give,
Else is that being but a dream,
'Tis but to *be* and not to *live*.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well;
Who wisdom *speaks* must *live* it too;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of love below.

Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Kelso, March 1861.

A RARE CHOICE.

"If I know myself, I would rather be the means of bringing one soul to the Redeemer than to secure the applause of the civilized world."

In a private letter with no thought of its being repeated, much less that it would ever be published, this remark is made to me by an author whose labors are already the theme of praise in our own and foreign

lands. He has made for himself a lasting and elevated position among the literary men of the age, and his works will command the applause which he is willing to exchange for the joy of bringing one soul to the Redeemer!

When the remark was read, I mused silently, inquiring *if it could be true*. The writer had no motive to deceive himself or us, and the statement is in harmony with his life. He feels what he says, and we accept it as the sincere expression of a warm honest heart. Is it a sentiment to which others respond?

Fame has a strange charm for men. To be known has the least possible good in it, yet is sought by many more than gold or virtue. It never satisfies, because it is unsubstantial. The more a man has of it the more he wants, and never has enough. And what is it when it comes? Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. But the sweet satisfaction of turning a soul from sin to righteousness is above all comparison. It is to last forever! However exquisite the thrill that pervades the heart at the moment, when we know that one immortal soul is through our instrumentality saved from death, that thrill is to be prolonged and increased, year after year, age after age, world without end. We who have this joy are assured that we have been co-workers with God in that which His son gave His life to accomplish. The sorrow from which the saved soul is saved; the joy to which it is raised: the glory it obtains, and yields to its Redeemer, join in magnifying the happiness of him who has any part, however humble, in the work of its salvation.

"The applause of the civilized world" is more than any man may hope to get, and when it is his, he finds that, like wealth and crowns, it does not give the bliss, it promised. But He who turns many to righteousness shall shine as stars in the firmament. And he who saveth one soul from death shall not fail of a reward more precious than fame, or riches, or power.

"THE REAL SAVIOUR AND THE REAL SINNER."

"Tell me, Jenny," said a minister, in attending to one of his people in a time of great awakening in his congregation, "Tell me, what led you to such a deep sense of sin?" The poor woman was in the greatest distress of mind, earnestly seeking salvation, "O sir," said she "it was you that Mr. M.D. told us the other night, about his visiting the garden of Gethsemane, when he was at Jerusalem, and standing in the very place where Jesus was in an agony, and sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

The minister did not know what to make of this, and feared that it was a mere burst of feeling, arising from her emotional nature having been touched by the notice of Gethsemane. "But Jenny," said he to prove her, "what had that to do with you? How did that make you feel your sins?" "Ah sir!" said she, "I then saw that Jesus was a *real Saviour*. I thought before that He was only a story in a book. But when I saw that He was a *real Saviour*, I saw that I was a *real sinner*."

It is one of the most interesting studies in these days to consider the Lord's doings, —how He works, what means He uses, what word to send home a sense of sin to the heart. This woman had often heard of Gethsemane, and of the Lord Jesus before, but it was all to her a mere "story in a book." It did not come home to her heart as real. But hearing the minister tell that he had been at the very place where Jesus suffered the agony and bloody sweat, all its reality flashes before her mind by the power of the Spirit. These sufferings of Jesus were no mere *story*,—Jesus was a *real Saviour*. But, ah! if Jesus was a *real Saviour*, then she is a *real sinner*.—and she awakes to her great need, and cries for mercy.

Reader blessed be God, there is a *real Saviour* for your need and mine. Your sin is a reality. Men treat it so lightly—make such a mock of it, that it is quite disregarded. They put it away into the darkness, and think there is an end of it.—Ah! it will rise in all its odiousness, and

confront them at God's bar. No, my reader, you must see yourself as a *real sinner*, and you must come to this *real Saviour* whose blood cleanses us from all sin.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.

Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot, there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate blush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, and it is gone forever; for it never grows but once. Take the flower that hangs in the morning, impregnated with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels.—Once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as carefully as you please, yet it never can be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning, you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated! So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be reembroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his moral garments, in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven. It is a stain of blood that we can never make white, and which can be washed away only in the blood of Christ, that "cleanseth from all sin!"—[Beecher.

When a man comes to the Bible as a child, he will find wonders in it to make him marvellous.—[Dr. Gordon.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

A good man in Fredricksburg said an excellent thing in our presence a few years ago. A well known Methodist preacher was stopping with the old man, who was a Baptist. The twain were walking down town, when they were accosted by a former Mayor of the place, who presently said, "How is it that you two get on together so well, when you are so thoroughly opposed to each other upon questions of doctrine? I should think that you would be all the while pitching in to each other." "Mr. —," responded the old man, "there are ninety-nine subjects upon which my friend and myself can converse without disagreeing, and then there are so many topics to interest us, we can well afford to leave the hundredth, upon which we should disagree, untouched."

What a world of sound sense and simple piety there was in this answer. Surely these Christian men acted wisely in thus ignoring a question of difference, the discussion of which could in nowise profit either, since each for himself had settled the matter to his own satisfaction. Even if each felt that the other held an erroneous opinion, each had confidence in the Christian character and candor of the other, and being equally honest, each could respect, esteem, and love the other, despite a difference of opinion upon the controverted point. And the world that looked upon this exhibition of love, think you not it honored more the kindness of their manner and intercourse, than all the wordy strifes of over-zealous sectaries? Aye, verily. The carping sceptic has too often had occasion to say, Your Christianity teaches love; how is it that there is so great strife and contention among those who profess to be Christians? How can the sceptic be answered when he argues thus? Not easily, while we wrangle and dispute. Readily enough, when we bear towards all men that meek-mindedness, that forbearance to assert our own opinions, the willingness to differ without disputing, which prompted the words upon which we are commenting.

There may be exceptions, but the rule undoubtedly is, "avoid controversy." Controversial sermons, controversial speeches, controversial writings, controversial conversations, among Christians, preachers and laymen, ought to be sparingly indulged. There is a fit season for such performances. While we wrangle and worry one another, sinners are stumbling over our squabbles into the hopeless and helpless perdition of ungodly men. Our time every hour of it, is needed in the great work of saving souls. That ought to absorb every moment, every thought and ev-

ery energy; and when there are no sinners to win to God, then we may take time to talk over other matters. Until then, there is a more excellent way—the way of peace: "Live peaceably with all men." Not by giving up the truth, not by a denial of the truth, not by hiding away the truth, not by shunning a bold defence of the truth, when the truth needs to be defended; but the best way to hold to truth, to assert the truth, is by living the truth. He best defends the truth whose life is truth. Let your lives speak, rather than your lips. In action, rather than in speech, be a witness for the truth, and all men will honor the truth, and learn to love the truth.

There is all the more need for this lesson now, when the bitter waters of hate seem to be stirred throughout the land. In the midst of strifes and contentions, let the Christians cherish a spirit of Christ-like love for each other and for all men. The world needs the leaven of Christian love, and whence shall it be had, if we who profess to love Jesus are without love in our lives, and without love for each other.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S INHERITANCE.

In this world of earth and sense, a title to some great estate gives honour and respect, and often procures a most commanding influence among our fellow-creatures. But what are all the riches and possessions in comparison of the riches of grace—the possessions which faith opens to the prospect of the true believer? Here the child of God has no inheritance, but how glorious that to which he is entitled by the promises of the gospel—none other than the fulness of Christ Jesus! By faith, he views the immensity of his possession, suited to the nature, equal to the wants, and commensurate with the duration of the immortal soul. Yet rich and noble, who, great and self-sufficient in your extended possessions, boast of secure titles and a long succession, what is that long succession but itself a proof of the uncertain tenure by which your possessions have been held, and by which they are now held by you? Believer! though poor in this world, thou hast an inheritance above. It is nothing else than the infinite fulness of the Redeemer himself! Death shall only realize the title, and place thee in the full and eternal possession.—*Goode.*

The Judgment-Seat of Christ.

Every eye shall see him. Rev. i. 7. *No escape!*

INFIDEL! What have you to say to this solemn,—this awful scene? You will be sure to be *there*. In vain may you try to avert your eye from his awful frown.— You will be compelled to look upon him whom you have pierced with your sins; and whatever may have been your scoffs and sneers, these will all forsake you on that awful day. In vain will you call upon the rocks and the hills to fall upon you, for, against your will, and in spite of all your struggles, you will be irresistibly hurried forward into the lake of endless fire. But stay, is there *no escape*? Yes; blessed be God,—there is a way,—and only **ONE**,—the **LORD JESUS CHRIST**. Harden not your heart, but seek him *to-day*,—this very hour. Let not the sun go down till you have sought the mercy of an offended God. He will not cast you out, for he is infinitely more willing to pardon than you are to cry for mercy.

PROFESSOR! How will you approach this awful bar,—“The judgment-seat of Christ?” Unless your heart be *sanctified*, you will fare no better than the *Infidel*. See to it that you have not deceived yourselves by a *form* of godliness, without having experienced a *change of heart*. Without *holiness* no man shall enter the kingdom of God.

BACKSLIDER!—Oh, stop! stop!—Not a step further, but repent, and fall instantly on your face before *Him* who mercifully remembers that you are but dust, and who kindly waits to receive you, with a gracious,—a forgiving smile.

TREMBLING SAINT! Cast away your fears. Remember him who for your encouragement, hath declared, that none shall pluck you out of his hands; that *having begun* the good work within you, will finish it in glory.

SANCTIFIED BELIEVER! Your work is done;—finished. You may now with rapture sing, ‘Come Lord Jesus, come.’

Your salvation is not only nearer than when you first believed, but the glorious work is done; you will now hear those heavenly words,—“Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for *you* from the foundation of the world; enter ye into the joy of your Lord.

But oh, the *Infidel!* will he not listen? Oh, turn ye! turn ye!—why will ye die?—[Sinner's Friend.

UNLOOKED FOR BLESSING.

Called, in the providence of God, in the summer season, for six successive summers, to be in a small village on the banks of the Hudson, I met weekly, Sabbath after Sabbath night, with a little company, never more than seven, met to pray for the salvation of souls. For seven long years, there was but one addition to that church. The Gospel seemed to be faithfully preached. They were discouraged, despairing, giving up. I returned to the city in October. At the last prayer-meeting which I attended in the village, there was one came whom I had not seen there before; there were eight, I think, that evening. About a week afterwards, the oldest elder in the church came down and said he was going to sell his place and move away; he could not live in that neighbourhood any longer; he thought he was no use there. Three weeks after, however, he came into my office in Wall Street, the tears rolling down his cheeks. I saw that something great was the matter with him. As soon as I was at leisure, he came to me and said, “Brother, would you believe it! the heavens are opened; the shower is descending; our prayers, continued for seven long years, are at last heard. The young girl who came into the prayer-meeting the last Sabbath you were with us, is converted to God. She has gone out into the highways and hedges; she has brought in one and another. We have now eighteen under deep conviction of sin; and it was my privilege to stand up in our little congregation of about one hundred, and count over thirty souls hopefully converted to God.—*Rev. R. Wells.*

TESTS OF DECLENSION.

1. *Constant association with careless professors.*—Duty will carry us in the world, but sin only makes us of the world. The question is not, are our relatives, or our business acquaintances worldly. But are our chosen friends so? The first is consistent with a state of grace. The second never so.

2. *Vanity.*—If we do not cauterize this, it may bleed us to death. "If a man is naturally vain," says Cecil, "he will be in danger of sacrificing everything to a name."

3. *A tendency to speculate in money matters.*—This often precipitates a fall. It drags us into boon companionship with men whose idol is gold. It eats into that quiet which is essential to prayer. It damages us in the judgment of others, and when we know others think we are sinking, we are apt to sink. And it often drags us into practices inconsistent with Christian integrity.

4. *Going to distinctively worldly amusements.*

5. *Indulging some continually besetting sin.*—Soon this corrupts our whole standard of truth. We make a new gospel to make this sin permissible. And this new gospel gives us a new Master.

"It is true that sometimes this besetting sin is cured by violent remedies, as in the case of David and Hezekiah. But can we choose this—the disgrace of the Church, if not to ourselves—when now, by a vehement effort, the evil could be removed?"

But take no narcotics to your conscience, so as to indulge in this besetting sin! For the stupor they produce may be that of death.

6. *Seeking popularity.*—We yield and yield, until at last the whole fast-land goes.

7. *Shortening prayers.*—Declension first knocks at the closet door. It is the only gate by which it can effect an entrance. But when in, it possesses the whole house.

8. *Laxity after a revival.*—There are always ebbs and flows in the human heart, but beware lest you increase the re-action. Satan, like the wreckers, watches for an ebb tide to seize the vessels that may be temporarily stranded.

9. *Prosperity.*—Uninterrupted ease often foretokens a fall.

A HOTTENTOT BOY.

A poor black boy, the property of a slaveholder in Africa, having heard of the preaching of the missionaries, felt a strong desire to go and hear about Jesus Christ. For this purpose, he crept secretly away one evening; but being obliged to pass under the window of the house, his master saw him and called out—"Where are you going?"

The poor fellow came back, trembling, and said: "Me go to hear the missionaries, massa."

"To hear the missionaries, indeed! If you ever go there, you shall receive nine-and-thirty lashes, and be put in irons."

With a disconsolate look, the boy replied: "Me tell Massa—me tell the great Massa."

"Tell the great Master," replied the master; "what do you mean?"

"Me tell the great Massa, the Lord of heaven, that Massa was angry with me because I wanted to go and hear His word."

The master was struck with astonishment; his color changed, and, unable to conceal his feelings, he hastily turned away, saying—

"Go along and hear the missionaries."

Being thus permitted, the poor boy gladly went. In the meantime the mind of the master became restless and uneasy.—He had not been accustomed to think that he had a Master in heaven, who knew and observed all his actions; and he at length determined to follow his slave, and see if there was any peace for his troubled spirit. Creeping, unobserved, into a secret corner, he eagerly listened to the words of the missionary, who that day addressed the natives from St. John, xxi. 15—"Lovest thou me?"

"Is there no poor sinner," said the missionary, "who can answer the question!"

Not one poor slave who loves Jesus Christ?
No one who dares to confess Him?"

Here the poor boy, unable to forbear any longer, sprang forward, holding up both his hands, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, cried out, with eagerness—

"Yes Massa, me do love Him. Me love Him!—me love Him with all my heart!"

The master was still more astonished; and he went home convinced of the blessings which the gospel brings, and became a decided Christian.

A SYMPATHIZING SAVIOUR.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." What a rich store of comfort for weary, sorrowing hearts, is contained in these few words! None, however, can appreciate their exceeding preciousness, but those who have learned to carry their trials and sorrows to the feet of Jesus. In every attribute of His character our Lord is infinitely glorious, but to the children of God, who are called to pass through deep waters of affliction, it is peculiarly pleasant to know that they have not only an almighty, but also a sympathizing Saviour.

Are we poor? Our Lord was a homeless wanderer. Have we faithfully tried to benefit all around us, and in return received only contempt and ingratitude? During his life "He was despised and rejected of men," and in his last hours, mocked by those for whose sakes "He poured out his soul unto death." Are we tempted of evil? "He was in all points tempted as we are." Do we see before us calamity and suffering? Our Saviour said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened until it is accomplished;" and prayed that if it were possible, the cup might pass from Him.

Are we bereaved? Jesus wept at the tomb of Lazarus. Are we called to endure great physical or mental suffering? He suffered death in its most painful forms; and in addition to his bodily anguish, He bore the weight of our transgressions. Oh! it is indeed a blessed thought, that in every trial and sorrow, we may go for comfort and support to One who has been baptized with a baptism of sorrow and "made perfect through suffering."

ANNE.

CHRIST'S CANNON-ROYAL.

Love was Christ's cannon-royal. He battered down with it all the forts of hell, and triumphed over principalities and powers. Christ was judgment proof. He endured the wrath of God, and was not destroyed. He was hell-proof and grave-proof; He suffered, and rose again; but He was not love-proof, (to borrow that expression). He was not only love-sick for His Church, but sick to death, and died for His friends. His banner over his Church was love. Saints, be sworn to His colours, die and live with Christ. And take Christ in the one arm, His cause and the gospel in the other, and your life between both, and say to all enemies, Take one, take all. The midst of Christ's chariot is paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem. Christ's royal seat, both in the gospel, in which He is carried through the world as a conqueror, and in the souls of His children, is love. From the sense of this, it were our happiest life to live and love with Christ; for He hath carried up to Heaven with Him the love and the heart and the treasures of the sons of God, so as all ours are with Him above time.

S. RUTHERFORD.

ALWAYS FAITHFUL!

The keeper of a lighthouse on the coast of France was once exulting at the brilliancy of light, and of the great distance it could be seen at sea. But some one ventured to suggest, "Suppose of one these lights should grow dim and go out?"

The man seemed appalled at the idea.

"Why," said he "if one of these lights should even grow dim, in six months from now I should get letters from America, from India, and from places I have never heard from, telling me of losses as the result of my negligence."

Dear Sunday-school teachers, are you not pre-eminently lights in the world? If you let your lights go out, or burn even without that vigor or brilliancy which the Christian, and you especially, should ever shed on your pathway through the world, what will be the result? Not wrecks of bodies merely, but wrecks, eternal wrecks of the souls committed to your care.

O Wretched Man that I Am!

Who is it that is so miserable? Perhaps there are many human hearts that will answer, "It is I, most certainly. I am sure that my case is designated." But who are you? A man of pleasure? Yes, a man of pleasure. You have sought for happiness in the ball-room, in the theatre, at the card-table or bowling-alley; you, like the boy, have chased the rainbow, but have never been able to overtake it. It has always been in the next valley, or on the next hill. In all your giddy round of pleasure, you have never found any substantial good; you have been repeatedly deceived, and you are conscious that you are a wretched man. This is indeed most true. But you have not that state of feeling that Paul had, when he uttered the words at the head of this article. He was never "a man about town." Your wretchedness has no sympathy with his source of anguish.

The man of wealth exclaims, "My case is designated. I have for years made it my study, day and night, and used unceasing toil to accumulate wealth, and I have partially succeeded; but my desires have outstripped my acquisitions, and I am no more satisfied than I was in early life. I am indeed a wretched man!" But the source of your unhappiness is not similar to that of the apostle to the Gentiles. He never sought for the gold of Ophir or California. He learned that in whatever state he was therewith to be content.

The ambitious man says, "The captain of this article describes my case. I have sought for the honour and applause of this world, and have partially obtained my object; but in the train of my success have followed cares and perplexities, that have far out-weighed all my consolations. All my happiness consisted in anticipation, not in fruition, and I am more wretched than I was in the humble walks of life." You also greatly mistake the source of the apostles unhappiness. He never sought to please men. If this had been his governing purpose, he could not have been the servant of Christ.

The question asked at the beginning still remains unanswered. Who is the wretched man? Not the man of pleasure, nor the ambitious man. They are indeed most miserable—consuming all things and hungry still; but they understand not the exclamation placed at the head of this article.

At a certain period in the life of Paul he had no knowledge of this source of grief. Once he was alive without the law, but the commandment came, sin revived, and he died. By the law he obtained a knowledge of sin, yea, by looking into the glass of the divine law, he was taught his exceeding sinfulness. He had indeed received Christ as the end of the law for his righteousness; but there was a law in his members that warred against the law of his mind, and brought him into captivity. As he advanced in his Christian course, he still advanced more and more in a knowledge of the wickedness of his own heart. This it was that led him to cry out, "O wretched man that I am!"

"My God! I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save;
O break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave!"

We learn from this truth, that a knowledge of the sinfulness of the human heart is essential to true piety. There are those who profess to have made great attainments in sanctification, who seem to have very little acquaintance of indwelling sin. In a short time, under particular influences, they have risen very high, in their own estimation, in spiritual attainments. They are rich, increased in goods, and have need of nothing. But if their feelings are analyzed, you will not find Paul's sense of sin as its base. This is not an ingredient in its history. That religious experience which has not the essential features of Paul cannot be genuine. A knowledge of the sinfulness of the human heart is absolutely essential to true piety. This was a constituent part of President Edwards's piety. "I am" says he, "accustomed to go about from week to week, and from month to month, saying as I go, 'Infinite upon infinite, infinite upon infinite; such is my sense of sins.'"

Such a man as Edwards sympathized

THE TRUE WISDOM.

with Paul, and entered into his feelings when he exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am!" Reader, have you any sympathy with this spirit? Do you continually cry to God to deliver you from this bondage of sin? Will you answer these questions?—*American paper.*

SCOLDING CLERGYMEN.

The effect of *asperity* in a clergyman is well illustrated in the following story, the scene of which was laid in the state of "steady habits," and the events of which transpired there, several years since. Two clergymen were settled in their youth in contiguous parishes. The congregation of the one had become very much broken and scattered, while that of the other remained large and strong. At a ministerial gathering, [both of these pastors being D.D.'s,] Dr. A. said to Dr. B., "Brother, how has it happened that while I have labored as diligently as you have, and preached better sermons, and more of them, my parish has been scattered to the winds, and yours remains strong and unbroken?"

Dr. B. facetiously replied, "Oh, I'll tell you, brother. When you go fishing, you first get a great rough pole for a handle, to which you attach a large cod-line, and a great hook, and twice as much bait as the fish can swallow. With these accoutrements, you dash up to the brook, and throw in your hook, with, *There bite, you dogs.* Thus you scare away all the fish. When I go fishing, I get a little switching pole, a small line, and just such a hook and bait as the fish can swallow." Then I creep up to the brook, and gently slip them in, and "I twitch 'em out, twitch 'em out, till my basket is full."—*Cornell's "How to enjoy Life."*

Paul, who learned his divinity among the angels, and had the Holy Ghost for his immediate teacher, tells us plainly, "That he knew but in part;" oh, then, how little a part of that part do we know!

A man may know all about the rocks, and his heart remain as hard as they are; a man may know all about the winds, and be the sport of passions as fierce as they; a man may know all about the star's, and his fate be the meteor's, that, after a brief and brilliant career, is quenched in eternal night; a man may know all about the sea, and his soul resemble its troubled waters, which cannot rest; a man may know how to rule the spirits of the elements, yet know not how to rule his own: a man may know how to turn aside the flashing thunderbolt, but not the wrath of God from his own guilty head; he may know all that La Place—all that Shakespeare knew—all that Watt knew—all that the greatest geniuses have known; he may know all mysteries and all knowledge, but if he does not know his Bible, what shall it avail? I take my stand by the bed of a dying philosopher as well as of a dying miser, and ask of the world's wisdom as of the world's wealth, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

I despise not the lights of science; but they burn in a dying chamber as dim as its candles. They cannot penetrate the mists of death, nor light the foot of the weary traveller on his way in that valley through which we have all to pass. Commend me, therefore, to the light which illumines the last hour of life—commend me to the light that can irradiate the face of death—commend me to the light that, when all others are quenched, shall guide my foot to the portals of that blessed world where there is no need of the sun, and no need of the moon, and no need of any created lights, for God and the Lamb are the light thereof. Brethren, leave others to climb the steeps of fame—brother, sister, put your feet upon the ladder that scales the sky; nor mind, though your brows are never crowned with fading bays, if you win, through faith in Jesus, the crown of eternal life.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

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Gratuitous Circulation.

We are anxious that our paper should circulate among the careless and the infidel, as well as among the religious. Many of these we know, will not subscribe for, nor support a paper such as ours, but we wish it to circulate amongst them, notwithstanding. And the way it can be done is this.

Reader, suppose in your locality, school-section, congregation, village or town, there are twenty, thirty, or fifty families, or more, which you could conveniently visit once a month. If you wish to do them good, send to us for as many papers as there are families. If there be fifty families, we will send fifty copies each month FREE. Take them round—hand them kindly to every one of the fifty who will receive them, no matter by what name they are named. When you hand them in, speak a word for Christ. It will be a good opportunity for you. If you are not able to do so, leave the Lord himself to speak through the paper.

In this work all classes of our readers may engage, but especially would we like to enlist a number of females, as we have always found them able and devoted distributors.

The Gospel Message.

Is a small periodical we publish monthly and is substantially a Gospel tract of four pages, or two Gospel tracts of two pages each, or four Gospel tracts of one page each.

It is well adapted for distribution on the railway cars, steamers at the dismissal of congregations, on household visitations, and wherever Gospel tracts can be circulated.

In order that we may supply these as cheaply as possible, the matter of The Message will appear first for some time in The Evangelizer: so that we will be able to send One Hundred and Forty copies of The Gospel Message by post to any part of Canada for 50 cents.

To those who have the opportunity of scattering, but cannot afford to purchase, as many as they can circulate, we will be glad to supply them gratis, as far as the Lord enables us.

For the gratuitous circulation of Evangelizer and Gospel Message,

Donations

Are thankfully received. The scattering of leaflets of truth, is with us a work of faith and labor of love. We spend our time, our talent and our substance, without expecting or desiring any benefit, but such as the Lord sees fit to bestow—so that if He should stir up any of His people to help us with their substance it will be thankfully received and acknowledged.

Colporteurs.

We have now Eight Colporteurs, who devote their time to the distribution of our publications, whom we commend to the Christian kindness of those whom they may visit, and to the care and keeping of the Great Head of the Church.

The sphere of usefulness is wide, and the need of Colporteurs great, so that if any young man of piety and activity is disposed to enter on the work, in connection with us they will be kind enough to communicate with us direct.

A Scheme of Sabbath School Lessons for every Sabbath in 1861, is supplied by post for ten cents per dozen,

ROBERT KENNEDY,
Prescott, C.W.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
ROBERT KENNEDY, PRESCOTT, C.W.
to whom all communications and contributions must be addressed prepaid.