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## "BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

NUMBERS XXXII. 23.

BY THE REV. P. GRAY, OF KINGSTON.

That was the affirmation, and application to a particular case, of a truth that may be affirmed universally. It is a fixed principle of Eternal Justice. Antecedent and consequent. Every man's sin will find him out some time or other.

I. Even now, in this life where, for obvious, wise, and merciful reasons, sentence against an evil work is not always executed speedily, and never to the full extent of the penalty; there are not many things more certain than the detection, sooner or later, and the punishment in some way, of wickedness.

The great criminal rarely escapes from the grasp of human law; when he does, he more surely withers under the curse of the Divine Law, which has its hold upon him, and its agents in the conscience within, and the overruling Providence about him. In some instances, through grievous defects in our social morality, in others, through the imperfections of the law, or failure of its officers, 'the villain goes unwhipped of justice,' but he does not elude the All Seeing, nor break the bands wherewith the Almighty holds him fast.—This is remarkably exemplified—sometimes in the tortures of the wretch goaded by an evil conscience and haunted by terrors, till he voluntarily seeks relief and revenge upon himself by the aid of the law he has outraged, or by self-inflicted punishment:—and sometimes the justice of God is just as plainly indicated by the growing obduracy of the miscreant's heart—his increasing aptitude for wickedness, and the equally increasing infatuation with which he proceeds to further enormities, to fill up for himself a larger measure of wrath, to be meted out to him yet with accumulated execration here, or to overwhelm his degraded soul in the hereafter of righteous retribution.

In common life, nothing is more matter of observation and consciousness, than that evil-thinking and evil-doing produce personal unhappiness, and social wrong and misery; they

are inseparably connected with blame-worthiness and suffering.

In the spiritual life, every one imbued with religious sentiments, knows that sin committed has a painful and dangerous following; that it stamps upon the conscience a sense of guiltiness, and entails a meed of sorrow, and often causes something like a felt necessity for sinning more.

A very slight exercise of reflection, with the knowledge and experience common to us all, might convince the person who is making light of sin, mis-naming it, and under-estimating its power, that he is engaged in a very useless as well as a very bad business. Sin will be itself in him and others in spite of his real or assumed incredulity: and sin, notwithstanding its deceitfulness, cannot always conceal the fact, even from him, that it is a deadly evil: it finds him out, and when it does, he owns in self-reproach, in shame and anguish, that "the way of transgressors is hard."

Of the hypocrite again it may be said, No man puts himself to more pains to less purpose, as no man takes more pains for a worse purpose. Most pitiable sight it is to witness the ghastly efforts made by such an one to appear before his fellows what he is not; and to think of God looking at him! Moreover this labour is entirely lost, serves only to bind the deceiver more securely to the doom of the liar: rarely does he pass through the world unsuspected and unmasked: in most cases, he is the object of distrust and pity, when he is not the object of contempt and ridicule.

Facts like these bring corroborative testimony to the doctrine of final and special retribution advanced in Scripture. They furnish, by analogy necessarily incomplete, an evidence, and perhaps a representation of that which will take place at last, in sight of the universe. We rather *suspect* and *dislike* this, than *believe* it. Yet even the suspicion begets, in thoughtful moments, uneasy apprehensions

in the most heedless, and excites dread anticipations in the sinner's extremity. The foreboding of exposure, and requital for—this malicious design,—this base indulgence,—this wrong inflicted,—this complicity with wicked men,—this acquisition of unholy gains,—the Divine love repelled, and the Great Salvation neglected,—infuses dregs of bitterness in the cup of the "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." and becomes a lowering cloud, in the sky, betokening the coming storm to those whose prospects include no Father, nor rest with Him, "when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them who know not God, and that obey not the gospel."

That dread future! which pertinaciously will thrust itself upon our notice, with its account to be rendered to the Judge of all, and its reward to every man according to his works! It is a phantom of terror that will not be laid, though for long too seldom regarded. It comes mocking the jovial crew in their revelry, disturbing the day-dreams of complacent, well-to-do people, haunting with unwelcome presence the shady grove, in the sinner's garden of delights. It can be seen when the eye is closed in the dark midnight. It can be heard when no sound falls upon the ear. It tracks the footsteps of man through life—coming nearer as age creeps on—most terrible to those who seek most eagerly to avoid it. And at last, when the mortal's pathway contracts on either side, converging to one dark, dank stopping-place—an opened grave; it stands over that, and cries, *God and Judgment now!*

II. Wherever man is, there is a sinner, and a lost one, if not yet sought out and drawn into the fold of the Good Shepherd. All the readers of this paper are sinners. Christians are not entirely Christ-like—blameless, loving, holy, and good to all of those without an interest in Christ, the better-thinking, and well-meaning, and well-doing are not believing God's testimony concerning His Son; and the rest are without God and without hope, yet unconcerned and at ease, or if a spiritual emotion agitates them, it is like the movement of the weather-cock—now this way, then that

as the changeful breeze directs,—they know of no impulse onward and sustained towards God or any holy principle whatever.

We are sinners; and we are accustomed to think of that as a matter of course. Perhaps we are too ready to make the confession, even before God;—too frequent and too flippant in our acknowledgments, betraying thereby the want of any deep impression, or real conviction of the truth of what we say. Indeed, it is to be feared, that current opinions about sin are too indiscriminating and sweeping, and that, as a consequence, the wholesome terror which the conviction of sin would inspire is, to a large extent, neutralized. The exuberant buoyancy and playfulness of youth, and fancy's fitful flashing; the joy that will brighten the eye, and prompt the light and laughing word when gleams of sunshine break upon us here, when memory recalls the happier incidents of days that are past, and when the loves and friendships of our kind, awaken an answering geniality within us; also the infirmities of our nature, the fainting and failing of heart and flesh, and the inability to perceive the value of some speculative truth, or to appreciate the argument intended to sustain it, have all been heaped together in one common category with unquestionable violations of the Divine law, and branded as sins; and men afflicted with a morbid spirituality have persuaded themselves that the allegation was true. But no healthy religious principle can arise from such a source. It is a spring rather of pious-looking make-believes.

There is a sentence in one of Philip's books for the young, which is brimful of truth and wise suggestion:—"All trifles are not sins, and no sin is a trifle." He is a fool who makes a mock at sin, and he is not much better who reckons all natural feeling and its natural expression sinful. The elasticity of spirit with its hopefulness, the merry laugh and cheery word, may have God's blessing on them and in them, when the gloomy look and the self-torturing soul-dissection meet His pity, or lie under His frown. The failure of man to keep up with even his own sense of what is due to God, the weariness and fainting of the heart at some point, in any exercise, is

any direction, and the incapacity to grasp and revolve and comprehend some great truth, may be nothing more than the approach to the limits of the finite creature's power,—as innocent in itself as the bodily infirmity or as the languor or the muscular frame when its strength is exhausted.

It may look lowly and earnest to ransack every chamber of our being, and run back o'er the record of the past, and hold up everything we find—the God-given, the well-meant, and the sin-derived, together—and call them pollutions, and afflict our souls for these things; but there is no solid truth in the exercise, nay, it is mischievous. There is danger of our thinking too leniently of actual sin, when every triviality and weakness is made to bear its name. Our elevation of a foible to the magnitude of a sin, will end in the belittlement of our conception of sin, and of our dread of sin; and we may come by this process to look upon it as a matter of course, and also a matter of no great consequence. Sin's essence is enmity to God: sin's action is transgression of the law of God: sin's wages is death:—all matters of infinitely too dreadful import to be charged and enforced against the bubble that rise on the tide of life's stream, or points of doubtful disputation. We ought, therefore, to be careful to confine the epithet *sinful*, to the actions and dispositions and the state of soul which God calls sinful; and where He attaches the stigma, thence let us never dare to detach it, though it be fixed on an idol we love.

Not by misreading scripture, and saying, In all things we offend; but by feeling that "in many things we offend all," and God above all; by knowing what these offences are, and that their source and motion lie in the depths of the deceitful and desperately wicked heart; by knowing that all is wrong there; that sin has torn us from God, and set us against God; and that we cannot rectify, while we deplore the evil done:—then, out of the depths we cry, the honest truthful prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Pardon mine iniquity for it is great." And this juster estimate of sin will also most effectually keep us from regarding the life spent in folly as in any sense harmless and guiltless. In no other

way will it be so clearly seen that sin's seat and sin's virulence are within the heart, that conduct is but the movement which the engine within has communicated, and that *a life of trifling with God* is as sure an indication of deceitful, cursed sin reigning, as the life marked by vices we detest, or by crimes at which we tremble.

The mother, sitting in her chamber, singing a lullaby, to soothe the sick child upon her lap is worthily employed in holy duty. The words of the nursery song may be undiluted nonsense, but the man, who would denounce the mother and her ditty, in these circumstances, as sinful, is simply an ass. Let the same mother, if such a case be imaginable, sit singing the same song, while her child is playing on the bank of a rapid river, and in real danger; let her continue to sing when her child has fallen into the stream and is swept away by the swift current, and she is either insane or a monster. So while the invitations of the gospel remain unheeded, while the soul is in danger of eternal ruin, which may overtake any Christless sinner in a moment, if you had never perpetrated a deed to make you blush and seek concealment and forgetfulness, if you had never done aught but sleep and wake, and eat and drink, entirely overlooking the grand business of life,—the service of your God—regardless of the interests of the immortal soul, your most precious and responsible charge,—incredulous to the voice of warning,—loving folly, hating reproof, you were playing, mocking, while your soul was on the brink of ruin. Your conduct was insane or monstrous. You were verily guilty, and were tempting God. Drunken Nabal when he came to himself, and learned what danger he had been in, was so overcome by the thought that he sickened and died. Did we know something of the nature of the second death, the spirit's death, and how near the verge of the abyss we stood, or may be standing yet, that knowledge might unhinge the strongest mind among us.

Well, we are sinners, and our sins will find us out.

III. In these circumstances what ought we to do? Endeavour first of all to satisfy yourselves of the *truth* or *falsehood* of the doc-

trine. It is, of that consequence, that it should not be an unsettled question with any rational being; nor would it, if we did not give it the go bye. There is the word of God asserting, "Your sin will find you out."—There are the events of human history testifying in part to the truth of the word, and within us there is the sense of justice the witness of our own spirits, saying, It must be so. Try then to be convinced of, to realize the certainty of coming retribution. Let the fact get fair possession of your minds that the sins which go before, and those which follow after, will all make up to the sinner on the judgment day,—that all our thoughts and deeds of ill are to be disclosed, seen by ourselves, and by others, as attaching to us;—causing shame, remorse, intolerable anguish, and despair.

Convinced of the general truth that we are sinners, and that our sins will find us out; what next ought we to do in the circumstances? Endeavour to forestall sin. Instead of waiting till it apprehends you, as its helpless victims, be beforehand with it. Find it out, and lay hold of it, in this accepted time, when the Saviour from sin is near. Search and try heart and reins, life and conduct.—Pray, "Search me, O God, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." And when you have found out your sin wherever it may lie concealed—under whatever mask it may wear; when you discover its trail upon your path, and see it before you, in the heart where God alone should have been; then grapple with it, and know its dreadful power, and its malignant nature. It is now a bold, and then a skulking thief come to rob you of a jewel of incomparable value—to despoil your soul—to make the treasures of heaven forever inaccessible to you. It is a traitor with honied words of falsehood, lurking within your being, poisoning you against God, cruelly betraying you to destruction, while affecting to give you liberty, pleasure, and all desirable things. It does, what we dislike and resent above all other wrongs: man had rather be called wicked, than pointed out as a fool. Sin befools you,—makes you, intelligent, rational, immortal creatures, care more for this passing

show, for honor coming from men, for the good opinion of triflers whose common sense you question, ay, even for the dress you wear and its style, than for the God who made you, and the Saviour who died to save you. It is a delusion and a snare, the soul-delirium, distorting all objects for you in earth and heaven. It is Death! Find it out. Look it through and through, with His aid who sets our secret sins in the light of His countenance. Learn to know it well. More religious error, and more misconduct arise from inadequate views of sin than from any other single source. A true conviction here is worth worlds to us.

But having found out sin, caught it in our soul's best room, what next? Make a right disposition of it. The man who by the help of God has discovered sin, the abominable thing which the Lord hateth, in his own soul, and who has obtained a true, deep, Spirit wrought conviction of what it is,—is, at that stage, like one travelling in a path through the Indian jungle, and unexpectedly coming upon the lair of some wild animal. The startled beast, as frightened as the traveller, with the instinct of its fierce nature, springs upon the intruder in self-defence, but is caught by its intended victim and held with the energy of despair. Trembling under the intense forth-patting of his strength and his fears combined, the unfortunate man knows not what to do. He has thus far avoided the fangs of his ferocious assailant. He struggles with the brute, but he cannot destroy it, and he dare not let it go. No help comes in answer to his cry. His strength is failing, and he thinks of the horrible end.

So having our sins laid bare—ever before us, turn which way we will, like David's in his agony of guilt and misery, is good for us as a step towards another revelation, terrible if that step cannot be taken. No sadder, more distressing, heart-breaking knowledge can ever be had than a full sight and sense of his sinfulness by the awakened sinner. It is the most fearful of human sorrows. And therefore God in his mercy orders it so, that a complete and abrupt discovery of all the wickedness in a human heart is made in few cases, if in any case at all, but such a view of our sinfulness as we can bear. Made to ~~see~~

—and to know our danger;—we must get rid of it or die. How shall we escape from the grasp of sin then, and the pain of the dread conviction? By pooh-poohing at it? By trying to stifle conscience? By avoiding the thought of it, and endeavouring to forget? That is just to let go your hold of your enemy and perish.

What then—Must we struggle with the foe? Yes. And yet your strength will fail ere long, and if the desperate conflict continue, you must die. What then must we do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Call on Him to help you. Keep your sin before you—hold fast the cursed demon; thank God that you have seen it, that you know it now. Keep it while you cry till He come who is the death of sin. Unlike the unhappy traveller, your Help is near. He is not far from any one of us. Would to God we only knew how much we needed His aid, and how freely He gives what enables us to find out sin, and to triumph over it.

#### OUR SAVIOUR'S ADVENT.

"We have seen his star in the east."—The Magi.

Dark was the dreary night of sin  
Which o'er Judea hung;  
Upon the altar, pale and dim,  
The offering lingered long,  
While not a spark from heaven appeared  
To start the sacred flame;  
Where God was once devoutly feared,  
They feared him but in name.  
Before cold, Pharisaic pride,  
The life of Israel's worship died.

The Essene, with gloomy face,  
In caverns sought his God;  
The Sadducee, with polished pace,  
In halls of pleasure trod;  
At festal boards he gayly bowed,  
And sumptuous feasts he gave;  
But hung a cold and cheerless shroud  
O'er all beyond the grave.

Some pious Jews, with faltering pace,  
Still sought the Sacred Hill;  
But in Jeda's holy place  
The oracle was still.  
In vain they looked, with wishful eyes;  
Devotion's flame grew cold—  
There burned not there the sacrifice,  
As it had burned of old.

"What of the night?" the watchman cried,  
With loud and earnest voice:  
The morning comes!" a voice replied,  
Behold it, and rejoice!  
Then o'er Judea rose the light  
Of Bethlehem's bright star;  
Shepherds beheld it in the night,  
And wise men from afar.  
Behold! He comes! the promised King,  
While men rejoice and angels sing!

#### LOVE TO CHRIST.

"Whom having not seen ye love."—1 PET. 1. 8.

It is no real hindrance to us in loving Christ that we have not *seen* Him. Experience shows that objects of faith may engage our affections quite as effectually as objects of sight. The illustrious patriots and martyrs of bygone ages command our admiration, though we have never seen them. And as regards our blessed Lord, it is certain that He was not more truly loved by the disciples who saw His face in the flesh than he still is by thousands upon thousands who know Him only from the records of the past.

Nay, it may well be doubted, if the *unseenness* of a personage like Christ, whose transcendent glories were in a great measure shrouded from view, so long as He was an object of sight, be not really a help rather than a hindrance to our love. Suppose you saw Christ, as His contemporaries did, in His mere human form and peasant attire, with the furrows of care and sorrow on His brow, and the signs of premature age on His whole frame, would such a sight tend to strengthen those feelings of profound reverence and admiration which you know to be due to One who is at once your God and your Redeemer? On the contrary, a view of his mere human features and bodily members would inevitably damp and abate your awe. And though, recollecting His real greatness, you might strive to rise above the impressions of sense, yet this struggle of faith against sight would be always painful, and often bootless. The conception of Him, forced on you by His homely outward aspect, would ever and anon disturb and mar the loftier image conjured up by imagination and faith, and, at the best, the action of your spiritual affections would be fitful and meteoric. But how different is it as the case actually stands! You see not Christ with the bodily eye; you have never so seen Him; and hence you are not hampered by any fixed idea or recollection of his mere human likeness. Your imagination is at full liberty to expatiate over all the glories which you believe to irradiate His person and character; and thus beholding Him with only the mind's uplifted eye, you can muse on His manifold excellencies and attractions until the fire kindles, and your heart burns within you, and your whole soul mounts up, seraph-like, in a flame of devout affection.

Do we love the unseen Saviour? This is for us the vital question. Nor, if we are in earnest in asking it, can we have any difficulty in arriving at a decisive answer.

If we really love Christ, we cannot but be *conscious* of our affection for Him. Yet on a point where self-deception is at once so easy

and so perilous, consciousness ought not to be relied on, apart from other evidence. It requires a faculty of subtle analysis, greatly more astute than most of us possess, to enable us to determine whether our love be genuine or only counterfeit. And happily there are other quarters to which we may repair for evidence. Love to Christ, wherever it exists, has signs following it, to certify its presence. It is not a mere glow of feeling, which warms the heart for a moment, and then vanishes, leaving no trace behind. It is an affection, a settled mood of mind, an active sentiment, which cannot but tell on the temper and the life. Where it is present, it must make its presence felt. Like Mary's box of fragrant ointment, it must fill the house with its odour.

We may know whether we love the unseen Saviour, by the *general tenor of our thoughts*. That which is uppermost in our heart is sure, as the proverb truly teaches, to be also uppermost in our thoughts. And hence if Christ is really the object of our love, He must be the subject of our frequent and spontaneous musings. It cannot be that we love Him, if we think of Him only when His name is mentioned, or His redemptive offices obtruded on our attention. What would you say of the mother who seldom or never sent her thoughts after her sailor-boy on his distant voyage? What would you say of the plighted maiden who never, save when his name was mentioned, had a thought to bestow on her absent lover? Would you admit the love of either to be more than a name? And why then suppose that a Saviour, who is seldom or never in our thoughts, can have his rightful place in our affections?

We may know whether we love Christ, by our *treatment of His Word*. When I receive a letter from an absent friend, containing important intelligence about his affairs, and breathing the warmest affection towards myself, how do I treat that letter? Do I leave it unread, or read it with reluctance? If I should so treat it, could I pretend to have any real love for the writer? Or suppose, after so treating his letter, I should write him in reply, that I valued his correspondence and reciprocated his friendship, how could I avoid despising myself as a contemptible hypocrite? Yet exactly thus do many professing Christians treat that precious letter which Christ has sent us in his written Word. They call Him Master and Lord, and they profess to lament His absence and long for His return; yet they allow the Book which acquaints them with His "work and labour of love," and instructs them how to demean themselves till He come again, to lie from week's end to week's end unperused; or, if they now and then glance at its contents, it is only in the most perfunctory manner, and with ill-concealed

aversion. Can such neglect of Christ's Word consist with love to Christ himself?

We may know whether we love Christ, by *our feelings and conduct towards His people*. For Christ has a people upon earth peculiarly his own,—a people broadly distinguishable from the rest of mankind by their manifest likeness to Himself. How do we bear ourselves towards *them*? Do we value and seek their society, or do we stand coldly aloof from them? This is a decisive criterion. For if we love not our Christian brother whom we have seen, how can we love Christ whom we have not seen? If we love not the *visible copy*, how can we love the *unseen original*? Christ has appointed his people to be his representatives during his absence; He has declared them to be so identified with Himself, that whosoever toucheth them toucheth the apple of His eye: that whosoever giveth unto one of them even a cup of cold water, shall in no wise go without the meed of that precious acknowledgment, "Inasmuch as you did it unto me." And if, then, instead of loving and helping His people, we dislike and avoid them, how can we rebut the charge of disaffection to their Lord?

Prove yourself, my reader, by these tests of character. Do not assume, without trial, that you love the Lord. Do not even conclude that you love Him, after only a slight trial. The matter is too vital to your well-being to be safely left in any dubiety. And if unhappily you discover that you do not yet love Him, oh, then lose no time in going to Himself, that you may lay your hapless case before Him, and implore Him to wia and warm your heart by showing you His own wondrous love for you.—Rev. J. M. McCulloch, D.D.

## LIVING FOREVER.

I must live forever—not this body, but I. The body may be consigned to the flames and reduced to ashes; or it may lie down in the old family burning-ground and moulder back to its original dust with the dear ones who have gone before. *I must live. I must live* when the names of Alexander, Washington, Wellington, Solferino, and the rebellion of '81 shall have perished; when the morning stars that sang together at creation's birth shall have sung earth's requiem, *I shall live*, when those stars themselves shall have been blotted out, I shall only have begun to live; and I must live forever and ever. *A faithful trust is committed to me, which I can never lay down.*

## THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS—

As they are at present.

BY REV. JOHN INGLIS, MISSIONARY TO THE  
NEW HEBRIDES.

The South Sea Islands, as they are at the present day, may be looked at with advantage from three points: as they will appear respectively to the missionary, the merchant, and the man of science. As we have already seen, discovery or enterprise in the South Seas may be divided into three periods: the commercial, the scientific, and the Christian. From Magellan to Cook, ambition and cupidity, political power and the acquisition of gold, were the moving and guiding principles of action among discoverers. From Cook till the end of the last century, scientific pursuits and the general interests of humanity were the objects chiefly kept in view. During the present century, Christianity has been the ruling element, and has largely contributed to the interests of both commerce and science. Indeed, it is now clear as day, that it is only so far as Christianity is extended, that commercial and scientific objects can be attained throughout those islands. It is only Christianity that brings security to life and property, and develops the industry of the natives and the resources of the islands. Our present survey shall be taken chiefly from the missionary or Christian stand-point—not, however, overlooking the other two.

Beginning with Polynesia, we may remark that the missions among the Malay Polynesians, and indeed in the South Seas generally, have excited much less interest during the last twenty years, than they did during the twenty years previous to that time. During the last twenty years, India, China, Western Asia, the continent of Europe, and latterly Dr. Livingstone's discoveries in Africa, have all attracted public attention to a greater degree than the South Sea Islands. From what cause it has arisen we know not, but true it is, that fewer men of distinguished eminence have appeared in the South Sea missions than in most other mission fields. John Williams is almost the only man that has acquired a world-wide reputation. His labours, his writings, and his death, all contributed to this. As a body, the South Sea mission-

aries will bear comparison with any equal number of missionaries anywhere; but they have had fewer names pre-eminently distinguished than some others. The nature of their labours may partly account for this. They have been workers, rather than writers; patient, plodding perseverance, rather than daring enterprise, has been their allotted work. But although Polynesia has attracted less of public attention than some other mission fields during the last twenty years, the different missions throughout those islands have been advancing as steadily, and making, upon the whole, as satisfactory progress, as at any period of their history. Our limits prevent us entering into details, but a few general statements will fully corroborate all that we have asserted.

Twenty years ago, as we have already stated, nearly the whole of Polynesia was Christianized, nearly the entire population had professed Christianity; the only thing that remained to be done was to consolidate the new religion, and develop among them a truly Christian character. Let us inquire how far this has been accomplished. It is gratifying to think that there has been no apostasy, no going back to heathenism; not a group, not an island, not even a tribe has renounced Christianity. During the violent excitement of war, or under peculiar temptations, heathen rites and practices have been revived; but in no case has there been any deliberate and persistent return to idolatry and heathenism. In Samoa, civil war raged for nine long years, and greatly retarded the progress of the mission, and many heathen practices were resuscitated; but since peace was restored some years ago, Christianity has been quite in the ascendant, and is advancing steadily. In New Zealand also, for a number of years past, a worldly, money-loving spirit has been fearfully on the increase, almost completely overlaying the principles of Christianity among them. But this has been occasioned by their coming so suddenly, and so exclusively, into contact with the colonists, and obtaining so easily such an amount of money among them, for lands, for labour, and for produce; the temptations were so powerful that the result need neither surprise nor discourage any one. For, alas! our fellow-countrymen, who ought to have been vastly better fortified



than the natives against temptations to worldly-mindedness, have suffered nearly as much from it as the poor Maories themselves. Flushed with wealth, and with the old war spirit still strong in their nature, a portion of them have once and again raised the standard of rebellion. The government and the great body of the settlers have, in general, treated them not only with justice, but also with great and considerate kindness. Still it cannot be denied, that among our countrymen there have been parties who, actuated by a base selfishness, have sought either to take undue advantage of the natives, or else, to gain some selfish object, have excited a discontented spirit among them, in order to embarrass the government in their policy. In this way the poor misguided natives have been as often sinned against as sinning. For now, when peace is concluded with them, the cause of the war is to be re-examined. In every group the natives have had peculiar temptations, but in every case the genuineness of their religious profession has in the end been fully attested. In Tahiti, France and Rome have done their utmost for nearly twenty long years: the missionaries were in effect banished: and yet, out of 8000 people, the number of converts to Popery amounts only to a few hundreds, and the church members were never more numerous than they are at present.

While none of the South Sea missionaries have astounded the world by the discovery or exploration of unknown regions, or published works that took the scientific world by surprise, they have been quietly, diligently, and prayerfully prosecuting their daily avocations, and silently producing results that ought to claim attention from the Christian public; and they have been sustained by the different societies at home in a way that shows clearly how highly their labours are appreciated by those best acquainted with the circumstances in which they are placed, and who are best able to judge of what they are doing. Fifty years ago, not one of the Polynesians could read a single word. There was not a word printed in the language. Not a single book existed amid all those countless isles. In 1818 the first sheet of the Scriptures in the Tahitian language was printed by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, already referred to. Now the whole Bible has been translated into

the Tahitian language, printed in more editions than one, and read by the entire population; the whole Bible has been translated into the language of Rarotonga and the Hervey Islands, two editions printed and read by the entire people. The whole Bible has been translated into the language of Samoa, printed and read by the whole population. The same can be said of Hawaii, of Tonga, of New Zealand, and of Feejee. The whole Bible has been translated into six distinct dialects of the Polynesian language, and also into the language of Feejee, which is not a different dialect but a different language. The New Testament is also all translated into the language of Aneityum, another distinct language, and, under the favour of Providence, will be printed in a few months.

When the missionary barque, the "John Williams," returned to England in 1860, she had on board the Rev. G. Turner, with a corrected copy of the entire Samoan Bible, for a second edition, to be printed with marginal references, and the Rev. G. Gill, with a corrected copy of the entire Rarotongan Bible, for a third edition, to be printed also with marginal references. And, but for the unexpected illness of a brother missionary, the Rev. A. Chisholm would have come in the vessel, and brought with him a corrected copy of the entire Tahitian Bible, for a third edition, to be printed also with marginal references, but he arrived in England two months after the "John Williams." And I brought with me a translation of the entire New Testament in the Aneityum language, to have the first complete edition printed. Since the world began was any single ship ever freighted with three distinct translations of the entire Bible and a fourth of the New Testament, to be printed? The fabled "Argo," with the golden fleece, and the richest of the real argosies that have sailed from Australia, California, or Columbia, are not once to be compared in real value with the homeward cargo of the "John Williams." Who can calculate what may be the moral and spiritual effects of the Word of God, opened and read in four different languages? "For wherever the Scriptures are translated into the vernacular tongue," says Dr. Claudius Buchanan, "and are open and common to all, inviting attention and causing discussion, they ~~only~~

not remain 'a dead letter' When the Scriptures speak to a heathen in his own tongue, his conscience responds, 'This is the word of God.' The man who produces a translation of the Bible into a new language (like Wickliffe, and Luther, and Ziegenbalg, and Carey) is a greater benefactor to mankind than the prince who founds an empire. For the 'incorruptible seed of the Word of God' can never die. After ages have revolved it is still producing new accessions of truth and human happiness." Portions of the Scriptures have been translated into nearly as many other languages. The missionaries have also prepared and printed in all these languages a number of other books; primers, catechisms, hymn-books, tracts, commentaries, sermons, elementary books on science, newspapers, and magazines; besides dictionaries and grammars of the respective languages or dialects. Be it further remembered that every word in these eight languages had to be caught as it floated, often rapidly and indistinctly, on the lips of the natives; the meaning of the words, their orthography and grammatical structure, had all to be settled before they could become the visible vehicle for communicating the truths of God's Word to those illiterate, dark-minded pagans. How many of the renowned universities of Europe, with all their learned leisure, have, during these forty years, done more to advance Biblical literature than those humble missionaries, with few helps, toiling beneath a vertical sun, and constantly occupied with other professional labours?

Another encouraging feature of the Polynesian missions is, that they are nearly all self-supporting. It is a fully-recognised principle, that nothing can continue permanently which has not all the elements of support within itself. Christianity in the South Seas is fast coming up to this condition. In the Sandwich Islands this point was reached some time ago. In New Zealand, although the natives are the wealthiest of any in the South Seas, yet, from various reasons, they are perhaps the lowest in the scale of self-support, but even among them we have witnessed very commendable liberality. In Tonga, King George and his Wesleyan subjects have nearly, if not altogether, relieved the Society of all pecuniary responsibility. It is only twenty-six

or twenty-seven years since the first band of six missionaries commenced operations in Samoa, among a population of 35,000. The number of missionaries never averaged more than about twelve. They have had many formidable obstacles to contend with,—a nine years' war, and Popery putting forth all its strength. The whole population have renounced heathenism, and professed Christianity; and let their Christianity be tested by its fruits. Hospitality is said to be a savage virtue; but liberality in support of the gospel was never known to be such. The men who twenty-seven years ago were the most selfish of savages, are now becoming models of liberality. In addition to building all their own churches, manes, and school-houses, and paying for all their Bibles and school-books, to the amount of some thousands of pounds, they contribute annually £500 for the support of native agency among themselves, and £1000 a year to the funds of the London Missionary Society, thus rendering the mission about three-fourths self-supporting. For a full account of the Samoan mission we must refer our readers to *Nineteen Years in Polynesia*, by the Rev. Dr. Turner, lately published. This work, which is quite original both in matter and arrangement, contains a great amount of valuable and varied information, and will well repay a careful perusal. In the Hervey Islands, where the gospel has been longer among the people, the liberality, in proportion to the number of the population, is considerably higher. In Aneityum, in the New Hebrides, where, thirteen years ago, all was heathen darkness, and where now the whole inhabitants, about 3500, have professed Christianity, they have met every pound of money expended on their behalf with a pound's worth of labour; and last year, in addition, they collected arrow-root to the value of about £100, being one-third of the annual expense of the mission. If the natives of those islands continue advancing in liberality in the same ratio as they have hitherto done—and we may reasonably hope that they will do so—in a few years Christianity will be more than self-sustaining in Polynesia; it will be self-extending—the only condition which fully secures perpetuity.

In connexion with this we may refer to the means taken in all the missions to train

up a learned class of native agents. In every group there are institutions, some of them already dignified with the name of colleges, for imparting a higher and more liberal education to the sons and daughters of chiefs and the more promising of other classes, so as to provide teachers and instructors for their fellow-countrymen. Only a very few of the natives have as yet been ordained to the office of the ministry; and although many more were qualified and appointed, it will be a considerable time before it would be safe to leave them without the superintendence and guidance of European and American missionaries. But, nevertheless, every year they are rising in intelligence and moral principle, and are acquiring more of the power of self-support, self-guidance, and self-government.

Another thing that will tend powerfully to the conservation and perpetuity of Christianity in the South Seas, is the effect which it has had upon their civil government; upon their social constitutions, their civil and criminal law. In New Zealand the natives are placed under the authority and protection of British law. However, but for Christianity, they never would have submitted to this, and although a portion of them lately threw off this authority, yet the thorough and permanent establishment of peace is only a question of time. The wisdom and firmness of those now at the head of affairs in that colony is, humanly speaking, a sufficient guarantee for this. In Tonga, King George, like John Milton, is drawing his politics from the Bible. Some years ago the American Board of Missions solemnly affirmed "that the people of the Sandwich Islands are a *Christian nation*, and may rightfully claim a place among the Protestant Christian nations of the earth." The first article in the Hawaiian constitution promulgated by the king and chiefs in 1840, declares "that no law shall be enacted which is at variance with the Word of the Lord Jehovah, or with the general spirit of His Word;" and "that all the laws of the Islands shall be in consistency with God's law." Everywhere the missionaries accepted the form of civil government which they found existing; all that they attempted was to animate that form, whether monarchical or aristocratical, with the living spirit of Christianity, to make it at once a strong and good govern-

ment. In many of the islands there is nothing like a formal constitution, and very little statute law; but a common law is being formed on precedents, on cases decided, as they arise, on the principles of the Bible. In the famous Bible-burning case that occurred the other year in Ireland, it was announced by the judges, as an unchallenged principle in British jurisprudence, that the Bible is the common law of England. In like manner it may be said that virtually the Bible is the common law of Polynesia; club law has been superseded by God's law, and life and property are now everywhere secure.

Another interesting and encouraging feature of the South Sea Missions is their aggressive, evangelistic character. Twenty years ago both Micronesia and Melanesia were wholly heathen. But all the missions in those seas have been acting on the aggressive, making their most Christianized position the basis or centre of those aggressive operations upon the domains of Satan which they have undertaken. From the Sandwich Islands the American Mission, in 1852, extended their operations westward into Micronesia. At present they have seven missionaries with their wives located in that field, besides some Hawaiian natives acting as assistants. They occupy Ascension Island, King's Mill Group, Mulgrave's, and Strong's Island or Kusia, and other islands. The population of Micronesia is estimated at 200,000. The languages are numerous and very different one from another. The Americans have also commenced a mission on the Marquesas. Both these missions are advancing hopefully. Twenty years ago Feejee was the head-quarters of darkness, cruelty, and revolting cannibalism. But the Wesleyans have pushed on their mission there with their characteristic energy, and out of a population of 200,000, perhaps two-thirds have renounced heathenism, and are now waiting upon Christian instruction. The London Missionary Society, nothing daunted by the martyrdom of Williams, immediately renewed operations in Melanesia, and settled native teachers on the Isle of Pines, New Caledonia, the Loyalty Islands, and the New Hebrides. They have done much by means of native agency, but their operations have been very much crippled from the difficulty of obtaining

missionaries. They have, however, located four missionaries on the Loyalty Islands, who are prosecuting their labours with much encouragement. Thirteen years ago, the Rev. J. Geddie, from Nova Scotia, assisted by the Rev. T. Powell of the Samoan Mission, recommenced the New Hebrides Mission. It is sustained by the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia and the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The former body, which was the first in that field, has sent out four missionaries, and the latter three. This mission is carrying on operations on six islands, and has been favoured of God with very marked success.

(To be continued.)

### GOD'S CALL.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price." "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Rise, sinner, He calleth thee. Go to the Lord, and when thou goest, tell him, Lord, Thou hast bid me come, and, behold, here I am. I come at Thy word,—I come for a little water,—I come for Thy wine and Thy milk. I have brought no price in my hand, but Thou hast bid me come, and buy without money and without price. Though I have no grace, yet, behold, at Thy word I come for grace. Though I have no Christ, yet I come for Christ. Though I cannot call Thee Father, yet, being called, I come to Thee as *fatherless*,—with Thee the fatherless shall find mercy. If I am not Thy child, may I not be Thy Child? Hast Thou not a child's blessing left yet to bestow upon me? Thou hast bid me come, come for a blessing, bless me, even me, also, O Lord. Wherefore hast thou sent for me? Shall I be sent away as I came? I come at Thy word, do not say again, Begone, be gone out of my sight; I cannot go at Thy word; I will not go; for whither shall I go from Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Since Thou wilt have me speak, Lord, answer. Though I dare not say, Be just to me a saint, yet I do say, I will say, I must say, *Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.*—  
*Richard Alleine, 1664.*

### ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PRAYER.

1. You may expect to receive, *because God sees you*. Mark that! I could lead you along some of the dark streets of this great city; I could lead you through the low and narrow doorway, up the rickety staircase, and I could bring you to a lonely chamber, and there I could show you, in one corner, a weak, and worn, and weary woman, lying upon the bed of pain. The world knows little or nothing about that woman; she hears the hum of the voices and the roll of the carriages; but she sees nought of the world. She is sick; she is alone. But nay, she is not alone; those worm-eaten boards around her bed have been trodden by many an angel's feet; they keep watch over her at this solemn hour of midnight; ay, and when the arrows of death are flying fast around her, angels' arms are stretched out wide to defend her, and when Satan comes to attempt her, angels' voices say, "Get thee hence; thou shalt not tempt her; we are sent to watch over her!" Ay, and the wings, the warm wings of God's love, are stretched over that woman. She is a woman of prayer. You tell me that a king upon his throne is mighty; you tell me that an army is mighty. I tell you that woman is mightier than both together. A king shall die, an army shall pass away; but her prayers die not, her prayers fall not to the ground; they move the arms of Omnipotence. They are recorded in the book of God's remembrance; they are every one answered through Christ. Christian, Christ hears thy prayers. Let me tell thee, for thy comfort, there never did roll from those eyes of thine down that furrowed cheek, one tear that was not seen by Him who is infinite, and caught in the bottle of God. Saith David, "Thou dost put my tears in thy bottle." There never was a prayer that came, I will not say from thy lips, but there never was one that came from thy heart, that did not ascend on high, winged of God, and enter his very bosom. And oftentimes has God answered thee when thou didst not know it!

2. We say he will answer the prayers, *because he is able to do so*. Prayer can do anything. What was it divided the waters of the Red Sea for the children of Israel to pass through? You answer,

Prayer. What was it brought manna from heaven? Prayer. What was it opened the flinty rock, and caused the waters to leap forth, to gush and gurgle, to roll and dance and stream along the valleys? Prayer. What was it delivered the children of Israel from the hands of their enemies? Prayer. What was it delivered the prophet Elijah, in the hour of danger? Prayer. What was it delivered Paul and Silas from their dungeon? Prayer. What was it that delivered Paul and those who sailed with him over the storm-tossed sea of Adria? Prayer. Prayer is mighty.—Prayer has caused the sun of heaven to stand still! Prayer unlocks and opens; and would empty, if it were possible, the very treasure-house of God.

3. We say, Christian, you may hope, and firmly trust, that God will answer you, *because he has answered already such thousands of prayers in times past.* Will you rise with me, for a moment, to the top of Mount Pisgah? It is not far to go, if you have the wings of faith; but if you have not, you cannot go up at all. If you will stand with me on the top of Mount Pisgah, and gaze upon those "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," that "stand dressed in living green," what will you see there? Says one, "Sir, we shall see the city called Celestial." Ay, and do you see those thousands of white-robed ones thronging the streets of the city? "Yes," you say. Let me tell you one thing: there is not one white-robed one there that hath not breathed prayers in the ear of God; and not one who has not had them answered. But would you look beyond the city?—Christian, do you see something far, far beyond it, stretching out in the infinite distance? "Yes," you say. What is it, Christian? "Ah, sir," you say, "that is the sea of clear crystal, mingled with flames of living fire." It is so. And do you see those millions on millions that stand upon that sea, dressed in white raiment crowned with glory? Do you hear how they harp God's praises? You do! Then let me tell you there is not one there who has not prayed; and not one whose prayer has not been answered of God. Now let me carry you for a moment round the world. You kneel, perhaps, on the Sabbath morning, and at the same moment, in this city, thousands more kneel, and their prayers

are accepted. And lying on sick beds, thousands pray, and their prayers go up to God. Ay, and from green islands, far across the blue waters, the breath of prayer ascendeth to God! And from lonely ships that float over the mighty deep, the voice of prayer doth ascend. And from the cold bleak North, and from the warm and barren deserts of the South; from beneath the palm-trees of the land we love to think of—the land of Judea; ay, and from the halls and palaces of kings; from many a lonely dungeon, from many a crowded city, the voice of prayer ascendeth, and God answers these millions and millions of prayers. And now, let the conclusion be forced home on thy mind. If God has answered the prayers of thousands of the redeemed in heaven; if he daily answers the prayers of thousands of his own people on earth, will he refuse to answer thine? Surely not.

4. I have another reason for thinking he will not—*God's firm promise.* Says Christ, "Ask, and it shall be given." A dear old Christian that I heard of not long since, speaking to a lady, said, "I like to have the Book of God laid open before me when I am on my knees." "Why?" she asked. "Because ma'am, I look down, and I see the promises in the name of God, and I like to lay my finger on them, and say, 'Heavenly Father, I have got my finger, just now, on the promise; there are the words, heavenly Father, answer them.' It does my faith good," he said. "it makes it stronger." Now, Christian, there lies the promise, "it shall be given you." What have you got to say to that? Are not "all the promises of God, yea and amen in Christ Jesus?" Are they not certain of fulfilment? and canst thou doubt? I have something solemn to say to you. The heavens above are broad and blue; there is many a star hung in the infinite depths of darkness; there is many a white cloud that floats overhead in the summer's sun; there is many a black cloud that drifts before the cold winter's blast. Broad are the heavens above. But, let me tell you, the day is coming when those heavens shall be one vast flame, and they shall curl and roll round and round, and pass for ever away with the noise of mighty thunder; but God's promise shall remain. Cast your eyes around this world. There is many a mountain upon this world that casts its ray

rocky roots into the very bowels of the earth. The world is wide. But let me tell you this world presently shall, beneath the foot of Omnipotence, tremble. "Behold he cometh with clouds!" "The earth, and all that is in it, shall be dissolved; the elements shall melt with fervent heat;" but God's promises shall last then. Far, far above you stars they are written—written in the book of truth. They shall last though the sun become black as midnight, the moon red as blood, and the stars of heaven fall, even as the leaves of the fig-tree shaken by the blast. But though clouds roll away and depart, though the earth quake and be burned up, yet those promises stand, for they are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." Canst thou doubt now, Christian? Say, "Lord, it is enough, help thou mine unbelief."

My dear friends, you may be sure the Lord will answer the prayers you utter, if you present them in the name of Christ. Christian. Christ intercedes with God for you on high. Behold that scene! Burdened beneath the weight of many a sin, cast down, and with his lips in the dust, lies there the poor penitent sinner! And now listen to his groanings: hear what he hath to say. He saith, "God have mercy on me a sinner!" Now rise, rapidly rise, like an archangel; ay, rise to heaven.—Seest thou that great white throne, on which sitteth the Eternal? and seest thou that bright One within the palace of his glory! Thou canst see his feet, thou canst behold his glistening raiment; thou canst see his clasped hands; thou canst catch his earnest gaze; thou canst hear his sweet words.—What prayeth Christ in the ear of God? Harken! Saith Christ, "Father, have mercy upon him. Wait awhile. Sinner, speak on. What saiest thou?" "Lord," saith the sinner, "forgive my sins." Saith Christ, "Father, forgive his sins." Says God, "I will;" and the deed is done. Look at that upturned face now! Do you see the smile of joy that plays over those care-worn features! The burden has fallen into the tomb; the soul is washed in the blood of Christ. And now hearken! sweet notes resound from the starry heavens above.—What notes of music are those that come thrilling down from the abode of the blessed? Oh, they are the sweet voices of angels. And, methinks, if ever they can

weep with tenderness and love, they weep now; and they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain; another sinner has been redeemed by his blood! We will meet him in heaven, clasp his hauds, and lead him with the Lamb to fountains of living waters. Behold that other scene; there kneels a Christian. You see that broken instrument lying there? Yes,' you say, "what is that?" My friends, it is a broken harp; it has got out of tune. And do you see that crown thrown in the dust? "Yes," you say, "whose crown is that?" It is the crown of a king. And now do you see the sackcloth on the man? You do! and ashes sprinkled on his head? You do. And how earnest the man is now! He is praying. Harken to him! What saith he? He saith, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." Now listen. What saith Christ? "I will." The deed is done. Now wait. Seest thou King David rising from the dust. He throws off the sackcloth; he washes his face, his tears are wiped away. He takes his harp and strings it. And now do you hear his sweet strains? "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." Ah! you have it there! And how is all this? Why, Christ prays on high for David, who prays below; and David below gets the blessing from God above.

My dear friends, learn from this subject lessons which you should put in practice every day. Pray believingly; pray in the name of Christ; pray for the Spirit; pray for help through and by the Spirit. And know this, that thy prayers go not up to God naked, bare, barren, filthy. Nay, nay; ere they reach heaven Christ taketh them; he taketh away the dross; he sprinkleth them with his own blood, and then he putteth them in the "vail full of colours, which are the prayers of the saints," and he poureth them out in the presence of God his father.—*H. G. Guinness.*

He that wants love to his brethren wants one of the sweetest springs from whence assurance flows. A greater hell I would not wish any man, than to live and not to love the beloved of God.—*Brooks.*

# THE GOOD NEWS.

January 15th, 1862.

## ETERNITY.

ETERNITY! Solemn word. It is told in story that one evening a gay young lady, having returned late from a gay assemblage, found her pious domestic servant engaged in reading a religious book. She jeered her for reading such books. Charged her to give over such trash and go to bed. The young lady herself retired to bed but not to sleep, for while she glanced on the book which the servant was reading, her eye caught a word which she could not expel from her mind. That word was ETERNITY. God's Spirit made it stick in her mind, as a nail in a sure place, till she got no peace, until she fled for refuge to the place set before her in the gospel. May the Holy Spirit now use this word as a shaft to pierce your heart, reader, and make you think of its solemn realities.

ETERNITY! *What is it?*

This question was once put to a deaf and dumb boy in one of the deaf and dumb institutions in France. He took a slate and wrote, "It is the lifetime of God Almighty." It was an excellent answer. An answer that could scarcely be equaled, and certainly not surpassed. God's eternity is duration that has no beginning and no end. He was before men or angels, when He was the only being in existence. "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God. A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

As to man, eternity expresses duration that has a beginning, but has no end. Time had a beginning and will also have an end. It is growing shorter every hour.

Hour follows upon hour, day upon day, year upon year, and generation upon generation, but the period draweth nigh when hours and days and years and generations will roll on no more, and when the last moment of time will finish. When, however, time shall have passed away, the wheels of eternity will roll on continually. It is a duration which nothing can shorten. Heap in imagination ten thousand ages together, multiply their number by ten thousand times ten thousand, and when all are past, yet eternity will not be shortened. It will be eternity still, as lasting, as joyful, or as dreadful as ever.

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

Eternity was ere time began. Eternity is while the sands of time run on their course, and eternity will be when time will be no more. Time lies on the bosom of eternity, like a ship launched on the mighty ocean on the morning of creation, manned first by our first parents, and ever since by those descended from them. On board that ship there have been births and deaths, there have been eating and drinking and making merry, there have been marrying and giving in marriage from the beginning till now, and all those who were formerly on board, but are not now, had at the bidding of their owner to walk the plank of death into the Ocean of Eternity. They are all there living and acting. There are the thousands of saints who, when they were on the earth, sought a better country. There live the inhabitants of the old world that perished in the deluge. There, too, the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah that perished by fire and brimstone. There live the thousands of every age and of every nation that perished by wars, by famine, by pestilence, by sickness, by disease, and by death in the ordinary course of nature. There are the triflers of every age, but they trifle not now. There are the rich and the great and the noble, men

of renown in their day, but their riches, their greatness, and their nobility, are unknown now. The world has long forgotten them, and they themselves are living in eternity, but how different are their thoughts about time and eternity, about this world and the next, from what they, once were, and how differently would they live here again if they could but return, and with their present experience begin their life anew.

But all who are now in the world, and who will yet be in it, will have their portion in eternity. You, reader, will have your portion there. Is it not right to ask yourself—

WHAT WILL BE YOUR CONDITION THEN?

We have already compared time to eternity to a ship sailing on the ocean, and the individuals that are in the world to those on board of such a ship. They are together fellow-passengers, and are journeying to the world of spirits. Ought each not to enquire what is to be their condition there? Thanks be unto God that they are not like Columbus without a chart, sailing to an unknown land, but are going where many have gone before; they have a chart that shows them how they must steer, and what may be their portion when they get there.

But eternity will not be like time. In time the wicked and the righteous live together, but in eternity the "wicked will be cast into hell, and all they that forget God," whereas the righteous shall be received into everlasting life. In eternity the wicked shall be cast "into outer darkness, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," where they shall be cast away from all their hopes, cast away from all their privileges, cast away from their relatives and friends, cast away from all their pleasures, cast away where all happiness is ended, and where all hope is lost. But in eternity "the righteous shall shine forth as

the sun in the kingdom of their father. God himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, but in "His presence shall be fulness of joy, at His right hand shall be pleasure for evermore."

Reader,—How stands the case with you? Eternity is not a toy. Eternity is not a trifle. It's a stern and awful fact. It's a duration which nothing can shorten, but yet that duration is yours. Friend, what is to be your condition here.

YOUNG MAN OR MAIDEN,—we write to you, and we ask what is the bloom of beauty? what the thrill of passing pleasure? what the love of applause, compared with misery that's endless, that's unnumbered? and yet you know these are the things that absorb your care.

BUSY MERCHANT, ANXIOUS FARMER, WORLDLY ARTIZAN—we write to you, and we ask what will it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul? and yet you know you are making a God of gain.

MERE PROFESSORS, CARRIERS OF CARE, and all who are without God in the world, we write to you and say—

THERE IS ONE THING NEEDFUL.

That needful thing is salvation. Christ Jesus is the Saviour. In his name we make a full and free offer to you sinners of Him as the one that can save you. The only one that can and will save, *without money and without price*. In his name, we say, "To as many of you as receive Him will He give power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name, and if sons, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, of the kingdom of glory."

When we take least notice of our good deeds ourselves, God takes most notice of them.—*Henry*.



## Anecdote of Rev. Rowland Hill.

The following anecdote of this eminent servant of Christ, will, no doubt, be new to the most of the readers of this periodical. I am not aware that it has ever before appeared in print. I am indebted for it to a friend to whom it was told by one who was intimately acquainted with Mr. H., and who also wrote a biography of him.

A young man in London was about to leave home to engage in the service of the East India Company. Though a very amiable person, his mind was yet "enmity against God." This gave much concern to an uncle of his—a man of deep piety—especially when he considered the temptations to which he would be exposed in the country whither he was going. One day, as he was thinking over the means which he should employ for the conversion of his nephew, it occurred to him, that as the preaching of Rowland Hill had been blessed to many ungodly persons, if he were to hear him, it might be blessed to him also. But, as his relative was a person of very refined taste, might he not rather be disgusted with his eccentric manner? However, he at length resolved to ask him to go to hear him, leaving the issue with God. Accordingly, at the first opportunity, he said to his nephew, "Now, I have a favour to ask of you, before we part." "What is it?" was the reply. "I am going to Surrey Chapel to-night, to hear Rowland Hill, and I would like very much if you would accompany me." "Pshaw!" said the nephew, "who would listen to that babbler?" "Well," replied the uncle, "I have asked few favours of you. It would gratify me very much if you would go for my sake, if you will not do so from higher motives. We shall soon be separated from each other, probably, never to meet again on earth." "For your sake, then, uncle, I will cheerfully accompany you," was the answer. The two accordingly proceeded to Surrey Chapel. For a considerable length of time Rowland Hill preached without anything of his peculiar manner. At length he paused, and addressing ungodly persons, said:—"To what

shall I compare you? You are like a number of hogs." "Ah!" thought the uncle, "he is going to say something which will blast all my pleasing expectations." "Yes," continued the preacher, "you are like a number of hogs. You know that the butcher has a yard attached to his slaughter-house, in which he fattens his hogs. When he intends killing one, he goes among them with a basket of beans, scattering a few here and a few there, till they are near the slaughter-house, the door of which is open. Then, after he has separated from the rest the one which he wishes to kill, he drops a few beans within the slaughter-house, which decoy it in. In an instant the door is closed, and its doom is sealed. Now, ungodly persons, you are just like these hogs. The Devil is going about scattering temptations among you to decoy you into hell." On their way from the Chapel, the uncle said to his nephew, "Well, what do you think of the sermon which we have just been hearing?" "I cannot say much about it," was the reply. This was somewhat discouraging to the uncle. After a pause, he said by way of apology, "Rowland is an eccentric person." "Yes," said the nephew, "but he is sincere, and I believe that all he said to-night is quite true." At this the uncle's spirits began to rise. He could not, however, learn anything further from his relative regarding the state of his mind. At length the young man went to India. A short time, after his arrival there, his uncle received a letter from him, in a part of which he expressed himself in language like the following, "I have good reason to believe that I am now a new creature. This wondrous change was wrought in me by the Spirit of God, through the sermon which you and I heard the Rev. Rowland Hill preach in Surrey Chapel. His illustration of the butcher and the hogs was what most impressed me. Dear uncle, I shall always feel deeply grateful to you for asking me to accompany you that night."

METIS, C.E.

T. F.

(This anecdote is not new to the public. We read it many years ago, and have often employed it in addressing the ungodly; yet it is a very excellent one, and deserves to be generally known.—*Ed. Good News.*)

## THE DIGNITY OF SERVICE.

What owest thou thy Lord? You cannot tell that. Therefore be your money millions or mites, be your talents ten or two, be your hearts young and green, or seared and withered, lay them at a Saviour's feet. Let his glory be your glorious aim! Raised far above the common objects and base pursuits of the world, this is an end worth living for. A life such as that, elevating and ennobling the humblest lot, shall command the regards, and fix on a man the gaze of angels. Lofty ends give dignity to the lowest offices.

It is, for instance, an honest, but you would not call it an honourable occupation to pull an oar; yet if that oar dips in a yeasty sea to impel the life-boat over mountain waves and through roaring breakers, he who has stripped for the venture, and, breaking away from weeping wife, and praying mother, and clinging children, has bravely thrown himself into the boat to pull for yonder wreck, and pluck his drowning brothers from the jaws of death, presents, as from time to time we catch a glimpse of him on the crest of the foaming billow, a spectacle of grandeur which would withdraw our eyes from the presence even of a queen, surrounded with all the blaze and glittering pomp of royalty.

Take another illustration, drawn from yet humbler life. Some years ago, on a winter morning, two children were found frozen to death. They were sisters. The elder child had the younger seated in her lap, closely folded within her lifeless arms. She had stripped her own thinly-clad form to protect its feebler life, and, to warm the icy fingers, had tenderly placed its little hands in her own bosom; and pitying men and weeping women did stand and gaze on the two dead creatures, as with eyes and stiffened forms, they reclined upon the snow wreath—the days of their wandering and mourning ended, and heaven's own pure snow no purer than that true sister's love. They were orphans; homeless, homeless beggars. But not on that account, had I been there to gaze on that touching group, would I have shed one tear the less, or felt the less deeply, that it was a display of true love, and of human nature in its least fallen aspect, which de-

served to be embalmed in poetry, and sculptured in costliest marble.

Yes; and however humble the Christian's walk, or mean his occupation, it matters not. He who lives for the glory of God, has an end in view which lends dignity to the man and to his life. Bring common iron into proper contact with the magnet, it will borrow the strange attractive virtue, and itself become magnetic.—The merest crystal fragment that has been flung out into the field and trampled on the ground, shines like a diamond when sunbeams stoop to kiss it. And who has not seen the dullest rain cloud, when it turned its weeping face to the sun, change into glory, and, in the bow that spans it, present to the eyes of age and infancy, alike of the philosopher who studies and of the simple joyous child who runs to catch it, the most brilliant and beautiful phenomenon in nature? Thus, from what they look at and come in contact with, common things acquire uncommon glory.

Live, then, "looking unto Jesus," live for nothing less and nothing lower than God's glory; and these ends will lend grandeur to your life, and shed a holy, heavenly lustre on your station, however humble it be. Yes. A man of piety may be lodged in the rudest cottage, and his occupation may be only to sweep a street, yet, let him so sweep a street, that, through the honest and diligent doing of his duty, God is glorified, and men are led to speak and think better of religion, and he forms a link between earth and heaven. He associates himself with holy angels; and, though at a humble distance, treads in the footsteps of that blessed Saviour, who, uniting divinity to humanity, as our Maker made all things for himself, and, as our brother man, whether he ate or drank, or whatsoever he did, did all for the glory of God; and doing so, left us an example that we should follow his steps. Go and do likewise. Glorify God, and you shall enjoy him. Labour on earth and you shall rest in heaven. Christ judges them to be the men of worth who are the men of work. Be thy life then devoted to his service.—Now for the work, hereafter for the wages; earth for the cross, heaven for the crown. Go thy way, assured that there is not a prayer you offer, nor a word you speak, nor a foot you walk, nor a tear you shed,

nor a hand you hold out to the perishing, nor a warning you give to the careless, nor a wretched child you pluck from the streets, nor a visit paid to the widow or fatherless, nor a loaf of bread you lay on a poor man's table that there is nothing you do for the love of God and man, but is faithfully registered in the chronicles of the kingdom, and shall be publicly read that day when Jesus, calling you up from a post as mean as Mordecai's, shall crown your brows before an assembled world, saying, Thus it shall be done to the man whom the king deighteth to honour.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

### DO IT WITH ALL THY MIGHT.

"Well, well, that new bridge has gone just as I was feared it would," said old Isaac Baker, returning from a walk down the river's side one bright Sunday morning, while the kfast was preparing.

"You don't say of ther," said a bright cheery woman who had come out to announce that the morning meal was prepared; "it's only two years this spring since it was built, and there was not such a terrible flood either now."

"No, see 'tain't much of a swell, the water has scarcely covered the flats if the bridge had been any more half made; it would not ha' gone," he told 'em how it would be when that Jackson offered to build it for a third less than anybody else; but they *would* give it to the cheapest. I guess they'd see how it pays 'em now."

The conversation at the breakfast table turned principally to the washed away bridge, and the ruinous effects of half-done work generally. Little Abel, old Isaac's favourite grandchild, sat beside him and listened attentively to the numerous stories told of property lost, lives endangered, &c., all resulting from reckless indifference to the quality of work, only providing for the quantity. His head was full of it as he walked off to Sunday-school immediately after breakfast, having a mile and a half further to go through muddy lanes, on account of the impossibility of crossing the river at the usual bridge.

By a strange coincidence, Abel thought, the superintendent took as his matter for the closing address the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy

might." He enlarged considerably upon the importance, both temporally and spiritually, of taking the wise man's advice, and he had at least one interested listener that morning. Abel was a quiet little fellow, fond enough of fun too in his own quiet way, but having in his heart a hearty dislike of study. As Abel listened to the superintendent, and recollected how often mother had chided him for just half doing things, he resolved that he should give her occasion to do so no more; but then his lessons, he had not thought of them. He was not a very apt scholar, and it took him a very long time to get his lessons so as to pass at school at all, and if he was to do it with all his might, he thought he'd have no time for anything else; but his teacher's advice pressed hard upon him, and as he walked slowly homeward he repeated the text aloud to confirm the resolution he had made: "Whatsoever lessons, geograph'y, sums, and all my hand findeth to do, I will do it well."

Ten years of age had passed, and Abel was a tall, dark, finely formed boy of eighteen, hampering at blacksmith's forge. See how bold his face is, and how hard and black his hands have got; but there is a cheerful, determined look on his face that tells, even if you did not see how his arms go, that he's hammering that piece of iron with all his might. There is not an inch of laziness about him, every square is occupied, and by the deep, thoughtful look in his eyes, we would judge that he is thinking with all his might as well as working. Abel has done a great many things with all his might since we first saw him. He has gone to Christ with all his might, earnestly, prayerfully, and he will tell you joyfully that Christ was, as ever, true to his promise "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." He studied well when he went to school, struggling manfully against the old distaste; and if he did not get the first prize at the examination, he got honorable mention as being the best behaved, steadiest boy in school—and he was more than repaid. Wishing to be a blacksmith, he was bound to the master with whom he now works, a God-fearing, consistent man. With him, as also very soon with willing Abel, for now inclination and duty went hand in hand,

"Each morning saw some task begun,  
Each evening saw its close,  
Something attempted, something done,  
Had earned a night's repose."

And now the fame of the honest blacksmith and his thorough apprentice became known from the excellence of their work. It has reached the directors of a missionary board. And they resolve that this Christian blacksmith shall have as much of the work to do as he can do. And now with what a zeal does Abel work; he has a double motive to work with all his might, for it is God's work as well as his master's. As he welds the links of the chain, he takes particular attention that he does it *well*; for may not the lives of the missionaries who are to sail in it depend on their strength, and one of them is his own much-loved Sabbath-school teacher? And as he hammers he does not forget to pray that God may guard the lives of those missionaries, and make them a blessing in the Southern isles for which they are bound.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ship groaned and creaked, heaved and tossed, now riding the waves, and anon plunged into a valley of water, only to rebound the next mountain wave. The missionaries and their wives looked anxiously at each other. Was this to be the end? Their faith was failing. The captain looked grave, the sailors apprehensive. "Let go the anchor," commanded the captain, and with a chorus of "ahoa!" the order was obeyed. A moment or two, and they listen anxiously. Will it be able to withstand the pressure of the water, the pull of the ship? No. A fierce wave, a loud crack, the chain has snapped, the ship is again at the mercy of the waves! "Let go another." Alas! there is no better success. And now there is only one smaller than the others, whose chain is less than one-half the circumference of the other. They all look doubtfully at it. It seems no use trying that slender thing, when the strong machinery chains were unable to stand the storm. "Try it," said one of the missionaries; "Abel Baker made it." It was Abel's teacher who went on the vessel's side to watch the result. It seemed their last hope. The wind was fast bearing them on the breakers, and in a short time they must all perish if this chain breaks. How anxiously they watch

it! It has touched the bottom, the sailors said, but it yields not. The chain swings backwards and forwards, but the anchor is safe at the bottom, and the chain will not break. They are saved, and the missionaries gather together to thank God for their deliverance, while one proudly says, "It was Abel Baker, my scholar, made the chain." And hundreds to whom these missionaries carried the Gospel of peace, lived to thank God for their safety, and Abel Baker for the instrument—the strongly welded chain. Abel Baker is now a wealthy, prosperous man, still serving God with all his might, and attending to his business too with all his might. It has been illustrated well in his case, "Them that honour me I will honour."

#### ABOUT JOHN QUICKTEMPER.

We shall write nothing against him in malice; yet if what we say shall *seem* a little grievous, he must not think hard of us, for the plain truth must be told, sometimes, even though it pinch somebody.

John Quicktemper's ancestors on the paternal line were German, English and Welsh crossed; on the maternal, Irish, Scotch, and English crossed. Is it any wonder that from such an ancestry he inherited many bad as well as some good qualities? From the German came the pride of personal consequence and independence; from the English, egotism; from the Welsh, mulishness; from the Irish, freeheartedness; from the Scotch, tenacity of purpose; from all of them high temper.

John has a good personal appearance (we must praise him a little to get his ear), a fair share of talents, and a tolerable education, and he claims to be a Christian. As to his piety, some doubt it, and others place a very high estimate upon it. Our opinion is, that he is not as pious as he might be.

And he is a preacher, yes! a preacher. Sometimes he preaches well; but he has been known to speak through his nose, to snap his eyes, and even to shut them on the audience when much excited; some think he is a great preacher, others think he is a very poor preacher; we think he might be much better than he is. If he would not snap his eyes and speak through his nose; if he would quit blowing the

spittle out of his mouth when he is much excited; if he would not put such tremendous emphasis on so many unimportant words and sentences; and if he would pray more and study more, he might become a very good preacher.

But John, as might be inferred from his crossed ancestral blood, has one very unhappy trait—a *hasty and violent temper*. We are sorry to know it; we are sorrier still to say it before so many thousands of people, but the truth must come out. He may sue us for slander. Very well; we can pay all he will get out of our surplus salary. Let him sue. He was a very passionate boy—a very passionate young man—and as he grows older, notwithstanding his grace and his sacred office, his ill-temper seems to be growing on him. If it had not been for the last-mentioned fact, we should not now expose him to the public.

He is so sensitive that you can't touch him anywhere without arousing him; and then look out! His eye tells the story, as the lightning's flash warns you of a thunder-clap. Touch the hornet's nest of his temper, if you like; but you must not think that the hornets ever sleep very soundly.

When he is angry his reason is driven from its throne. He will not inquire whether or not an offence was intended; whether or not, if it were, it is worth noticing; whether or not a real injury was done him. No; he won't reason; or, it will be nearer the exact truth to say he can't reason; as well might a hissing bombshell reason while on its mission of death.

Nor will he at such times listen to the voice of conscience. He has a conscience—ordinarily, a very tender conscience. He has a keen sense of right and wrong, but not when he is angry. Then conscience is silenced; the angry waves of passion sweep over it.

Ordinarily he has a warm heart—is social—fond of company and of friends. But when angry he is as likely to offend a friend as a foe.

Indeed, anger seems, for the time, to suspend both natural and Christian affection; to transform in his eyes, a sweet child into a little fiend, a devoted and faithful wife into an encumbrance; a Christian brother into a plotting conspirator and

hypocrite; and this fair and beautiful earth and the bending heavens, all so full of thy glory of God, into a hateful prison. It is a hard saying, but probably true, that when John Quicktemper is real angry—and when he is angry, he is usually up to the exploding point—he does not seem to care for reputation, wife, child, brother, friend, neighbour, church, or even the Lord. "Does he swear?" No, not audibly, but he looks as though it was in him.

Well can anything be done for our brother? We think so, or else we would not have written this article. We have probed the sore, in order that we may prescribe remedies. And as many persons, both in the ministry and in the laity, in this fast and exciting age, may be suffering from the same cause, we will indicate such means and remedies as we believe will effect an improvement, if not a cure.

1. *Physical remedies*: A frequent application of cold water to the brain; wholesome and nutritious food; regular and sound sleep.

2. *Moral remedies*: Careful study of the character of Him who was meek and lowly in heart; secret prayer and meditation; a special reliance on divine help for victory over the besetting sin.—*Telescope*.

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### COME!

Just as thou art, without one trace  
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,  
Or meekness for the heavenly place,  
O guilty sinner, come!

Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?  
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:  
Christ brings relief to hearts oppress'd:  
O weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross;  
Count all thy gains but worthless dross;  
His grace o'errepays all earthly loss:  
O needy sinner, come!

Come hither, bring thy boding fears,  
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;  
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:  
O trembling sinner, come!

The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"  
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "come!"  
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come!  
-The Saviour bids thee come!

## Sabbath School Lessons.

January 26th.

ART THOU THE CHRIST?—LUKE vii.  
18-35.

I. *John's message to Christ.* "Art thou he that should come or look we for another?" was the question which John commissioned two of his disciples to propose to the Saviour. v. 19. It is right to seek to assure ourselves in a matter upon which depends an interest infinitely transcending all others in importance, viz: the salvation of the immortal soul. How many betray the utmost indifference as to whether Jesus is the Christ. Thousands, if asked to give a reason for the faith which they profess, could give no better than that they were taught it by their parents and friends; they have received the gospel merely as the word of man, not as the word of God. Multitudes of others have joined the ranks of professed infidelity from an affectation of singularity and from never having sufficiently examined the evidences of the truth of the Gospel. This message appears singular, coming from John who had borne so clear and decided testimony to the Saviour, previous to his imprisonment. Could it be that he now doubted, who had declared concerning Jesus, that he was "sent of God," John iii. 34; that he "should baptize with the Holy Ghost," v. 33; that he was "the Lamb of God," v. 29, and that he was "the son of God," v. 34. There were two reasons why John should have proposed this question to Jesus through his disciples:—1st. For the benefit of the messengers. John's disciples, naturally jealous of the honour of their master, would have been unwilling to believe that any one could be higher than he. Like the moon John shone but with a borrowed light. His disciples were loathe to believe that all the glory of their master's teaching was derived from the transcendent excellency of him to whom he bore testimony. To rectify the errors, and dissipate the prejudices of his followers in a matter so momentous, John sends them to Jesus. 2nd. John's own faith needed confirmation. The whole Jewish nation looked for the Messiah to come as a great earthly prince and deliverer. Even the apostles themselves, while Jesus was personally with them, were not entirely free from the popular error. John, too, may possibly have had his difficulties in reconciling the Messiahship of Jesus with his temporal meanness of rank and obscurity. The strongest believers have required also, to have their faith strengthened and confirmed. Abraham. Gideon. Moreover, John had now to buffet with the same storm of tribulation. At such seasons

even the strongest faith is apt to be somewhat shaken. The best of men, when after spending and being spent for Jesus, everything seems to be arrayed against them, have been molested with infidel thoughts. Such temptations may have occasionally presented themselves to the mind of John the Baptist. If Jesus were indeed the Almighty God, the long looked for Messiah, would he thus leave his faithful servant and forerunner in the hands of his enemies, to languish in a dungeon. To dispel such doubts, and to strengthen his faith, John sent his disciples to the Saviour.

II. *Our Saviour's answer to the question.*

It was so ordered in the Providence of God, that many in that hour applied to Jesus to be healed of their infirmities. Instead of asserting his Messiahship in words, our Lord was pleased to do so by his deeds. John the Baptist had before borne testimony that Jesus was the Son of God, but now this truth was attested by a higher than John. The Father himself bore witness to the Son, John v. 36, 37. To those whom he commissions, God also gives credentials. "Then Jesus answering, said to them, Go your way and tell John what things ye have seen, and heard," &c., v. 22. From facts like these, John and his disciples would easily conclude as even the common people had done, John vii. 31.—"When Christ cometh will he do more miracles than those which this man hath done."—They would clearly see that in Jesus were accomplished all the predictions of ancient prophets, concerning the Christ. "And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." Many things impossible to human nature, unassisted by Divine grace, are required of the disciples of Christ. They are required to battle with every evil propensity of their nature which wars against the soul; to be ready, if need be, to suffer persecution for his sake, to be willing to forego temporal comforts, friends, nay, life itself, rather than renounce their faith. On account of these things many are offended, but the Divine blessing is pronounced on all those who, steadfast and immovable, despite of every opposition, cling to Jesus by saving faith.

III. *Christ's testimony concerning John.*

The people would now be anxious to hear what our Saviour had to say concerning John. Amongst the people there had been different opinions with regard to him. Whilst the Pharisees and lawyers, those who enjoyed a reputation for learning and sanctity, had rejected him, the common people had received his doctrines and submitted to his baptism.—No reed shaken by the wind was John, whom they had gone into the wilderness to see, v. 24; not a man whose opinions varied accord-

ing to the changeable impulse of the public mind, v. 24; no effeminate courtier, v. 25, but a prophet, yea, and a greater than a prophet, v. 26. Other prophets had foretold Christ at a distance, but John had spoken of him as close at hand, as already present. "But he that is least in the kingdom of God," viz: under the gospel dispensation, is greater than he. Greater in knowledge, in rank, and in privileges. Our Saviour concludes his commendation of John, by comparing the people to "children in the market-place, calling one to another, and saying, We have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not wept," v. 32. It is a most lamentable thing, and one great evidence of the corruption of our nature, that men should trifle with the solemn realities of religion; that they should listen to them but as idle tales. What frivolous objections do men often bring against those who seek their eternal good; they rejected our Saviour on account of these very qualities, for the want of which they had condemned John the Baptist.

Learn 1. That we should seek to establish those who are weak in the faith.—*1 Cor. xiii. 1.*

2. That the strongest believers need to use every scriptural means for the strengthening of their faith.—*Ro. i. 12.*

3. That unbelieving thoughts when resisted with humble dependence upon the help of God, are not inconsistent with genuine faith.—*Ps. lxxiii. 12.*

February 2nd, 1862.

#### JOSEPH IN PRISON.—*GEN. xl. 1-23.*

I. *Two of Pharaoh's chief officers are committed to prison.*

The reason of their incarceration is not mentioned here. Some suppose that it was in consequence of their having formed a conspiracy against their master's life. Others that a little sand discovered in the bread, and a fly in the cup of the despot, were the only delinquencies of which they were guilty.—However this may have been, high places are proverbially slippery places. The captain of the guard, Joseph's former master, committed these state prisoners to his charge, v. 4. From the fact that he was so far reconciled to Joseph, we may infer that he was now convinced of his innocence; but probably under the influence of his wicked wife he still detained him in prison. *Herodias.*

II. *The dreams of Pharaoh's officers and their interpretation.*

Observing them, one morning, look more than ordinarily dejected, Joseph was moved with compassion towards them and anxiously enquired into the cause of their sadness.—Afflicted himself, Joseph would all the more

readily sympathize with his companions in tribulation. The men, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of their condition, may have usually been cheerful enough. But the stout of heart, whom no outward circumstances seem to dismay God can when he pleases, in a moment, fill with terror. One reason of their sadness was that there was no interpreter of their dreams, v. 8. They had no access to the Egyptian diviners. Joseph sought to cheer them with the assurance that interpretations belonged to God—not to the idols of Egypt, but to the one living and true God, whom he worshipped. He, therefore, prayed them to tell him their dreams, thereby intimating that God was free to communicate their interpretation to whomsoever he pleased. He thus, also, disclaimed any independent power of interpreting dreams, and prepared them to give the glory of the revelation to God alone. Daniel. And I took the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, v. 11. From this it would appear that the wine used in those primitive times was the pure juice of the grape—not the fermented adulterated liquids in the use of which so many indulge at the present day. Surely, to our shame be it spoken, the very heathen nations of antiquity might read us a lesson in this respect. The dream of the chief butler presaged his happy restoration within three days to his former station. The chief baker, on hearing that the dream of the butler foretold him of so much good, expecting a similar interpretation of his own, also related it to Joseph.—But it presented him with the most fearful prospect. Through no fault of Joseph's, however, he could but interpret as he was directed by the Spirit of God. And thus Christ's ministers cannot say, Peace, peace, where there is no peace.

III. *Joseph endeavours to secure the interest of the chief butler at court.*

How moderate was his desire! He sought no appointment to office; all he wanted was his liberty, v. 14. In protesting his own innocence and injury, he blames no one; he makes use of no angry or railing words against any, v. 15.

IV. *The fulfilment of Joseph's interpretations.*

This happened on the third day, which was Pharaoh's birth day. It was the custom of the great kings and potentates to observe their birth-days, *Hos. vii. 5; Mar. vi. 21.* We may all profitably observe the days of our nativity, by a thankful remembrance of God's mercies, prayers for forgiveness of our sins, and sincere purposes of future amendment.—"Pharaoh lifted up the head of the chief butler and of the chief baker among his servants," v. 20, that is, he arraigned and tried

them. As had been pre-signified by their dreams, the chief butler was restored to his office, but the baker was hanged. The conduct of the chief butler towards Joseph, v. 23, affords one of the many instances of human forgetfulness and ingratitude. It is common for men to be forgetful of benefits, and even to repay them with evil. They, therefore, that confide in man will certainly be disappointed, whilst they who trust in a God of unchanging love, shall never be ashamed.

Learn 1. That the future is known only to God.—Isa. xli. 25.

2. That the glory of every true miracle wrought by the people of God is due to the Lord.—Acts i. 12.

3. That we should not confide in the arm of flesh.—Jer. xvii. 5.

### SLOTHFULNESS.

REV. C. BRIDGES, ON ECCLESIASTES.

"By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hand the house slippeth through."—Eccles. x. 18.

Luxury and intemperance give ready occasion to much slothfulness. They are naturally linked together—"The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." (Prov. xxiii. 21.) The ruler and princes, given up to sensual indulgence, will slumber in the affairs of the state. The Commonwealth therefore will be like the building decaying for want of proper support—the house slipping through—not weather-proof—for the idle want of exertion to keep it in repair. The house must be kept up. The damage—small at first—increases rapidly by neglect. The yawning sluggard drags out his daily excuse—"It is but a brick is gone. A few hours will make no great difference"—till by daily procrastination the injury is beyond repair, and the decaying tenement slippeth through. The less the pains required at first, the more inexcusable the delay. A little care at the beginning would have saved the decay. 'To-morrow'—says the proverb—'comes never. And the same tempter, who leads you to put off doing what is right to "a more convenient season," will be ready to suggest an excuse to-morrow as to-day.'

Want of family discipline issues in the same result. When evils, apparently trifling, are allowed, the tendency to decay becomes more and more visible. Indeed

everywhere the neglect of present effort hastens on the ruinous crisis. Public institutions and laws—however permanent they may seem to be—need continual and active review in order to their amendment. Otherwise abuses creep in, like moss on the old building, or a gap in the wall, in the first instance scarcely discoverable, but gradually widening with the threatening prospect.

There is also an intellectual slothfulness much to be resisted, unless we would allow the palsy of every faculty. 'It is only this that induces so many to take for granted the opinions of others.' As another powerful writer well remarks—"An aversion to doubt—a dislike to have the judgment kept in suspense—combined with indolence in investigation, induces the great mass of mankind to make up their minds on a variety of points, not one of which they have been enabled thoroughly to examine.'

But the subject invites a closer probing. The pursuit of truth in the first place marks the whole-hearted Christian—in the second place the slothful professor. 'Idleness'—as Dr. Barrow observes—is indeed the nursery of sins, which as naturally grow up therein, as weeds in a neglected field. 'Idleness of hands is often connected with worldliness of heart. If there be any niche left in the heart for the setting up of the idol, the whole work decays. There will be fighting without victory, complaint without prayer—"the hands hanging down and the knees feeble." Nothing so paralyzing to Christian energy as this hopeless despondency.

While we study the awful catalogue of sins of commission, let us not forget that the sins of omission are equally guilty.—We learn to do evil by doing nothing.—We satisfy ourselves in irreligious habits with the delusion, that we have done no harm. But is it really no harm to have trifled away all opportunities of doing good? the "talent laid up in the napkin" (Luke xix. 20) of idleness—duties neglected—times of usefulness frittered away—and gone—never to be recalled?

'Indeed the very nature and essence of virtue doth consist in the most difficult and painful exercises of soul; in the extirpating rooted prejudices and notions from our understanding; in bending a stiff will, and rectifying crooked inclinations; in over-



ruling a rebellious temper; in curbing eager and importunate appetites; in taming wild passions; in withstanding violent temptations; in surmounting many difficulties, and sustaining many troubles; in struggling with various unruly lusts within, and encountering many stout enemies abroad, which assault our reason, and "war against our soul." In such exercises its very being lieth. Its birth, its growth, its subsistence, dependeth on them; so that from any discontinuance or remission of them, it would soon decay, languish away, and perish.'

How painful, therefore, it is to remark this deadly *slothfulness* pervading every part of the system! A soft and delicate life gives force to temptation, which might easily be subdued by one effort of "hardness." An indolent or desultory man can never be a "vessel unto honour" in the Church of God. In the experience of the inner man what danger is there of being satisfied with a certain measure of attainment—something short of the very best of Christianity! And yet if we are satisfied even with much, without prayer for more, does it not stir up the question whether we have any at all? Truly "grey hairs are here and there upon us; yet we know it not." (Hos. vii. 9.) Never expect spiritual wealth, while indulging carnal sloth.

It is an awakening thought, that the living principle of Christian diligence may be palsied in the midst of much outward exercise—that external energy and inward sloth may be found in the same person at one and the same time—*much slothfulness* is the high-road to apostacy—the stepping-stone to many and fearful sins. Well is it, when God stirs up conviction by giving us an errand to the throne of grace—conscience urging to go *at once*. Oh! whatever insensibility, or feebleness may belong to prayer, let it never be given up. Still pray on—still cry. There can be no reason for despair. Be determined to seek the blessing, till you are really made partaker of it. Let nothing supplant it in your heart, or outweigh it in your judgment.—Desire is only good, as it quickens to exertion. Turn every opportunity to account. Perseverance is the main test of principle. We have not finished our responsibility, even when *the house* is built. There will be the continual care to watch against its

*slipping through*. The first labour in God's work is only the starting-point.—Vigour must be in constant exercise, till the crown is won—till labour is exchanged for eternal rest.

In what the world calls weakness lurks

The very strength of evil;

Full mightily it helps the works

Of our great foe the Devil.

Awake, my soul, awake;

Thy refuge quickly take

With Him, th' Almighty, who can save.

One look from Christ thy Lord

Can sever ev'ry cord,

That binds the now—a wretched slave.

*Lyra Germanica*, 12th Sunday after Trinity.

### PARABLES.

#### THE KEY AND THE PRISONERS.

There was once a man whose sons, owing to their folly, lost their liberty, and lingered in prison in a foreign land. Their father's heart could not know them to be in such need without determining to deliver them. He rose up and went into the far land, and after he had bound the jailor hand and foot, he threw the key through the grating, and said:—"Dear children, open the door, and return home with me. I will pardon and forgive your folly and disobedience." But it was a cold winter's morning, and the snow was falling. The sons sat down, looked at the key, and talked of its size, its form, and of the skill of the locksmith's craft. Some praised a state of freedom as the noblest and certainly the most indispensable gift. They talked of the joy and the pleasantness of the Father's house. Then the father cried, *The key is to open the door, you have no time to lose.* But they remained there looking at the key, and talking about it; and some of them, putting on a very wise face, supposed it could not possibly fit, it must be too small, and something must be filed off the wards on one side, and something must be added on the other. It was done; but behold the key would no longer fit! But they cried, "Now, indeed, we have made a real genuine fine key! How we have perfected it! Truly we are even more skilful than the original locksmith! What would his work have been without our improvement?" But the key would not fit, and the gate remained shut. Then the father spoke, and tears filled his eyes: "You don't wish to return! you love me not."

and would rather remain in prison than obey me?" They answered: "Nothing is nobler, nothing more beautiful, nothing worthier of men, nothing is higher and holier than childlike love and reverence."—Then replied the father earnestly and mournfully: "If you had truly loved me, you would have long since opened the door."

But some of them mocked and laughed, and said, "The key is indeed no key at all: and why should we need one? It is very pleasant here, and we are quite happy. Besides, true freedom is not to be found at home with our father. Are we not already free?"

ADOLPH SAPHIR.

### THE CATHEDRAL AND THE MOUSE.

In the quiet twilight I stepped into a great and glorious cathedral; and I looked at the wonderful pillars, striving upwards to heaven, and my soul was lifted up to God. And I heard a rustling and nibbling noise, and saw a mouse running anxiously and greedily after some crumbs, that it might eat. It sees not the beauty of the house in which it lives, it knows not to whose honour it is built, it has no eye for the bold structure of its roof.

And thou, O man, be not such a grey, hungry, greedy mouse in the grand cathedral of this world in which thou livest, and which proclaims the glory of God.—  
[Good Words.

### ATOMS.

"Mamma, I mean to be a missionary," said little Alice, looking up with a bright face from a book she had been reading—a narrative of missionary life.

"Why do you wish to become a missionary my child?"

"Because they are so good, and do so much good. I want to do good in the world, mamma."

"I hope you will, my dear," said the mother; "but there are many ways of being useful. God wishes us all to serve Him, and He will point out the way for you to do; it may be by going on a mission to foreign lands, or it may be by quietly doing good in your own family circle—being a home missionary. You can now be that every day of your life."

"I don't see much good I can do here," said Alice; "I have to study almost the whole time, you know, and that does no one any good."

"Yes, indeed it does," replied her mother. "I read a sentence to-day, Alice, which made me think of you; it was from a quaint old author, who says, Life is made up of two heaps, one of sorrow and one of happiness, and whoever carries the very smallest atom from one to the other does God a service. There is never a day in which you do not carry a great many atoms to one pile or the other."

"Do I? Have I laid any on either to-day, Mamma?"

"Yes, indeed; when you spoke angrily to little Harry about the doll this morning, you made us both very uncomfortable, and put more than one atom on the pile of sorrow, and another when you pouted because I wished you to wear your hood to school. When you helped Mary Birrell to carry her basket, you laid an atom on the joy-heap—two atoms I fancy, for she as well as I was made happier by that kind act. When you hung your cloak and hood, and put gloves and books all in the right places after lessons to-night, you put quite a large atom on my pile of joy. When you were so thoughtless as to make a noise that woke baby from his sleep, and set him crying, another atom went on the heap of sorrow. When you picked up grandmamma's spectacles with a smiling face, and pleasantly laid down your book to take up a stitch in her knitting, you increased the happiness."

"Oh how odd, mamma; what great big heaps they must get to be!"

"Yes, indeed, for we are all constantly making one or the other larger. I hope my little Alice will be always carrying atoms from the pile of sorrow to lay on that of happiness; a few thus removed every day, and how much she will accomplish in a lifetime!"

Papa's steps were now heard at the door. Alice flew to draw his arm-chair close to the blazing fire, and place his slippers where they could get warm, and when she saw how pleased he looked to see them there, she whispered, "I think I put one very little bit of an atom on the joy-heap there, mamma!"

## A Dialogue between Justice and Mercy,

COMPOSED BY A TEACHER OF THE TODPOOL  
SABBATH SCHOOL, KENWYN, CORNWALL,  
ENGLAND, A.D. 1823.

### JUSTICE.

Good morning, mercy, to the air is sweet,  
Thee in this place I now rejoice to meet:  
I was alone and wish'd thy face to see,  
I've long been waiting to converse with thee.

### MERCY.

Well, since we're met in this delightful place,  
And here with joy behold each other's face,  
Here we'll converse within this favour'd spot,  
And consecrate the hour to solemn thought.

### JUSTICE.

Hark how the little birds delight the air,  
We may converse with satisfaction here,  
And as the sun dispenses light and heat  
Within this shady bower we'll take our seat.

### MERCY.

'Tis deck'd with flowers of almost every kind,  
And here, methinks, we shall true pleasures find;  
This charming music and those pleasing sights  
Remind me of those pleasures and delights  
Which Adam once in paradise possess'd,  
When with his great Creator's image blest.

### JUSTICE.

'Tis true, when God did man at first create,  
He plac'd him in a high and happy state:  
But man from God did wickedly depart,  
And Satan took possession of his heart.

### MERCY.

Thy words are true, I own without dispute,  
That man did eat of the forbidden fruit;  
He sinn'd, he fell in ruin and disgrace,  
And brought destruction on the human race.

### JUSTICE.

Then, mercy, can he still my favour gain,  
Since he has merited eternal pain,  
Is he not doom'd, beneath my frown to dwell,  
And what can save him from a burning hell?

### MERCY.

O justice! hearken to my earnest prayer,  
And let not man be left in sad despair:  
For, lo! I will in his behalf appear,  
Though he has sinn'd, yet be thou not severe.

### JUSTICE.

Can'st thou prevail my anger to withdraw,  
Since man has broke his Maker's righteous law?  
O hold thy peace—no fruit in him is found—  
I'll cut him down: why cumber he the ground.

### MERCY.

O, stay thy hand in such a case as this,  
Though man has forfeited all claims to bliss,  
O be thy heart to pity still inclined,  
And grant lost man may yet compassion find.

### JUSTICE.

Compassion, didst thou say? how can it be?  
Is sinful man regarded still by thee?  
Or canst thou here his fallen state restore?  
Be silent now and plead his cause no more.

### MERCY.

Nay, but I will my utmost kindness show,  
And strive to save him from eternal woe;  
I long have griev'd, my eyes have flow'd with tears,  
But now at length a glimpse of hope appears.

### JUSTICE.

A glimpse of hope! from whence can it arise  
While clouds and darkness spread along the skies?

Behold the glittering sword is lifted high—  
Man is condemned, and man must surely die.

### MERCY.

Nay—Stop! methinks I can devise a plan  
Whereby we may restore rebellious man.

### JUSTICE.

Well, if thou canst, he may his freedom get;  
But canst thou e'er discharge the o'erwhelming  
debt?

Or canst thou wash his sinful stains away,  
Can love itself the mighty ransom pay.

### MERCY.

It almost seems impossible; 'tis true  
None less than infinite the work can do,  
For man through sin receiv'd a mortal wound,  
Yet still for him there is a ransom found.  
E'en now, behold! the mighty thing is found!  
Lo! God for him has given His only Son.  
Behold, behold, he quits his lofty throne,  
He stoops to earth to make salvation known;  
He leaves a while the ranks of angels bright,  
Who dwell above in starry realms of light.

O love divine—see him as coming now,  
Sweet pity dwells on his majestic brow;  
I view him now with rapturous amaze,  
I'm lost in wonder while on him I gaze;  
See how he smiles while coming from above,  
His countenance proclaims that God is love,  
Behold he leads a suffering life below,  
To save mankind from everlasting woe;  
See to a garden he does oft resort,  
And with his followers hold a private court.  
Now view him there while sin doth him surround;  
See drops of blood fall trickling to the ground;  
Hark! how he cries to God in earnest prayer—  
Remove this cup if thou the world canst spare—  
If so the pains of death I'll gladly shun,  
Yet not my will, O God, but thine be done.

### JUSTICE.

But prayers and tears can these his pardon buy?  
Man is condemned, and man must surely die.

### MERCY.

O look around, and now lift up thine eyes,  
On yonder tree behold he bleeds—he dies;  
For all mankind he does the winepress tread,  
He suffers death to bruise the serpent's head.

### JUSTICE.

On mourning man I now no longer frown,  
But lay the dreadful sword of vengeance down!  
I'm satisfied; the threat'ning wrath is o'er—  
The debt is paid—I may lost man restore.  
Yes—once for all the sacrifice is given;  
The way is open: peace is made with heaven;  
'Tis finish'd—the atoning work is done,  
And mercy has the glorious victory won.

### MERCY.

Yes! man's redeem'd. Angels in triumph see  
Salvation purchas'd on the accursed tree;  
The offer'd mercy man may now embrace,  
And shout the triumphs of redeeming grace.

## “THERE IS MY CLOSET.”

A young girl was showing her friend the comforts of her pretty room. By the window was a rocking-chair. On a table stood a convenient writing-desk. Her books were arranged on hanging shelves. A wicker-work basket filled a corner; and through the braided cover gleamed a bright thimble and scarlet pin-cushion. She opened her bureau drawers for

inspection, and disclosed the advantages of her large wardrobe. Together they sat on the little sofa, and admired the pictures, the Parian statuette on the mantel, and the ottoman by the register.

"There," said the young girl, rather timidly, "there is my closet." Her companion saw at the foot of the white bed a large chintz-covered chair, and by its side a light table, whereon were placed a reading-stand holding an open Bible, a "Daily Food," and a tiny book of hymns. Here she "searched the scriptures;" here she prayed in the morning light, and again at eventide. Dearer than any other spot in her room was that "closet."

The friend went home thoughtful, for in her own comfortable room was no "closet." Sometimes she prayed at night, when, half asleep, her conscience would not let her weary eyelids close; but she knew nothing of that daily "tasting that the Lord is gracious" in the quiet corner. She had not "from a child known the Scriptures, which were able to make her wise unto salvation." But ere long another "closet" was established; the young girl's friend cried, "O that I knew where I might find him!" and he was found precious to her soul also in the very part of the room dedicate to his especial worship.

"Have you a 'closet,' dear child into which, when thou prayest, thou mayest enter?" If you have no any little sacred place where you love to resort when you wish to tell Jesus your sorrows, then set apart a "closet" this very day. Choose one particular chair, where you may daily kneel.

### A WARNING TO SPECTATORS.

A few weeks since in the course of conversation with an eminent banker, who has been over forty years acquainted with the leading moneyed men in the country, we asked if he ever knew a schemer, who acquired money or position by fraud, to continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death.—We walked together about three minutes in silence, when he replied,—"*Not one!*" "I have seen them," he said, "become rich as if by magic, and afterwards reach a high position in public estimation, not only for honor and enterprise, but even for piety, when some small circumstance of no apparent importance, has led to investigation which resulted in disgrace and ruin." On Saturday we again conversed with him upon the same subject, and he stated that since our last interview he had extended his inquiries among a large circle of acquaintances, and with one solitary exception, and that doubtful, their experience was to the same effect as his own. He then gave a brief outline of several small and big schemers and their tools, their rise and fall. Suicide, arson,

and perjury he said, were common crimes with those who "made haste to be rich," regardless of the means; and he added, "there are not a few men, who may be seen on 'Change every day, ignominiously striving for their own destruction." He concluded that fortunes acquired without honesty generally overwhelmed their possessors with infamy.—*Herald of Truth.*

### THE TWO STREAMS.

Yes, they are bright and sparkling in their flow,  
The sunlight dances on their crystal tide;  
Those streams to drink of which ye stoop so low,  
To track whose course ye wander far and wide;  
But hear ye not the solemn warning strain?  
"Who of these waters drinks shall thirst again!"

"True, we have tasted;" so you make reply,  
And thirst has followed, burning thirst too  
sure;  
But these delicious springs still tempt the eye,  
And seem to well from sources fresh and pure;  
Another draught will, doubtless, still our pain,  
Nor, having drained it, shall we thirst again!

Stoop, then, and quaff the swift, delusive wave,  
Of earthly pleasure, honour, love, once more;  
It gives the transient ease before it gave,  
It leaves the quenchless want it left before;  
The truth is proved, so often heard in vain—  
"Who of these waters drinks shall thirst again."

Oh, aching hearts! so restless in your woe,  
As draught on draught from wave on wave is  
tried;  
The streams that quench have not their source  
below,

Each is not mirrored in their healing tide;  
Will ye not seek them, taught by want and pain,  
And seeking find, and never thirst again!

L. C. C.

### THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

The following every day rules, from the papers of Dr. West, are thrown together as general waymarks in the journey of life:—Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you. Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views or motives of the author of it. On no occasion retaliate. Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow. Never think worse of another on account of his differing in political and religious subjects. Never dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with an enthusiast. Do not jest so as to wound the feelings of another. Say as little as possible of yourself and of those who are near to you. Never court the favour of the rich by flattering either their vanities or their vices. Speak with calmness and deliberation, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

## A TEMPERANCE LECTURE,

He that hath eyes to read, let him read;  
he that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

“ Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father’s heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness not strength, sickness not health, death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the ailment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverence, fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher the helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and helps the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine.— It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, disarms the patriot. It brings shame not honor; terror not safety; despair not hope; misery not happiness.— And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and, insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.”

There, it does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies; the curse of curses; the devil’s best friend.

LOVE, THE LAW OF THE  
SUNDAY SCHOOL.

No Christian employment more constantly or indispensably demands the law of kindness. And no talents or gifts can compensate here for a rough or unkind deportment. The law of the Sabbath school must be love. When often asked for the constitution and rules of my schools, I answer that they are comprised in the four letters, L O V E. Here is the law—and this is the only fulfilling of the law, in a Sunday School. I have passed more than once, classes under my care, when a teacher has called me to say,—Here is a boy or girl that I can do nothing with, can you not remove him or her to some other class?—Now how manifest was the incompetence of the teacher under such circumstances. Impatience, want of sympathy and tenderness, to say the very least, were at the bottom of the whole; great want of discretion in openly announcing the disappointment, which was a confession of incompetency to the whole class, and extremely injudicious and irritating to the child proscribed, was very apparent. Indifference to the feelings and convenience of fellow-teachers was equally clear. In such a case, nothing could be done but to remove the child. But I should have felt more disposed to remove the teacher, if a greater result of evil would not have probably flowed from it. A complaining teacher can do no good. A fretful, peevish, hasty teacher can do no good. If a child is rebellious, let a teacher remember what fighters against God the ministry must meet; and how surely everything will be unavailing in them all for a blessing, without a forbearing, patient spirit. A smiling, genial habit, a cheerful, welcoming countenance—a morning face, radiant with joy in the work of the Lord—comes into the school like the sunshine of heaven. It is God’s own work, and God’s own mark. I cannot but say I will rejoice and be glad herein.—*Dr. Tyng.*