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# THE GOOD NEWS:

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## LIKE DRAWS TO LIKE.

BY REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

"Being let go they went to their own."—Acts iv. 23.

It is observed that in many cases, though by no means in all, those who devote themselves intensely to the study of Nature lose their faith in God. This is a melancholy feature in the history of human experience; for in the mysteries of Nature a believer might discover many helps to faith: I suppose the absorbing study of physical facts and laws is like those potent remedies which either kill or cure. It kills a formal; external, unreal faith; but where there is a living faith, scarcely anything is better calculated to strengthen it than to observe the might and the constancy of Nature.

Though drops of water are dissipated in the air, congealed in icebergs on mountain ridges, and scattered on inland plains, every one, when at length let go, returns to its own in the ocean. Not one is permanently kept separate; not one solitary wanderer misses the way home. Every creature after its kind; and the new creature in Christ is not an exception to the rule: The children of the Kingdom may be long kept separate from their Head, and from each other, but they will certainly reach their own at length. "Blessed are the home-sick, for they shall get home." If any that have been renewed into Christ's likeness were kept permanently away from their Redeemer's presence, the fact would be an anomaly in creation,—would prove that the constancy of nature had ceased to be a law of God:

I have sometimes entertained the thought—nursed the imagination, until it grew beyond endurance, painful—if the sun should let go his hold of this globe; if the law of gravity should snap asunder like the cord of a sling in which you swing a stone round your head, where would the great earth-ball go? To its own. But where, or what? The scriptural expression, the blackness of darkness for ever, leaps into your memory, but does nothing to satisfy the overstrained mind. If the

Redeemer should forget his ransomed; if He should relax His hold and let them go. But why vex ourselves with an imagination which is impossible in fact? "Neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ, Jesus our Lord." I love the constancy of Nature, for it shadows forth to me the constancy of grace.

It seems to be a law of being, animate and inanimate; material and spiritual, that the unit which has been separated from its kind, as soon as it obtains liberty returns to its own.

The science of chemistry supplies the best examples—and supplies examples in the greatest profusion. Chemists are a favoured class of workmen; they are admitted into the secret chambers of Nature, and see with naked eye the movement of her mysteries. When by throwing a solvent into a crucible which contained two elements in combination, they have let go the feebler constituent that had from the beginning of the world been forcibly locked in the embrace of its robuster brother, they are privileged to see the released prisoner go straight, whether by evaporation or precipitation, to the to the place where it can mingle with its own. The impalpable mist, as soon as it is set free from the grasp of the heavy sea water, rises, like a bird on the wing, to its own kith and kin among the clouds; and conversely, when the moisture, which is held fast on high in combination with the atmosphere, is by certain changes of temperature loosed and let go, it hastens in the form of innumerable rain drops, down to its parents, earth and sea. More exactly than the ox knows its owner, and the ass his master's crib, the elements of matter, when released from constraining chemical or mechanical combinations, know and find the way back to their own.

The instincts of animals are, in their own

sphere, also infallible. They fully serve the purpose in creation for which they were designed. A lamb has been caught and torn from its mother. With rolling eye, and thrilling limb, and beating heart, it has been held in strong men's arms for a time at a distance. But when their purposes have been served with the creature for the time, they let it go. Straight and quick it hastens, by bounding leaps to the pure green pasture, where the flock ate feeding, and among the flock to its own mother. The shepherds do not find it necessary to lead or drive it to the spot; they trust to its instinct, and are not disappointed. Nor has the lamb been taught and trained to such a course. It was born thus. This is not an art which it has learned, but a nature which it owns.

On the other side, the instinct is as quick and as sure. The sow that was washed—and for this purpose forcibly held for a time separate from her companions and her haunts—as soon as she is let go returns to wallow in the mire with her kindred. It was by an external force that she was kept for a little in a clean place and clean company: as soon as that force was removed, nature asserted her dominion, and the foul creature plunged greedily into filth.

These things serve well, and in the Scriptures are actually employed, as allegories. The facts, as they emerge on the lower sphere, serve as a glass in which we observe the operation of good and evil on the higher. Such diversities of nature and consequent acts obtain in the world of human kind, where some, renewed in spirit, experience an instinctive drawing towards the pure; and others, obeying the law of corruption that reigns in their members, rush into evil company and evil deeds, whenever they are freed from restraint.

Jesus was preaching once to a promiscuous congregation on his own high themes. As soon as he had finished, one of the company said unto him, "Master, speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me."—Luke xii. 13. The word of Jesus had held even that worldly spell-bound for a time: the fascination that lay in his voice that spake as never man spake, caught and carried him away. But the

word that arrests attention does not always renew the heart. Enthralled as by the sound of sweet music, that listener kept respectful silence till the Preacher ceased; but on the instant, his heart's affections, released from the mastery of Jesus voice, went rushing to their own element and occupation again—went rushing to covetousness, as water flows downwards when an interrupting barrier has been removed. He had a quarrel with his brother about a share of some property, and to this congenial theme he flies as soon as he is let go from the word of life.

It is sometimes remarked, that when persons who at home maintained a Christian profession, have gone abroad—gone to a distant colony where ordinances were wanting, or to a papal country where ordinances were superstitious,—they have left their religion behind them, and abandoned themselves to godless pleasures or godless gains. In these cases, as the result proves, the religion was an external thing from the first. It was of the nature of a bondage. At home the cords of the general Christian profession of the country were sufficiently strong to keep the man away from the employments and company that he secretly loved; but when these cords were broken by the simple fact of his removal from home, he was a free man, and like other creatures, animate and inanimate, when he was let go he went into his own. Thus worthless, in the last resource, is the Christianity which acts as a restraint to prevent a man from following his own inclinations: beyond expression precious is the faith in Jesus which takes the inclinations and changes them so that they instinctively seek the pure. This false religion of bonds is the direct contrary of the true. Christ's work is a redemption; Christ is a Redeemer. He sets the captive free. "If the son make you free, ye shall be free indeed." This glorious grace turns upside down the world which blindly counts religion so much restraint, to which some men prudently submit, with a view to a larger return in a future life. The man who only submits to the restraints of religion, runs wild in all evil when these restraints are removed. "Create in me a clean heart, O God." "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." "I

will run in the way of thy commandments, when thou hast enlarged my heart."

A young man has been accustomed from childhood to the order and sobriety of a Christian household. As the lines of restraint were laid on him while he was an infant, and have never been removed throughout his youth, he is not very vividly conscious that they are only external bands that confine him within the course of a well-favoured morality. The time arrives at last when he must leave his father's roof and be lost to view in a great metropolis, like a drop of rain when it falls into the lake. Now is the moment of danger to that youth; now, if ever, for him is the hour and the power of darkness. He feels himself alone as if he were in the heart of an American forest. If his religion has been only a cord round his neck like the bit and bridle with which a horse is held, he is now free from religion. If his religion is a thing that can let him go he will depart to his own: he will seek the company and occupation of the careless, it may be of the profane.

Cords of this sort were fastened on Judas and as long as they remained they confined his evil practices within very narrow limits; but when at last he was let go, what a fearfully sudden leap he made to his own—his own course, his own company, and his own place.

Demas was brought and kept for a time under the mighty influence of Paul. But the hold which even such a natural leader took, could not always be maintained. It gave way one day, and to the present world, his own chosen portion, gravitated Demas, as a stone sinks to the earth when you let it go in the air. The love of Paul could not hold him—Paul was not crucified for him. The love of God shown to men in the gift of his Son, a bond soft and silent, but omnipotent, like that which keeps the planets in their places, when once it is folded round you, cannot be wrenched away.

But we may find many bright examples of the same principle on the opposite side. The new creature acts after its kind, as the old; when the chains of bondage are broken, the captive returns to its father's house.

A youth who has already gotten a new

heart and enjoys a blessed hope, has been sent as an apprentice into a great engineering establishment, where several hundred men are employed. His lot is cast in a corner of the great workshop occupied by a group that have grown old and bold in profanity and licentiousness. In the first hour they discover that a sultan is among them, and with a malignity altogether devilish, they gloat in anticipation over their prey. The ribaldry and blasphemy are increased: they do everything that ingenuity can suggest to rub off the youth's religion, and make him such as one of themselves. If his religion had been a conventional gilding on the surface, it would have been rubbed off in the first week; but as it was all steel, the more roughly it was rubbed the brighter it grew.

The first day wore on towards evening; at six o'clock the bell, in a small tower over the gateway, was rung, and every man threw aside his tools, and hastened away. The apprentice engineer, articulated by an eternal covenant to Christ his Saviour, and thereafter indentured to a master engine-maker, was at length let go. Let go, he went to his own:—to the fields, the flowers, the birds, with which he had been wont to keep company at home; then to his food, which he enjoyed with the fresh relish of a labourer, and the fresher relish of a child of God constantly getting daily bread from a Father's hand; then to the Bible, his own book, the gift of God to him; then to his own Saviour, in faith's confiding prayer. A whole legion of devils, or wicked men, will not overcome this youth. The anchor of his soul is sure and steadfast within the veil. God will shield him at first, so that the fiery darts shall not hurt him, and after a little put a sword in his hand—the Sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; and this weapon he will yield aggressively, so as to subdue some of these enemies, and lead them captive unto Christ.

Yet another lesson. The grave has a greedy appetite, and a firm grasp. It takes many, and keeps what it gets. Deep in the earth, and deeper in the sea, lie the bodies of those who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ. A strange place for Christ's members to be in! But there,

they shall not always be. They must one day be let go; and when let go, they will return to their own—their own Redeemer, and their own rest.

An atom of atmospheric air may have been imprisoned in some strong vessel at the bottom of the sea for ages. After thousands of years, that vessel at last gives way and breaks up. The atom of air, although it has been long an exile, has not forgotten its home, and will not miss its way. Whenever it is released, it rises in a sheer straight line through the thick heavy waters—rises a little air-bell, nor halts in its course, until, emerging from the sea with a gentle joyful bursting sound, it reaches its own,—the heaven, the home which it left many ages before.

Be of good cheer, disciples of the Lord Jesus. Ye are of more value than many atoms of air. Doth God in nature care for the birds of the air and the flowers of the field, and the elements of matter; and how much more shall He clothe and house you, oh ye of little faith. The grave must relax its grasp. Its stubborn nature has been already tamed into obedience.—The Lord has risen, and become the first fruits of them that slept. The way by which He went stands open, and through it all his members will return to Him.—Earth and sea must give up their dead, and the released prisoners will unerringly find their way home. According to the power and the constancy of Nature, which is the power and constancy of God, like will draw to like at last,—the living to the living, the living saved to the Living Saviour.—*Sunday Magazine.*

"The nature of a seal is to make things sure and firm among men; so the supper of the Lord is Christ's broad seal; it is his privy seal whereby he seals and assures his people that they are happy here—that they shall be more happy hereafter—that they are everlastingly beloved of their God; and that nothing shall be able to separate them from him who is their light, their life, their crown, their all in all.

He does well, that discourses of Christ; but he does infinitely better, that by experimental knowledge, feeds and lives on Christ.

### Faith in the Blood of Jesus the Spring of Holiness.

It is noteworthy that the apostle Paul, who most strenuously upholds justification by faith in Jesus, always connects it with holy living, and frequently shows that it is the firm belief of the truth of the doctrine that leads to new obedience in the life. In his epistle to Titus, after speaking of "Jesus Christ our Saviour," and "being justified by his grace," and "made heirs according to the hope of eternal life," he directs that the doctrine of salvation by free grace alone should be affirmed constantly *in order* that believers might maintain good works, Titus iii. 4-8. And there can never be good works but on the principle of being "justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law," Gal. ii. 16. We never do good works until we do them *because we are saved not in order to be so.* A lively sense of many sins forgiven will make us love much and show it practically, Luke vii. 47. And we should have such vital connection with Christ, and such intimate fellowship with him, as will exclude all surmising as to our acceptance.—If we are to render Paul-like service, we must exercise Paul-like faith, and enjoy Paul-like experience. And this is a record of how he believed and lived: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me," Gal. ii. 20. We must be well assured of the love of God in Christ Jesus, to our own souls in particular, before we will be able to say, "This one thing I do; I strive to be holy as God is holy." "Saving faith," says one of the best of the old writers, "has always a sanctifying and comforting influence. The true believer does not divide righteousness from sanctification, nor pardon from purity. Yea, he comes to Christ for the remission of sins for the right end; and that is, that, being freed from the guilt of sin, we may be freed from the dominion of it. Knowing that there is forgiveness with him that he might be feared, he does not believe in remission of sin that he may indulge himself in the commission of sin. No, no; the blood of Christ, that purges the conscience from the guilt of sin, does also purge the conscience from dead works to serve the living God.—They that come to Christ in a scriptural way come to him for righteousness, that they may have him also for sanctification; otherwise, the man does not really desire the favor and enjoyment of God, or to be in friendship with him who is a holy God. The true believer

'employs Christ for making him holy as well as happy, and hence draws virtue from him for killing sin, and quickening him in the way of duty. The faith that can never keep you from sin will never keep you out of hell; and the faith that can not carry you to your duty will not carry you to heaven. Justifying faith is a sanctifying grace. It is true, as it sanctifies it does not justify; but that faith which justifies does also sanctify.—As the sun that enlighteneth hath heat with it; but it is not the heat of the sun that enlightens, but the light thereof; so that faith which justifies hath love and sanctity with it; but it is not the love and sanctity that justify, but faith as closing with Christ.

"If a man hath no faith in the Lord's goodness, no hope of his favor in Christ, where is his purity and holiness? Nay, it is he that hath this hope that purifies himself as God is pure. I know not what experience you have, but some of us know, that when our souls are most comforted and enlarged with the faith of God's favor through Christ, and with the hope of his goodness, then we have most heart to our duties; and when, through unbelief, we have harsh thoughts of God as an angry judge, then we have no heart to duties and religious exercises; and I persuade myself this is the experience of the saints in all ages." There is thus an inseparable connection between our believing the love of God to us in Christ Jesus, holiness, and spiritual comfort. Unless we "draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith," we can not expect to have "our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water," Heb. x. 22.

And as the blood of Jesus is our ground of confidence in coming to God at the first for forgiveness of our sins, our main-stay in trouble, and the spring of all worthy obedience, so must it be our only plea in approaching our heavenly Father for all needed spiritual blessings. If we wish to have our own souls quickened and revived, or a great work of the Spirit achieved throughout the land, and millions of souls converted, the name of Jesus must be our only plea, as we come to plead for these blessings at the throne of grace. "In all true prayer," says another, "great stress should be laid on the blood of Jesus; perhaps no evidence distinguishes a declension in the power and spirituality of prayer more strongly than an overlooking of this. Where the atoning blood is kept out of view, not recognized, not pleaded, not made the grand plea, there is a deficiency of power in prayer. Words are nothing, fluency of expression nothing, niceties of language and brilliancy of thought nothing, where the blood of Christ—the new and living way of

access to God, the grand plea that moves Omnipotence, that gives admission within the holy of holies—is slighted, undervalued, and not made the groundwork of every petition. Oh, how much is this overlooked in our prayers,—how is the atoning blood of Immanuel slighted! How little mention we hear of it in the sanctuary, in the pulpit, in the social circle! Whereas, it is this that makes prayer what it is with God. All prayer is acceptable with God, and only so, as it comes up perfumed with the blood of Christ; all prayer is answered as it urges the blood of Christ as its plea; it is the blood of Christ that satisfies justice, and meets all the demands of the law against us; it is the blood of Christ that purchases and brings down every blessing into the soul; it is the blood of Christ that sees for the fulfillment of his last will and testament, every precious legacy of which comes to us solely on account of his death; this it is, too, that gives us boldness at the throne of grace. How can a poor sinner approach without this? How can he look up?—how can he ask?—how can he present himself before a holy God?—but as he brings in the hand of faith the precious blood of Jesus. Out of Christ, God can hold no communication with us; all intercourse is suspended; every avenue of approach is closed; all blessing is withheld. God has crowned his dearly beloved Son, and he will have us crown him too; and never do we place a brighter crown upon his blessed head than when we plead his finished righteousness as the ground of our acceptance, and his atoning blood as our great argument for the bestowment of all blessing with God.—If, then, dear reader, you feel yourself to be a poor, vile, unholy sinner,—if a backslider, whose feet have wandered from the Lord, in whose soul the spirit of prayer has declined, and yet still feel some secret longing to return, and dare not because so vile, so unholy, so backsliding; yet you may return, 'having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus,' Heb. x. 19. Come, for the blood of Jesus pleads: return, for the blood of Jesus gives you welcome." If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," 1 John ii. 1.—And if you are stirred in spirit for the souls of the perishing around you that they may be saved, and for the work of God that it may be revived, make mention of the blood of Jesus, and you may rest satisfied that you have the petitions that you "desired of him," 1 John v. 15. Jesus has passed his word, that on doing this you shall obtain the desires of your heart; for he says, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto



you," John xv. 7. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. . . . Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full," John xvi. 23-24. If, then, there be no great revival of God's work, no great awakening and conversion of perishing souls, may it not be because this sin lieth at our door, that we have not used the *Blood of Jesus* as our all-prevailing plea in prayer? Oh! let us no longer employ that "precious blood" so sparingly in our pleadings for revival, but let us urge it as our only and our constant plea, and prove God herewith, whether he will not open to us the windows of heaven, and pour us out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it Mal. iii. 10. —*The Blood of Jesus.*

#### TEACHING FALSEHOOD:

Parents should be very cautious about accusing a little child of falsehood, unless the clearest evidence exists of the offence. The assertions of domestics are not always to be relied on, as many an unprincipled girl will criminate a defenceless child in order to screen herself from reproof. No doubt all have read the confession of a father who promised repeatedly a little daughter in order to bring her to acknowledge she had eaten an apple which a servant girl asserted she had seen her take to the attic and eat. The child persisted in her denial, and the father, with an almost breaking heart, repeated the chastisement, until the little one confessed that she had taken it. Subsequently it was discovered that the girl herself had eaten the apple and had accused the child of it. That father's heart could never forget the wrong he had done, and he recorded the incident as a warning to others. A little incident recalled this forcibly to my mind not long ago.

I took up a favourite pen from my desk one morning and found the case all covered with little dots, like teeth marks. It had evidently been crushed and an effort made to repair it. A pair of little hands sometimes meddled with writing materials and were at once suspected.

"Has Eddie been meddling with mamma's pen?"

"No, mamma."

"Just look, Eddie, see how the case is injured; are you very sure, Eddie has not touched it?"

This time the denial was made with more hesitation, and the fearful suspicion crossed my mind that the dear boy was telling an untruth. There seemed no other way of accounting for the mischief, and Eddie was urged very seriously to tell mamma, the whole

truth. He still persisted in his denial, and yet was so much disturbed that it seemed almost a proof of his guilt.

"Will Eddie go away in his little play room and kneel down and ask God that he may be helped to tell mamma the truth about this." He was greatly grieved, but went away and came back with the same assertion, given with still greater hesitation. Our hearts were all heavy, but he was sent out to his play with the exhortation to think it over.—The understanding was clear in his mind that the thing expected of him was to say he did meddle with the pen. What a temptation to lying had been put in the dear child's way.

"Do you know anything about my pen being injured so," I asked carelessly, of a little colored girl who came into the room in the course of the forenoon. I had no expectation of learning anything about it from her, but asked, as I thought, by mere accident, though it proved to be providential.

"Why, yes, em," she said, "Mary brushed it off the desk and stepped on it, and then she tried to make it round again with her teeth.—She felt so bad she did not know what to do about it." Mary was the housemaid and a cousin of Martha's. I felt as if a mountain was removed from my own heart, and I did not wait many minutes before I took the load off from poor Eddie's spirits. With a face and a heart all sunshine he went to his play again, but mother could not help calling him back for one more kiss. As often as I look at those little dents in this case I hold, I think of that unhappy morning when I almost pressed my little boy into telling a lie.—*Mother's Magazine.*

#### A CHILD'S THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

This body it must die,  
And in the cold grave lie;  
It must, it must:  
And there it will decay,  
And moulder all away,  
To dust, to dust.

This soul will never die,  
Nor in the cold grave lie;  
No, never, never.  
But if my God I love,  
'Twill live with him above,  
For ever, ever.

Jesus, my Saviour be,  
To thee my soul would flee;  
'To thee, to thee.  
And when I'm called to die,  
O! let thy aid be nigh,  
'To me, to me.

—*Mother's Magazine.*

## THE TWO PATHS.

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

*(Continued from page 60.)*

"Yes, perhaps," said Mr. Kersymer "but I should say not very likely, for I have already forgiven him a great many times."

"Well, sir," said Charley, "if only you will show mercy to him this once, if he should offend again, I'll not try to beg him off." And Mrs. Kersymer seconding the application very vigorously, it was determined that for this, the last and only time, Tomkins was to be forgiven.

## VI.—THE FIRST STEP IN EVIL.

Two years had passed away, and Tomkins and Charley Calvert were still apprentices in Mr. Kersymer's shop; Ralph and his mother were also still at Sharnford, but a good many changes had taken place during that time.

The boy Tomkins had now become almost a man, and having had so narrow an escape of dismissal, had reformed his manners so far, as to give up all bad language, at least in Charley Calvert's hearing; and if by any chance he let slip a profane expression or an oath, he always seemed in haste to correct himself, and addressing himself to young Calvert, generally said, "I beg your pardon, O dear, I didn't mean it." It was evident, however, to the latter, that this was a proof that any change which there appeared to be in Tomkins, was merely outward, and that no reformation could have been really accomplished within.

Remembering his father's advice on his dying bed, young Calvert had by God's grace continued faithful and diligent in his duties; so much so that he was in high favor with Mr. Kersymer, who during a long illness had transacted all his business through him, and as a mark of his esteem had presented him with a valuable watch; he had even done more than this, he had thrown out some very intelligible hints, that if things continued as satisfactory as they then were, to the end of Charley's

apprenticeship, he might hope for a valuable standing in the business, in which he now made himself of so much use.

Things were not, however, prospering so well with the Calverts in Sharnford as they were in Mr. Kersymer's shop. From time to time accounts reached Charley's ears that everything was not as it should be; but as neither Ralph nor the widow, said anything about the matter in their letters, Charles was obliged to content himself with hoping that the news he heard could not be true.

This state of hopefulness was not, however, destined to last forever, and it came to an end in a way that young Calvert little dreamed.

A knock was heard one evening at Mr. Kersymer's door, when the family were all assembled at supper, and what was the youth's surprise when he heard his own name repeated, and that by his mother's voice. At first he looked bewildered, from one to another, then he turned ashy white, and red by turns; and at length he overturned his chair, and rushed out into the hall, where was standing Mrs. Calvert herself, the same mother that he had left at Sharnford so long ago.

At first her son scarcely recognized her, so changed was she from the mother he had left at the old shop, on the morning he mounted the outside of the stage for London. She was pale and thin, and her eyes looked as though she had been crying ever since. Nor was her dress of the very best; Charley was surprised to see that she still wore her widow's weeds, and they hung around her spare lank figure, as though she had become very thin since they were made.

All this was very inexplicable to the youth, but he did not stop long to think about it, and in far less time than we have taken to write down all this, he had clasped his mother in his arms, and covered her thin face with kisses.

"But where is Ralph?" said Charles to his mother, as soon as he had embraced her thus heartily; "has he come up to town with you? and where is your luggage?" and in addition to these, the son put two or three more questions to his mother, even before she had time to answer one.

The assurance of Mr Kersymer in the hall saved Mrs. Calvert's giving an immediate reply to all these questions, and prevented her son's seeing the extreme look of anguish which passed over her face at the mention of Ralph's name. In truth, the worthy linen-draper was quite as much astonished as his apprentice was, at the sudden appearance of Mrs. Calvert, and in a moment guessed that something of great importance must have happened, to have brought her such a long journey, and so unexpectedly; he was, however, quite cool, which her son certainly was not, and returning to the supper table, he took up a candle, and said to the mother and her son, "I think you had better come up stairs, where you can have the drawing-room to yourselves."

Charley drew on his mother by the hand, too glad to have her immediately all to himself, and the widow willingly followed, happy at being saved answering her son's questions where so many could overhear what she had to say.

They were now left alone, and Charles impatiently repeated the question he had already asked in the hall. "Where is Ralph?" and his mother's hysterical sobs were for some minutes the only answer he received.

"Tell me, dear mother," said Charles, throwing his arms round her neck, "Oh, tell me what has become of Ralph? has he done anything? Where is he?"

When Mrs. Calvert was in some degree soothed by her son's affectionate caresses, and was able to speak, she told him, that where Ralph was she knew not; that she had reason to believe he was somewhere in London, but where she could not tell; and that she had now come up in the hope of being able to find him out.

"But what has brought him up to London?" said Charley "and how long has he been here?"

"He has been here a month," answered the widow, "and oh," said she, as she looked at her son's respectable appearance, "I wish he had been with you ever since his poor father died."

Then Charley heard from his mother's lips the whole story of his unhappy brother, which now explained the rumors

which had reached him from time to time, but to which he had given no credit.

After Charley's departure for London, Ralph had gone on very well for a while; he was diligently engaged in the shop from morning to night, and was respected by every one in the village. After a few months, however, a large tent was pitched on the village green, and a temporary theatre set up, which drew to its performances a great crowd of people, especially all the idle and lazy in the neighbourhood. This, as we may suppose, was a source of great trouble to good Mr. Gabriel, who again warned the people that "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

Ralph, when he heard this verse quoted, could not help thinking of Mr. Gabriel's former sermon on this text, of his dear father having stopped to look with them on Dick Giles's grave, and of the long talks which he and his brother had in bed about that awful spot; and he inwardly resolved that no matter who went to the theatre, he would not. This resolution was very good in itself; happy would it have been for poor Ralph Calvert if he had formed it in the strength of the Holy Spirit.

The theatre was to remain a fortnight, and during the first week of the performances Ralph never went near the place.—Several of his customers asked him if he had been, but he always answered, "No," with a self-satisfied air; as much as to say, "Don't you think I'm very virtuous for resisting such a temptation?" At the end of the first week, however, a man came into the shop and said to Ralph, as he was making a petty purchase, I "say, my lad, I think they have your brother Charley amongst the actors on the green, and a rare good 'un he is, he's almost worth the lot." "Ain't he like Charley?" said he, appealing to another customer, who just came in, and who was none other than Bob Hone, the barber; "Yes, the very image," said Bob, "his hair is the same color and all! I shouldn't be surprised," said Bob, "if it were the young 'un himself. I've heard say that prentices sometimes run away from their masters, and London is a very wicked place."—"Upph!" said Bob, "the boy missed his

chances in life when he was kept from being 'prenticed to me, and he'll never come to good!"

The customers went away, but what they had said left a deep impression on Ralph Calvert's mind. "How very strange," thought he, "that any one should be so like Charley, and they said he was the cleverest amongst the lot; even Bob Hone, who is complaining of every one and every thing, said he was 'an uncommon sharp dog!' and so like Charley! dear me! 'tis very strange."

At supper, Ralph related to his mother all that had been said in the shop that day about the actors, nor did he forget to mention the extraordinary boy, so like his brother; "Bob Hone said that he should not be surprised if it were Charley himself, that had run away. What do you think of that mother?" and Ralph looked at her with a face full of wonder.

"Bob Hone is an impudent fellow," answered she widow, "and always says a spiteful thing against Charley whenever he can; and all because we did not bind him to him, instead of to Mr. Kersymer, where he is likely to do so well."

"But do you think, mother, it could by any possibility be Charley? Bob Hone said something about 'paucities running away, but I hardly think my brother would have done that."

"How can you ask such a question, Ralph?" said Mrs. Calvert, "you know that it is only a fortnight since we had a letter from Charley, and farmer Stubble called in with one which he had received from Mr. Kersymer, saying how much reason he had to be pleased with your brother; Bob Hone has very little to do; and as every one knows, he has a great deal too much to say; his tongue is a good deal too light for his brains."

The widow thought no more of Bob Hone's foolish speech, but it had taken great hold of her son's mind; and he felt a strange longing to go to the theatre, and see this wonderful likeness of his brother.

For a long time Ralph Calvert held out against this wish; but as he had only his own natural strength to fall back on, he yielded to it at last. But his mother knew nothing of it; he was ashamed, and indeed afraid, to tell her, he therefore kept

the matter to himself, and in the middle of the week told her he was going to spend an afternoon and evening at the next village, if she could spare him; and she not knowing that Ralph was capable of deceiving her, consented very willingly to undertake the whole business of the shop.

In the afternoon Ralph set out; he took sixpence in his pocket to pay for his admission, and for some time walked in the direction of the village where his friends lived; soon, however, he struck into the fields and turned back towards his own home and thus he loitered about until the time had arrived for the commencement of the performances at the theatre.

"I'll wait a bit," said Ralph, "until almost every one is in and they have begun, there will be less chance of my being seen;" for independently of any principle being involved, he felt ashamed to be noticed by any one to whom he had already spoken so decidedly on the subject.

Ralph Calvert succeeded in getting into the tent without being observed by any one; he pulled his hat down very much over his eyes, and pulled up the collar of his coat, so that no one could have known who he was, his place in the tent being not only the darkest, but also the most crowded.

The performances had commenced, and every one was intent on the proceedings of the actor, when there appeared on the stage the wonderful boy, whose reported likeness to Charles Calvert had drawn Ralph to this dangerous place. The youth was indeed the very image of Charley as far as his face and size were concerned, but certainly not as far as his dress, for he was arrayed in a scarlet coat, a white waistcoat, leather breeches, with top boots, and a large hunting whip in his hand.

"You ain't a going, then to bet on this eye oss," said the individual,—"I'll warrant him a regular fast'un;" and with his hands behind his back and his legs apart, he stood looking up impudently at an old gentleman in a white wig, who seemed old enough to be his grandfather.

This was the youth's first appearance that evening, and whether the audience were delighted at his costume, or his little shrill piping voice, we cannot tell, but this speech was followed with loud shew's

of applause. Ralph himself burst into a roar of laughter, and clapped his hands together, as the individual in question walked up to the aged gentleman in the wig, and clapped him on the back, calling him "old boy." This was the first time Ralph Calvert had ever seen old age taken such liberties with, and made sport of, still he seemed to have entirely forgotten himself, and instead of pitying the unfortunate creature in the scarlet coat and top boots, he roared out as loud as any one else.

An event, however, here occurred which greatly marred Ralph's amusement, even though some other scenes, which the audience seemed to think vastly more funny, quickly followed. As he was laughing so heartily, some one near him gave him a push, and his hat falling off, he was recognized by the man that had told him in the shop of the wonderful boy's likeness to his brother Charley. As Ralph was recovering his hat, he saw that the man's eye was fixed on him, and his heart sank within him. But what was his horror when this man came near him, and clapping him on the back, said, "Bravo, younker, so you have found your way here to-night; what do you think of the play?"

Ralph stammered out something, he did not know exactly what, and the man having fixed a peculiarly evil cunning look upon him, which made him shrink within himself, went away to another part of the tent.

#### VII—SIN AND SORROW.

Ralph had no more spirit for anything that was going on; this unexpected encounter with some one that knew him, made him very wretched; for, independently of anything else, he felt that his mother might now at any moment find out that he had deceived her, and the bare thought of this made him feel as though he could never hold up his head again.

He immediately left the tent, and as he turned round on going out, he saw that the same man that had accosted him a little before was looking after him; and now that he caught Ralph's glance, he put his finger to his nose, and winked in such a suspicious way that he felt it boded him no good.

"What am I to do?" said Ralph to himself, as he turned his steps homeward. "Shall I tell mother all that has happened?—she'll be sure to hear it from some one else if I don't, and the first story is the best."

Happy had it been for Ralph Calvert if he had indeed confessed the whole matter, and owned that he had been led to the theatre by the hope of seeing the lad that was reputed to be so much like his brother; but alas! a false shame prevented his doing what he knew was right: had he only been content to bear the shame of his first confession, what a world of sorrow might have been spared his mother, his brother, and every friend that he had.—Ralph was destined to experience the truth of that proverb, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whosoever confesseth, and forsaketh them shall find mercy." (Prov. xxviii. 13.) Having fluctuated a great deal in his mind, as he walked home, now resolving to confess, and immediately after shrinking from his determination, he came at length to his mother's house, and with trembling hand knocked at the door, for the shop had now been shut for the night.

Mrs. Calvert came to answer it, and she seemed so glad to see Ralph back, that one would have thought he had been absent for months, instead of a few hours.—She had a choice supper prepared for him of the things which she knew he liked best; altogether Ralph felt that his mother never seemed so tender and full of love as now; and when she went out of the room to fetch in something that had been forgotten, and Ralph looked at the luxurious little meal before him, the tears fell quickly down his cheeks. Oh! what would he not have given that he had staid at home! Was he to pay all this price for looking for a few minutes at the wretched little creature in the scarlet coat and hunting boots?

The widow's step was now heard in the passage, and Ralph immediately dried up his tears lest he should be suspected, and commenced eating his supper, to which, however, he did not do that justice which he might have done, had circumstances been different from what they were.

Mrs. Calvert asked Ralph a few ques-

tions about the people to whose house she thought he had gone, and he answered her just as though he had really been there. These questions he had dreaded very much; and had the widow entered into very minute inquiries, he might have been discovered. She, however, did not, and the affair passed off much better than he had expected.

Under pretence of being very tired with so long a walk, Ralph Calvert went off to bed very soon, and as usual knelt down to pray; but he soon found that he had little heart for real prayer. An idea took possession of his mind that God would not hear him, and that there was no use in trying to pray at all. Ralph was experiencing the reality of those words of the prophet, when he says, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear." (Isaiah lix. 2).—Having however, said his prayers after a certain fashion, he went to bed, but it was only to dream all night long of the man that had recognized him at the play; and when morning came he arose just as wretched as he was when he lay down the night before.

Mrs Calvert thought that Ralph was not quite well, and proposed making up for him a celebrated receipt which had been for a long time in her family, and which she was in the habit of resorting to on all occasions; but Ralph said it was nothing, and set about the business of the shop as usual.

Formerly Ralph used to feel delighted as he heard any foot-step in the shop, but now he started whenever any one came in, fearing every moment that the companion of the preceding evening must turn up amongst some of the customers.

The day, however, wore on, and he had not appeared; so when the evening closed in, Ralph's heart began to beat more freely, and he moved more briskly about the shop. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "he has forgotten it before now, and never means to tell mother anything about the matter; and why should he?—after all it is no affair of his."

Ralph went on thus arguing with himself, until at length he cheated his mind into a belief that his alarm had been vain;

when a heavy step was heard, and on looking up, he saw his enemy before him.—Even with the dim light that there was in the shop, Ralph could not for a moment mistake him. The man looked carefully around, as though he wanted to make sure that there was no one within ear-shot, and then laying a shilling down upon the counter, asked for some tobacco.

Ralph weighed him out the shilling's worth, and, as was his custom, rang the shilling on the counter to see if it were good, but the sound was very suspicious, so much so indeed that he was about to return it to his unwelcome customer, had not that individual put his finger to his nose again, just as he had done the preceding evening at the play, and winked at him with precisely the same horrid leer.

*(To be continued.)*

#### WATER FROM THE ROCK.

Israel, on their march to Canaan, had reached Rephidim, in stony Arabia, where there were no water springs, and no water for them to drink. They might collect the evening dews, but their supply from this source was but scant. The Red Sea was not far off, but its briny waters could only aggravate their thirst. What were the people do with a burning sun above their heads, and no palm-tree shadows under which to rest? Exhausted with travel, yet forced to breathe a sultry atmosphere, like that coming from a furnace, surely there was a cause for their complaint, when, with tongues cleaving to the roofs of their mouths, they "did chide with Moses, saying, 'give us water that we may drink.'" But whence or how could it come? The prayers of a righteous man avail much, and they were effectual here. Moses cried unto the Lord, and the Lord hearkened, and heard, and answered. He commanded him to go on before the people; to take with him the elders of Israel, and the rod that had rent the Red sea asunder in his hand, for thus said the

Lord, "Behold, I will stand before thee there, upon the rock in Horeb, and thou shalt smite the rock and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink." That was a day long to be remembered in Israel, when Jehovah was seen writing *mercy* on the face of yonder rock! Moses, in the sight of Israel's elders, lifts the rod and smites the cliff of adamant, in the appointed place, when, lo! the waters gush forth in crystal torrents, and leap down into the valley, until Heaven's cooling beverage sweeps Heaven's manna before it on the sands. "Water! water!" is the elder's cry. "Miracle-born water!" They soon hear of it down in the camp of Israel, and never did a nation thrill with joy, even when tidings of the victories of its armies flashed along its electric wires, as did Israel that day at the sound of the rushing stream. Old men and women, children and youths, with vessels in hand, might be seen rushing—breathless in haste—to quench their thirst at the stream. The lowing herds and the bleating flocks scent the water as it comes; the camel and its master kneel side by side; man and beast drink together, and drink to the full, and methinks they would bathe in it too. There was abundance of it, and no tax was imposed upon it. Sabbath and Saturday it murmured through their camp. The manna could only be had in the morning, but the water could be had all the day, and every day, and the stranger in his desert journey was not prohibited from filling his pitcher at the rock-born stream. The wild animals might quench their thirst there. The mountain goat and the wild gazelle would come down together and drink of its tide. With wearied wing the pigeon and the quail found it out, and fluttered in its cooling wave. And it afforded a supply for Israel's unborn children as well as for themselves. The stream that came from the rock did not run past them

and then run dry; it ran with them through the desert. For the children of Israel "did all drink the same spiritual drink, for they drank of the same spiritual rock that followed them; and that rock," says Paul, "was Christ." It was not the rock which followed them, but the water from the rock, and that was a most befitting type of Christ. It is now more than eighteen hundred years since Christ, the rock, was smitten, and men of all nations and of all times have been refreshed by his healing streams; and the stream of salvation flows as copiously to-day as it did then. No one ever came to it and went away thirsty. And it is a stream that shall flow on, and flow full, until all God's Israel shall have entered Canaan. It is the glorious river of divine grace, which on earth flows broad and deep, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God, and in Canaan's capital it shall forever flow. John saw it in vision, as the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, and on its banks were blooming the trees of life. Wonderful river, this river of salvation! after supplying earth it shall supply heaven to all eternity. But that rock was not only a type of Christ, in the destitution before the supply came, and in the sufficiency, abundance and permanent freeness of the supply given.

The analogy holds good also in this; relief was obtained in both cases by the gracious and miraculous interposition of God. God wrought a miracle in the desert for Israel, and indeed they could not have been well supplied in any other way. There were 660,000 men, besides women, and children, and cattle. Man left to himself would have despaired of furnishing such a multitude with water, in a dry, parched country, like that in which they were, but nothing is too hard for the Lord. By a miracle of mercy he brought

water to the thirsty out of the flinty rock, and by a far greater miracle of grace he procured salvation for man. God sending his Son was the miracle of miracles. The universe never saw anything like it before and never will again. The King of glory becoming the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief! He, whom highest seraphs praise, taking upon Him infirmities; enduring the assaults of the wicked one, the contradiction, reproach and persecution of a wicked world, that He might save it. Men may deny miracles as they please, but assuredly if there be none other the death of Christ was one.

That rock was also a type of Christ, as being the exclusive source upon which Israel had to depend for support. They had no other way of getting it but from this one stream. Water might appear before them in vast sheets, as it has done to all eastern travellers since, but it was delusive water that, nothing but the deceptive mirage of the desert, of which no one ever drank. It only mocked but could not satisfy their thirst, and the winds from the desert brought no relief. The clouds they brought with them were not clouds of moisture, but only clouds of sand. And if the children of Israel had only one source of relief, so has the human race. Earthly pleasure may promise much, but only to vex and disappoint us the more. The world never saved a man, although many have tried it. Wealth cannot do it, and no man never saved himself. Christ only can save, for "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved, but the name of Jesus."

That rock was a type of Christ, when it is considered that direct personal application was indispensably necessary to obtain the water provided. The water might have been running all around, and

through Israel's encampment, and yet they might all have died of thirst, unless they had stooped down to take it. They had to receive it into their systems before it could do them any good. Water will only quench our thirst when we drink it; so it is with Christ's salvation, it will avail us nothing, how free or abundant it is, if we do not lay hold of it by faith. Suppose an Israelite, in his tent, to have been informed of the wonderful supply of water from Horeb, and that even while he was being told of it, one after another joyfully passed his tent door with a full pitcher on his shoulder, but still he refused to believe in the greatness of the miracle, were he to say, "there may be water for others but there is none for me, I will not believe it." For any one to have acted thus there would have been gross stupidity; and for any one to act so now is consummate folly. There is free access to the water of life, for all. Christ calls, and his words are, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink; look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth. Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye buy and eat, yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." He invites the chief of sinners to come to the well of salvation, which he has opened, and if they would draw water with joy they must first come to the well and there draw. All who ever came found living water; Christ never sends any empty away. Could the world only feel its need of Christ as the Israelites felt their need of water, it would soon seek after him and find him. The very earth soon shows its need of water, when it is denied it long. It cracks up into chinks, each one pleading for the shower. O, how foolish is man, when the clay of the fields can teach him wisdom!



## THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

Heb. xii. 1-2.

BY THE EDITOR.

Many years ago a missionary in Africa, who laboured diligently to teach the African children the things pertaining to the Gospel, wished to instruct them from this text. As they were very ignorant, he simplified his subject as much as he possibly could, and presented it in an interesting and entertaining manner. Having assembled a large crowd in an open field, he set up at a distance from them a stick resembling a cross, and calling two boys to him he desired them to run a race, promising the one who should reach the cross first, a little crown which he held in his hand. The boys ran, and the larger one reached the cross before the other.—The people all began to shout and clap their hands when the boy received his reward. This kind of preaching pleased them. After they were quiet the missionary called the larger boy to him again and bound a block of wood upon each foot. Then he desired the boys to run another race, making them the same offer as before. But the boy with the wood upon his feet could not run—he fell down upon the ground. Then the people began to laugh, and desired the missionary to tell them what all this meant.

He told them that Jesus Christ had bled upon a cross for sinful men; that we all had a Christian race to run, if we would reach heaven and be happy, and that when we reached the happy place the true God would give us a crown of life. He also explained that every one had a weight of sin upon them, which would prevent them running, unless they would go to Christ and ask him to take it away. He then called the boy to him and unbound his feet, telling them that Jesus was as able and willing to take off their weight of

sin, as *he* was to take off the blocks; and that there were angels in heaven ready to rejoice when any one should run to the cross of Christ.

This kind of preaching had a good effect upon their minds, and this narrative is well calculated to illustrate the portion of Scripture which we have selected as the subject of a few thoughts.

## THE RACE.

The Christian life is frequently compared in Scripture, to a warfare. Sometimes it is compared to a pilgrimage,—here it is compared to a race. This comparison is taken from the heathen games, when candidates in ancient times used to compete for a prize. The prize was hung up at the end of the race, and was given by the judge to him by whom it was fairly won.

This figure aptly illustrates some phases of the Christian life. The Christian enters upon it from the day he sets out on the Christian career. He continues running along the course till the day of death, after which he will receive from the Judge of all the earth, the crown of glory which shall never fade away.

The figure implies that the Christian life is one of activity. He has to RUN; he must not loiter, but press on; he must not delay, but use his utmost energy if he would win the prize; he must not go to the right hand or to the left, but keep on in the course and persevere.

The Christian has no difficulty about the course which he is to take. The course is

## \* SET BEFORE HIM.

The moment a man begins to run the Christian race, the course he is to take opens up before him. It opens up at once clearly and evidently in the providence of God. We do not require to go a single step *out of the way* to find the course we are to take, nor to look around

us for a hidden path. As soon as we become alive to God, He gives us the heart to run in His ways, and our safety lies in watching the steps which He doth "order." The way "set" may be rough and rugged; may be full of valleys of humiliation or hills of difficulty; may be through briars and thorns, or through districts infested with foes, that are ever ready to entrap us. But however objectionable it may appear to us, it is the way "set" by Him who hath appointed the prize, and is doubtless the very best way to test and try us. It is doubtless better than the pleasant ways which we would chose, for "His ways are not as ours."

#### HOW WE ARE TO RUN.

We are to *lay aside every weight*. No man would be so foolish as to load himself with a weight before he began to run a race, nor to encumber himself unnecessarily with what might be burdensome. On the contrary, every wise runner will lay aside every weight that he possibly can, in order that he may not be hindered. So in the Christian race. He should lay aside every weight. But what are these weights? They are things not absolutely necessary to the Christian, but tend to interfere with his running. They are things which many runners are apt to enjoy, though they tend to interfere with their running. For example, professing Christians differ in practice and in opinion, relative to dancing, concerts, balls, theatre-going, joking, jesting and other things, which may not be morally wrong in themselves, but which may act as dead weights on some Christians. There are many other things besides these, which may operate as weights on others, and it is left to individual Christians to determine for themselves what is a "weight" to them. If dancing, or concerts, or anything else, about which Christians differ, makes the individual more disposed to

read God's word; to perform secret prayer; to long for communion with God, and to discharge their duties, then let them enjoy these things with all their heart; but, if on the other hand, they interfere with their running let them lay them aside, and that forever.

Lay aside *the sin that doth most easily beset*. There is a weak point in every racer, to which he would do well to take heed if he would gain the prize. So is it with every Christian. There is a sin by which he is more easily conquered than others. In one it may be covetousness; in another intemperance; in a third pride; in a fourth sensuality, and so on. *That sin* is the chief devil in an unconverted man's heart—the devil that rules him. At conversion the Lord, as a strong man armed, drives out the legion of devils that had possession of our soul. He cleanses our heart; He comes in and sits in the chief seat of our affections; He rules within us. But these devils which are cast out are not destroyed, they are only discomfited. They look around, and as they are well acquainted with the crooks and crevices of our whole inner nature, they watch for a fitting opportunity. When we are idle, or careless; when we are surrounded by temptation; when we are sitting around, or tossing on our beds, the chief devil draws near us, and not being discouraged draws a little nearer, and a little nearer, and a little nearer. Then he reminds us of our former haunts of pleasure—he recalls to our recollection the scenes we have witnessed with him, and the joys we have experienced through him, and before we are aware, we long for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Desire makes our tongues cling to the roof of our mouth, and before we are aware we are engaged in the performance of what is contrary to our sense of duty and deliberate intention.

So intimately is this chief devil acquainted

with our character, with our business and the temptations that operate upon us, that he knows us better than we know ourselves. Though we this hour should resolve to do better from henceforth, and keep out of the snare which he lays in our way, in the next hour—yea, almost in the next minute, we are entrapped by him. It doth so easily beset us that we slide, as it were, into its embrace—have ourselves polluted by it, and are hindered on our Christian journey. Oh how often have God's people had occasion to mourn over the instances in which they have fallen in the snare of the fowler, and been unable for a time to warble a song of praise. Though we are often beset by this devil in the soul, we are not on that account to surrender. We are to resist, strong against sin, and if we do so he will flee from us.

*Run with patience.* In running a race for a worldly crown, a man needs patience. He needs to continue running, step after step. If it were possible for a man with one great bound, to get to the end of his race he would do it; but he is a man to run, and not a bird to fly. As it is in the case of an individual running a race, so is it in our Christian profession. If we could become perfectly holy at a bound we would do it. But that is not God's way; He usually prepares us but slowly. We are stones dug out of nature's quarry, to be polished for the temple of God. Stroke must follow stroke, rub must follow rub, till we are fit for our destiny above. We are scholars in God's school. We can but slowly learn, lesson upon lesson, till we are fully taught in wisdom's ways and fit to be borne to our home. We are but pilgrims over a bleak and weary pilgrimage, slowly and slowly we can move, till at last we reach the mansions of glory. Now in these we need patience. This is a grace which

is often enjoined in scripture, and one in which we are often deficient. Says the Apostle James, "My brethren count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing this that the trying of your faith *worketh* patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." The Apostle Paul says, "We glory in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation *worketh* patience." It is evident from these and other passages, that one reason why the career of the Christian is stretched over a period of very many years, and these years filled from beginning to end by troubles that are small or great, is for the cultivation of this grace, and though it is much more easy to work than to wait. Though it is more easy for us to do than to suffer, yet we should wait patiently on God. We should endure patiently the trials that are daily appointed, for though sharp enough, they are at the worst but light afflictions, that for a moment work out for us a far more exceeding—yea, an eternal weight of glory.

#### A Captain of the Galilean Type.

At a point on the side of the mountains, where occurred the trans-shipment of passengers from the west, was moored a casual boat waiting the arrival of the train before starting on its way through to the East. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, but noble-looking, sun-browned man, stood by the vessel superintending the labours of his men when the train drew up, and a few minutes after a party of about a dozen gentlemen came out, and, deliberately walking up the captain addressed him something after this wise—"Sir, we wish to go to the East, but our further progress to-day will depend upon you. In the car we have just left a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable; we have been appointed a committee by the passengers to ask that you will not give this man a passage in your boat. If he goes, we remain; what say you?" "Gentlemen,"

replied the captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee; has the sick man any representative here?" To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer; when the captain, without a moment's pause, crossed over to the carriage, and, entering, beheld in one corner a poor, emaciated, worn-out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by the causer-worm consumption. The man's head was buried in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke kindly to him. "Oh, sir," said the shivering invalid, looking up in his face with trembling expectation, "are you the captain—and will you take me? God help me. The passengers looked upon me as a breathing pestilence, and are so unkind. You see I am dying, but oh, if I am spared to reach my mother, I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is half performed. I am a poor printer, the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die." "You shall go," replied the captain, "if I have to lose every passenger for the trip." By this time the whole crowd of passengers were about the boat, with their baggage piled upon the path. They were waiting for the decision of the captain before engaging passage. A moment more and their decision was made, as they saw him coming from the railway carriage with the sick man cradled in his stout arms. Pushing through the throng with his dying burden, he ordered a mattress to be spread in the choicest part of the boat, where he laid the invalid down with the care of a parent. This done, the captain ordered the boat to be prepared for starting. But a new feeling seemed to take possession of the astonished passengers, that of shame and contrition for their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked on board the boat, and a few hours after another committee was sent to the captain entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin. He went, and from their midst arose an aged white-haired man, who, with tears starting in his eyes, told that rough, sun-browned man that they asked his forgiveness. It was now one of the most touching scenes ever witnessed, the fountain of sympathy broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters welled up, choking the utterance and filling the eyes of all

present. On the instant a purse was made up for the sick man, including a generous contribution from the captain, and the poor invalid was started with a "God speed" on his way home to die in the arms of his mother. The noble-hearted captain of that boat was Samuel Karns, and this pleasing incident in his life is worthy of being remembered.—*American paper.*

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### A FUNERAL SERMON.

'Twas a sad visitation;—many a day  
Its gloom, like a pall, o'er those wild woods lay;  
And woodsmen would speak as with bated breath,  
Whene'er they referred to that awful death.

A stranger from far, e'en a son of toil  
Had come to this land from his native isle,  
And found in the woods of the fertile west,  
A home for his household—so; all he loved best.  
A house, he had built of the round rough wood,  
And cleared a small spot that might grow them  
food,

And fondly had hoped if the Lord should please,  
To live there with comfort, if not with ease.  
And he who before time had loved the Lord,  
There ceased not to read and regard his Word,  
And mid the wild haunts of the fox and the bear,  
The service of God made his constant care.

Ah! little thought he, on that dreadful day,  
At morn, as preparing to go away  
He joined with his household in praise and  
prayer,  
And smoothed down his little one's soft silk hair,  
The sun which had risen, before he set,  
Would usher his soul into death's dark gate.

That sun, has to set, but a few degrees,  
Two men in the woods have been chopping a tree,  
A tree has descended, Oh! dreadful fate,  
It crushes a man 'neath its ponderous weight,  
There's running and hasting all round about,  
For wildlike and strange was his comrade's shout;  
And ghastly men toil fast and nervously  
To chop and to move off that dreadful tree.  
And now from his cold bed, impressed beneath,  
They set free the prisoner; O prisoned of death!  
The muscles relax, but no sign to show  
He lived, since the touch of that dreadful blow.

'Tis night;—to that home, unalarmed and quiet  
A man, pale as death, comes, in grey twilight;  
Alas! he has doleful tidings to break,  
And hardly knows how, for he scarce can speak,  
From him has the young wife, in sore distress,  
To learn that her children are fatherless;  
That he who had gladdened her with his smile.

Her husband and stay in her path of toll,  
In the vigour of manhood's health and force,  
Is struck down and lying a mangled corpse.

Away o'er the treetops, a dark cloud loomed,  
And sullenly far off the thunder boomed,  
And the lightning's glare pierced the forest  
glade

To lighten the mourner's who bore their dead.  
There were sobbing and sighing that dread mid-  
night,

And hearts were a breaking that would not be  
quiet,

And kind ones were seeking to give relief,  
For full and profound was that household's grief

And now, Christian friend in this doleful tale  
Thou' readest a lesson, O learn it well;  
God's voice in this death, may be loudly heard,  
It says to thee, Christian, Be thou prepared.  
If walking with God in thy sojourn here,  
Come death as it may, thou hast nought to fear;  
The stroke that excludes from a world of sighs,  
Will usher thy soul into paradise.

This death also teaches another class,  
That oft have been warned even thus, alas!  
Whose hearts are engrossed with the love of sin  
And heeds not the Spirit that pleads within,  
O brother, our time is uncertain here,  
Thy call at the latest must be quite near,  
The stroke, oft averted, one day will fall,  
Prepare thou to meet the great Judge of all,  
Now, now, is salvation and pardon free,  
And Jesus stands ready to welcome thee;  
But delay thus long, and yet more presume,  
O pause thou, and think of thy dreadful doom.

*Rackton.*

A. N.

## RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

The following are worthy of being  
printed in letters of gold, and being placed  
in a conspicuous position in every house-  
hold:—

1. From your children's earliest infan-  
cy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedi-  
ence.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let  
your children always understand that you  
mean exactly what you say.

3. Never promise them anything unless  
you are sure you can give them what you  
promise.

4. If you tell a child to do anything,  
show him how to do it, and see that it is  
done.

5. Always punish your children for  
wilfully disobeying you, but never punish  
in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they  
can vex you, or make you lose your self-  
command.

7. If they give way to petulance and  
temper, wait till they are calm, and then  
gently reason with them on the improprie-  
ty of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little punishment,  
when the occasion arises, is much more ef-  
fectual than the threatening of a greater  
punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything  
because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at  
one time what you have forbidden, under  
the same circumstances at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and  
easy way to appear good, is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little  
recitals the perfect truth.

13. Never allow of tale-bearing.

14. Teach them that self-denial, not  
self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure  
method of securing happiness.

## I MEAN TO TAKE LIFE EASY.

Dr. ———, in his morning round, came  
upon a thrifty farmer giving his last touch  
to his new house, picking up the broken  
shingles and scattered nails, left by the  
carpenters. The doctor stopped and con-  
gratulated him upon its final completion.

"Thank you, sir," said the farmer; "it  
is a good house, and all I want. I have  
worked hard all my life for it, and now I  
mean to take life easy and enjoy it." "And  
I hope you will live long to enjoy it," cried  
the friendly doctor, making his parting-  
bow and jogging on. "Thank you, sir,"  
rejoined the man.

Nor was the doctor out of sight before  
the alarmed cry of "Doctor, doctor!"  
caught his ear. Reining in his horse and  
looking round, he beheld a messenger  
from the farm-house, fleeing after him.—  
"Doctor, doctor, Mr. W——— has just  
fallen from the roof, and we are afraid he  
is dead." He hurried back, but to find  
fears quickly merged into certainty. No  
skill of doctor or power of medicine could

restored him. He was dead and *gone*; called in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, to render up his final account. Scarcely had he said to his soul, "Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," before the soul was stripped of its possessions, and all that had been provided for it to delight in wrung from its embrace. How was it left? *Destitute!* And soul-destitution, who can adequately describe? It is the *not having*, not having the "one thing needful," which constitutes the sinner's doom in the great hereafter. Oh! what a place has that one word *not*, in the final inventory—"not having on the wedding-garment;" "Sick and in prison, and ye visited me *not*."

Everything here, and eternal beggary! Can we ponder too seriously upon such an issue?

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## A WHOLE DAY TO DO NOTHING.

(FOR THE YOUNG.)

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"If I only could have a whole day to do nothing—no work and no lessons—only play all day, I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please, and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of *wishing* for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate, when the children passed to school, and they all envied her for having no lessons. When they were gone, she climbed up into the cherry-tree, and picked a lapfull for pies; but when she carried them in her mother said, "That is work, Bessie! Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away."

"No work to-day, you know!" and the little girl went away, rather out of humor. She got her doll, and played with it a while, but was soon tired. She tried all other toys, but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back and watched her mother, who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie; this isn't play."

Bessie went out into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother was setting the table for dinner. Bessie longed to help. Then her father came back from his work, and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over, and her father away, she said wearily, "Mother, you don't *know* how tired I am of doing nothing! If you would *only* let me wind your cotton, or put your work-box in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad."

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them, for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter, and presently she said, "Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labour.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do *just the very work that he gave us*, we can't be happy."

"He has hard work who has nothing to do."

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Like the dreamer who is getting great sums of money in his sleep, and who, when he awakes, opens his till or his pocket-book, almost expecting to find it full; so the day-dreamer, the projector awaking up at the close of life, can hardly believe that after his distinct and glorious visions, he is leaving the world no wiser, mankind no richer, and his own home no happier, for all the golden prospects which have flitted through his busy brain. What a blessed world it were, how happy, and how rich, if all the idlers were working, if all the workers were awake, and if all the projectors were practical men!

## THE SECOND COMMANDMENT.

The second commandment is our subject. It teaches us *how we are to worship God*. Now, there two questions that we must try to answer in considering this commandment.

The first question is this: *What does this commandment forbid?* The second is: *Why does it forbid this?*

What does this commandment forbid? *It forbids the use of images and pictures in our worship.*

Let us see what this commandment says: It says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." "A graven image." of old time, is the same that we should now call a carved image. A graver, than, was the same as a carver now. And a carver, we know, is one who carves, or makes images, or figures out of wood.—The figure-heads of men, or women, or other objects that we see on the bows of ships and other vessels, are graven, or carved images. And so are the figures of Indians that we see, as signs, in front of certain stores. Or the graven image might have been made of stone. Then we should call the maker of it a sculptor; and we should speak of such an image as a statue. A graven image might have been made either of wood or stone.

We often read, too, in the Bible, of *molten* images, though they are not mentioned in the commandment. A molten image was one made out of melted metal, such as iron, or brass, or gold, or silver.

But the commandment speaks of a "*likeness* of any thing," as well as of an image. What does it say about this? "Thou shalt not make unto thee . . . any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."

The likeness here spoken of means a picture, or painting of any thing. Hanging up in the Hall of Independence, in Chestnut street, in a painted portrait of General Washington. We call this a likeness of Washington. In that same hall are portraits of William Penn, of Franklin, and Lafayette, and other great men, distinguished in the early history of our country. These are all called likenesses.

There is also in that hall a statue of

Washington carved out of wood. That is a "graven image" of Washington. But is it wrong to have that "graven image," or those likenesses there? Is that breaking the second commandment? No. Does anybody ever go there to worship that image of Washington? No. Does anybody ever go into that hall to worship the likeness of William Penn? or Lafayette? or Franklin? No. This commandment only forbids us having images, or likenesses, for the purpose of worshipping them. It does not forbid us to have images, or statues, or paintings, just to look at, and admire, for the beauty of their form, or for the wonderful way in which they are made to look like real persons, or things.

There is a building in Chestnut street, between Tenth and Eleventh, called "The Academy of Fine Arts." This is full of graven images, and molten images, and the likenesses of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things in the water under the earth. There are many pieces of beautiful sculpture there; statues, or images in plaster, and brass, and marble; and many interesting paintings. But it is not wrong to have them, because they are not put, or kept, there for people to worship them, but only to look at, and admire. And it is only having images or pictures to *worship*, that the commandment forbids. It is not *having* them that is forbidden by the commandment, but making a wrong use of them.

But suppose, now, that some one should say to you that he believed it was wrong to have images or paintings at all, even though they were not worshipped. And suppose this person should try to persuade you to go home and destroy all the images or paintings in your dining-rooms, how could you prove clearly that he was wrong?

Let me show you. The second commandment says, we must not have images or pictures to worship them; but this does not mean that we are not to have them for any other purposes. For in another place in the Bible (Deut. iv. 16.) God says we must not *look* upon the sun, and the moon, and the stars to worship them. Now, is it wrong to *look* at the sun, and moon, and stars? Of course not. Why, we can not help looking at them, unless we pluck our

eyes out, or keep them shut all the time. Oh! no, they are glorious objects. It does us good to look at them, and think about them. When you look at a beautiful star in the heavens at night, how often you are ready to take up those simple words and say;—

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star!  
How I wonder what you are.”

David used often to look up to the stars, when he was watching his sheep, in the fields of Bethlehem; and he felt that it did him good. It was this feeling that led him to write the words of the beautiful Psalm (viii. 3, 4,) in which he says;—

“When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?” Looking at the heavens made David feel humbled. And so it will help to make anybody feel. People in old time carried this feeling so far that when they looked upon the sun, and moon, and stars, they worshipped them. God forbade the Israelites to do this. But nobody is so foolish as to suppose that this is intended to forbid people looking at the heavenly bodies for another purpose. And if you admit this, then you must admit that the commandment which forbids our having images, or paintings, for the purpose of worshipping them, does not forbid our having them for other purposes.

But when the heathen make images of their gods, and then kneel down and worship them, do they break this commandment? Yes. And when the Roman Catholics make crucifixes—images of the Saviour on the cross—or images of the Virgin Mary, or pictures of the saints, and bow down before them in worship, is this breaking the second commandment? Yes.

Those who pray to the virgin and the saints, think that they will be more ready to hear their prayers than the blessed Saviour Himself; but is not this a great mistake?

A Romish priest was once talking to a clever boy, belonging to his parish, who had been attending a Protestant school in the neighborhood. The priest tried to

persuade him to give up his Testament, and pray to the virgin, to take care of him, and keep him from danger and harm.

“Praise your reverence,” said the boy, “I read in the gospel that when the Virgin was on earth, in going home from Jerusalem she lost her son. She couldn’t tell where he had gone, and was three days before she found him. Now, if she couldn’t take better care than that of her own child, who was so near to her, faith, and I’m thinking it’s mighty leafe care she’ll take of me, who am so far away from her!”

There was a Scotch nobleman, once, who was a Roman Catholic. He was very rich; but lived a retired life, and left the management of his affairs, very much, in the hands of his steward, and other servants. One of his tenants, named Donald, was a pious Protestant. He rented a farm from the nobleman, on which his forefathers had lived above two hundred years. The lease, by which he held the farm, was on the point of expiring, and the steward refused to allow Donald to renew it, intending to give it to a friend of his own. Poor Donald was greatly distressed, at the thought of being turned out from his home. He tried, every argument in his power, to induce the steward to let him remain on the farm; but in vain. At last he resolved to make the case known to his lordship himself, feeling sure that he would grant his request. But when he applied at the castle door he was sent away; the steward having given orders that he was not to be admitted.

Donald was almost in despair. Finally, however, he resolved upon a bold step. He climbed over the garden wall, and, entering a private door, made his way, unobserved, towards the apartments of the nobleman. As he drew near he heard his lordship’s voice engaged in prayer. He waited till he should conclude, and while doing so distinctly heard him pleading earnestly with the Virgin Mary, and St. Francis, to intercede with the Father and Son in his behalf.

After the voice ceased, Donald knocked gently, at the door, and was admitted. He told the simple tale of his distress. The kindhearted nobleman was much affected by his statements. He assured him, at



once, that his lease should be renewed, and himself and family protected from the resentment of the steward. Donald was delighted with the success of his plan. He poured forth his warmest thanks to his generous benefactor, and was about to take his departure, when a feeling of anxiety for his gracious patron took possession of his mind, and he thought he would try and speak a word to him, that, by God's blessing, might do him good.

"My lord," said he, "I have been a bold man in venturing into your presence, but you have forgiven me, and saved me and my family from ruin: I would again be a bold man, and speak a word by your lordship's permission."

"Well, Donald, speak out," said the nobleman.

"My lord," replied Donald, "as I stood waiting at your door, I heard you praying, with great earnestness, to the Virgin Mary and St. Francis; you seem to be very unhappy. Now, my lord, forgive me, but I can not help thinking that the Virgin Mary and St. Francis will do you but little good. I should have been a ruined man if I had trusted to your servants: I came direct to your lordship, and you heard me. Now, if you would but leave the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, who, I am convinced, will do no more for you than your steward would for me, and just go directly to the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and pray for what, you need, He will hear you, and grant you the desires if your heart: for He has said in His Word, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

We are not told what the effect of Donald's appeal was; but certainly his argument was a good one; and we may hope that it led the nobleman to see the folly of applying to the servants, when he might go at once to the Master: the folly of praying to the saints, when he had the privilege of praying to Jesus, the Lord of all the saints.

Thus I have tried to answer the first question: What does this commandment forbid?

*It forbids the use of images, or pictures in our worship.*

We now come to the second question.

This is: *Why does the commandment forbid this?*

The reason, or cause, begins with the word "for," in the commandment. God says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, &c., for (or because) I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

Now, when we come to look at this part of the commandment, we find there are three reasons in it. The first reason why we are not to use images and pictures in our worship is, *because the Lord is a jealous God.*

The Bible speaks to us of God as if He were like ourselves. And the reason of this is, that we could not understand what we said of Him, if it spoke about Him in any other way. For instance, in one place in the Bible God says, that "all day long He has stretched out His hands to His people." But has God any hands? No. But if you want to invite a child toward you, you stretch out your hands and say, "Come." This is an inviting act. It shows that you want the child to come to you. And so when God wants His people to come to Him, He says He stretches out His hands.

In another place in the Bible God speaks of putting His "everlasting arms" about His people. But has God any arms?—No. But when a mother puts her arms around her child, she does it to show her love and care for it, and her desire to protect it from harm. And so when God would show how He loves and cares for His people, and intends to protect them, He speaks of putting His everlasting arms about them.

There is a passage in the Bible which tells us that "the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Now, has God any eyes? No. But when we say our eye is in a certain place or on a certain thing, we mean to say that we know about that place or thing. For instance, my eye is on that pew. I know who are in it. My eye is on that door; I know if any one comes in, or goes out. My eye is on that boy, or that girl; I know what he or she is doing.

And so when we read that God's eye is "in every place," it means that He knows all that is done in every place.

The Bible sometimes speaks of God as being *angry*. Now God is never really angry. But He acts in a similar way to that in which men act when they are angry; and there is no other way in which we can understand this than by saying that He is angry. Here, for example, is a little boy who tells a lie. His father hears of it. He is angry, and punishes the boy. So, when God punishes His people for their sins, He acts in the same way in which a man acts when he is angry, and we can only understand it by saying that He is angry.

And just so, in this commandment, the Lord is spoken of as a "jealous God." This means that God feels and acts very much as men do when they are jealous. Now there are two kinds of jealousy.—One is a wrong feeling, the other is right.

For instance, here is a girl, four or five years old. She is the only child in the family. She is loved and petted greatly by her parents. After a while a dear little baby comes into that family. But instead of loving it, the little girl hates it, and wishes it was away. She can't bear to think that her parents should love any one but herself. She is jealous of the baby. But this is a wrong sort of jealousy. It is a mean, wicked feeling. God is never jealous in this way.

There is another sort of jealousy. It is a good and right feeling. I wonder if I can show you just what it is. Let me try.

Suppose, for instance, you were the king of a large island. You love your people very much, and they love you. They are all happy and prosperous. And suppose that a wicked, good-for-nothing man should come to your island, and try to steal away the affections of your people, and persuade them to make him king instead of you. He wants to take away your kingdom, and rob and ruin your people. Now you might very well feel uncomfortable about this man. This feeling would be jealousy. It would be a right kind of jealousy. And it would lead you to do two things. You would watch him very closely. With the eye of a lynx

you would follow him in all his movements. And if you caught him actually trying to draw off the affections of your people from you, and stir them up to rebellion, oh! then you would, if in your power, punish him how severely!

This is something like the feeling in God which the commandment calls jealousy. God is a great King. All his willing subjects are happy. Satan is the wicked, worthless being who is trying to take His place and overturn His government. One of the ways in which he attempts to do this is by drawing men into idolatry. Where he can't succeed in getting men to practise open idolatry, by giving up the worship of God altogether, he tries to get as near this as he can, by persuading them to use images, and pictures in their worship. He knows that this is contrary to God's commandment. He knows it is very displeasing to God. He knows that all who use these images and pictures are doing his (*i. e.*, Satan's) work, and helping to make him king instead of God. Hence God is jealous of Satan and his efforts. He watches him narrowly; and all who try to help him. He feels hurt when people lead their influence to Satan, His great enemy, and our enemy. And it is right for Him to feel so. And He is not only quick to see, but strong to punish all who help Satan in this matter.

The commandment forbids us to use images or pictures in our worship, *because the Lord is a jealous God*. This is the first reason.

*The second reason is, because if we break God's commandments others besides ourselves must suffer from it.*

God says He visits "the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate Him." This does not mean that the souls of children are lost on account of their fathers' sins; but it means that sin is such a dreadful thing, that if we commit it, it will bring suffering upon others, as well as on ourselves, in *this life*. This is God's law. No persons can alter it, any more than they can make the sun rise in the west and set in the east.

There is a little infant six months old. It has the convulsions. See how wildly

its little eyes roll! See how it foams at the mouth! It struggles, and groans, and dies. Poor little thing! How did it come to suffer so! Had it ever committed any sin? No; it was too young for that. Then what occasioned its sufferings! The sin of Adam, committed six thousand years before, was the cause of it. This is very fearful. You ask me to explain it. I can not do it. No one can explain it. And yet no one can deny it. Some people find fault with this law. But God is wiser than man. He knows best what laws to make. We see just the same kind of laws in other things, and no body thinks of finding fault with these.

For instance, suppose I own a house in the middle of a row of frame houses.—Well, my house is old, and overrun with rats and vermin. I have made up my mind to make a bonfire of it, and burn it down. I kindle a fire in the midst of it, and very soon it is all in a blaze. Now when the fire has done burning my house will it stop? Ah! no; it will spread to the house next door, and then to the next, till the whole row is in flames. God has made it the law of fire to spread. Once kindle a flame, and no one can tell how soon it will stop. This is the law of fire. But have we any right to complain? No. It is a good law; it is the best law that can be made; but it teaches us to be careful how we kindle fires.

Suppose a man takes a keg of gunpowder into the midst of a room full of people. He says he is tired of living, and wants to kill himself. Then he lights a match and thrusts it into the powder. Will it just kill him only without others? No; the dreadful explosion will blow them all up together. It is the law God has made, for gunpowder to explode in that way. But have we any right to complain of this law? No. It is a good law. Powder would be of no use without it. But it shows us how careful we should be about letting sparks fall into gunpowder.

Suppose you throw a stone into the air; what will become of it? It will fall to the ground. That is the law God has made for stones and heavy bodies. It is a very good law. Suppose we were on the top of one of the high mountains in Switzerland. A great many people are climbing up the

steep side of the mountain. Now, if we loosen a great mass of rock, and send it rushing down the side of the mountain, will it stop when it gets near the people? No; it will go thundering on, crushing and tearing every thing before it. But have we any right to complain that God has made it the law of heavy bodies to fall? No; but knowing this law, we ought to be very careful how we loosen great rocks, and throw them down from the tops of mountains. And it is just so with sin. Like fire it spreads, and rages, and burns, more than those who kindle it expected. Like powder, it explodes with terrible effect, and injures others than those who dropped the spark into it. Like the rock, loosened from the mountain-top, it is very hard to stop, and will crush all in its path. God has made us to be the law of sin, to show us how dreadful a thing it is, and to make us afraid of breaking His commandments, because it will bring evil on others as well as on ourselves.

This is the second reason why God's law forbids us to use images, or pictures in our worship. *It brings evil on others as well as on ourselves.*

*But their is a third reason why the commandment forbids this, namely, because it will bring blessings on others, as well as ourselves, if we mind it.*

We read here, that the Lord "showeth mercy to thousands of those who love Him, and keep His commandments."

Look at good King David. He loved and served God faithfully; and hundreds of years after he was dead and buried, God spared the people of Israel, many a time, when they deserved to be punished, and heaped blessings upon them for the sake of David.

Look at Joseph. You know how God blessed Potiphar and his house, and the keeper of prison, and Pharaoh upon his throne, all the land of Egypt, for the sake of Joseph.

And look at Abraham. He kept God's commandments. God told him to offer up his darling son, Isaac, for a burnt-offering. He went away immediately to do it. God blessed him for this, and promised to bless all the world through him on account of it. It is about four thousand years since Abraham obeyed God in this

way. And yet we, to-day, are sharing in that blessing. Jesus, our glorious Saviour, was Abraham's son, and all the blessings that Jesus brings us come through Abraham's obedience. And in the same way, God will bless others, through us, if we keep His commandments. What a strong motive this is! Why, we read of persons being willing to suffer the greatest evils, for the sake of doing good to others.

In the battle of Sempach, fought between the Austrians and the Swiss, before the use of fire-arms, a brave Swiss soldier, whose name was Arnold Winkelreid nobly sacrificed his life for the sake of his country. The Swiss army was very small, and that of the Austrians very large. The Austrian front presented such an unbroken ridge of spears, that Swiss soldiers could not get at their enemies. So Arnold told his comrades to follow him, and he would open for them a way to victory. He then rushed up to the Austrian front, and grasping as many spears as he could reach with his outstretched arms, they were thrust into his body; and as he sunk down to the earth, pierced through by all those spears, the Swiss soldiers pressed into the opening thus made, and gained the victory.

"Make way for liberty," he cried;  
"Make way for liberty and died."

Arnold Winkelreid laid down his life for the sake of securing blessings for his country.

You know that in Holland there are large parts of the country that lie below the level of the sea. The people, in those parts, build great walls, or banks of earth, to keep the water from overflowing the country. These banks are called dykes. Sometimes these dykes give way, and then the water rushes in and overflows the country, destroying much property and many lives.

One night a little boy, in Holland, was returning home from a village, to which he had been sent by his father, on an errand. As he was walking along he saw a little hole in the dyke, through which the water was beginning to run. The hole was so small that he could just cover it with his hand. He knew that if it was left till morning, the bank would be washed away, and the sea would rush through, and drown all the village. He was even afraid that, if he left it till he ran to the village and

back again, the opening made might be too great to stop, till much damage had been done. So he resolved to stay there and keep his hand over the hole, till somebody came by whom he could send to tell the villagers of their danger. Then he took his stand on the dyke, and kept his hand over the place, and waited patiently for somebody to come. But no one came. The shades of evening gathered round: the darkness of night settled upon him: still no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly away, and there the brave boy stood manfully at his post. In cold and darkness, wet, tired, and shivering, he remained there, stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous place. All night he remained in that position. At last the morning broke. A clergyman, walking on the dyke, heard a groan, and looked round to see where it came from.

"What are you doing there, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position.

"I am keeping the water back, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," said the boy, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could hardly speak. The astonished minister took the boy's place, and sent him to tell the villagers. They came and stopped the breach. Thus, the boy at the dyke was willing to suffer all night for the sake doing good to his friends and neighbors.

Let me tell you one more story to illustrate this part of the subject, before I close. The following circumstance took place about twenty years ago, at a village called Ragenbach, in Germany. One afternoon a great number of the village people were assembled in the large room, of the inn. There was only one door to the room, and that stood open. The village blacksmith—a good-natured, pious, brave-hearted man—sat near the door, talking pleasantly, with some of his neighbors in the room.

All at once, a large dog came and stood right in the door. He was a great, powerful beast, with a fierce frightful look. His head hung down, his eyes were bloodshot, his great red tongue hung half out of his mouth, and his tail was dropped between his legs. As soon as the keeper of the inn saw him, he turned pale, and exclaimed,

"Mercy on us, the dog is mad!" Then the women screamed, and there was great confusion in the room. There was no way out but by the door in which the dog stood, and no one could pass him without being bitten.

"Stand back, my friends," cried the brave smith, "till I seize the dog; then hurry out while I hold him. Better for one to perish than for all."

As he said this, he seized the foaming beast with an iron grasp, and dashed him on the floor. Then a terrible struggle followed. The dog bit furiously on every side, in a most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let go his hold. Unmindful of the great pain it caused, and the horrible death which he knew must follow, with the grasp of a giant, he held down the snapping, biting, howling brute, till all his friends had escaped in safety. Then he flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room and locked the door. The dog was shot through the window: but what was to become of the brave but unfortunate smith?

The friends whose lives he had saved at the expense of his own, stood round him, weeping. "Be quiet, my friends," he said; "don't weep for me; I've only done my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love; and now pray for me that God will not let me suffer long, or too much. I know I shall become mad, but I will take care that no harm comes to you through me."

Then he went to his shop. He took a strong chain. One end of it he riveted with his own hands round his body; the other end he fastened round the anvil, so strongly that no earthly power could loose it. Then he looked round on his friends and said;—

"Now it's done. You are all safe. I can't hurt you. Bring me food while I am well, and keep out of my reach when I am mad! The rest I leave with God."

Nothing could save the brave smith. Soon madness seized him; and after nine days he died. What a noble fellow!—What a real hero that was! He was willing to endure all this for the sake of secur-

ing blessings for his friends.

But there is one example better than any of these. Think of Jesus. He suffered for more than thirty years. He suffered in the garden; he suffered on the cross, that He might secure rich, and everlasting blessings, for poor sinners such as we are. When we think of Jesus;—Arnold Winkelried—the boy at the dyke—the smith of Ragenbach, and all other examples fade away, like the stars before the sun.

*The third reason why the commandment forbids the worship of images is, because minding it will bring blessings on others, as well as on ourselves.*

Now we have had two questions before us. *What does this commandment forbid? and Why does it forbid it?* Under the second question, we have had three reasons;—The first reason is, *because God is a jealous God.* The second is, *because others beside ourselves must suffer if we don't mind.* And the third is, *because it will bring blessings on others, beside ourselves, if we do mind.*

And now, my dear children, I want each one of you to ask yourself this question. How can I do the greatest good to myself—to my parents—to my brothers and sisters—to my country, and to the world? This answer is very short. It is by loving Jesus, and keeping His commandments. But you never can do this in your own strength. No. But if you ask Jesus to give you the help of His grace and Spirit, then you will be able to love Him, and keep His commandments, and secure the greatest blessings for yourselves and others!—*The King's Highway by Dr. Newton.*

"Having food and raiment let us therewith be content."—1 Timothy vi. 8.

King George III. walking out one morning, met a lad at the stable door, and asked him, "Well, boy, what do you do? what do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." "Be content," replied the king; "I have no more." All that the richest possess beyond food, raiment, and habitation, they have but the keeping, or the disposing, not the present enjoyment of. A plough-boy, who thinks and feels correctly, has enough to make him contented; and if a king have a discontented spirit, he will find some plea for indulging it.

## Sabbath Lesson.

March 5th, 1865.

## THE SECOND COMMANDMENT.

Exod. xx. 4-6.

We are taught in this commandment.

1. That God hath appointed certain religious ordinances to be observed in his worship. Lev. xviii. 5.
2. That we are required to accept of and esteem the worship and ordinances of God. Ps. cxix. 103.
3. That we are required to observe God's worship and ordinances. Matt. xxviii. 20.
4. That we are required to keep God's worship and ordinances pure and entire. Deut. xii. 32.
5. That we are forbidden to worship God by images. Deut. iv. 15, 16.
6. That we are forbidden to worship God in any way not appointed in his word. Deut. 4. 2.

(See further illustration of this commandment in article "Second Commandment," published in this paper. Page 104.)

## DO SOMETHING.

Immortal souls are in danger! Souls for whom Christ bled and died, for whom angels gaze in pity, and for whom "God waits to be gracious." They do not or cannot realize their peril, but madly plunge on.

Can nothing be done for sinners? Much can be done—everything can be done, and by you. You are permitted to approach a fellow-mortal, face to face, pray with him, weep over him, and point him to Calvary.

"Ah, but I have no talent for the work," you exclaim.

"No talent!" Do you not have sufficient talent to transact business, provide for your family, buy, sell, labour, in fine, to perform any of the multifarious duties of life?

But you add, I am naturally timid and retiring."

"Timid and retiring!" Were your neighbour's house in flames, and the lives of his wife and little ones threatened, would you speak of your "timidity?" Rather, would you not rush into the burning structure like a hero, and rescue them if possible? If you would do all this for their bodies, ought you not to do infinitely more for their souls?

"But the majority of people know religion is valuable, already," you reply.

So a good name is "valuable," yet thousands forfeit it by the commission of crime. All understand the value of wealth, yet many squander it and become beggars. Nothing is more desirable than health, yet nothing is more recklessly thrown away through neglect and imprudence.

"Bibles and churches are accessible to all," you reply, in conclusion.

So are dram-shops, theatres, gambling-houses, race-courses, and dens of infamy. In fact they outnumber churches more than twenty to one. Unite this with the fact that "men love darkness rather than light," and the demand for earnest, persevering, personal effort will be obvious. Men do not require urging to do wrong, but they do require a vast amount of urging to do right.

God had a work for us to do, else we had never had existence. It is a sublime belief, that nothing is created in vain. From the blade of grass beneath our feet, up to the uncounted worlds that roll in space, all exist for a purpose. Nothing stands still, nothing ceases to grow. The acorn which we tossed carelessly aside when a boy, has become a giant oak.

If all nature labours and grows, shall not the Christian? If nature performs the Maker's will, why not the child of God?

Arouse thee, O Christian! A few more days of toil and the crown and harp will be thine. For "he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." But ever remember that "*he that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin.*"

## "THE ROSE OF SHARON."

My Saviour condescendingly says of himself, "I am the rose of Sharon," Cant. ii. 1. Our natural pleasures come to us through the medium of the senses. The exquisite delights which the soul that is betrothed to Christ derives from him, are constantly spoken of in language supplied by those senses. The sight, the hearing, the touch, the taste, and the smell, afford images to set forth the excellency of my Saviour, 1 John i. 1; Cant. ii. 1-3. Sharon was a region of the Holy Land, proverbial for its richness and fertility; and the luxuriance of its roses was much celebrated. Happy was the enlightened mind which saw in every rose of that blooming land, a visible type of the promised Redeemer!

The flower of loveliest hue and sweetest fragrance is a most apt emblem of my Saviour. Let it always remind me of him, and

be dear to me for his sake. The rose has its root in the earth; but its beautiful flower and its rich odour are always aspiring towards heaven; so my Saviour; the "truth sprung out of the earth," Ps. lxxxv. 11; and, ascending to glory, diffused the fragrance of his merits through heaven and earth. The rose of Sharon—the flower of the garden—wherever it grew, betokened cultivation and fertility. Wherever Christ comes and abides, "the wilderness and the solitary place is glad; the desert rejoiceth and blossoms as the rose. It blossoms abundantly, and rejoices even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon is given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God," Isa. xxxv. 1-2.

If I wear a rose in my bosom, it scents my whole person. Has the Saviour a place in my breast,—he communicates the fragrance of his merits to my soul, and his spirit fills the atmosphere through which I move, as it were, with the breath of heaven. Even in death, the rose is sweet—passing sweet, and sweeter every place where it lies. Thus, the Rose of Sharon has given the fragrance of life to the very chambers of death and the grave,—to that wardrobe of the saints, where the material garments are to be laid up, until the morning of the resurrection, then to be brought forth beautiful and fresh, fit for the court of heaven.

Hadst thou not in the lone wood's shade,  
Oft seen a lovely flower,  
Pale, weak, and bending low its head,  
Drenched by the thunder-shower?

Transplanted thence, and trained to grow—  
The sunny garden's pride,  
How sweetly did its odours flow,  
Diffused on every side!

Fair Sharon's Rose thus lonely grew  
In scorned Galilee,  
And fainted 'neath the gory dew  
Of dark Gethsemane.

Now, by the Lord's right hand removed  
To his own Paradise,  
By all admired, adored, beloved,  
Its fragrance fills the skies.

—My Saviour.

### A MOTHER'S STORY.

Two little children, blithe and gay,  
Pressed to their mother's side one day;  
Looked in her face with eyes of blue,  
Begging "a story neat and true."  
Fondly she stroked the golden hair,  
Kissing each forehead smooth and fair;  
And this is the true, sweet tale she told,  
Of a spotless lamb in the Saviour's fold.

Allison Miller was mild and fair,  
A lovely tint had her wavy hair;  
Her eyes were of softest brown—and bright;

They beamed and flashed with the sun's sweet light;  
The bloom on her cheek would come and go—  
At the cry of joy, or the wail of woe;  
Light was her step as the graceful fawn's—  
Playfully bounding o'er dewy lawns;  
And her gentle voice with its music clear,  
Like rain in summer refreshed the ear—  
And Allison Miller possessed a mind  
Well stored with knowledge of varied kind,  
For books were to her a world of light;  
Wherein she would wander from morn to night,  
Plucking the flowrets fresh and rare,  
That bloomed in the fields of learning fair.  
So, Allison Miller seemed formed to live  
In all sweet pleasure this world can give;  
Endowed with talent and winning grace  
To love and be loved Life's longest space,  
Stealing all hearts with the magic sweet,  
That charmed where kindness and beauty meet—  
But Allison Miller was called to die,  
Oh, it seemed hard—and none knew why!  
None but the Sovereign Lord; who still  
Descends to the garden of earth at will,  
Tending His flowers with gentlest care—  
Gathering blossoms here and there—  
Leaving sometimes the fall-blown rose—  
For the bursting bud from its stem that grows—  
In Allison's bosom was fluttering fair,  
And tossing, and trembling, as Death drew near;  
But billows must fall and tempests cease,  
And winds may not whisper when Christ speaks—  
Peace;

For she opened her heart to her Lord who died,  
And prayed Him to enter, and none beside!  
And He came with His matchless love and might,  
Putting all terror and doubt to flight—  
Whispering sweetly of sin forgiven,  
Filling her soul with Himself and heaven—  
Then from those fading lips so young,  
Joyfully; Hallelujahs rung!  
Washed in the Saviour's precious blood,  
Fearless she soared from the fearful flood,  
To the shining ranks of the saved above—  
To the light of His presence, whose name is Love—  
So Allison sleeps 'neath the soft green sward,  
One of the blessed who "die in the Lord!"

Children, if ever you go to weep—  
O'er loved ones on Highgate's steep—  
Search among countless tombs unknown—  
For a little grave with a fair white stone—  
There you may read this couplet sweet,  
Truly for spot so holy meet—  
"Not gone from memory, not gone from love,  
But gone to her Father's house above!"  
—Children's Friend.

"Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."—Romans xiii. 16.

When Sir William Jones returned the salute of a negro who had bowed to him, he was reminded that he had done what was very unfashionable. "Perhaps so," said Sir William; "but I would not be outdone in good manners by a negro."

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