

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE SOURCE OF SCRIPTURE LIBERALITY.

"See that ye abound in this grace also."—2 Cor. viii. 7.

The term grace is employed in the Scriptures with various significations. Its first acceptation expresses the manifestation of God's special favour to man, who had forfeited all claim to his friendly regard, and was altogether unable to do anything to merit the communications of his love. In this acceptation the term expresses the free, unmerited, and undeserved favour of God to man. Now these communications are designed to produce a change, not only in the condition, but also in the character of man. And as the communications from God to man are called grace, so the different features of character in man, produced by these communications, are styled the graces of the Christian. The connection and correspondence between the grace bestowed by God, and its effects on those who receive it, are illustrated in this chapter in reference to one particular mode in which the term is applied. In verse 9, the great manifestation by Jesus Christ is spoken of as the display of grace, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." And in three different places in the chapter, the term is employed to point out a certain exercise on the part of the believer. A little attention will make it evident what this exercise is. In verse 2, the apostle refers to the liberality shown by the churches in Macedonia, which, in verse 4, he calls a gift for ministering to the necessities of the saints. And in reference to this liberality he says in verse 6, that he desired Titus to finish in the church of Corinth the same grace, and in verse 19, the gift for the poor believers in Jerusalem

is again called *this grace*; so that the exercise referred to is the exercise of this liberality, which is thus called a grace.

There is a peculiar propriety and beauty in calling the exercise of liberality on scriptural principles, a Christian grace. In the exercise of grace by God to man, there is the outgoing of his kindness to those who receive his benefits through Christ—there is the voluntary imparting of what he possesses for the comfort and happiness of those who enjoy these benefits. Both these features characterize the exercise of Christian liberality. There is the outgoing of kindly feeling to the objects of its regard, and there is the voluntary imparting of what is possessed by the giver for the relief and comfort of those who enjoy this kindness. There is thus far a resemblance. But this is not the only, nor even the principal reason for the application of the term grace to this feature. Christian liberality is the result of the Holy Spirit's influences, and from his gratuitous operations, taken in connection with the heavenly effects of these influences in producing a resemblance to God in this feature of character, the term grace is peculiarly appropriate.

The apostle, in the verse of which our text is a part, having mentioned several features of character by which the Christians in Corinth were distinguished, exhorts them to abound in liberality also, which is likewise a grace.

In illustration of this subject we shall consider—

1. *The source of Christian liberality.* It is a grace. The features of character in believers, which are called graces in the writings of the apostles, are the effects of

the Holy Spirit's operations, and we shall endeavour to show that liberality on scriptural principles is as decidedly the result of the influences of the Holy Spirit as any other feature of the Christian character.

(1.) If we attend to the principle which is necessary to render any act we perform a Christian duty, or to bring it in accordance with the mind of God, we shall see the necessity of the Holy Spirit. Paul teaches, that "whatsoever we do we should do all to the glory of God." This principle must therefore be necessary to constitute the outgoing of our feelings and deeds of kindness—Christian benevolence—from which we may see how much we depend on the Holy Spirit, to incline and enable us to act under the influence of a principle so exalted. Man is naturally selfish, and unwilling to part with what he possesses except for some purpose of his own—for his own gratification, or to gain some advantage to himself. There are various motives, which may induce the selfish to give for some benevolent object, which will not be acknowledged as service done for Christ. And you will oftentimes meet with those who, from a naturally kind disposition, are at all times ready to respond to what calls may be made for some object of benevolence. These are frequently called liberal or benevolent. Because such individuals are always to be found, and because the otherwise selfish may in certain circumstances be induced to give for some good cause, it may be supposed that it does not require the influences of the Holy Spirit to make us benevolent. But it is not the mere act of giving which constitutes scriptural benevolence—it is not the mere outgoing of kindly feeling or sympathy to the object recommended—the liberality required by the gospel must be from love to Christ, or at least from a conscientious regard to His will. This is the grand principle which runs throughout the writings of the apostles. Paul says, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." And Peter requires "that God in all things be glorified through Jesus Christ."

(2.) In connection with this is the spirit with which we are required to attend to the duty. There may be convictions respecting the duty which lead to some conformity, but what is done from mere conviction is seldom attended to with pleasure. One of God's requirements respecting benevolence is, that what is given "be without grudging, for God loveth a cheerful giver."* The influences of the Holy Spirit are necessary to take of the things that are Christ's and show them unto men, that the heart shut up to itself may be opened and embrace with its affections the authority, the requirements, and claims of Christ, that what is done may be from regard to him. The surrender of the heart is necessary to render any service acceptable to God, and this alone can render his service a source of satisfaction to ourselves. God, in his condescension and kindness, looks more to the heart than to the act, as it is but little we can do at the best, but when the principle is right, what is done is accepted. The two mites of the widow showed the state of her heart respecting the claims of God, that she was willing to devote to his service all that was under her control, and for this she was approved by Christ. And according to the language of Christ, the most insignificant act may not only be done from a regard to Christ, but will be acknowledged as indicating the state of the heart in relation to him. "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water, only, to a disciple in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." We learn from these examples, that it is not so much the amount of what is given or done, which is considered by him whom we profess to serve as the state of the heart; showing, that were we able to do more for his honour it would be our

delight to do it. This ought to be a recommendation to the requirement that we give cheerfully. But is there not the most decided aversion to identify the cause of Christ with our own interests, so as to feel that his cause is ours, and that we are under the most sacred obligations to answer to its calls? We have examples, given in the New Testament, of the influence of the truth, by which we see how devoted to the cause of Christ the early Christians were—how far his people were then led to identify themselves with his cause, when they yielded to the full impulse of his love. But how few consider these examples as recorded for our imitation! Paul, however, in this chapter refers to an example which will continue to be a pattern throughout all ages, and which from no circumstance can ever lose its force. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." The example of Christ is here presented for the purpose of enforcing the duty of liberality, which is inculcated throughout the chapter. And how sacred the duty as thus exemplified, how extensive and disinterested ought our benefactions to be? The influences of the Holy Spirit are therefore necessary to lead us to give from motives, and in a spirit and manner which honour Christ, and which render it a service which God will accept.

(3.) The Scriptures require an extent of benevolence which is not in accordance with our feelings. The requirement is, "as God has prospered us." The claims of God are ever upon us, that we serve him to the full extent of our ability with all that is under our control, and as our capabilities increase, his claims extend with our growing ability. But how few are disposed to look back to see how great has been the increase which God in his Providence has given to their substance, that thus they may know "how much they owe to their Lord." The stan-

dard given in the New Testament, however, by which to measure the return that we ought to make to God of our substance, requires that we thus review his dealings with us in his Providence; so that where there is an increase of substance there ought to be an increase in the return which we give to him, who has bestowed on us all that we have, that we may thus express our sense of dependence on him and of his kindness to us. The question with too many, however, is, not how many things will they be able to want that they may have the more to give for the sake of Him who has bestowed on them all that they have, and withheld nothing required for their salvation; but rather, how much will they be able with some plausibility to withhold from his cause, that they may add to their substance, their comforts, or enjoyments? And if you hear them express their mind upon the subject without restraint, how many show that this is in their estimation the most unimportant matter that comes before them, and everything else may be attended to before it, convincing you that a very great change must be effected before the anxiety be experienced "to give unto God as he has prospered them."

(4.) Benevolence, to be a Christian grace, must become a habit—a feature of character which marks the genuine Christian as decidedly as justice or purity. "On the first day of the week let every one lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." The regular and habitual attention to the duty is thus distinctly taught. You not unfrequently meet with examples of liberality, which are certainly beneficial to the cause or individual that may be the object of its exercise, but if you inquire into the moving spring, you find that it has been under the influence of something like favouritism, or on account of some accidental circumstance, which the object or person may have had, that drew out the kindly

feeling displayed; and when these circumstances pass away, the kindness and liberality cease. But scriptural benevolence is not only "full of good works, but without partiality." It is regulated by discretion, by a considerate regard to the merits of the respective claims which may be presented, and is thus discriminating, but none deserving will be willingly overlooked or neglected. "As ye have opportunity," says Paul, "do good unto all men, especially to those who are of the household of faith." They, who exemplify a resemblance to the language of Scripture thus expressed, become as "trees of righteousness," showing, by their fruitfulness in works of love, that they are "the planting of the Lord;" "bringing forth their fruit in its season," or as the fountain sending forth its refreshing waters, they are ready to meet every demand according to its merits and their ability.

When you consider the principle from which scriptural benevolence springs, the spirit in which its acts must be performed, the standard showing its extent, and the spontaneous or habitual character of its exercise, all is so very different from what is natural to us, that, if the language of Scripture respecting this feature of character be understood and admitted, a change must be seen to be necessary to produce not only right views, but also right feelings respecting the subject. Scriptural benevolence is thus seen to be a grace, inasmuch as the operations of the Holy Spirit are necessary to bring us under the influence of the teachings of the Scriptures respecting the duty, and to attend to it in the spirit and manner which will render it a service acceptable to God.

[To be continued.]

The gains of the world, and the delights of sense, will surfeit, but never satisfy; but the communication of Divine favour and grace will satisfy but never surfeit.—*Matthew Henry.*

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

It is reported in the Bohemian story (says Jeremy Taylor) that St. Wenceslaus, their king, one winter night, going to his devotions in a remote church, barefoot, in the snow and sharpness of unequal and pointed ice, his servant Podavivus, who waited upon his master, and who endeavoured to imitate his affections and his piety, began to faint through the violence of the snow and cold, till the king commanded him to follow him, and set his feet in the same footsteps, which his feet should mark for him. The servant did so, and either fancied a cure or found one; for he followed his prince, helped forward with shame and zeal to his imitation, and by his forming footsteps for him in the snow. In the same manner does our blessed Jesus; for, since our way is troublesome, obscure, full of objection and danger, apt to be mistaken, and to affright our industry, he commands us to mark his footsteps, to tread where his feet have stood; and not only invites us forward by the argument of his example, but he had trodden down much of the difficulty, and made the way easier and fit for our feet. For he knows our infirmities, and himself hath felt their experience in all things but in the neighbourhood of sin; and, therefore he hath proportioned a way and a path to our strengths and capacities, and, like Jacob, had marched softly and in evenness with the children and the cattle, to entertain us by the comforts of his company, and the influence of a perpetual guide.

He that gives alms to the poor takes Jesus by the hand; he that patiently endures injuries and affronts helps him to bear his cross; he that comforts his brother in affliction gives an amiable kiss of peace to Jesus; he that bathes his own and his neighbour's sins in tears of penance and compassion washes his Master's feet. We lead Jesus into the recesses of our heart by holy meditations; and we enter into his heart when we express him in our actions; for so the apostle says;—"He that is in Christ walks as he also walks." Thus the actions of our life relate to him by way of worship and religion; but the use is admirable and effectual when our actions refer to him as to our copy, and we transcribe the original to the life.

TWO SERIOUS ERRORS.

One of these is being led by feeling, by impulse, by desire, and not thoroughly and entirely by the word of God. We may read the word, and know a good deal of it, but do we read it to be moulded by it, to be led and guided by it, to have it as the man of our counsel? If so, we are singular, and not common Christians. Many have fallen sadly, and erred grievously, by mistaking feeling and inward leading for the Spirit's leading. The Spirit leads according to the already revealed will of God in His Word. The Word is the pure revelation of God. The devil hates this, and will do all he can either to keep us from the Word of God, or to poison and pervert that Word. His end is gained if he gets us to use the Word of God, and to follow our own ways at the same time. Alas! this has too often been the case.

The other error is to give up our individuality and conscience into the hands of another, to surrender our judgment to the dictum of some leader, superior, or chief. God would have us exercise a scriptural subjection to each other, but there is a proper individuality which we cannot safely part with. When we give up our own conscience thus, even to a good man, that man is often allowed to fall, and so he gets punished by the Lord for his allowance of exaltation, and for those who exalt him.

These remarks have been suggested in reference to a case in point. The writer lately received a book by post of a very blasphemous nature. He had known the author very many years ago, then in his natural and domestic associations, as he has known him since, the head and leader of a most corrupt religious system. He had been a playfellow with Prince and had taken sweet counsel with him. Who ever thought that so holy a man, and one who preached so well and who appeared to have been made so useful, could ever so fall as he has now fallen. The means of his fall, as the writer believes, was by not taking heed to be guided by the Word of God. He read the Word of God more than most Christians, but he had some reserves; perhaps pride, self-impulse, of feeling, inward moving or something else; so the Word of God became solemnly perverted, and Prince became the author of a

fearful system which still exists. But as to his followers, it is surprising that men of sense, men of education, men who had taken degrees, &c., should so barter their individuality and conscience to a man, as that they should give over their judgment to come to believe a lie, and to propagate an imposture of the most senseless kind. We need not go to the system alluded to, to prove the evil of the second error; we see not very unfrequently how men, infatuated by a favorite leader, rush into some new path and lose their judgment, the leader is allowed to profess some heresy as a judgment both upon himself and his followers, and so the blind lead the blind, and all fall into the ditch together. This process of blinding and stumbling is natural. The tendency, too, to exalt man and to believe one's idol to be incapable of error, is very strong; and the steps to all this are easy.

Let us read what God says about man. He says "what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him! or the son of man that thou takest account of him! man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away." Again, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." Some there are, who forgetting these solemn admonitions and warnings, love to exalt heads and leaders; if they have much intellect and talent they come to be thought incapable of error: then pride and presumption grow, they rise to the pinnacle of their glory only to fall into worse than obscurity.

We have instances of it in past and recent history. We may see instances of it before us.

“BE YE HOLY, FOR I AM HOLY.”

Jesus is wearied, for He goes from place to place, doing good to the souls and bodies of others, but He takes no rest; his meat, his drink, his very breath, is to do the will of his Father. Christian men, Christian women, if you have tasted that the Lord is good, imitate Him, follow Him; be holy men, be holy women; be very holy men, be very holy women, through the strength which He will give you. At this hour of weariness, at the sixth hour of the day, we hear Him cry, "Pray to the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest." But these real labourers are

very few. There are many who will do half a day's work, many who will begin to work for Him, and speak for Him, and then are soon weary, and say that their first love has passed. What a fatal, fatal error, which brings reproach on Jesus Christ and his salvation. Far from decreasing, the love of Jesus should go on burning more intensely according to these words, "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more into the perfect day." If conversion is a real work, it is practical, and its fruit is holiness, holiness to our God; holiness in every relation of life. Be ye holy, fathers and mothers, holy children, holy masters and servants, holy men of business, holy in all places and at all times, holy, not in order to obtain salvation, but because you have obtained it.

I met, two years ago in England, a foreigner converted about thirty years ago. This man spoke a word to me which I desire never to forget. Thirty years ago he came in proud, careless, and in no way seeking the salvation of his soul, but before the meeting was over he had found in Jesus that peace which he had not been seeking for. He was a new man, pardoned through the blood of Jesus, and his light has gone on shining like the path of the just. This man is George Muller, known throughout Europe as the father of 700 [now 1150] orphans, glorifying, by a life of charity, the God who has saved him for nothing.—He took me by the hand as I came out of a meeting like this, and said, "Young man, keep thy heart with all diligence."

I repeat it to you, this word from an experienced Christian who has shown his faith by his works, and I say to you, "Dear friends, when the impressions of the meeting are past, keep your hearts with all diligence, and be holy, holy, holy before your God, receiving from him, as George Muller did, with forgiveness, the strength to lead a new life, and to show the power of love. If a soul is united to the living and holy God, that soul must live in holiness.—*Radcliffe*."

FORGIVEN.

O, to be forgiven! It is enough to make a man leap; ay, to leap three times, as John Bunyan puts it, and go on his way

rejoicing. Forgiven! Why, a rack becomes a bed of down, the flames become our friends, when we are forgiven. Justified? No more condemnation! O, the joy of that! The happiness of the slave when he lands on freedom's shore is nothing compared with the delight of the believer when he gets out of the land of the enemy.

Speak we of the joy of the poor captive who has been chained to the oar by the corsair, and who at last is delivered? The breaking of his chain is not one-half such melodious music to him as the breaking of our chains to us. "He took me out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and put a new song into my mouth, and established my goings."

Talk not of the joys of the dance, or of the flush of wine; speak not of the mirth of the merry, or of the flashes of the ambitious and successful. There is a mirth more deep than these; a joy more intense; a bliss more enduring than anything the world can give. It is the bliss of being forgiven; the bliss of having God's favour and God's love in one's soul; the bliss of feeling that God is our father; that Christ is married to our souls; and that the Holy Ghost dwelleth in us, and will abide with us forever. Let the sweetness of the mercy draw thee, poor soul! Let the sweetness of the mercy, I say, entice thee!—*Spurgeon*.

BENEVOLENCE.

No disposition is considered as more important in the realization of genuine Christianity, than true benevolence; and amid all the glories of religion, this is most resplendent. Repentance wears a countenance smiling in grief and placid in tears. "looking unto Him that was pierced." Faith stands on the Rock of eternal ages, and keeps her eye fixed on the cross of Christ. Hope reclines upon her anchor; whilst storms and billows howl around; but Benevolence surrounded with the atmosphere of heaven, smiles with ineffable beneficence, stretches out her hand to relieve the wants of mankind, and, mingling her praises with those of the celestial world, attunes her songs to the melody which encircles the throne of God.

CELESTIAL STRIFE.

Look, then, at the Divine Saviour, "stronger than the strong man armed," invested with far higher qualifications, and wielding far mightier power. And how is this? He is the babe in Bethlehem, the rejected wanderer, the arraigned rebel, the scourged and spit upon, the Nazarene, the crucified. But these are only voluntary submissions, and in the deepest humiliation there slumbers Omnipotence within. "All power is given unto Me both in heaven and in earth," and this power is all enlisted upon the side of salvation and of mercy. It is not the power of the lightning, that blasts while it brightens; it is not the power of the whirlwind, whose track is only known by the carnage and desolation that it leaves behind it; it is the power of the water rill, that drops and drops, and in its dropping melts the most stern and difficult of nature's forces; it is the power of the light—it flows in energetic silence, you cannot hear it as it flows, and yet it permeates and illumines all. He is strong, but he is strong to deliver; he is mighty, but, in his own powerful language, he is "mighty to save." It often happens—it used to do more frequently than it does now—in the history of the strifes of nations, and of the harsh scenes of war, that the interest of spectators was drawn aside from hostile ranks to two courageous champions, who separated themselves from opposing armies for single combat with each other, and the fate of armies appeared to the spectators as nothing compared with who should be the victor of this individual strife. Oh! conceive, if it were possible, a single combat between the rival princes of light and darkness, the grand, the transcendent, the immeasurable issue of which shall be the ruin or redemption of the human soul! I cannot limn it; I cannot bring it fairly before you; the subject is too mighty: and yet a thought or two may not inaptly illustrate the battle that is now before us.

See, then, the lists are spread; the champions are there. Eager angels crowd around, for they have an interest in the strife, and they are anxious to tune their harps to the anthems of regeneration again.

Exulting demons are there, flushed with high hopes they dare not name, that vaunt of a ruined universe and of a peopled hell. This is no gentle passage at arms; this is no gorgeous tournament, or mimic fight, or holiday review; the destinies of a world of souls are trembling in the balance now—depend for weal or woe upon the issue of this mortal strife.

The first grapple seems to have been in the temptation in the wilderness; for at the commencement of our Saviour's public ministry the enemy endeavoured to tempt the second Adam after the same fashion as he had tempted the first; and when wearied with labor, and exhausted with endurance and suffering from the pangs of hunger and of thirst, he brought before him a similar order of temptation to that which had been successful in the garden of Eden. Ah! but there was a mightier Adam in human flesh this time with whom he had to deal. Grasping the sword of the Spirit, with its trenchant blade, he cut asunder the flimsy sophistries of the tempter's weaving, and the discomfited demon went baffled away; and angels came and ministered unto Jesus—fanned with their ambrosial wings his burning brow, and poured their offices of kindness upon his fatigued and sorrowing soul.

Defeated, but not conquered, the enemy returned to the charge; and the next grapple was in the performance of miracles. It is customary in ordinary warfare, you know, whenever a fortress is taken, for the conqueror to garrison it with some of his own soldiers, and leave some trusty captain in charge. The enemy appears to have acted upon this plan, and in token of his usurped authority over the human race, he caused certain of his servants to enter into the bodies of men. When Christ came into the world they brought unto him those that were grievously vexed with devils.—He sat down before some of these Sebastopols of the evil one, and as speaking by that high exorcism, he at once dislodged the intruders; and, as some in moody silence, and others with piteous cries, they rushed out from the places they had agonized, we can trace in their complaining the confession of their defeat—"What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God.

Art thou come to torment us before the time?"

The next was the death grapple. And was the champion smitten? Did he bend beneath that felon's stroke? Was there victory at last for the powers of hell?—Imagine, if you can, how there would be joy in the breast of the evil one when the Saviour expired; how he would exult at that victory which had more than recompensed the struggle of four thousand years. Hours roll on; he makes no sign; day and night succeed each other; there is no break upon the slumber—their victory appears complete and final. Shall no one undeceive them? No let them enjoy their triumph as they may. It were cruel to disturb a dream like that, which will have so terrible an awakening. But we, brethren, with the light of 1800 years streaming down upon that gory field, understand the matter better. He died, of course, for only thus could death be abolished; he was counted with transgressors, of course, for thus only could sin be forgiven; he was made a curse for us, of course, because thus only could he turn the curse into a blessing. Oh! to faith's enlightened sight there is a surpassing glory upon that cross. He was never so kingly as when girt about with that crown of thorns; there was never so much royalty upon that regal brow as when he said, "It is finished," and he died.

There only remains one more grapple, and that was in the rising from the dead and ascension into heaven. It is considered the principal glory of a conqueror, you know, not merely that he repels the aggressive attacks of his enemy, but when he carries the war into that enemy's camp, and makes him own himself vanquished in the metropolis of his own empire. This Christ did by concealing himself for a while within the chambers of the grave. We cannot tell you much about the battle, for it was a night attack, it took place in darkness; but we can tell the issue, because on the morning of the third day the sepulchre was empty, and the Redeemer had gone forth into Galilee. This was only like the garnering up of the fruits of the conflict. The cross has settled it. It was finished when he said it was—upon the cross; but this was a sudden surprise in the camp, when guards were drawn off, and the soldiers arousing in the flush of fancied victory.

By death he had abolished death—him that had the power of death. By his resurrection he spoiled principalities and powers; and then he went up that he might "make a show of them openly." You can almost follow him as he goes, and as the challenge is given as he rises and nears the gates of the celestial city—"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozra? This—that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength." And then comes the answer, "I that speak in righteousness and mighty to save." "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is the King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates: even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

"And through the portals wide onspread
The vast procession pours."

And on he marches through the shining ranks of the ransomed, until he gets to the throne, and points to the captives of his bow and spear, and claims his recompense. And "there is silence in heaven;" and there is given unto him "a name that is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." It is finished. Now he rests from his labors, and now he sheathes his sword, and now he wears his crown.—*Punshon.*

Take them, O death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves;
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great eternity!
Our little life is but a guest,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

LONGFELLOW.

OVER THE RIVER.

I.

Over the River they beckon to me,—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further
side ;

The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue,
He crossed in the twilight grey and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

II.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale ;
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark ;
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels lie ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

III.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale,
We hear the dips of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning
heart,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye,
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet somewhere I know, on the unseen shore
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

IV.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar,
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sails ;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman
pale,

To the better shore of the spirit land,
I shall know the loved who have gone before
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall beckon to me.

PRESENT SALVATION.

Is a Preparation Needed to enable Sinners to Believe in Christ?—It is, we think, a gross misapprehension of the glorious gospel way of salvation to teach that there is a long course of preparation needed before a sinner is warranted to believe in Christ and be saved, or before we are warranted in preaching faith in Jesus for the remission of sins. Some are wiser than Jesus? He said, "Preach the gospel to every creature:" they say, 'No, don't venture to do such a thing as preach Christ to sinners indiscriminately, but only to every ' [awakened and enquiring] creature.'

A dear friend of ours has just told us of a case of conversion where a sinner who was not conscious of the slightest *feeling* of her lost condition was converted by believing God who raised Jesus from the dead. I will give it, as far as I can, in her own words:—"I was going into the after-meeting one evening when I saw a woman carrying a child, and I felt drawn out to speak to her, for I thought she must surely be anxious to be saved if she would come to an evening meeting carrying a child. I asked her if she had been at the meeting, and if she were anxious to be saved by Jesus; and although she did not look as if she were *anxious* she said she was, and, on asking so, I invited her into the church and promised to speak to her. Yielding to my urgency, she went in, and I laid before her the truth of the gospel as plainly as I could; and after speaking to her and bringing verse after verse before her, I requested her simply to believe the truth of God's Word about Jesus and she would be saved. At this moment the hymn, '*Only believe and you shall be saved,*' was commenced, and I said to her, 'That is all you have to do.' Only believe and you shall be saved. Only believe the truths of God's holy Word about Jesus, which I have been telling you, and you shall be saved *now*.' She professed to believe at once. She said, 'I do believe;' and she began to rejoice in Jesus, and her countenance became completely changed, and she really appeared to receive salvation with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

"I asked her where she lived, and she told me. I said that I should like to see her again, but as she lived so far away, I feared I could not go to see her; but I asked if she could come and see me. She said with real

cordiality that she would be glad to come, and meet me when I expected her. I gave her my address and said, 'To-morrow morning at eleven o'clock.' We parted, both rejoicing in Jesus Christ. Next day between ten and eleven o'clock the door-bell was rung, and the poor woman made her appearance. She was filled with the joy and peace of believing; and on entering, she said that she thought eleven o'clock would never come, the morning had seemed so long, for I do not think she had slept for the joy she had in believing in Jesus.

"But how much was I struck with the story she then told me! She said, 'When you spoke to me last night I was not the least concerned about my soul, and I thought it very impertinent in you to ask me about my state, and I wished you to let me alone and go away; and thinking I would not be any further troubled with your inquiries if I said I was anxious, I said I was so, before I thought well what I was saying, but it was not the case. I had not the smallest grain of anxiety about my soul; I had come to the meeting merely out of curiosity to hear *Weaver*. But oh, what a blessed change has come over me now. What you told me last evening about Jesus has saved my soul. I was thinking when you spoke to me how tired I should be before I got home carrying the heavy child, but after I believed in Christ, I flew home and never felt it, and to-day I am full of His love, and full of joy; and I was longing all the morning that the time were only come when I would see you again, and tell you how merciful Jesus had been to me, and saved me when I was not seeking Him, and when I had no anxiety about the matter, and even when I was angry at you for speaking to me about my soul.' This woman has gone on well, holding fast the beginning of her confidence."

God's truth about Jesus, when truly believed, both *makes anxious* and *saves the anxious*. It did so at Pentecost; it does so still. As a good man, who has been perhaps as much blessed as any evangelist in the revival work, says, "It is strange how *muddled* and *ravelled* people are about the gospel." Here is the whole matter—there are *two finished works*, the work of man and the work of Jesus. There is the finished work of ruin by which we are completely lost sinners, before we do either good or evil; and there is the finished work of atonement by Jesus—finished by Him centuries before we were born. Man's *complete ruin* needs a *complete restoration*, and as man—whether he feels it or not—is *utterly lost*, he is a suitable subject of salvation any moment, even although you caught him with the oath

on his tongue, or murder in his heart—that *moment* he is a fit subject for Christ, and it would be proper to bid him believe in Jesus and be saved, for He is a *full and complete Saviour*, and He has been called *Jesus* because He saves his people *from their sins*. They do not, therefore, need to examine whether they have gone through a proper process of conviction, and had enough of anxiety, but whether they have abandoned their own *wreck* for Christ, the only ark of safety, by faith in the gospel of salvation. "Believe only," says Jesus, and all besides will follow. It was preaching Christ at Pentecost that convicted of sin, and it was also preaching Christ that healed the wounded; and, if we have confidence in the gospel, the same results will still follow the preaching of Christ.—*British Herald*.

STRONG CHARACTERS.

The distinction drawn in the following paragraph is a very important one, but is often overlooked in life, and many are said to have strong characters who are miserably weak, and incapable of self-government.

Strength of character consists of two things; power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things therefore for its existence; strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here that we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed and his will in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult and only grow a little pale and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in an urchin's stand as if carved out of solid rock, making himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home-peace? That is strength. He who with strong passions remained chaste; he, who, keenly sensitive, with mainly power of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson*.

THERE'S ANOTHER MAN ON BOARD.

Steering our course one morning along the coast of France, the attention of our captain was attracted to an object out at sea, which on looking through his telescope he discovered to be the hulk of a shipwrecked vessel. We therefore slightly changed our course, and made for the wreck. As we approached nearer we discovered a sort of awning over a portion of the vessel, and beneath it a small dark object. The order was now given to launch the boat and make for the object of our scrutiny. In a short time we reached the vessel, and soon got on board, when, what was our surprise to find, that, that object hardly discernible from the deck of our own vessel proved to be a fellow creature, but so emaciated by famine, and disease that one of our crew with very little difficulty lifted him up, and placed him in the bottom of the boat; we gathered around him with feelings of awe mingled with wonder, when to our surprise we saw his lips move, we listen, and in a low sepulchral tone he says, "there's another man on board."

Saved himself, the first use which he made of that salvation, was to save the life of his fellow-man.

Now this is the exact position which ought to be occupied by every individual who has been washed from his sins in the blood of the Lamb. The Christian ought not to be a selfish man in any respect, but, in an especial manner, he ought not to be selfish as regards the salvation which he through divine favour has obtained.

From his new stand point he sees the danger of his former position, and he ought indeed to exert his energies to the utmost in order to stay the progress of those who are madly rushing on towards that abyss over which he himself had so nearly been launched.

None need excuse themselves on account of supposed incapacity for the work of advancing their Master's cause in the world. Because it is not learning or logic merely that renders a man eminently useful in his Master's service, nor is it eloquence or sectarian zeal, but it is a vivid sense of sin and salvation, of heaven and hell, in a word, it is when a Christian feels the grandeur of eternity that he becomes eminently useful. These were the feelings

which aroused th Weesleys and Whitefields of the past century to almost superhuman efforts in the sounding of the tocsin of alarm in the ear of the unconverted world, and which at the present time fill, and fire with zeal and love, the hearts of Weaver, North, and Radcliffe in their endeavours to snatch brands from the burning.

But clear conceptions of these important truths are only to be obtained from Him who is the bestower of every good and perfect gift.

It is quite clear that the more apparent the danger of any object appears to us, the greater exertion will be put in exercise by us for the rescue of that object.

Does it not then as Christians become us to plead with God for such a vivid sense of those important realities, as will make us eminently useful in our present day, and generation, and will ultimately fill our crowns with stars at that great day of His appearing.

BENSFORT. 1862.

J. S.

"BUSY HERE AND THERE."

Absorbed in inferior matters, the confession has fallen from many lips, "*As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone* (1 Kings xx. 40).

The Holy Spirit, kind and gracious, powerful to change the inner man and impart a meetness for heaven, has gone. The day in which to secure the great end of life has gone. The period of youth, when the heart, though depraved, is not yet hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, and the conscience, though defiled, is not seared as with a hot iron, has gone. That sermon, adapted to my case, worthy of being remembered and reduced to practice, has gone. Those kind words, prompted by Christian affection, exerting for the time a softening effect, have gone. Those serious impressions, pungent convictions, often the precursors of hope, have gone.

Sad has been the acknowledgment from *many a disciple*, "As thy servant was busy here and there," engrossed with topics remote from present duty, losing sight of covenant engagements, "he was gone. — That neighbour, acquaintance, unbelieving friend, for whose eternal welfare I ought to have made direct exertions, has passed for ever beyond my reach. That opportunity

of benefiting such a family or neighbourhood, of prevailing on such a neglecter of the public ordinances to frequent the sanctuary, has glided away unimproved.

Nor has this confession been a stranger to the *Christian parent*. "As thy servant was busy here and there," not duly mindful of the home vineyard, the work there required, my child has gone, perhaps, to the grave and to the world of retribution, no more to hear the teachings of maternal affection, nor those lessons which a father's position and experience qualify him to give. Or if living, he has gone from the atmosphere, the example, the influence of home. Not as I might and should, have I taken advantage of that forming season when the heart is most susceptible, and the voice of God is heard, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." My child has gone, passed through the different stages of early life—gone not fortified to meet the temptations of an ensnaring world.

And so the child favoured with a pious parentage, taught betimes by a *devoted mother* to rest his hope on the blessed Saviour. Wrung with anguish, not a few have confessed, "As thy servant was busy here and there," little appreciating a mother's advice, with the pencil of imagination drawing delusive pictures of the future, sketching scenes and paths of early bliss, she is gone. Her lovely form has receded from my view. Those lips, accustomed with all gentleness to give line upon line, and precept upon precept, will do so no more. Henceforth, near the throne they will be occupied in praising redeeming love.

Many a *Sabbath school-teacher*, entrusted with a bright, active class, has been obliged to exclaim, "As thy servant was busy here and there," explaining the truths of the Bible from Sabbath to Sabbath, conversing of Christ and eternity, anticipating many similar opportunities, not dreaming about the arrows of disease, the coming of the pale, silent messenger—he or she, a promising lad, an amiable girl, has gone. Their seat is vacant. Whether faithful or unfaithful, my work for that scholar's good is ended.

Many a *young man*, having left the beaten track, the great highway of truth for one of the bye-paths of error, has said when too late, "As thy servant was busy

here and there," now devouring the contents of this infidel book, pamphlet, newspaper; now hearing this sceptical lecturer or preacher; now mingling in circles which calumniate the gospel, its ministers, and disciples;—thus busy here and there," the principles of truth, early and faithfully inculcated, are gone.

Surprised by their last sickness, without adequate preparation, many a wasted, emaciated one, hardly able to speak, is saying at this moment, "As thy servant was busy here and there," intent on pleasure, honour, wealth, life with its opportunities has all but vanished. The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

"The night cometh, in which no man can work." O my reader, work while it is called to-day.

DEBT OF THE SELF-DESPAIRING.

If the pressure of pecuniary debt can rob men of their sleep, embitter their enjoyments, mar their peace, and make life a burden, what would be the issue if the vast account-books between us and God should be completely opened and made fully legible? If you are really and thoroughly persuaded that you must, and cannot pay this awful debt, you may behold, as the ancient persecutor saw amidst the white heat of his own devouring furnace, a form like that of the Son of God standing erect beside the way which leads you to the throne of mercy. You must pass him, or you cannot reach the footstool.

Who is he that thus awaits you? His eye moist with pity, but his features pallid as one risen from the dead. And in his outstretched hand the eye of faith can discern something shining, something precious, something priceless; not the glare of gold or silver, or the sparkle of invaluable gems, but something wet with tears and stained with blood. And the blood still oozes from that stricken heart. It is the purchase of your life; it is the ransom of your soul; it is the price which you could never pay, which men and angels could not have paid for you; in default of which, you had resigned yourself to perish. See, he holds it out; he presses it upon you; and the turning point is, can you reject it? If you can, oh let your lips be sealed forever from all mention of the penalty of God's law, as deterring you from mercy; for as you plunge into the gulf of self-destruction, the last sound from above that reaches you may be the dripping of that blood, one touch of which would have sufficed to cancel your vast debt forever.

Cr. Alexander's Sermons.

THE DARK FUTURE.

There was once a mother, kneeling by the bedside of the little one whom she hourly expected to lose. With what eyes of passionate love had she watched every change in that beautiful face! How had her eyes pierced the heart of the physician, at his last visit, when they glared rather than asked the question whether there yet was hope!—How had she wearied heaven with vows that if it would but grant—"Ah!" you say, "you can imagine all that without any difficulty at all."

Imagine this too. Over-wearied with watching, she fell into a doze beside the couch of her infant, and she dreamt in a few moments (as we are wont to do) the seeming history of long years. She thought she heard a voice from heaven say to her, as to Hzekiah, "I have seen thy tears, I have heard thy prayers; he shall live; and yourself shall have the roll of his history presented to you."

'Ah' you say, 'you can imagine all that, too.' And straightway she thought she saw her sweet child in the bloom of health, innocent and playful as her fond heart could wish.—Yet a little while, and she saw him in the flush of opening youth; beautiful as ever, but beautiful as a young panther, from whose eyes wild flashes and fitful passion ever and anon gleamed; and she thought how beautiful he looked, even in those moods, for she was a mother. But she also thought how many tears and sorrows may be needful to temper or quench those fires.

And she seemed to follow him through a rapid succession of scenes—now of troubled sunshine, now of deep gathering gloom.—His sorrows were all of the common lot, but involved a sum of agony far greater than that which she would have felt from his early loss; yes, greater even to her—and how much greater to him! She saw him more than once wrestling with pangs more agonizing than those which now threatened his infancy; she saw him involved in error, and with difficulty extracting himself; betrayed into youthful sins, and repenting with scalding tears; she saw him half-ruined by transient prosperity, and scourged into tardy wisdom only by long adversity; she saw him worn and haggard with care—his spirit crushed, and his early beauty all wan and blasted; worse still, she saw him *thrice* stricken with that very shaft which she had so dreaded to feel but once, and mourned to think that her prayers had prevailed to prevent her own sorrows only to multiply his; worst of all, she saw him, as she thought, in a darkened chamber, kneeling beside a coffin in which Youth and Beauty slept their last sleep; and, as it seemed, her own image stood beside him, and uttered unheeded love to a sorrow that "refused to be comforted:" and as she gazed on that face of despair, she seemed to hear a voice which said, "If thou

will have thy floweret of earth unfold on earth, thou must not wonder at bleak winters and inclement skies. I would have transplanted it to a more genial clime; but thou wouldst not." And with a cry of terror she awoke.

She returned to the sleeping figure before her, and, sobbing, *hoped* it was sleeping its last sleep. She listened to his breathing—she heard none; she lifted the taper to his lips—the flame wavered not; he had indeed passed away while she dreamed that he lived; and she rose from her knees,—and was comforted.

GREYSON'S LETTERS.

THEY ARE NOT VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH.

If we grow idle, if the Church of Christ universally shall grow idle, we cannot expect that our enemies will be idle too. Once the light said to the Darkness, "I am weary with shooting my arrows every morning at thee, O Darkness! I am weary with pursuing thee around the globe continually. I will retire if thou wilt." But the darkness said, "Nay, it is of necessity that if thou yieldest thy dominion, I shall take it: there can be no truce between thee and me."

Friends, I might address the members of this church as it is said an old Scotch commander once addressed his soldiers when he saw the enemy coming. This was his brief terse speech: "Lads," said he, "there they are, and if you dinna kill them, they will kill you!" Look, members of the church, if you do not put down lethargy and sloth, if you strive not against Popery, infidelity, and sin, they will put you down. There is no other alternative; to conquer or to die; to live and be glorious, or to fall ignobly. See, Jehovah lifts his banner before our eyes to-day! Rally ye, rally ye, rally ye, soldiers of the Cross! The trumpet soundeth exceeding loud and long to-day; and the hell-drum on the other side soundeth too. Who dares to hesitate let him be accursed. "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye Meroz, saith the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." "He that is not with me is against me; he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." Out on you, ye indifferent ones! Know ye not ye are either on Christ's side, or else ye are His adversaries. On! the charge comes: forward, heroes of heaven!

What shall become of those that are midway between the two armies? Over ye, over ye; troops shall trample on your bodies.—Ye shall be the first to be cut in pieces, ye indifferent ones, who are neither this nor that; and then shall come the charge, and then the shock; and as in that conflict you shall have no portion, so in that great triumph which shall surely follow, you shall have no share.—C. H. SEYMOUR.

THE GOOD NEWS.

OCTOBER 1st, 1862.

JOSEPH'S TRIALS.

"It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." Such were the bitter exclamations of the aged Jacob when presented by his heartless sons with the blood-dyed garment of their pious, much injured brother. The old man was deceived; Joseph still lived. But may we not say the truth was even sadder than the fiction which wrung his heart? To all men, but emphatically to the good, there are far worse things than death, and had Jacob known what was the fact, that his darling boy had been mercilessly sold to a heathen band on their way to a heathen people; that his tender heart was stretching in bitter yearnings back to a lost father's home and bosom, and trembling at the fearful prospect of a slave life amongst a cruel, wicked race, and that soon he was to be cast into the hot furnace of trial and temptation, alone, unpitied, unadvised; had all this been revealed to the doating patriarch, surely his grief had been at once deeper and more devout, converting cries of anguish into the cry of supplication,—“Deliver his soul from the sword, his darling spirit from the power of the dog.” Looking at Joseph as he lay in the dinginess of an Egyptian prison, think what strange and painful reflections must have occupied his thoughts. “I have tried,” we may fancy him muttering often, “I have tried to honour God, and yet, somehow, he fails to honour me. At home and in the house of bondage, truth has marked my utterance, virtue been my rule, my father's God my fear, how then has defeat followed every effort to ascend?—how have grief and shame deluged me repeatedly, as if to de-

monstrate the vanity of serving God? Why is truth's banner-bearer left unaided whilst on every hand God's foes attack and wound until they have immured him in a prison, and blackened his fair colour through their calumnies?” Such questions must have often sprung up unbidden in the young man's breast. But they were not unresisted. Nay, already a light to chase these shadows was shining around him; for, “The Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison.” God prospered Joseph in two ways—spiritually and temporally. But, as every right-minded person must feel, the *grandest* lessons of this eventful epoch in Joseph's history are of a purely spiritual character. When the fireman rescues from the upper storey of the burning house any solid, common article of furniture, he has done well; but should he succeed in bringing out unscathed from amidst flames and falling material the costly and delicate time-piece of fine and elaborate mechanism, he is hailed as a master in his perilous but beneficent business. And so it is with God and His deliverances. The spiritual ever transcends the temporal. More than this, prosperity of soul constitutes a man a conqueror, even when outwardly all things are against him. As one has finely said, “The defeat of the true-hearted is victory.” Even as from the back of the Midianites' camel, he saw the forms of his unfeeling brothers receding in the distance, and as the Egyptian jailors led him off to the felon's den, Joseph had reason if not heart to say,—“I am more than a conqueror through God that loveth me.” The *chief* question which Joseph's conduct answered in the negative was, after all, not of an *external* but *internal* character; not, shall he fail to command yet the obeisance of his brethren? but, shall he succumb to the surrounding heathen-

fam! shall he in despairing unbelief curse
 God and die! God's mode of testing his
 people may be viewed as two-fold. On
 the one hand he withdraws natural sup-
 ports; on the other he allows evil in various
 forms to environ the soul. First the earthly
 cables are cut, next the huge storm of
 temptations arises, and then through rough
 experience we learn whether or not there
 is satisfactory connection with the "anchor
 within the veil." What makes Joseph's
 inward prosperity so marvellous is the
 unusually intense severity in his case of
 both these testing processes. In the first
 place, absolutely *all* his earthly helps to
 goodness were taken from him. The God-
 fearing parent who had so often in their
 sunny home spoken sweetly of the Al-
 mighty God who had fed him all his life
 long, and of the angel who had redeemed
 him from all evil; who had counselled him
 to the imitation of his holy forefathers—
 of Abel, and Enoch, and Noah, and
 Abraham, and Isaac—who had shielded
 him from the unkindness and the unholy
 influences of his rude brethren; this best
 earthly friend—himself a host—was now,
 alas! far off. What a sad change takes
 place in many cases, in the religious feel-
 ings of youth now-a-days after the holy
 privileges of home influence, and religious
 training, have been for some time left!
 The merest child of certain South Sea
 Islands may safely paddle his tiny skiff
 within the bay whose outer side is girded
 by the protecting band of coral rock; but
 only the strong-armed and skilful rower
 may venture outside the reef upon the
 roaring breakers. What the girde of coral
 rock is to the young Polynesian navigator,
 such in general, is a pious home and friend-
 ly circle to the young. Peter easily assured
 his master, "I will never forsake thee;"
 when bigoted and blood-thirsty enemies
 had hemmed him in alone, all he could
 produce was the dastardly denial, "I know

not the man." But besides the negative
 evils—loss of pious teaching and example, of
 freedom and home comforts—Joseph was
 tested in being cast amongst a degraded,
 ungodly community. In a far worse than
 physical sense the land already groaned
 beneath a fearful plague, for "Darkness
 covered the earth and gross darkness the
 people." Such was the crucible for the
 young Hebrew's refining. Let us mark
 specially here that his every suffering was
 above all things a *trial of faith*—his true
 prosperity the *triumph of faith*. Experience
 told him of the successes of the wicked
 against a righteous God-fearing soul—
 riches, honour, peace, he saw crowning
 the bloody and the brutish men, whilst
 himself, who single-handed had fought
 with zeal for the Lord God of Hosts, is
 dealt with like a second Cain. Where was
 justice? where holiness? where almightiness
 there? "Satan hath desired to have thee,
 that he may sift thee as wheat; but I have
 prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."
 Faith, the foundation virtue in the godly
 soul has a peculiar excellence, as being
 essential to the action of, and protecting from
 destruction, every other grace. Confidence
 in the superior goodness and wisdom of a
 friend, assists us in a thousand varying
 circumstances. If prosperity elates, we
 are checked by the remembrance of his
 humility; if adversity depresses, his image
 is present to cheer us. True faith brings
 its object into a man's company, and day
 by day directs him by the ideal presence.
 Therefore it is written, "Enoch walked
 with God." It mattered little to Joseph
 what the trial was that had to be en-
 countered, if only faith kept open the
 entrance into his divine fortress. At all
 times, in all exigences, he fell back on first
 principles, and on the God of Jacob his
 refuge. Like some large, strong umbrella-
 covering of the East, which in the heat
 protects from sun-stroke, and in the storm

from rain, so this trust in God delivers from every evil. It is the lever of all else divine,—the flaming sword within the spirit, “turning *every way* to keep the way of the tree of life.” Faith worketh by love; faith purifies the heart; faith overcomes the world. Aided by this principle, Joseph read new and glorious meanings from the darkest of his afflictions. What he saw was not so much, men tormenting, but God chastening, not a band of unnatural brothers, not a horde of lawless savage souls in Egypt; but a Father in heaven of changeless compassion and ineffable holiness. When a fellow servant of equal rank peremptorily bids us to a task, we naturally refuse; but if we know, what he does not, that the *master* has already ordered it, we cheerfully obey despite his ignorant jeerings. So in this case Joseph took his sufferings as from God’s hand without either despising or fainting under them. His ability and kindly activity in Egypt evinced a spirit whose elasticity calamities might injure, but could never destroy. As each succeeding wave of fire passed over him, his heart was nerved by the voice of Abraham’s shield, who said within him, “I am the Almighty God; walk before me, Joseph, and be thou perfect.” It is wonderful under what great disadvantages life is sometimes continued. Thriving plants are found upon rocky heights, men have lived for days with only water for nourishment, souls have preserved their heavenly vitality through long years of spiritual famine and pestilence combined. Like the camel which carries within itself a reserve supply of water for its preservation in the long thirsty days of desert travel, the godly man is supported in the long moral drought by a heaven-given internal flood. Nay his soul is beyond comparison, safer than the camel’s body, for God’s grace is in him a well of water springing up eternally. Had God carried off the three Hebrew youths before they had reached the flames

of Nebuchadnezzar’s furnace, the wonder had been great; but was it not an immensely more striking deliverance when, with unsinged garments they walked amid the flames? *In* the world but kept from *all its evils*—this is the amazing position of the prosperous Christian. But let us carefully observe that faith, to be successful must lay hold, not on mere abstract excellence, but on a *living* God, and must be abiding, growing, enlightened. Slim little shoelets suit the infant’s unpractised feet, but heavy sea-boots must be worn by him who treads the heaving deck. We know not what dark days may be before us, and should therefore, all the more eagerly take to us “the whole armour of God.” But turning now from the *spiritual*, one or two remarks may be made on the *temporal* prospering of Joseph. Observe about it these two facts. It came *unsought*, yet it was the *natural reward* of his goodness. Not prosperity but duty had been in Joseph’s eye. He panted for no sunny hillside to rest on, but trod manfully the good old path of faith and holiness wheresoever it led. God seeks says Paul, his people’s profit. The worldly mind needs to be often told how much wiser it is to seek true profit, which always includes pleasure, than false pleasure which always excludes profit. And yet, godliness is profitable for the life that is. The same person who on one day is persecuted for his unyielding fear of God may on the next be courted for his gentle love to men. If we be true to God and duty, the coming of our outward prosperity is only a work of time. We may offend men by our piety, but it is well worth remembering that the same faith which delivers from the selfishness of earth, makes us sharers in the benign love and wisdom of heaven. The Christian who is shunned when all goes well, is often clung to in the hour of difficulty or of death. Again, then Jesus cries “Have faith in God.” With it

within the very rock of trouble will yield waters of divine grace. Earthly supports may be torn away, but, like the blocks beneath the launching vessel, their removal may only facilitate our soul's motion towards its God; fierce troubles may assail and harass, but they can only end by proving Christ's sufficiency, and as Joseph even in prison got glimmerings of a coming day, and as Paul and Silas before they were delivered, could in the stocks sing praises, so shall faith's darkest hour retain some sweet consolation from Him who "Tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

GLASGOW.

J. M.

STORIES FROM THE BOOK.

(FOR THE LITTLE ONES)

THE FOUR ARKS.

I.

The hills and all the mountains high
Were far below
The sea, uprising to the sky,
In its wild flow.
Upon its surging billows rode
A single bark,
Its helmsman was the mighty God,—
'Twas Noah's ark,
Which into future ages bore
The favoured few,
Whose seed have spread from shore to shore
On earth anew.
God looked upon the world wide,
And only one
Found grace to cross the raging tide,
'Twas Lamech's son.

II.

'Twas moored among the flags that grew
In ancient Nile,
No Tyrian craft with hardy crew
From distant isle,
Built by a mother's trembling hand,
Her theme of prayer,
Watched by a sister's eye on land,
It floated there.
Secure within this bulrush boat
An infant lay,
While thousands to the river brought
Were borne away;
But from the palace gates forth came
A princess mild,
To save, protect, adopt and name,
The weeping child.

III.

On mount Moriah's sacred height—
God's dwelling place,
Behind the veil was hid from sight
The ark of grace.
Here Israel's testimony lay
Where once a year,
The high priest on atonement day
To God drew near.
Above, two golden cherubs stood,
Grace at their feet,
Surveying, each in thoughtful mood,
God's mercy seat;
Between their shining wings appeared,
In glory bright,
The symbol of the God revered—
A living light.

IV.

Of old was laid the gracious plan
In heaven above,
To save from death rebellious man
By wondrous love.
'Twas whispered of in Eden's bower
In earth's young day,
And types and prophets told the hour
'Twould launch away.
On Calvary's hill its strength was tried,
Rocks rending sound,
There, there, the sinner's Saviour died
And mercy found.
And now the world's great life-boat sails
Salvation's bark,
To hide from tempests never fails
That safety ark.

X. Y. Z.

"PLEASE, SIR."

"Sir, do you want to know how I was converted, I, an old grey-headed sinner?" said a good old man to his minister. "I was walking along one day, and met a little boy. The little boy stopped at my side. 'Please, sir,' he said, 'will you take a tract? and please, sir, will you read it?' Tracts! I always hated tracts and such things, but that 'Please, sir,' overcame me. I could not swear at that kind spoken 'Please, sir.' No, no; I took the tract, and I thanked the little boy, and read it, and the reading of it saved my soul."

FIVE RULES FOR READING THE BIBLE.

1. *Read it*—read it *all*—read it *often*.
2. *Search it*.
3. *Remember it*.
4. *Love it*.
5. *Pray over it*.

GRACIOUS WORDS FOR ANXIOUS SOULS.

By the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar.

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.

"Your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."—Eph. vi. 12.

Who will be a bearer of the good news? Who will go to his fellow-men with the blessed tidings? There is a reward for so doing. Kings, especially in the East, have always been liberal in the rewards they have bestowed on messengers of glad tidings. It is the invariable custom in Turkey that the bearer of *mushde* (i. e., good news) shall receive a present, perhaps to the value of a thousand pounds. The Emperor Nicholas, at the beginning of the late war, promoted the kapitan who brought the news of the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope, to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and kissed him on each cheek. Our own Queen sent £50 to the station-master at Banchoory, who had been the fortunate bearer of the tidings to Balmoral that Sebastopol had fallen. Is this so with men? and shall not our God reward you, who run with the news of mercy to the guilty, grace to the greatest of sinners, love for the lowest of the lost on this side of hell?

We have much to tell about Christ the Lord, about *Jehovah the Messiah*. Peace surely is good news, and it is all founded on or proceeding from Him.

1. *The grounds of this peace.* It is not we who make peace; it is not the sinner who brings this war to a close. It was Christ who made peace for us. "He is our peace," (Eph. ii. 14, 15, 17.) We find peace in what Christ did; and our part is to *take*, not to *make*, this peace. It is a satisfactory settlement of the quarrel between us and our God, Christ giving in full the payment due to the law. And so it comes to pass, that he who takes peace on the ground of what Jesus has done is completely at rest; for God has nothing more to ask from him. God is entirely satisfied when the sinner presents Christ's obedience and sacrifice. From that moment the sinner is looked upon as if he himself had done and suffered all.

2. *What this peace implies.* It implies

that God and you are friends in every sense. But as among the Jews, "peace" was a term of wide application, so it tells us that all the blessings wrapt up in that word are ours. We freely trade with heaven now. We have fellowship with the Father and the Son through the Holy Ghost. We have prosperity now; as when in a time of peace, a country flourishes, its cities grow rich, its fields yield plenty, gladness is diffused over the land, so our souls flourish under this reign of peace, all manner of grace grows plentifully, all joy abounds, all holiness is on the increase. No alarm of sickness, of death, of calamity, of judgment, disturbs the soul that is thus kept in perfect peace, while the thought of the arrival of the Prince of Peace often thrills it with delight.

3. *This peace is to be to us as shoes.* In travelling the desert, we must have something between us and the burning sand. In going forth to the battlefield under the Captain of salvation, we must have our feet prepared; for the ground itself is rugged and our feet tender, and, besides, the enemy scatters over it his sharp-pointed spikes and stones to retard the march. And here is the preparation, viz, the *gospel of peace is as shoes to us*. Thus furnished, we do not walk timidly, but confidently. Thus prepared for journeying and for the battle-ground, we go forth calmly and serenely. Difficulties and dangers are all surmountable when our soul has this peace of God. Oh, this good news of peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord, how it gives firmness and elasticity to our step, as we pass on to the Celestial City!

HAVE YOU PRAYED FOR HIM?

Have you prayed for that young man? He is surrounded by temptation and seems to rush headlong into ruin. He spurns counsel, and considers those who are trying to win him to Christ as well-meaning people, but very old-fashioned in their notions.

He repels a sister's efforts to persuade him to accompany her to the house of God, and spends his Sabbaths with vain and wicked companions. He is hardened to a mother's tears and a father's warnings. Have you brought his case to the Saviour of sinners, Christian friend! for there is

now nothing left to do for him but to pray that he may be "snatched as a brand from the burning."

Have you prayed for that young woman? She is gay and thoughtless. She remembers not the call of her Heavenly Friend, "The Master has come and calleth for thee." Her affections are not on earth. She has no heavenward desire, no aspiration higher than the ball-room. She will not listen to the invitation that sounds in her ear from the pulpit, to come to Jesus and find peace and joy the world cannot give. She laughs at her young companion who tells her of the blessedness of the Christian life. She sees not the loveliness of the One altogether lovely, nor knows the bliss of his smile. Have you asked her salvation of the Lord, Christian sister?

That young professor who, a year ago, was overflowing with love to his Master, and filled with zeal in His service, but now is on enchanted ground, have you prayed for him? He is in the thickest of the fight,—will he conquer? The world's seductive charm is thrown about him; old companions gather about him to lure him from his duty; he neglects prayer and the prayer-meeting. He shuns his best friends; he fears to meet his pastor, and avoids conversation with Christians. The battle is fierce, the stratagems many, and Satan desires to have him. O, deal gently with him, Christian Brother. O, pray that God will keep this lamb of the flock from ravening wolves, this young heart from its own deceitfulness. Let us all remember the promise of Him that answers prayer, and bear to the throne of grace the burden our hearts feel so heavy.—*Watchman & Rector.*

THE WIDOW CASTING HER BURDEN ON THE LORD.

I had sent one of my sons, a youth of ten years old, accompanied by a servant, across the river on a matter of business. The appointed hour for his return arrived, but he did not appear. Hour after hour passed away, and night-fall drew on, but he came not. The last steamboat touched the pier, but he was not on board. I walked my room for hours in prayer, and in great agitation of mind. Keenly did I then feel my lonely, helpless widowhood.

Again and again I sought the Lord. After passing hours in this state of mental anxiety, I sent a brother in search, and soon after all made their appearance. He had missed his way. The Lord heard a mother's prayer, and brought him in safety to me. After all had retired for the night, I was left alone with God. My mind and heart had been greatly exercised throughout the day. I felt deeply my helplessness and responsible situation. I thought, "How can I, a helpless woman, care for, and train up, these children to manhood?" I felt I should sink beneath the overwhelming conviction of my weakness and insufficiency. I paced my room in prayer, tried to take hold of a promise; but all was dark, the present and the future, as midnight. It was late before I retired to rest. In vain I endeavoured to compose myself: sleep had forsaken me. Again I lifted up my heart in prayer. I tried to cease from thinking, and to close my eyelids, but in vain. All night I continued in prayer, until just before the dawn of day these words were spoken to my ear and heart, as if an audible voice had uttered them: "I WILL BE A FATHER TO THY FATHERLESS CHILDREN." I knew this voice, and could make no mistake. So powerful was it, I instantly replied aloud, "O Lord, be thou the Father of my fatherless, O my God!" Oh, the solemnity of that hour! I felt God was with me, and my soul was filled with joy and holy reverence. He had condescended to visit my lone room, and fill it with his presence. He had come to comfort his widowed child, and I was comforted. My soul poured its grateful acknowledgments. I could adore, and praise, and bless his holy name. A solemn, sacred influence, pervaded the place. God was with me, of a truth. Fatigued with the anxieties of the day, and exhausted with the mental exercises through which I had passed that night, I composed myself to rest. The Lord withdrew, and my weary eyes were closed in refreshing sleep. Years have passed since then, and the Lord has not for one moment forgotten his promise. But I take the promise to extend beyond this poor dying world. Had the Lord given each of my children a world, and they should lose their souls, what would it profit them? I believe he designs to be their Father to all eternity, and that I shall

meet all, *all* my children in heaven. How often have I gone and pleaded this promise before him, and have always found my faith increased. And still my faith holds out; *for he is faithful that has promised—*
Mrs. Winslow's Life.

THERE IS A FRIEND THAT STICKETH
CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

I love my precious Jesus because He still loves me,
And *closer than a brother* clings when I overwhelmed be;
When sore temptations harass—my way seems dark and dim,
He comes with voice so cheering and bids me look to Him,—
He tells me to remember when on this earth He trod,
(The Father's righteous servant, the Holy One of God)
How He with patience suffered contempt, reproach, and scorn,
Was buffeted, and spit upon, and mocked with crown of thorns,
Was taken and by wicked hands was crucified and slain,
How He His life so freely gave, that we might life obtain,
That in that mighty conflict, He conquered all our foes;
Captivity led captive when from the dead He rose,
And now He ever liveth, His people's cause to plead,
To succour and defend them in every time of need.
Then oh, my precious Saviour, my friend, my guardian be,
Until thou come in glory to take me home to Thee!
Then with the countless number which shall surround Thy throne,
Redeem'd from every nation, by blood, Thy blood alone,
Through everlasting ages, I'll join that happy throng,
To give Thee all the glory, in *sinless, endless* song.

BRANTFORD, C. W.

E. C. P.

The ministry is a profession, in which nothing is more disgraceful than that its duties should be performed *professionally*.

THE MAIN THING IN PRAYER.

The main thing in prayer is to put God in mind of the promise. The great work of Christians is to turn promises into prayer; and God will turn both into performance.—Every believer, you know, is to ask according to God's will. The asking according to God's will is to ask in faith. And not only to ask what God bids us ask, but to ask what God has commanded us to hope; and we know what to hope for by what God has promised.

If we stretch our hope beyond the promise, we are out of the way; but His promises are so large, that a believer needs not to fear but he hath room enough for his faith to work in—nay, to run in. The faith of a believer hath room enough to treat with God in—Labour for this. All the disquiets that are in the minds of believers, all the changes that are in their thoughts about the God they have to deal with, all proceeds from this.

In the day of His love, in the day of their peace, He hath been made known to them as a promising God. Ay, but now there is a cloud comes upon their faith, and may be a veil upon His face, and He comes to them and appears as if He were a threatening or commanding God. No dealing with Him in this case. Learn to mind God's true name: *He is a promising God.* The Lord teach you this.—*Truill.*

DILIGENCE IN READING THE
SCRIPTURES.

“Read and revere the sacred page; a page
Which not the whole creation could produce—
Which not the conflagration shall destroy.”
—Young.

Erasmus, speaking of Jerome, says:—
“Whoever learned by heart the whole Scripture, or imbibed, or meditated upon it as he did?”

Tertullian, after his conversion, ^{was} engaged night and day reading the Scriptures, and got much of them by heart.

The Emperor Theodosius wrote out the New Testament with his own hand, and read some part of it every day.

Theodosius the Second dedicated a great part of the night to the study of the Scriptures.

George, Prince of Transylvania, read over the Bible twenty-seven times.

Alphonso, king of Arragon, read the Scriptures over together with a large commentary, fourteen times.

The venerable Bede is said to have been a great reader of the Bible, and that with such affection, that he often wept over it.

THE LOST SON RETURNING TO HIS FATHER.

"And when he came to himself, he said, . . . I will arise and go to my father. . . And he arose and came to his father."—Luke xv. 17, 18, 20.

There is no tarrying now; what he has determined to do, at once he does; "*he arose and came to his father.*" He had believed in his father's love; he shall find that love far larger and freer than he had dared to believe. "*When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, (Gen. xlv. 14; xlv. 29; Job xi. 9.) and kissed him.*" The evidences of the father's love are described with a touching minuteness; he does not wait for the poor returning wanderer till he has come all the way, but himself hastens forward to meet him; he does not wear' at first an aspect of severity, only after a season to be relaxed or laid aside, but at once welcomes him with the kiss, which is something more than an evidence of affection, being the significant and in the East well-understood, pledge of reconciliation and peace, (Gen. xxxiii. 4; 2 Sam. xiv. 33; Ps. ii. 12.) It is thus the Lord draws nigh unto them that draw nigh unto Him, (James iv. 8)—sees them while they are "*yet a great way off.*" It was He who put within them even the first weak motions towards good; and as His grace prevented them so it meets them.—He listens to the first faint sighings of their hearts after Him, for it was He who first awoke those sighings there, (Ps. x. 7).—And though they may be "*yet a great way off,*" though there may be very much ignorance in them still,—far too slight a view of the evil of their own sin, or the holiness of the God with whom they have to deal,—yet He meets them, notwithstanding, with the evidences of His mercy and reconciliation. Neither makes He them go through a dreary apprenticeship of servile fear at a distance from Him, before He will receive them; but at once embraces them in the arms of His love, giving them at this first moment strong consolations;—perhaps stronger and more abounding than afterwards, when settled in their Christian course, they will always receive. And this, because such they need at this moment, to assure them that, notwithstanding

their moral loathsomeness and defilement, they are accepted in Christ Jesus; to convince them of that which it is so hard for the sinner to believe—which it is indeed the great work of faith to realize—that God has indeed put away their sin, and is pacified toward them.

But the prodigal though thus graciously received, though his sin is not once mentioned against him, yet not the less makes the confession which he had determined in his heart, when the purpose of returning was first conceived by him. And this is well; for though God may forgive, man is not therefore to forget. Nor should we fail to note that it is *after*, and not *before*, the kiss of reconciliation, that this confession finds place: that kiss did not stop the mouth of his confession, but opened it rather; for the more the sinner knows and tastes of the love of God, the more he grieves ever to have sinned against that love. It is under the genial rays of this kindly love that the heart, which was before bound up as by a deadly frost, begins to thaw, and to melt, and to loosen, and the waters of repentance to flow freely forth.—The knowledge of God's love in Christ is the cruse of salt which alone can turn the bitter and barren-making streams of remorse into the healing waters of repentance, (2 Kings ii. 19—22.) And thus the truest and best repentance follows, and does not precede, the sense of forgiveness; and thus, too, will repentance be a thing of the whole life long, for every new insight into that forgiving love is as a new reason why the sinner should mourn that he ever sinned against it. It is a mistake to affirm that men—those, I mean, in whom there is a real spiritual work going forward—will lay aside their repentance so soon as they are convinced of the forgiveness of their sins; and that therefore—since repentance, deep, earnest, long-continued, self-mortifying repentance is a good thing, and indeed it is—the longer men can be kept in suspense concerning their forgiveness the better, as in this way a deeper foundation of repentance will be laid. This is surely a preposterous view of the relations in which repentance and forgiveness stand to each other.

The younger son, albeit that he has the clearest evidence that his father is pacified

toward him, does not the less confess his shame. He does not indeed say all that he once intended, he does not indeed say, "Make me as one of thy hired servants;" for this was the one troubled element of his repentance, this purpose of shrinking back from his father's love, and from the free grace which would restore to him all: and in his dropping of these words, in his willingness to be blest by his father to the uttermost, if such is his father's pleasure, there is beautiful evidence that the grace which he has already received he has not received in vain.—*R. C. Trench, D. D., Dean of Westminster.*

TAKE TIME FOR DEVOTION.

The larger portion of us are so occupied and burdened with cares as to be strongly tempted at times to neglect or slight our devotions. We are liable to fall under the impression that we have really no time to attend to them. Because the bearing of prayer upon our business and our household cares is not direct, nor palpable to the senses, we are led to regard it in the light of an interruption; only persons of leisure, we imagine, can take time for deliberate acts of worship. We are greatly in error in this. Prayer facilitates business. It brings us in sympathy with Him who planned our busy lives, and puts the lines of events somewhat into our hands. It refreshes and invigorates, and restores elasticity to the jaded spirit. It delivers us from mere bondage to the world. It sweetens our tempers, and saves us from peevishness and discontent. It diffuses an oil among the machinery of life, causing it to move easily, taking away the harshness of friction, and lessening the expenditure of vital force.

What would be thought of the engineer who persisted in driving on the ponderous machinery intrusted to his care hour after hour, refusing to pause and introduce among the joints and axles the necessary lubricating substance, for want of time? Would his excuse be regarded as valid or sincere? Do not all conversant with the business know that time would actually be saved by such a judicious delay? Will not a greater amount of work be done in a given time, and will not the machinery last longer, to say nothing of the greater ease and

pleasurableness of the whole performance?

Prayer saves time. It is a real economy. To neglect it is unwise, unthrifty, reckless. We should pause and pray deliberately, taking time enough for the exercise to leave its soothing and solemnising influence upon us. But, like the wise engineer, we should oil the machinery while it is in motion too. As its arms move to and fro, he snatches the opportune moment, and drops the oil upon joint and slide and journal many times in the day. Thus, in the height of our cares, in the clatter of business, in our very bargaining and bartering, our counselling, pleading and prescribing, our plowing, and sowing, and reaping, we can and ought to introduce the mellowing influence of prayer. So far from leaving prayer just to such times as it can glean from the world's leanings, we should give it the first hours of all, and should recur to it every hour of the day."—*Presb.*

WORK ENOUGH.

Jenny Dick looked in upon Mary when passing to church, and finding her in short-gown and petticoat sweeping the floor, inquired if she "were nae gaun to the kirk the day?" "Deed no, Jenny," was the answer, "I canna be ready in time; ye see as I hae naething to dae on the Sundays, I whiles sleep ow'r lang, and ha'e done sae this mornin." Willie, who was sitting in a corner unperceived, sharing his breakfast with the kitten, suddenly started up and coming forward to his mother at the same time, raising his finger in a solemn manner, sang out in his own plaintive strain—"Naething to dae! Naething to dae! Ye hae Heav'n to win and Hell to shun, an' ca' ye that naething to dae!" As if an arrow had pierced her heart—the strong woman bent beneath those simple words uttered by her idiot boy. All reasoning, all sophistries fled, her refuges of lies swept away, she was speechless. The proud, hardened spirit soon became subdued, and weeping like a child, she cried out—"What shall I do to be saved?"

From that hour she was a changed woman.

Sabbath School Lessons.

October 12th, 1862.

THE FIRST-BORN SLAIN.—Exod. xii.
26—42.

I. DEATH.

At midnight.—This was the time when the blow was struck, and which would have rendered it the more terrible. Pharaoh's guard was set, but they had no power to prevent God's messenger of death from entering the palace. Stone walls and iron gates could not shelter from destruction the captive in the dungeon. Neither rank nor age was respected. How many children, who lay down playful and in health that night, would have been dead ere morning. And death often comes unexpectedly still. Let us therefore ever seek to be prepared for it. The first-born of cattle were also slain, and the gods humbled; Numb. xxxiii. 4.

2. THE ALARM.

A great cry.—Eastern nations mourn their dead with a loud and bitter cry; Gen. i. 3. *Not a house where was not one dead.*—Many lost their only child; all their first-born. What must have been the feelings of the Egyptians when they saw the children of Israel ready for departure and their families uninjured!

Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron by night. He urges them to be gone. *Take your flocks and herds.* His proud heart was now fairly humbled. He makes no reservation now. *Bless me also.*—He trembles before the power which he had felt to be almighty to afflict, and asks the blessing of Moses to avert still greater calamities which might be impending. *The Egyptians were urgent.*—This was fulfilled the word of Moses; Chap. xi. 8. *We be all dead men.*—They feared lest death should come upon them all if the Israelites were detained, or delayed their departure. The death of our friends should remind us of our own mortality. He that is out of Christ is but a dead man,—the grave is ready for him,—hell is ready for him except he repent.

3. THE DEPARTURE.

They journeyed from Rameses to Succoth. Rameses had been the head-quarters of the Israelites; Gen. xvii. 11.

It is computed that their number must have amounted to, at least, two millions and a half. This estimate is formed in the following manner.—We are informed that there were about 600,000 on foot that were men—that is, men capable of bearing arms. Now, it has been ascertained that the number of males who are too young or too old for military

service, is about equal to the number of efficient men, which increases the number to 1,200,000. The number of females in an average population is about equal to that of the males, doubling therefore the amount already obtained, we have 2,400,000, and, though we have not the same data for estimating the number of the mixed multitude which went with them, we may safely say that, at the least computation, the Israelites and their retinue must have amounted to two and a half millions. "Such an emigration as this," as a recent writer well observes, "the world never saw."

Learn.—1. *The forbearance of God.*

A gradation of plagues was tried on Pharaoh to cause him to relent, evidently showing that God is not willing that any should perish but that all should turn unto him and live. The destruction of the first-born was essayed when nothing less than it could produce the desired result. What man armed with irresistible power would have borne with the proud unfaithful tyrant so long? Isa. lv. 8, 9.

2. *The justice of God.*

The judgment of Pharaoh stands as a monument of the solemn truth which we are so apt to forget—that there is a God of justice who rules in the armies of heaven, and amongst the inhabitants of the earth, and that, sooner or later, he will punish sin. Mark too how appropriate was the punishment.—Pharaoh had cruelly put to death the first-born of Israel, and now the first-born of Egypt were destroyed.

3. *The truthfulness of God.*

Four hundred and thirty years had elapsed since the promise was made to Abraham; Gen. xii l. 2., and now that promise was fulfilled to the letter. Are any of his promises yours? They will assuredly be accomplished; Num. xxiii. 19.; Ps. lxxxix. 34.

October 19th, 1862.

THE DEMONIACS OF GADARA.—

Mark. v. 1—21.

I. *The man possessed with the devils.*

The country of the Gadarenes. Gergesenes, Matt. viii. 29; the district on the east coast of the sea of Galilee—it is not certain whether its inhabitants were Jews or not.—How sad the description of this poor man.—The symptoms were not unlike those of a furious maniac. *The tombs* were often chambers cut into the rock in the hill sides. Matthew mentions *two* men—this man was probably the most prominent.

2. *The devils' prayer.*

It is striking to observe what the unclean spirits knew. They knew God—they believed in the divinity of the Lord Jesus; ver. 7.—

But this knowledge only filled them with fear, trembling, and hopeless despair; James ii. 19. It is affecting to think that the divinity of Jesus is joyfully acknowledged by angels, Heb. i. 6; Rev. v. 11. 12—confessed by devils, and only called in question by man, whom he came to save. *Out of the country* (Luke viii. 31, the deep). Asking that they might not be sent out of their abode in the earth, Jude vi. *Send us into the swine.* It was unlawful for the Jews to have these animals; Lev. ii. 7. 8. There were Greek colonies in the "country of the Gadarenes." Perhaps they might be the owners of the swine. The language of Christ shows how entirely the spirits were subject to him; Matt. viii. 30. The malignity of the evil spirits is seen from their destruction of the swine. Perhaps too they expected by this means to prejudice the Gadarenes against the Saviour.

3. *The people's prayer.*

Besides the apostles the swine-herds seem to have been the only witnesses of the miracle. Upon their bringing word of what was done to the owners of the swine, the people instead of rejoicing at the cure of the demoniac, and at the presence of one who could do such wondrous works, seem only to have regretted the loss of their property—*They began to pray him to depart out of their coasts.*—Jesus, however, left with them a witness of the truth, in the man whom he had graciously saved.

Learn.—1. *The sad havock which sin and Satan make in the soul.* The poor demoniac was but a picture of the sinner who is the slave of his lusts. No mortal power can conquer the evil passions of the heart. The man possessed could not be bound "no not with chains." He was injurious both to others and himself. He shunned the society of man; so does the wicked shun the good, and, if he cannot flee God's presence, he strives at least to banish Him from his thoughts.

2. *That Christ is stronger than Satan.* The devil knows Christ. Men know him not, but after that struggle in the wilderness the devils knew him; Mark. i. 24. He is under Christ's command; can go nowhere without his permission. In our own strength we can do nothing against the arch-enemy of our souls; but with Jesus on our side, we need not fear Satan and his legions; Rom. xvi. 20.

3. *The blessedness of those who are saved by Christ.* "Clothed" so the converted sinner is clothed with the righteousness of Christ. "In his right mind"—all the ungodly are fools, madmen, blind. "Sitting at the feet of Jesus"—submissive to the Saviour's will—so Mary sat.

4. *Men prefer the world to Christ.* Fearful of further loss of property; the Gadarenes prayed Christ to leave them.

AN ILL-TEMPERED HUSBAND.

If a woman happen to be yoked with one whose temper is none of the best, the more need has she of patience and gentleness. No cross-grained husband is ever reclaimed by provocation. He may be won by kindness—at least the sourness of his temper may thereby be sweetened.—Venegar to vinegar, wormwood to wormwood, is the infusion of folly. It embitters the cup of life, and the cup that folly mingles, she must drink of, though it be bitter as gall. Rendering evil for evil, railing for railing, is but a sorry way of settling marriage accounts, or, indeed, accounts of any kind. Rendering good for evil, blessing for cursing, love for enmity, is the right way of carrying on the Christian warfare, and any other way is not of God.

If any honest woman say, 'It is not in flesh and blood to bear patiently with a sour, crabbed temper' I say, Amen—that is true. It is not in flesh and blood to bear anything patiently, for flesh and blood is fretful, peevish, impatience itself. It will rebel, resist, strive, bear nothing. But grace can make the mind willing, the heart inclined, and the back strong to bear the cross meekly and patiently till the burden is taken off, which it will be ere long.—Nothing like rocking fretful children, till they are rounded into sleep and quietness. Nothing like stroking a crabbed cat with the grain. Instead of fuffing, biting, and scratching, she will purr, and sing you a song of her own making, a croon of joy, a curmurring of delight, poor creature; therefore, stroke her with the grain.

At the same time that I, in the spirit of my office, counsel wives to be meek, gentle, and patient with ill-tempered yoke-fellows, think ye that I sympathize with them?—Not a whit. I have no fellow feeling with domestic despotism. The man who will vex his partner with sour and crabbed looks, who will sulk out and in, come and go, eat and drink in sullenness and silence, is a poor, dark dungeon of a soul, in which conscience seems to be a prisoner. But even this 'grim feature, of the law of love and of kindness be applied to him, may relent, and brighten up under the benign power of Christian Charity.

Above all things beware of bitter speech.

66. They gender only to strife and mischief. Has your husband in passion called you everything but a gentlewoman? Let him alone in the meantime. Hold your peace. Or, if you do speak, let him have kind words for his cruel ones, sweet words for his bitter ones, loving words, for his expressions of hatred. If he be merely hot-tempered and passionate, leave him to cool at his leisure. He will come round again. Such men are very likely to relent, after they have said rash things, and by prudent treatment may be trained to bridle their temper and their tongue, so as to become more amiable and more manageable. The very outbreaks of a passionate man make him conscious of weakness, and when the fit of folly is past, he will become, in the hands of a wise woman, pliant as a willow wand.

KEEPING A JOURNAL.

In one of Legh Richmond's excellent letters to his daughters, we find he strongly commends the practice of keeping a journal. I think any one who has faithfully followed his suggestions in the matter for a single year will be of the same opinion.

When the records are frequent, and suitable care is taken, the individual will be sure to improve greatly in writing. Besides, it will aid the memory in retaining facts that may be of much future service. What a pleasure it will be in after years to read over this record of your early life!—the scenes in which you have been an actor, the friends you loved, the trials you experienced, the hopes and fears that found a dwelling in your breast! How sweet to recall a long-forgotten conversation, or a visit to some place of interest, the description of a lovely rural scene, a call at a humble cottage, the particulars of a journey, and a hundred other things which you would doubtless have forgotten all about unless recorded at the time.

When you have done with things of earth, those dear ones who remain would value such a relic more than anything you could leave them. It would be more essentially yourself than even your portrait, however accurate. This is the impress of the mind and heart they loved so fondly, dearer a thousand times than even the beloved familiar features.

But a record of your inner spiritual life should be written for no eye but your own and that of the All-seeing. Otherwise it can scarcely be faithful, and may lead to bitter self-deception.

It is not well to resolve that you will write every day, as that will often be impossible, and one broken resolution, on any matter, paves the way for many more. It is better to make a rule of writing when you can, taking care not to neglect it so long as to lose your interest in the matter.

There are many advantages to be derived from such a history of our lives, apart from the mere improvement in the art of expressing our ideas. The reflecting mind will see the hand of God in all the changing scenes through which he has passed. There are as wonderful, hidden passages in almost every life, as those we find recorded for the benefit of the world. Whatever teaches us to see the guiding hand of our heavenly Father in every event of life, will surely become a means of spiritual improvement and enjoyment.—*The Quiver*.

SPEAKING TO THE CONVINCED.

If those engaged in speaking to persons convinced of sin should be induced, in the hope of bringing them sooner into rest, to make their anxiety a ground of confidence, TO TEACH THEM THAT THEY ARE SAFE THOUGH THEY DO NOT KNOW IT, AND THAT THEY ARE TO BELIEVE THEY ARE SAVED ALREADY, INSTEAD OF BELIEVING IN ORDER THAT THEY MAY BE SAVED, IT WILL BRING BACK THE WHOLE OF THAT SYSTEM WHICH IS FATAL TO REVIVAL LIFE; the resting upon that which is with him, instead of upon CHRIST HIMSELF. *Scripture draws the line between life and death; not in desires for salvation, not in anxiety of mind, not in the wish to be Christ's; but in believing.* "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." *Where scripture draws the line, there we must leave it.*

Justly has it been said that this passage "ought to be written in letters of gold." Let the prayer of all God's people be, specially in this time of religious earnestness, that gospel truths, and *these in their scriptural order and relationship*, may alone be preached.

"For truth itself when robbed of its own right, Brings darkness to a man instead of light."

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

It is a remarkable fact that revivals of religion have, in every age, been carried forward mainly by what may be termed the social means of grace. In Ezra's time we find the people assembled by thousands and tens of thousands to hear the Scriptures read and expounded, not by a few favourite preachers, but by a multitude—almost all who could read and explain were engaged in making known the Word to their companions—and the result was deep conviction, repentance, reformation, and consecration to God.

So also in the days of the apostles. From the season of Pentecost, when three thousand were converted in a day, all through the planting and growth of the primitive churches, we find all Christians uniting actively and heartily in the work. True, the apostles laboured and preached mightily, but private Christians laboured conjointly with them, and altogether shared in the service and reward. It was the same in the great revivals under Luther, Wesley, Edwards.

The great revivals in Sweden a year or two since, commenced and progressed very simply, chiefly in social meetings for reading the Bible. In a recent gracious refreshing enjoyed in Ireland, social exercises were the great instrumentality. The recent revivals in America, especially in the cities, have been almost wholly by social means.

Shall we not profit by such experience and observation? Able ministers and great sermons can never accomplish the work; the church must arise. Not that preachers should do less, but private Christians more. Now, as ever, it is true, that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are;" to manifest that the excellency of the power is of God and not of us.

Cherish, then, simple means. Encourage little gatherings for prayer and conversation. They ought to be held frequently in every neighbourhood in the country, in every street in the city. God will surely

bless, if we only rely on Him in the use of suitable means.—*British Messenger*

PERFECT IN CHRIST JESUS.

God sets aside the sinner, brings in the Son of his love; works out a perfect righteousness, and that righteousness, which is the righteousness of God, is imputed to the believer.

It was a glorious statement of Martin Luther, to which he gave expression in one of his mighty orations, upon the sinner's justification not by works, but by Christ. Noble, lion-hearted reformer! How one loves to hear him! Said Luther to the listening and wondering Christendom, just awaking from the sleep of superstition—*"As Christ is before God, so am I."* Of course, our reformer excepted His essential glory, which is incommunicable, and which none can share.

A similar utterance was made by the great Irish evangelist of the sixth century, St. Patrick was evidently struggling for the great truth we are considering. Said he—*"The sinner nothing; Christ everything. Christ before me: Christ behind me: Christ on the right hand: Christ on the left hand: Christ below me as a rock: Christ above me."* And, as if he struggled to get utterly rid of self—*"Christ in me, Christ through me."* Could love be more perfect that puts the first Adam, the natural man, aside and makes the believer before God all that Jesus is,—as I have said, his Deity excepted? It is thus that God does not view the sinner, who is dead, crucified in Christ, *as he is in himself*, but He sees him *in Christ*, in whom is redemption, righteousness, light, life and holiness—*"The Lord our Righteousness."* Oh, may God give you to understand this!

Oh that we may know this perfect love of God, that puts a perishing, hell-deserving sinner in Christ, in righteousness, in holiness, in perfectness, so that such an one as Paul could say, *"I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me;"* and, *"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."* Oh, how near this brings me to my God and Father!

"So near, so very near to God,
Nearer I cannot be;
For in the person of His Son,
I am as near as He."

REV. J. DENHAM SMITH.

Religious Intelligence.

The Committee for Foreign Conference and Evangelization have held a meeting in Freemasons' hall, for the purpose of communicating information with regard to their operations among the numerous foreigners visiting London during the Great Exhibition season. There were pastors present from France, Prussia, Wurtemberg, and Switzerland. The old Nestorian church had also its representatives there, in Mar Yohannan of Oroomiah, the Nestorian priest or presbyter and in Mar Isaac, the deacon, whose office is like that of him who was attendant on Barnabas and Saul (Acts xiii. 5), "And they had also John to their minister." These men are the first of their race who ever visited our shores. They came to seek relief for their countrymen, who were suffering from famine. In May, 1861, they left their country—situated between Persia and Turkey—accredited by their bishop and also by their Patriarch, and after spending six months in walking from Ararat to Moscow, they thence slowly and painfully wended their way through Poland and other countries to Hamburg in North Germany. Thence they were sent by two Protestant pastors to London. On their arrival they were taken to the strangers' Home at Limehouse, where they have been generously entertained. They afterwards received a most affectionate public welcome from Mr. Spurgeon and his people in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. They were also, as already indicated above, at the Evangelization gathering.

These interesting men cannot speak any European language, and no one in England was found able to converse with them. But there is one individual who writes their language, and thus some intercourse has been established. The Presbyter wrote thus—"We do not receive the Papacy. Cyril said Mary was the mother of God. Nestorius said Mary was the mother of Christ." The presbyter goes on to say that formerly his people did not read the Old and New Testaments; they only possessed the Scriptures in a dead language. But American missionaries have given them the Bible in their native tongue. The following is a specimen and portion of a prayer written by Yohannan, after a meditation on spiritual sloth. It reminds us of those "collected," condensed and emphatic, many of which, as used at this day, are very ancient, and of oriental origin:—

"O thou that awakenest the sleeper, and raisest the fallen, and refreshest the afflicted, who hast compassion upon sinners, and art a great refuge for the repenting; we implore and beseech thee, O Lord, rouse us from our slumbers by thy grace, and snake off the burden of our sloth by thy power. Grant unto us that we may stand and do service before thee, and watchfully, vigilantly, zealously, and wakefully serve thee. The watchers with their hallelujahs, and the seraphs with their holiness, are humble in their songs. The condemnation of the nations is in their apostasy. O Lord of all, Father and Son, the Spirit of holiness! Amen!"

The languages in which the agents of the Foreign Committee address the strangers who are now visiting London, and in which they aptly quote the Scriptures, are French, German, Italian, Swedish, Spanish, Danish, Finnish, Norwegian, Portuguese, Polish, Greek, Arabic, and Hebrew. These brethren meet every morning with the secretaries; one or more gives a *viva voce* report of the labours of the previous day, a portion of Scrip-

ture is then read, and prayer is offered up in three languages. Thus encouraged they start, two by two, to take up their appointed positions. In giving away tracts, they are instructed, if possible, to have conversation first; in other cases, to offer a tract as a sort of introduction to speaking on spiritual matters. One man, offered a tract, began by saying that he was "pestered to death by this perpetual offer of tracts in this abominable country," but ended with reverent attention to the appeals of the missionary, and not only accepted the tract, but bought a New Testament.

In closing this paper, I invite my Christian readers to special thanksgiving in connection with the announcement that, in response to the remembrance of the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and in entire accord with what "Albert the Good"—he who, though the accomplished Student of science, and discriminating patron and lover of art, yet lived and died in a palace, where THE BOOK was specially and daily honoured—the Royal Commissioners have at length assigned and set apart an ample space, and a prominent position for the various editions of the Word of God. More precious than rubies, pearls, and diamonds; more glorious and resplendent than the "Koh-i-Noor," and its larger though scarcely so brilliant rival, "The Star of the South," around which crowds daily gather, is the Bible of God. Let us rejoice that it is no longer "in a corner," or treated with apparent dishonour—although, in spite of latitudinarian indifference, or Hindoo Shasters, or Mahomedan Koran, or the Book of Mormon, or Cardinal Wiseman's Romish Breviary (so resplendent in gold and richest binding in the Roman Court), it "cannot be hid." The Good Lord hasten apace, the day when at, and in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow in loyalty and love; when our literateurs shall not, by studied reticence, ignore His rightful claims; when the poet, who marries noblest thoughts and imagery to immortal verse—the gifted sculptor, who gives to the marble all but the breathing beauty of life—and the illustrious painter, who causes the fair, the brave, the good to live on the canvass before us—shall themselves, with one consent, regard their work as a consecrated thing, and shall each have, in life and death, the faith (learned at the feet of Savonarola, the Italian "Reformer") of Michael Angelo, "the greatest artist of all time, the unquestioned king of the art-world by the right of transcendent genius;" whose last poem closes with the beautiful couplet:—

"MY ONE SOLE REFUGE IS THAT LOVE DIVINE,
WHICH FROM THE CROSS STRETCHED FORTH ITS
ARMS TO SAVE."

Dear Reader—accomplished and learned, or lowly in attainments and estate—is *this faith, thine?*—*British Messenger.*

L O N D O N.

A work recently published* gives the following religious and moral statistics of London, which present a picture sufficiently dark:—

It has been ascertained that if we were to analyse the population of London, and com-
* *Our Moral Wastes, and how to Cultivate them,*

pare the number of its individuals of each class, with an ordinary sized town, say a town with a population of 10,000 we should find in the vast metropolis as many persons as would fill about two towns with Jews; ten towns with persons who work on the Sabbath; fourteen towns with habitual gin drinkers; more than ten towns with persons who are every year found intoxicated in the streets of London; two towns with fallen women, to say nothing of those who are partakers of their sins; one town with gamblers; one with children trained in crime; one with thieves and receivers of stolen goods; half a town with Italians; four towns with Germans; two towns with French; while there are as many Irish as would fill the city of Dublin; and more Roman Catholics than would fill the city of Rome. Nor is this all. There are as many publicans and beer and tobacco shops as would fill two towns of 10,000 each, open every Sunday: and if we allow only twenty-five customers to each place, as representing the amount of attendance for the day, we have 500,000 people, say half a million of men and women thus occupied, while 374,015 only are attending the house of God! In London there are 20,000 public-houses and beer and tobacco shops open on the Sunday, and only 750 Protestant churches and chapels for divine worship. In Scotland, with the same population, there are no public-houses open on the Sunday, and 2500 churches and chapels where the people attend on the means and ordinances of grace. In London we have the concentrated essence of evil within a radius from the centre point of seven miles. In Scotland the iniquity that even there abounds is spread over a surface of 1500 square miles."

An Aged Devil-Worshipper and his Christian Grandchild.

"A friend was called some time since to witness the death of an old devil dancer.—The old man's son had become a Christian, and had done all he could to bring his father to a better mind. Once he had prevailed upon him and his aged mother to leave their village and to live with himself; but a promise from heathen relatives of fifteen or twenty palmyra trees (a sufficient maintenance) induced him to return to his old heathen practices. Soon after he sickened, and my friend saw him die hopeless. 'I'm lost, I'm utterly lost,' he said; but do you,' he daded, turning to his son, 'mind I am not buried by my heathen relatives: let me be buried among Christians, and as much in the form of Christians as the padre will allow; and as to your sister, whom I have betrothed to a heathen, and received on ac-

count of the betrothal so many rupees, break off the match; if you have to work night and day, earn the money, and pay it back.' And so the poor fellow did.

"I want to contrast this with the next death (as I suppose it was) that took place in the same family. It was that of this aged heathen's little grandson. The devil dancer's son had the name of Gurupatham given him by the Catechist, on account of his earnestness and devotedness. The meaning of the name is, the Minister's or Teacher's foot. Gurupatham's boy's name was Samuel; I think he was his third child, and had nearly lost his life as soon as born, in consequence of his father being from home, his mother being told by a conjuror that he would be a most unlucky child, and cause his father's death when about five years old.

"The father returned in time to save his child from the wicked plots of the foolish female neighbours. He said 'Nonsense, nonsense;' but Christian though he was, and apparently incredulous, he hurried off the child to another astrologer, had his horoscope taken again, and learned that he would have a sickness nearly fatal when four years old.

"But Gurupatham returned satisfied that astrology was all trickery, and little Samuel lived, but lived a sickly child.

"When about three years old, through an affection of the spine, the poor boy pined away almost to nothing. His father one day took him on his knee, when to all appearance he was very near his end, and was surprised by the little fellow saying 'Father, cry a little for me.' This was enough to bring a quick current into Gurupatham's eyes.

"'Stop, stop,' said the child, 'that is quite enough, wipe your tears away; I am going to my Father's house.' 'Why,' said Gurupatham, 'are you not now in your father's house?' 'No,' said Samuel, 'my Father is in heaven.' He said little, if anything more; and, if I remember rightly, it was only a few moments before he breathed his last.

"The next morning Gurupatham waited on the Missionary. 'Ay-a,' he said, 'when my little boy was ill, I made a vow that if he lived I would give five rupees to the building of our new Church.' He was going on, when the Missionary, beginning to interrupt him as to the expediency of vows, if not their impropriety, in Christians, was in his turn interrupted by Gurupatham. 'Ay-a,' he went on to say, 'I have made the vow, and my little Samuel, I am persuaded, does live; I will give you the five rupees: no, I will give you more, seven, or more, even though I shall have to work hard for them.' The poor fellow has given ten."—(Mémoir of the late Rev. T. G. Ragland.)