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THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

SELF CONQUEST.

A LECTURE BY THE REV. RICHARD ROBERTS, LONDON.

POETRY and prose, the heart and intellect, the imagination and reason, have united in rendering their homage to military heroism. The prince and the peasant, the noble and the mean, the barbarous and the civilized, have taxed their ingenuity to weave their choicest laurels to deck the hero's brow. Sea and land, mountain and vale, proud cities and plains, rocks and hills, the wilderness and the solitary place, have been made vocal with the acclaim of enthusiastic multitudes doing honour to the bold and the brave. Heroes have been lionized in Christendom, canonized in Popedom, and defied in Heathendom. The confident hope that his nation will gratefully and cheerfully acknowledge his services, and pour on him her warmest plaudits, inspires the warrior with boldness, nerves him with steel, and makes his heart firmer than the granite fortifications he assails. All honour to the brave men who have fought our battles and won our triumphs at Trafalgar, on the plains of Waterloo, of the Crimea, and of Hindostan. But while we admire and honour the chivalry of the noble men who have risked their lives and shed their blood for their monarch and their country, we must not forget that there is a heroism far nobler than any founded on military distinction, and victories far more splendid than any ever achieved on blood-stained battle-fields. We refer to the moral heroism displayed in the battle waged on the field of

the heart, to the moral victory achieved over our sinful selves.

Man, in his primeval innocence, was invested with certain high and responsible offices, and among others the kingly office. Power was given him over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, over sea and land. But his regal sway was not confined to this external empire, although vast and extensive; he had the wide-spread domains of his own heart to keep in subjection. His sway was not therefore limited to the irrational, for it extended to himself. Access was given him to all the trees in Paradise save one. That one was forbidden him at the pain of death. This prohibition imposed upon him the duty of self-discipline and self-restraint. Despite the taunts and scoffs of an infidel philosophy, we hold that the Creator, as Creator, had a right to impose on His creature some restriction, by enacting a prohibitory law to test man's virtue and fidelity,—that man, while regulating the irrational, might learn to regulate the rational in his own person. A failure in this portion of man's duty has involved our race in a common ruin. By the marvellous intervention of God in redemption, the power of self-control is restored to sinful man. There are resources of grace and power adequate to the subjugation of our apostate nature, so that the man who feels the work to be most difficult and troublesome need not despair of victory.

Man mysteriously unites within himself the king and the subject. He is possessed of certain powers which are to exercise the regal functions, and of others which are to occupy the position and exercise the submission of subjects. Happily, there is no difficulty in ascertaining which of these powers are to maintain the supremacy, and which are to be subordinate. Reason and conscience, enlightened and sanctified, are to yield the sceptre; and to these, the thoughts, the imagination, and the passion are to be in subjection. The life of some is made up of conflicts between reason and passion, between conscience and wrongdoing. Reason claims to be the master-power, but the passions dispute its right, and obstinately contend for the supremacy. The love of sin hurries men on into evil, conscience lifts up her warning voice, and if her warning be unheeded, she then condemns and visits with remorse and retribution. Hence, man is a being of strange contrarieties. Mighty forces come into collision on the field of his heart. The evil principles and evil tendencies of his nature hurry him on to wrongdoing; other influences rush on him from another direction to resist and restrain. These hostile forces meet each other with great violence, like the rush of conflicting waters in the tidal river, or the rush of embattled hosts when the steel flashes, and cannons boom, and the smoke flings its dark mantle over the sickening scene to hide it from the pure face of the sun. Every human being is conscious of this moral strife. The man is not born who has not felt these strange internal commotions and collisions. Even the untutored savage is not exempt from them. Is it not a well-authenticated fact, that there obtains in heathen lands the notion, that there are in the universe an evil spirit, and a good spirit, whose power and skill, as the heathen suppose, are tolerably well balanced, and which have constant access to the hearts of men, the one prompting to good, the other to evil? This strange belief is not founded on a written revelation, for of this they are destitute; nor on tradition merely, but on the heathen's internal consciousness. Every pagan feels the contest within him. The struggling forces of good and evil are on the field of his heart. Hence his notion of two great spirits, the one opposed to the

other. To this terrible internal struggle, of which all men, everywhere, are conscious, the Apostle Paul refers, when he speaks of the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; these being contrary the one to the other. This strife is now going on in all our hearts. If we have a thirst for distinction, we may have it by siding with the true and the holy. For we would have our noble youth remember, that, to be ruled by principle and not by passion, by our sense of right and not by our love of wrong, to have the good predominant, and the evil of our nature in entire subjection—this is true heroism. Without it there can be no true nobility.

Our subject is so thoroughly practical that we can scarcely avoid adopting, occasionally at least, the more direct and personal form of address. Moreover, we adopt this form because it will enable us to bring our subject home with greater force and fulness to each individual mind, for the subject is one we want you not only to understand and master, but one that we would have you all practise in every-day life. A sketch of character, or a scene from history, would doubtless have been more attractive on the placard, and perhaps more entertaining to you. Be that as it may, it can do us no harm to shut ourselves up from the outer world, to lose sight of the stirring magnificence of history, and the great characters who have figured on the theatre of human activities, and to spend an evening with ourselves, to study this mysterious thing—our own selfhood, and to see what we can do to improve it, to ennoble it, and to raise it to its proper and destined dignity. In passing, we may glance at a character, here and there, as an example to avoid or imitate; but our theme is *ourselves*. Dry and unattractive as the title we have selected may seem, it is not so in reality. Who among you can fail to be interested, when you understand that we are going to speak to you about yourselves? There are not many of us poor mortals so sublimated, so detached from self, as seriously to object to be either speaking or hearing about ourselves. It is a weakness of human nature, and, we may hope, a very pardonable one. I am quite prepared to believe you would not be pleased with me were I to publish

to this audience all your faults and failings, and exhibit all the ill-humours that ever and anon develop themselves on the surface of your character. This, however, is not our business. You may therefore dismiss your fears, and calm your perturbation. Our object shall be, not so much to show you what you are, as what you *may become* by self-discipline and self-subjugation.

Philosophers commonly speak of man in a two-fold aspect, mentally and morally. While paying some regard to this distinction, we shall not embarrass either ourselves or you with the technicalities of a philosophic diction.

One important branch of self-conquest consists in the right regulation of 'Thought.' For man to think is as natural as it is for the sun to shine. By controlling the thinking power we do not mean that you are to cease to think. This is impossible. Think you must. Mind moves onward as if touched by invisible impulses. Arrest it you cannot, but regulate it you may. Stationary it cannot be; but it is in your power to give it a right or wrong direction. If you were the proprietor of a mill with costly machinery, it would be for you to decide what materials should be worked by that machinery, whether cotton, or wool, or flax, or silk. You are that proprietor. The thinking faculty is a vast and costly machinery. To supply it with workable materials constitutes a solemn part of your responsibility. If you do not supply it with that which is good and profitable, it has a terrible facility for seizing the worthless and injurious. It is a prodigious power for good or for evil. Rightly regulated, it may ascend to an equality with the angels; leave it neglected and uncontrolled, and it will become debased, and sink you to a level with the fiend. Your character is just what your thoughts make it. Your thoughts constitute the mould where your character is formed and fashioned. Your life is only the embodiment or development of your thoughts. You think first, then act or speak. Thought is the fountain whence action and speech flow. How important then to keep the fountain pure, that the entire life may be one pellucid, perennial stream, ever mirroring forth the brightness of heaven. It is a lamentable

fact, that there are many towering intellects lying waste. The world is unhappily full of the spendthrifts of mind as well as of money. If all the mind that has been enervated with excesses, and paralysed for want of healthful exercise, had been vigorously and legitimately employed, Art would have been still more refined; Philosophy would have shed a purer light; Science would have made prouder discoveries; mankind would have reaped a richer knowledge, and brilliant thoughts, like shining stars, would have studded more thickly our mental horizon. The man who has learnt to think well and rightly, never need be alone, for he can people solitude, and cheer the dreariness of night with bright and pure thoughts. He may languish innocently in the dungeon, whither the tyrant's hand has thrust him, or he may be stretched on his restless couch in the hospital, or he may lie emaciated on his pallet of straw in his lonely garret; but alone he cannot be, for holy and happy thoughts like angels of mercy, flit to and fro before his mental vision, and become his joyful companions. Our young men have mind, and we would have them remember, that one important branch of self-conquest consists in learning to think well, so as to be able to people the whole scene around them, whether in the office or the shop, whether in the market-place or in the walks of commerce, with pure and smiling thoughts—thoughts that shall chase away, by their very purity, those degrading and debasing thoughts in which many young men indulge to their utter ruin.

By controlling the thinking faculty, we do not mean to assert, that you can always prevent evil thoughts from presenting themselves to the mind. A whole embattled squadron of them float invisibly around you, and spiritual adversaries are ever ready to thrust them on your consideration. Sometimes an evil thought will seize a man suddenly and unawares, like a fever, without any premonitory symptoms. It will pounce upon him unwarned, like a beast of prey leaping from his ambushment on the unsuspecting traveller. We shall find it a grand art, which we do well to cultivate, to be able at this moment of attack, to call up a pure thought, which, with its burning eye, shall gaze on the foul demon that has assailed us, and make him

coward and quail, and return to his hiding-place defeated and abashed.

One of the besetting evils of the present day is the indulgence in trifling, useless, vain and volatile thoughts. These must be distinguished from thoughts that are positively vicious, polluted, and impious. They are nevertheless very injurious, and when habitually indulged in, exert a baneful influence on the character. Books of travel inform us, that in hotter climates the locusts swarm so thickly in the air, as sometimes to hide from the traveller the light of the sun, and cast a dark and cold shadow on his pathway. So is it in the world of mind. Swarms of vain thoughts are ever floating over some minds, intercepting the beams of truth from falling on the heart, and thus keeping that heart barren of all virtue and goodness. Or, like a set of evil birds falling on the newly sown field, these winged wanderers of thought fall on the heart, and pick up many a precious seed sown by the hand of the great Husbandman, and which, otherwise, would have brought forth much fruit. If we would avoid the evil, we must, like the farmer, set up something to scare these fitting spirits away. Nothing can do this so effectually as the presence of nobler and better thoughts. The light and frothy literature of the day has lamentably contributed to vanity of thought. A glance at the contents of a railway bookstall, and the fantastic titles of new works screamed forth into your ears as you step into a railway carriage, will enable you to form a tolerably correct estimate of the character of the mental food most relished in this age of fiction. The architectural superstructures of the age are also, for the most part, light, cheap, and gaudy, wanting in the massive, granite grandeur of those of other days. There are no Westminster Abbeys, no York Minsters, reared now. As it is with the architecture of the age, so is it, for the most part, with its literature. It abounds with the aerial, the fanciful, and sentimental, but is lamentably wanting in the bold and majestic. The fault is in the public taste creating the demand. The remedy is in the elevation of the taste. The habit of novel-reading must inevitably enervate your manhood, and dwarf the mind, and give you a disrelish for the great, and grand, and true in the world of thought

If our noble youth would be men, yes, we mean manly men, and not sink into effeminacy, they must leave the region of sickly sentimentalism, rise above the childish pursuit of butterflies, and live in regions of lofty thought, and associate with the master minds of creation, by pondering over the productions of their splendid and affluent genius. This will enlarge the sphere of the thinking faculty, give it quickening impulses, and lead the mind upward to all that is glorious and divine in the world of intellect.

Another faculty that must be controlled and brought into subjection is the *Imagination*. It is a faculty, which, to some extent, all of us possess. It is not equally vivid and vigorous in all. In youth it is commonly busy, peopling the future with fairy scenes and fancy pictures never to be realised, and with hopes never to know fruition. Although an important and serviceable power, it is not to be dominant. It is a perilous power if abused. No man can well conceive the evils occasioned by it when uncontrolled. He who yields himself up to an uncurbed imagination is ever running to extremes. One moment we find him the subject of fanatical excitement, imagining himself wiser, richer, and happier than others; and anon, we see him plunged into the depths of gloomy melancholy, harrassing himself with imaginary woes, and fancying himself the most neglected and most wretched of beings. He oscillates from one extreme to another, and becomes the victim of an ungoverned fancy. Take the case of a man who has had a long run of success in business. After having been favoured for years with an uninterrupted tide of prosperity, he at length suffers a momentary check—a slight but sudden reverse meets him. Unaccustomed to defeat, he is alarmed, and fancies that this first reverse is only the forerunner of others, and a sure indication that his descent will be as rapid as his ascent. An awful gloom hangs over him, and his future seems thronged with even sadder calamities, and more fearful misfortunes. Instead of meeting them with noble fortitude and manly courage, his imagination actively broods over them, until they become fearfully magnified and distorted before his diseased vision. Ghastly spectres haunt and torment him night and day.

Sleep departs. An unconquerable restlessness seizes him. He fancies every one has become his foe, and that every event militates against him. He yields to depression until the mind becomes affected. Under the pressure, reason and the imagination come into collision. A deadly conflict is waged on the field of mind. A wild, revolutionary imagination wrenches the sceptre from the hand, and the crown from the brow of reason, and herself usurps the throne of reason, and with despotic power sways the sceptre. The intellect gives way, reason is quenched, the imagination becomes dominant, and the maniac is hurried on by a fierce fancy into a state of frenzy and violence. Restraint becomes necessary. He is borne away, for his own safety as well as that of his friends, to the asylum, where he languishes, and sometimes raves as the wreck of a noble manhood, and the victim of a diseased and cruel imagination.

We have no hesitation in affirming, that, on examination, it would be found, that hundreds and thousands of the pitiable inmates which crowd our asylums have become the victims of insanity simply by allowing the imagination to have the mastery over reason. Some of them have been disappointed in the objects of their love, some in the experiments of their science, some in the speculations of their philosophy, and others in the enterprises of their commerce. Over these disappointments they have brooded gloomily day by day, and as they have gazed on these evils, they have grown in magnitude, and become more hideous in form before their jaundiced vision, until, at length, existence became a burthen, their thoughts insupportable, and they a terror to themselves. The light of intellect goes spark out, and the wild raging fires of an uncontrolled imagination burn the brain, and the fierce, maniac glare gleams from the eye.

To keep this wonderful power in subjection is imperative on us all, and constitutes an essential part of self-conquest. The imagination must not lie waste or dormant. There is ample and legitimate scope for its exercise. By the aid of the imagination you may decipher God's image in the works of creation, and syllable forth His name on suns and systems, and through

nature look up to nature's God. By the imagination you may hear the voice of the great Father speaking to you in the melody of the grove, in the roaring thunder, in the wild winds, and in the booming sea. By the imagination you may see the impress of His paternal hand in the vernal bloom, in the painted flower, and in the lighted star. By the aid of the imagination you may behold your paternal God opening the eyelids of the morning, and pouring on you refreshing light to gladden the heart, and then again, after the toils of the day, gently drawing around you, with more than a mother's tenderness, the evening curtain to afford weary nature a season for repose. A pure imagination is a rich, invaluable boon. Its pleasures are boundless. It exceeds the power of the magician. It can give to every blade of grass, to every leaf, and to every flower an intelligible voice that shall speak to me of great and profitable truths. Under its magic wand the inanimate lives, space is peopled with beauteous scenes, the solitudes become vocal, the wilderness smiles, all nature becomes eloquent with truth, and all the sounds of nature, above and around us, becomesweeter than the Æolian harp.

By far the most difficult part of self-conquest consists in the subjugation of the *Passions*. We use the term passions in its most comprehensive sense, as including all the emotions, whether good or evil. To regulate the good and to extirpate the evil is imperative on all. Many of the passions may be summed up in these two—Love and Hatred. Love is the happy passion, and contributes largely to the sum of human bliss. Desire, Hope, Joy, are only developments or modifications of love. *Desire*, which must be ranked among the passions, is nothing more than love going out after its object. The only difference between love and desire is that which exists between a man when he is sitting and when he is walking. He is the same identical personage, only in a different posture. Desire is nothing more than love travelling towards the object of affection. *Hope* again is another modification of love. The difference between hope and love is simply that which exists between the man when in his habitation, and the same man when on his watch-tower. Hope is nothing more than love on her watch-tower casting a

long glance onward, and anticipating the realization of its desire. *Joy* is another modification of love. It is love rejoicing in the possession of its object. *Hatred* is a passion that stands opposed to love, and develops itself in anger, retaliation, envy, revenge, and lust of power. We stay not, however, to philosophise on the passions, or to classify them under different heads. We leave that for the moral philosopher. Our business is to teach their subjugation.

To be continued.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST.

It is peculiarly in the view of the glory of Christ in his approaches to us, and abiding with us, that we are made partakers of evangelical peace, consolation, joy, and assurance. These are a part of the royal train of his graces, of the reward wherewith He is accompanied: his reward is with Him. Wherever He is graciously present with any, these things are never wanting in a due measure and degree, unless it be by their own fault or for their trial. In these things does He give the Church of his loves. (Cant. vii. 12). For "if any man" (saith He) "love me, I will love him, and manifest myself to him." (John xiv. 21). "Yea, I and the Father will come unto him, and make our abode with him" (verse 23), and that so as to "sup with him" (Rev. iii. 20), which on his part can be only by our beholding the glory of Christ by faith. (1 Peter i. 9, 10). Let that glory be rightly stated as before laid down; the glory of his person, his office, his condescension, exaltation, love, and grace; let faith be fixed in a view and contemplation of it, mix itself with it, as represented in the glass of the Gospel, meditate upon it, embrace it, and virtue will proceed from Christ, communicating spiritual supernatural refreshment and joy to our souls. Yea, in ordinary cases, it is impossible that believers should have a real prospect of this glory at any time, but that it will in some measure affect their hearts with a sense of his love, which is the spring of all consolation in them. In the exercise of faith on the discoveries of the glory of Christ made to us in the Gospel, no man shall ever totally want such intimation of his love, *yea such effusions of*

it in his heart, as shall be a living spring of those spiritual refreshments. (John ix. 14; Romans v. 5). When, therefore, we lose these things as to a sense of them in our souls, it is evident that the Lord Christ is withdrawn, and that we do not behold his glory.

FREE GRACE.

I once found myself in company with a party of friends in the gallery of a small village church, listening to a discourse from a coloured minister, or rather exhorter. After some preliminary exercises, a grey-headed man, evidently a practical personage, arose, and announced as his subject, "The History of Dives and Lazarus," which he proceeded to explain and enforce,

One illustration he used was so full of quaint simplicity, and at the same time so adapted to express the idea he meant to convey, that it struck me forcibly. He was trying to show how a sinner should accept the gospel offers of salvation.

"Suppose," said he, "any of you wanted a coat, and should go to a white gentleman to purchase one. Well, he has one that exactly fits you, and in all respects is just what you need. You ask the price, but when told, find you have not enough money, and shake your head.

"No, massa, I am too poor, must go without," and turn away.

"But he says, 'I know you cannot pay me, and I have concluded to give it to you—will you have it?'"

"What would you do in that case?—stop to hem and haw, and say, 'O, he's just laughing at me, he don't mean it.' No such thing. There is not one of you who would not take the coat and say,

"Yes, massa, and thank you too."

"Now, my dear friends, God's salvation is offered you as freely as that; why won't you 'take it as freely?'" You are lost, undone sinners, and feel that you need a covering from His wrath. If you would keep His holy law blameless, you might purchase it by good works; but ah! you are full of sin, and that continually. Prayers and tears are worthless. You are poor indeed, and if this is all your dependence, I don't wonder that you are turning off in

despair. But stop—look here—God speaks now, and offers you the perfect robe of Christian righteousness, that will cover all your sins, and fit all your wants, and say that you may have it ‘without money and without price.’ O, brethren, my dear brethren, do take God’s word for it, and thankfully accept His free gift.”

What impression the words had on the old man’s coloured auditors, I cannot tell, but as our group left the church, one of the ladies remarked to another,

“What a strange idea that was about the coat!”

“My dear friend,” was the reply, “it suited my state of mind, rough and unpolished as it was, better than all Dr. —’s elaborate and eloquent arguments this morning. I am so glad that I came here. This is the way I have been despairingly seeking for years. How simple! How plain! Free grace alone! Yes, I will take God at His word—

“‘Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.’”

LOVE TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Dear brethren, get love to the Lord Jesus, and you have everything. Union to Jesus is salvation. Love to Jesus is religion. Love to the Lord Jesus is essential and vital Christianity. It is the main-spring of the life of God in the soul of man. It is the all-inclusive germ, which involves within it every other grace.

Love to Christ is the best incentive to action—the best antidote to idolatry. It adorns the labours which it animates, and strengthens the friendships which it sanctifies. Its operation is most marvellous; for when there is enough of it, it makes the timid bold, and the slothful diligent. It puts eloquence into the stammering tongue, and energy into the withered arm, and ingenuity into the dull lethargic brain. It takes possession of the soul, and a joyous lustre beams in languid eyes, and wings of new obedience sprout from lazy, leaden feet.

Love to Christ is the soul’s true heroism, which selects the heaviest loads and the hardest toils, which glories in tribulations, and smiles at death till the king of

terrors smiles again. It is the oblivious draught which scatters misery and remembers poverty no more.

If you would be a happy, a holy, and a useful Christian, you must be an eminently Christ-loving disciple. If you have no love to Christ at all, then you are none of his. But if you have a little love—ever so little—a little drop, almost frozen in the coldness of your icy heart—oh! seek more. Look to Jesus, and cry for the Spirit till you find your love increasing; till you find it drowning besetting sin; till you find it drowning guilty fears—rising, till it touch that index, and open your closed lips—rising till every nook and cranny of the soul is filled with it and all the actions of life and relations of earth are prevaded by it—rising, till it swell up to the brim, and, like the apostle’s love, rush over in full assurance: “Yes, I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”—*Rev. Dr. James Hamilton.*

“FEED MY LAMBS.”

A celebrated divine was in the habit of preaching so as to be rather beyond the comprehension of his hearers. A lady of his parish met him one day, and asked him what the duty of a shepherd was. “To feed his flock, of course,” was the reply. “Ought he then to place the hay so high that but few of the sheep can reach it?” A similar story is told of a Christian negro in America. “Well, Uncle Sam, how did you like the sermon to-day?” “Well, Massa Tom, the truth of the business is jist this; when I goes to church, I loves to see the preacher take the bread of life, and break it up in little pieces, and then put these pieces on different shelves. Some high, and some low, that the smallest child in Christ can get his piece, and the highest man of God get his. Now, when the Doctor preaches, he takes the whole loaf, and puts way up yonder, where nobody can get it but himself, and some few as smart as he is.”

'I CAN DO ALL THINGS'—YET DOING NOTHING.

Paul says, in the name of all Christians, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I say not in Paul's name only, but in the name of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, "How is it then that some of you are doing nothing?" If you could do nothing you might be excused for not attempting it; but if you put in the slightest pretence to my text, you must allow my right to put this question to you. You say, "I can do all things;" in the name of reason I ask why are you doing nothing? Look what multitudes of Christians there are in the world; do you believe if they were all what they profess to be, and all to work for Christ, there would long be the degrading poverty, the ignorance, the heathenism, which is to be found in this city? What cannot one individual accomplish? What could not be done therefore by the tens of thousands of our churches?

Ah, professors! you will have much to answer for with regard to the souls of your fellow-men. You are sent by God's providence to be as lights in this world; but you are rather dark lanterns than lights. How often are you in company, and you never avail yourself of an opportunity of saying a word for Christ? How many times are you thrown into such a position that you have an excellent opportunity for rebuking sin, or for teaching holiness, and how seldom do you accomplish it?

"Am I my brother's keeper?" was the language of Cain. Cain hath many children even at this day. Ye are your brother's keeper. If you have grace in your heart, you are called to do good to others. Take care lest your garments be stained and sprinkled with the blood of your fellow-men. Mind, Christians, mind, lest that village in which you have found a quiet retreat from the cares of business, should rise up in judgment against you, to condemn you, because, having means and opportunity, you use the village for rest, but never seek to do any good in it. Take care, masters and mistresses, lest your servants' souls be required of you at the last great day. "I worked for my master; he paid me my wages, but he had no respect to his greater Master, and never spoke to

me, though he heard me swear, and saw me going on in my sins." Mind, I speak, sirs, to some of you.

Why, sirs, what has God made you for? What has he sent you here for? Did he make stars that should not shine, and suns that should give no light, and moons that should not cheer the darkness? Hath he made rivers that should not be filled with water, and mountains that shall not stay the clouds? Hath he made even the forests which shall not give a habitation to the birds; or hath he made the prairie which shall not feed the wild flocks? And hath he made thee for nothing? Why, man, the nettle in the corner of the churchyard hath its uses, and the spider on the wall serves her Maker; and thou, a man in the image of God, a blood-bought man, a man who is in the path and track to heaven, a man regenerated, twice created—art thou made for nothing at all but to buy and to sell, to eat and to drink, to wake and to sleep, to laugh and to weep, to live to thyself? Small is that man who holds himself within his ribs; little is that man's soul who lives within himself; ay, so little that he shall never be fit to be a compeer with the angels, and never fit to stand before Jehovah's throne.—C. H. Spurgeon.

TO YOUNG MEN.

You have friends to cheer you on in every worthy enterprise, who will uphold your hands when they fall, encourage you when the spirits fall, share your burdens, and rejoice in your success. You come forward with the history, the experience of all other nations before you; and at your feet lie pictures of men, whose example it will be the honour and glory, and immortality to follow, as well as men whose example is death. You have the Bible, too—that mightiest of all weapons—under whose broad and powerful aid, individual and national character soon ripens into greatness, and one which is of all others, the grand instrument of blessing the world. Tens of thousands, breathing the spirit of the book, and are already in the field at work trying to bless and save the earth. Some fail—strong ones, too—"too much, but piety to spare;" but the plan is the plan of God, and the removal of this or

that agent does not a moment retard its great plans. Under the full, the pure, the purifying light of the gospel, you are called to live and act. If you live for God, the high destiny which is before you, you have thousands all around you to cheer you forward, to strike hands with you, to go forward as agents of a benevolence whose aim is, to bring many sons and daughters to glory. Above you are the pious dead watching around your steps, and ready to minister to your wants. And there, high above all principalities and powers, sits the everlasting Redeemer, holding a crown which shall shortly be yours, if you are faithful to him. He will be near you. You shall never faint, Every sin you conquer shall give you new strength; every temptation you resist will make you more and more free in the Lord; every tear you shed will be noticed by your great High Priest; every sigh you raise will reach His ear.—Up then, my dear young friend! up, and gird on the armour of God. Enlist under the banner of Christ, and let your powers, your faculties, your energies, your heart, all, all be his. Bright and glorious is the day before you; white and full are the fields that waits for you; girded and strong are the companions who will go with you; beautiful upon the mountains shall be your feet, wherever you carry tidings of mercy. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say loudly, to every man, "Do something! do it! do it!" Keep your heart with all diligence; break away from every sin; repent of every sin; live unto God; and your reward shall be what "ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."—*Todd's Student's Manual.*

Holiness the Measure of Power.

An individual professor takes his place in the church. He has wealth, and uses it for the benefit of the organization; he has talents and they are generally devoted to the defense of the church; he has popular influence, and he uses it to gather proselytes to the faith. But his piety is superficial. Words escape him every day which show that they come from an impure fountain. He is in spirit, a man of the world, and he has very little power to reform men. He may induce men to attend his church, and even to join it; but in all his efforts to reform them, he feels that he is weak;

and they turn-away in disgust, or look to others for their models and advice. But let this man improve in his piety, and his power at once begins to increase. Let him approximate nearer the standard of Christian perfection, and it will be seen that his spiritual power increases in exact proportion.

On the other hand, take a man whose heart is entirely consecrated, whose pure life indicates purity of heart, whose holy example commands universal respect, whose simple, unpretending efforts move all who hear his voice in prayer, or praise, or exhortation. Now, let him yield to temptation—admit corruption into his heart—and how soon it is seen he is shorn of his strength. Just in proportion as he recedes from this elevated position in Christian holiness, his power of usefulness diminishes. Nor can he supply this deficiency by any other element. He who loses his purity may strive to save his power by increase of zeal, by enlarged charities, by the severest austerities; but it is all of no avail. He makes himself a living proof that holiness is the measure of power.

A comparison of two men in the ministry will strengthen this conclusion. One is a man of shining talent, of gentle address; the other, ordinary in these respects, in all natural qualities the inferior of his brother. But he is a man of God—a man of faith; his soul is filled with love—"perfect love that casteth out fear;" he moves among the people like a spirit from eternity; his rebukes of sin fall with dreadful force upon the hearts of the wicked; his sermons, his prayers, his expostulations, his tears, all indicate the presence of an extraordinary power, and thousands are converted, sanctified, and saved through his instrumentality. He wonders at the difference. He increases his exertions, elaborates his sermons with more labour and research, improves his rhetoric and oratory, but all to little purpose. He may increase the admiration of his hearers, but he can not subdue their hearts, bring them weeping to the foot of the cross, and present them with joy as the trophies of the Redeemer. But let him seek and obtain the Holy Spirit—let fire from God's altar touch his lips, and purify his soul—and he is a new man. He does not throw away his talents, his learning, but they are all sanctified. With the simplicity of a child, and a heart overflowing with love he preaches the truth; and it is in "the demonstration of the spirit, and with power;" and a glorious reformation follows. He is another living proof that holiness is the measure of power.—*Evangelist.*

Living on Christ.

Such is the frailty of the nature of man, and such is the perishing condition of all created things, that none can never obtain the least stable consolation, but what arises from interest in the omnipotency, sovereignty, and eternity of the Lord Jesus Christ.

What we have in ourselves, by an interest in Christ, we have in another. In him we have stability and unchangeableness; for what He is in himself, He is with us and for us.

All our concerns are wrapped up and secured in him. He is ours; and although we in our persons change, yet He changeth not, nor our interest in him, which is our life, our all. Though we die, yet He dieth not; and because He liveth, we shall live also.

Though all other things perish and pass away that we here make use of, yet He abideth a blessed and satisfying portion unto a believing soul. For as we are his, so all his are ours; only laid up in him, and kept for us in him.

So that under all discouragements that may befall us from our own frailty, and misery, and the perishing condition of outward things, we have a sweet relief tendered us in this, that we have all good things treasured up for us in him; and faith knows how to make use of all that is in Christ, to the comfort and support of the soul.

This will teach us how to use earthly things; how dying creatures should use dying creatures. This is, to use them for our present service and necessity, but not as those that look after rest and satisfaction in them, which they will not afford us. Use the world, but live on Christ.—*Owen.*

A Poor Excuse.

A young man, a professor of religion, dressed himself elaborately for a ball. 'Can you reconcile it with your views of duty?' asked his room-mate.

"I am going from a sense of duty," said the young man.

"Does your copy of the Bible read, 'Be ye conformed to this world?'"

"No, but I go because it will give me an opportunity of speaking with some in regard to their salvation."

"We are never to transgress a positive command that we may do good."

"Something must be done for the fashionable portion of society. We can do nothing for them if we never come in contact with them."

The young man went to the ball. Whether at the intervals of dancing, he spent his time in inviting the thoughtless to serious reflection, and in warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come, I do not know. The strong probability is that he did not.

The above fact is a striking illustration of the excuse made by many for transgressing the law, "Be ye not conformed to this world." In the case thus stated, the unsoundness of the excuse is very clearly seen. It is no less unsound in the case where the absurdity is less clearly apparent. The real motive is a love of the world—the love of sin: the excuse is a mere pretence. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*British Messenger.*

THE STING OF DEATH.

Oh! who among you has not often felt as if you could welcome death as your best friend? I would not live always; it is better to die than to live. When the heart is broken with sorrow, or the mind dizzied with care; when there steals over the whole soul a bitter sense of loneliness and vanity; when losses and disappointments, the malice of enemies, and ingratitude of friends, combine to make earth appear a desert, the world a desolation; when every charm of life is gone, and I see nowhere any refuge from doubt, and darkness, and despair—Oh! "how still and peaceful is the grave," in which I would fain lay my aching head!

At such an hour death presents himself, not clothed in gloom, but seeming fair. And one is with him, he that hath the power of death,—transformed, however, and wearing the image of an angel of light. The dark, the sting of death, has then for me no terror.—Death promises to use his weapon tenderly. And his companion backs the promise. The fatal sting is hidden. I care not to ask what it is. I take for granted that all is well,—till hugging me in his grasp,—bark! what fiendish satanic shout is that I hear beside me?—he flings me, with a worm in me that shall never die, into fire that never shall be quenched! —[*Candlish.*]

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR CHRIST.

I've found the Pearl of greatest price,

My heart doth sing for joy;

And sing I must: a Christ I have;

Oh, what a Christ have I!

Christ is the way, the truth, and life,

The way to God and glory;

Life to the dead, the truth of types,

The truth of ancient story.

Christ is a prophet, priest, and king:

A prophet full of light;

A priest that stands 'twixt God and man;

A king that rules with might.

Christ's manhood is a temple, where

The altar God doth rest:

My Christ, He is the sacrifice;

My Christ, He is the priest.

My Christ, He is the Lord of lords;

He is the King of kings;

He is the Sun of righteousness,

With healing in His wings.

My Christ, He is the tree of life,

Which in God's garden grows;

Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal:

My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,

My physic and my health;

My peace, my strength, my joy my crown,

My glory and my wealth.

Christ is my father and my friend,

My brother and my love;

My head, my hope, my counsellor,

My advocate above.

My Christ, He is the heaven of heaven,

My Christ what shall I call?

My Christ is first, my Christ is last,

My Christ is all in all.

MASON, 1683-92.

"TELLING JESUS."

"Things always seem to go smoothly with you," said a complaining disciple to Mr. F—; "I never hear you make any complaints."

"I have found out an effectual way of guarding against that fault," said Mr. F—. "One day, in reading the Bible, I came across this passage in Mark vi. 30—'The apostles

gathered themselves unto Jesus, and told Him all things, both what they had done and what they had taught.' It occurred to me that, when I had any trouble, before I told any one I should first tell Jesus; and I found on trial that if I told Him first, I seldom had occasion to tell any one else. I often found the burden entirely removed while in the act of telling Him about it; and trouble which has its burden removed, is no longer trouble."

"We ought to pray for deliverance from our trials, but Jesus needs no information respecting them; He is omniscient and omnipotent, and has no need that anything be told Him."

"That is true; yet He listened with complacency and kindness while His disciples 'told Him all things.' In His sympathizing condescension, He permits us to repeat to Him our troubles and our joys, though He knows them all. He listens to them with interest, just as a tender father listens to the narrative of his child, though it conveys no information; and He has connected great blessings with this exercise of filial confidence. It lessens sorrows, doubles joys, and increases faith.—The more assiduously we cultivate this intimate intercourse with the Saviour, the greater will be our happiness, and the more rapid our progress towards heaven. If we would make it a rule to go to Jesus every night, and tell Him all the events of the day, all that we have purposed and felt, and said, and done, and suffered, would it not have a great influence on our conduct during the day? It certainly would; the thought that we would have to tell Jesus about it would restrain us from many an unholy act. We could not willfully indulge in that which caused the agonies of the garden and the cross, if we were to make it the subject of our conversation with Him before committing ourselves to slumber."

"It seems to me, that for me to tell Him all my experience would be occupying His attention with trifles; I should have nothing but sin and folly to relate."

"Sin and folly are not trifles; and the way to get a right view of the evil of sin is to speak of it before Him. And depend upon it, my brother, that if you will go to Jesus every night, and tell Him all things that have occurred during the day, it will speedily lift you above the world; it will do much towards making the will of Christ your guiding, governing principle; it will enable you to bear your cross without repining; it will make you, in mind and temper, like Him with whom you hold this intimate communion. Oh, that all Christians were in the habit of closing the day by going to Jesus, and telling Him all things that they have done and omitted to do during the day!"

WORDS IN SEASON.

I.—COMMON CHRISTIANS.

The word which requires that we should be witnesses unto Christ is peculiarly apt to slip from our grasp, especially when the specimen exhibited is some eminent saint. An indolent earthly selfishness, under pretence of humility, like Satan in an angel's dress, cunningly suggests the destruction between a commonly ungifted man and the great apostle of the Gentiles. He was a worthy witness; but what would we do, although we did our best? If you are a sinner forgiven through the blood of Christ, in the greatest things Paul and you are equal; unequal only in the least. In the things that reach up to heaven and through eternity, there is no perceptible difference between you; the distinction is confined to the earth and time. You a lost sinner, get pardon and eternal life in God's dear Son, and what does he get more? Getting as much from your Lord, you may love your Lord as much. In the economy of grace a shallower vessel serves nearly every purpose of grace as well as a deeper, if both are full of Christ.

In nature, the shallowest lake, provided it be full, sends up as many clouds to heaven as the deepest, for the same sunlight beams equally on their bosoms. This law may often be seen at work on the spiritual kingdom. "Glory to God in the highest" rises in a stream as strong and pure from a sinner saved who lays out one talent on a lowly sphere, as from a sinner saved who wields ten talents in the sight of an applauding world. Nay, more; as a lake within the tropics, though shallow, gives more incense to the sky than a paler ocean of unfathomable depth, so a Christian of few gifts, whose heart lies open, fair, and long to the Sun of righteousness, is a more effectual witness than a man of greater capacity who lies not so near, and looks not so constantly to Jesus.

II.—ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.

I once heard a father tell, that when he removed his family to a new residence where the accommodation was much more ample, and the substance much more rich and varied than that to which they had previously been accustomed, his youngest son, yet

a hisping infant, ran around every room and scanned every article with ecstasy, calling out in childish wonder at every new sight, "Is this ours, father? and is this ours?" The child did not say "yours"; and I observed that the father, while he told the story, was not offended with the freedom. You could read in his glistening eye that the infant's confidence in approving as his own all that his father had, was an important element in his satisfaction,

Such, I suppose, will be the surprise and joy and appropriating confidence with which the child of our Father's family will count all his own when he is removed from the comparatively mean condition of things present, and enters the infinite of things to come. When the glories of heaven burst upon his view, he does not stand at a distance like a stranger, saying, O God these are thine. He bounds forward to touch and taste every provision which those blessed mansions contain, exclaiming, as he looks on the Father's face, Father this and this is ours. The dear child is glad of all the Father's riches, and the Father is glad of the dear child.

III.—HOW TO WEAN THE HEART FROM THE WORLD.

In vain do you tell a human being that the fashion of this world passeth away; if you have nothing more to tell. A drowning man will grasp straws; and you cannot put an end to the useless effort by standing on the river's brink and proving that straws will not avail to make the body buoyant. Notwithstanding your demonstrations he will grasp them still. How shall we persuade him to let them go? Heave him a life-buoy, and no persuasion will be necessary. When he feels the contact of the better preserver, he will throw away the worse.

If you knew certainly that this solid earth would melt to-morrow, and become a sinking sea, it would be in vain that you should go forth to these teeming streets and warn the wretched multitude not to lean their weight upon the world. They have nothing else to lean upon. So no demonstration of the world's changefulness will keep a human soul from cleaving to its dust. Nothing but *faith's possession of the better portion* can wean our hearts from the worse. As there is now no condemn-

nation to them that are in Christ Jesus, so there is now no cause for fear. The fashion of this world will not sustain them, while it remaineth, and therefore does not disturb them when it passeth away.

IV.— TWO GIVINGS.

There is a correspondence between the sovereign gift of God on the one side, and the man's willing self-surrender on the other. If you are Christ's, you have been given to him; but there are two givings—"on either side one, and Jesus in the midst." There is a giving in heaven and a giving on earth. God the Father gives you to Christ, and you give yourselves. These two fit into each other; they never clash.—When an ill-balanced mind stumbles at the decrees of God, and slackens effort, under a leaden dread that effort may be vain, the difficulty lies not in the province of religion. It is a philosophy, falsely so called, intruding into a domain, not its own. It has no business here.—Cast it out with, "Get thee behind me Satan." Repent, and believe the gospel. Turn and live. There is the command of God; there is the duty of men! To leave that work undone, until we shall by searching find out the secret things of God, is presumptuous disobedience. God is not wont to arrange the relations of his worlds so that the higher of the two co-relatives shall clash against the lower, to the destruction of both. How nicely, in nature, marrow fits into its marrow; and will God's eternal council jar against God's Spirit working repentance in a human heart?—Stand on the seashore, and mark the rising tide. How laborious and steadfast, and patient is its struggle upward and onward! Falling back every moment it returns to the charge with another and heavier stroke. Gaining this moment a little more than it lost the last, it encroaches slowly, surely on the beach. A planet high in heaven, on the satellite in waiting on our earth, is meantime gliding noiselessly along its spiral course through space. The struggles of this rising weltering tide, and the course of that silent silver moon, exactly correspond. They never jar. So correspond the covenant purpose of God and those in a human soul that culminate in conversion to Christ. As the sea heaves and labours, throwing up its unnumbered waves, and pressing on

till it reaches the limits of its tidal rising, so a human soul, agonizing for deliverance, puts forth all its energies, according to the laws of its own nature, heaving hither and thither among hopes and fears manifold and changeful as the waves of ocean, in the acts of turning from sin and cleaving to Jesus.

Ye are his, beloved, by two givings: the Father gives you, and you give yourselves to Christ; and Christ receives you, and you are his. If you be not Christ's by your own willing surrender, you will never be his, apart from your own will, by divine decree. On high is Almighty power—below, a willing people; and the blessed result is, ye—disciples, coming like the dew, of the morning, great in number and pure in heart—"ye are Christ's!"—*Roots and Fruits*, by the Rev. William Arnot.

The Power of Prayer.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."—John xiv. 13.

Blessed Jesus! it is Thou who hast unlocked to Thy people the gates of prayer. Without Thee they must have been shut forever. It was Thy atoning merit on earth that first opened them; it is Thy intercessory work in heaven that keeps them open still.

How unlimited the promise.—"*Whatsoever ye shall ask!*" It is the pledge of all that the needy sinner requires—all that an Omnipotent Saviour can bestow! As the great Steward of the mysteries of grace, He seems to say to His faithful servants, "Take thy bill, and under this subscription, write what you please." And then when the blank is filled up, he further endorses each petition with the words, "I WILL do it!"

He farther encourages us to ask "*in His name.*" In the case of an earthly petitioner there are some pleas more influential in obtaining a boon than others. Jesus spake of *this* as forming the key to the heart of God. As David loved the helpless cripple of Saul's house "*for Jonathan's sake,*" so will the Father, by virtue of our covenant relationship to the true JONATHAN (*lit.*, "the gift of God"), delight in giving

us even "exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think."

Reader, do you know the blessedness of confiding your every want and care—your every sorrow and every cross—into the ear of the Saviour? He is the "Wonderful Counsellor." With an exquisitely tender sympathy He can enter into the innermost depths of your need. That need may be great, but the everlasting arms are underneath it all. Think of him now, at this moment—the great Angel of the Covenant, with the censer full of much incense, in which are placed your feeblest aspirations, your most burdened sighs—the odour-breathing cloud ascending with acceptance before the Father's throne. The answer may tarry; these your supplications may seem to be kept long on the wing, hovering around the mercy-seat. A gracious God sometimes sees it meet thus to test the faith and patience of His people. He delights to hear the music of their importunate pleadings—to see them undeterred by difficulties—unrepelled by apparent forgetfulness and neglect. But he *will* come at last: the pent-up fountain of love and mercy will at length burst out;—the soothing accents will on His own good time be heard, "Be it unto thee according to thy word!"

Soldier of Christ! with all thine other panoply, forget not the "*All-prayer*." It is that which keeps bright and shining "the whole armour of God." while yet out in the night of a dark world—while still bivouacking in an enemy's country—kindle thy watch-fires at the altar of incense. Thou must be Moses pleading on the mount, if thou wouldst be Joshua, victorious in the world's daily battle. Confide thy cause to this waiting Redeemer. Thou canst not weary Him with thine importunity, He delights in hearing. His Father is glorified in giving. The memorable Bethany-utterance remains unaltered and unrepealed—"I know that Thou hearest me always."—He is still the "Prince that has power with God and prevails"—still he promises and pleads—still he lives and loves!"—[Words of Jesus.

The Poor Old Man.

AN INCIDENT.

The sun shone dim, and the wind blew cold,
As often it had done before;
His garments were 'tatter'd and thin and old,
When he came to our kitchen door.
Little at best did he wish to take
From our "Basket and our store."

"In as much as ye do it to one of these"
Had burdened my mind that day:
He asked me for fire, and wood and rest—
What if I answered nay?
Dwelling, and hands, and hearts, were full—
How could I turn him away?

I saw that the sun sunk lower and lower,
The wind rose higher and higher;
Some of my guests stood shivering,
Near to the ample fire;
The children came from the village school,
"Would I grant the old man's desire?"

Inasmuch as ye do it to one of these!
Slowly the day-light dims.
Sit by my fire-side, poor old man,
Warming your palsied limbs:
Eat at our table, then if you will;
Join in our evening hymns.

My toil for the day at last was done,
I had been my nightly round,
Had kissed the little ones all good-night—
Left them to sleep profound.
From the room of our lowly guest I heard
A murmur of trembling sound.

I stood in the hall near the old man's door
I could hear, though I could not see:
"Dear God, may they never know hunger
or cold;
But blessed in their giving be.
When to the kingdom thou shalt come,
Remember both them and me."

I knew that the feeble trembling limbs,
Were bent in the gloom to pray.
A feeling of awe crept over my heart,

As softly I stole away,
I would speak with a gentle reverence,
At the dawn of another day.

The morning of another day—it broke
O'er a rest that was long and deep.
The Father who seeth the sparrow fall,
"Gave his beloved sleep."
Those eyes—those shrunken and slightless
eyes—
Would open no more to weep.

We from our dwelling another morn
Slowly and solemly trod;
Bore him away to the old church-yard;
Buried him under the sod;
Praying that we like him might be
Heirs of the Father, God.

S. E. A.

Herkimer Co., 1861.

A Systematic Beneficence.

"Were systematic beneficence generally practised, how would the funds of the church be increased. A person may contribute to the cause of God once in the year, a sum which may appear large; but were it divided into thirty-two portions, each of these would seem to be small that he would be ashamed to own it. By giving of our property weekly, or monthly, the amounts brought into the treasury of the Lord will be much larger than by occasional contribution. If this be the case with a single individual, much more would it be so, were systematic beneficence generally practised. Never was the church more in need of funds than at present, nor larger fields ready for cultivation. Never were there more numerous openings for the Bible and the herald of the cross. If we cease to avail ourselves of these openings, the door may be speedily shut. The church in many instances has been compelled to withdraw her agents from fields which she had long cultivated, or had been deeply involved in debt, for want of the necessary funds. She has been compelled to make urgent appeals to the liberality of her members for aid. These things ought not to be. The requisite sums

should freely flow into the treasury of the Lord, and this would be the case did the members of the church in general, feel that systematic beneficence was their incumbent duty.

"It were easy to mention many additional arguments in favour of systematic beneficence, but we forbear at present.—We shall, however, now mention an example by way of illustration.

"A shoemaker being asked how he contrived to give so much, replied that it was easily done by obeying St Paul's precept in Cor. xvi. 1.:

"Upon the first day of the week let every one lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.' 'I can earn,' said he, 'one day with another, about a dollar a day, and I can without any inconvenience to myself or family lay by five cents of this sum for charitable purposes; the amount is thirty cents a week. My wife takes in sewing and washing, and earns something like two dollars a week, and she lays by ten cents of that. My children each of them earn a shilling or two and are glad to contribute their penny; that altogether we lay by us in store forty cents a week. And if we have unusually prospered, we contribute something more. The weekly amount is deposited every Sunday morning in a box kept for that purpose and reserved for future. Thus by these small earnings, we have learned that it is more blessed to give than receive. The yearly amount saved in this way is about twenty-five dollars; and I distribute it among the various benevolent societies, according to the best of my judgment.'

"We like exceedingly this account which the shoemaker gives of his system of liberality. Sometimes the head of the family contributes a certain aggregate amount from all the members. Children are not taught to take any interest in the matter. When the parent dies the stream of liberality ceases to flow. The children have not been trained to give. But in the case before us all the members of the family contribute each for himself or herself. Being thus trained up in the way they should go, in regard to charity, when they grow old they will not depart from it. Thus provision is being made for replenishing the Lord's treasury in the coming generation."

THE GOOD NEWS.

June 15th, 1861.

THE GOSPEL HISTORY

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARK.

Luke I. 41-56.

No doubt Zacharias had communicated to his wife Elizabeth, by writing, a full account of the interview between himself and the angel in the temple; so that she must have been aware that the advent of the Messiah was at hand, and that the child whom she was about to have, was to be his forerunner. We may be sure that, during the five months of her seclusion, her mind would be deeply exercised regarding the great event, which she knew to be so near at hand; that her heart would be filled with gratitude, and her mouth with praise, at the prospect of her Saviour's coming; that her soul would be filled with sublime emotion at the thought that she herself was honored to be the mother of her Saviour's harbinger; and that many and fervent would be her prayers that she might be enabled to discharge aright the high trust, that had been committed to her.

As she herself had been honored to be the mother of the Saviour's forerunner; so we may suppose that she would occasionally wonder, who would be the still more honored mother of the Saviour himself. It is no extravagant fancy to suppose, that she might be meditating on this most interesting subject, at the very time, when her youthful cousin Mary, from Nazareth, unexpectedly appeared. No previous announcement had been made to Elizabeth of what had occurred to Mary, and the virgin's modesty was spared the trial of introducing, to her venerable relative, the somewhat delicate, but most interesting and important circumstance, that had led

her to undertake so long a journey to see her. No sooner did the voice of the virgin's salutation sound in Elizabeth's ears, than the babe leaped in her womb, as if the hitherto unconscious infant had been filled with joyous emotion at the approach of his Lord; and at that moment, the truth was divinely communicated to Elizabeth's mind, that the mother of her Lord was before her.

It is unprofitable, and perhaps unbecoming, to speculate too curiously on this most interesting and never fully to be comprehended subject; but I think it probable that, from this instant, a divine influence was exercised on the mind of the Baptist; or, in other words, that he was filled with the Holy Ghost, even in his mother's womb. And surely no believer can doubt, that the Spirit of God may exert an influence on the elect, even before birth. It is no more mysterious, that a person should be filled with the Holy Ghost, in his mother's womb, than from his mother's womb.

At sight of Mary, we are told that Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and spoke with a loud voice, expressive of the sublime emotion, the rapturous feeling of her soul, and said, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit, &c." The beginning of this address, you will observe, corresponds exactly with the conclusion of the angel's first address to Mary; and is just a congratulation of her, upon the sequel honor, and happiness, which had been conferred upon her. But Elizabeth affirms the same thing of the first of her womb. Yes, infinitely blessed above all men is Christ, in his human nature; for though afflicted and persecuted on earth, and, as our substitute, for a season abandoned of God, and made a curse for our sakes, yet all generations have since called him blessed. He is adored by angels; in him the father is ever well pleased and O what an inexpressible, inconceivable blessing has he been to the human race.

Elizabeth was higher in station, and probably more favoured with worldly means, than her youthful relative, as well as more venerable in years; yet, in the 43rd verse, she expresses gratitude, and surprise, that so great an honour should be conferred upon her, as that the mother of her Lord should visit her. A high honour had previously been conferred upon herself by God; but like her humble, and truly noble-minded Son, she envied not the greater honour, which was conferred upon another; but was willing to decrease, that Mary might increase. It is very important to observe, that she terms the child, who was to be born of Mary—her Lord;—a form of expression similar to that which was employed by the angel, with reference to Christ, when he was speaking to Zacharius of his son the Baptist, who was to be the Lord's forerunner—"Many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God." Turn the words, as we may, it cannot appear appropriate to call an unborn child, *Lord*, except upon the supposition that Elizabeth, by the illumination of the Holy Spirit, like the ancient prophets, recognized the divine nature of the Messiah, as the mother of whom she greeted Mary, Elizabeth herself evidently attached importance to the lively, and unusual motion of the child in her womb, as if expressive of the joy which he felt, on the approach of that mightier one, who was to come after him. Most commentators are of opinion, that the rapturous joy which Elizabeth felt, on this extraordinary occasion, merely communicated itself to the child, who thus all unconsciously sympathized with the mother. This was evidently not Elizabeth's own opinion; and be it remembered that she spake under the influence of the Holy Ghost. Her idea obviously was, that there was something extraordinary in the motion of the child, as if something had been communicated to infuse joy into the heart of the unborn babe. I do not pre-

tend fully to understand, and much less to explain this matter; but here let it be remembered, that every thing was miraculous, and not to be accounted for on ordinary principles. Let us adopt the view before expressed, that a divine influence was communicated to the babe now, and all difficulty disappears.

In conclusion, Elizabeth congratulates Mary on her simple faith, her childlike, confiding dependance, on the divine testimony. She does not directly contrast this, with her husband's slowness of heart to believe. Delicacy of feeling, a sense of propriety, forbade this; but it is probable that the faith of this young person, so much superior to that of an aged priest,—an experienced believer—filled her with admiration, and gave rise to this expression of congratulation. "Blessed is she that believed!" Yes, thrice blessed, for there has been a performance of those things, which were told her from the Lord.

No doubt much friendly, and mutually advantageous conversation took place, between those highly favoured women, of which no record had been transmitted to us. Nothing has been preserved but the ecstatic strains, who, under the influence of the spirit of God, they delivered, probably upon the first burst of astonishment, which they felt, when they beheld in each other's condition, a confirmation of the glorious truths, which had been revealed to each other separately. We may be sure their whole hearts would be opened to each other; and their faith would be strengthened, when they thus compared their experience.

The address of Mary is usually termed the *magnificat*, from the first word with which it commences in Latin; and has been used as a hymn in the church, from very ancient times. It consists of strains of the noblest poetry, admirably expres-

sive of the sublime emotions of the virgin's soul; and in spirit, and sentiment, bears a striking resemblance to the song of Hannah on a similar occasion. She begins with expressing the gratitude of her heart, in magnifying the Lord, and the joy which filled her whole soul, in prospect of the advent of her Saviour God—"My soul doth magnify the Lord," said she, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." Her first and chief joy was, that a Saviour was about to come, that God was about to be manifested in the flesh, that her own soul would be saved through him, and that he would be an unspeakable blessing to the fallen race of Adam. Then her astonishment and gratitude burst forth, at the thought of the exaltation, to which she had been promoted from so low a condition—an exaltation, which would be acknowledged, throughout all generations, to be superior to anything which had ever been conferred on any of the daughters of Eve. Well then might she say—"He that is mighty, hath done me great things, and holy is his name."

When Mary speaks of the mighty one having done great things for her, I think she alludes not merely to the great favour which had been conferred upon her, in making her the mother of the Messiah; but also to the work of grace on her own heart, by which she had been made a new creature, and holiness had become the predominant feature of her character. No one surely can doubt that Mary was a converted person, before she became the mother of the Messiah; and well might she esteem the conversion of her soul a great work; for what would it have availed her to be the mother of Jesus, if she had not a personal interest in his salvation? I need not tell you, that the regeneration of the soul is a great work, the greatest which can be performed on any of us, and without which every thing else is of

little avail; and Mary gloried more in that happiness which she had, in common with all believers, than in that which was peculiar to herself. Like others, she had, through the grace of God, been brought out of darkness into light, out of sin into holiness, out of anxiety and distress into perfect peace. And this was, no doubt, what she most valued. And you, dear sisters in the Lord, though none of you can be honoured as Mary was, you may attain, some of you I trust have already attained, that personal interest in the Saviour, and that peace with God, which she valued far more than the special honour that was conferred upon her. Brethren, has this great work been done for you? O, do not suffer this to remain a doubtful matter. If you have nothing of this work on your heart, you are still far from God, and if you perish in this condition, must perish eternally.

In the preceding verses, Mary spoke chiefly of God's dealings towards herself, but she now ascends from the particular to the general; from what he had done for herself, to what he does for his people at large. In the 50th verse, she lifts up her testimony to the mercy, and covenant faithfulness of God. She had experienced it in her own soul; she had experienced it in regard to the things of a present world. And she had probably seen striking instances of it in her own family; for though now sadly decayed in outward circumstances, it was still a family, who could lay claim to the most precious promises; and to God's interpositions in its behalf. She had seen a fulfillment of the promise, that the mercy of God is unto thousands of the descendants of them that love him, and keep his commandments. Thus could she testify from her own experience, that his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.

In the following verses, though the virgin states general truths, at all times appli-

cable to God's righteous government of the world, yet it is probable that she had an eye, on his frequent gracious interpositions, in behalf of his people, when their proud enemies, who thought to swallow them up, were overthrown, their power broken, and their forces destroyed, or scattered. It is obvious however that these thoughts were suggested by, and have all their special bearing on Mary's own case. The thought was evidently in her mind, that, as God had, in ancient times, interposed in behalf of the Israelites, and brought to nought the vain imaginations of their enemies, when they were forming schemes for their aggrandisement, by the overthrow of God's people, and the extinction of his cause, so was he about to do now, by setting up the Messiah's kingdom in the world, and bringing to nought the vain schemes of the proud and haughty.

The vicissitudes to which Mary alludes, in the 52nd verse, which take place in the fortunes of families and individuals, she neither ascribes to accident, nor to the doings of man, but to the providence of God. It is probable that there is an allusion here to the removal of Saul, and his family, from the throne of Israel, and the placing upon it of David, whom he took from a very humble condition. And she no doubt saw a parallel to this, in God's dealings towards herself. He had passed by the great and mighty of the earth, and chosen her, as the object of the greatest honour, that was ever conferred upon mortal. And such has generally been the mode of the divine procedure. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things who are despised hath God chosen, yea and things which are not, to bring to nought things

that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence. The apostles whom Jesus employed to set up his spiritual kingdom, and work the greatest, and most permanent moral revolution, which earth ever witnessed, were chosen from the humblest condition, that the grand operating power might evidently appear to be of God.

It is supposed by some, that the 53rd verse refers to God blessing the humble and industrious poor, with this world's goods, whilst he not frequently reduces to poverty the proud rich, who seek to increase their riches, that they may spend them, upon their pleasures. It appears to me however, that this is not the true meaning of the passage. That is rather the things which he speaks of in the preceding verse, and this is just a parallel to it. In the former verse, we have an indication of how God often deals with the haughty, humbling them in a temporal point of view; and this is just an emblem of the manner, in which he generally deals with them spiritually. God satisfies, with the riches of his grace, those, who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness; whilst those, that are high-minded and proud, who flatter themselves that they are rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, he sends empty away. He resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.

In the concluding strains of this beautiful hymn, the help which Mary speaks of God extending to Israel, in remembrance of his former mercies, and precious promises, evidently alludes to the advent of the Messiah, which included in itself all desirable blessings to believers, who are the spiritual seed of Abraham—all needful blessings not only spiritual, but temporal, not only for heaven, but for earth also, not only for eternity but for time.

Nothing more is recorded of the intercourse which took place, between these

holy women, during the three months, which Mary spent in the house of her cousin Elizabeth. We may rest assured however, that the time was advantageously spent, and that Mary would profit by the experience, and counsel of her aged relative; and that from her protracted sojourn in the house of a venerable and holy priest, she would receive a training, that would fit her to discharge more successfully the responsible duties, which would devolve upon her, as the mother of the Messiah.

It is evident from Mary's song of praise, which we have been considering, that her soul was filled with loftiest conceptions of the goodness and mercy of God, and glowing with sentiments of the most ardent gratitude and love. And this noble hymn of praise is just the outbursting of the feelings of her heart, the spontaneous gushing forth of the rapturous feelings of admiration, and gratitude, and joy, from a heart which was too full to contain them. And observe, dear brethren, that those feelings arose, not so much from the peculiar honor conferred upon herself, as from the consideration, that the Saviour was about to be introduced into our world, to bruise the serpent and head, to deliver sinners from the curse of the law, and restore them to the favour and friendship of God, and that she herself had an assured personal interest in that Saviour.

Equal cause of thankfulness have we, dear brethren, that the Saviour has actually come; and when we contemplate those parts of the world which have owned the Saviour, and submitted themselves to his authority, and consider the comparative holiness, and happiness, and peace, which they enjoy; and contrast all this, with the wretchedness of heathen countries, well may we exclaim, what hath God wrought, and thank him for the gracious deliverance which has already been wrought out for so many of the human race. And O bre-

thren, if we have ourselves been the subjects of that deliverance, if we feel that we have been renewed by the Spirit of God, and experience the blessedness and peace of believing, how should our souls burn with gratitude to the God of our salvation, and our lips be vocal with his praise. Bless the Lord, O our souls, and let all that is within us be stirred up to magnify and to praise his great name. Bless the Lord, O our souls, and forget not all his benefits, who healeth all our diseases, who pardoneth all our iniquities, who redeemeth our life from destruction, and who crowneth us with loving kindness and with tender mercies.

DAWN.

Light of the better morning,
Shine down on me!
Sun of the brighter heaven,
Bid darkness flee!
Thy warmth impart
To this dull heart;
Pour in thy light,
And let this night
Be turned to day
By thy mild ray!
Lord Jesus come;
Thou day-star shine;
Enlighten now
This soul of mine!

Streaks of the better dawning
Break on my sight,
Fringing with silver edges
These clouds of night.
Gems on morn's brow,
Glow, brightly glow,
Foretelling soon
The ascending noon,
Wakening this earth
The second birth,
When He shall come
To earth again,
Who comes to judge,
Who comes to reign.—*H. Bowser.*

A Word to the Fearful.

You are saying that there is none like you, that there is something peculiar in your case that is not to be found in the case of another. Yet we tell you, there is still matter and ground of praise, that there is balm in Gilead, and that there is a Physician there. It is matter and ground of praise to you that Christ lives; that though He was dead, now He is alive again, and liveth for evermore, and has the keys of hell and of death. It is matter and ground of praise, and that in the very worst case amongst you, and the most singular case out of the bottomless pit, that Christ is a Physician, that Christ is a Helper, in the very greatest extremity. Is thy case a singular case? Christ is a singular Physician, Christ is a singular Saviour, Christ is a singular Remedy, Christ is a singular Help, a matchless and a non such Help, whatever your case is.

Here then is matter and ground of praise, that the Lord hath visited *Adam's* family. I remember to have read in the diary of an eminent Christian, who falling under a cloud, called in question that ever God had done anything for him. He began to think God had visited *Adam's* family. There is a remnant of *Adam's* family that He hath redeemed to Himself; *I will try to bless him,* (he said,) *that He hath redeemed a company out Adam's family, though I cannot say I am among them.* The honest man about to mint at praising, and when he is doing so, it pleased the Lord to make him apply an act of faith upon it as to himself, and made him say, *Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed me to God by Thy blood.*

Well, bless God, that the Dayspring from on high hath visited our tribe and family, and perhaps he will lead you on to say He hath visited you and redeemed you by His blood. Bless God that He hath made the light to shine, and sent His Son to bless us, in turning every one of us, from our iniquities.

What say you, I cannot bless Him; I have neither heart for prayer or praise? Why, then, you are in the best tune to go

to the Physician. It is best to go poor and empty-handed to Christ. Go as you are, poor and miserable, unable to do anything for Christ or for God. Spread the case out before Him, who is the Redeemer, come to take away ungodliness from Jacob. He is a wonderful and only Help, upon whom all our help is laid.—*Wilson of Perth.*—1738.

The Bread of Life.

If any man shall eat of this bread he shall live for ever.—John vi. 51.

LIVE FOR EVER !!!

But to whom is this promise made? To those who eat, or feed upon the Son of God. John vi. 57 To none else is this promise made; nor will any of the human family ever enter the kingdom of heaven but those who actually and truly feed upon Christ. John vi. 53.

If the Saviour of the world, who came down from heaven [John vi. 51] to rescue men from eternal death—if He declares this momentous truth, it well becomes every sinner upon the face of the earth deeply to ponder the awful and endless consequences of disregard to the admonition and warning, so kindly given by the ever-blessed Son of God.

Listen, then, to his exhortation; "Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but labour for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." John vi. 27. *Sinner!* have you ever tasted of this bread? Have you panted—hungry and thirsty, after *righteousness*? Have you felt the *sting* of sin! If not, take the alarm, for you stand on the brink of a horrible pit, where the impenitent are eternally shut out from the kingdom of God.

In that kingdom the food is all spiritual,—and if you have not begun to relish it here, [on-earth]—you will never taste it in heaven—where none but the redeemed will ever find a place;—and unless you have experienced true repentance, and a forsaking of all kinds of sin, in thought, and word, and deed, you will be lost *for ever!*

See! The dreadful gulf is beneath you. A few more steps in the way of sin—and headlong down you go into eternal fire, where,

"In flames—which no abatement know,
Thou' briny tears for ever flow."

Escape!—for your life !! Fly to the mountain of holiness—to the Lord Jesus Christ,—the *Bread* of everlasting life. Tarry not a moment:—the door of mercy stands wide open:—enter, and be saved."

Sabbath School Lesson.

June 30th, 1861.

THE MIRACLE AT CANA OF GALILEE—

John ii. 1,—11.

1.—The "third day" from the time that Nathaniel began to follow Christ; Nathaniel was born in Cana, ch. 21, 2. The individuals married were probably related to the mother of Christ, as she was there uninvited, v. 1. Jesus and his disciples arrived that day and were invited to the marriage. The invitation was a mark of respect. The accepting on Christ's part, a recognition and an honoring of the ordinance of marriage. It is a blessed thing to have Christ as guest at a feast, and no feast should be held where Christ could not be asked to be present.

2.—"They have no wine." This suggests the thought that they were poor, and owing to the addition made to the feast by the arrival of Jesus and his disciples, the stock laid in threatened to be insufficient. v. 3. Christ's mother out of consideration for the circumstances, and in consideration of her son's character, went and told Jesus. This is a beautiful example to us all, to go and tell Jesus about the interests of others. His answer does not imply disrespect. His manner would be gentle and kind though his remarks were repressive and reproving. He wished her to remember that though he was subject to her in relative life, in his official character he wished to honour another parent. This is a standing testimony against the practice of the R. C. Church who exalt Mary above Christ. "Man's hour is not yet come." This is in effect 'I will attend to it, but there is time enough yet.' "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

3.—Jesus' Mother saith unto the servants "whatsoever he saith unto you do it." She executed His would give some command. If it was a strange one they were to do it promptly, unquestioningly. Her command to the servants may be applied to ourselves. *Whatsoever* he saith whether painful or pleasant, whether difficult or easy, &c. we ought to do. *Whatever He saith.* Not what our neighbors saith. Not what our instructors saith. Not what our heart saith unless it be in accordance with what *He saith.* *Whatsoever* he saith unto you *do it.* It is not listen to it. It is not put it off till to-morrow. It is duty *done* promptly, done unquestioningly, *done cheerfully.* Had the servants not done what He commanded they would not have witnessed the miracle of water made into wine.

4. There were six water pots. They were of earthen or stoneware, and were there *after the manner or according to the custom of the*

Jews, for the divers washings which they practised at their feasts. Matt. 15, 12. "If this firkin be the same measure as the Jewish bath, it would be near eight gallons; some make it thirteen and-a-half English. And as each pot contained two or three of these, there would be at least over a hundred gallons in all. This large quantity has been cavilled at. But if there had been only a few gallons it might have been charged to some trick, as though it could have been brought in secretly; or as though this small supply was unworthy a miracle." The reality of this miracle is seen (1) Before Christ spoke the pots were empty. (2) They were waterpots, not wine vats that would have flavoured the water. (3) The servants, not Christ, filled them with water. (4) The change into wine was instantaneous. (5) The governor who knew nothing of the circumstances, testified to the superiority of the wine that had a few minutes before been water. v. 10.

Note—"This wine was not that fermented liquor which passes now under the name. All who know anything of the wines then used, will understand rather the unfermented juice of the grape. The present wines of Jerusalem and Lebanon as we tasted them were commonly boiled and sweet, without intoxicating qualities such as we here get, in liquors called wines. The boiling prevents fermentation. Those were esteemed the best wines which were least strong. We may be sure that our Lord's wine would neither be *drugged*, nor *mixed* with deleterious ingredients but would be *pure*. For *bread* he would give a *stone* as soon as for *wine* he would give poison. He gives riches that add no *sorrow*. JACOBUS.

5. Christ's design in this miracle was to manifest his glory. v. 11. It showed that he possessed divine attributes. The effect of this manifestation was that the faith of his disciples was confirmed and strengthened.

Learn—1. Those who entertain Christ or his followers will not be losers but gainers. The wine that remained was much greater than the wine used. Heb. 13, 2. Mal. 3, 10.

2.—To call upon Christ in ever strait. v. 3.

3.—The world gives the best things first; Christ gives the best things last. v. 5, ch. 4. 14.

ON TEACHING SUITABLY.

It has often occurred to me that ministers would do well to adapt their instruction to different kinds of hearers. Some people will say on reading or hearing this, "Well, so they do. There are only two classes of hearers—the converted and the

unconverted; and all faithful ministers have a word for each in almost every discourse which they preach." Pardon me. Though all men are either believers or not, yet in each class there are many different sets of people. An observant pastor cannot fail to notice this, as he moves among his flock; and what I would have him do is, to keep a record of them, and within a limited number of discourses have a word for each. There are among the unconverted, for example, those to whom intellect is an idol, those whose snare lies in their business and worldly engagements, those who are slaves to some master sin, those who are engrossed with their families, and those who are beguiled by the deceitfulness of riches. Among believers may be found the young and inexperienced, the strong and hopeful, those whose nature disposes them for actively serving Christ, those who tend more to contemplative habits, the doubting and fearful, the comparatively ignorant, and those who are mighty in the Scriptures.—For those and other classes which might be enumerated different forms of instruction, are needed. The principle I advocate is just of Paul: "I have made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more;" and, "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

In point of fact, where you find a minister pursuing this course, whether he be explicitly conscious of doing so or not, there you will generally find a highly useful man, whose people have food ministered to them as they need, and who feel that their pastor understands them.

May not the same principle and practice be carried out in the Sabbath-school? I think they may, and would therefore recommend teachers to write out and keep before them a record of what they take to be the dispositions of their scholars. In a boy's class, for instance, one is overbearing and harsh, another is timid and shy, a third is frank and open, a fourth is reserved and affectionate, a fifth is peculiarly fond of active sports, a sixth is apt to injure himself by too much reading. One enjoys religious advantages at home, another has them not.

Such notes, the result of attentive study, may greatly help a teacher in his or her work. Both in preparation, when explain-

ing, and when trying to bring truth home to the heart, they are fitted to give point, speciality, and variety to our work. With such a map of her class before her mind, or before her eye, as a teacher in preparing, comes to truth after truth, she will feel that one verse applies to one girl in a peculiar way a natural deduction from another includes the cases of two or three more, an incidental truth bears upon another, while a great doctrine is for all, and the carefully-selected anecdote which illustrates some part of the lesson has a distinct bearing upon one little group.

Nearly akin to this suggestion is the desirableness of our taking enlarged views of young people, their tastes, tendencies, and habits. No teacher can pretend to ignore the confined room, the crowded flats, the lofty stairs, the populous streets, in which too many of these pupils live. Nor do they overlook the occupations in which most of them are now employed, or will have to engage. But perhaps many Sabbath-school teachers think it beneath the dignity and sacredness of their work to keep an eye upon the amusements or companionship of the young people before them.

Lord Macaulay dispelled some false views about the dignity of history, and we must do the same to any so-called or so-fancied dignity which keeps us from speaking to boys and girls as they really are. Certain it is, that these young people *will* amuse themselves, and *ought* to do so. Certain it is, too, that they will form friendships of some kind or another, and in a few years, if spared, will either continue attached to their homes, or draw away to other scenes, evening after evening. Let us keep all these things in mind, and try to teach, even as did the Lord Jesus when He dwelt on earth. With deepest reverence I use this language, meaning that we must think nothing beneath our notice that concerns our scholars.

Thus may our arrows be pointed and sharp, our blows not wasted on the air.—The young people will see that we understand them. Many avenues now shut to the mere teacher of abstract truths will be open to us, and we may have the joy of drawing one after another to the saving knowledge of Christ.

Moral Courage.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOT.

The cheapest of all virtues is physical courage. Though we cannot respect a coward, we know that the streets of any city in christendom can furnish from its most debased and brutal population almost any number of men, who, with a brief training, may become fierce soldiers, ready to leap the ramparts of the Malakoff and the Redan, as regardless of shot and shell, as if they were paper pellets.

Moral courage is a very different virtue. A sailor boy, as he leaves his parental home for the perils and temptations of the sea, has received from his mother a Bible, with the promise that he will daily read it with prayer.—The fore-castle of the ship is filled with the profane, the ribald, the scorners. Night comes—the first night of the sailor boy on the deep. The godless crew around him are riotous and half inebriated. The sailor boy with the calm heroism of another prophet Daniel, takes out his Bible, reads a few verses, and then kneels by the side of his hammock, offering a short, silent prayer. From his associates there is first a look of astonishment, and then a wild burst of blasphemy and derision.

This is moral courage. This is a battle which tries a man's soul. This is a test of character which decides the question whether the spirit be of celestial or earthly mould.—You can find ten thousand men with bull dog recklessness of danger, where you can find one man endowed with this Christian heroism, this virtue of seraphic fiber, this seal of Heaven's nobility. This was the courage of Abdiel, as described by Milton,

—“Faithful found, among the faithless,
Faithful only he.”

It was the courage of Noah, as he built the ark breasting the scion of the world—billows far more formidable than the surges of the deluge. It was the courage of Lot encountering a storm of derision more appalling than the fiery flood.

Though the soldier of the cross formerly had occasion for the exercise of physical as well as moral courage, braving the terrors of the dungeon, the lion's den, the scaffold, and the stake, now it is generally moral courage only which he is called to practice. It is easy for any government, with sufficient money to enlist soldiers, who will, fearless as wolves, rush through ditch and over rampart, and up to the cannon's mouth on any field of blood.

But when God sends his recruiting sergeants into the world, to engage soldiers of the

cross, thousands are afraid to enlist. What do they fear? that cavalry will trample them down? No! that shells will blow them into the air, or canister or grape tear them limb from limb? No! Do they fear the toilsome march, the rain drenched bivouac, the dreary hospital? No! They understand full well that Christ's service exposes them to none of these sufferings. What is it then they fear? It is opinion, nothing but opinion. Do you wish to test this? If you are a father of a family, and have never established a family altar, assemble your wife and children around you to-night, and say to them,

“I have lived too long without God, and can do so no more. To-night I am determined to commence family prayer and a Christian life.”

Read a few verses in the Bible, bow the knee, and implore God's forgiveness and blessing. There are many men who had rather lead a forlorn hope than do this; so much cheaper is physical than moral courage.

Are you a young man? say frankly to your companions, “I am resolved henceforth to try to live a Christian life.” Go to the prayer-meeting. Openly avow there your resolution. Ask others to join you in your heavenward journey. Implore the prayers of Christians, and then pray yourself, as well as you can, no matter how poorly it may be.

There are many young men who could more easily be induced to head a charge upon Lucknow or upon Delhi, than to perform this act of Christian heroism. A sea captain, a bold, resolute man, who, for years, had braved all the storms of the sea, once said to the writer:

“The hardest thing I ever did, was to commence family prayer. I returned from Church one Sabbath evening, resolved that I would delay the duty no longer. For some time I walked up and down before my door unable to surmount courage to enter. At last I went in, half hoping that my family had retired.—There sat my wife and daughters. The perspiration started from every pore of my body. I took up the Bible, and said, with a trembling voice, that I felt that we must not live any longer as a family without God. I then read a few verses, and, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, offered the first prayer ever heard at my fireside. I thought that my daughters and my wife would despise me; that they would say:

“What! such a man as you, such a sinner as you are, have prayers in your family!”

But my daughters came with their eyes full of tears, and, more affectionately than

ever before bade me good night. My soul was full. I was so happy that I could not sleep."

This is moral courage. Such its cross and its crown.

There was, a few years ago, a wealthy family, residing in their home of luxury, who had long been living without God. In a season of special religious interest the two daughters became Christians. The father also had his attention aroused, and for several weeks was in a state of great anxiety. His pallid cheek, his air of dejection, his silence proclaimed the struggle in his mind. Still he found no relief. He had not moral courage to commence family prayer. This was the one thing he lacked.—The daughters watched the progress of their father with deep solicitude, and well understood the nature of the cross he was unwilling to take up.

It was a cold winter evening. The fire burned brightly in the grate, and the wind moaned pensively as the hour for retiring arrived. The family sat at the fireside in silence,—the father struggling with those mysterious fears which repel from duty, and the daughters fully conscious of the emotions which agitated his heart. At length one of the daughters, by previous concert with her sister, looked up and said:

"Father, are you willing that sister and I should conduct family prayers to night?"

The father astonished, bewildered, scarcely knowing what he said, replied, "Why yes, my child."

Her hand was already upon the Bible, and the Psalm selected, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Without a moment's delay, she read the beautiful passage, and immediately, both kneeling, the other sister, in tones almost inaudible, through the intensity of her feelings, implored God's blessing upon the household. It was the first prayer in the family. It brought the father to a prompt decision, and thus perhaps opened to him the gates of heaven.

Maria Theresa was heroic in leading to the charge the bold barons of Hungary. Joan of Arc was heroic, driving the invading foe in wild rout before her banners. Madam Roland was heroic, singing the songs of liberty as she ascended the scaffold. But more pure, lofty and celestial than either of these acts of heroism, was the moral courage displayed by these maidens. And when father and daughter shall meet, with robe, and crown, and harp, in the realms of immortality, then shall be truly appreciated the grandeur of this christian heroism.—*Congregationalist.*

A Call to the Unconverted.

READER,—I want thee, in the sight of God, to answer me this all-important and solemn question—Art thou in Christ, or art thou not? Hast thou fled for refuge to Him who is the only hope for sinners? or art thou yet ignorant of God, and of his holy Gospel? Come—be honest with thine own heart, and let thy conscience say yes or no, for one of these two things thou art—thou art either under the wrath of God, or thou art delivered from it. Thou art either an heir of wrath, or an inheritor of the kingdom of grace.—Which of these two? Make no "ifs" or "ahs" in your answer. Answer straightforward to thine own soul; and if there be any doubt whatever about it, I beseech thee, rest not till that doubt be resolved. Canst thou, then, with one hand upon God's holy Word, and the other upon thine own heart, lift thine eye to heaven? and say, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see; I know that I have passed from death unto life; I am not now what I once was; 'I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me.' And if I be not awfully deceived, I am a sinner saved by blood, a monument of grace?" My brother, God speed you; the blessing of the Most High be with you. Turn to Galatians iii. 13, and there read your inheritance—"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." So Christ was cursed in the stead of you, and you are secure, if you are truly converted, and really a regenerated child of God.

Reader, art thou one of those who dare not say this? Art thou a stranger to the grace of God? Thou durst not lie before God and thine own conscience, therefore thou dost honestly say, "I know I was never regenerated; I am now what I always was, and that is the most I can say."

Reader, thou art a prisoner at the bar of Divine Justice. In these solemn circumstances, let us, first, *try the prisoner*; secondly, *declare his sentence*; and thirdly, if we find him confessing and penitent, *proclaim his deliverance*; but not unless we find him so.

I. First, then, we are about to TRY THE PRISONER.

The text says—"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." Unconverted man, are you guilty, or not guilty? Have you continued "in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them?" Methinks you will not dare to plead, "Not guilty." But I will suppose for one moment that you are bold enough to do so. So then, sir, you mean to assert that you have continued "in all things which are written in the book of the law." Surely the very reading of the law should be enough to convince thee that thou art in error. Dost thou know what the law is? "*Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*" What! hast thou never loved anything better than God? "*Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.*"—Hast thou never, in thy heart, set up anything in the place of God? Wilt thou dare to say thou hast never taken *the name of the Lord thy God in vain*? Say, hast thou always hallowed that most holy name? And as for the fourth commandment—"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,"—hast thou never broken it? Oh, shut thy mouth and plead guilty, for these four commandments were enough to condemn thee! "Honour thy father and thy mother." Hast thou never been disobedient in thy youth? Hast thou never striven against a mother's love, and against a father's rebuke? "Thou shalt not kill;"—you may never have killed any, but have you never been angry? He that is angry with his brother is a murderer; thou art guilty here. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." The Master says, "He that looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery already with her in his heart." Has no lascivious thought crossed thy mind? Has no impurity ever stirred thy imagination? "Thou shalt not steal;" perhaps you may not have committed robbery; yet have there never been times in which you have felt an inclination to defraud your neighbour? And who dare say he has not borne *false witness against his neighbour*? Have we never repeated

a story to our neighbour's disadvantage, which was untrue? And who among us can dare to say he is guiltless of the last—"Thou shalt not Covet?" for we have all desired to have more than God has given us; and at times our wandering heart has lusted after things which God has not bestowed upon us. Now, reader, what say you to these precepts? Can you say, "Not guilty," to each and every one of them? Why, to plead not guilty, is to plead your own folly; for verily, the very reading of the law is enough, when blessed by the Spirit, to make us cry, "Guilty, O Lord, guilty."

But do you say, "I shall not plead guilty, for though I am well aware that I have not continued 'in all things which are written in the book of the law,' yet I have done the best I could." That is a lie—before God a falsehood. You have not! You have not done the best you could.—There have been many occasions upon which you could have done better, Surely, none of us have done the best we could.

But perhaps you say that while you have broken that law, "you have been no worse than your fellow-creatures." And a sorry argument is this, for what availeth it thee? To be damned in a crowd is not more comfortable than to be damned alone. It may be true, thou hast not been worse than thy fellow-creatures, but this will be of very poor service to thee. When the wicked are cast in Hell, it will be very little comfort to thee that God shall say, "Depart, ye cursed," to a thousand with thee. Remember, God's curse, when it shall sweep a nation into hell, shall be as much felt by every individual of the crowd, as if there were but one man to be punished.

II. I have now to DECLARE THE SENTENCE—the sentence passed upon all of you who are out of Christ.

Thou art cursed,—cursed, not by some wizard whose fancied spell can only frighten the ignorant. What an awful thing is the curse of a father. But to be cursed of God—no words can tell what that must be. "Oh, no," you say, "that is a thing of the future; I do not care about the curse of God; it does not fall upon me now." Nay, soul, but it does. The wrath of God *abideth* on you even now.

Remember, the curse that men have in this life is as nothing compared with that

which is to come upon them hereafter.— In a few short years, you and I must die. Come, friend, I will talk to you personally again—young man, we shall soon grow old, or, perhaps, we shall die before that time, and we shall lie upon our bed—the last bed upon which we shall ever sleep—we shall wake from our last slumber to hear the doleful tidings that there is no hope; the physician will feel our pulse, and solemnly assure our relatives that it is all over! And we shall lie in that still room, where all is hushed save the ticking of the clock, and the weeping of friends; and we must die. Oh! how solemn will be that hour when we must struggle with that enemy, Death! The death-rattle is in our throat—we can scarce articulate—we try to speak; the death-glaze is on the eye. Death has put his fingers on those windows of the body, and shut out the light for ever; the hands well nigh refuse to lift themselves, and there we are, close on the borders of the grave! Ah! that moment, when the spirit sees its destiny; that moment, of all moments the most solemn, when the soul looks through the bars of its cage upon the world to come! No, I cannot tell you how the spirit feels, if it be an ungodly spirit, when it sees a fiery throne of judgment, and hears the thunders of Almighty wrath, while there is but a moment between it and hell. I cannot picture to you what must be the fright which men must feel, when they realise what they have often heard of!

Ah! it was not long ago that a man who had laughed and mocked at me full many a time, went down one Sabbath day to Brighton, to spend the day in an excursion—he came back that night to die! On Monday morning, when he was dying, who do you suppose he wanted? He wanted Mr. Spurgeon—the man he had always laughed at; he wanted him to come and tell him the way to heaven, and point him to the Saviour. And although I was glad enough to go, it was doleful work to talk to a man who had just been Sabbath-breaking, spending his time in the service of Satan, and had come home to die. And die he did, without a Bible in his house, without having one prayer offered for him except the one which I offered at his bedside. But, the wrath to come! the wrath to come!

Reader, these matters are no dreams, no frauds, no old wives' stories. They are realities, and you will soon know them. The day is coming when these things will stand before thee, as dread solemn real, things. And then; ah! then; ah! then, what wilt thou do?—"And after death *the judgment.*"

Think of that terrible day. The bell of time has tolled the last day. Now comes the funeral of damned souls. Your body has just started up from the grave, and you unwind your cerements, and you look up. What is that I see? Oh! what is that I hear? I hear one dread, tremendous blast, that shakes the pillars of heaven, and makes the firmament reel with affright; the trump, the trump of the archangel shakes creation's utmost bound. You look and wonder. Suddenly a voice is heard, and shrieks from some, and songs from others—he comes—he comes—he comes! and every eye must see him. There he is; the throne is set upon a cloud, which is white as alabaster. There he sits. 'Tis He, the Man that died on Calvary!—I see his pierced hands—but ah, how changed! No thorn-crown now. He stood at Pilate's bar, but now the whole earth must stand at his bar. But hark! the trampet sounds again: the Judge opens the book, there is silence in heaven, a solemn silence: the universe is still. "Gather mine elect together, and my redeemed from the four winds of heaven." Swiftly they are gathered. As with a lightning flash, the angel's wing divides the crowd. Here are the righteous all in-gathered; and sinner, there art thou, on the left hand, left out, left to abide the burning sentence of eternal wrath. Hark! the harps of heaven play sweet melodies; but to you they bring no joy, though the angels are repeating the Saviour's welcome to his saints. "Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundations of the world." You have had that moment's respite, and now his face is gathering clouds of wrath, the thunder is on his brow; he looks on you that have despised him, you that scoffed his grace, that scorned his mercy, you that broke his Sabbath, you that mocked his cross, you that would not have him to reign over you; and with a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, he cries, "Depart, ye cursed." And then—No,

I will not follow you, I will not tell of quenchless flames; I will not talk of miseries for the body, and tortures for the spirit. But hell is terrible; damnation is doleful. Oh, escape! escape! Escape, lest haply, being where you are, you should have to learn what the horrors of eternity must mean, in the gulf of everlasting perdition.

III. DELIVERANCE PROCLAIMED.

"You have condemned us all," cries one. Yes, but not I—God has done it. Are you condemned? Do you feel you are so? Come, again, let me take thee by the hand, my brother. We will have a sweet word before we are dofe. Do you feel you are condemned? Do you say, "O God, I confess thou wouldst be just, if thou shouldst do all this to me?" Dost thou feel thou canst never be saved by thine own works, but that thou art utterly condemned through sin? Dost thou hate sin? Dost thou sincerely repent? Then, let me tell thee how thou mayest escape.

Men and brethren: Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, was crucified, dead and buried; he is now risen, and he sitteth on the right hand of God, where he also maketh intercession for us. He came into this world to save sinners, by his death.—He saw that poor sinners were cursed: he took the curse on his own shoulders, and he delivered us from it. Now, if God has cursed Christ for any man, he will not curse that man again. You ask me then, "Was Christ cursed for me?" Answer me this question, and I will tell you—Has the Spirit taught you that you are accursed? Has he made you feel the bitterness of sin? Has he made you cry in faith, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner?"—Then, my dear friend, Christ was cursed for you; and you are not cursed. "Oh!" says one, "If I could but think he was cursed for me." Do you see him bleeding on the tree? Look unto him, poor sinner. Look no longer at thyself, nor at thy sin; look unto him, and be saved. All he asks thee to do is to look, and even that he will help thee to do. Come to him, trust him, believe on him. God the Holy Spirit has taught you that you are a condemned sinner. Now, I beseech you, hear this word and believe it: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation that Christ

Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Oh, sinner, believe and be saved.—*Spurgeon.*

"BEING LET GO."

"And being *let go*, they went to *their own company*."—Acts iv. 23. This simple statement presents a beautiful example of the instincts and tendencies of human nature. We always find that when a man is released from some special engagement—set free from some special demand upon him—in a word, when he is "let go," he will, probably, seek the company of those who is most congenial to his tastes. When parade is over, the soldiers betake themselves to their various associates and pursuits. When a school breaks up, the pupils do the same. When the warehouse and the counting-house is closed, the young men betake themselves, some to the religious assembly, some to the reading-room, some, alas! to the tavern, the theatre, or the gambling-house. "Being let go," they are almost sure to go to "their own company." It is when a man is fully at leisure that you see what his bent and tendencies really are. When he gets free from present claims, you will be able to judge of the pursuits of his heart's selection. Two men may be seen standing behind the same counter, from eight in the morning till six in the evening; but mark them when the clock strikes six—observe them when "let go," you will find one making his way to the tap room, and the other homewards, or to some place of instruction. Thus it is always. "Being let go," we soon find out "our own company."

Reader, how do you act when "let go?" What company do you seek? Do you betake yourself to those who, like the assembly in Acts iv., occupying themselves in holy worship, prayer, and praise? Or do you own as your companions the giddy and the thoughtless, the profane and the immoral, the scoffer and the sceptic? Search and see. Just ask yourself, when next you take your seat in company, "Would I, at this moment, like to hear 'the voice of the archangel and the trump of God'?" Where, in such a case, would your 'own company' be?—*Family Treasury.*

COME TO JESUS.

FOR THE PRIVILEGES AND JOYS OF ADOPTION—COME.

Persons of wealth sometimes take the children of the poor, and train them as their own: this is called *adoption*. And thus God describes his treatment of those who come to Jesus. "Ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord God Almighty." "We have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." We are permitted, in prayer to address God as "our Father, which art in heaven." He loves these adopted children with more than an earthly parent's affection. He teaches, watches over, comforts, feeds, protects them. Sorrows are his kind chastisements, intended for their benefit. "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." In all their trials he consoles them. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Sickness, poverty, bereavement, all their troubles, are overruled for their advantage. "All things work together for good to them that love God." "They shall not want any good thing." "No weapon formed against them shall prosper." In every difficulty and danger their Father is at their side. "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." They may tell their Father all their wants. "In everything make known your requests unto God." His ear is ever open unto their cry, and his hand ever outstretched to do them good. As a Father, he provides for them an inheritance; but unlike those of earth, it is "incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away."—Oh what happiness to be a child of God; to feel "God is my Father! He loves me, pities, pardons, keeps me. I am safe from all evil. Wicked men and wicked spirits cannot harm me. God is my refuge, ever near; and he never slumbers, never is weary, never forgets, and will never change. He says, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' He will be always near me

while on my journey here, and at last will take me to dwell with him in his palace for ever." What earthly greatness can equal this? Reader, would *you* be a child of God? You *may*, if you come to Jesus; for "as many as received," came to "him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

See Psa. 91; John 1:19, 13; Rom. 8; 14-17; 2 Cor. 6: 17-18; Heb. 12: 5-12; 1 John 3: 1, 2.—[Come to Jesus.

AN ARMINIAN AND A CALVINIST MAY AGREE.

The following conversation between Mr. Wesley and Mr. Simeon is related by Dr. Dealtry in his sermon on the occasion of the death of the latter:

"Pray, sir, do you feel yourself a depraved creature, so depraved that you would never have thought of turning to God, if God had not first put it into your heart?"

"Yes," said the veteran Wesley, "I do, indeed."

"And do you utterly despair of recommending yourself to God by anything that you can do, and look for salvation solely through the blood and righteousness of Christ?"

"Yes, solely through Christ."

"But, sir, supposing you were first saved by Christ, are you not somehow or other to save yourself afterwards by your own works?"

"No; I must be saved by Christ from first to last."

"Allowing then that you were first turned by the grace of God, are you not in some way or other to keep yourself by your own power?"

"No."

"What, then, are you to be upheld every hour and every moment by God, as much as an infant in its mother's arms?"

"Yes, altogether."

"And is all your hope in the grace and mercy of God to preserve you unto his heavenly kingdom?"

"Yes, I have no hope but in him."

"Then, sir, with your leave, I will put up my dagger again; for this is all my Calvinism; this is my election, my justification by faith, my final perseverance; it is, in substance, *all that I hold, and as I hold it.*"

O HAPPY DAY!

O happy day, that fix'd my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
 Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
 Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice Divine.
 Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

Now rest my long-divided heart,—
 Fixed on that blissful centre rest:
 Nor ever from my Lord depart,—
 With Him of every good possess'd.
 Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

High Heav'n, that heard that solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.
 Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

DEATH.

Death, in this world, is the great devourer. He swallows up all living things.—He has a capacious maw; he has an insatiable stomach. No nicety of taste, no fastidious delicacy of palate, has he. Indiscriminately, promiscuously, one equally with another, his voracity swallows up all. He is a ruthless, pitiless monster of prey. Neither man nor woman will his horrid appetite spare. The tender babe; the fair youth; the blooming maid; the strong man in his prime; the veteran, tough and scarred; the feeble cripple, tottering under the weight of years;—all come alike to him. He swallows up them all. Hungry and greedy, he prowls in all streets and

lanes; in all highways and by-paths; in every city, village, hamlet, throughout all houses. He has servants by the hundred who are keenly catering for him; insidiously and unscrupulously catering for him; always, and in every place. Diseases, a multitude whom no man can number; accidents, that no man can prevent; wars, plagues, pestilences; poverty and famine; lusts, passions, sins, crimes—what troops of ministers has he incessantly doing his pleasure! And with all he gets he is never gorged; he craves for more. Like the devil whom he serves, he goes about seeking whom he may devour. Bribes, entreaties, tears, alike fail to move him from his purpose. Beauty has no charm—love no spell—to mitigate his rage.—Oh! how he riots as his cruel fang pierces the loveliest form, and chills the warmest heart! Power has no weapon to resist his onset. Worth has no protection against his rancour; nor wisdom against his wiles. None are humble enough to be overlooked and pitied. None are good enough to be revered and spared. None are high enough to have the right to bid him stand at bay. The king of terrors, formidable to all, is himself afraid of none. He seizes and swallows up the whole family of man.

Yes! Even when there stood before him One over whom he had no power; One who could say, "No man taketh my life from me"—"the prince of this world has nothing in me:" even when the Son of the Highest, "the Holy One of God," "the man Christ Jesus," "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," stood before him;—and when that Holy One on the cross, giving Himself a ransom for many, bowed His head and yielded up the ghost;—Death! hadst thou no shame, no scruple, no fear, when thou hadst to deal with Him? Was there no misgiving, no relenting, when to the long list of thy victims, His name was to be added,—anthy mouth was opened to swallow up Him! Truly, O Death! that was thy choicest morsel!—the daintiest and rarest delicacy thou hadst ever tried to swallow! But it was thy bane, thy poison, thy ruin.—It was the death of thee, O Death!—[Candlish.

A NIGHT OF PRAYER IN LONDON.

AN ACCOUNT BY A WORKING MAN.

"I had heard there was to be this night-ly gathering and felt very anxious to go to it; but it was difficult to secure the time. However, by working hard, I contrived to get my day's work done by 10 p.m.; went home, cleaned myself, and started for the four-miles' walk to the Euston Road. I reached the place a few minutes before eleven. I found about 200 to 250 brethren assembled, and engaged in prayer. We continued in prayer for some hours. One could hardly finish before another began. I never saw such a spirit of prayer manifested anywhere.

"After some time there was a pause, to allow those who wished to go to breath a little air, for the room was very close. About half went out; I remained. We were engaged in conversation, asking one another as to the various ways the Lord had led each of us, till those outside returned. As they reached the bottom of the steep stair, they commenced singing, 'There is a fountain filled with blood;' and *oh!* when we caught the first sound *how* we joined in! Such singing—it was as if the roof would have been lifted off with praise.

"After that, we had refreshments, and CONFERENCE as to various plans which were proposed for spreading the Gospel amongst the poor, and degraded, and wretched, in London, this winter. Mr. Carter spoke of the little carriages which he has had made, to be wheeled about the streets laden with Bibles. One man is to attend to the carriage, and another to stop every now and then, and read striking passages aloud. After he had finished with the carriage, the theatres and halls were spoken of. It was agreed how desirable it was that every 'come-at-able' theatre and hall should be hired for preaching, according as the Lord sent the means. Then we had more prayer, with reference to these places; and at six o'clock we all departed to go to our daily work, feeling as if we had only just met. It was very remarkable that there were men there that knew many of the others. Mr. Carter might know some, otherwise, each was a stranger to the great bulk of the rest, and yet you would have thought they had been dear

friends and brothers all their lives. I never saw such brotherly love. Oh, I never spent *such hours*, except once, and that was when I was first enabled to see Jesus as my Saviour, after He had shown me my sins.

The account of this man's conversion is full of interest.

Born in a Scottish home, he had been instructed in the Scriptures as a child; but from the age of eight or nine he had been totally uncared for. Living without God in the world, he sank lower and lower, till at last he was reduced to gaining a wretched subsistence as a street-conjurer. One Saturday evening, he was found in the dirty parlour of a low public-house in Sheffield. He had wandered thither to attend a fair. Having spent his gains in a week of drunkenness, he was sitting in a state of stupid wretchedness. One of his companions, a quack doctor, was engaged in roughly searching amongst some papers in a box. As he flung the papers about, a little book fell on the floor; the firelight glanced on its gilt leaves, and Craig said (with the instinct of a Scotchman), "What a beautiful little book." "Oh, its only a Testament I bought for fourpence."—"Fourpence," said Craig, "why, I'll give you that for it." He handed the man fourpence, and the little book changed owners. Dim memories of childish readings rose up before his mind, and he resolved to study the book next morning—Sunday. The dirty room being comparatively quiet, he began to read. He read on and on, till he reached the 1st Epistle of the Corinthians. There a verse arrested him. The whole wicked course of his life seemed to pass before his mind; his sins presented themselves to him as they never had done before, and one thought laid hold of his mind with resistless power—"How now shall I escape from the wrath to come?" A city missionary who was in the habit of visiting this public-house, found Craig in this state. He read with him, spoke to him, prayed with him, pointed him to a Saviour's love, to the blood of a crucified Redeemer, and after a while he found pardon and peace. He is now a devoted worker in the cause of Christ; and Mr. Bawley of Dublin, purposes employing him in the system of Tract Colportage which he is engaged in organizing in this country. —[The Book and its Missions.

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Gratis Circulation.

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

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

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

The Gospel Message.

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

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

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

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

For the gratuitous circulation of Evangelizer and Gospel Message,

Donations

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

Colporteurs.

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

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

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

ROBERT KENNEDY,
Prescott, C.W.

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