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*Isaac Buchanan Esq  
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CONTENTS:

<p><b>THE BELIEVER'S SAFETY.</b> By Rev. W. M. Punshon, - - - 253</p> <p><b>The Earth—Framed and Furnished as a Habitation for Man.</b> By Rev. W. Arnot. <i>Concluded.</i> - - - 259</p> <p>"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," - - - 263</p> <p>Happiness of doing Good, - - - 264</p> <p>Of Literacy, - - - 265</p> <p>Trampling on Atoning Blood, - - - 265</p> <p><b>THE ADAMITE:</b> Its personal advantages, - - - 266</p> <p>The things that pass away, - - - 269</p> <p>Baptized but not regenerated, - - - 269</p> <p>Hints on Speaking, - - - 270</p> <p>Healing Leaves, - - - 276</p> <p>True Greatness, - - - 271</p> <p>The Sin of Unbelief, - - - 271</p> <p>A Successful Minister, - - - 271</p> <p>Grace the Principal Portion, - - - 271</p> <p>Hints on Hearing, - - - 272</p> <p>A Christian Corporal, - - - 272</p> <p>For Ever and Ever, - - - 272</p> <p>The Ministry of Angels, - - - 273</p> <p>Giving, - - - 274</p> <p>Preaching Christ, - - - 274</p>	<p><b>The Spanish Artist and the Last Supper,</b> - - - 274</p> <p>"Jesus Wept," - - - 277</p> <p><b>Christianity a Religion of Facts,</b> - 278</p> <p><b>Life Thoughts.</b> By Rev. H. W. Beecher, - - - 278</p> <p><b>Testing Young Life,</b> - - - 280</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>POETRY.</b></p> <p>Salvation, - - - 268</p> <p>Man's extremity God's opportunity, 273</p> <p>"We love Him, because He first loved us," - - - 280</p> <p>How long? - - - 280</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.</b></p> <p>Jacob blesses his Grandsons, - - 276</p> <p>The Rich Fool, - - - 276</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>ON COVER.</b></p> <p>Rest in God, - - - iii.</p> <p>Be true, - - - iii.</p> <p>"Blind Bartimeus," - - - iii.</p> <p>Day-break, - - - iii.</p>
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## THE BELIEVER'S SAFETY.

BY REV. W. M. PUNSHON, WESLEYAN MINISTER, LONDON, ENGLAND.

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."—*St. Jude* 24, 25.

There seems to have been some similarity of design between the epistle of St. Jude and the second epistle general of Peter. Many have conjectured that they were written about the same time and in opposition to the same threatening heresy; but little is known, subsequently to the death of Christ, of the life and fortunes of Jude. There have been cavils about the catholicity of his epistle, but there is overwhelming evidence in its favour. It is certainly written in an apostolic spirit, and tells of the temptations of the man that is in Christ Jesus. After he has denounced the doom of false and gainsaying teachers—a warning to others against the contagion of their pernicious errors—he exhorts them to the maintenance of the Christian life, that they should add the superstructure of graces to the foundation of faith by living in the spirit of prayer; and that they should be sustained by the living and majestic hope of everlasting life. He then tells them that in their treatment of offenders they should make a difference between the weak and the wicked, between the misleader and the misled—that they should roughly handle the sin, but that they should very compassionately care for the sinner. And then follow the words which we have just read in your hearing as the text—a glorious doxology—exhibiting at once in a pastor's tenderness and a saint's devotion, the utterance of a heart which was loyal in its attachment to God, and whose very pulse was brimming tenderness for man.

In the consideration of these words this morning there are four thoughts which are presented to our notice—God's people preserved; God's people presented; God's attributes indicated; God's homage accorded. The first two of these will be amply sufficient to occupy us on the present occasion. Our remarks will therefore, mainly be directed to these two, which are, after all, the main thoughts of the text—God's people preserved and God's people presented.

I. "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling." Preservation implies

danger. We should not need to be reminded of God's ability to save us if we were surrounded by no peril. The apostle seems to teach us in this chapter that though we have been called by Christ—though we have hearkened to the call—though we have received spiritual gifts—a new heart, and a new motive to action—we must not expect that our work is accomplished, and that we can resign ourselves to the selfish and indolent enjoyment of our privileges. We are still in a state of probation; and a state of probation of necessity implies that we should be surrounded by adverse influences—by numberless spiritual enemies, who will war against our souls. Watchfulness must be exercised, and strength must be exerted to keep us in the right way. The existence in us of this liability to fall, and the presence in the midst of us of subtle and malignant adversaries, are truths which are made matters of announcement and of warning very frequently in the pages of the Word. The apostle announces, for example, the necessity for his own self-mastery; for though he was a man of high endowments, and of exalted office—compelled, from his very position to live in a sort of halo of sacredness, and to minister familiarly with the things of God—even he might be in peril and overthrown—"For this cause I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest after having preached to others I myself should become a cast away." Peter, whose heart would throb with the memory of contrite bitterness while he gave the warning, tells the called and chosen that they must be diligent and faithful if they would make their calling and election sure. Christians are exhorted to give all diligence, to cast not away their confidence which hath great recompenses of reward, but to look diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God. They are warned that their enemy, the devil, like a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour. They are told to beware lest they be led into the error of the wicked one, and so fall from their own steadfastness. They are told to

hold fast with a tenacious grasp, and a perpetual watchfulness, to hold fast that which they have, for there are felons abroad intent upon the possession of their prey. And in drearier gloom, and for purposes of sudden warning, we get from him a troubled glimpse of some who were once enlightened, made partakers of the heavenly gift, tasted of the good Word of God, and felt the power of the world to come, but who have fallen away, crucified to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame. Now, if to be forewarned is to be forearmed, if a circumstantial acquaintance with danger is necessary to guard effectually against its power, it will be well for us to look in the face the enemies who are marshalled to assail our peace.

Danger to our spiritual interest can arise to us from three sources, from the unfriendly interposition of evil spirits; from the treacherous suggestions of our own hearts, and from the allurements and intimidations of the world. That there are evil spirits, legions of them, combined in organization, and united under a crafty and sagacious head for purposes of temptation and mischief, is a truth which those will not deny who take the Scriptures for their guide. Their influence is boundless indeed, but they are mighty and they are numerous. They are spirits in chains, always in chains, but they already and effectually work in the hearts of those who deny their existence, and who are led captive at their tyrannous will. Masters of craft, inflamed with demon-hate against Jehovah and his servants, having long experience in their damning toil, consumed with the agonies of remorse, which endured through lapsing years, now takes no note of time; every sight of reclaimed prodigal, or of smiling Sabbath, or of prayerful household, only throws them into deeper restlessness, and in their rage for prey—

————— "They fan the air,  
And darken heaven and earth, this lower world."

Akin to the temptations which come from direct supernatural agency, are those which assail a man when he is drawn away of his own lusts and enticed. There are some hearts that need no tempter. They run greedily in the ways of iniquity; they banquet upon sin as upon a sweet morsel, and revel in the continual impurity in which

Satan holds his court within their souls. Nay, so contented are they under his power, that he can even leave them to themselves, complacent in the assurance that all his behests will be fulfilled in his absence, that his house will be swept and garnished, and that seven other more wicked spirits will be right royally welcomed to his home.

Then, when grace has changed the nature, and has imparted the principle of a nobler life, there are influences at work to enfeeble its development and to dwarf its growth. Affections fastening themselves on this present world, propensities to evil not yet extinguished, passions subdued and mastered but not dead, are only waiting for the well-circumstanced opportunity to grasp the man in the grip of their deadly power. The town of Mansoul has indeed surrendered to Emmanuel, but there are Diabolians yet lurking in its secret places, and in moments of depression, or in moments of unguardedness, they steal forth to entangle and betray. These are sources of danger. And as traitors in the camp are always more to be dreaded than the army outside—

"Worse than all our foes we find,  
The enemy within;  
The evil heart, the carnal mind,  
Our own insidious sin."

And when to this you add the allurements of the world, the present time and appealing directly to the senses, while the spirit-world is invisible and afar, and the intimidations of the world, the tricks of withheld patronage, or of unheeded struggle, or of renewed embarrassment—all those tangleless but formidable excommunications which the world knows have a hold upon the soul,—there is a combined opposition that may well appal the bravest spirit, and bring a tremor into the stoutest heart of man. To whom then, in this time of our peril, shall we look for help. Where dwells the might that shall succour, or the generosity that shall wield the weapons of our defence? Shall we ask among the ministering hosts who bow before the throne, if he ply some bright angel in his heavenly strength, will undertake our cause? No, for he never felt, he knew not ever the gloom of a nature thoroughly drunken from its original. He cannot understand the spirit's bitterness, and the spirit's struggle. Our deliverer must have sympathy with ourselves, sympathy of condition, and in some sort, sympathy of ex-

perience. Where then shall we look among our fellows for a champion? Shall we search through the ages for a hero, one who shall combine in his own person all the qualifications of fitness—strength mightier than Hercules, more winsome than of Apollo, and eloquence greater than all the philosophers of Attica, with pity of the tenderest, and firming of the most astute; and shall we bid him to battle for us, and guard us through our daily path with his tutelary ministrings? Alas! the champion comes not at our call; the ages have not found him.

And what armour can protect against the spiritual wickedness with which it is our lot to contend? Our deliverer must have power as well as sympathy—invincible, exhaustless resources of power. Where shall we get it? Not earth can furnish us a help—no, nor even heaven, unless with daring reverence, we fling ourselves at the foot of the throne, and addressing the incarnate Son, say, "Lord, to whom shall we go but unto thee?" We have a triple enemy, the world, and the flesh, and the devil; and Christ—here is our point—is able to keep us from falling; fitted for our deliverer because, in the sore travail of his incarnate life, he met and overcame the fiercest opposition of them all. That wonderful life of the Redeemer stands out as a perpetual encouragement as well as a perpetual example. We don't see him simply as the divine teacher unfolding precious meanings, casting into the hearts of thousands the imperishable seed; we don't see him simply as the perfect pattern exhibiting holiness under every pressure and in society whose very presence was contagion; we see him as a perfect man carrying a fellow-humanness everywhere, pressing into every conceivable track in which the footsteps of his people might thereafter have to travel, bearing their every possible danger, becoming acquainted with the most fine and lacerating forms of grief, that in his exaltation he might effectually remove them. See him, brethren, for your encouragement to day, in conflict with your own sources of anxiety and of peril. The world troubles you often—yes, and it troubled him. It was presented before him in its various aspects of allurements and of threatening. He was exposed to its bribe and to its threatening, to its smile and to its frown. See him on the breast of that mountain, where, in

panoramic representation, on the retina of the inner eye, made visible by some strange power of the enemy, he saw all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them in a moment of time, and the great liar laid them at his feet and said, "All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." With eyes that sparkled with no increased brightness, and with pulse that quickened not its beating, how he spurned the glittering bribe. See him on another hill amidst that vast multitude of people—that surging flood of life, attracted by his new miracle of the loaves and fishes. They stand convinced with wondering awe, united in one purpose, all as the heart of one man, spell-bound by one strong desire. There are swelling within them noble feelings of nationality, and anxious hopes of freedom. Where shall they find a leader like Jesus? With what power he speaks, with what dignity he bears himself. Who so fit as he to make head against the troops of Rome? Who, as he, can restore the glory of Lebanon and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon? They will take him by force and make him a king. But in the consciousness of that inner royalty which asks no earthly trappings, he withdrew himself from them, and departed into a mountain alone. And then see him again when the world frowns upon him; when poverty dogs his footsteps; when sorrow marks his brow; when, wearied with the contradiction of sinners, and weeping on account of the perverseness of their hearts; when bereavement breaks in upon the inner circle of his friendships; when amongst his chosen ones the tenderest feelings of his heart are wounded by mistrust, and desertion, and betrayal, is he embittered—does the constancy of his love fail—does he falter in the purpose of his life? The ordeal is trying and is terrible—does his resolution yield a hair?—see him at the bar of a viceery—that man of clear understanding, of enlightened conscience, but of base life, and coward heart—see him in the robes of mockery when he is arraigned in the common hall of the imperial Herod and his men of war. See him in the moment of betrayal, when the hand of ready friendship grasps the carnal weapon in the hope of saving him, how he restrains his follower, how unmoved he is—not insensible—not at all insensible—but possessed of his

spirit of divinest heroism—how all things are submitted to the one resolve which urges him onward to the sacrifice! What absolute supremacy over external things there is in these words, expressive of the strong purpose of his life—“Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels; but how, then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled that thus it must be?” Think of these things. You are yourselves exposed to danger from the same sources of peril. With what confidence can you flee to him for succour? with what confidence can you rest upon his precious words?—“In the world ye shall have tribulation, but he of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” There is one of our enemies, then, prostrate at the feet of our deliverer—“He is able to keep us from falling because he has overcome the world.”

And, then, more perilous, as we before observed, than the influences of the external world, are traitorous suggestions of our own hearts. Can He help us here? The mind is prone to error, meeting delusion half way; the affections cleave to the present life; the heart is deceitful above all things—more deceitful than a shifting quicksand, or than an April sky, or than slippery and frail ice, or than the treacherous wishes of a false friend—deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—can he guard us against the mastery of these secret and formidable foes? Yes, he has been expressly in this trouble, too, and has come out scatheless. He, in the time of his incarnate life, had not only a human body infused with the principle of life, but a human soul, a soul which could endure, a soul which could be tempted, a soul which could be wrung with gony, a soul which mourned in the anguish of sorrow, and which shrank with the instinct of fear; but so perfect was his knowledge of deceitfulness of the human heart, that “he needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man.” All the lurking vileness, all the dormant ill in that cage of unclean birds, was known to him; he knew what was in man. So perfect was his endurance of heart-suffering, that when the cup of bitterness was presented in the garden, he shrank from the draught, and prayed for its removal in tones of mortal agony, and yet he drank it in meek sub-

mission to his Father's will. So perfect was his experience of the heart's temptation, that he was in all points—now that baffles all your ingenuity, for you cannot, with all your morbid and sensitive horror of comfort, put yourselves out of the pale of that all-embracing sentence—“he was in all points tempted like as we are, and yet without sin.” Yes, he can guard you against this too. That heart of yours is a giant enemy, a mighty, colossal influence, of evil, but he is greater than your heart and knoweth all things. There is another of our enemies prostrate at the feet of our deliverer—“He is able to keep us from falling because he is greater than our own hearts.”

And then there is yet a greater foe behind—greater at least as far as absolute strength is concerned—a foe against whose darts armour of mail is no protection; and who bears, unwounded, the shock of mortal steel, “the Prince of the power of the air,” possessed of servants, and skill, and stratagems, against whom we, unaided, are helpless as a child. Can Jesus avail us here? Here, in this valley of the shadow of death, where the Christian walks upon the margin of the fire, with demon voices whispering thoughts of shame, through that potent weapon of all prayer, can Christ avail us here? yes, for he has won the battle in every onset, and has routed your worst enemy from the field. That strange foe with whom you are unfamiliar, whose devices you know not how to penetrate, who seems so confident of strength, whose eye glances upon you with such a horrible fascination, as the eye of the basilisk upon the affrighted bird; it is the old serpent, not a new one; the great and ancient enemy who was foiled and beaten eighteen centuries ago. Believer, taunt him with it if he tempts you now. Ask him if he remembers that old temptation in the wilderness, and the smile that came upon the face of the Saviour when he said coolly, “The Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing, nothing in me;” and how in baffled rage he crouched and sneaked away. Ask him how he felt when one and another and another of his vassal fiends came sullenly home, expelled by the same Jesus from the spirits of which they had usurped possession. Remind him of that mortal struggle, that deep burning and terrible defeat which, in his shortsighted pride, he thought a victory. Re-

mind him how he rejoiced too soon; how he woke up to the consciousness, that even Death had lost his allegiance, and had begun to disobey him; and that this same Jesus, through death, destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil. Tell him of the irritated soldiers, and of the broken seal, and of the empty sepulchre, and of the ascension amidst the clouds into heaven. Tell him of this. Resist him when he tempts you, by the memory of these things. Ah! he shrinks, he pales, he flies, he cannot bear to hear of them. Pursue him, and, as he flies, tell him that your faith anticipates—anticipates the accomplishment of the vision which the Saviour saw in prophetic anticipation in the time of His incarnate life; “I beheld Satan as lightning fall down from heaven,” and then, as the Spirit comes gently to your side, and whispers in your ear, for your own private benefit and comfort, the message of God’s grace to you, God will bruise Satan under your feet, and you will exult in the might of your deliverer, and go on singing—

“Though the sons of night blaspheme,  
More there are with us than them;  
Hell is nigh but Christ is nigher,  
Circling us with hosts of fire.”

He is able to keep us from falling, because he has overcome the world, and is greater than our hearts and has destroyed the devil. So much for God’s people preserved.

II. But the thought will not improbably suggest itself. “What should induce the Redeemer to exert his abilities on our behalf?” We have insulted him, we have refused his service, we have stood back when he has even stretched out his arm to succour us, we have repelled his assistance, like churls, with no emotion of gratitude, and gathered ourselves up in the very haughtiest stature of our mind. He is able to keep us from falling—able—but that saving power were without meaning to us unless we had the warrant that mercy will wield the weapon. He is able to keep us from falling, but will he take the trouble? Well, a comforting expectation of the Redeemer’s exercise of power for us may be gathered from his general character, and from his dealings—his former dealings with us. The good shepherd who left the folded flock, and went after the straying lamb, and followed it over hill and stream, until he heard

its piteous bleating, and rescued it from the verge of the cliff to which it had wandered; the good father, whose affection flowed on in even calmness towards the elder son, but leaped up into a flood when the prodigal came home again; the good Master, who felt tenderly towards all his disciples, but who sent special tidings to Peter that he had risen from the dead lest the bruised spirit should become broken—he is not likely to withhold the power from those who need it, and from those who need it most. Now, there is reason for trusting in him, timid one. He knoweth thy frame, and he remembereth that thou art but dust. But that is not enough; we may have a deeper conviction than can be inferred from the mere general character of the mercy of God in Christ. Well then, the text gives encouragement by presenting us with a reason why he should keep us from falling. There is a suggestion in it that the preservation of the redeemed involves to Christ himself a richer revenue of glory. “Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling.” Why? “And to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.” Every soul—that seems to be the doctrine—every soul redeemed by the Lord Jesus Christ, and kept by the power of Jesus through faith unto salvation, attests his ascendancy, and exalts yet higher his already pre-eminent name. Christ, the Conqueror, is glorified by the numberless captives that he can bring to his own sphere. Christ, the teacher, is magnified by the hosts of disciples who follow his footsteps, and who hang on his words. Christ, the Saviour, from the unnumbered sinners whom he has snatched from hell, then gathers the jewelry of his many crowns. Believer, take to your heart of hearts, the comfort of this thought. Think of it in your moment of bitterness. Let it chase your fears away. Christ’s glory is involved in your preservation. Only cleave to him and you are safe. He will not let you perish. You are necessary, in some sort, to swell his retinue at the last great day, when he shall lay down the office of Mediator. He will have a grand pageant then. He will have a nobler pageant then; and he will preserve you that he may present you “faultless before the presence of his glory.” “For this same cause,” as the apostle has it, in the epistle to the



Ephesians, "Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might present it"—that is his purpose—that he might present a glorious church, "without spot or wrinkle, or blemish, or any such thing." And it is just this connection of the glory of Christ with the preservation of believers, which constrains us to believe that the number of the saved must immeasurably be greater than the number of the lost, or else, what do you think the Captain of our salvation will be satisfied with a drawn battle, or with numbers so nearly equal, that it shall be doubtful which side has won the victory? No, he shall conquer, and the universe shall know that he has conquered, because, at his side, as the fruits of his victories, "there shall be a multitude which no man can number." Nor shall this victory be won by doubtful means. Some tell us, that as nearly half the human race die in infancy, the scale shall be turned by those—those whom death, a deserter for the time from the colours of Satan, takes off and carries away, out of the reach of danger, before they have time to sin after the similitude of Adam's transgression. No, that were an unworthy way of obtaining a decisive advantage. Not by stratagem but by fair and open fight, foot to foot, shall he be met and overthrown. Christ has died, and he shall not die in vain; but, an innumerable company, risen to man's estate, once tainted by personal transgression, and then snatched in their *monliness* from the spoiler, shall stand in robes of purity with palms of triumph, and shall be presented faultless unto God. "To present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

Believer, anticipate thy own presentation, this morning, with humble gratitude to him. You are now rejoicing in God; you feel that your old nature has passed away, and that all things have become marvelously new. By grace, sin is at your feet. You trample on it, and you long for the time when it shall no longer exist within you, and when the Saviour shall slay it, and you shall say exulting in the blood of Jesus Christ, "Thy blood cleanseth me from all sin." And though now many faults will cleave to you, and cloud the sight and darken the understanding, and the dull mortal may cramp the nobler soul, yet thou art to be faultless then—"faultless in the pre-

sence of his glory." Take the thought home in all its fulness and in all its power—"faultless in the presence of his glory." There is a great detector in the universe, which we call light. It is light that makes this manifest. There are many things which will not bear the light though they may pass in the darkness. What is the effect of a line of sunshine let suddenly through a shutter into an otherwise darkened room? All the specks and molecules invisible before, quivering along the line of light, are made manifest at once. Let the sun, or, as it has been called, the natural painter, that knows not how to flatter—let the sun flash down its strong light upon you, and the photograph will lack neither scar nor blemish, and the very strength of the light itself will sometimes compel your least amiable expression, and present you with rather an unfavourable portrait "to soothe the winter of your discontent." Excessive light would dazzle us. Alas! there are few of us who, if we had a window in our bosoms, could bear the scrutiny. There are few of us who would not darken the glass. But we are to be faultless, then, with a perfect and transparent character, to bear the most brilliant light of all, "the presence of his glory"—that light streaming down upon the human soul which Christ has presented to the Father, and which is "faultless"—"faultless" bearing that light "faultless, in the presence of his glory." The light shines upon the holiest upon earth, and shows only a line of impurity. The light shines upon the redeemed in heaven only to enhance the perfection of purity. Oh, how different is it in its developments!

See! it is flashing—that strange and searching light—it is flashing in the temple of Jerusalem; it is the presence of God's glory! And there on the temple floor, prostrate and sorrowful, is a man beating his breast and crouching beneath the agony of a wounded spirit, crying, "Woe, woe is me." What sinner lies there, mourning for a lifetime of atrocity and rebellion? What terrible audacity and blasphemy has constrained this passionate weeping? Nay, of all earth's holy ones, that man is, perhaps, the holiest; than others, a more faithful reprover of iniquity; than others gifted with

(Continued on page 275.)

THE EARTH,  
FRAMED AND FURNISHED AS A  
HABITATION FOR MAN.

Concluded.

II. WARMTH.—But our time has been nearly all spent in bringing in the water, while our house is neither warmed nor lighted yet. How the heat is conveyed to the earth, distributed, retained, and regulated, cannot now be noted. Omitting all the great central facts and laws, let us glance at one or two characteristic incidents.

Besides its own proper functions, water performs an important part in the transmission and distribution of heat. Indeed she seems to have been engaged as maid-of-all-work in the house; it would be hard to say what the patient drudge is not expected to do; and yet she was never heard to complain. She does all her work well and cheerfully. Among other things, she makes herself useful in the custody and application of heat. Both the earth and man are cooled at times, and heated too, by water. There is nothing equal to a warm bath, either for a cold continent or cold feet. The coast of Labrador, on the other side of the Atlantic, in the same latitude with these islands, is an icy desert: the reason of the difference is, that they get a cold bath all the year round, while we get a warm one. How the other side is supplied with cold water, you may easily perceive. A current right from the North Pole flows constantly along the coast, studded at certain seasons with icebergs, more beautiful than kindly. Our hot water reaches us by a process more complicated, but equally constant and sure. On the map of America, look to that great bosom which lies between the northern and southern portions of the continent, the Gulf of Mexico. It is the most circular of seas: and why has Nature deviated from her usual rule of irregularity, to form an almost perfect circle there? Because these our islands, lying in a northern latitude, needed hot water, and a pot must be provided for holding it. The Gulf of Mexico is the great tea-kettle of Great Britain. Poor Mexico seems to have the singular faculty of keeping both herself and her neighbors in hot water. The rotundity of that vast cup secures that the stream of water which flows into it from the coast of Africa,

and is heated during its passage under the equator, shall be thrown out on its north-eastern brim, in such a direction and with such a velocity, that it bathes the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland all the year round with a gently-flowing current of moderately warm water. The great oceanic current called the Gulf-stream, with its graceful bend and fan-like spread, is precisely like the last comet's tail, but neither so large nor so alarmingly quick in its motions. Some of our neighbours fret against our supremacy at sea. To deprive us of it, they build big ships; but two can play at that game, and they will probably not succeed. I shall give them a hint: if they could pierce the Isthmus of Panama, and send the contents of our tea-kettle straight through into the Pacific, farewell to Britain's commercial wealth and naval power. The Mersey would be frozen eight months of the year. But the isthmus has a bone in its sleeve: the merchants of Liverpool may invest in yet one dock more.

Next after the Gulf-stream, we are indebted to our coal-beds for the quantity of heat which is necessary to make us comfortable. Some recent writers have done good service by earnestly directing attention to the wonderful process by which the coal-cellar of the house was filled long before the family took possession. Vegetations inconceivably exceeding in vastness all that we now know, grew and faded alternately upon this globe, during many ages, while they were apparently useless in creation. Had a solitary philosopher, born before his time, obtained a footing on the world then, and been permitted to make his observations, he could have given confirmation strong as Holy Writ, that no one wise and provident Being presided over creation. Witness,—he would have said,—witness all this waste! Aye; witness this other waste,—these heaps of dirty torn rags lying within and around yonder factory; and do these supply evidence that the manufacturer has lost his wits or never had any? In some of the finest of human works, waste is most precious; a pure paper rises from the grave of these soiled rags.—In the Creator's purposes the vast vegetation of a chaotic world was needed: it was allowed to run waste, because it was waste that the Omnipotent Operator wanted as the raw material of the manufacture which

he had in hand. Soft, deep, damp soils, and hot steaming skies, brought forth herbs and trees with a luxuriance that baffles our imagination, now that it has passed away from the senses; these were deposited in layers along broad valleys, covered over, hot-pressed and caked into coal, that it might keep till it should be required as fuel for the coming man. Now, we have nothing more to do when we wish to mend our fire, than to go down to the cellar for coals: at least we send the colliers down.— Although cats and monkeys like well enough to warm themselves at one of our fires when they find it, no species of animal except the human has sufficient skill to light a fire. Here you have amazing complication and exactitude of plan. When the fuel was stratifying and crystallizing and caking, man was designed and promised: the coal measures promised him. If he had not come; or come other than he is, the promise would have been false and the preparation abortive. For man these stores were provided, because he only can use them. But these stores were accumulated at a period when man did not exist. The only rational account of the matter is:—Our Father in heaven provided warmth for his children before he brought them home.

Here without noticing at all the processes by which light is distributed, we must draw our sketches to a close. You might profitably and pleasantly occupy many evenings in studying the physical geography of the earth and the sea. The world is fearfully and wonderfully made.— The inhabitant is guilty of ingratitude to the Architect of all, if he fail to observe and admire the structure, the furniture, and the decorations of his dwelling. Some months ago as I sat in a railway carriage at a junction of the Scottish Central, waiting for a converging train, I overheard the conversation of two porters employed on the line. One of them, according to his own account a most worthy but unappreciated man, summed up his complaint against men and things in general with these words:—"Well this is the queerest world ever I saw." Rightly spoke, but wrongly thought, the ill-used porter of the Scottish Central Railway! In another sense than the querulous labourer intended, it is the queerest world that I have any of us ever saw; and the queerest thing,

about it is its chief inhabitant. Considering his ignorance, and improvidence, and quarrelsomeness, it is a wonder that the Great Proprietor permits him to run his lease. The house and furniture are perfect; all that is wanted is an industrious and contented tenant.

Although Adam's family count now some ten or eleven hundred millions of men and women, the lodgings provided for them are still greatly too large. Like a prudent couple who have married early, the family at first left portions of the house unoccupied, that they might afterwards gradually take possession of it room by room. It would have been very awkward if the whole house had been occupied at an early period of the family history; for there is no other world conveniently near to absorb the surplus.

The rapid outspread of the race to take possession of the unoccupied apartments of the dwelling, is one of the characteristic features of the present age. When the fulness of time arrives, the world will probably be found full of men. This consummation approaches in our day at a greatly accelerated speed. It is instructive, and sometimes also amusing, to see the machinery for spreading men over the world at work. As a general rule, it requires a considerable force to induce human beings to leave the thickly peopled places of the Earth and settle in its solitudes: the force applied is sometimes a drawing, and sometimes a driving, and sometimes both together. In regard to the power which impels them forward, there is some analogy between asses and men. I have seen a pair of pictures which, by way of parable, represented the two principal propelling forces in action as applied to an ass. In one picture a brace of boys were belabouring a loaded donkey on the hinder parts with a stout stick, but all in vain, for the poor brute has evidently made up his mind that it is better on the whole to bear the blows than trudge to market with his burden: consequently he stands stock still in the mud. In the other an old woman is comfortably seated on her donkey's back, above a couple of panniers stuffed with vegetables; she is armed with a long slender pole like a fishing-rod; but in this case it has neither a fly at the one end nor a fool at the other. A fine fresh carrot by way of bait attached to the front of the pole, the cunning angler

keeps dangling a few inches before the donkey's nose; and he in consequence is carrying carrot, fishing-rod, mistress, panniers and all, at a rattling pace to market. This wise woman seems to cast out of the canvas a leer of satisfied superiority upon the boys as she gallops past.

Thus you may perceive there are two methods of urging forward a donkey or a man: one is both more easy and more successful than the other. Some proprietors in the North of Scotland try the stick—the technical term is *Clearances*—but the animal won't march. The peasantry refuse to go to Canada sometimes even when their huts have been pulled down about their heads. But as soon as the gold was hung out and seen to glitter in the sky, "Westward, ho!" became the word, and the exodus began at a gallop. Man uses gold for many purposes: God uses it chiefly for one—to draw surplus humanity from the barren moors and dense city lanes, where it squats and starves, in order that the empty apartments of his prepared mansion may be furnished with guests. The emigration which the gold produces is more valuable than the gold which the emigrants get. In this great hunt on the wide field of the world, as in others which expatiate on a narrower sphere, the chase is better than the game.

In the division of the world we are getting the lion's share. Already the English-speaking race own one-fourth of the earth's surface, and rule one-sixth of humankind. It is reported that, once upon a time, before the schoolmaster had gone abroad, the Emperor of all the Russias, having heard that Great Britain was interposing a barrier against some of his ambitious schemes, called for a map, and in his private study searched it diligently for the obnoxious land. He saw his own vast territories stretching away in gorgeous yellow across two continents; but nowhere could he descry that other country which he understood to be by pre-eminence denominated Great.—Wearied with his search, the royal scholar called in his secretary and demanded of him where Great Britain lay on the map. "Please your Majesty," that functionary replied, "your thumb is on it." The place which this country occupied on the map was covered by the Emperor's principal digit: but that comparatively diminutive

space is the central heart which animates by its life-pulses a territory larger than its own. Queen Victoria is the greatest landed proprietor in the world. In spite of the Pope who gave all the West to Spain, and all the East to Portugal, his infallibility not enabling him to perceive that the rivals would meet in the middle and quarrel over the spoil, both the East and West are falling to the Anglo-Saxon's share. On the West, we reach the nearest portion of the American continent in five or six days from Ireland; and thence to Vancouver's Island in the Pacific the present generation will probably run by rail, on our own territory all the way. In the East we have by sea turned the flank, and overland penetrated through the heart of the broad belt of Moslem mysticism, which the god of this world has strategically thrown in between paganism and Christianity. Beyond that Border we have planted a firm foot on the richest and fairest empire of the earth.—We are contentious proprietors with the Emperor of China. When the cattle of our fellow-subjects on those border lands break the fence, they may be impounded by a mandarin for trespassing among his tea.

Our privilege marks and measures our duty: from him to whom much is given, much will be required. Commerce, territory, gold—all the chief agencies which act in replenishing the earth—are falling into the hands of the twin-brother nations who use in common the English tongue. The *Parlez-vous*, although a supple, pliant tongue, suited for the diplomacy of courts, is prostituted in laws and edicts for repressing social liberty and Protestant truth: God is not permitting it to spread over newly-peopled continents. The language of Italy sounds softly in music and poetry, but it is the tongue of the Pope and the Inquisition and the Index; it is confined almost entirely to its own narrow peninsula. The language which we have learned from our mothers (with one exception, great in moral delinquency, but small in geographical extent—the laws which forbid the education of negroes in certain States of the American Union) is not employed to hinder the circulation of God's Word: therefore, if we may be permitted so far to interpret the prophecy of Providence, God is spreading it over his world. Let us know our

privilege, and do our duty. An open Bible is "the secret of Britain's greatness," the palladium of her liberty, the cause of her success. Providence is in these days taking from the Scriptures, and printing legibly on the page of history, that ultimate principle of the Divine administration, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." In the expanse of the nineteenth century, like letters of light on the evening sky, stands out the inscription which every seeing eye may read:—God is giving the earth to that people whose language transmits his Word, as these blue heavens transmit the sunlight, neither tampering with its integrity nor impeding its progress, but simply and quickly passing it on.

The progression of Life from its initial stage in primeval chaos, to its consummation in redeemed and perfected humanity, is like the advance of a ship through the locks of a canal from the sea to the summit level of the land. At a period far remote, with no landmarks near by which its distance from the present might be measured, life in the lowest type of vegetation leapt, at the Creator's call, from the amorphous mass; the ship has left the weltering sea, and accomplished its first ascent. At this elevation occurs a considerable stretch of level navigation; then comes another rise, and another level reach. Progress upward is obtained, not by a gradual incline, but by sudden perpendicular risings. Forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching towards those that are before, created life has advanced both forward and upward, not like a train on a railway, but like a ship in a canal. From lichens, mosses, ferns to pines, and from pines to more perfect organizations, life advanced by leaps, until it reached the platform of the animal and locomotive.—Another series of locks, alternating with level reaches, and passing through the various stages of fishes, lizards, birds, and mammal quadrupeds, leads at last to Man. Life will not now ascend into a higher order, but this order must be elevated far above its present level. The vessel has entered the last lock, but has not yet risen to its summit; humanity first joined company at the head of the one immediately below. As yet we can neither move forward nor

see around. Whirlpools boil beneath, dead walls frown on either side, and water is dripping down upon our heads. We are in the lock; it is the water coming down that causes the commotion; but the water which seems to be only disturbing, is insensibly elevating us. Fear not, Christian; the Lord knoweth them that are his, and knoweth, too, the best way of perfecting that which concerns them. Do not be surprised at a commercial crisis here, and an Indian rebellion there: our Redeemer sits King on all these floods. He has given orders to open some of the sluices, that the gush may elevate his ark; and if the process of elevating also agitate, he knows the distress, and will provide the consolation. Those portions of man's wrath which are allowed to spurt out, he will employ for his own praise, and the remainder of that wrath he will restrain. As these boiling waters dash against the vessel's sides, the little child looks to his Father at the helm, and cries: "Fear not," that Father answers, "if these waters were not permitted to rush down, you would not be lifted up."

The great commotions of our day show that the lock is filling fast. These are the last times, and they seem near their fulness. We are imprisoned, and no effort can liberate us before the time. No power can open the two-leaved gates, until the water within reach the level of the water without. When the fulness has come at last, a gentle gurgle indicates that the stream of time has ceased to flow; what remains of earth is already calm, like heaven. From the windows of their ark, now floating on the summit, the voyagers may, without obstruction, sweep the horizon of history, and see both the beginning and the end of God's completed work. No more plunges into chaotic waters, chafing on dark girdling walls, in order to reach a higher style of life: this is the highest: these are sons of God. Their sins are forgiven, their natures are renewed, their discipline is done. The Son has made them free, and they are free indeed. When the Redeemer has gotten all his own thus lifted up, time shall be no more. Attending angels touch the gates: they open easily; at the opening purified and perfected humanity glides gently forth from its ancient prison-house, and joyfully bears away for the promised land.

“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by:”

Shall I describe a sermon which would refresh the people of God, and be as arrows in the hearts of His enemies, Ps. xlv. 5, till they became willing captives of Christ? Ps. cx. 3.

My text shall be my guide. The road-side was the church, the multitude preached, and Bartimeus was the hearer. And now for the sermon—“And they told him, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.” “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!” That is the whole of it, and I think it a very good one, when we consider the occasion. At any rate it enchained the whole mind and heart of Bartimeus. It went down into his soul like a beam of light, and filled him with amazement and joy. It was the strangest, gladdest word he had ever heard. “Jesus of Nazareth—the Saviour—He who openeth the eyes of the blind! Is He here—so near me—where I may speak to Him? O! has the day come at last, when my eyes shall be opened? When I shall see, shall see, and be no more a beggar? O! can such news be true?”

So you see it was a *powerful* sermon. It went to the heart and took complete possession of it. I am quite sure Bartimeus was not a captious critic of *that* sermon. He had no time to think whether it was uttered fast or slowly, loudly or gently. But what made it so powerful? “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.” That is all of it. I am afraid many of us would think very little of such a sermon. But Bartimeus felt his blindness and his need of Christ. There is the difference. The power of the sermon was in the state of the hearer’s heart. A sermon often seems poor because we are cold. There is a difference in sermons, no doubt. But I read that men could go to sleep while Paul preached, Acts xx. 9, and even the wise men of Athens called him a babbler and mocked, Acts xvii. 18, 32, while the most noble Festus, who was a gentleman in high life, and should have known better, interrupted him in the midst of his sermon, and pronounced him “mad.” Acts xxvi. 24,—crazy, as we would say. If sinners and saints felt their needs more—if they oftener came from secret devotions, the simplest things we could say of Christ would be like bread to the hungry and cold waters to the thirsty soul. Prov. xxx. 25.

It was a very *simple* sermon. Who cannot preach it? “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.” There is no follower of Jesus who cannot tell poor blind souls this. Yet this is the message which is to save the world. The Bible tells it over in a thousand forms. Fill your hearts with them, and go, tell the glad tidings to lost sinners everywhere. I thank God that the gospel is so simple that the whole multitude of Christ’s followers can preach it.

And so must the preaching from the pulpit be simple. We must say many things that our hearers already know. A good preacher tries to make all truth simple. He is a bad shepherd, say the old writers, who holds the hay too high for the sheep. According to Lord Bacon, little minds love to inflate plain things into marvels, while great minds love to reduce marvels to plain things.

“The very essence of truth,” says Milton, “is plainness and brightness; the darkness and crookedness are our own.” “Better the grammarian should reprehend,” says Jenkyn, “than the people not understand. Pithy plainness is the beauty of preaching. What good doth a golden key that opens not?” An old lady once walked a great way to hear the celebrated Adam Clarke preach. She had heard he was “such a scholar,” as indeed he was. But she was bitterly disappointed, “because,” said she, “I understood everything he said.” And I knew a man who left the church one morning quite indignant, because the preacher had one thing in his sermon he knew before! It was a little explanation meant for the children; dear little things—they are always coming on, and I love to see their bright little faces among the older people. *We* used to need and prize these simple explanations, and why shouldn’t they have them in their turn? And this blessed thing is to be said of the gospel: Let it be made ever so simple, so that little children are drinking it in with grateful wonder, it still has depths and riches to satisfy the mind and heart of the mightiest philosopher, if only he has that highest attainment of wisdom—a simple, child-like faith. Like the sun, it is mirrored at the same moment by the dew-drop and the ocean.

But best of all, this sermon was *about Christ*. He is mentioned alone. When Bartimeus asked “what it meant,” these preachers did not answer, “We are passing by.” Yet their movements arrested him; he heard them. But when he asked what the multitude meant, they told him, “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.” It is a happy thing when the Church can say of all its great movements and excitements, “Jesus is passing by.” This is a test of revivals, a test of all right Christian effort—“Jesus passeth by.” This is the test, too, of a good sermon. “The excellency of a sermon,” says Flavel, “lies in the plainest discoveries and liveliest applications of Jesus Christ.”

They announce that Jesus is near. What blessed tidings to Bartimeus! In this you all agree: it was a great thing for him to have his eyes opened. From these far-off ages your sympathies run back and mingle with his agitation of joy. To have the eyes opened—to see for the first time! The rapture must be indescribable.

And when I announce the nearness of Jesus, now and here, to you, O sinner, why is not the news joyful? Was it much that those eyes should be opened upon a world darkened by the curse, and stained by the shadow of death, and furrowed so roughly with graves? eyes often to be dimmed with tears and soon with age? eyes whose brief light death would soon quench with the clods of the valley, and leave their hollow sockets to be nests for worms? Yes, yes, I confess it, even this was much. But O! tell me, in your turn, is it nothing to you that Jesus is again near, and that your eyes may this day be opened to the light of the Cross? light fairer than the moon, clearer than the sun, and making earth radiant with the glories of heaven? light which often streams brightest in death, gilding even the dark valley? light of the everlasting Throne, on which, with saints and angels, you may gaze for ever?

And is it tidings of *this* light alone which cannot agitate? Is it only eternal salvation that is a trifle? Is it only because the offered blessedness is absolutely immeasurable and everlasting that it is not worth your thought or care?

Miserable souls! so blind that you do not know your blindness, so blind that you do not believe it, though God declares it, my business now is to tell you that Jesus Christ is near,—He passeth by! Now is your time; make haste to secure your salvation. How near He is! He passeth by in the light of every Sabbath sun, in every church built to His Name, in every reading of His Word, in every gospel sermon, in sacraments and prayers and psalms, but most of all in every movement of His Spirit on the heart. If you *feel* under the truth, if your conscience confirms what God declares, if you have been made even uneasy in your sin, if like Felix you have trembled, Acts xxiv. 25, or like Agrippa have been almost persuaded to be a Christian, Acts xxvi. 28, O, let me tell you that I did not work any of these things in your heart. Who am I, that I can put a pulse in the heart of death? 2 Kings v. 6. They are not my work, and I dare not claim the glory of them. Ps. cxv. 1. God's Spirit has been stirring in your heart, striving with you for your eternal salvation! What an awfulness does that give to these services! Jesus, God manifest in the flesh, 1 Tim. iii. 16, is here, by His gracious Spirit. John xvi. 7, 8. He fills every ordinance. Matt. xviii. 20. He moves from heart to heart. You are in His tremendous presence, under His omniscient eye, in the grasp of His infinite power, in the gracious sphere of His healing love.

But He "passeth by!" He will not always tarry. John xii. 35, 36. The day of grace is not for ever. Gen. vi. 3. Its sun will go down,

and the night that follows is eternal despair. John viii. 21, 24; Luke xix. 42. Christ never passed that way again; He may never pass your way again. That was His last visit to Jericho; this call may be His last visit to you. This was Bartimeus' only opportunity; to-day may be your only opportunity. 2 Cor. vi. 2. Woe, woe, to Bartimeus, if he lose this golden season! If he does he shall die in his blindness. Woe, a heavier woe to you, O sinner, if you slight this, your golden season, for securing this great salvation! Heb. ii. 3. This moment may decide your doom. Fly to Jesus Christ!

### HAPPINESS OF DOING GOOD.

As Henry Martyn was on his way to India, he was watchful, day and night, for opportunities of doing good to those on board the ship in which he sailed. He was especially attentive to the sick. One day, when the hatches were shut down in consequence of a gale, he went below to visit a sick sailor. As there was perfect darkness below, he was obliged to feel his way. He found the man swinging in his hammock, in darkness, and heat, and damp, without a creature to speak to him, and in a burning fever. "I gave him," says Martyn, "a few grapes which had been given to me to allay his thirst. How great the pleasure of doing good, even to the bodies of men!"

Martyn had large experience of the pleasure of doing good. His efforts to do good were unceasing, and they were made at the expense of self-sacrifice. They were thus of a kind to yield him the largest amount of pleasure.

Reader, have you had experience of the pleasure of doing good? especially of doing good to the souls of men? There is no pleasure like it. He who labours in simplicity and in godly sincerity to do good, has his reward in a calm and enduring pleasure which no earthly prosperity, no wealth, nor honours, can bestow.

How many seek for happiness from afar, when it can be had in its purest form by doing good to their neighbours! To do good and communicate forget not, if you would be happy, if you would enjoy the Saviour's smile.

The manner in which Mr. Martyn became possessed of the grapes which he gave to the sick man is interesting and instructive.

The ship, after touching at the Cape of Good Hope, sailed thence on the Sabbath. On that day a boat came alongside with fruit; "but" says Martyn, "I did not think it right to buy any, though I longed to have some to carry to sea." On the day in which he visited the sick man, a passenger who came on board at the Cape, and to whom he had scarcely ever spoken, sent him a plate of fruit, by which he was greatly refreshed, and enable him to relieve the sick man.

It is somewhat remarkable, that this reasonable present came on the very day in which Martyn entered in his common-place book the following sentiment, taken from an author he was reading, "If from regard to God's Sabbath, I deny myself, he will more than make it up to me." In keeping God's statutes there is great reward.

#### OF ETERNITY.

Look backward, and time was when souls were not; look forward, and our souls will be when time is not.

Who would not deny himself for a time, that he may enjoy himself forever?

What is the world to them that are in the grave, where our bodies must shortly be? Or to them that are in eternity, where our souls must shortly be?

Remember you are at the door of eternity, and have other work to do than to trifle away time; those hours which you spend in your closets, are the golden spots of all your time, and will have the sweetest influence upon your last hours.

Our life is a passage to eternity: it ought to be a meditation of eternity.—*Mason.*

#### TRAMPLING ON ATONING BLOOD.

Nearly a year ago an earnest evangelist made a solemn appeal to the unconverted at a crowded meeting, where the Spirit of God was moving many hearts. These words, "All who go away unbelieving, go trampling on the blood of Jesus," were as a sharp arrow to the conscience of some. One man, who had been a reputable professor, but not born again, went away greatly troubled. The following Sabbath the words of his minister drove the arrows further in. After walking several miles homewards with his wife, who was also anxi-

ous, he spoke of his distress, and she proposed to have prayer as soon as they got home. "No," he said, "that won't do.—Isn't it an awful thing that every step we are taking we are trampling on the blood of Christ?" He would go no farther.—There on the roadside they knelt down to cry to God. Soon he rose rejoicing in Jesus, and ever since he has made a manly, consistent, and useful profession of being a follower of the Lamb. His wife's distress was increased; and the next day she, as a sin-sick soul, unable to see or trust the Good Physician, called for an elder of the church—a *bona fide acting elder*, in a sense higher than many—and after explaining the way of peace, he left her at her request *alone with Jesus*. Returning soon, he found her countenance radiant with a new joy, and she too ever since has been apparently keeping her face Zionward.

Reader! the blood of the cross has come near thee in the gospel word—so near that you have either plunged into it as an open fountain for thy sin-polluted soul, or trampled on it with unhallowed contempt—so near that at this moment it has either left the proof of its efficacy in a cleansed conscience, or the stain of your crowning crime in its rejection. The blood of the cross will be the subject of grateful songs in glory; and the remembrance of that blood despised will awaken many a bitter wail in the world of woe. That blood is sure in some way to be connected with the eternal future of every one of us.

Does any one think such statements the product of lively or disordered fancies—very fit for causing excitement, but not suitable for sensible, thoughtful men? An infidel might say so with a sad consistency; but the strange thing is that intellectual professors of religion are found setting aside this solemn alternative. Let such think a moment. You *profess* to believe that Jesus, the God-man, shed his blood to save sinners. That blood shed by Jesus, and accepted by God, is brought virtually near every hearer of the gospel. He must either concur in God's way of cleansing, and believing, be washed; or, rejecting it, perish with this as his unspeakably heinous crime—despising the blood of the God-man?—*This is fitted to alarm many: but it is a reasonable alarm.*



# THE GOOD NEWS.

MAY 15th, 1862.

## THE MINISTRY:

### Its Personal Advantages.

In a world such as that in which we live, every person is, and must be, more or less selfish. It is necessary for the continuance of our lives. Man is nowhere in Scripture called upon to love himself, but the injunction, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," takes for granted that he loves himself, and it implies that it is his duty to do so. And if man is to take care of himself, he must not be idle, for "sloth brings a man to poverty, and idleness covers him with rags." If he wish to place himself above want, he must work, and work hard, in some one or other of the world's spheres of activity. But before engaging in any one of them, however honourable it may be regarded by the world, it is not an improper but a most reasonable question, for us to ask ourselves, "*Cui bono?*" "To what good?"

Testing the work of the ministry by this question, numerous personal advantages present themselves. But in order to obtain an idea of it as a possession, its disadvantages must also be considered. These, in the faithful minister, are only of a temporal nature, and are more apparent than real. He cannot, in consistency with his office, join in the giddy *whirl* of the world, for he must be sober; neither is it possible for him to accumulate wealth, nor to heap up a large fortune, for the apostle of the Gentiles, speaking by the Spirit, says to him, "Be not greedy of filthy lucre, but be given to hospitality." Again, the path of worldly fame, and earthly honour, is not the road upon which he may expect to walk. It may coincide with this, for the wise man's remark applies here as elsewhere, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business: he shall

stand before kings, and not before men." But to seek the applause of men is in him a deviation from the path of duty.

And if they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more may those of the household expect to meet with reproach. For while others are establishing a reputation, he must be lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of Zion. While the world is building to ambition, he must be building for God. And while others strive to add their names to the muster roll of fame, and to set themselves high in the niches of its temple, his highest aim and utmost energy must be exerted to swell the pages of the book of life, and to invite sinners to seek a place in the temple of God. And what the world calls *ease* is not for the minister of the gospel. In order to discharge his duties aright, severe mental labour is demanded, probably more so than in any other profession. And the directory by which he is guided expressly denounces indolence. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." From the day that he enlists himself as a captain of the armies of the Cross, he must acquit himself as a good soldier, one of whose chief characteristics is that he is never asleep at his post. What saith the Master? "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman to the house of Israel, therefore hear the word at my mouth." Neither is it proper for him to desert his duty merely to gratify his own desires for pleasure, for the minister of Christ is a steward of the mysteries of the New Testament, and it is required in stewards that they be found faithful. It must be his meat and his drink to do the will of his Father in heaven. He can therefore neither calculate upon riches, honour, nor pleasure, for these appendages are not essential to his office; they are the exception, not the rule. The very nature of his profession excludes him from those avenues by which worldly great-

ness may be most easily reached. Still they that preach the gospel should live by the gospel, and it is possible for the majority of them to do so well. For, generally speaking, even in a worldly point of view, the pecuniary emoluments connected with the office, place the clergyman above want, and the education necessary for the proper discharge of his duties, as well as the peculiar sanctity of these duties, give him a standing in society which he might not otherwise have attained. And to this agree the words of the Psalmist, "I will set him on high because he hath known my name." If faithful, no class of men have a stronger claim on the sympathy and support of their fellows, and none receive so much. The minister of Christ is honoured by the sensible and thinking portion of the community, and even the sceptic and the scoffer respect him in their inmost souls, if their strange pride would only allow them to confess it.

Having viewed the clerical profession simply as a means of living, it must be apparent, that it is not without its personal advantages even here. But this is the lowest estimate we can take of it, and it would be doing the subject injustice not to view it in another light, for above all other callings its professed object is spiritual. And he who engages in it with no higher motives than those which appertain to earth, will undoubtedly find himself out of his element. He would be far more profitably employed in that business most congenial to his ambition, for as Matthew Henry has well remarked, "It is a good calling, but a bad trade." And nowhere else is the saying so applicable as here, "He who is not for us is against us."

When we contemplate the work of the ministry in the light of eternity, the office in dignity and importance yields to none. The physician's work is noble, and all honour to him for his service, but to preserve life to a perishing body is his province;

whereas the aim of the minister of the gospel is to secure unending life to never-dying souls. To be a servant of Christ, is to stand in the great moral breach between the living and the dead, staying the plague of sin with the balm of Gilead. It is to be a co-worker with a God of love in that scheme which is dear to him as the apple of the eye. It is to be the herald of the best tidings that ever fell upon human ears. Who does not feel, when reading an account of the Jewish polity, that he would have liked to have been one of that favoured band, whose duty it was to lift the trumpet and blow the blast that ushered in the jubilant year of Israel—the blast at whose sound the jailor was forced to draw aside his bars and bolts, and throw wide his prison doors, to let the captive home—the blast! at which the master had to say to his slaves, "Go free." It was indeed a pleasant duty to proclaim rest to a land and to a people, and he who had discharged it once, could lay his head in the grave, convinced that he had not lived in vain. But what was even that envied post when contrasted with the position of the gospel minister; he proclaims deliverance to a world, liberty to an entire race, liberty! which once secured, knows no chains. To be a servant of Christ is to follow in *his* footsteps, and in those of "the noble army of martyrs" who have gone before. It is to be engaged in that work which angels would have considered themselves honoured had it been allotted them. It is to be a student of the most sublime subjects that can engross human attention. It is to join in the noblest philanthropy, and that which is the most momentous in its consequences. It is to be a friend of sinners, and a lover of souls. And if the satisfaction of doing earthly good, even to one of our fellow-beings, be no mean recompense for its bestowal, shall not delight spring from the conviction of being the honoured instrument in saving souls from eternal death.

For he who saves a soul from death shall cover a multitude of sins, and avert a vast amount of suffering. But there is a higher reward awaiting the faithful minister still to be mentioned, and although it had been the sole one connected with the office, it is of itself sufficient to outweigh all other considerations. It is this. With such service God is well pleased. Them that honour him he will honour. Having fought the good fight to the end, the sweet words shall sound in his ears, "It is enough, come up higher, for they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." "And the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and they shall walk with Him in white, for they are worthy." Jesus shall make them pillars in his father's temple, where they shall serve him day and night, and be asked to go no more out, for their work is accomplished. There they shall be privileged to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. An earthly crown may never have encircled their brows, but upon their heads shall the Son Himself set a crown of glory that fadeth not away, for they shall be made kings and priests unto God. See the faithful preacher upon that day when the affairs of time shall be wound up, drawing near the great white throne with his ransomed ones around him. Where are the Alexanders and the Homers of the earth? They stand aloof quaking with fear, while he advances with confidence, saying as he comes, "Here am I and the children whom God has given me." "Well done, good and faithful servant," is the approving language of the judge, "thou hast been faithful over a few things, now I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou and thine into the joy of your Lord."

What personal advantage can equal this?

Happy! thrice happy! is the minister who secures it, but woe unto him that falls short of it. It had been good for him that he

never had been born, or that he had been strangled in the birth, if, after having preached the gospel to others, he himself should then be a castaway.

J. M.

### SALVATION.

My soul, what a precious salvation,  
Thy Saviour has purchased for thee,  
O yield Him thy heart's adoration,  
For none is so worthy as He.

He sought thee when thou wast pursuing  
The road that leads downward to hell,  
To arrest thee and save thee from ruin,  
That thou in His glory might dwell.

O tell through the breadth of creation,  
That Jesus the Saviour has come  
To secure an eternal salvation,  
A rest and a heavenly home.

Tell them that are aged and wrinkled,  
Whose locks have grown hoary in sin,  
There's enough in His blood that was  
sprinkled,  
To make full atonement for them.

Tell them that's grown old in rebelling,  
That Jesus entreats them to come;  
Tell also the thoughtless and gay ones,  
Tell all! that for all there is room!

Yea, tell them without an exception,  
Whoever believeth shall live,  
Though guilt may have stained every action,  
The blood of the Lamb cries, Forgive.

It speaks to the conscience that's troubled,  
And tells of forgiveness of sins,  
It tells of a pardon that doubles,  
Of cleansing without and within.

It tells—my soul, hear it with wonder!—  
That He who could punish for sin,  
That He who could crush with His thunders,  
Laid down His own life to redeem.

It tells of God's wrath and just vengeance,  
Man's only desert—fell on Him,  
It tells how the sinner made righteous,  
That for Him was the Just One made sin.

It speaks to the sinner forgiven,  
And quells all his deadliest foes,  
It is seen by His Father in heaven,  
And mercy unceasingly flows.

Receive this free mercy, receive it,  
No money, no price he demands,  
The God of all grace loves to give it,  
Accept, then, the gift at His hands.

Come, taste, of that precious salvation  
Which Jesus has bought with his blood,  
O yield thy full heart's adoration  
To Him who is Saviour and God,

## THE THINGS THAT PASS AWAY.

My friends there is one more solemn thing. If, in suffering, labour, change, and death are among the things that shortly shall have passed away, remember, life is also among the things that will have shortly passed away; and death will be found in its place. God is a God of justice, and He is certain to set two things in everlasting contrast; the one, Hell with its flames, the other, Heaven with its glory; the one, Hell with its groans, the other, Heaven with its songs—the blackness of darkness, the glory of brightness—Heaven and Hell. Now, we address sinners. As a sinner I speak. Oh, look—look at those multitudes. Oh, look at those young sinners! Oh, look at those parent sinners! Oh, look at those hoary-headed sinners! How may a child speak with these? Oh, sinners, hear the cry, the cry of one saved, one whom God has hold of, and one who will shortly be dead and gone! Sinner, hear one who would see you safe in the arms of Christ. We tell you your opportunities will be shortly passed away. Preaching will be shortly passed away; prayer will be shortly passed away; pardon will be shortly passed away; peace will be shortly passed away; hope will be shortly passed away. Your day is a fleeting one; it will set in clouds, and night cometh. Your joy is a fading one; it dies—it is short lived. Hell cometh, pain cometh, suffering cometh, woe cometh, anguish cometh, torment cometh, night cometh, and eternity cometh. How shall we address you? Oh, might the dead speak to you! Oh, that we might call upon those who are among the lost to address you! God knoweth. Let them stand up; let them stand here, and we will leave this place, and go elsewhere. Oh, that the mouldering dead might come forth and tell you that all “former things” to them “are passed away.” Might we but bid some of the lost in the deep pit to come up—might we but bid the sinner in burning chains come up, sheeted with fire, and with trumpet tongue, testify to you of the solemn, awful truths which God shall reveal! Methinks, your souls would tremble within you. Mark me, you are dying. There is not a man here, a child here, or a woman here, that is not dying. The hand of Death is upon you. The pale rider is after you. The

arrow is put into the bow; it is pointed and winged, and it must pierce the heart. For Death cometh. The Judgment cometh. And in that awful day, think what thou shalt do. In that day where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? When the book is opened and the trumpet sounds, when the earth is departing and God is coming, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear? When Jesus is blessing the saints and cursing the ungodly, ah, where shall you appear? I close God's book—my time is gone. God will shortly close His book, for your time shall be gone. If I could, my outstretched hand should pluck you all as brands from the burning. I cannot; it is God's province, it is God's work. We warn you, therefore, to seize the present moment, to lay a mighty and tight grip—the grasp of faith—upon the hope set before you. O! remember that presently, after a few more nights and days, a few more hours and moments, these “former things” shall have “passed away.” He that believeth in the blood of Jesus shall be saved when these things have passed away. He that believeth not in the blood of Jesus shall be damned when these things have passed away.—*Guinness.*

## BAPTIZED BUT NOT REGENERATED.

“Well, Cato, what grounds have you for believing yourself a true Christian?” said a minister one day to an old coloured man, whose life was not in harmony with his profession.

“Been *baptized*, massa, reppie! Cato, placing a marked emphasis on the word *baptized*.”

The minister vainly tried to convince Cato that *mere* baptism could not make him a Christian. Cato was stubborn on that point, for he had been taught that the water of baptism cleaned the heart of its sinfulness. He believed in baptismal regeneration. The poor fellow knew nothing of the work of the Holy Spirit on the heart.

Just then a happy thought struck the minister's mind. He led Cato into his study, took an empty ink-bottle from a shelf, and holding it up, said—

“Cato, do you suppose I can clean this bottle by washing the outside in water?”

"No, massa; you must wash the inside too, if you would have him clean," said Cato with a grin of self-approval.

"Very good, Cato," rejoined the minister; "now do you suppose that water applied to the *outside of the body* of a man can cleanse sin from his *heart* which is *within him*?"

"I see it now, massa, I see it," said Cato, placing his hand upon his brow. "My heart be like de inside of dat bottle. Baptism no cleanse de *inside*. I see will seek de power of de Holy Spirit to make my heart clean inside."

Thus, by means of an old ink bottle, did this worthy minister overthrow Cato's faith in the dogma of baptismal regeneration, and led him to seek that inward washing of which baptism is only the symbol.

Reader, are you like an ink bottle washed on the *outside* only? Have you, like Cato, substituted the *form* for the *spirit* of religion? If so I commend you to the prayerful study of the true way of salvation, as described long ago in the following apostolic words:—

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, *by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost*, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour, that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life."

#### HINTS ON SPEAKING.

"I have set the Lord always before me."—  
Ps. xvi.

1. Resist the temptation of circulating ill reports: spread them not at all.

2. If you cannot speak well of another, at least do not speak ill of him.

3. Never speak ill of another behind his back. Why should you consider his character of less value than your own?

4. Speak of others as you would were they present: speak as a friend of him who is absent, and cannot speak for himself.

5. Consider yourself the guardian of the character of those who may be absent, as you would wish others to guard *your* character in your absence.

6. Whenever it may be needful to mention any thing to the disadvantage of another, let it be done with truthfulness, ten-

derness, humility, and with the recollection of how much has been forgiven *thee*.

7. Live as in God's sight, mindful of thy position as a child of God, and as a servant of Jesus. Meditate on His word: pray always. Then we shall know when to close, and when to open the lips; when to listen; and how to behave, if wrongfully accused.

"I am resolved," writes Bishop Beveridge, "by the grace of God, to speak of other men's sins only before their faces, and of their virtues only behind their backs."

#### HEALING LEAVES.

An eminent naturalist tells us that in almost every instance where a poison, vegetable or animal, is likely to gain access to human beings, close at hand God has provided a remedy. For instance, the dock or docken is always to be found growing near the nettle. If you happen to be stung by the fangs of the nettle you have but to apply the bruised leaf of the dock, and the inflammation and pain will soon cease. In India, where poisonous serpents abound, God's kindness is still more strikingly shown. A most venomous serpent, the Cobra Capelle, is greatly feared on account of the deadly power of its bite. The poison from its fangs circulating rapidly through the body soon chills the whole frame to an icy coldness, and in this state, a few hours afterwards the bitten one dies. But growing near the haunts of this dreaded serpent is a creeping plant, two or three leaves of which bruised into a soft pulpy juice, and swallowed immediately, or soon after the snake-bite, is a complete remedy. The evil effects of the venom are speedily dissipated. Animation and life return, and the cold death-like touch of the body disappears. This is what occurs in the natural world. Has God been less kind in the spiritual? Nay. For although it be true that each of us writhe under the prison of sin, yet, behold, close at hand God in his loving kindness has provided a complete and everlasting remedy, in the wonderful "Plant of Reason." The Word says, "BRUISED FOR OUR INIQUITIES." Dear reader, you are envenomed by sin, and hastening on to death. How awful, should you die while the leaves of healing are staring you in the face!

## TRUE GREATNESS.

The measure of greatness which is common among men is utterly false and deceptive. Princes and potentates, conquerors and leaders of armies, statesmen and philosophers, artists and authors,—these are the kind of men whom the world calls “great.” Such greatness is not recognized among the angels of God. Those who do great things for God, they reckon great. Those who do little for God, they reckon little. They measure and value every man according to the position in which he is likely to stand at the last day.

Let us not be ashamed to make the angels of God our example in this matter. Let us seek for ourselves and our children that true greatness which will be owned and recognized in another world. It is a greatness which is within the reach of all,—of the poor as well as the rich,—of the servant as well as of the master. It does not depend on power or patronage, on money or on friends. It is the free gift of God to all who seek it at the Lord Jesus Christ's hands. It is the portion of all who hear Christ's voice and follow Him,—who fight Christ's battle and do Christ's work in the world. Such may receive little honour in this life. But great shall be their reward at the last day.—*Ryle.*

## THE SIN OF UNBELIEF.

Few sins appear to be so peculiarly provoking to God as the sin of unbelief. None certainly have called down such heavy judgments on men. It is a practical denial of God's Almighty power to doubt whether He can do a thing, when He undertakes to do it,—It is giving the lie to God to doubt whether He means to do a thing, when He has plainly promised that it shall be done.—The forty years wanderings of Israel in the wilderness, should never be forgotten by professing Christians. The words of St. Paul are very solemn: “They could not enter in because of unbelief;” Heb. iii. 19.

Let us watch and pray daily against this soul-ruining sin. Concessions to it rob believers of their inward peace,—weaken their hands in the day of battle,—bring clouds over their hopes,—make their chariot wheels drive heavily. According to the degree of our faith will be our enjoy-

ment of Christ's salvation,—our patience in the day of trial,—our victory over the world. Unbelief, in short, is the true cause of a thousand spiritual diseases, and once allowed to nestle in our hearts, will eat as doth a canker. “If ye will not believe, ye shall not be established;” Isaiah vii. 9. In all that respects the pardon of our sins, and the acceptance of our souls,—the duties of our peculiar station and the trials of our daily life,—let it be a settled maxim in our religion, to trust every word of God implicitly, and to beware of unbelief.—*Ryle.*

## A SUCCESSFUL MINISTER.

He is one who will “turn hearts;”—turn them from ignorance to knowledge, from carelessness to thoughtfulness, from sin to God.—He is one who will “go before the Lord;”—he will delight in nothing so much as being the messenger and herald of Jesus Christ.—He is one who “will make ready a people for the Lord.” He will strive to gather out of the world a company of believers, who will be ready to meet the Lord in the day of His appearing.

For such ministers let us pray night and day. They are the true pillars of a Church,—the true salt of the earth,—the true light of the world. Happy is that Church, and happy is that nation, which has many such men. Without such men, learning, titles, endowments, and splendid buildings, will keep no Church alive. Souls will not be saved,—good will not be done,—Christ will not be glorified, excepting by men full of the Holy Ghost.—*Ryle.*

## Grace the Principal Portion.

Grace is the principal portion that we should desire for our children. It is a thousand times better for them than beauty, riches, honours, rank, or high connexions. Till they have grace we never know what they may do. They make us weary of our life, and bring down our grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. When they are converted, and not till then, they are provided for, both for time and eternity. “A wise son maketh a glad father;” Prov. x. 1. Whatever we seek for our sons and daughters, let us first seek that they may have a place in the covenant, and a name in the book of life.—*Ryle.*

## HINTS ON HEARING.

"The ear of the wise seeketh knowledge."

1. Turn a deaf ear to slanders: be sure never to mention them again.

2. Feed not the innate desire to hear ill of another.

3. Listen to no tale against another, which you are requested not to repeat.

4. Beware of conversation with a tale-bearer, or with one who revealeth secrets. Prov. xi. 13; xxvi. 20.

5. Beware of the busy, self-important messenger: remember that "he that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him."

6. If you should hear ill of another, remember that your informant may be mistaken or deceived: he may be misinformed, or prejudiced by party spirit.

7. In any doubtful case, communicate with the party before forming a judgment.

8. Ask counsel of God before mentioning a report again.

9. Prejudice distorts innocent and even praiseworthy acts: beware of taking even a fact from a prejudiced person. From other lips matters might appear very different.

10. Charity puts the best, the want of it, the worst construction on what is told us.

"Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips." Prov. xx. 19.

## A CHRISTIAN CORPORAL.

Recovered from a state of spiritual dejection, he said to Captain Vicars, "I want more of Jesus in this life, sir, so that when I die I may not be admitted into heaven as a stranger, but be received as a long-lost child would be at his own home."

Is it saying too much of some who may find an entrance into heaven at last, that it will be to them almost like a strange land? So little of meditation upon things eternal and unseen—so little of longing for celestial glory—so little of fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ—that they must find themselves poorly fitted for the service and enjoyment of the life to come. Heaven is the Christian's home, but home is a very different place to the

returning child, who, during his absence, has kept himself in constant communication with it, from what it is to one whose correspondence with it has been carried on at long intervals, and whose thoughts and love have been but feebly and occasionally directed towards it. Many a soul will have to pass a season of apprenticeship, as it were, before it can be admitted to the full privilege and occupation of the heavenly state; while many another's will step at once and by an easy transition into its fulness of joy and devotion.

Our great effort here should be to bring ourselves into a state of perfect sympathy with the persons, scenes, and employments of our future residence, even now to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and ever to look forward to the time of our departure from this world as a "going home." To have "much of Jesus in this life" is the preparation for heaven. To seek his society at all times—to hold constant communion with him, and to keep the objects and endeavours of our life in harmony with those of the life which he lived on earth—is to make ourselves so familiar with him and with his abode, that it will at once bring heaven down to us while here, and make us feel perfectly at home when we go hence to be for ever with the Lord.

## FOR EVER AND EVER.

If away in mid-ocean, you throw overboard a ball of lead, it will sink down, down, down, into the unfathomed depths. Though the ocean be miles deep, the ball will at last reach the bottom. It may have a long descent, but that descent will have an end.

Unconverted reader! let me affectionately remind you,—eternal perdition is a *bottomless* ocean. If thy soul once begin to sink there—ah! it will sink down—down—down—DOWN—forever, and ever and ever! Its descent shall NEVER be arrested; for after myriads of ages have rolled away, multiplied over and over again by myriads of ages more, the soul will be no nearer the bottom of that unfathomed and unfathomable abyss, than if it were only an inch below the surface! "The smoke of their torment," says the Record of Mercy—ay, of Mercy—"ascendeth up for ever and ever!"—*Plain Words.*

## THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

The ministry of angels is undoubtedly a deep subject. Nowhere in the Bible do we find such frequent mention of them, as in the period of our Lord's earthly ministry. At no time do we read of so many appearances of angels, as about the time of our Lord's incarnation and entrance into the world. The meaning of this circumstance is sufficiently clear. It was meant to teach the church that Messiah was no angel, but the Lord of angels, as well as of men. Angels announced His coming. Angels proclaimed His birth. Angels rejoiced at His appearing. And by so doing they made it plain that He who came to die for sinners, was not one of themselves, but one far above them, the King of kings and Lord of lords.

One thing, at all events, about angels, we must never forget. They take a deep interest in the work of Christ, and the salvation which Christ has provided. They sung high praise when the Son of God came down to make peace by His own blood between God and man. They rejoice when sinners repent, and sons are born again to our Father in heaven. They delight to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation. Let us strive to be like them, while we are upon earth,—to be of their mind, and to share their joys. This is the way to be in tune for heaven. It is written of those who enter in there, that they shall be "as the angels." Mark xii. 25.—*Ryle*.

## STORIES FROM THE BOOK.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## MAN'S EXTREMITY IS GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

What though the cloud hangs black to view,  
Behind 'tis shining bright;  
And soon, the sunbeams breaking through,  
Shall garnish it with light.  
Jehovah often hides his face,  
Before he shows his sovereign grace.

Behold all trembling as he stands,  
The Chaldean famous still,  
In blood about to bathe his hands,  
And stain Moriah's hill;  
He lifts the gleaming knife on high  
To plunge it in his son,  
When suddenly is heard the cry,  
"Stay now, the deed's well done."  
A ram in thicket caught, supplies  
God's altar with the sacrifice.

The prince of Uz, of glory shorn,  
Poor to a proverb grown,  
In ashes sits, his mantle torn,  
With nought to call his own,  
Save sores upon his sinking frame,  
Grief weighing down his heart,  
Friends slandering his honest name,  
Life quivering to depart.  
But, faithful in affliction sore,  
God doubles to him all his store.

On either side are mountain walls,  
The Red Sea rolls before,  
Behind, Egyptia's power appals  
God's host upon the shore.  
He breathes upon the surging waves,  
And rears the sea in twain—  
An unknown pathway for them paves,  
Deep in the furrowed main.  
White horse and rider—Egypt's pride,  
Sink, as the stone sinks, in the tide.

The fiery serpents thickly fly  
At the divine command,  
And heaps of dead and dying lie  
Upon the desert strand.  
All panic struck with God they plead,  
In penitence sincere,  
Who to their cry, in time of need,  
Lends an attentive ear.  
And brazen serpent on a pole  
Is raised, to make the wounded whole.

The mountain kings, from high and fax,  
Great Gibeon surround,  
On Israel's allies to make war,  
And raze it to the ground.  
But when their hopes are almost lost,  
Nun's warrior son draws near,  
And with his well-trained desert host,  
God scatters them in fear.  
While high the sun o'er Gibeon's hill,  
And moon in Ajalon stands still.

A city on the Tigris side  
Is startled with the cry,  
"Yet forty days and Asshur's pride  
Shall all in ruins lie."  
The king proclaims a solemn fast,  
He dons his jeweled crown,  
And sad, with sackcloth round him cast,  
In ashes sits him down.  
The city weeps, the city prays,  
And mercy lengthens out its days.

The palace halls are filled with gloom,  
Fond courtiers drop a tear,  
At royalty's approaching doom,  
Foretold by heaven's seer,  
The king surveys the period brief,  
Allotted to prepare,  
His couch he waters with his grief,  
And pleads with God in prayer.  
God hears him and delays the trial,  
And gives a sign upon the dial.

Upon the Galilean lake,  
A fishing boat is tossed,  
And all on board begin to quake  
With dread of being lost.  
When coming through the morning light,  
A figure treads the wave,  
'Tis Jesus travelling in his might,  
He comes, he comes to save.  
He asks for peace and soon as said,  
The storm and sea his voice obeyed.



### GIVING.

I never prospered more in my small estate, than when I gave most and needed least. My own rule hath been—

(1.) To contrive to need myself as little as may be, and lay out none on need-nots, but to live frugally on a little.

(2.) To serve God in my place upon that competency which he allowed me to myself, that which I had myself might be as good a work for common good as that which I gave to others.

(3.) To do all the good I could with all the rest, preferring the most public and the most durable object and the nearest. And the more I have practised this, the more I have had to do it with; and when I gave almost all, more came in I scarce knew how, at least unexpected; but when by providence I have cast myself into necessities of using more upon myself or upon things in themselves of less importance, I have prospered much less than when I did otherwise.—  
*Baxter.*

### PREACHING CHRIST.

It is possible to preach a great deal of important truth having an essential relation to the Gospel; truth unmingled with any erroneous statement or principle; one's discourses may be very solemn and impressive, kindling strong emotions, and exciting deep apprehensions in intelligent congregations; and because the people are affected, it may be supposed that the preacher is faithful. Because the former perceive nothing positively wrong, and hear and feel much that is decidedly good, they not infrequently regard it as unquestionable evidence of the Gospel character of the instruction to which they listen; and yet, without any strained supposition, it may be destitute of some or all of the great distinguishing features of the Gospel; or, if it contain them, may almost entirely conceal them under the cumbersome frame in which they are set; and though it speak often of Christ and pathetically describes His agony and death, may be so meagre and confused, so general and feeble, as to all those vital doctrines which lead to Him, and spring from Him, and depend on Him, which lay the foundation of and bind together the whole structure of Christian faith, as to be wholly unworthy the name of the preaching of Christ. Suppose that the minister select such subjects, as the uncertainty of life, the trial of death, the terrors of judgment, the everlasting retribution of the ungodly; let him depict the vanity of the world, the excellence of religion, the bliss of heaven; give him the persecution of Christ, and the various scenes in the tragedy, of the crucifixion; here are subjects on which a lively and intelligent imagination, without

any spirituality of mind or acquaintance with the operations of grace on the heart, may be strong and impressive, and yet how many imagine, that to preach these forcibly is to preach the Gospel! How often is preaching about Christ confounded with preaching Christ; preaching from the imagination, with preaching from the heart! The minister may thus deceive himself, and the great majority of his people may be thus deceived; while some obscure, unlettered disciple, whose draughts of truth have been taken undiluted from the wells of salvation, will be sensible of some painful deficiency; and the anxious inquirer, thirsting for the Gospel, will listen and wait in vain to be taught what he must do to be saved. Let us remember the wide difference between being able to preach forcibly on the importance of religion on the one hand, and on the other, to show clearly in what all spiritual, saving religion consists. It is one thing to prove that there is no salvation but in Christ, and quite another to direct a soul panting for mercy how he is to "win Christ and be found in him." On such a text as, "One thing is needful," almost any intelligent, serious mind might preach without mistake or manifest deficiency. It requires much more preparation than mere intelligence and seriousness to preach well, with truth, and clearness, and fullness, upon such a text as, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature."—*Bishop McIlvaine.*

### THE SPANISH ARTIST AND THE LAST SUPPER.

A Spanish artist was once employed to paint the "Last Supper." It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and the countenance of the Lord Jesus: but he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful. When his friends came to see the picture on the easel, every one said, "What beautiful cups!" "Ah," said he, "I have made a mistake: these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Lord, to whom I wished to direct the attention of the observer;" and he forthwith took up his brush and blotted them from the canvass, that the strength and vigour of the chief object might be prominently seen and observed. Thus all Christians should feel their great study to be Christ's exaltation; and whatever is calculated to hinder man from beholding Him, in all the glory of his person and work, should be removed out of the way! "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,"

a divine manifestation. It is Isaiah, the prophet of the Lord. The light has shone upon him and he cannot bear it, and in the agony of his contrasted vileness he breathes out his soul—"Woe is me for I am undone, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." That is the effect produced by the light on earth.

But see! it is flashing—that strange and searching light—searching even in that land where there is no darkness at all—it is flashing in the court of heaven. It is the presence of God's glory. The Father is on His throne, and on His right hand is the triumphant Son; and there, in the light's full glare, a mortal stands whom the Son has been presenting to the Father—once darkened, once aliened, once sinful; but now washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God; and the last test is come upon him, the light is shining vertical, full, cloudless upon his soul, and he blenches not. He is not servile, because the Son has made him a king. Erect and unabashed, even under the pressure of the searching light, he stands, and there shines out from him the image of the heavenly, and God the Father looks upon him and sees the likeness perfect, and pronounces it to be very good; and the Son smiling upon the spirit he has redeemed says, "Faultless in the presence of his glory," and angels catch the sound, and the harpers burst forth in a chorus of irrepressible melody. "Faultless in the presence of his glory," and it is caught up by ten thousand voices, and it swells through the azure field until all heaven shares the gladness and rejoices with exceeding joy. "Faultless in the presence of his glory."

And is that to be yours and mine? What, we who are so full of impurity, whose every passion tempts us, harrassed by the all absorbing fear of never reaching heaven—are we to be presented "faultless before the presence of his glory?" Oh, what are we, and what is our father's house that God should thus come down in visitation of blessing upon us, to present us "faultless before the presence of his glory."

III. I can only just glance at the other two parts of the subject—God's attributes indicated—there is *power*:—"he is able to keep us from falling;" there is *wisdom*—it is "the only wise God;" there is *mercy*—

it is "the only wise God our Saviour;" mercy directing the plans of wisdom and wielding the arm of power. "Unto the only wise God our Saviour."

IV. And then there is God's homage accorded—"To the only wise God our Saviour be glory and majesty, dominion and power;"—there is *praise and obedience*. "Glory and majesty," that is praise; "dominion and power," that is obedience. "Glory and majesty"—the angels have sung it already, in as far as they have seen it in the works of creation, and in the mysteries of providence, and in the real and grand harmony of all created things. They are singing continually "glory and majesty," but they *listen* to the song which only the spirits of the just made perfect can sing, for they have no sympathy with that, and can only admire it—they cannot learn it. "Unto him that has loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever."

We can almost hear, or fancy we hear, the echoes of that glorious music. And the choir shall be larger by-an-by. It is getting recruited continually by a cession from the minstrelsy beneath to the minstrelsy above. The Spirit is tuning hearts for the song even now. Are your hearts in the process of preparation? Can you sing "glory and majesty," although you stammer it and get out of tune and time sometimes? Can you sing "Glory and majesty unto God and unto the Lamb for ever?" You can if you have rendered to him "dominion and power." You can if you have allowed him to come and cast out all usurped possessors of the throne of your heart, and seat himself there instead. "Dominion and power"—that is the tribute which this congregation is called upon this morning to render,—

"Wherefore let every creature give  
To thee the praise designed;  
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,  
The hearts of all mankind."

May God help you for the Redeemer's sake.  
Amen.

Live not for selfish aims. Live to shed joy on others. Thus best shall your own happiness be secured; for no joy is ever given freely forth that does not have quick echo in the giver's own heart.

## Sabbath School Lessons.

May 25th, 1862.

JACOB BLESSES HIS GRANDSONS.  
GEN. XLVIII. 1-22.I. *Jacob adopts Joseph's sons.*

Ver. 1-7.—Jacob had probably been confined to his couch for some time, chap. xlvii. 29. Joseph was to close his eyes, chap. xlvii. 4. *He took with him his two sons.* He knew Jacob would bless them. *Israel strengthened himself.* He had an important duty to perform—the adopting his grandsons into his own family: perhaps, also, he wished to appear as well as possible, not to vex Joseph.

*God Almighty*—who is able to perform what he has promised—*appeared to me at Luz.* Twice, chap. xxviii. 13-19; xxxv. 9-15; and *blessed me.* The promise was not yet fulfilled, but he had no doubt it would be. Doubtless it was the spiritual blessings which Jacob valued, Heb. xi. 13. *And now thy two sons (who had lightened Joseph's lot in former days, chap. xli. 51, 52) are mine: I take them into my family—they are equal with my first-born; as Reuben and Simeon, &c., ver. 6.* If Joseph had other sons, they were to share with Ephraim and Manasseh in their inheritance. How touching is the seventh verse! *As for me—he had no joyful recollections since Rachel died.* His spirit still lingered round her tomb; but he was glad her name would be remembered in Joseph's two sons.

II. *Jacob blesses Joseph's sons.*

Ver. 8-22. *Who are these?* They were ever before the fond heart of the old patriarch; "his eyes were dim" but death could not dim his love. Joseph's answer is replete with piety and affection. How deep Joseph's reverence, ver. 12. *He could not see;* but he was divinely directed how to act. Joseph wanted the elder to get the best blessing: God told Jacob otherwise. Would his mind not revert to another younger son obtaining that blessing from a father whose eyes were dim? Jacob blessed them in faith, Heb. xi. 21. Knew that God would fulfil his promise.

It was Joseph who was blessed in them. He had been hated of his brethren; he now obtains a double blessing. Jacob sought God to bless the kids. Man can do no more at any time. *Before whom my fathers walked.* He commands their example to his grandsons, not his own. *Which fed me, &c., gave me everything needful for the body—this is a faith too seldom exercised.* *Angel which redeemed me—Christ, Acts vii. 35.* All that the soul requires is found in Him, 2 Tim. iv. 18. He speaks of God's goodness to himself, not to his fathers; revoking his rash speech, chap. xlii. 35. *My name and the name of my*

*fathers.* Let them follow the God we have followed, and share the promises made to us.

The preference given to Ephraim was literally fulfilled, Numb. ii. 19-21.

*Behold I die.* But God never dies—He will be with you, and fulfil his promise. He made Joseph heir of the only property he possessed, ver. 22.

## APPLICATION.

1. *Learn how to die.* Picture Jacob's deathbed. The venerable patriarch, full of faith, humility, and love, looking back with humble gratitude—forward with trustful hope. He felt God near him. How blessed to die like him—an aged Christian! Balaam's wish.

2. *How trying to stand by a dying parent.* Joseph had been a dutiful son, and had little to repent of or confess. How different his brethren's feelings! How would you feel in such a situation? See that you do nothing you will wish undone then and there. Tears are useless then!

3. *Trust in God.* Hear the witness of dying Jacob, ver. 15, 16. Trust Him now when in health and strength, chap. xxviii. 20—

*For your daily food.* He fed Jacob, Israel, and Elijah in the desert. Christ trusted him, Matt. iv. 4.

*For your soul's salvation.* He redeemed Jacob; he has redeemed all in heaven. He alone can redeem you! Psalm lxxiii. 1.

4. *How precious God's promises are!* Jacob joyfully lived on them, and, trusting on them, joyfully died! What will their fulfilment be! They are offered you in Christ, 2 Cor. i. 20. He promises to receive us, John vi. 37; to bless us, Isa. lv. 2; to defend us, Isa. xliii. 2; to bring us to glory, John xv. 3.

5. *Seek to meet God often now.* Even on a deathbed these moments will be sweetly remembered, ver. 3. How sad to be dragged to meet him for the first time by death, Amos iv. 12. Saul, 1 Sam. xxviii. 19.

6. *Value a parent's prayers.* Isaac's and Jacob's Hannah's for Samuel. Job prayed for his sons.

7. *Man's favourites are not God's.* Joseph and Isaac preferred the elder, God chose the younger sons. Seek God's favour first. Jesse's sons, 1 Sam. xvi. 7.—*Notes on Lessons, by Edinburgh Sabbath-School Teachers' Union.*

June 1st, 1862.

## THE RICH FOOL—LUKE 12, 13-21.

1. *The Application made to our Saviour by one of his hearers.*

While hearing of our Lord's preaching this man's mind was impressed not with the solemn realities of eternity, but with the things of this transitory world. He had evidently fallen

into the common error concerning the Messiah, viz. that he would assume the civil power and authority. His brother may by violence have wrested from him a greater share of the inheritance than was his right, or he may have been the elder brother, in which case he would have been legally entitled to a double portion, Deut. 21. 16, 17. Our Lord however disclaimed, in secular matters, all legislative or judicial authority—"Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" v. 14. He came not then to the world as a judge, but as a Saviour.

2. *Our Lord improves this circumstance to warn his hearers of the evil of covetousness.*

It may safely be said that there is no sin more common than covetousness, nor fraught with more evil consequences. It was the desire of getting more than they enjoyed, that caused the fall of our first parents, and their subsequent expulsion from Eden. This has been the prolific source of the cruel wars, which have so often devastated the world, Jam. 4. 1. Nor can the acquisition of the objects, which the worldling covets, confer any solid or lasting happiness, "for," says our Lord, "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," v. 15. 'A man's life,' that is a man's enjoyment—it is not to be measured by the amount of his worldly wealth, for it is an indisputable fact that the rich are generally the most miserable, while those who have just food and raiment, enjoy the greatest happiness. Poverty doubtless has its disadvantages; but with regard to their best, their eternal interests, the rich occupy a far more dangerous position than the poor, Matt. 19-24; Tim. 6. 9.

3. *Our Saviour illustrates this doctrine by a parable.*

The rich man had so much of the things of this life that he was perplexed as to what he should do with them. He had no idea of devoting the portion which was not required for his own immediate necessities to the Lord, whose steward he was, but resolved to hoard it up for many years of future enjoyment. But, by the interposition of God, his schemes of sensual gratification were thwarted. "God said unto him, 'Thou fool,'" v. 20. It is usual for men to esteem the wealthy to be also happy and wise. But "God seeth not as man seeth," Sam. 16. 7. In the sight of God this man was a fool. The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." 1. Cor. 3. 19. At the hour of death such men as are here represented must feel the vanity of those riches to which they have trusted. They alone who have Christ are rich, all others whatever may be their position or worldly wealth are really poor.

Learn 1st. That wealth is not to be desired for its own sake; Jno. 6. 27.

2d. That we should seek the true riches, viz: 'to grow up in the grace and in the knowledge of the Lord;' Matt. 6. 20; 1. Tim. 6. 11.

## "JESUS WEPT."

BY THE REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

What an interest it gives to that scene of weeping, to think that at that eventful moment, the Saviour had before him the bereaved of all time—that his eye was roaming at that moment through deserted chambers, and vacant seats, and opened graves, down to the end of the world. The aged Jacobs and Rachels weeping for their children—the Ezekiels mourning in the dust and ashes of disconsolate widowhood, "the desire of their eyes taken away by a stroke"—the unsolaced Marys and Marthas brooding over a dark future, with the prop and support of existence swept down, the central sun and light of their being eclipsed in mysterious darkness!

Think (as you are now perusing these pages,) throughout the wide world, how many breaking hearts there are—how loud the wail of suffering humanity, could we but hear it!—tho' written childless and fatherless, and friendless and ho' needless!—Bethany-processions pacing with slow and measured step to deposit their earthly all in the cold custody of the tomb! Think of the Marys and Marthas who are now "going to some grave to weep there," perhaps with no Saviour's smile to gladden them—or the desolate chambers that are now re-sounding to the plaintive dirge, "O Absalom, Absalom, would God I had died for thee; O Absalom, my son! my son!" Think of all these scenes at that moment vividly suggested and pictured to the Redeemer's eye—the long and loud *miserere*, echoing distantly from the remotest bounds of time, and there "entering into the ear of the God of Sabbath," and can you wonder that—*Jesus wept!*

Blessed and amazing picture of the Lord of glory! It combines the delineation alike of the tenderness of his humanity, and the majesty of his Godhead. His *Humanity!* It is revealed in those tear drops, falling from a human eye on a human grave. His *Godhead!* It is manifested in his ability

to take in with a giant grasp all the prospective sufferings of his suffering people.

Weeping believer! thine anguished heart was included in those Bethany tears! Be assured thy grief was visibly portrayed at that moment to that omniscient Saviour. He had all thy sorrows before him—the anxious moments during thy friend's tedious sickness—the trembling suspense—the nights of weary watching—the agonizing revelation of "no hope"—the closing scene! Bethany's graveyard became to him a picture-gallery of the world's aching hearts; and *thine* was *there!* and as he beheld it, "*Jesus wept!*"

"Jesus wept! These tears are over,  
But His heart is still the same;  
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,  
Is his everlasting name.

Saviour, who can love like Thee,  
Gracious One of Bethany!

"When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul.

Surely none can feel like Thee,  
Weeping One of Bethany!

"Jesus wept! And still in glory,  
He can mark each mourner's tear;  
Loving to retrace the story  
Of the hearts he solaced here.

Lord! when I am call'd to die,  
Let me think of Bethany!

"Jesus wept! That tear of sorrow  
Is a legacy of love;  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
He the same doth ever prove.

Thou art all in all to me,  
Living One of Bethany!"

—*Memories of Bethany.*

### Christianity a Religion of Facts.

Christianity is a religion built upon facts. Let us never lose sight of this. It came before mankind at first in this shape. The preachers did not go up and down the world, proclaiming an elaborate, artificial system of abstruse doctrines and deep principles. They made it their first business to tell men great plain facts. They went about telling a sin-laden world, that the Son of God had come down to earth, and lived for us, and died for us, and risen again. The Gospel, at its first publication, was far more simple than many make it now. It was neither more nor less than the history of Christ.—*Ryle.*

### LIFE THOUGHTS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"Therefore let no man glory in men, for all things are yours. Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." This is a wonderful ownership; nowhere else in the world is there such an one. The time is coming when even to the grosser property of earth this will apply: for the heirs of heaven are not to be for ever the paupers of earth: but now it is true of all things pertaining to the realm of mind. The things our Father made are ours, not in the sense of our having any right to deprive others of them, but ours as our earthly father's home and goods were ours in the days of our childhood. Were not our parents, our brothers and sisters, was not the infant sleeping in its cradle, ours? Was not the shelter of the roof-tree ours? Was not the home-stead ours? Were not the fields, the gardens, the trees, the flowers, ours, in the full heart-possession, which is the interior, the true ownership. Were they not just as sensibly our own as though we alone possessed them? And were they not ours because we were the children of our father? And were they any the less ours because they belonged to our brothers just the same? If we are the children of God, we are the owners of all the good things in the universe. Read here the title: it has our Father's seal. We read of the noble ones, the mighty and holy ones of old, and we say: "These men are ours; they know it now, for they are where the light is clear—and ere many days they will give us loving welcome."

We stand before the gifted, refined, and noble men of our own time; they do not know or heed us, but they are ours, as we are theirs, and soon we shall rejoice together in the glad possession. We walk among the well-known printers of reform and progress. They have an influence over us, that we cannot resist—they make us laugh or weep—they steal our hearts, they direct our thoughts, but they regard us not amid the crowds that flock to hear them. They do not see or know their brothers, but we know them right well, and we hide our time; eternity is long—there is no haste there—no over-work, no weariness, and no indifference or misinterpretation, and those great, rich souls shall yet acknowledge and receive us. We are among them now, as a disguised man in his father's house. He sees his parents and his brethren, and he is happy to be with them, though they know him not. He knows them well, and he can afford to wait a while until they discover him. The Christian who lives near to God, finds a fulfilment of the promise that whoever for Christ's sake forsakes

ought, shall receive in this world many fold more than he loses. But O! that world to come! that world to come which is also ours! Why should any Christian feel himself poor? I believe there is no feeling more universal in the human heart than that of loneliness. At the outset of life every face glows, every heart has its high hopes, and no one thinks much of the insufficiency of the things of time; but when the middle hours of life draw on, not more than one-third of the faces are still bright—two-thirds are disappointed and almost discouraged. When the evening comes, not more than one in a thousand carries the light still in his eye and on his forehead. The nine hundred and ninety-nine have fallen by the way. They have tasted the cold selfishness of the world; their breasts and their sides have been pierced by the jagged points and the poisoned thorns against which rude winds and struggling waves have dashed them. They have felt the utter insufficiency of human help and sympathy; and it has been well for them, if instead of lying down in the bitterness of despair, they have turned for what they so greatly needed to the only fountain of availing sympathy and aid. "Alone! alone!" has been and is the wail of every human heart that has not been satisfied by the love of God. And the Christian, while on earth, is subject to seasons of the same distress, when he will feel unknown, unmoved, forsaken of his kind. But he knows that his only for a moment that his desolation can endure, and then he will enter where all are his, and where they all will own him. Then, when he walks with wings and not with feet, he may measure his possessions, and never again will his heart be cold, or lone, or sad.

This world is like a battle-field full of little hills and hollows; and to each soldier in the war, the small vantage where he fights seems the whole, or at least the chief part of the field. He cannot see the contest on the other side of the hill; and he thinks, in his small judgment, that as go things in his hollow, so goes the whole battle. Thus either his defeat or his victory looks to him of far more consequence than it really is. But God looks at things by the whole, and in heaven He will show them so to us. When we have fought long in a good cause, and have been at last thrown away backward, and lie gasping, perchance dying, upon our banners, we must not think that the good cause has failed. God's work never goes backward. He takes the large view of things, and when we are come up out of the blood and dust of conflict, He will show it to us, and we shall be comforted. For all that I know to be right and good I shall do battle till I die. For the encouragement and sympathy I have

met, I thank God. I thank God also for the contumely and abuse which bad men have heaped upon me. It is no honour to be praised by the selfish and evil man, and the oppressor; but I would that my brethren, the sons of my Father, my fellow-workers in the vineyard of the Lord, understood and loved me. But in one thing I am superior to my brother-ministers who call me so bad a minister: I know that many of them are good and true men, though over careful and most mistaken ones; and I know that they have, sooner or later, got to own me for a good man. They are mine. They cannot help themselves. I love all that is good in them; and *they have got to love me*. There is no escape for them, "for all things are mine, and I am Christ's, and Christ is God's." Does any one ask for the full meaning of this threefold heart embracement? They cannot have the exposition from mortal lips; but we shall all learn its meaning when we get to heaven.

The way to begin a Christian life is not to study theology. Piety before theology. Right living will produce right thinking. Yet many men, when their consciences are aroused, run for catechisms, and commentaries, and systems. They do not mean to be shallow Christians. They intend to be thorough, if they cater upon the Christian life at all. Now, theologies are well in their place; but repentance and love must come before all other experience. First a cure for your sin-sick soul, and then theologies. Suppose a man were taken with the cholera, and, instead of sending for a physician, he should send to a book-store, and buy all the books which have been written on the human system, and, while the disease was working in his vitals, he should say, "I'll not put myself in the hands of any of these doctors. I shall probe this thing to the bottom."

Would it not be better for him first to be cured of the cholera?

If any one should send me from abroad a richly-carved and precious statue, and the careless drayman who tipped it upon the sidewalk before my door should give it such a blow that one of the boards of the box should be wrenched off, I should be frightened lest the hurt had penetrated further, and wounded it within. But if, taking off the remaining boards, and the swathing-bands of straw or cotton, the statue should come out fair and unharmed, I should not mind the box, and should cast it carelessly into the street.

Now, every man has committed to him a statue, moulded by the oldest master, not of Cupid, or Venus, or Psyche, or Jupiter, or Apollo, but the image of God; and he who is

only solicitous for outward things, who is striving to protect merely the body from injuries and reverses, is letting the statue go rolling away into the gutter, while he is picking up the fragments and lamenting the ruin of the box.

A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian. There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week. Now, God's altar stands from Sunday to Sunday, and the seventh day is no more for religion than any other. It is for rest. The whole seven are for religion, and one of them for rest.

All things in the natural world symbolize God, yet none of them speak of Him but in broken and imperfect words. High above all He sits, sublimer than mountains, grander than storms, sweeter than blossoms and tender fruits, nobler than lords, truer than parents, more loving than lovers. His feet tread the lowest places of the earth; but His head is above all glory, and everywhere He is supreme.

—•••—

**"We love Him, because He first loved us."**

I love my precious Jesus, because He loved me,  
In purpose everlasting; from all eternity:  
Before the earth's foundations (which by His hands) were laid,  
His eye foresaw our ruin—His plan to save was made.

I love my precious Jesus, because He loved me,  
When from the heights of glory He came a man to be;  
When lowly in the manger, an infant He was laid,  
The angels sang His praise, and homage to Him paid.

I love my precious Jesus, because He loved me,  
And gave Himself an offering upon the accursed tree;  
There I behold His wisdom, His power, His majesty,  
There—there He bruised the serpent, and gained the victory.

I love my precious Jesus, of Him my song shall be,  
I love Him, precious Saviour! because He died for me.  
In Him I now am risen, from death and hell set free,  
And, blessed thought, He ever lives, to intercede for me.

He soon will come in glory, and I His face shall see;  
Caught up with all the ransomed, to meet Him I shall be:  
With Him to dwell for ever in happiness complete,  
To praise His name for ever, and worship at His feet.

BRANTFORD, C.W.

E. C. P.

### TESTING YOUNG LIFE.

An *old* professor is one of the *young* converts; but her husband is among the old professors still, who have not been, and apparently do not desire to be "BORN AGAIN." He has been very hard (in words) on his poor wife since her "newness of life" began; and when expostulated with, he said, "I am trying to see if there be anything *real* in all this." "Ah!" said his friend, "do you see that shepherd? It is lambing season. One little lamb gives no signs of life to satisfy the shepherd. What does *he* do? Does he take the lamb by the legs and dash its head against yon tree to see if there be life in it? No, verily.—Young life needs to be treated tenderly, and he knows it."

It would be well if many in these days would remember the words of the Lord Jesus about offending His "*little ones*."—See Matt. xviii.

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### HOW LONG ?

My God, it is not fretfulness  
That makes me say "how long?"  
It is not heaviness of heart  
That hinders me in song;  
'Tis not despair of truth and right,  
Nor coward dread of wrong.

But how can I, with such a hope  
Of glory and of home;  
With such a joy before my eyes,  
Not wish the time were come,—  
Of years the jubilee, of days  
The Sabbath and the sun?

These years, what ages they have been!  
This life, how long it seems!  
And how can I, in evil days,  
'Mid unknown hills and streams,  
But sigh for those of home and heart,  
And visit them in dreams?

Yet peace, my heart, and hush, my tongue;  
Be calm my troubled breast;  
Each restless hour is hastening on  
The everlasting rest;  
Thou knowest that the time thy God  
Appoints for thee, is best.

Let faith, not fear nor fretfulness,  
Awake the cry, "how long?"  
Let no faint-heartedness of soul  
Damp thy aspiring soul:  
Right comes, truth dawns, the night de-  
parts  
Of error and of wrong.

—Bonar's Hymns of Faith and Hope. Second Series. R. Carter & Bros., New York.

## REST IN GOD.

Christian rest may be maintained amidst trials and suffering. Here it distinguishes itself from anything which the world calls by its name. Worldly persons have their enjoyments; but they are dependent on worldly things, and when these are broken or removed, the tranquillity ceases. It is the glory of true religion, that it can be firm and serene amidst storms of change. In days of prosperity, when all things smile, it is easy to maintain quiet of soul; but when skies grow dark, when friends are few, when health fails, when losses and bereavements and old age come on, and misfortunes thicken every hour,—to be tranquil then—to feel that all is safe—that the real portion has not been touched—that God is still the same, and that he is ours; this is what cannot be comprehended by the man of the world, or by the formal professor. And yet it is true, and is exemplified in a thousand cases of distress and consolation. Were it not so, such songs as the forty-sixth psalm had long been blotted out of the psalter, as containing idle falsehood: whereas, generation after generation in the Church for nearly three thousand years has been singing with experience and triumph: “Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea: though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.” If you would see the true victory over the world, visit the experienced Christian amidst his trials. At the first he may indeed be shaken for a little season, in order that he may the better feel the solid foundation under his feet: but at length he finds his footing on the Rock of Ages, and can cry: “Lo! this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.”

..... Many persons are sufficiently persuaded of the world's unsatisfactoriness, but have taken no steps towards the supply of their great want. You, let me say, are the very persons to whom religion ought to be welcome. It is the very repose you need. In vain do you weary yourselves, to procure rest by any other means. It is not in the creature. You were made to repose in God. You deny your souls their chief blessing, while you remain alienated from him. And how strange is the illusion which prompts your delay! Your procrastination is a putting off of the happiness which you might be beginning to enjoy, and which would be always the greater during your whole existence, for your having begun now. Are there not moments when you are almost disgusted with life? when your pleasures have no longer any zest? when com-

punction more than neutralizes your joys? when, in a word, you feel your need of God? Though there is nothing necessarily holy in these sentiments, they bring you nearer the borders of a religious life; they should be seized on, as so many promptings to fulfil your grand obligation. Do you ask me what I would have you to do? The answer is easy, and it is momentous. Return to your rest. Return, return! O wanderer, you are in the wrong path. Every step takes you further away. Never can you supply these cravings, or quell these perturbations, but by coming to Him, who is the Infinite Portion and the Everlasting Rest.—*J. W. Alexander.*

## BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth would'st teach  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul would'st reach:  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

—*Bonars Hymns of Faith and Hope. Second Series. R. Carter & Bros., New York.*

## “BLIND BARTIMEUS.”

In the present issue we publish on page 329, and extract from “Blind Bartimeus,” entitled “Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by.” This book we are now in the course of publishing, and if it should meet with the success in this country that it has had in Great Britain and America, we will have reason to be grateful, not only on our own account, but on account of the work of the Lord. The truth of scripture is presented in a clear and forcible manner.

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### Donations

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ROBERT KENNEDY,  
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