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# THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:  
DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

GOD'S PURPOSE IN AFFLICTION;

OR

## THE SCEPTIC BEREAVED.

There are some things which God does to us, perhaps, with the simple object of making us feel that He is God. Then a controversy arises between us and Him, the issue of which is fraught with permanent consequences for good or evil in our characters and condition. If some one in affliction could express all that they think and feel, they would tell us that they do not like the character and doings of the Almighty, as they understand them. They would say: "We cannot help this. Men make impressions on our minds according to their character and conduct. These impressions are involuntary. We do not feel complacency in the character of the Almighty, as we view it."

Such was the sad, the fearful state of mind in an infidel, as I was talking with him about the loss of his three children, who died within a year and a half of each other. His second child, a daughter of seventeen, was drowned in a pleasure party; his eldest child, a son of nineteen, fell a victim to the cholera in a western city; and now his infant and his wife had just descended into one grave. The child, a week old,

lay on its mother's arm in the coffin. Several hundreds of people had been to view the sight; and many a spectator grew faint as he felt the hand of God in that dwelling, and said, "What desolations He hath made in the earth!"

It was toward sunset on Sabbath evening. I had been on an errand, for a Minister, respecting the supply of his pulpit for the evening service, and was coming through one of the parks on my way home, when I met this bereaved husband and father strolling listlessly along, looking dejected and pale; and, when he saw me, he lifted his eyes without raising his head.

"Which way are you walking?" I said to him. He had formerly visited in my father's family, and we were on pleasant terms.

"Oh," said he, "nowhere; I came out to get away from myself, and from my tomb of a house. Sundays are awful things to a man like me."

"Well, now," said I, "Mr. Winn, I was praying for you last evening, if you will excuse me for speaking of it; for never in my life did I feel so toward a human being as I have felt toward you. Some lines of

Crabbe have occurred to me in connection with your wife's untimely death:—

“Then died lamented, in the strength of life,  
A valiant mother and a faithful wife;”

Not when the ills of age, its pains, its care,  
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare,

But all her ties the strong invader broke  
In all their strength, by one tremendous  
stroke.”

Taking out a little Bible which I always carry with me, I said:—

“In thinking of you, last evening, I turned and read these words of Jeremiah in his Lamentations, which, it seemed to me, you could so appropriately use:

“I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of His wrath.

“He hath led me and brought me into darkness, but not into light.

“Surely against me is He turned; He turneth His hand against me all the day.

“My flesh and my skin hath made me old; He hath broken my bones.

“He hath builded against me, and compassed me with gall and travail.

“He hath hedged me about, that I cannot get out; He hath made my chain heavy.

“He was unto me as a bear lying in wait; and as a lion in secret places.

“He hath turned aside my ways and pulled me in pieces; He hath made me desolate.

“He hath bent His bow and set me as a mark for the arrow.

“He hath caused the arrows of His quiver to enter into my reins.

“He hath filled me with bitterness; He hath made me drunken with wormwood.

“He hath also broken my teeth with gravel stones; He hath covered me with ashes.

“And thou hast removed my soul far off from peace; I forgot prosperity.”

“You could hardly express your trouble in so many and such various terms Mr. W., They all apply to you; and what a book

the bible is, containing everything suitable to each case!”

He made no remark; and I added—  
“Job, too, was brought to my mind by your bereavements. All his children were cut off.”

“Yes, but his wife was left. She was not much, I am inclined to think; yet he had somebody to talk to, and to be with him. I wander all over my house, and there is not one place where I feel that I can sit down. It is haunted by some association, or it seems so lonely that I change the place but keep the pain. Oh, Mr. M., if I had the management of affairs, I would not ex-cruciate men in this way.”

“He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men,” said I.

“Willingly or not,” said he, “it is done; and how can I think well of One who does this? Now, I am a rational creature; I have sense and reason; I am not a machine or beast. I must judge of things as they are, and I cannot bow my affections to a Being whom I cannot love. I suppose that I am worse than people in general in this thing, but I cannot help it, my feelings are involuntary.”

“I do not think that you are worse than people in general, by any means,” said I, “in having these feelings. Thousands have them who do not express them as you do.”

“Now,” said he, “that is the only decent thing that has been said to me this fortnight past. My relations are all Presbyterians, church-going people, and they think me a regular blasphemer.”

“But,” said I, “it is a poor compliment to say that you are no worse than thousands who, like you have a carnal mind, which is enmity against God; for it is not subject to His law, neither indeed can be.”

“That is rather plain language,” said he.

“You certainly are not the man to be offended at the truth, Mr. W., after uttering yourself as plainly as you have to me respecting the Most High!”

"Did I say," said he, "that I was an enemy to God? I take it that I may feel a repugnance to a character, and yet not be an enemy to the man who bears it."

I replied: "If a man thoroughly dislikes his wife, with a settled aversion, is not his mind enmity to her? Yet you would not call him her enemy. But suppose a man to be utterly opposed to the measures of a king, and that he refuses to submit to him, and neglects every duty toward the government, talks to others against it, and his actions are in opposition to it; is not he justly called an enemy of the king? Surely he would be treated as such, under whatever name he might be arraigned."

"He might not be a personal enemy, to the king," said he.

"As to all purposes of loyalty he is a rebel," I replied. How remarkable it is that Christ sums up the whole moral law in this, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thou shalt love thy neighbor." God makes religion, that is, our duty, to consist in, and flow from love. Would it have satisfied you, had that dear son of yours written to you, saying, 'Father I am not your enemy, but I feel utter repugnance to you: I do not and I cannot love you?' What if you should have said to your wife, 'Let us separate; I am not your enemy, but I totally disapprove of your principles and conduct, and take no pleasure in you?' All this you feel toward God."

"Well, I know I do," said he; "and a man may be perfectly justified in feeling so toward his wife, a son toward his father."

"Justified," said I, "if the characters of the father and the wife are really such as these alienated minds assert. Allow that, in the judgment of competent people without number, they are, on the contrary, eminently lovely and good, what would that prove as to the son and the husband?"

"It would prove the men differ honestly about the same things," said he.

I replied, "If a little child at table says, 'Mother, my milk is sour,' and the mother tastes it and finds it perfectly sweet; and the child still insisting that it is sour, the mother hands it to two or three grown people, and they also say it is perfectly sweet, what then?"

"Why," said he, laughing, "either the child's taste is out of order, or its out of temper."

"Mr. Winn," said I, taking a tortoise-shell case out of my pocket, and drawing forth a little key, "There is the key of my little daughter's coffin, as lovely a child as ever drew the breath of life, my only child. God took her away from me. Your children and your wife were your all. Agnes and my wife were my all; my child is dead, and my wife is hastening after her. The bitter sorrow awaits me which you have drunk to the full. How does this make me feel toward God?"

"I should like to hear," interrupting me.

"Mr. Winn," said I, "it makes me say, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee?' and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

"I presume you do not mean, by all that, that you love Him better than before?"

"Better than before?" said I. "There is no comparison that does justice to the case; I love Him, I worship Him, I serve Him, so far as my desires are concerned, as I never did. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

"It is a mystery to me," said he, "and I suppose it is to you. It must be what you call sovereignty, or election.—something over which you have no control."

"Why," said I, "you said just now, speaking of yourself, 'I am a rational creature; I have sense and reason; I am not a machine nor a beast.' Will you allow me to be the same in those respects as your self?"

“Then,” said he, “how does it happen that you and I view the same thing in such a totally different light?”

“Neither you nor I, nor any other man,” said I, “is the standard of truth. There is a common standard—the word of God.”

‘I wish I had more confidence in it,’ said he, interrupting me.

“How improbable it is, Mr. W.,” said I, “That a benevolent God would leave his creatures without some common standard of truth, which would be the arbiter among the contrary judgments and moral sentiments. This argument in favor of a Divine revelation convinces me that the Bible is the word of God, He who gave us the magnetic needle, He who has made the human hand and the eye with such wise and benevolent adaptedness to our wants, would not, He could not, fail to supply us with such a means of instruction and comfort as a revelation from himself. He knew that the greatest desire of His creatures would be, to have authentic information of the character and the wishes of the Being who holds them at His will, and of the way to please Him,—to say nothing of other things, which would make a revelation indispensable. There must be such a revelation, Mr. W. Did not the astronomers, witnessing the perturbations of Uranus, say, ‘There must be a planet beyond him to account for these disturbances?’—Did they not calculate where the undiscovered world must be, and settle its distances, and weight, and orbit, by rules which required all which they afterward discovered? I say that such a system as that under which men live requires that there be a Divine revelation, if there be a benevolent God.”

“Oh,” said he, “you go too fast and too far. I have not settled the point that there is such a benevolent Being.”

‘My dear friend,’ said I, you cannot mean that sufferings counterbalance all those proofs which Dr. Paley, for example, in his *Natural Theology*, quotes from every side to show the goodness of God in the whole structural economy of animate and inanimate things.”

‘How shall I account for it, then, that I am an exception?’ said he.

‘I deny that you are,’ said I. ‘You could not count up the number of those who have suffered as much as you. That peculiar trials should have fallen to the lot of any is to be exemplified hereafter, and not perhaps in this life: an old writer says, ‘Quarrel not with God’s unfinished providences?’ You have no doubt that your wife and little child are gone to heaven.’

He made no reply.

‘Your other daughter too, I learn was a Christian. Suppose your son also, have been prepared to die; and suppose, now that you could look in upon your whole family in heaven, would you feel that some great calamity had happened to them?—Might not some there say, What family is this? Whom has God loved and honored so, that He has transferred them together here? There they are, a constellation of four stars in the firmament of heaven, known by some name, perhaps and as beautiful to spectators as the Southern cross, or Pleiades, with a vacant place in their arrangement waiting for you.’

‘That makes my present loss and pain no less,’ said he.

‘But,’ said I, ‘seventy years are a small part of our whole existence. God may have judged that the very best way to secure your usefulness here, and your eternal happiness, was to take all your family to heaven. There you may see that the greatest kindness God ever bestowed upon you was to bereave you, and thus to keep you from having your portion in this life. He broke up your nest, and took you on his wings, and bore you abroad. He is now seeking to win your confidence and affection, that He may save you. Are you aware, my dear sir, that God loves you?’

‘He cannot be what you say He is, if He can love me,’ said Mr. W.

‘Because He is what He is, He loves you with infinite compassion; but not of course with complacency. His feelings toward you are those of infinite benevolence.

You will be as welcome to His favor, and to eternal happiness as any man. I am persuaded that the peculiarity of your afflictions is a proof of peculiar regard for you; God is making peculiar effort to save you. Do not frustrate them. These clouds may be full of mercy. How much your family in heaven must love you!—

How must that dear wife long to show you the little babe which, has become perfect in beauty! Oh, can you bear to think of being separated from them forever, Mr. W?

'I don't see but I must,' said he, 'If all you say is true.'

'No one but yourself will be to blame if you are not saved,' I replied. 'God has used the severest method to detach you from earth. He now admonishes you, by what you have suffered, that future and endless separation will be intolerable. Speaking to the Israelites, He tells them of their sufferings when they shall be separated from their children by enemies in war. 'Thy sons and thy daughters, shall be given unto another people, and thine eyes shall look and fail with longing for them all the day long.'—How insupportable is home-sickness to a husband and father in a foreign land, thinking that the ocean lies between him and his home. What weariness and restlessness you feel now, as you miss your wife and children. The world is a sepulchre to you. What would you do hereafter, to find that they are together in heaven, and, you banished from them?'

'Well, I wish that I had never been born,' said he, 'and if there were such a thing as annihilation, I would soon find it.'

'Better be a happy spirit in heaven through eternity, as you may be,' said I. 'The time will come when you will look on all these troubles with a peaceful mind.—I love to say those words to myself: 'Thou which hast showed me great and sore trouble, shalt quicken me again, and bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side.' I shall not wonder if I see you again in a happy home, your feelings mellowed and chastened by affliction, and you in possession of rich joys, and exerting great influence by reason of your experience. God 'maketh sore and bindeth up: He woundeth' and His hands make whole.—'He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.'

His countenance began to brighten; and he said—"Hope is a blessed medicine after all; Pondera shut down the lid of her box in good time when she kept Hope behind, after she had let out all her plagues."

"That is a good fable," said I; "but

there is a better Scripture for you: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." What a name that is, Mr. W.,—'the God of hope.'

"I am glad I met you," said he. "I begin to think that I have been very foolish. There's no use of being so stubborn. I have stood in my light. If I had done better I might have escaped these troubles."

"I am glad to hear you bemoaning yourself said I. "Now turn to God, my dear sir; humble yourself to Him—for He is God, and you but dust. 'Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time.'"

"Whether He exalts me or not," said he, in a somewhat excited way, which startled me, "you have made me feel that I have a duty to perform. Walk in," said he, as we came to his door. He rang the bell. A middle-aged woman opened the door a little way, and peeped out, knowing that she was alone in the house, and feeling suspicious of every one who came to it.

"I want you to go with me," said he, "to the spot where my wife died."

The chamber was a little darkened, the blinds being partly shut. The full bed with its snowy white drapery, had an affluent look. The door of a cedar-wood closet stood open, and there hung a lady's dresses making me start at the thought of my intrusion into such a sanctuary; while I remembered, too, what mournful relics they were to this bereaved man. A little feature in a sad scene frequently occupies the chief place in our thoughts, and here my eye caught on the sleeve of a dress which hung out, with the bend in it made by the wearer's arm! How sick at heart did I feel; and what I should say to my friend in my frame of mind, I did not know, when I was surprised by the sound of his voice in prayer.

I looked round, and he was at the further side of the bed, kneeling, and lifting up his folded hands upon the white coverlid. I shall never forget his words. He stole round and knelt at some distance from him, while he said—

“ Oh, God, it is all right. I am a sinner. I am glad there is One who is mightier than I am, and has conquered me, a rebel, and brought me to His feet. Oh, how much it took to bring me down. It is all right; I yield; do with what seems good. For the blessed Jesus' sake, have mercy on a poor desolate, lost, miserable sinner. Please do not let me suffer so forever. Save me from myself. Oh, my wife! my wife! my children! I never prayed with them. I might have ruined them if they had lived. God! Thou hast snatched them away from their wicked father; and now, oh, if God means to save the father too—what a God He must be, and!”

Here he fell into uncontrollable sobbing, and buried his face in the side of the downy bed.

After a while I ventured to follow him in prayer, commending him to the Infinite Friend and Saviour of sinners, leading him in my supplications to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.

I shall always believe that, in that moment, he was reconciled to God through the death of His Son. On that spot where his wife ascended to glory, he found eternal life, so that I said with myself, “ How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.”

“ Mr. M.,” said he, “ I shall sleep here to-night. I have always been afraid to come into the room. Now I should love to spend my days and nights here. Oh, what a God He is. Do you think he can forgive and forget all my wicked words against Him? When He has been trying to do the very best thing for me, what a shame I should be treating Him so. How is that He spares men to act as I do? Oh if I don't spend my life better in making people love Him? How came He to send you to me in the park? You must have had a revelation. It could not have been an accident. Let me see that card-case again. The little key fitted the lock on my heart, and you got into it. How old was she? Do tell me all about her.”

We were summoned down to his tea-table, though I had already taken tea before leaving hemo. The table was beautifully and richly spread.

“ These initials on this china have an interesting tale, I suppose, to you,” said I.

“ Mr M.,” said he, “ I am in a new world. Everything is changed. When I took up these sugar-tongs, and saw these embossed initials of my wife's name, a pang went through me; but it was followed, for the first time, by a feeling of peace, and even of joy. I have something to live for now. God is better than family, heaven is more than earth; to do good is all that life is worth. Do help me, and set me at work. Have you not some poor people that I can visit? If any of them are in trouble, let me know it. Excuse me, you asked me about the china,—I hardly think of anything that belongs to this world.— Yes it came from Hamburg,—a wedding present from her mother; but how it has lost its value to me in a day. How little she cares for it. What are all these treasures worth? I have property, you know, but it could not give health nor save life. My house is full of valuable things, and now I should be willing to give them all away, and be a missionary, if I were fit.— Do tell me everything about that little key. I suspect, by your carrying it with you, it has had some great effect upon your feeling. Now I think of it, I know the undertaker has one that belongs to me. Yes, it was locked, I am sure,” said he with thoughtful inclination of his face; “ the coffin was locked before I came out of the tomb, I remember, I heard the little click. I must go to-night,—no, I will go to-morrow and get that key.”

“ Do so,” said I. “ You will find it to be the richest, and most useful treasure, next to the Bible, which ever came into your hands.” And after much conversation I bade him good-night.

“ God bless you my dear sir,” said he. “ Do not regret leaving me alone now; the house seems full of God. You have done good to one miserable sinner; keep on and God help you to bless many like me.”

What a walk was that to my house! I took the little key and bathed it with kisses and tears. Dear little Agnes, you have done great good already by your death.— “ O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth, who hast set Thy glory above the heavens. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightiest still the enemy and the avenger.”—AGNES, AND THE LITTLE KEY.

## THE MINISTER'S TRUE LIFE AND WALK.

The *true* minister must be a *true* Christian. He must be called by God, before he can call others to God. The apostle Paul thus states the matter: "God hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation." They were first reconciled, and then they had given to them the ministry of reconciliation. Are we reconciled! It is but reasonable that a man who is to act as a spiritual guide to others, should himself know the way of salvation. It has been frequently said that "the way to heaven is blocked up with dead professors;" but it is not also true that the melancholy obstruction is not composed of *members* of churches only. Let us take heed unto ourselves!

As "the minister's life is," in more than one respect, "the life of a ministry," let us speak a few words on "ministerial holy living."

Let us seek the Lord *early*—"If my heart be early seasoned with His presence, it will savour of Him all day after," (Bishop Hall; Psa. v. 3, *vide* Hebrew).—Let us see God before man every day—"I ought to pray before seeing any one. Often when I sleep long, or meet with others early, and then have family-prayer, and breakfast, and forenoon eaters, often it is eleven or twelve o'clock before I begin secret prayer. This is a wretched system. It is unscriptural. Christ rose before day, and went into a solitary place. . . . Family-prayer loses much of its power and sweetness; and I can do no good to those who come to seek for me. The conscience feels guilty, the soul unfed, the lamp not trimmed. Then, when secret prayer comes, the soul is often out of tune. I feel it far better to begin with God—to see His face first—to get my soul near Him before it is near another. . . . It is best to have at least one hour *alone with God*, before engaging in anything else. At the same time, I must be careful not to reckon communion with God by minutes, or hours, or by solitude." (McCheyne.)

Hear this true servant of Christ exhorting a beloved brother—"Take heed to *thyself*. Your own soul is your first and

greatest care. You know a sound body alone can work with power, much more a *healthy soul*. Keep a clear conscience through the blood of the Lamb. Keep up close communion with God. Study likeness to Him in all things. Read the Bible for your own growth first, then for your people."

"With him," says his biographer, "the commencement of all labor invariably consisted in the preparation of his own soul. The forerunner of each day's visitations was a calm season of private devotion during morning hours. The walls of his chamber were witnesses of his prayerfulness—I believe of his tears as well as of his cries. The pleasant sound of psalms, often issued from his room at an early hour. Then followed the reading of the Word for his own sanctification; and few have so fully realised the blessing of the first psalm." Would that it were so with us all! "Devotion is the life of religion—the very soul of piety—the highest employment of grace," (Bishop Hall). It is much to be feared that "we are weak in the closet," (James).

Let us see communion with God as manifested in a youth of about twenty.—James Janeway writes of his brother John: "I once hid myself that I might take the more exact notice of the intercourse that I judged was kept up between him and God. But O what a spectacle did I see! Surely a man walking with God, conversing intimately with his Maker, and maintaining a holy familiarity with the great Jehovah. Methought I saw one talking with God. Methought I saw a spiritual merchant in a heavenly exchange, driving a rich trade for the treasures of another world. O what a glorious sight it was!—Methinks I see him still. How sweetly did his face shine! O with what a lovely countenance did he walk up and down—his lips going, his body oft reaching up, as if he would have taken his flight into heaven! His looks, smiles, and every motion, spake him to be on the very confines of glory. O had one but known what he was then feeding on! Surely he had meat to eat which the world knew not of!" This is to live indeed. What a rebuke to our cold devotions! This is walking with God.

The biographer of the Rev. W. H.



Hewitson begins his memoir thus: "To restore a common-place truth," writes Mr. Coleridge, "to its first uncommon lustre, you need only translate it into action.—*Walking with God* is a very common-place truth. Translate this truth into action, how lustrous it becomes! The phrase, how hackneyed!—the thing, how rare! It is such a walk—not an abstract ideal; but a personality, a life—which the reader is invited to contemplate in the subject of this memoir." O that we would only set ourselves in right earnest to this rare work of translation!

It is said of the energetic, pious, and successful John Berridge, that "communion with God was what he enforced in the latter stages of his ministry. It was, indeed, his own meat and drink, and the banquet from which he never appeared to rise." This shews us the source of his great strength. If we were always sitting at this banquet, then it might be recorded of us ere long, as of him, "he was in the first year visited by about a thousand persons under serious impressions."

To the men even more than to their doctrine we would point the eye of the inquirer who asks, Whence came their success; and why may not the same success be ours? We may take the sermons of Whitefield, or Berridge, or Edwards for our study or our pattern; but it is the individuals themselves that we must mainly set before us; it is with the spirit of the men, more than of their works, that we are to be imbued, if we are emulous of a ministry as powerful, as victorious as theirs. They were spiritual men and walked with God. It is living fellowship with a living Saviour, which, transforming us into His image, fits us for being able and successful ministers of the Gospel. Without this nothing else will avail. Neither orthodoxy, nor learning, nor eloquence, nor power of argument, nor zeal, nor fervour, will accomplish aught without this. It is this that gives power to our words, and persuasiveness to our arguments; making them either as the balm of Gilead to the wounded spirit, or as sharp arrows of the mighty to the conscience of the stout-hearted rebel. From them that walk with Him in holy, happy intercourse, a virtue seems to go forth, a blessed fragrance seems to compass

them whithersoever they go. Nearness to Him, intimacy with Him, assimilation to His character; these are the elements of a ministry of power. When we can tell our people, We beheld His glory, and therefore we speak of it; it is not from report we speak, but we have seen the King in His beauty—how lofty the position we occupy! Our power in drawing men to Christ, springs chiefly from the fulness of our personal joy in Him, and the nearness of our personal communion with Him. The countenance that reflects most of Christ, and shines most with His love and grace, is most fitted to attract the gaze of a careless, giddy world, and win their restless souls from the fascinations of creature-love and creature-beauty. A ministry of power must be the fruit of a holy, peaceful, loving intimacy with the Lord.

"The law of truth was in His mouth, and iniquity was not found in His lips: He walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity;" (Mal. ii. 6.) Let us observe the connection here declared to subsist between faithfulness and success in the work of the ministry, between a godly life, and the "turning away many from iniquity." The end for which we first took office, as we declared at ordination, was the *saving of souls*; the end for which we still live and labour is the same; the means to this end are a holy life and a faithful fulfilment of our ministry. The connection between these two things is close and sure. We are entitled to calculate upon it. We are called upon to pray and labour with the confident expectation of its being realised; and where it is not, to examine ourselves with all diligence, lest the cause of the failure be found in ourselves; in our want of faith, our want of love, our want of prayer, our want of zeal and warmth, our want of spirituality and holiness of life; for it is by these that the Holy Spirit is grieved away. Success is attainable; success is desirable; success is promised by God; and nothing on earth can be bitterer to the soul of a faithful minister than the want of it. To walk with God, and to be faithful to our trust, is declared to be the certain way of attaining it. O how much depends on the holiness of our life, the consistency of our character, the heavenliness of our walk and

## The Ivy.

conversation! Our position is such, that we cannot remain neutral. Our life cannot be one of harmless obscurity. We must either repel or attract—save or ruin souls! How loud, then, the call, how strong the motive to spirituality of soul and circumspectness of life! How solemn the warning against worldly-mindedness and vanity, against levity and frivolity, against negligence and sloth, and cold formality!

Of all men, a minister of Christ is especially called to walk with God. Everything depends on this; his own peace and joy, his own future reward at the coming of the Lord. But especially does God point to this as the true and sure way of securing the blessing. This is the grand secret of ministerial success. One who walks with God reflects the light of his countenance upon a benighted world; and the closer he walks, the more of this light does he reflect. One who walks with God, carries in his very air and countenance a sweet serenity and holy joy that diffuses tranquility around. One who walks with God receives and imparts life whithersoever he goes; as it is written, "out of him shall flow rivers of living water." He is not merely the world's light, but the world's fountain; dispensing the water of life on every side, and making the barren wastes to blossom as the rose. He waters the world's wilderness as he moves along his peaceful course. His life is blessed; his example is blessed; his intercourse is blessed; his words are blessed; his ministry is blessed! Souls are saved, sinners are converted, and many are turned from their iniquity.—*Words to the Winners of Souls.*

— "MAN'S CHIEF END."—Lady Huntingdon was one evening on her way to a brilliant assembly, when suddenly, there darted into her soul these words,—“Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever,” which she had committed to memory, years before, in learning the Westminster Shorter Catechism. From that hour, her whole life revolved round a new centre. The guilty, trembling sinner—hitherto occupied with her poor self—gazed on the face of Him who had died for her; and as she gazed, her conscience found peace, and her heart a satisfying rest. Her future life became one “living sacrifice.”

“The ivy in a dungeon grow,  
Unfed by rain, uncheered by dew;  
The pallid leaflets only drank  
Cave-moistures foul, and odours dank.

“But through the dungeon-grating,  
high,  
There fell a sunbeam through the sky;  
It slept upon the grateful floor  
In silent gladness evermore.

“The Ivy felt a tremor shoot  
Through all its fibres, to the root;  
It felt the light, it saw the ray,  
It strove to blossom into day.

“It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb—  
Long had the darkness been its home;  
But well it knew, though veiled in  
night,  
The goodness and the joy of light.”

“It reached the beam—it thrilled—  
it curled—  
It blessed the warmth that cheers the  
world;  
It rose towards the dungeon bars—  
It looked upon the sun and stars.

“It felt the life of bursting spring,  
It heard the happy sky-lark sing.  
It caught the breath of morns and  
eves,  
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

“By rains, and dews, and sunshine fed,  
Over the outer wall it spread;  
And in the daybeam waving free,  
It grew into a steadfast tree.

“Would'st know the moral of the  
rhyme!  
Behold the heavenly light and climb!

— To every dungeon comes a ray —  
— Of God's interminable day! —

— [CHARLES MACKAY.

## Heart Blindness.

I once saw a man walking along the edge of a precipice as if it were a plain.— For anything he knew, it was a plain, and safe. He was calm and fearless, not because there was no danger, but because he was blind.

And who cannot now understand how men so wise, so cautious in most things, can go so securely, so carelessly, even so gaily on, as if everything were safe for eternity, while snares and pitfalls are all about them, and death may be just at hand, and the next step may just send them down the infinite abyss! Oh, we see it, we see it—they are blind!

A blind man is more taken up with what he holds in his hand, than with mountains, ocean, sun or stars. He feels this; but those he can neither touch nor see.

And now it is plain why unconverted men undervalue doctrine, saying that "it is no matter what a man believes, so his heart is right;" that "one doctrine is as good as another; and for that matter, no doctrines are good for much;" and that "they don't believe in doctrinal preaching, at any rate." They, forsooth, they! blind worms, pronouncing contemptuously, of the stupendous heights and glories of God's revelation, where alone we learn what we are to believe concerning Him, and what duty He requires of us.

It is plain, too, why they see no preciousness in the promises, no glory in Christ no beauty in holiness, no grandeur in the work of redemption; why they make a mock of sin, despise God's mercenings, brave His wrath, make light of the blood of Christ, jest at death, and rush headlong on certain perdition. They are blind. So the Scripture speaks. They are blind people that have eyes. Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart.—So there is such a thing as heart blindness, as well as blindness of the bodily eye.—*Blind Bartimeus.*

## "I HOPE TO GO TO HEAVEN."

Doubtless you do, dear Reader. If you are professedly a believer in the word of God, if you give credit to its statements concerning a heaven of everlasting happiness, and a hell of everlasting misery, we wonder not at your desiring to obtain the one, and your wishing to escape the other.

But what is the nature of your hope, and upon what is it founded? Are you able to say, as one has well said—

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness:  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name,  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand."

God speaks of the "hope of the righteous which shall be gladness."—(Prov. x. 28.) And of the "hope of the hypocrite which shall perish."—(Job viii. 13.)

Thousands, alas! may we not say tens of thousands, profess to entertain a hope of going to heaven, while, at the same time, they are pursuing a course the very opposite of that which the word of God declares will conduct thither. The words "I hope to go to heaven," in the mouths of such persons are vague and unmeaning words. Even during their utterance conscience is giving the lie to them; it speaks plainly, and says, "you are without a title to heaven, and without fitness for it."—What is a hope like this worth? What is it but the hope of the hypocrite which shall perish?

Reader what is *your* hope of heaven? Think not to make God a liar by framing for yourself any other path to heaven than the path marked out in His word. If you do, fearful is your mistake, and unutterably fearful will be its consequences. The way, the only way to heaven the word of God declares is by Christ. The Lord Jesus, Christ himself declares, "I am the way

the truth, and the life. *no man* cometh unto the Father, but *by me*."—(John xiv. 16.) The very first step in this way is to come in your true character, and that is as a guilty, lost sinner, to the feet of Jesus, and *there* to plead for the full, free, perfect salvation. He has pledged His word to bestow on all those who thus seek it.

It is only as you are cleansed from the deep pollution of your sins in the blood of Jesus; it is only as your naked soul is clad in the righteousness of Jesus; it is only as you are dwelt in by the Spirit of Jesus, and are daily bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit in your life, that you can upon good grounds say, "I hope to go to heaven." Reader, beware, as you value the happiness of your never dying soul, beware of building your hope of heaven on any other foundation—(1 Cor. iii. 11.) If you are building on any other, then we solemnly warn you, you are only trifling. You are trifling with God, you are trifling with your soul, you are trifling with heaven and its eternal happiness, you are trifling with hell and its never ending torments.

Reader, mark! God—your soul—eternal happiness—eternal misery? Are these *trifling concerns*? When they become such, then—but not till then—will you be justifiable in asserting vaguely, unmeaningly, and on a foundation that will crumble into nothing when exposed to the searching test of the judgment bar—"I hope to go to heaven."

**✠** *Every good and every perfect gift cometh down from above.* The greatest excellencies in us do as much depend on God, as the light does upon the sun. When thou lookest upon thy wisdom thou must say, "Here is wisdom, but it is *from above*." Here some weak loves working towards Christ, but it is *from above*. Here is joy, and comfort, and peace, but these are all the flowers of paradise; they never grow in nature's garden." When a soul looks thus upon all those costly diamonds with which his heart is decked, he keeps low, though his graces are high.—*Brooks.*

## To the Aged.

Sailors on a long voyage drink to "Friends astern" until they are half-way over, when they begin to drink to "Friends ahead." With me it has been "Friends ahead this long while"—wrote one who has since dropped anchor in the "fair havens" of everlasting rest. How is it with *you*, dear friends? You are getting on in years: one by one you have many tokens that the voyage of life is nearly over, for "the young *may* die, but the old *must*," and perhaps, for you who read these words, the end is near, much nearer than you think. Let me then ask, and let your own hearts answer honestly, as in God's presence—*How is it with you?* Are you looking back, or looking forward? *leaving* your treasure, or going to it?—in other words, is your heart taken up with the things of *this* world, the world you are leaving, or is it fixed yonder, where true joys are to be found? for where the *treasure* is, there will the *heart* be also. Are you saddened and depressed by the thought of having to leave this world so soon! or does "the looming of the hills of glory," (as a dying sailor expressed it,) cheer your soul?

Dear unconverted friends—we are sad to think that you have no bright home to look forward to—no dear Saviour Friend, waiting to welcome you there: we are sad to think of this pitiful world being your portion *here*,—and *hereafter* "the blackness of darkness for ever." But it is not too late even now to come to the Saviour—thank God it is not. Come then, just as you are, worn out in the devil's service, a long life wasted in the weary works of sin or of self-righteousness, (both equally soul-destroying,) come *now*, and Jesus *our* Saviour will in no wise cast you out. Tell Him your sins, your fears, your misery your weakness; cast yourself on his love; you will find He is the very friend you want—able, aye, and *willing*, to blot out

all your sins, comfort you in all your sorrows, and, as your heart and flesh fail, to be the strength of your heart and your portion for ever.

Dear friends who have believed through grace, try to live out your blessedness more, that those around you may see how true is the word of your God—that the righteous shall hold on his way and grow stronger and stronger, that while the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed day by day.

Happy believers, well may the thought of "Friends ahead" delight your soul, for yet a little while and you will have come "unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and church of the firstborn which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant."

Surrey,

S. R.

### Christ Before You.

"It is one of the traditions of the age of chivalry, that a Scottish king, when dying, bequeathed his heart to the most trusted and beloved of his nobles, to be carried to Palestine. Enclosing the precious deposit in a golden case, and suspending it from his neck, the knight went out with his companions. He found himself, when on his way to Syria, hardly pressed by the Moors of Spain: To animate himself to supernatural efforts, as it were, that he might break through his thronging foes, he snatched the charge entrusted to him from his neck, and flinging it into the midst of his enemies, exclaimed—**FORTH, HEART OF BRUCE!** as thou wast wont, and Douglass will follow thee or die!" And so he perished, in the endeavor to reclaim it from the trampling feet of the infidels, and to force his way out.—Even such will you feel your own position to be, when encountering the hosts of heathenism. Your Master's heart has flung itself in advance of your steps. In the rushing crowds that

withstand you, there is not one whom that heart has not cared for and pitied, however hostile and debased, unlovely and vile.—It is your business to follow the leadings of his heart, and to pluck it, as it were, from beneath the feet of those who, in ignorance and enmity, would tread it in the dust."—*Dr. Williams.*

### Salvation.

Salvation! what a glorious plan,  
How suited to our need!  
The grace that raises fallen man  
Is wonderful indeed!

'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design  
To ransom us when lost;  
And love's unfathomable mine  
Provided all the cost.

Strict Justice, with approving look,  
The holy covenant seal'd;  
And Truth and Power undertook  
The whole should be fulfill'd.

Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Power and Love  
In all their glory shone,  
When Jesus left the courts above,  
And died to save his own.

Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Power and Love  
Are equally displayed;  
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,  
Our Advocate and Head.

Now sin appears deserving death,  
Most hateful and abhor'd;  
And yet the sinner lives by faith,  
And dares approach the Lord.

MILTON.

There is one sure way of giving freshness and importance to the most commonplace maxims—that of reflecting on them in direct reference to our own state and conduct, to our own past and future being.—[Coleridge.

In order to learn, we must attend: in order to profit by what we have learnt, we must think—that is reflect. He only thinks who reflects.—[Coleridge.

## Steep Your Seed.

Beloved, there is one reason why we should pray, those of us who are engaged in the Lord's work in any way, because it "is prayer that will ensure success." Two labourers in God's harvest met each other once upon a time, and they sat down to compare notes. One was a man of sorrowful spirit, and the other joyous, for God had given him the desire of his heart.—The sad brother said, "Friend, I cannot understand how it is that everything you do is sure to prosper. You scatter seed with both your hands very diligently, and it springs up, and so rapidly too, that the reaper treads upon the heels of the sower, and the sower himself again upon the heels of the next reaper. I have sown," said he, "as you have done, and I think I can say I have been just as diligent; I think too the soil has been the same, for we have laboured side by side in the same town. I hope the seed has been of the same quality, for I have found mine where you get yours—the common granary. But alas, my seed, friend, mine never springs up. I sow it. It is as if I sowed upon the waves, I never see a harvest. Here and there a sickly blade of wheat I have discovered with great and diligent search, but I can see but little reward for all my labours." They talked long together, for the brother who was successful was one of a tender heart, and therefore he sought to comfort this mourning brother. They compared notes; they looked through all the rules of husbandry, and they could not solve the mystery, why one was successful and the other laboured in vain. At last one said to the other, "I must retire." "Wherefore?" said the other, "Why this is the time," said he, "when I must go and steep my seed."—"Steep your seed?" said the other. "Yes, my brother, I always steep my seed before I sow it. I steep it till it begins to swell, and germinate, and I can almost see a green blade springing from it, and then you know it speedily grows after it is sown." "Ah," said the other, "but I understand not what you mean. How do you steep your seed, and in what mysterious mixture?" "Brother," said he, "it is a composition made of one part of the tears of agony for the souls of men, and the

other part of the tears of a holy agony which wrestles with God in prayer:—this mixture if you drop your seed in it, hath a transcendent efficacy to make every grain full of life so that it is not lost." The other rose and went on his way, and forgot not what he had learned, but he began to steep his seed too; he spent less time in his study, more time in his closet; he was less abroad, more at home; less with man, and more with God. And he went abroad and scattered his seed, and he too, saw a harvest, and the Lord was glorified in them twain.—*Spurgeon.*

## CHARACTER IS POWER.

It is often said that knowledge is power—and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So to a certain extent, wealth is power, and rank is power, and intellect is power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, and better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind. Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who, in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbours and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called Wise and Good.—*Anon.*

## PULL IT UP BY THE ROOT.

"Father, here is a dock," said Thomas, as he was at work with his father in the garden; "shall I cut it off close to the root?"

"No," replied his father, "that will not do; I have cut it up myself many times, but it grows again stronger and stronger. Pull it up by the root, for nothing else will kill it."

Thomas pulled again, and again at the dock, but the root was very deep in the ground, and he could not stir it from its place; so he asked his father to come and help him, and his father went and soon pulled it out.

"This dock-root, Thomas," said his father, "which is an evil and fast growing weed in a garden, puts me in mind of the evil things that grow so fast in the hearts of children. A bad passion, even when found out, is hard to be removed; it is no use to trifle with it; there is no way to overcome and destroy it but to pull it up by the root.

"You have often seen in our garden, Thomas, that when the weeds are allowed to grow, they spoil all the plants and flowers that grow near them. So it is with evil passions in the heart of a child. If a little boy is ill-tempered, we must not expect to find in him good humor, cheerfulness, thankfulness, and a desire to make others happy. And a little girl who is idle, we need not expect to find industrious, neat, or cheerful. As weeds injure the flowers, so bad passions will injure good qualities. If a child is undutiful to his parents, and despises the commandments of God, we might as well look for a rose or a tulip in a bed of nettles, as hope to find in his heart those graces and good desires that we love to see growing there. Now, this is quite a sufficient reason why all bad passions should be pulled up by the root.

"Every bad habit, every evil passion which troubles you, you should try with all your heart and mind to overcome; you should, if possible, pull it up. But as you will find your own strength but weakness, go straightway to your mighty friend who alone is able to strengthen and assist you. He can take from your hearts the love of sin; and this is the only way of destroying it, as we have destroyed the dock by pulling it up by the root."—*Christian Treasury*.

Faith is the champion of grace, and the nurse; but humility is the beauty of grace. *Be clothed with humility.* The Greek word imports that humility is the ribbon or string that ties together all those precious pearls, the rest of the graces. If this string break, they are all scattered.

Grace grows by exercise, and decays by disuse. Though both arms grow, yet that which a man most uses is the stronger; so it is both in gifts and graces. In birds, the wings which have been used most, are the sweetest: the application is easy.

## THE IDOL AND THE EYED DOLL.

The following anecdote was related to me by a member of the English family of whom it speaks.

There had gone out from the city of Manchester, England, a missionary and his wife to those fair but miserable islands of the Pacific, the Samoan group. Children were born to them in due time, to call forth, more effectually than ever, the sympathy and affection of those in England who "held on to the rope," as Carey said.—And a little missionary sewing circle was formed in Manchester, to make up a box of clothing, comforts, and memorial gifts for these far off friends in the sea.

When this became known in the households, an old family servant who had spent thirty years of her life with them, and had grown in that time to be one of them, greatly desired to send some present that would be prized by the little ones, the children of the children she had nursed and loved, and followed into their willing exile with her tears and blessings. So she bought a handsome doll,—one of those meddlesome little constructions which open and shut their eyes on a slight hint,—then she went to work upon her wardrobe with a generosity that showed her conviction that dolls at least are not subject to vanity.—Morning-dresses, and walking-dresses, dinner-dresses, and ball-dresses, basques, cardinals, etc., etc., until it was necessary to provide a separate smaller box to be enclosed in the larger one, that the rich array might not be marred on the way.

While this kindly little enterprise was growing up in England, another doll had made its appearance in Samoa. Roman Catholic priests arrived there, bent, we fear, more upon defeating the Protestants, than converting the natives to Christ. They obtained some slight foothold, and opened their wares, not the least important of which was *an image of the Virgin Mary*. Doubtless its dresses were also rich, and its tresses fair; but, alas, its eyes were fixed.

The priests and this object of their worship were still under discussion, when it was noised abroad that the English people had received a box of gifts from their own country. Far and wide the tidings spread, and all sorts of people crowded thither to

see these strange and beautiful things.— Among other matters, the doll of course was not forgotten by the children; she was brought forth in her brilliant attire, and put upon the display of her accomplishments. The eyes silently and rapidly shut and opened, to the admiration of untutored Polynesia.

And now, unbidden by the missionaries, but prompt and clear, came this odd but unanswerable reasoning: "We have seen the god of the Roman Catholics, we have also seen the plaything of the English children; the plaything opens its eyes, but the eyes of the Catholic god are fixed: greater is the plaything of the Protestants than the idol of the Romanists. What must the God of the Protestants be?"— And the missionaries declare, that so strong was the hold of these thoughts upon the minds of the people, that the priests could not recover their influence, but were absolutely driven from the island by the doll. The word preached by the missionary had free course, and was listened to; and the evangelization of the people was thus signally aided by the old servant's kindly gift.

—*Am. Messenger.*

### AN INCH OF TIME.

When Elizabeth, the great and gifted, but ambitious Queen of England, was dying, she cried out, "An inch of time!" Millions of money for an inch of time! Poor woman! she was lying on a splendid bed; she had been used to have a new dress every day; she had ten thousand dresses in her wardrobe, at her feet a kingdom on which the sun never sets:—but all was of no value then. She had lived for seventy years, but had put off preparation for eternity to the last. That which should have occupied her whole lifetime, was crowded into a few moments; and when it was too late, the wealth of her kingdom would have been given for "an inch of time!"—

*Rills from the Fountain.*

Augustin said: "Deliver me, O Lord from that evil man, *myself*."

### I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO.

If any young man will take heed to the Bible, as a guide in life, he will be saved from many fatal errors, and from wretchedness and remorse. We wish that all young readers had the resolute will of John in the following incident:

"I've got orders—positive orders—not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth, who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so *Womanish*—come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John "What special orders have you got? come show 'em to us if you can. Show us your orders."

John took a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a neatly folded paper: "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper, and showing it to the boys. They looked and read aloud:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked man. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you. They are God's orders, and, by His help, I don't mean to break them."

### UNIVERSALISM: THE WICKED UNCLE.

A pious minister, now in the Methodist connection, was formerly a preacher among the Universalists. The incident which led him seriously to examine the grounds of that doctrine, are striking and singular.— He was amusing his little son, by telling him the story of "The Babes in the Wood." The boy asked "What became of the little innocent children?" "They went to heaven," replied the father. "What became of the wicked old uncle?" He went to heaven too." "Won't he kill them again, father?" said the boy.

All the arrows that are shot at a Christian, stick in his buckler; they never reach his conscience, his soul. The raging waves beat sorely against Noah's ark, but they touched not him.



# THE GOOD NEWS.

January 15th, 1861.

## Haste to the Rescue.

This is the title of a little volume that some time since issued from the London Press, and attracted considerable attention from those who are interested in the Evangelization of the masses. We have read it with considerable interest. Its style is simple, owing to the facts which it describes being addressed to a sister in the form of letters. Its tone is earnest and practical, revealing on every page the heart of a *true woman*, animated with strong love to Christ, and perishing souls. Its facts and incidents occurred during an intercourse of eighteen months, with about Five hundred working men and their families, in the town of Shrewsbury. It is a Volume we should like to see in the hands of all who are yearning to do something for Christ. They would probably learn from it how they might direct their hitherto latent energies, and their zeal would probably be quickened by reading about the earnest, zealous efforts of the writer. In fact, this is one of the objects the author professes to have in view, in publishing the work, and we doubt not but her example will be blessed by God, to stir up many hearts and hands to engage in similar efforts, in many other places throughout the world.

The writer is the wife of the Rev. Charles Wightman, Rector in the town of Shrewsbury, England. She was very delicate in health for many years, so delicate indeed, that she and her friends regarded it as altogether out of the question for her to engage in any very active labor, But God who was preparing her for usefulness, restored her to health and made her zealous for His cause. The means He employed was the removal of a dear child

—as it appears an only child—by death. This visitation had an important effect on her mind. It roused her from spiritual lethargy. It bound her by so strong a gratitude to God, for the mercy shown to her in saving her child's soul, that she felt more than ever *that she was not her own*, and that she must spend the rest of her life in winning souls to God. This is not an unusual means of preparing laborers for His vineyard. After the rude hand of death has snatched away a wife, a child or other relative, around whom the affection of an individual is entwined, he is likely to concentrate his heart and his energies on a purpose, and be eminently successful in carrying his purpose out. It was so with this Lady. Her heart and energies were brought to a high purpose, to an important work, and though she was prepared for her work by a process severe and costly, she was abundantly rewarded. God snatched one child away to Himself, but overruled the affliction in such a way, that many spiritual children were born unto her.

We have marked a few suggestive passages which we transfer to our pages in the hope that they, with the comments thereon may be eminently useful:

### WINNING SOULS TO CHRIST.

"I am resolved to begin at once an earnest and loving work amongst our dear people, TO MAKE A BUSINESS OF IT, and to devote myself, God helping me, wholly and heartily to the one thing,—WINNING SOULS FOR CHRIST AND GLORY. Who knows what the result may be? We have no idea, impotent as we are in ourselves, what we may and can do, if we will only try, in the strength God has laid up for us in Christ."

What a noble aim and resolution it is to aim at *winning* souls to Christ, and to make a *business* of it. Many make it their business to preach, who do not devote much time or effort to the winning of souls. The two things are distinct. They ought to be associated, but they are not always. If any preacher preaches Christ fairly, he

will be almost sure to win souls to Him.— But if he does not preach Christ fully, or lovingly, or yearningly, he cannot expect to be successful. Some men so preach as to repel a soul from God. Others so preach as to win admiration to themselves for vigour of intellect, power of imagination or extent of erudition. Winning souls for Christ is a higher and a rarer aim, and to make a *business* of it is the highest object of being. Oh, that we had a passion for souls. That we had an earnest, prayerful, yearning desire that souls may honour God, and turn from the path that leads to destruction. We would live more in earnest than we do; and could exercise it in any position we might occupy. And this too without possessing any great talent, or great learning; but a loving heart, an intelligent idea of the plan of redemption and a determination to do what we can for the Redeemer's glory.

Reader, do you aim at Winning Souls? Do you on every occasion, in season and out of season, speak to those with whom you come in contact, about the things that pertain to their everlasting peace? If you do, if you make a *business* of it you will already have tokens of success for your encouragement. If you have not begun, will you not begin just now? Do not wait for individuals to speak to you about their souls. Go and speak to them, for you have "no idea, impotent as you are in yourself, what you may and can do, if you will only try, in the strength God has laid up for you in Christ."

#### SUCCESS FROM GOD.

"I have often thought what a mercy it is that success does not depend on our *fitness*, nor even on our *capabilities*. Our heavenly Father can supply all our need, both mental and physical, out of the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus, and in His skillful hands no instrument, however foolish in itself, can be useless."

We are inclined to think that success

does depend on our fitness and capabilities as instruments. God in making use of us as tools, like a skillful workman, makes use of the tool best adapted for the work he has in view. But "as his thoughts are above our thoughts," as his power is infinite. He often chooses instruments for doing a great work, that appear to man inadequate for such an undertaking. It is a glorious fact that success does not depend upon man's *sense of fitness* or *capacity*.— This ought to be had in remembrance.— Through forgetting it, christian men often shirk the discharge of duty. They roll over on their want of ability, what is properly a want of faith, for every duty God calls a man to perform, He enables him to discharge. Faith in God's power is a scarcity in the Christian Church at the present day. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," is seldom realised and when realized by an individual not distinguished for anything else, and through this realization he is enabled to work a work in his day, Christians stand amazed and exclaim, "WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL! I could never have expected such a thing as that." Oh! when will men believe that those who have faith, as a grain of mustard seed, can remove mountains, for they enlist the power of the Mighty God to their assistance.

#### TRUST IN GOD ALONE.

"God teaches me to trust on no props, but to trust Him for the truthfulness of His promise and to act upon it."

This remark was drawn forth through discouragement thrown across her path by a christian whom she had consulted, and from whom she looked for encouragement. Her experience is the experience of all whom God calls to enter on a new, or untried work. They feel from the dispositions of God's providence in their circumstances, and the dispensations of His Spirit on their soul, that they have got a work to do; but

lest they should be wrong, and in order that they may be guided right, they consult a friend. Instead, however, of getting encouragement, their plans and purposes are misunderstood, their motives are misconstrued. A wet blanket is thrown upon their zeal, which has the effect of shutting them up to God alone. But this is far from being a misfortune. It is the greatest blessing that could be bestowed. For they are kept from trusting to assistance that cannot be depended upon, and are forced to lean on one who saves all who put their trust in Him.

This woman's trust in God was not in vain. She honored God by acting on His word, and He has honored her as an instrument in doing His work. What is seen in her case, is seen in of other outstanding instances in the church in our day. Individuals of strong faith in God's word, have been honored to do great things in His name, and their success has not only thrown contempt on the means that mere common sense employs, but makes the large bodies of professing christians to blush at their comparative impotency.—The success of these individuals affords great encouragement to all to follow their example. Let each take God at His word, and act upon it whether they understand how it will be fulfilled or not. Let each prove Him now, whether or not He is a God of Truth, and they shall be sure to find in their experience, that all who put their trust in Him shall never be put to shame or confoundment.

#### SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

An individual to whom she had spoken about his soul and his career of drunkenness, who wept bitterly after the conversation, is represented as saying to his wife, "She was so kind; its them kind words of hers that's got over me. She spoke to me as if she wanted me to be saved. I'll go to church on Sunday morning, and to her meeting at three o'clock, and again to church at night. I will."

This is but one instance among many

which we might quote from her book, of the kind way in which she spoke to men about their soul and their circumstances.—We think that her kind manner was under God, in a great measure the reason of her spiritual success, and we commend her example to those who are engaged in the work of the Lord. There is a right and a wrong way of doing right things, and poor human nature is more apt to take the wrong than the right. Some who preach *the truth*, do not preach it in love, but in wrath. They scold men for being sinners, and by their harsh unscriptural manner drive men away from Christ, rather than allure them to Him. Others in conversing with individuals who may be living in sin, or may have lapsed into it, speak in a sepulchral tone that makes them shrink from advice or assistance. This is a great pity. If those who speak the truth to others, would imagine themselves as occupying the same position as the individual they address. Or if even they loved the Lord Jesus Christ very much, the reflex influence of this affection would be manifested in a kind loving manner.

For speaking to man the truth *in love*, females are naturally better adapted than males. At all events this Lady's experience, and the experience of others engaged in Home Mission work in our day, go to show that they have been very successful in influencing favorably the rough, unpolished sons of toil. Mrs. W., says, "They say a Lady can manage a rough horse better than a man. Perhaps it may be the same with these men, for rough as they seem, the very gentlest influence tells on most of them." This being the case the Church should see that Females of suitable intelligence and piety is engaged in the Lord's work as *their occupation*. The Church has long been alive to the value of Female labour in Sabbath Schools. In the field of authorship, and in tract distribution. In

these departments they have shown themselves as well able to labour in the vineyard, as individuals of the stronger sex. Within the last year or two they have shown themselves well adapted for the circulation of Bibles in London, and we see not why they might not be valuable paid auxiliaries to ministers in towns and cities.

“DINING PARTIES,”

“Old Mr. G—— said, ‘Well, it was for all the world like our Saviour eating with publicans and sinners, to see Mr. W—— and Mr. and Mrs. L——, and you sit along with such a rough set on us, as we been; and some on us such desperate wicked uns till quite lately.’”

When we read this we are reminded that such parties are in accordance with the Lord’s express injunctions. “*Then said He unto them that bade Him, when thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.*” — Luke xiv. 12, 13, 14. These parties,

however, are rarely to be found as evidences of our modern Christianity. In fact they are so rare that we are apt to imagine that the reference to them is blotted out of our New Testaments, and that they only occur where zeal and philanthropy have entered upon an expensive expedient for doing good. It is desirable for the piety of the Church, and for the gathering in of those who are without its pale, that there should be a reform in this particular. At present thousands of professing Christians give dinner parties to their rich friends and acquaintances, and gladly act upon similar invitations in return. They have no scruple about squandering time, and money, and consideration in providing what is neces-

sary for their table, for adorning their persons, or for entertaining their guests.— And what is the result of such lavish expenditure? What is the influence it has on the individuals themselves? Certainly these parties do not bring lasting pleasure, or the most pleasant reflections to the class we refer to, nor do they leave them better fitted or more disposed for private devotion. Love and joy are not often the product, but instead, envy and rivalry, and vanity become rampant. How different would it be if Christians would act out the Lord’s injunction. Having the mind that was in Him, by humbling themselves to eat with publicans and sinners, they would not only receive blessing to their own soul, but would acquire an influence for good over their guests of the greatest importance.— And if these guests should prove ungrateful for the kindness and attention shewn to them, Christians have no right to be discouraged, for God shall recompense “them, at the resurrection of the just.”

INVITATIONS TO CHURCH.

“It is remarkable that I have never said one word to them about coming to Church.— Had I done so, I know they would never have come. I have only spoken at every step of God’s love in Christ, and this has been blessed. Not my words, but *God’s truth* has done it.” p. 57

This statement is of importance, and deserves great consideration. This Lady was the means of inducing a great many non-church goers to attend worship regularly, yet she did not urge them to go to church. She did not even speak to them on the subject. Many who are anxious for the gathering in of the careless or the lapsed, afraid to speak of Christ first, as if that would be distasteful, speak to them about coming to church, and they hope that if they should become regular church goers they will be sure to become christians. They think that they will hear about Christ there, and after that, they

will come to believe in Him and love Him. But they are mistaken as to the best plan. They should hold up Christ, and once men come to know and love Him, they will be glad to come to His house. "If he is lifted up He will draw men to Himself."

DRINK AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

This Lady soon found that one of the main obstacles in her way was connected with the *drinking customs* of the people. She started with an extreme dislike of total abstinence; but she found after a brief experience, that, unless she induced the objects of her solicitude to become total abstainers there appeared but little likelihood of her making much way among them.

"Oh, what a curse this drink is! It becomes a *disease*. Those under its dominion cannot get out of its snare, except by totally abstaining, and they want a loving hand to lift them up to firm resolve, or they will go on drinking, and perish in their sins.

I could no more now be a *Christian, and not a total abstainer*, than I could be a *Christian and a drunkard*. The facts I witness have made me, for the sake of my own flesh and blood, my brothers and sisters of the working classes, loathe the very sight of that which to them has been an occasion of sin and sorrow of heart—*aye of going down to hell*."

She never, however, appears to have unduly exalted mere abstinence from intoxicating drinks as a great many Temperance Reformers do, and always advocated it on thoroughly gospel principles. It would be well if it were always thus advocated.

She says, "It is to the strictly devotional tone of our meetings that I attribute all my success, under God. The way that Total Abstinence Societies are conducted without any religious element, is most objectionable, and I have felt so strongly on the subject that I have never allowed any temperance advocate to plead the cause in our room, (here I must except Mr. Gough, whose presence amongst us I shall consider a *great boon*.) And when clergymen of ability and piety, who have addressed my men, have fallen into the common error of supposing that it was necessary to give a temperance address—or rather to speak

against drunkenness—they have greatly disappointed the people, who expected to have heard some simple and beautiful exposition of Scripture, to comfort and strengthen their hearts by presenting Christ and His love before them as the motive to holy living. More than once has this remark been made by a man, "*We didn't want to hear about drunkenness: we know too much about that ourselves—more the pity—more than any gentleman could tell us.*" It seems an insult to their common sense, to be always harping upon a sin which they have given up, and are resolved to abstain from, God helping them. And they all know there are plenty of other sins equally dangerous to their eternal interests. They know that a man may be a total abstainer and yet live without God and thus be lost for ever," p. 178.

"The whole movement has been from the beginning a *RELIGIOUS* one. The teetotalism arose from the necessity of the case. If in the providence of God it had been my lot to prosecute a life work in China, *total abstinence from opium* must have been used as the hand maid of the Gospel!"

These large extracts from the book speak for themselves. They carry a word of reproof and instruction to our mere temperance Reformers far better than if we were expressing the same ideas in our own language.

Our space prevents us making any additional extracts. We trust those we have made, will induce those who wish to be more particularly acquainted with the book to read it for themselves. They will find it profitable to do so. It shows how an individual loving the Lord Jesus may do much to help forward His cause. And we doubt not but the Lord will bless its perusal, by causing it to stir up many to imitate this noble woman's example.

We close by copying the motto of the Introductory Chapter, which contains a great lesson:

"Oh, this old world might be made better,  
If *EACH* hand would break a fetter,  
If each one would do *HIS* part  
To bind up *ONE* stricken heart!"

## Sabbath School Lessons.

January 20th, 1861.

## THE GARDEN OF EDEN.—GEN. II. 8, 17

This lesson is about a garden. Gardens are so common, and so well-known, that it is unnecessary to describe them. They are usually made in select spots for recreation and enjoyment, and in a convenient position for streams to irrigate them. They are planted with fragrant plants and fruitful trees, adapted for solace and ornament rather than for use.

Gardens are usually characteristic of their proprietors taste, and indicative of his position and wealth.

## THE GARDEN REFERRED TO IN THIS LESSON WAS IN EDEN.

Which was probably in the South of Armenia. The garden occupied a position in Eden 'eastward (Gen. ii. 8,) of the land of Israel.' It is called *the garden*, not only to denote that it was the only garden in Eden; but it was pre-eminent above gardens.

It is called *the Garden of the Lord*.—Gen. xiii. 10. Isa. li. 3. This name signifies that He selected its site. That He ordered its arrangement. That He delighted in its beauty. That it was the spot in His possession, where He delighted to manifest His presence, just as a nobleman regards the choicest part of his estate, &c.

## IT HAD ALL THE ESSENTIALS OF A GARDEN.

It was well watered,—Gen. xiii. 10. A river went out of Eden to water the Garden, and parted into four branches,—Gen. ii. 10, 14. This is a very important feature in a garden in the East. Two of the rivers mentioned in the lesson are still known, Euphrates and Hiddekel, now called the Tigris—the sources of which are only fifteen miles apart. The other two rivers have not been identified and probably no longer exist.

It was planted with every tree pleasant to the sight. Probably every species of flower and tree now spread over the universe had its representative there, and arranged in the most perfect order.

It was planted with every tree good for food. Observe every tree *good*; it is not said pleasant or delicious.

It had the *TREE OF LIFE* in the midst, v. 9. It was to Adam, either by divine appointment, the principal means of life,—Gen. iii. 22,—or it was the pledge, or perhaps the symbol or type of everlasting life,—Gen. iii. 22,—or was a type of Him in whom was life ready to be revealed,—1 John iii. 11. 12.

It had the *tree of knowledge of good and evil*. This tree is so called, because if Adam partook of it, he would know by bitter experience, the difference between the good of obeying God and the evil of disobeying Him. Good would be lost and evil felt.

*Man was put in the Garden* to dress it and keep it, v. 15. Adam had to work in Eden. He was not made to be idle, and if man had not fallen, his life on earth would have been a life of activity.

He was allowed to eat of every tree but one. While Adam obeyed the command, he was immortal, and had a right to the tree of life,—Gen. ii. 9. Gen. iii. 22

He was not to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, on pain of death,—Gen. ii. 9.

## THE GARDEN OF EDEN IS AN EMBLEM OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

1. It was separated from the rest of Eden, and enclosed with a wall, so is the Church of Christ separated from the rest of the world,—Song iv. 12. v. i. 2 Cor. vi. 17.

2. It was watered by a river, so is the Church of Christ refreshed by the influence of the Holy Spirit,—Psal. xlii. 4. Jer. xxxi, 12. John vii. 38, 39.

3. It produced precious fruit, so does the Church of Christ.—John xv. 16. Gal. v. 22.

4. Its streams watered the earth, so the Church of Christ infuses life into the world, Matt. xxviii. 19. Isa. ii. 2, 5.

## THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE TO MARY,—LUKE I. 26, 36.

This lesson is about the visit of an Angel from heaven to a young woman on earth. We have read about the same visit so often that we read it now without realizing it vividly. But in order that we may rightly understand it let us imagine ourselves living in a small village, in a small house alone, and engaged in ordinary duties. Let us imagine our door suddenly to open and an Angel to enter. An event so unexpected, so unusual, and so honoring would fill us with fear and amazement. This was the event that happened to Mary, Though living in a humble position, in a little village, unnoticed and comparatively unknown in the world. A messenger arrived from heaven to her,

## FIRST.—THE MESSENGER.

The messenger was the Angel Gabriel, v. 26. This was the same Angel Gabriel who appeared to Daniel,—Dan. viii. 16; ix. 21. And to Zacharias v. 19. His name signifies "God is my strength."

## HE WAS SENT FROM GOD.

From his own statement we know that he stood in the presence of God, and from the im-

portance of the Commissions we learn that he was an angel of superior dignity.

He was sent to Nazareth, a city of Galilee, Nazareth was a small village, and derives all its historical importance from its connection with Christ. It still exists and contains about three thousand inhabitants. It lay westward of the Lake of Geneserat.

He was sent to Mary a virgin espoused (promised in Marriage) to Joseph. How solemn to think that God, the King of Kings and Lord of Hosts is intimately acquainted with the name, and condition and residence of each of us, as he was of Mary.

#### SECOND.—THE MESSAGE.

Was about Christ, v. 31. Each of the messages that Gabriel brought to earth was about Him. It was he who appeared to Daniel to explain to him the time that was to elapse until the coming of the Messiah. Dan 9. 21-27. It was he who appeared to Zacharias to announce the near accomplishment of that which he had so long ago predicted. And now he appears to Mary to announce his birth.

He announced

1. That God had honored her to be the Mother of the Messiah. There was at this time an expectation that the Messiah was speedily to appear. She evidently was acquainted with the prophecies on the subject, and must have known that she was one of the not large number of women to whom the later prophecies had limited that hope.

2. That He should be called Jesus which means saviour. He is called this because he saves his people from their sins.

3. That He would be great.

a. He would be called the Son of the highest v. 32. The Son of God, and yet David was his father: for He was the Son of man.

b. He was to have the throne of His father David, v. 32 2 Sam. vii, 12, 13.

c. That of His kingdom there should be no end. v. 32, 33.

4. That He should be supernaturally born, v. 35. She supposed as the Jews still suppose that there would be nothing miraculous in the birth of Christ; but that he should be born in the ordinary course in the house of David.

#### THIRD LESSONS TO BE LEARNED.

1. The humility of Christ. To be so great and to stoop so low, was the greatest of condescension.

2. It was a high favor conferred on Mary to be the mother of Jesus. v. 28. But it is a greater blessing to a believer in Him.—Luke xi, 27, 28. Matt. xii, 48.

3. Mary's faith in God's powers was strong compared with Zacharias. She believed His word, contrary to all experience.

#### LESSONS.

For Feb. 3rd.—The Fall of man, iii, chap.

10th—The birth of John the Baptist.—Luke i, 57, 58.

“ “ 17th—The first Sacrifice and Murder, Gen. iv. 1, 16.

Notes on these will appear (D. V.) in No. 3 of the GOOD NEWS.

#### “Can't Afford to be Religious.”

In one of the metropolitan ragged schools was, a short time since, a class called the ‘Unmanageables.’ They were rough, uncouth, self-willed boys, on whom all kindnesses of the male teachers was thrown away entirely; and so they were turned over to the gentle influence of a devoutly-pious female teacher. The lady had a hard task, but she undertook it with pleasure; and prayerfully did she attempt to instil right principles into the minds of the band of ‘unmanageables.’ For awhile her labor appeared to be totally thrown away; but still she worked on, placing implicit faith in the promise of God's Holy Word, which assured her that she should reap in due season if she fainted not. And now her reward came. She fancied one day that she saw signs of relenting on the part of one of the boys, into whose eyes the tears stole one afternoon. After school was over, she called him on one side and said, ‘James, have you not a desire to serve the Lord Jesus Christ?’

The hitherto stolid spirit of the boy was now melted into submission; and he said, ‘I should like to be religious, but I can't afford it!’

‘Can't afford it, James? It will not cost you anything. God does not demand pecuniary sacrifices from his servants. Do you not know that the Bible invites all to ‘come without money and without price?’

But still the boy insisted that he ‘could not afford it.’ The teacher kindly asked him to tell her of his difficulty.

‘Why, you see,’ he said, ‘I works in a ship-builder's yard, and they lets me take shavings home; and while I am picking up the shavings, I picks up pieces of wood and takes 'em home, makes stools of 'em, and sells 'em. I only earns four shillings a week at the yard, and I cant live upon that. I know it's wrong to take the wood, but I can't afford to be religious.’

The teacher saw that now was her opportunity; so she said, 'Well, James, now promise me you will try for one month to do without stealing the wood, and let us see if something does not, in the meantime, turn up to relieve you from what you appear to think to be a necessity—to steal wood.'

The boy gave his promise; and in three weeks he came to his teacher, his face beaming with pleasure, and told her that his master had come up to him while in the yard, and said he had lately watched him in his constant attention to work, and he intended to raise his wages a shilling per week.

'Did I not tell you, James, that most likely something would 'turn up'? And does not the Bible tell us that all things work together for good to those who love God?'

'I had a hard matter to leave off stealing, though,' said James, with tears of gratitude in his eyes. 'The pieces of wood lay about close to my fingers, and they appeared to mock me and say, 'Why don't you pick us up?''

'And so it will ever be, James; temptations will always beset you. Evil companions will try to lure you into their bad habits; but you must refuse them, and pray for strength from God to resist the 'temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil.'

James is now an active, zealous member of one of the churches of the metropolis.

#### WHO TURNED DOWN THAT LEAF?

A gentleman said: 'I was called to visit a person in a very anxious state of mind. She was a young woman, who had lost a pious mother by death. I had been urged to visit this person though she was a perfect stranger to me. I was invited into the parlour, and while waiting for her to come, I took up a Bible from the table, with a corner of the leaf turned down, pointing to these words: 'Be not afraid; only believe.' The young lady soon entered, and after the first salutations, I inquired, holding the Bible in my hand:—

'Who turned down that leaf?'

With much emotion she answered, 'My dying mother.'

'Well, have you ever trusted, according to these words, in the Author of these words?' I asked.

'Never,' she replied.

'Not in Jesus?'

'Not even in Jesus,' she replied calmly.

'Could you do anything better?' said I.

'She did not answer, but the slow tear stole down her cheek.

'Your mother must have had a design in this; what could it be?'

'I suppose a standing direction to the child she was leaving, she meant it to be.'

'And you have never followed it?'

'Never,' and the tears fell faster.

'This is the thing to be done—believe,' said I.

'I know it,' she answered. 'But how am I to believe, when I do not believe?'

'What if they had said so in coming to the Saviour in the days of His flesh!—What an insult it would have been to His mercy and His power! Who then would have said it?'

'I know it all. Yet I have been afraid to trust Him.'

'Be not afraid; only believe,' I repeated, pointing to the passage in the Bible.—'The Saviour says it; and your dying mother has left this finger-post pointing to the path in which she would have her child go. Will you walk in it?'

She trembled all over like an aspen leaf. I could see that a mighty struggle was going on, as she stood a moment hesitating to answer. At length she said slowly and solemnly, 'I will.'

'Will what?' said I.

'Will not be afraid, and will believe.'

'Let us pray,' I said; and we dropped upon our knees. I thanked the Lord Jesus from a full heart for this encouragement and resolution wrought by the Holy Spirit, and I prayed to Jesus to manifest Himself to this young woman as a Saviour, saving to the uttermost, and saving her now, and to lead her to renounce everything for Him, and to put her trust wholly in Him.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Katherine Brietierege, once after a great conflict with Satan, said "Reason not with me, I am but a weak woman; if thou hast anything to say, say it to my Christ, he is my advocate, my strength, and my Redeemer; and he shall plead for me."



"MY WIFE IS THE CAUSE OF IT."

It is now more than forty years ago, that Mr. L——, called at the house of Dr. B——, one very cold morning, on his way to H——,

"Sir," said the Doctor "the weather is very frosty; will you not 'take something to drink' before you start?"

In that early day ardent spirits were deemed indispensable to warmth in winter. When commencing a journey, and at every stopping place along the road, the traveller always used intoxicating drinks to keep him warm.

"No," said Mr. L——, "I never touch anything of that kind: and I will tell you the reason; *my wife is the cause of it.*"

"I had been in the habit of meeting some of our neighbors every evening for the purpose of playing cards. We assembled at each other's shops, and liquor was introduced. After awhile we met not so much for playing as drinking, and I used to return home late in the evening more or less intoxicated. My wife always met me at the door affectionately, and when I chided her for sitting up so late for me, she kindly replied, "I prefer doing so, for I cannot sleep when you are out."

"This always troubled me. I wished in my heart she would commence to scold me for then I could have retorted, and relieved my conscience. But she always met me with the same gentle and loving spirit.

"Things passed on thus for months, when I at last resolved that I would, by returning much intoxicated, provoke her displeasure so much as to cause her to lecture me, when I meant to answer her with severity, and thus by creating another issue between us, unburthen my bosom of its present trouble.

"I returned in such plight about four o'clock in the morning. She met me at the door with her usual tenderness, and said, 'Come in, husband; I have just been making a warm fire for you, because I knew you would be cold. Take off your boots and warm your feet; and here is a cup of hot coffee.'

"Doctor, that was too much. I could not endure it any longer, and I resolved

that moment, that I would never touch another drop while I lived, and I never will!"

He never did. He lived and died practicing total abstinence from intoxicating drinks.

How much good may a good wife do!

THE EMPTY CUP.

If you were to see a man endeavoring all his life to satisfy his thirst by holding an empty cup to his mouth, you would certainly despise his ignorance; but if you should see others of finer understandings ridiculing the dull satisfaction of one cup, and thinking to satisfy their thirst by a variety of gilt and golden empty cups, would you think that these were even the wiser, or happier, or better employed than the object of their contempt? Now, this is all the difference that you can see in the various forms of happiness caught at by the men of the world. Let the wit, the great scholar, the fine genius, the great statesman, the polite gentleman, unite all their schemes, and they can only show you more and various empty appearances of happiness. Give them all the world into their hands, let them cut and carve as they please, they can only make a greater variety of empty cups; for search as deep and look as far as you will, there is nothing here to be found that is nobler or greater than high eating and drinking—than rich dress and human applause—unless you look for it in the wisdom and laws of religion. Reader, reflect upon the vanity of all who live without godliness, that you may be earnest at the throne of grace, to be turned from the creature and seek for happiness in the Creator. The poorest Christian who lives upon Christ, and walks in daily fellowship with God, is happier than the richest worldling. Indeed, such only are happy.—*Bc-gatzky.*

An hour of solitude passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with, and conquest over, a single passion or "subtle bosom sin," will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty, and form the habit, of reflection, than a year's study in the School without them.  
—[Coleridge.

## Revival Intelligence.

### FROM JAMAICA.

The churches in Jamaica have for many years been earnestly praying for times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and their prayers have at last been answered. Tokens of the Divine favor appeared some time ago in the Moravian Church, which first introduced the Gospel into the island, and the same influence spread with remarkable power and rapidity in all directions and among all denominations of Christians, and in some instances, even in to dark corners, where there were no professors of religion at all. On well instructed congregations it has descended like refreshing genial showers, filling the hearts of God's people with gratitude and love; on others again, where the people were more ignorant, and with few intelligent Christians to guide the movement, it has acted more like the storm, prostrating hundreds by its mighty power, and producing piercing expressions of anguish, confession of sin, and cries for mercy. After a few days the excitement and prostration generally pass away, and the churches are filled, not only on Sabbath, but every day, with eager listeners; and many who have hitherto led the most abandoned lives have been deeply humbled, and expressed their determination to forsake their sins. The leaders of revelry and intemperance are inquiring what they must do to be saved, are seen in groupes reading the Scriptures and engaging in wrestling prayer,—the licentious are binding themselves to their former companions in sin by the marriage tie, and those who had violated that tie are reconciled. It is a mistake, says one of the missionaries, to suppose that all who have receive the Spirit are prostrated. These prostrations are sent to arouse the world, and to convince men that the hand of God is stretched out, as the miracles of Christ and his Apostles did in former times; but thousands of the most intelligent are deeply affected, humbled under a sense of their sins, and flee to Christ as their refuge, experiencing joy and peace in believing, who have not been stricken in body. He describes the scenes which he had witnessed as wonderful. A harvest of seventeen years' in preaching to dry bones is gathered in a

day from a congregation sunk in deep and apparently hopeless slumber. A multitude of prophets and prophetesses, (spiritual teachers) have sprung up, filled with missionary zeal, and who can find no rest but in bringing others to the Redeemer, whom they know to be so precious. On calling on one of the recent converts to engage in prayer, men whom I thought sunk under the deepest ignorance would rise and pour out their hearts to God in the most penitential prayers, yet, with the feelings of those who believe that they have been redeemed from death, with a fluence of language and correctness of thought which ministers might envy. Though excited when singing, they sit down with perfect quietness and order when requested to do so and hang upon the lips of the speaker with profound attention.

Another minister, and a few of the most pious of his people, had heard of what was going on in the neighborhood, and agreed to hold a special meeting for prayer, expecting that only a few beside themselves would attend. Instead of these fears being realized, however, the place was crowded, and it was found necessary to adjourn to the open air. Many who never before frequented the house of prayer mingled with the company, and one who had been a ringleader in dances and revelry broke his fiddle and burnt it in the fire.

The editors of the secular newspapers are discussing the subject with keenness, some of them expressing doubts whether it be of God or of the wicked one; but all the ministers of religion appear to be of one mind in confessing that it is the mighty power of God, while they lament the extravagancies and irregularities which have appeared especially at the commencement.

The wife of one of the proprietors writes that the last thing the family hears in the way is the voice of praise proceeding from the dwellings of the peasants, and the first thing in the morning in the same grateful melody. Hundreds of the most abandoned have relinquished their sinful habits, and engaged in prayer and reading the Scriptures.

Such intelligence must be most gratifying to every Christian, and encouraging to the friends of missions. Our faith in reference to Jamaica has been tried. Much

labor and money have been expended upon it. Many precious lives have been lost in the field. Many earnest prayers in its behalf have ascended to Heaven from Britain as well as from the spot. God is now answering these prayers by a copious outpouring of His Spirit, and there can be no doubt of a large harvest of souls being the result. Let us be earnest in our supplications, that no unhappy divisions may take place among the various Churches, to mar the work and prevent the continuance of Divine influence; and that the seed now sowing may take root, and produce a thousandfold.

The Spirit of the Lord is not straightened. His blessed influences are pour out on the various nations of the earth, and our faith in the accomplishment of the promises of later-day glory ought to be strengthened as Christ's kingdom is established.— Let us give him no rest till He establish Jerusalem and make her a praise in the earth. May we not hope that some of the children of Abraham, many of whom are trading in Jamaica, will also be brought in along with our white countrymen and the sable sons of Africa? Let us forget and overlook none of our fellow-creatures in supplications.

#### Scraps of Good News.

1.

An institution has been formed for Evangelizing London. Two large carriages have been constructed which will be driven about London, stocked with Bibles, and accompanied by two men, one to propel and attend to the carriage and stock, the other to read in a loud clear voice striking portions of the Scripture as would be likely to have an immediate and permanent effect upon the persons listening to them. It is contemplated to add to the number of the carriages, until every district of London and its suburbs is compassed.

2.

A meeting has recently been held in Philadelphia, of ministers and laymen of the Episcopal Church, to consult on ways for carrying the Gospel to the masses.— Several Episcopal Churches are working with great success among the masses and

carrying on their congregational work with great efficiency.

3.

Protestantism is spreading in Italy and congregations following that religion has been formed at Pasa, Ristola and Leghorn.

4.

In Italy the labours of the colporteurs and evangelical preachers are continued with increasing success. The sale and circulation of the Bible and religious books at Naples, have been quite considerable. More eagerness has been shown there to procure them than in the more northern cities of Italy. The booksellers have employed men with wheelbarrows to take them through the streets for sale.

5.

In regard to the colportage in Scotland, the N. Y. Observer states that the English "Book-hawking Union" embraces some sixty local societies, with sales of publications amounting to \$57,000 among the poor and ignorant classes. The "Religious Book and Tract Society for Scotland" has ninety colporteurs employed, and the sales for the last year amounted to the large sum of \$40,800.

6.

In Bohemia several villages have gone over, almost in a body to the Protestant church. At Spalow, in the district of Semille, forty-seven persons embraced Protestantism in a single day. They were for the most part, artisans. Since the beginning of the year these conversions have been very numerous among the working classes of eastern Bohemia.

7.

Among the agencies employed for the benefit of the upper classes, the Monthly Tract Society has been in operation for a number of years, and has been much blessed. The late Duke of Wellington was wont to receive and peruse the monthly publications of this Society. It is at present vigorously pursuing its work, by transmitting, through the post, tracts written in an attractive style, done up in neat covers, and thoroughly saturated with evangelical and seasonable truth. In like manner suitable publications are sent to "the bereaved," the survivors of nobles,

or wealthy persons, whose deaths appear in the obituary column of the Times. A large number of the Society's issues are forwarded to British residents on the Continent of Europe.

8.

One effect of revival in London, as far as it has manifested itself, is the raising up of a band of volunteer preachers, some of them, like William Carter, the master chimney sweep, remarkable for the popular gifts. At Albion Hall, London Wall, Mr. Carter and Mr. Pugh—one of his spiritual children—have addressed large audiences. In one address, Mr. Pugh gave a fearful account of the deathbed of a former infidel companion. At a meeting of the anxious held after the meeting, sixty persons were present. One case was very affecting, that of an ungodly young man, who had entreated supplication on his behalf.—While this was being offered, “he rushed from the room, declaring that he could not contain himself any longer, his sins weighing so heavily upon him.”

#### EDMUND BURKE.

Once, after this great orator had been making an extraordinary display of his powers in Parliament, his brother Richard Burke was found by a friend in deep reverie. Being questioned as to the cause, he replied: “I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to centre in himself all the talents of the family; but then again I remember, when we were at play he was always at work.” The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young men, if you would rise, but work! work!

Erasmus tells of one who collected all the lame and defective verses in Flower's works, but passed over all that were excellent. Oh! that this were not the practice of many who will at last meet in heaven—that they were not careful and skillful to collect all the weaknesses of others, and to pass over all those things that are excellent in them!

#### God's Omniscience.

Within those blood-stained walls, for whose atrocious cruelties Rome has a heavy account to render, a prisoner is under examination.—He has been assured that nothing he reveals shall be recorded or used against him. While making frank confession, he suddenly stops.—He is dumb—a mute. They ply him with questions, flatter him, threaten him; but he answers not a word. Danger makes the senses quick. His ear has caught a sound; he listens and that sound ties his tongue. An arras hangs beside him, and behind it he hears a pen running along the pages. The truth flashes on him. Behind that scene there sits a scribe, committing to the fatal page every word he says, and he shall meet it all again on the day of trial. Ah! how solemn to think that there is such a pen going in heaven, and entering on the books of judgment, whatever we say and wish, all we think and do. Would to God we heard it. What a check it might prove! [Rev. Dr. Guthrie.]

#### Parental Example.

A mother relates the following seemingly trifling incident, which forcibly illustrates the importance and power of parental example:—

“As I was about to enter my nursery, to look after my little ones, I observed the youngest, a boy of three years of age, looking over a book, which he had taken from a shelf resembling a family Bible, used before morning and evening prayer.

“Struck with unusual solemnity of his manner, I watched his movements. With great precision, and apparent devotion, he went through the exercise of reading and singing and kneeling for prayer, in imitation of his father's daily example, and never was manner, voice or gesture more properly copied. Trifling as was this circumstance, so deep and solemn as was the impression made upon my mind, that to this time, I feel myself mentally exclaiming “What manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and holiness.”

“Never to that moment, had my mind dwelt upon this momentous fact, though so often repeated, that the future characters and eternal destinies of children are usually at a very early period, stamped by parental example; and I now felt what an amazing influence must be exerted upon young children by the manner in which their parents conduct family prayer.”

## THE DIFFERENCE.

A Hindoo was lying upon his bed, expecting soon to die. He was full of thought where his soul would go after death. He had been wholly given to idolatry, and now he was not happy. A priest came to see him, and the dying man said, "what will become of me?" "O," said the priest, "you will live in another body." "And where shall I go then?" "Into another, and so on through thousands of millions." The thoughts of the dying man darted across all that period, as if it was but an instant, and he cried, "Where shall I go last of all?" The priest could not reply, and the unhappy idolator died with no one near him to answer his anxious question.

A little Burman girl was near dying.—Lifting her dim eyes to a kind lady who was her teacher, she said, "I am dying, but I am not afraid to die; for Christ will call me up to heaven. He has taken away all my sins, and I wish to die now, that I may go and see him. I love Jesus more than any one else." What made the difference between the little Burman girl, and the dying Hindoo? One had heard the Gospel from the lips of the missionaries, and had received it into her heart: the other lived and died an idolator, for none had told him of the "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he had sent."

## WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

Young men, our message is to you. Christianity calls forth the love of your deepest heart. It supplies scope for the exercise of all your ardour and energy. It presents you with an object worthy of adoring gratitude and supreme affection. It can can inspire you with the highest hopes and purest joys. It can touch and move the springs of your deepest sympathies. It bids you not to check or destroy that genial flow of feeling which gushes warmly through your youthful soul, but it teaches you to control and regulate it: by giving it an upward and heavenward direction. Search out your dominant passion, and tell us what it is. Is it *Ambition*? Then, let it be the ambition to possess an immoveable throne

and a fadeless crown, which shall abide when the glittering objects that worldly aspirants pursue have faded and for ever disappeared. Is it *Covetousness*? Then covet nothing less than the treasures which cannot fade, the inheritance which corruption can never touch, which the spoiler can never reach, and which death can never alienate. Is it *Love of Fame*? Then, seek the honour of having your name enrolled among the principalities and powers of heaven, and to be a member of God's own aristocracy; for that is a nobility that will abide when the paltry distinctions which now divide society are entirely forgotten and unknown. Is it *Lust of Power*? Covet then the power which prevails with God, and to which even the the Almighty yields, the power which places the resources of the universe at your command, and which cries, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me."

## DROP THE ANCHOR.

A sailor's dying testimony is thus represented by the *S. S. Times*. ;

On his sick-bed he sent for the man of God, under whom he was convicted of sin, through whom he was brought to Christ. The clergyman came. In that interview on being asked how he felt, hereplied:

"O, my brother, the kingdom of God has come with power to my heart!"

He then sank exhausted on his pillow. After a while, on being asked again how he felt, he replied:

"My brother there is land a head,"

He ceased. In a little while the question, "How do you feel now?" was asked.

"I am just rounding the point," he replied, and sank again.

The same question was repeated by the minister, after a solemn silence of some minutes. The old sailor rallied once more, and with light beaming in his whole countenance, he replied:

"O, I'm Just entering into port now. Drop the anchor! drop the anchor!" and his spirit entered the haven of rest.

Christ dwells in that heart most eminently that hath emptied itself of itself.

### Intelligence of the Baptist Churches in Canada.

—The Rev. Mr. Alexander, Minister of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, having adopted Baptist sentiments, was baptized in Brantford, on 23rd ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Fyfe.

—The Rev. Thos. Baldwin, having recovered his health, has accepted a numerous call from the Church in Vittoria.

—The Baptist bretheren are at present engaged on what they call a Twenty-five cent plan for extinguishing the debt on their Theological Institute. The Members and adherents of the connection are expected to contribute this sum and by the power of many littles it is expected the debt will be cancelled. It is a pity there is any debt at all, but being in debt, the Twenty-five cent expedient for wiping it out is a very happy one.

—We are deeply sorry to learn that the Canadian Literary Institute in connection with the Baptists has been burned to the ground. It happened on the morning of the 9th, and its origin is a mystery. In less than an hour and a half, that which had so long been a subject of prayer and interest to the Baptists of Canada was a mass of ruins!

—The Baptist Church in Springford are enjoying a precious revival meeting.

—The Rev. Mr. Anderson of Kemptville has received a large Donation from his people. We are glad to hear it. Mr. Anderson is an earnest and a faithful labourer in the Vineyard of the Lord.

### OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA.

The Rev. F. M'Cnaig, has been ordained and inducted as pastor of the Congregation of Niagara, and Port Dalhousie.—Mr. M'Cnaig is a young man of talent and earnest piety, and he has been well spoken of in the various districts in which he has labored. We wish him God speed.

—A new congregation has been organized in Toronto. In the western part of the city. The Rev. James Robertson is at present supplying it.

—As a first fruits of the contemplated union between this Church and the United

Presbyterian, the U. P. Congregation of Stratford being without a minister, have joined the Free Church, and the congregation of the Free Church of St. Marys, in like circumstances, have joined the congregation in connection with the U. P. Church.

—The congregation at York Mills have entered on a plan of Monthly Contributions for the extinction of the debt on their Church. The example is a good one, and might be easily followed in like circumstances.

—On account of the alleged laxity in the views of many as to the unlawfulness of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, a long letter appears in the Record apparently from a minister. It consists chiefly of an extract from the speech of some celebrated divine, who is not named. We read the letter with great attention, and we can honestly say that we have not perceived anything for a long time, that had such a tendency to make us believe the 'opposite' of the position it was intended to establish.

—We have read with pleasure the Ninth Annual Report of the Students Total Abstinence Society of Knox College. We are glad to see the Total Abstinence cause supported by students, as we have a right to expect that they will advocate it on gospel principles, and make their efforts subservient to the cause of Christ.

### PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

A meeting of the Committees on Union of the several Presbyterian Synods was held in St. Andrews Church, Toronto, on the evening of Thursday, 27th December, 1860. Present: Rev. Dr. George, Rev. G. Bell, on part of Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland; Rev. R. Ure, Rev. Dr. Willis, Rev. Messrs. Young, Topp, Gregg, M'Laren, and Mr. J. McMurrich, on part of Presbyterian Church of Canada.

Owing to some cause unknown to the meeting, the Committee of the United Presbyterian Church had not been summon'd but Dr. Jennings, and Dr. Ormiston, members of that Committee being present, took their seats. The following gentlemen being present, were invited to sit with the meeting, viz: Rev. Dr. Barclay, Rev. Dr. Leitch,

Rev. Mr. Bain, Rev. Mr. Reid, Hon. A. McLean,

Rev. Dr. Ormiston was called to the chair, and Messrs. Reid and Bell were appointed clerks.

Rev. Principal Willis, on call of chairman, engaged in prayer.

Statements were made as to the action of the respective Synods with reference to the question of union among the different bodies of Presbyterians in the Province.

It was then agreed to engage in a friendly conference to ascertain each other's views, it being distinctly understood that no discussions or conclusions of this meeting shall be held as binding any of the Synods in any way whatever.

After a lengthened conference of the most friendly character, it was found, that, on most of the questions discussed, there was a substantial and most gratifying harmony of sentiments and feeling. On some points there was a diversity of opinion frankly expressed, which yet did not appear to preclude a reasonable hope that, through the blessing of God, the ultimate removal of all serious difficulties in the way of a general union, may be the happy results of further negotiation.

#### OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOT- LAND.

The Rev. H. Mc Lennan, late of Paisley C. W. has been inducted to the charge of the Congregation in Whitby. A new and handsome edifice has been erected, chiefly through the liberality of a Mr. Laing. Mr. Mc Lennan has a large and important field in and around Whitby, and if the arrangements for the contemplated union of the Presbyterian bodies were consummated Whitby would furnish one large Presbyterian Congregation.

--From a very sensible speech delivered to the Students' Missionary Association by the president, we learn that in this Church Catechists are required to write out beforehand whatever expositions or exhortations they may offer to the people, and to hold themselves in readiness to submit all such written expositions or exhortations to the Presbytery when called for. We regard this as a most important arrangement not

only for the sake of soundness of doctrine but also for the interest of students themselves.

—A great man in connection with this church in Scotland has fallen. The Rev. Dr. Robertson of Edinburgh has been early gathered to his fathers, and has left few behind in this Church as companions for talent, energy and devotedness.

—It is not unfrequently remarked that no life, however useful or illustrious, is indispensable; and the saying, though trite, is true. When an unfortunate workman gets entangled and crushed to death by a large piece of machinery, the great wheels go on revolving as if nothing had happened; and, when any one falls in the world by disease or accident, the world with its roaring traffic goes on the same as ever. Death, cold and cruel, sweeps the generations of mankind away, and we are never missed, no more than the leaves which the wind sweeps off the tree. Some of us die in the dark winter-time, and, before the summer is green, we are clean forgotten, except perchance by one or two loving hearts. Men are born and men are buried. Nations rise and nations fall, but the absorbing plan of Providence is independent of every vicissitude on the crust and surface of the Earth. It keeps rolling and unrolling by night and by day, evolving the Divine purposes without stop or hindrance.

Three things are called precious in the Scriptures: "precious faith," (2 Peter, i, 1); "precious promises," (verse 4); "precious blood," (1 Peter, i, 19). All our precious mercies twine to us in precious blood, and may be seen by comparing these Scriptures together: Romans, v, 9; Ephesians, i, 7; Colossians, i, 20; Hebrews, ix, 7, 14; 1 John, i, 7; Revelations, i, 5. It was an excellent saying of Luther, "One little drop of this blood is more worth than heaven and earth." Christ's blood is heaven's key.—[Brooks.

I have read of a fountain that at noon-day is cold, and at midnight it grows warm; so many a precious soul is cold Godward, and heavenward, and holinessward, in the day of prosperity, that grow warm Godward, and heavenward, and holinessward in the midnight of adversity.

### 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 a 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 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 that are many towering intellects that are 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 very 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 harvest of 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.

### Bearing Crosses.

The Crusades of old, we are told, used to bear a painted cross upon their shoulders; it is to be feared that many among us take up crosses which sit just as lightly; things of ornament, passports to respectability, a cheap exchange for a struggle we never made and a crown we never strove for. But let us not deceive ourselves. None ever yet entered into the kingdom of heaven without tribulation—not, perhaps, the tribulation of fire-cross, or rebuke or blasphemy; but the tribulation of a bowed spirit and a humble heart; of the flesh crucified to the spirit and of hard conflicts with the power of darkness; and, therefore, if our religion be of such a pliable or elastic form as to have cost us neither pains to acquire, nor self-denial to preserve, nor efforts to advance, nor struggle to maintain holy and undefiled, we may be assured our place among the ranks of the risen dead will be with that prodigious multitude who were pure in their own eyes, and yet were not washed from their filthiness.—*Rev. Dr. Moore.*

### The Symptoms of Backsliding.

If decay of love of Christ be our disease, it will have such symptoms as these:

1. Christ will be less in our heart and mouths than formerly.
2. We will be more slack in our obedience, and have less delight in our duty than before.
3. It is a sign of decaying love, when we lose our tenderness of conscience, and wonted abhorrence of sin, Christ's enemy.
4. When we are more easy under Christ's absence and withdrawals, and less anxious for His presence.
5. When we lose our wonted appetites for our spiritual food and nourishment from Christ in the ordinance.
6. Where we lose our public spiritedness and consent for the interest of Christ's kingdom and glory in the world.
7. When we are little concerned to have heart holiness, which is Christ's image drawn upon the soul.
8. When we have little desire for Christ's coming, for the enjoyment of Him in heaven.
9. When earthly mindedness and love to the world is on the hand.



### Innumerable Sins.

We sometimes make calculations. Here is one made many years ago by a man of God. Wishing to impress on us the number of our sins, he gives the following arithmetical detail. He says: If you broke the law of God only "once in 24 hours," then you commit no less than—

3,600 sins at the age of ten years,  
10,900 sins at the age of thirty years,  
18,250 sins at the age of fifty years.

Now, 'one' sin is enough to ruin the soul forever. One such mill-stone is enough to sink a soul to the depths!— But if the person break the law 'once every hour,' then he has committed—

87,600 sins at the age of ten,  
262,800 sins at the age of thirty,  
438,000 sins at the age of fifty.

And, again remember, that even 'one sin brings death. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," But if we suppose the person to break the law of God 'once every minute,' then he commits—

5,256,000 sins at the age of ten,  
15,568,000 sins at the age of thirty,  
36,792,000 sins at the age of fifty.

And, if we were to suppose a sinner, going on in sin, and sinning 'every moment' (which is the truth in regard to the unforgiven and unconverted), then here is the appalling statement of your case. You have committed—

315,036,000 sins at the age of ten,  
946,080,000 sins at the age of thirty,  
1,576,800,000 sins at the age of fifty'

And were you to go on in this course to old age, then at 'eighty,' you will have sinned above 'two thousand five hundred and twenty-two millions of sins!

What a solemn thing, Reader, if you are unforgiven and unwashed, though you have heard that—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains!"

Haste to it even now. Wash and be thou clean.

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