

## 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.

- |                                     |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     | Continuous pagination.  |

## THE INEXHAUSTIBLE BARREL.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah."—1 Kings xvii. 16.

In the midst of wrath God remembers mercy. Divine love is rendered conspicuous when it shines in the midst of judgments. Fair is that lone star which smiles through the rifts of the thunder-clouds; bright is the oasis which blooms in the wilderness of sand; so fair and so bright is love in the midst of wrath. In the present instance, God had sent an all-consuming famine upon the lands of Israel and Sidon. The two peoples had provoked the Most High, the one by renouncing him, and the other by sending forth their queen, Jezabel, to teach idolatry in the midst of Israel. God therefore determined to withhold both dew and rain from the polluted lands. But while he did this, he took care that his own chosen ones should be secure. If all the brooks are dry, yet shall there be one reserved for Elijah; and if that should fail, God shall still preserve for him a place of sustenance; nay, not only so, for God had not simply one Elijah, but he had a remnant according to the election of grace, who were hidden by fifties in a cave, and though the whole land was subject to famine, yet these fifties in the cave were fed, and fed from Ahab's table, too, by his faithful, God-fearing steward, Obadiah. Let us from this draw this inference, that come what may God's people are safe. If the world is to be burned by fire, among the ashes there shall not be found the relics of a saint. If the world should again be drowned with water, (as it shall not) yet should there be found another ark for God's Noah. Let convulsions shake the solid earth, let all its pillars tremble, let the skies themselves be rent in twain, yet amid the wreck of worlds the believer shall be as secure as in the calmest hour of rest. If God cannot save his people under heaven, he will save them in heaven. If the world becomes too hot to hold them, then heaven shall be the place of their reception and their safety. Be ye then confident, when ye hear of wars, and rumours of wars.—Let no agitation distress you. Whatever

cometh upon the earth, you, beneath the broad wings of Jehovah, shall be secure. Stay yourself upon his promise; rest ye in his faithfulness, and bid defiance to the blackest future, for there is nothing in it direful for you.

Though, however, I make these few observations by way of preface, this is not the subject of this morning. I propose to take the case of the poor widow of Sarepta as an illustration of divine love, as it manifests itself to man; and I shall have three things for you to notice. First, *the objects of divine love*; secondly, *the singular methods of divine love*; and, then, in the third place, *the undying faithfulness of divine love*—"The barrel of meal did not waste, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord."

I. In the first place, let me speak upon THE OBJECTS OF DIVINE LOVE.

1. And here we remark at the very beginning, *how sovereign was the choice*.—Our Saviour himself teaches us when he says, "I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land; "But unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow." Here was divine sovereignty. When God would make choice of a woman it was not one of his own favoured race of Israel, but a poor benighted heathen, sprung from a race who of old had been doomed to be utterly cut off. Here was electing love in one of its sovereign manifestations. Men are always quarreling with God because he will not submit his will to their dictation. If there could be a God who was not absolute, men would think themselves gods, and hence sovereignty is hated because it humbles the creature, and makes him bow before a Lord, a King, a Master, who will do as he pleases. If God would choose kings and princes, then would men admire his choice. If he wou'd make his chariots

stay at the door of nobles, if he would step from his throne and give his mercy only to the great, the wise, and the learned, than might there be heard the shout of praise to a God who thus honoured the fine doings of man. But because he chooses to take the base things of this world, the things that are despised, and the things that are not; because he takes these things to bring to nought the things that are, therefore is God hated of men. Yet, know that God hath set apart him that is godly for himself. He hath chosen to himself a people whom he will bring to himself at last, who are his peculiar treasure, the favourites of his choice. But these people are by nature the most unlikely ones upon the face of the whole world. Men to-day sunken in sin, immersed in folly, brutalized, without knowledge, without wit, these are the very ones that God ordains to save. To them he sends the word in its effectual might, and these are plucked like brands from the burning. None can guess the reasons of divine election. This great act is as mysterious as it is gracious. Throughout Scripture we are continually startled with resplendent instances of unlimited sovereignty, and the case of this widow is one among the many. Electing love passes by the thousands of widows that dwell in God's own land, and it journeys beyond the borders of Canaan, to cherish and preserve a heathen woman of Sarepta.

Some men hate the doctrine of divine sovereignty; but those who are called by grace love it, for they feel, if it had not been for sovereignty they never would have been saved. Ah, if we are now his people, what was there in any of us to merit the esteem of God? How is it that some of us are converted, while our companions in sin are left to persevere in their godless career? How is it that some of us who were once drunkards, swearers, and the like, are now sitting here to praise the God of Israel this day? Was there anything good in us that moved the heart of God to save us? God forbid that we should indulge the blasphemous thought. There was nothing in us that made us better than others, or more deserving.— Sometimes we are apt to think that it was the reverse. There was much in us that might have caused God to pass us by if

he had looked at us. And yet, here we are, praising his name. Tell me, ye that deny divine sovereignty, how is it that the publicans and harlots enter into the kingdom of heaven, while the self-righteous Pharisee is shut out? How is it that from the scum and dross of this city, God picks up some of his brightest jewels, while among the learned and philosophic, there are very few that bow the knees to the God of Israel? Tell me, how is it that in heaven there are more servants than masters, more poor than rich, more foolish than learned? What shall we say of this? —“I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.”

2. But if there be sovereignty in the choice, I cannot omit another thought akin to it. *What undeservingness there was in the person!* She was no Hannab. I read not that she had smitten the Lord's enemies, like Jael, or had forsaken the gods of her country, like Ruth. She was no more notable than any other heathen. Her idolatry was as vile as theirs, and her mind as foolish and vain as that of the rest of her countrymen. Ah, and in the objects too, of God's love, there is nothing whatever that can move his heart to love them; nothing of merit, nothing which could move him to select them. Hark! how the blood-bought ones all sing before the throne. They cast their crowns at the feet of Jehovah, and unitedly say, “Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory for ever.” There is no divided note in heaven upon this matter. Not one spirit in glory will dare to say that he deserved to come there. They were strangers once, and they were sought by grace: They were black, and they were washed in blood. Their hearts were hard, and they were softened by the Spirit. They were dead, and they were quickened by divine life. And all the reasons for this gracious work in and upon them, are to be found in the breast of God, and not at all in them. Simple as this truth seems, and lying as it does at the very basement of the gospel system, yet how often is it forgotten! Ah, men and brethren, ye are saying, “I would come to Christ if I

had a better character. I think that God would love me if there were some good works, and some redeeming traits in my character." Nay, but hear me, my brother, God loveth not man for anything in man. The saved ones are not saved on account of anything they did; but simply because he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and he will have compassion on whom he will have compassion. Thou art in as good a place as any other unregenerate sinner on the face of the earth; that is unregenerate; why should not God have mercy upon thee? Thy merits or thy demerits have nought to do with the matter. If God intends to bless, he looks not to what thou art. He finds his motive in the depth of his own loving will, and not in thee. Oh, canst thou believe it, that black, and filthy, and diseased, and leprous though thou be, the love of God can shed itself abroad in thy heart? O my trembling bearer! do not despair, for he is able to save unto the very uttermost.

3. In continuing to regard this woman, I want you to notice that her condition was miserable too, in the very last degree. She had not only to suffer the famine which had fallen upon all her neighbours, but her husband was taken from her. He would have shared with her the last morsel that his weary limbs could earn; he would have bidden her lean her head upon his strong and faithful breast, and would have said, "My wife, if there be bread to be had thy mouth shall taste it; if there be water to drink thou shalt not thirst."—But alas! he was taken from her, and she was a widow. Besides this, he had left her no inheritance. She had no patrimony, no servant. You learn this from the fact that she had not even firewood. Now, there was no reason why she should not have had that even in time of famine of bread, for there was no famine of wood, unless she had been extremely poor.—Such was her extremity that she goes outside the city upon the common lands to pick up a few sticks with which she may cook her meal. She had, you see then, nothing wherewithal to buy bread, for even the fuel she must gather for herself. I told you that her husband had left her nothing, yes, he had left her something; but that something, though much beloved, was but another fountain of trouble to her.

He had left her a son, her only son, and this son has now to share her starvation. I believe he was too weak to accompany his mother upon this occasion. They had been so long without food that he could not rise from the bed, or else, good soul, she would have brought him with her, and he could have helped to gather a few sticks. But she had laid him upon the bed, fearing that he might die before she reached her home, knowing that he could not accompany her because his limbs were too feeble to carry the weight of his own poor emaciated body. And now she has come forth with a double trouble, to gather a handful of sticks to dress her last meal, that she may eat it and die.

Ah, my dear friends, this is just where sovereign grace finds us all—in the depth of poverty and misery. I do not mean, of course, temporal poverty, but I mean spiritual distress. So long as we have a full barrel of our own merits, God will have nothing to do with us. So long as the cruse of oil is full to overflowing, we shall never taste the mercy of God. For God will not fill us until we are emptied of self. Ah, what misery does conviction of sin cause in the breast of the sinner. I have known some so wretched, that all the torments of the inquisition could not equal their agony. If tyrants could invent the knife, the hot irons, the spear, splinters put beneath the nails, and the like, yet could not they equal the torment which some men have felt when under conviction of sin. They have been ready to make an end of themselves. They have dreamed of hell by night, and when they have awakened in the morning it was to feel what they have dreamed. But then it has been in this very time when all their hope was gone, and their misery was come to its utmost extremity, that God looked down in love and mercy on them. Have I such a hearer in this crowd this morning?—Have I not one who is smitten in his heart, whose life is blasted, who walks about in the weariness of his spirit, crying, "Oh, that I were gone out of this world, that I might be rid of sin; for oh, my burden presses upon me as though it would sink me to the lowest hell. My sin is like a millstone round my neck and I cannot get rid of it." My hearer, I am glad to hear thee speak thus; I rejoice in thy un-

happiness; and that not because I love to see thee miserable, but because this sorrow of thine is a step to everlasting blessedness. I am glad that thou art poor, for there is one that will make thee rich. I am glad that barrel of meal of thine is wasted, for now shall a miracle of mercy be wrought for thee, and thou shalt eat the bread of heaven to the full. I am glad that cruse of oil is gone, for now rivers of love and mercy shall be bestowed on thee. Only believe it. In God's name I assure thee, if thou art brought to extremity, God will now appear for thee. Look up, sinner—look away from thyself—look up to God who sits upon the throne, a God of love. But if that be too high for thee, look up sinner to yon cross. He that hangs there died for such as thou art. Those veins were opened for sinners utterly ruined and undone. That agony he suffered was for those who feel an agony of heart like thine. His griefs he meant for the grievous; his mourning made atonement for the mourners. Canst thou now believe the word which is written?—"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Darest thou trust thyself now upon the merits of Christ? Canst thou say, "Sink or swim, my hope is in the cross." Oh, sinner, if God but help thee to do this, thou art a happy man.—Thy poverty shall be removed, and like the widow of Sarepta, thou shalt know no lack until the day when God shall take thee up to heaven, where thou shalt be satisfied throughout eternity.

*(To be Continued.)*

### LEGH RICHMOND.

Legh Richmond, the son of Mr. Henry Richmond, a physician, was born at Liverpool, in January, 1772. In his early life he met with an accident, in consequence of which he was, up to his thirteenth year, educated at home by his parents, who were so well fitted for the task, both by their attainments and Christian character, that one feels ready to rejoice in an accident which was the means of throwing him so much beneath their influence. In 1784 he was placed under the tuition of a Mr. Breach, at Reading, and afterwards con-

tinued his studies with the Rev. W. Jones, at Blandford. In 1789 he was entered at Trinity college, Cambridge, where he was distinguished for correctness of conduct and diligence in study.

Having expressed a determination to enter the ministry, he was ordained in June, 1797. In the following month he was made Master of Arts, became united to his excellent wife, and removed to the Isle of Wight, to undertake the curacy of the adjoining parishes of Brading and Yaverland.

Shortly after he had taken his new position, a reckless young clergyman was asked to read Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity." Not caring to be at the pains of perusing it himself, he sent the book to young Richmond, with the request that he would tell him what to say about it to the lender. Richmond opened the book—read—was deeply impressed; so deeply, that he finished it before he slept. This book was the means of a great change in his views. He now saw the propitiatory death of Christ to be the very centre of the Christian religion; and, by faith, yielded himself up to be saved and ruled by the crucified Redeemer.

He continued in the Isle of Wight, the earnest and faithful shepherd of his flock, until the year 1805, when he became assistant to Mr. Fry, chaplain of the Lock Hospital; but his engagement in London was of very short duration, for in the same year he was presented to the Rectory of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, where he laboured during the rest of his days. In the early part of the present century there arose those great religious societies which are an honour to our land. Mr. Richmond's exertions for these societies were indefatigable. He would sometimes make tours through the country on their behalf; on such occasions often preaching three times on Sunday, and four or five times during the week. But his exertions greatly weakened his constitution; and having sustained a heavy blow in the loss of his sons Nugent and Wilberforce, his health gradually sank. A cold settled upon his lungs, but he still continued, as long as he had the voice, to proclaim the gospel.—At last he peacefully fell asleep, on the 8th of May, 1827.

Legh Richmond was possessed of a

vid imagination, and a great talent for public speaking. He was the compiler of a work entitled "The Fathers of the English Church;" but he is much better known as the author of "The Annals of the Poor."

Like most of those who have imbibed the principles of true religion from early youth, his character was well balanced and consistent. To the simple faith and the unpretending humility of the child he joined the energy and the boldness of the strong man. Love flowed in abundant measure from his ardent breast; but he could rebuke, when needful, with all faithfulness. There were few striking events in his life; but yet, when we look at him in his intercourse with others, or whilst he is unveiling his heart in his letters, there is such an exceeding beauty of character revealed, that we are drawn towards him by an irresistible force.

But we want our readers to regard Legh Richmond especially as the head of a family. Seldom, indeed, has any more faithfully tended his little domestic flock than he; he rightly judged that the most important part of education was received at home, and so he made it his constant study to convert his house into a happy home for his family. To this end, music was often introduced; pleasant yet profitable books were read; scientific lectures were delivered; and over all there breathed the spirit of his fatherly affection and sincere piety. Fully alive to the danger of evil associations, he kept a watchful eye over the friendships of his little ones; and, detaching them from the foolish, ever led them into contact with the wise and good. As may be expected, he was very anxious for the spiritual welfare of his children.—In their early years he would take them, one by one, into his study, and there, in such simple language as they could understand, endeavour to lead them to the mercy-seat. He did not talk much with them directly about religion, but its spirit permeated all his words and actions. His appeals to them upon that head were made chiefly by means of letters, which he placed in their rooms; and they were not in vain, for his children grew up to bless God who had given them in Legh Richmond both a parent and a pastor.

How many a home is but a school of

error! How many a home is marred by the absence of true piety! How many a pious home is rendered unattractive by its lack of cheerfulness! May thine, gentle reader, be the home of a Legh Richmond.

#### AN INSTANCE OF FAITH.

Three young children went into the woods to pick berries, without the knowledge of their parents, and wandered till they were lost. Not returning before evening, the anxious parents, in company with nearly one hundred others, started for the woods, and at length succeeded in finding them. It seems that after having picked enough berries, they thought it time to return home; but, on turning about for that purpose, they could not find the road or any way out of the woods.—They sat down on a log a long time, finally giving up that they were lost. Mary, the eldest, said to the others: "Let us pray to God to find our way out," and all kneeling down, with hands uplifted, they prayed for deliverance. They then took a new start, and soon found whortleberries plenty, with which they satisfied their hunger. The little ones now commenced calling aloud the names of the different members of the family. Carrie, the youngest, calling repeatedly for milk, and complaining of fatigue, sat down to rest. Ida, the second, was tired and sleepy, and would rather stay there than try any longer to get out. Mary then stripped bark from a dead tree, laid it on the ground for a pillow, covering it with leaves, and laid the two youngest down to sleep. The sun had gone down, and it was getting dark, and she again knelt down to pray for deliverance, and that God would take care of them. She had made up her mind to stay there the night, knowing that she could not find the way out herself. She knew the night would be long, and the little ones might wake before morning hungry, so she filled her pocket with wintergreens to pacify them—every few minutes during the time calling upon the different members of the family. When found, the two youngest were sleeping, and the eldest not ten years of age, was upon her knees praying.—*Advertiser.*

## A GENEROUS NEGRO.

ONE morning, as a lady was taking an airing along the piazza leading from Kingston to the fields, an old negro, who was sitting there, begged alms of her. She passed on without taking any notice of him; but immediately reflecting upon the poor fellow's situation, being aged and a cripple, she turned back, and gave him a bit (a silver coin about fivepence in value), telling him at the same time that she had but a few more remaining, to herself. The negro expressed his gratitude and good wishes, and she went her way. Some days afterwards, having occasion to pass the same spot, she again saw the negro, seated as before. On her nearer approach, he made an effort to advance towards her; but his infirmities disabled him from getting farther than a few steps, by which means she had an opportunity of proceeding without being interrupted. Upon this he called after her; but she still walked on, without regarding him; seeing which, he raised his voice to a higher pitch, and begged her to speak with him for only one moment. Curious to hear what the poor creature had to say, she returned, when he delivered himself to this effect:—That as soon as she left him the other day, he concluded, from what she had said, that she was herself in distress, and it grieved him to see a lady in want; nor could he be happy till he saw her again. He then pulled out a purse containing twenty-eight doubloons, which he pressed her to accept, saying that he could collect quite sufficient to keep him from starving, but that a lady could not beg, and therefore must die for want of "yam-yam" (meaning bread), if she had no money. She thanked the grateful creature for his sympathy, but told him that she had got more since she saw him, and therefore did not want it. She then asked him how his master suffered him to beg, since he was so old and decrepit. He told her that now, since he could work no more, his master had discarded him, under the plea of giving him his freedom, but, in reality, to get rid of an incumbrance. He said that he had been a slave from his infancy, and that his sores were occasioned by constant labour and hard usage. After presenting him with another trifle, and cautioning him not to show his money to any person, lest he

might be robbed, she took her leave, reflecting on the affecting adventure she had experienced.

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

"He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

"There lived in a mining district in England, a poor miner, who had an only and loving son. It was generally the custom of this miner when he went down daily into the bowels of the earth, to quarry out there the valuable metals for his employers, to take with him his child. And then at evening, after the day's work was ended, they were both drawn up to the surface by a bucket and rope, and then returned to their happy home.

"One evening, as they were drawn up from the mine as usual, the father heard a crackling noise above them. He looked up, and saw that the rope was breaking, and that now only three or four strands of it held him and his darling child from destruction.

"What was to be done? Not a moment was to be lost; for manifestly the rope was not strong enough to bring them both to the surface, and therefore either one of them, or both must perish. Immediately the fond parental instincts of the father's heart determined upon what he would do.

"He resolved to sacrifice his own life for that of his dearly-beloved son; he placed him in the bottom of the basket, and said to him—"There, my child, there, lie quiet for a few moments, and you will be safe at the top." And then he threw himself over and was dashed to pieces.

"O how great, how very great was the love of that parent for his son! And yet it was even small as compared with the love of that blessed Saviour who died for us on Calvary, and who said, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'"

It is stated that in Hawaii there are some 68,000 inhabitants. Of these about 20,000 profess Protestantism, an equal number are Roman Catholics, 3,000 are Mormons, and the remainder profess no known creed.

## AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

Idleness, vice, and intemperance had done their miserable work, and the dead mother lay cold and stark amid her wretched children. She had fallen upon the threshold of her own door in a drunken fit, and died in the presence of her frightened little ones.

Death touches the springs of our common humanity. This woman had been despised, scoffed at, and angrily denounced by nearly every man, woman, and child in the village; but now, as the fact of her death was passed from lip to lip in subdued tones, pity took the place of anger, and sorrow of denunciation. Neighbours went hastily to the old tumble-down hut, in which she had secured little more than a place of shelter from summer heat and winter cold;—some with grave-clothes for a decent interment of the body, and some with food for the half-starving children, three in number. Of these, John, the eldest, a boy of twelve, was a stout lad, able to earn his living with any farmer.—Kate, between ten and eleven, was a bright, active girl, out of whom something clever might be made, if in good hands; but poor little Maggie, the youngest, was hopelessly diseased. Two years before, a fall from a window had injured her spine, and she had not been able to leave her bed since, except when lifted in the arms of her mother.

"What is to be done with the children?" That was the chief question now. The dead mother would go underground, and be for ever beyond all concern of the villagers. But the poor children must not be left to starve. After considering the matter, and talking it over with his wife, farmer Jones said that he would take John and do well by him, now that his mother was out of the way; and Mrs. Ellis, who had been looking out for an apprentice girl, concluded that it would be charitable in her to make choice of Kate, even though she was too young to be of much use for several years.

"I could do much better, I know," said Mrs. Ellis; "but as no one seems inclined to take her, I must act from a sense of duty. I expect to have trouble with the child, for she's an undisciplined thing, used to having her own way."

But no one said, "I'll take Maggie."—Pitying glances were cast upon her wan and wasted form, and thoughts were troubled on her account. Mothers brought cast-off garments, and, removing her soiled and ragged clothes, dressed her in clean attire. The sad eyes and patient face of the little one touched many hearts, and even knocked at them for entrance. But none opened to take her in. Who wanted a bed-ridden child?

"Take her to the poor-house," said a rough man to whom the question, "What's to be done with Maggie?" was asked.—"Nobody's going to be bothered with her."

"The poor-house is a sad place for a sick and helpless child," answered one.

"For your child or mine," said the other, "but for this brat it will prove a blessed change. She will be kept clean, have healthy food, and be doctored, which is more than can be said of her past condition."

There was reason in that, but still it didn't satisfy. The day following the day of death was made the day of burial. A few neighbours were at the miserable hovel, but none followed the dead cart as it bore the unhonoured remains to the pauper grave. Farmer Jones, after the funeral was over, placed John in his wagon and drove away, satisfied that he had done his part. Mrs. Ellis spoke to Kate with a hurried air—"Bid your sister good-bye," and then drew the tearful children apart ere scarcely their lips had touched in a sobbing farewell. Hastily others went out, some glancing at Maggie, and some resolutely refraining from a look, until all had gone. She was alone. Just over the threshold, Joe Thompson, the wheelwright, paused, and said to the blacksmith's wife, who was hastening off with the rest—

"It's a cruel thing to leave her so."

"Then take her to the poor-house; she'll have to go there," answered the blacksmith's wife, springing away and leaving Joe behind.

For a little while the man stood with a puzzled air; then he turned back and went into the hovel again. Maggie, with a painful effort, had raised herself to an upright position, and was sitting on the bed, straining her eyes upon the door out of which all had just departed. A vague



terror had come into her thin, white face.

"Oh, Mr Thompson," she cried, "don't leave me alone!"

Though rough in exterior, Joe Thompson, the wheelwright, had a heart, and it was very tender in some places. He liked children, and was pleased to have them come to his shop, where many a waggon was made or mended for the village lads without a draft on their hoarded six-pences.

"No, dear," he answered, in a kind voice, going to the bed and stooping down over the child, "you shan't be left alone." Then he wrapped her with the gentleness almost of a woman, in the clean bedclothes which some neighbour had brought; and, lifting her in his strong arms, bore her out into the air, and across the field that lay between the hovel and his home.

Now Joe Thompson's wife, who happened to be childless, was not a woman of the sweetest temper, nor much given to self-denial for others' good, and Joe had well-grounded doubts touching the manner of greeting he should receive on his arrival. Mrs. Thompson saw him approaching from the window, and with ruffling feathers, met him a few paces from the door, as he opened the garden gate and came in. He bore a precious burden, and he felt it to be so. As his arms held the sick child to his breast, a sphere of tenderness went out from her and penetrated his feelings. A bond had already corded itself around them both, and love was springing into life.

"What have you here?" sharply questioned Mrs. Thompson.

Joe felt the child start and shrink against him. He did not reply except by a look that was pleading and cautionary, that said, "Wait a moment for explanations, and be gentle;" and, passing in, carried Maggie to the small chamber on the first floor, and laid her on a bed. Then stepping back, he shut the door and stood face to face with his wife in the passage-way outside. "You haven't brought home that sick brat!" Anger and astonishment were the tones of Mrs. Joe Thompson; her face was in a flame.

"I think women's hearts are sometimes very hard," said Joe. Usually Joe Thompson got out of his wife's way, or kept gently silent and non-combative when she

fired up on any subject; it was with some surprise, therefore, that she now encountered a firmly set countenance and a resolute pair of eyes.

"Women's hearts are not half so hard as men's," replied Mrs. Thompson.

Joe saw, by a quick intuition, that his resolute bearing had impressed his wife, and he answered quickly, and with real indignation;—"Be that as it may, every woman at the funeral turned her eyes steadily from the sick child's face, and when the cart went off with her dead mother, hurried away, and left her alone in that old hut."

"Where are John and Kate?" now asked Mrs. Thompson.

"Farmer Jones put John into his waggon, and drove off. Katie went home with Mrs. Ellis; but nobody wanted the sick one. 'Send *her* to the poor-house,' was the cry."

"Why didn't you let her go to the poor-house, then? What did you bring her here for then?"

"She can't walk to the poor-house," said Joe, "somebody's arms must carry her, and mine are strong enough for that task."

"Then why don't you keep on? Why did you stop here?" demanded the wife.

"Because I am not apt to go on fools' errands. The Guardians must first be seen, and a permit obtained," replied Joe Thompson.

"When will you see the Guardians, and get the permit?" was asked, with irrepresible impatience.

"To-morrow."

"Why put it off until to-morrow! Go at once for the permit, and get the whole thing off your hands to-night."

"Jane," said the wheelwright, with an impressiveness of tone that greatly subdued his wife, "I read in the Bible sometimes, and find much said about little children—how the Saviour rebuked the disciples who would not receive them; and how He said that whosoever gave them even a cup of cold water should not go unrewarded. Now, it is a small thing for us to keep this poor motherless little one for a single night; to be kind to her for a single night; to make her comfortable for a single night."

The voice of the strong, rough man.

shook, and he turned his head away, so that the moisture in his eyes might not be seen. Mrs. Thompson did not answer, but a soft feeling crept into her heart.

"Look at her kindly, Jane; speak to her kindly," said Joe. "Think of her dead mother, and the loneliness, the pain, the sorrow that must be on all her coming life." The softness of his heart gave unwonted eloquence to his lips.

Mrs. Thompson did not reply, but presently turned towards the little chamber where her husband had deposited Maggie; and, pushing open the door, went quietly in. Joe did not follow; he saw that her state had changed, and felt that it would be best to leave her alone with the child. So he went to his shop, which stood near the house, and worked until dusky evening released him from labour. A light shining through the little chamber window, was the first object that attracted Joe's attention on turning towards the house. It was a good omen. The path led him by this window, and when opposite, he could not help pausing to look in. It was now dark enough outside to screen him from observation. Maggie lay a little raised on a pillow, with the lamp shining full upon her face. Mrs. Thompson was by the bed talking to the child; but her back was towards the window, so that her countenance was not seen.

From Maggie's face, therefore, Joe must read the character of their intercourse.—He saw that her eyes were intently fixed upon his wife; that now and then a few words came, as if in answers, from her lips; that her expression was sad and tender; but he saw nothing of bitterness or pain. A deep drawn breath was followed by one of relief as a weight lifted itself from her heart.

On entering, Joe did not go immediately to the little chamber. His heavy tread about the kitchen brought his wife somewhat hurriedly from the room where she had been with Maggie. Joe thought it best not to refer to the child, nor to manifest any concern in regard to her.

"How soon will supper be ready?" he asked.

"Right soon," answered Mrs. Thompson, beginning to bustle about. There was no asperity in her voice.

After washing from his hands the dust and soil of work, Joe left the kitchen and

went to the little bedroom. A pair of large bright eyes looked up at him tenderly, gratefully, pleadingly. How his heart swelled in his bosom! Joe sat down, and now for the first time examining the thin face carefully under the lamp-light, saw that it was an attractive face, and full of a childish sweetness which suffering had not been able to obliterate.

"Your name is Maggie?" he said, as he sat down and took her soft little hand in his.

"Yes, sir." Her voice struck a chord that quivered in a low strain of music.

"Have you been sick long?"

"Yes, sir." What sweet patience was in her tone!

"Has the doctor been to see you, Maggie?"

"He used to come, Sir."

"But he has'nt come lately?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any pain, Maggie?"

"Sometimes I have pain, sir, but I have none now."

"When had you pain?"

"This morning my side ached very much, and my back hurt when you carried me in your arms."

"It hurts you to be lifted or moved about, does it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your side doesn't ache now, does it, Maggie?"

"No, sir, it doesn't hurt now."

"Did it ache a great deal, Maggie?"

"Yes, sir, but it hasn't ached any since I've been on this soft bed."

"The soft bed feels good?"

"O, yes, sir—so good!" What a satisfaction, mingled with gratitude, was in the poor sick child's face!

"Supper is ready," said Mrs. Thompson, looking into the room a little while afterwards.

Joe glanced from his wife's face to that of Maggie; she understood him and answered—

"She can wait until we are done; then I will bring her something to eat." There was an effort at indifference on the part of Mrs. Thompson; but her husband had seen her through the window, and understood that the coldness was assumed. Joe waited, after sitting down to the table, for his wife to introduce the subject uppermost in both of their thoughts, but she kept silent on

that theme for many minutes, and he maintained a like reserve. At last she said abruptly—

“What are you going to do with that child?”

“I thought you understood me that she was to go to the poor-house,” replied Joe, as if surprised at her question.

Mrs. Thompson looked rather strangely at her husband for some moments, and then dropped her eyes. The subject was not again referred to during the meal.—At its close, Mrs. Thompson toasted a slice of bread, and softened it with milk and butter; adding to this a cup of tea, she took them in to Maggie, and held the small waiter on which she placed them while the hungry child ate with every sign of pleasure.

“Is it good?” asked Mrs. Thompson, seeing with what a keen relish the food was taken.

The child paused with the cup in her hand, and answered with a look of gratitude that awoke to new life old human feelings which had been slumbering in Mrs. Thompson’s heart for years.

“We’ll keep her a day or two longer; she is so weak and helpless,” said Mrs. Joe Thompson, in answer to her husband’s remark, at breakfast time on the next morning, that he must step down and see the Guardians of the Poor about Maggie.

“She’ll be so much in your way,” said Joe.

Joe did not see the Guardians of the Poor on that day, on the next day, nor on the day following! In fact, he never saw them at all on Maggie’s account, for in less than a week, Mrs. Joe Thompson would as soon have thought of taking up her abode herself in the poor-house, as sending Maggie there!

What light and blessing did that sick child bring to the home of Joe Thompson, the poor wheelwright! It had been dark, and cold, and miserable there for a long time, just because his wife had nothing to love and care for out of herself, and so became sour, irritable, ill-tempered, and self-afflicting in the desolation of her woman’s nature. Now the sweetness of that sick child looking ever to her in love, patience, and gratitude, was as honey to her soul, and she carried her in her heart as well as in her arms, a precious burden.—As for Joe Thompson, there was not a man

in all the neighbourhood who drank daily of a more precious wine of life than he. An angel had come into his house disguised as a sick, helpless, and miserable child, and filled all its dreary chambers with the sunshine of love.

---

### THE LEPER.

MARK I. 40-45.

He came, the hideous thing drew near,  
With crawling step and slow,  
To hide infection’s breath, his form  
Was in the dust laid low.  
Did others flee in wild affright?  
Calmly the Saviour stood;  
With pity viewed the loathsome wretch,  
Blest Jesus, kind and good.

“Lord, if thou wilt,” the leper cried,  
“Thou, thou, canst make me clean;”  
And Jesus laid his loving hand  
Upon that form obscene.  
“I will,” he said, with loving voice,  
“Now be thou clean and well;”  
The leper rose all pure from spot,  
Such wonders who can tell?

His skin was like an infant’s fair,  
Upon his cheek the bloom,  
Upright as in his youth, he seemed  
As risen from the tomb.  
Oh! ye who vile in sin have been,  
Fear not to seek the Lord,  
He’ll touch you with his bruised hand,  
And cleanse you with a word.

Then like the leper praise his name,  
And tell to all abroad,  
The vileness of thy sin and shame,  
The wondrous love of God.

M. J.

---

### LOOK TO JESUS.

Drooping mourner, look to Jesus,  
Cast thy sorrows at his feet,  
He will far from thee remove them,  
Change the bitter into sweet.  
Fill thy soul with consolation,  
Such as nought on earth can give;  
Fear not, only look to Jesus,  
Look to Jesus Christ and live.

Dost thou mourn the sins that pierced  
Him,  
• Fear not ’twas for thee he died;  
List! e’en now his voice doth call thee,  
Look upon his hands and side.  
’Twas for thee my blood flow’d freely.  
Thus thy sins are wash’d away,  
Fear not, I will never leave thee,  
Fear not, I will be thy stay.

M. J.

## CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD.

'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.'—Psalm lv. 22.

A burden is something that lies heavy upon us, something that weighs us down.

Sin is a heavy burden. Paul felt it to be so; for he says, 'We groan, being burdened.'

Care is a burden,—the care of our soul.

Do we feel this heavy upon us,—the thought that there is within us something that will never die! What are we to do with our burden?

*Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*

Or, as Samuel Rutherford says,—'Pin your burden upon the nail fastened in David's House.' Isaiah xxii. 23. 'Let Christ know how heavy and how many a stone weight you and your cares, burdens, crosses, and sins are; let Him bear all.'—Let Jesus bear your whole weight. He loves to be the only support of the soul. He wants to be entirely trusted. Do you feel empty, weak, and helpless? O then just lean upon Jesus. Roll thy burden upon Christ; come and tell Him all thy fears, all thy doubts. When thou art in distress, come and tell Him so.

The Lord knows the sinner is not able to bear his burden, and therefore He wishes to bear it for him. He says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

He sees men labouring and toiling under the burden, and is grieved to see it so, and says, Come unto Me; cast it upon Me; let Me be the sin-bearer; let Me carry thy burden. Why do you toil so long with it? Why do you suffer so much? Why do you keep it so long, when I am willing to take it, willing to bear it? Cast it upon Me.

As the old man said to the Levite, 'Let all thy wants be upon me,' so Jesus says to the sinner, 'Let all thy wants be upon Me.'

Can you say, like Paul, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'

Come and say, 'Lord, keep my soul, for I am not able to keep it myself. I

cast it upon Thee.' 'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.'

One of the most touching things in the life of Christ, is the way in which the wretched looked at Him. Whenever He went into a house to sit down and rest, all the publicans and sinners came round about Him, as though he was their friend. They felt somebody cared for them.

'A Sabbath-school teacher was in great distress about her soul. She prayed very earnestly, and part of it was, "O Jesus, I am told that Thou art the burden-bearer. Here is my burden; here I lay it; I will not lift it; I will have nothing more to do with it; do with it what Thou wilt."—From that hour she was happy. A girl who heard of this, determined to imitate it. "I used the same words," said she, afterwards, "but the burden would not go off. I had to lie where I was, with the burden still upon me. I remembered I had kept in my secret heart an idol. At last I tore it out, and said, Lord, there is my idol, and then He took my burden away.'"

What are we to do with our burdens and sorrows if we cannot cast them upon the Lord? They are too heavy for us to carry; our shoulders won't bear them; they will crush us. But in prayer we roll them off upon the strong Helper, and He takes both us and our burden in His everlasting arms.

We do not need to bear our own burdens, any more than we need to bear our sins. God has provided for the bearing of both. He takes them upon Himself. He is both the burden-bearer and the sin-bearer. O why should we bear them? it is not wise, it is foolish, it is useless; but more than this, it is sinful. Let us cast our burden on the Lord.

'A certain man carrying a burden on his back, was met by a rich man as he drove along, and invited to get up behind the carriage, which offer was thankfully accepted. After a while the rich man turned round, and saw the burden still strapped to the traveller's back. He asked him why he did not lay down his pack on the seat beside him? But he answered, he could not think of doing that; it was quite enough that he himself should be allowed to sit behind the carriage, without putting his burden on the seat also.'

This is what many do. They keep

their burden strapt tightly to them; they expect, at the best, but some relief; They think it too much to expect God to bear it all.

It is a blessed privilege to go and tell Jesus of our sorrows and need; but more blessed still to cast each burden upon Him, whether it be of sin or care.

*He shall sustain thee.*—The Lord does not say He will take away the burden entirely, but 'He shall sustain thee;' that is, He shall bear, support, maintain, help thee. He shall support you under all your difficulties and trials; He shall maintain thee by His grace; He will say to you, as He said to Paul, 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' He will help thee to overcome all thy temptations. Either He will remove the load, or He will increase the strength to bear it.

As we rise from our knees, having told our wants and sorrows to Jesus, let us hear His voice saying, 'Go thy way; be it unto thee even as thou wilt;' and let our faith be strong in believing the promises of His word.

If we would do this, we would go on our way rejoicing in hope, resting upon Christ's own gracious assurance, 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.'

*He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.*—Ah! God's children are sometimes tossed up and down, sorely tried by temptation, but they will never be moved off the sure foundation, Christ Jesus. 'He will keep the feet of His saints.' A. P. C.

### THE MERCHANDISE OF TIME.

Permit me to set before you a few directions for complying with the Apostle's admonition to purchase time for the advantage of eternity.

1. For this end, it is of the highest importance, in the first place, that *we have some plan, or system, in regard to the distribution of our time.* Every man of ordinary intelligence feels the importance of previous arrangement and order in the management of his temporal affairs. How then, without guilt, can you be content to have no system in this important work?—A due regard to order will enable you to devote every hour to its proper employ-

ment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will thus be shut out at every avenue, and with her that numerous body of crimes and evils which compose her train. Be it your care, then, to observe some well-defined method in the distribution of your time; and, in particular, set apart regular and stated seasons for the exalted duties of devotion. Let every morning and evening be sanctified by worshipping your heavenly Father in the secrecy of the closet, and around the family altar; and let each returning Sabbath be to you a day of holy rest—a foretaste of that Sabbath 'which remaineth to the people of God.'

2. If we would make merchandise of time, it is necessary that *we take heed and beware of those things which would rob us of any portion of it.* The first and most obvious of these is idleness. Much of our time is absolutely lost in inaction and sloth. When, however, a conviction of the infinite importance and value of time has been borne in upon the mind, it will necessarily influence all the springs of action, and make us discharge, with alacrity and diligence, all the duties of active life. The conduct of the spiritual merchant is, in this point of light, aptly represented by that of the votary of earthly commerce. In his eager flight from poverty, the latter 'rises up early, and eats the bread of sorrow.' He studies and toils, and suffers patiently, in order to retrieve the losses he may have sustained, and repair the reverses he may have encountered. Even such is the conduct of the man who would purchase time and opportunity for religion.—Heedless of rest, and pleasure, and safety, the whole energies of his renewed nature are incessantly put forth in active exertions for the promotion of the honour of God and the happiness of man. He 'works the works of God;' he 'works out his own salvation with fear and trembling;' he 'forgets the things which are behind, and reaches forth unto those things which are before, and presses forward toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God which is in Christ Jesus.'

Another mode in which time is lost to us, is by unduly devoting it to the cares and business of this life. In the prosecution of secular business, how frequently is the heart so full of earthly cares, that, like

the inn at Bethlehem, there is no room in it for Jesus; and, even at those very periods when we are most specially called upon to give ourselves wholly to thoughts of God and heaven, do we not sometimes find the vanities of the world intruding themselves upon us?—thus clogging the wings of the soul in its upward flight, and ‘choking the good seed of the word, and making it unfruitful.’ Hence our Saviour solemnly cautioned His disciples against this secularizing influence of the world, saying, ‘Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?’ Not that the Gospel either requires or encourages indolence or sloth in the management of our worldly affairs. On the contrary, it commands us to be ‘diligent in business;’ to ‘attend to the state of our flocks and herds;’ to ‘provide,’ for ourselves and others, ‘things honest in the sight of all men;’ and it expressly declares that, ‘if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.’—But, while the Gospel permits, nay, positively commands, you to be diligent and industrious in all that concerns your worldly interests, it at the same time as positively prohibits such an attachment to earthly things as would so occupy and engross the mind as to lead you to forget the ‘things above,’ and consider your present enjoyment as the chief and supreme good. While you are to prosecute with diligence your worldly calling, you must yet, with singleness of heart, be serving God: you are to be ‘not slothful in business,’ but, at the same time, ‘fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.’—*The Rev. P. Grant, Dundee.*

#### HOW TO BEGIN LIFE.

A young man had reached the age of twenty, and had partly paid for his first piece of land on the Vermont hills. Early one spring morning he shouldered his axe, and went forth to his first hard day's work at clearing it. On ascending a rise in the land, and looking abroad over the far-reaching and beautiful landscape, the green below, the winding Connecticut, and the blue above, a deep sense of accountability to God penetrated his soul. He was alone. He glanced back over his forlorn and hard-working life,

and beheld restraining mercy. He surveyed his present. Among his few small gains he saw health; strength, hope, and an almighty Saviour, the giver of all.

“I am beginning life,” he thought.—“The future is all dark. I must begin it with God.”

Leaning his axe against a birch, and kneeling down on the dewy ground, he prayed for the forgiveness of his sins, and for grace to keep him in days to come; he prayed for guidance in the choice of a fitting help-meet for the trials and duties of life: he prayed to be kept from the clutches of a sheriff's hand; and for a disposition ever ready to bring the first-fruits of his field, and the firstlings of his flocks and his herds as an offering to the Lord, according as the Lord should prosper him. He dedicated his soul and body and his little spot of land to the Lord, to be His in a covenant well-ordered and sure.

It was a solemn hour, that silent, early morning hour, to the young man wrestling with his first great consciousness of want, and reaching out after something mightier than flesh and blood to lean on.

Half a century went by, and an aged man stood upon that self-same spot, the centre of one of the finest farms in Vermont, and recalled the memories of the past. “There failed not,” he said feelingly, “aught of any good thing which the Lord had promised.—Every thing came to pass that I then prayed for.”

And to know him is to know one who has been a builder and upholder of every good thing in the town where he lives. He is the minister's friend and the poor man's adviser. The church leans on his wise counsel; and every Christian charity receives his warm support. Sons and daughters were born to him, who have grown up and gone out bearing their father's imprint. And now that the old man has done with the rough work of the farm, he finds more time for the no less arduous labors of Christian love. As president of a local Bible Society, quite likely you might meet him in the byways of that snowy and rigorous region, with his sleigh full of Bibles and Testaments, supplying destitute homes with the word of God, and feeding hungry souls with the bread of life. c.

‘The devout Brooks remarks:—“I have read of one, who, when anything fell out prosperously, would read over the Lamentation of Jeremiah, to keep his heart tender, humbled, and low. Prosperity does not contribute more to the puffing up of the soul, than adversity does to the blowing down of the soul.—’Tis the saints by experience find, and therefore they can kiss and embrace the cross, as others do the world's crown.”

# THE GOOD NEWS.

APRIL 15th, 1863.

## THE INCREASE OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

The evidence of missionary progress, that may be discovered by any one that takes a cursory survey of the great missionary field, is abundant to satisfy any reasonable mind that the kingdom of King Jesus is increasing. John the Baptist, at a time when Jesus was a comparatively obscure individual, despised, jeered, ill-treated and rejected of man, when his followers were mentioned by tens and his hearers only by hundreds, said of him "he must increase." He *has* increased. We stand in the present and look back on the past. We compare the state of the church to day, to what it was 1800 years ago, and we mark what a change in the number of his disciples and the glory of his name. But not greater is the difference between the present and the past, than between the present and the future. The kingdom, which began like a mustard seed in magnitude, has already grown till it has become a comparatively great tree destined to become still greater. Like a stone cast on the surface of a placid lake which causes a ruffle gradually to extend and extend till it laves the surface of every shore, the kingdom is gradually and gradually extending, till in its progress it will envelope every kingdom in its embrace.

Those, who are acquainted with the history of the missionary cause, are well aware that not much more than fifty years ago when it occurred to a few devoted servants of the Lord to enter on the missionary cause, their efforts were derided, not only by the world, but by the moderate men in the church. When the noble Carey went to India, the talented and witty Rev. Sidney Smith, renowned in literature, sneered at and ridiculed him, as a cobbler

gone to convert the people in India.— Mere human sense, however great, could not discern the hidden force that would accompany the attempt. The attempt, however, did succeed, and Carey's name will be held in perpetual remembrance, while the memory of his detractors will pass away into forgetfulness. The treatment which Carey's laudable efforts received at the hands of these worldly men, must be something akin to, though not so intense, as the treatment which our Lord received in the days of humiliation. When he declared that he came into the world to establish a kingdom, appearing only as a carpenter, many thought him possessed of the devil, and those who ought to have known him and believed in him sneered at his public efforts and refused to be identified with him. But, though left alone to bear the contumely which was abundantly put upon him, his kingdom, has continued to expand, till already to be a Christian is a thing that is honorable among men, and individuals of every class and different views aspire to claim it.

His *kingdom* increases. It did not look like it at the outset. Had Jesus come with ten thousand legions of angels it might have succeeded. Had he come in great intellectual power and wisdom, to common sense it might have appeared with the prospect of success. But for him to come without these, and his disciples to preach only "Christ and him crucified" was to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness. Yet this was the power and wisdom of God. It is said that when the celebrated Dr. Duff, the prince of missionaries was selected to go forth to establish a mission in Calcutta, being at that time a young man of considerable talent, learning and promise, he provided himself with all the books, scientific instruments, and appliances that would assist him to confute the errors of the Brahmins with whom he

might come in contact. He sailed for India under great promise, and was wafted along with the breath of a thousand prayers. The greater part of the voyage was pleasant and prosperous. The winds were favorable, and he had the prospect of a speedy and pleasant arrival on the shores of India. His hopes however were destined to be disappointed. A great storm arose, the ship was driven ashore, and the young missionary was swept on land with only his life and his Bible. This occurrence made a strong impression on his mind. He felt it as a message from God. As if its voice was, "trust not to learning, trust not to the demonstrations of science for the advancement of my cause, but take simply the Bible,—the Bible alone— and wield it as the sword of the spirit.— With it the Lord's work prospered in his hand, and wherever the truths of the Bible are presented in simplicity, the kingdom of Christ goes on increasing.

### PICTURES FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE CHILDREN AND THE BEARS, 2 KINGS,  
II 22, 26.

Elisha, who had just seen his master whirled away to heaven in a chariot of fire, tells the story, but no one believes him, even the sons of the prophets go to seek him amongst the hills. Some one carries the strange tidings to the calf worshippers at Bethel, where it affords merriment to the idolatrous Poulac who thinks the bald headed mantle funder a fool. But he having healed the deadly waters of Jericho, starts for Bethel. The news of his coming is there before him, and its little children and youths may be heard laughing loud, as they leave the town, to meet the curious old prophet, to make sport of him.— They have not gone far when they see him coming, and soon they surround him with the cry, "Go up, thou bald head, go up." "Thou'lt better follow thy master, for no one will credit your story here." Elisha heeds them not, still they follow after him, with the cry, "Go up thou bald head." The prophet can suffer

them no longer. He turns round, and rebuking their unseemly conduct, curses them in the name of the Lord. The reckless, ill-bred children regard it not, but still pour forth their mockery, with tongues that are soon to be silenced for ever. For two hungry bears are whetting their teeth, behind the trees, brushing through the wood, are now growling at their back. They see them not until one in their rear shrieks out his last yell, from the arms of a bear, which has hugged him to death. Their tune is changed, and they flee in a panic, but who can flee from death, when God sends it. They make their way to Bethel, as fast as their feet can carry them, casting many an anxious look behind. But the enraged animals are still pursuing them, and tearing them to pieces with a fury unnatural. They came out for sport! and methinks they have had enough of it for one day. For forty and two of them are strewn dead and dying upon the highway. "Go up," had lately been the cry of those children to the prophet, but little did they think that they were so soon to go down. Elisha passes on to Carmel, and leaves the dead to bury their dead, and the children of Bethel now to learn not to mock at old age.— God's bears could not stand by and see God's image insulted. And if it was wrong then to show disrespect to God's aged servant, it is wrong to do so still. Old age with all its failing ever demands respect and reverence from inexperienced youth. It ill becomes the bark, that is loosed from its moorings, to laugh at that vessel as it enters the harbour a wreck, after braving many a storm upon the high seas. Even heathen nations know this. In China abusive language, by a child to its parent, is a capital offence. And in ancient Rome the youth had to rise in an assembly, to do honor to an old man, when he enters. And what saith the Scripture? "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man." "The beauty of old men is the grey head." The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Man is the workmanship and the image of the Almighty, and he fails not to visit with his hot displeasure those children who despise it, especially if he be a servant of God.

X. Y. Z.



## ANECDOTE OF A TENT PREACHER.

In the "Night Lamp," a deeply interesting little volume, of which a new edition has just been issued, we find the following touching anecdote. It was related by the author of the work, the Rev. Dr. John McFarlane of London, to his dying sister Agnes, whose remarkable death bed experiences, so beautifully and affectionately described by the Dr. constitute the main subject of the volume.

"Not many years ago, on a particular occasion, the Lord's Supper was dispensed in the church of Bridge of Teith near Stirling, when the venerable father of the late Dr. Fletcher of London was its pastor. To accommodate the multitudes who flocked thither at such times, a field tent had been erected in the park behind the church, which was successively occupied during the Sabbath by the different ministers, who were present at the communion.

"It was a beautiful summer afternoon.—The sun was unclouded, and the heat was intense. The Teith rolled past in all its Highland grandeur, dashing against the old arches of the romantic bridge which gives its name to the locality, and which formed along with the stately trees on its banks, shelter from the sun's rays to many of the congregation assembled there to hear the gospel.

"There was an unusual stir at one period of the day, and the people were seen rushing to the tent. A favourite preacher had ascended. He read out his text—"After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, *I thirst.*" From this, among many other allusions to the sufferings of the Son of Mary, the preacher took occasion to speak of the exquisite pain occasioned by thirst, and then gave a touching description of our blessed Saviour's sufferings from it on the cross.

"Not a sound was heard, save the gurgling of the Teith, and occasionally the notes of the birds on surrounding branches. The audience was profoundly still, and every eye was fixed on the tent, when in the midst of this melting passage, the commanding figure of the minister was seen to turn round, and with these words he addressed the flowing stream; 'Where were then thy waters, O Teith, when the Lord of nature, who bade thee flow, could not obtain so much as one drop to cool his parched tongue? Wonder O ye heavens, and be amazed, O earth—thy Creator exclaims, *I thirst!*'

"Agnes," the Dr. adds, "was much affected by the simple story, and became more so when she was told that the preacher on the occasion was her own father."

## A WORK TO DO.

In this world Christ had a work to do, which was to be done while he lived on earth, or never. This is also true of every Christian. This fact alone makes life honorable. There are few of whom this fact is evident, to all, and these men are always respected, and are sometimes envied. Jesus had a work to do, and he did it. Hanging on the painful cross, the agony of the body was not intensified by that bitterer agony of the soul, arising from the thought, My work is not yet done. He had never heard a blind man cry for light and neglected the prayer; he had never seen a poor palsied wretch imploring strength and forgotten to heal him; he had never put off till to-morrow the work of to-day, and saw it lost forever. There was not one thought which he wished to give now that he had not published. His work was completed. Though short his life was full orb'd, rounded out to the complete circle, emblem of eternity, and to swell till it should adorn all worlds, and compel the admiration of all intelligences in the universe of God.—Now Jesus did his work when he was a carpenter as completely as when he was a teacher. His life was just as perfect when he smoothed the board and drove the nail, as when he calmed the stormy wind or raised the dead.—*Zion's Herald.*

## HOW TO GET THE BLESSING.

For many years not a soul had been added to the Church in A—. Minister after minister came, laboured a while, and growing discouraged, left the barren field to, as they hoped, some more successful husbandman. Among the members were two young ladies, between whom great intimacy existed. Often had they sorrowed over the lifeless state of the Church. At last they concluded to go secretly each morning to God's own house, and there beseech of him the blessing he had so long denied. Through all that spring and summer, day-dawn found these two young girls earnestly praying before the Lord, not discouraged that as yet there came no answer to their prayers. Now, mark the result. Much to the surprise of the pastor, one after another of the young of his congregation came inquiring the way to be saved; and the love of Christ was rekindled in many hearts where it had once burned brightly, but the world creeping in had nearly extinguished it. That winter

the number of the Church was doubled; and though years have since passed, it has never relapsed into its former state of coldness. Only a few knew of the "fervent, effectual" prayers of these two girls, one of whom was early called to heaven, the other has but just gone there. Prayer will give the Church what it needs. Cry mightily, ye sons and daughters of the living God!—*Spurgeon.*

### SEEK TO SAVE SOULS.

To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, minister to the sick, and do temporal good to all men as opportunities may arise, is every Christian's duty and privilege; but his great ambition must be to *save souls*. To aim higher than this is impossible; to aim lower, as *spiritual workers*, is to forget our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. This, be it understood, is *not* the exclusive work of pastors and ministers. It is to be regarded as the special duty, desire, and aim of all who are "saved and called with a holy calling."—Let us not forget that we are called to be partakers with Christ," both because *we need him*, and he needs *us*. He reveals himself to us, that we may be "living epistles," to make *him* known to *others*. The religion of Jesus forbids the religious to be selfish. It prompts the saved to do with God's salvation as some Africans do with the nest of wild honey when they have found it: instead of appropriating it to themselves, they arouse the people of the neighbouring village, that all may come and take their share. Christian workers, going forth to the moral harvest field, remember this is your primary work—the *conversion of souls*. If you aim at something different from this or apart from this, you will spend your strength for nought. God is glorified when sinners are converted, and you are to labour to *convert* souls. But some may be ready to reply, "Nay, that is God's work rather than ours." Is it? Let us look a little more closely at this matter. The objection must be regarded as valid or otherwise, according to the point from which it is viewed. It is possible scripturally to defend both these propositions—namely, "Conversion is the work of God," and "Conversion is the work of man." Everything depends on the light in which you view the subject, and the precise meaning you attach to terms. Of course, conversion is not the work of man in the same sense in which it is the work of God. You may go over yonder fields, and thus talk with the farmer as you go:—"What are you doing here?" "I am growing turnips."

"You growing turnips! Why, man, that is God's work." Yes, you would be right in affirming this; for man is dependent on God for everything. But the farmer believed this as surely as you believe it; yet that farmer knew that, had he chosen, he could have prevented any turnips coming up there, or, by heedlessness, he might have rendered the crop a very poor one. And so all he meant when he said, "I grow the turnips," was that he employed certain means appointed by Divine Providence, which, as a general rule, are never known to fail.

Now, as it is in the natural world, so is it in the spiritual. When Paul plants, and Apollon waters, God gives the increase. Converted men are appointed to be the converters of others. Thus the apostle James says, "He who converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death."—And in the Book of Proverbs it is written, "He that winneth souls is wise." The farmer does his work, feeling certain the heavens will not fail him; and the *Christian husbandman* is to go forth and sow beside all waters, assured that, "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater," so shall God's word be. The work is represented as *man's*, because he is the agent that brings saving truth before the mind; and the work is declared to be *God's*, because all the saving energy connected with the means employed is imparted by him, and by him alone. But the "planting and watering" being done, the "increase," in some form or other, may be confidently expected; for "God is not unrighteous to forget your work of faith and labour of love."—*Workers and their Work.*

### AN EFFECTIVE SERMON.

A minister, preaching for a Missionary Society, remarked in the course of the sermon, that "if the ladies who came out of Egypt could give their golden trinkets to Aaron, to make a calf for the purpose of idolatry, surely Christian ladies would not deem it a great sacrifice to give up some of their trinkets, for the noble and benevolent cause of diffusing among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ."—The next morning a box was sent by an unknown lady, containing an amber necklace, a pair of gold ear-rings, and a diamond ring, as a present to the Missionary Society.

## WAITING SERVANTS.

Many of God's dear children pass  
Through long affliction here;  
Victims of lingering disease,  
They live from year to year.  
Such may be tempted to exclaim—  
"Why are we left on earth?  
Why does the Lord prolong our lives,  
That seem so little worth?"

Afflicted ones, God knoweth best;  
Then trust his wisdom great,  
And bear in mind—"They also serve  
Who only stand and wait."  
One has to *do* the Master's will,  
Another has to *bear*;  
Both are the servants of the Lord,  
And both his favour share.

Patience must have her perfect work,  
And graces must be tried;  
Ye may be in the furnace long,  
But Jesus sits beside:  
He, the Refiner, knoweth well  
How great the heat should be;  
When his wise ends are all fulfilled  
He sets his people free.

If from the busy scenes of life  
Some child of God should turn  
To visit such afflicted saints,  
Sweet lessons he may learn.  
For oftentimes he will behold  
Their heaven-born graces shine  
So brightly, that his heart must bow  
In praise of power divine.

And he will hear these Christians talk  
Of visits from their Lord,  
When he has cheered their waiting souls  
With some consoling word.  
The everlasting arms, they say,  
Are underneath them placed,  
And, by Christ's love, affliction's cup  
Is sweetened to their taste.

O sufferers! yet a little while,  
And ye shall reach your home,  
Where sin and sorrow enter not—  
Where sickness cannot come.  
A little while, and ye shall be  
Enclasped in Christ's embrace,  
And gaze, without a veil between,  
Upon his glorious face.

THEODORA.

## DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.

This was found in an ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome:

"There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the living God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every sort

of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped; his aspect amiable and reverend. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curls below the ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head-dress of the sect of the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth, and his cheeks without a spot, save that of a lovely red. His nose and mouth are formed with an exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parted in the middle like a fork. His eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with persuasive language; his whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has ever seen him laugh; but the whole world has frequently beheld him weep; and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withhold theirs from joining with him. He is very modest, temperate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may be in the end, he seems to present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfection, every way surpassing the children of men."

## LIFE IN JESUS.

There is *only One* invested with the human nature to be found, in earth or in heaven, who, as man, has a right in Himself to be found alive, and that one is "*the Man Christ Jesus, who is our life.*"

Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, came unto our world to save sinners, and, in order to do so, He took our nature that He might be in a capacity to obey and suffer for us; and we read that "*Christ hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.*" The law said, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them:" and "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." He took our nature, bore the penalty due to our sins, and, having finished the work of atonement for sin, the God of peace raised Him from the dead and set Him at His own right hand; and now, believing in Him who is the living One at God's right hand, we

are made "accepted in the Beloved, in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins;" and we are "quickened together with Christ, and raised up and made to sit together with Him in heavenly places."

Faith in Jesus Christ takes us out of ourselves into Him, who having died because of our offences, has been raised again on account of our justification.

"He that believeth on Him is not condemned," because "in Christ Jesus there is now no condemnation;" therefore we live in the eye of justice. By faith we take Christ, and all He is, and has done instead of us; and we find, in our souls' experience, that as Jesus was quickened from lying in the grave, because of our sins, (which He did even after He had rendered adequate satisfaction to justice for them,) so we "are risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised Him from the dead;" and being brought into the experience of a new life, the explanation of it is this: "You, being dead in your sins, hath He quickened together with Him, having forgiven you all trespasses."

And the change is also a real one; for "we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus." The salvation of God is entirely of grace, not of ourselves, and not of works; for life in law, and life in the soul flow from union with the risen Christ, who is "the life." What, then, is the use of trying to obtain salvation by improving an utterly dead soul, and totally depraved nature? God undertakes our case because it is utterly hopeless.

God says, "without shedding of blood is no remission"—without "the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel," there can be no safety. Christ has died: "God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. But although Jesus is preached as a propitiation for sins to the whole world, and every creature is invited to believe in Him, He becomes our personal propitiation only "through faith in His blood;" for by grace are ye saved, through faith." Have you faith in "the precious blood of Christ?" Have you embraced the offer of the gospel, that the once poured-out life of Jesus answers all the ends of justice for you, and that you

may have Him as your substitute? No Calvary, no redemption! No Divine quickening, no faith; and if no faith, no salvation! It is God who provides the sacrifice for sins—God who quickens the dead soul—God who saves! E. B. H.

### JUTLANDER AND HIS COFFIN.

The apathy and shrinking shyness of the Southerners in regard to coffins and the ceremonials of the grave, is singularly contrasted by the fondness manifested by the hardy Jutlanders for everything connected with the subject. It would almost appear that in Denmark the coffin is the nucleus and centre of the end of agreeable ideas—pensive trains of thought, perhaps, but not undelightful in their melancholy to the Northern mind. Follow the Danish artisan as he leaves the workshop where he has been toiling all day, and whither does he go? Not, like the Frenchman or Italian, to join in the mazy dance to the sound of mirthful music; not, like the bluff Englishman, or stolid German, to the public house to smoke his pipe and quaff his evening beer; nothing of the kind, he wends his way quietly home; there he lights his candle, pulls off his coat once more, and works industriously and carefully for a couple of hours ere he lies down to sleep—at what do you think? Simply at making his coffin. This is the labor of love which weans him from his slumbers, and stands to him in the place of pleasure and self-indulgence. Not till that indispensable task is finished will he dream of forming any attachment, or preparing for the marriage state. After the coffin is finished, and installed as a handsome article of furniture in his cabin; he will be assailable, perhaps by the charms of Elsa or Ruda, and marry and have a family; but he will keep his affection for the coffin nevertheless; and the odds are that he will go on carving and inlaying and beautifying it up to the date of his last illness and death. This mortuary relish is by no means confined to the industrial class, or to any class, in Denmark, but seems to be innate in all ranks. There is a universal appetite for burial splendor and monumental reputation in some shape or other.—Those who can afford it best are seen to go the most extraordinary lengths. Thus,

wealthy ladies have been known to spend as much as £2,000 in the purchase of coffins of solid silver, which they exhibit as so much valuable plate during their lives, and repose in after death. Judges and magistrates will purchase mural positions in churches while, yet hale and hearty, and prepare elaborate designs with the utmost gusto, which can only be executed when they are dead. Others will sit to artists and sculptors for pictures and busts to be reared over their tombs; and others, again, will leave enormous sums of money to be paid for the composition of oratorical eulogiums to be pronounced over their grave.—*Leisure Hour.*

### RUDOLPH STIER.

This eminent divine died suddenly of paralysis of the brain, at Eisleben, on the morning of the 17th December, 1862. The previous day he pursued his usual avocations, and retired to his room between nine and ten. An hour after he was found prostrate on the floor, and neither consciousness nor language having returned, he went to his eternal rest at one o'clock in the morning. His death is a great loss to the Evangelical Church and to Theological Science. There is no doubt that Stier was one of the first expositors of Scripture, and that he exerted a most beneficial and important influence on exegetical study and theological thought. His great work on the 'Words of the Lord Jesus,' is known and valued throughout evangelical Christendom, and men of the most various schools are one in their admiration of the comprehensive erudition, the manly vigour of thought, the child-like faith, and the spiritual insight and experience which characterise this commentary. Stier was preeminently a Biblical theologian; the Bible was the element in which he lived, and in all his expositions we feel that we are listening to one who has obtained a wonderfully clear and deep insight into the mighty and harmonious organism of the Word of God. A diligent and conscientious critic, he entered with a candid mind into the difficulties and objections of the negative school in its various shades; but never left out of view the spiritual and practical element in which alone can be found the key to open the treasury of the Word. It was his deep Christian experience, and his reverence for the teaching of the Spirit in the living Church of God, which enabled him to penetrate so deeply into the full and ever-new meaning of the divine Word. Free from all sectarianism and narrowness, as well as scholastic pedantry and

esoteric exclusiveness, he had a peculiar gift of recognising the Christian element, where sadly obscured and mixed; and his quotations from the mystics, Church Fathers, and the practical devotional literature of all countries and Church denominations are the best testimony to the catholicity of his mind, and the largeness of his heart and sympathies.

His commentary on the words of the Incarnate Word is his *magnum opus*, but his other exegetical works on the Acts, the Epistle to the Ephesians, the last twenty-four chapters of Isaiah, &c., are scarcely of less value. His appreciation of the organic connection between the Old and New Testament forms one of his characteristic peculiarities; and we sincerely hope, that some of the works on Old Testament books, of which he speaks in the prefaces to his later writings, will yet be given to the world. Great as Stier was as an essayist, he was also great in practical theology.—His popular expository lectures on the Epistles of James and to the Hebrews, as well as his sermons on the gospels and epistles, abundantly show how eminent he was in unfolding to the Christian congregations the rich treasures of instruction and consolation of the Divine word. His deep devotional feeling, manifesting itself throughout all his writings, found a more direct expression in his poems and hymns, some of which have won a permanent place in the services and hearts of German people.

He was little more than sixty years old when he died. Of his life, we only know, that in his youth he had to pass through the struggles of scepticism, which in those days of rationalism were spared to few enquiring minds; but in a work published in 1824 at Königsberg, we have a testimony of faith and rejoicing love, in which we can trace the leading ideas of his future worth. In 1821 he lived at Wittenberg, in the Throl seminary, of which the venerable Heubner was president. Among his colleagues and friends were Herbert and Rothe. From Wittenberg he was called to Basle, as teacher to the Mission house, where he laboured with much blessing. It was here that he met with an accident, from the consequences of which he suffered all his life. After a short stay at Frankleben near Halle, when hisare, and the propinquity of the University had the most favourable influence on his theological development, he was called to Wichlinghausen near Barmen. Various reasons induced him soon afterwards to resign his charge. He was subsequently superintendent in Skenditz (between Halle and Leipzig) and latterly in Eisleben.

He was twice married (his first wife was a sister of Prof. Nitsch), and has left several children to mourn his loss. After a most

laborious and eminently useful life, this faithful servant has been called to his home; but his memory will live in the grateful hearts of thousands, and the influence of his profound and spiritual expositions be felt and enjoyed by many Christian congregations on both sides of the Atlantic. He has been a teacher to many, and, 'being dead, yet speaketh.'—From the *Work of the Christian Church*.

### THIRTY SECONDS TOO LATE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

The Rev. Mr. Bell was always punctual.—Whoever might be late at the meeting, at the funeral, or any where else, they all knew that Mr. Bell would not. If called to attend a wedding, his foot was on the door step and his hand on the bell-handle when the clock was striking the hour. It was, at first, quite annoying to his flock to go, according to their old habits to a funeral, and meet it on the way to the grave, or to go to a wedding and find it all over, before they thought of getting there. So old Mr. Slow waited on the minister to ask him why he "was always in such a hurry, and so afraid of being too late!"

'Well, my good friend, I will tell you, and if after hearing me, you do not think I am about right in this thing, I will try to alter.'

'That's surely fair'—slowly said Mr. Slow, as if afraid to commit himself.

'When I was a young man, and had been preaching only a few months, I was invited to go to a distant mountain-town and preach to a destitute people. I went for some weeks, and then returned home for a few days promising to go back, without fail, the next Sabbath. Well, I had a pleasant week among my kind relatives, and was so much engaged that I hardly thought of my solemn duties, till Saturday returned, and then my sister and a beautiful friend of hers, persuaded me to go out a little while in the little white boat, Cinderella, on our beautiful lake. The day was fine, and Cinderella spun and darted under my oars like a thing of life. When we got ashore, I found it two o'clock, and I knew the cars started in fifteen minutes. I left the ladies and ran home and caught up my carpet bag, and ran for the depot. I saw that the cars had arrived. I heard the bell ring. With all my strength I ran. I saw them start. I redoubled my efforts, and got within fifteen feet of the cars. Oh, for thirty seconds more! Thirty seconds too late! No more!

'The next day was fair, still, sweet Sabbath. My mountain people gathering, coming down from the glens and following the rills, filled the house of worship. But there was no minister; and the hungry sheep had no

shepherd to feed them! He was thirty seconds too late!

There was a poor old blind man who lived four miles from the church, and seldom could he get to the meeting. That day he ate breakfast early and his little grand-daughter led him all the way down the mountain to the church. How weary and sad and disappointed he was. There was no minister to speak to him. He was thirty seconds too late.

'There was a great gathering of children to the Sabbath school. And their little eyes glistened, for their minister had promised to preach them a 'little sermon' to-day! But he was not there. He was thirty seconds too late.

'There was a sick child up one of the glens of the mountain, and she had been inquiring all the week for her minister. She was so anxious to see him and have him pray with her. How she hailed the Sabbath, when he would be there! But no! he was not there.

'The poor old blind man never came to the church again. He was too feeble, and never heard another sermon or prayer. The minister was thirty seconds too late!

'The little girl was dead before I got back, and I could only shed tears over her cold corpse! I had been thirty seconds too late!

'On my bended knees, I asked God's forgiveness, and promised him, that if possible, I would never be thirty seconds too late again!

'And now, Mr. Slow, am I not about right in my punctuality?'

'Well, I guess it don't look quite so unreasonable as it might!—S. S. Times.

### A RICH EXPERIENCE.

The world in its eager search after pleasure, seeking but never finding, might well turn to behold the joy with which God can satisfy the souls of those who seek Him.

'I cannot find language to express how certain the everlasting love of God appeared; the everlasting hills were but shadows of it,' says Mrs. Edwards, the wife of Jonathan Edwards. "Melted and overcome by the sweetness of this assurance, I fell into a great flow of tears. The presence of God was so near and so real, that I seemed scarcely conscious of anything else. I seemed to be taken under the care and charge of my God and Saviour in an inexpressibly endearing manner. The peace and happiness which I hereafter felt were altogether inexpressible. The whole world, with all its enjoyments and troubles, seemed to be nothing; my God was my all and my only portion. No possible suffering appeared to be worth regarding; all persecutions and torments were a mere nothing.

"I seemed to perceive a flow of divine love come down from the heart of Christ in heaven into my heart in a constant stream, like a stream or pencil of sweet light. At the same time my heart and soul all flowed out in love to Christ, so that there seemed to be a constant flowing and reflowing of heavenly love from Christ's heart to mine. It was a pure delight which fed and satisfied my soul. In the house of God so conscious was I of the joyful presence of the Holy Ghost, that I could scarcely refrain from leaping with joy.—My soul was filled with light and love and joy in the Holy Ghost. And this exaltation at last subsided into a heavenly calm, and a rest of soul in God, which was even sweeter than what preceded it."

### THE MICROSCOPE.

We are all familiar with the use of the microscope. It tests alike the works of God and man. To the unaided eye the works of man may appear perfect, but apply to them the microscope, and many defects are immediately detected. What affords satisfaction to the naked eye, then produces disappointment. But of the works of God, take the most tiny insect that floats in the sunbeam.—You can scarcely discern it, and so far as you do discern it, it may appear unsightly; but apply the microscope, and you find it at once a perfect organization, and a beautiful object of contemplation. Again; go into your garden and pluck a flower. It is pleasant by its fragrance—and beautiful to look upon. But when you subject it to the power of the microscope, how that beauty grows on the eye! It develops perfections that you did not suppose it to possess; and you are ready to apply the words of the Royal Psalmist—"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure in them."

Now let me apply these observations.—Let me recommend you, and especially the young, to study the words as well as the works of God. If their perfections are to be developed, they need to be examined in the pure light of revelation, with the microscope of faith. The superficial reader passes his eye over a passage and finds little in it; but when the prayerful student, enlightened by the spirit of God, meditates on the Word, and examines it with the eye of faith, under the guidance of the Divine Teacher, how much does he discover there? Where there appeared to be little, he finds much. The words are simple, but the sentiments are weighty.—The words are few, but the thoughts are many. If the works of God are to be sought out by them that have pleasure in them, how much

more is the Word of God to be sought out, that, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, it may make us wise unto salvation, fill us with joy and hope, and fully furnish us unto all good works.—*Rev. Dr. Morgan.*

### RULES FOR SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Having settled these essential preliminaries—1st. Never to borrow where there is a chance, however remote, that you may not be able to repay; 2dly. Never to lend what you are not prepared to give; 3dly. Never to guarantee for another what you cannot fulfil if the other should fail;—you start in life with this great advantage—whatever you have, be it little or much, is your own. Rich or poor, you start as a freeman, resolved to preserve, in your freedom, the noblest condition of your being as man. Now, fix your eyes steadily on some definite end in the future. Consider well what you chiefly wish to be; then compute at the lowest that which you are by talent, and at the highest that which you can be by labour. Always under-estimate the resources of talent; always put as against you the chance of luck. Then set down on the other side, as against talent defective, against luck adverse, all that which can be placed to the credit of energy, patience, perseverance.—These last are indefinite. Whatever may be placed against them is finite; you are on the right side of any system of book-keeping by double entry, on which a mortal man may presume to calculate accounts with fate.—Sir E. B. Lytton, in *Blackwood*.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.—Milton thus defines it: "True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his word, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files, as he would wish, aptly into their own places."

RULES FOR HEARING SCANDAL.—1st—Hear as little as possible that is to the prejudice of others. 2nd—Believe nothing of the kind until you are absolutely forced to it. 3rd—Never drink in the spirit one who circulates an evil report.—4th—Always be moderate as far as the can. 5th—Always believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

## Sabbath-School Lessons.

April 26th.

## CANAAN REJECTED.—NUM. XIV. 2. 45.

## 1. THE MURMURING.

Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt. How dishonouring to God was this want of confidence! They doubted both his power and goodness, notwithstanding the signal manifestations of these attributes they had so often experienced. *Let us make a captain.* They knew that Moses would never consent to lead their return into Egypt. And how exceedingly foolish was the thought of returning! They could not expect that God would guide them, and without his gracious interposition, their preservation in the wilderness was a manifest impossibility. *Moses and Aaron fell on their faces.* Struck down with amazement at such unbelief; it is probable too that they fell down in humble prayer to God.

## 2. JOSHUA AND CALEB SEEK TO STILL THE TUMULT.

If the Lord delight in us. If the Lord had engaged himself to fight for them, they knew that their own strength or weakness would signify nothing; the victory would be sure to them. How beautiful their faith compared with the unbelief of the multitude! *The glory of the Lord appeared*—to protect his servants from the blind fury of the multitude.

## 3. THE LORD'S THREATENING.

*Disinherit them.* Canaan was but a temporal inheritance. It was emblematical of the heavenly inheritance which Christ has secured for his followers. How awful the thought of forfeiting, through unbelief, the latter inheritance. *A greater nation.* The patriotism of Moses is again tested by this promise, and again the love he had for his people, rebellious and unbelieving though they were, swallows up all thought of personal aggrandizement.

## 4. MOSES PERSUADES GOD AND OBTAINS THE PEOPLE'S PARDON.

*The Egyptians shall hear it.* The great zeal which God has for his own glory was the great argument used by Moses in his fervent prayer. Similar to this is the first petition in the Lord's prayer, "Hallowed be thy name." He pleads the greatness of God's mercy. The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man prevailed; he obtained a mitigation of the sentence—all the people were not to be cut off as one man.

## 5. GOD'S JUDGMENT.

*Garnasses fall in the wilderness.* As they

had wished, ver. 2, they would not enter Canaan—they shall not; nor get back to Egypt either. All above twenty years old, about 1,200,000, see chap. 1. 45, were to die. *Your little ones will I bring in.* Tender though they were, they should survive the strong—He will have a race to serve him. His faithfulness and power should stand. *Died by the plague.* God's displeasure was thus manifested upon those false spies. *Joshua and Caleb lived still.*—Israel was ready to stone these two men; but the Lord rewarded them.

## 6. THE WILFUL INVASION.

*Mourned greatly.*—Their grief was for the loss of Canaan, not for their sin. *Lo we will go up for we have sinned.* They had been ordered back to the wilderness, what therefore would before have been obedience, was now disobedience, thus sinners want spiritual discernment. *The Lord is not among you.*—What could Israel do alone?

Learn. 1. *That it is most unreasonable to murmur against God.* The Israelites had everything they could reasonably desire.—God had conferred honours upon them which he had bestowed upon no other people. He had delivered them from bondage, caused them to triumph over their enemies, had taken them under his special care and protection, and yet with the land of promise now in view, unbelief raised up imaginary evils causing them to rise up in open rebellion against the Rock of their salvation. How insulting to God was their looking back to Egypt, as if they esteemed as less than nothing all that God had done for them! Let us take heed that once having laid the hand to the plough—once having sought to become the followers of Christ, we fall not into a worse condition than the Israelites, by looking back.

2. *That God, though unseen is ever near his followers to protect them.* At the moment when the infatuated people were going to stone Joshua and Caleb, the faithful witnesses, the glory of God appeared for the protection of his servants. While we have the presence of God with us we need not fear the most powerful force against us.

3. *God's hatred of sin even in his own people.* The Lord did not cut them off at once, as he at first threatened, and as he might justly have done, but he led them to repentance, and to mark his abhorrence of sin, he excluded them from Canaan. For forty years they were to wander in the wilderness, all from twenty years old and upward were to die there, and their very bodies were denied a place of burial in the promised inheritance. Thus did he "visit their transgressions with the rod and their iniquities with stripes."

4. *That in our own strength we can do nothing in the Christian conflict.* Contrary



to the commandment of God, the Israelites went up to battle; but were totally routed. Let us seek to have the Lord on our side, and then we need not fear, whoever may be against us.

---

May 3rd.

---

### THE SYROPHENICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

MARK vii. 24, 30.

#### 1. THE WOMAN AND HER PETITION.

*The borders of Tyre and Sidon.* Having excited the indignation of the Pharisees, by exposing their hypocrisy, Jesus retired to these coasts for a season. This part of Palestine belonged to the tribe of Asher; but was still inhabited by the Canaanites, who had never been conquered. *A certain woman.* She was a Greek or Gentile. *Had an unclean spirit.* Demoniacal possession was peculiar to those times. Of all maladies this must have been the most dreadful.

#### 2. HER RECEPTION.

*The children.* The Jews who were God's chosen people. *Bread*—the blessings whether temporal or spiritual purchased for them by Christ. The Gentiles were not yet brought in. *Yes, Lord.* She confessed the truth of what our Saviour said. She disclaimed all right to the blessing on account of merit, and threw herself entirely on his grace. *The dogs eat the children's crumbs.* By the granting of her petition she would be enriched and the Jews would not be impoverished.

#### 3. THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

*For this saying.* How great must have been this woman's faith! How crushing to her hopes must she have felt the first apparent rebuff! "Is this the Jesus," she would have been apt to think "of whose grace and goodness I have heard so much." Still she believes—still she prays. Like Jacob, she will not let him go until he bless her. And for the faith which dictated her answer, she is dismissed in peace. Never yet was the prayer of faith rejected.

Learn 1. *We should believe what is revealed to us concerning Christ.* In comparison with our knowledge of Christ, the woman knew but little. But she believed what she had heard of him. She believed that he was the Son of David—the promised and long expected Messiah. Matth. xv. 22. She trusted to his grace, his condescension, and power.

2 *Christ's willingness to save.* This woman was a Canaanite, one of an execrated race, with whom the Jews would not associate, Gal. ii. 12; yet she was welcome to Jesus. Are you sensible that you are a sinner, and

are you willing to be healed? Then Jesus invites you with open arms.

3. *Prayer should be earnest.* The poor Syrophenician was fully alive to the importance of her daughter's cure. She realized the greatness of the blessing sought. So ought we to be in earnest in seeking our soul's salvation. We shall never offend God by our importunity, but we may by our coldness.

5 *Prayer should be persevering.* God often tries the faith of his people by withholding for a time his answers to their prayers.—But true faith will not be discouraged. They who with patience continue to supplicate and wait for the blessing, will certainly receive it at last.

5 *A Mother's love.* Oh who can tell the love of a mother's heart! Her daughter's welfare was dear to her as her own. Your mother has nursed you in helpless infancy, attended you in sickness, and soothed you in sorrow. Should you not therefore love her in return?

6. *Christ's power to save.* He had but to say the word and the woman's daughter was healed. He has fully vanquished all the evils that sin and Satan have entailed upon our race; Col. ii. 15.

---

### "NO OTHER NAME."

---

A London correspondent of an American paper relates the following incident:—  
 "A few persons were collected round a blind man, who had taken his station on a bridge over a London canal, and was reading from an embossed Bible. Receiving from the passers-by of their carnal things, he was ministering to them spiritual things. A gentleman on his way home from the City, was led by curiosity to the outskirts of the crowd. Just then the poor man, who was reading in the fourth chapter of the Acts, lost his place, and, while trying to find it with his finger, kept repeating the last clause he had read, — 'None other name, none other name, none other name.' Some of the people smiled at the blind man's embarrassment; but the gentleman went away deeply musing. He had lately become convinced that he was a sinner, and had been trying, in many ways, to obtain peace of mind. But religious exercises, good resolutions, altered habits, all were ineffectual to relieve his conscience of its load, and enable him to rejoice in God. The words he had heard from the blind man, how-

ver rang their solemn music in his soul—'None other name? When he reached his home, and retired to rest, these words, like evening chimes from village towers nestling among the trees, were still heard—None other name, none other name, none other name! And when he awoke, in more joyful measure, like matin bells saluting the morn, the strain continued—'None other name, none other name, none other name! The music entered his soul, and he awoke to a new life. I see it all! I see it all! I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus who alone can save. To him I will look. 'Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name, none other name, none other name under heaven given among men whereby they may be saved.'

### RECONCILIATION THROUGH THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

GOD IS LOVE. He has manifested Himself as love in "sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh," that in Him sin might have its expiation and condemnation, and the sinner his justification and salvation. He delighteth in mercy, and He is still shewing mercy to thousands. The attitude and bearing of God toward sinners is that of love. He is revealed to sinners in the gospel, not as wrath, justice, or vengeance, but as love; and the standing proof of it is the gift and cross of Jesus His only begotten Son; "for He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His son to be the propitiation for our sins."

This is the blessed means which, in His adorable wisdom, He adopts for removing the enmity of alienated sinners and reconciling them to Himself: "*God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them,*—and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, *be ye reconciled to God.*" God's attitude towards us in Christ is *reconciliation*. In Christ Jesus He is not angry, but pro-

pitious.—He is not threatening, but *beseeching*,"—not condemning, but, justifying the ungodly.

If apostles and ministers personate Jesus in their beseeching of sinners to be reconciled to God (as, says the apostle Paul, they do,) then this is the work of God and of His Christ which they are doing; and since the Holy Spirit is present to slay their enmity through the word of truth about the perfectly-accomplished work of redemption by the blood of Jesus's cross, the Godhead—Father, Son and Holy Spirit—is revealed in the gospel as *propitious*—as, in fact, reconciled to mankind in Jesus Christ—not as their implacable enemy, but as their loving friend. The Bible is, in short, God's message of reconciliation to an alienated world.

But your conscience, if burdened with guilt on account of sin, may question the righteousness of God in thus "*preaching peace*;" but when you hear that He is "*preaching peace by Christ Jesus*," that may well silence every surmise of conscience as to the rectitude of such a proceeding, for the blood-shedding of Jesus is the holy ground on which He purposes to treat with us about peace. "For he hath made him to be sin for us; Christ died for the ungodly; when we were yet sinners Christ died for us; *having made peace through the blood of His cross.*"

"Thus we learn that God becomes reconciled to us not by passing by sin with indifference, as if it were a trifle, but by His laying it on another, condemning it in another, punishing it in another, and so removing it clear away from between us and Him, never again to be the ground of quarrel, or the occasion of separation between us.

"It is a *righteous peace*, a righteous reconciliation, a righteous settlement of controversy between us and God, which is now proclaimed to us through the finished work of the Divine Substitute, the mighty Sin-bearer, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

It was the Father of mercies who thought on us when we "were alienated and enemies;" and in the fulness of a love which is absolutely boundless, said, "I will reconcile them to myself; I will remove the ground of separation; I will level the

mountain barrier; I will suffer nothing to stand in the way of this my purpose of love; I will love them freely; I will receive them graciously." The measure of his love is the gift of Jesus; the channel of His love is the cross of Jesus; the record of His love is the testimony of Jesus; the revealer of His love is the Spirit of Jesus; and the witnesses of His love are all the friends of Jesus in heaven and earth.

O sinner "taste and see that God is good"—that "God is love." Ground the weapons of your unnatural rebellion at the cross of Jesus; and "be ye reconciled to God." All your sins put together cannot ruin you, if you believe in the living Christ, "who died for us;" because in Him "we have redemption through His blood even the forgiveness of our sins;" but refusing to be received, forgiven, and saved wholly by Christ Jesus, you will still find "our God," on account of your not obeying the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to be "a consuming fire." Positive sins, however numerous, form no barrier to immediate reconciliation with God; but the negative sin of simply not believing in the only-begotten Son of God, if persisted in, is *the one sin* that, of necessity, keeps men at enmity with God here, and brings upon them "everlasting destruction" hereafter. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"If there be nothing between God's wrath and the sinner's guilt," says Hewitson, "these may be kept apart during a time of long suffering; but every moment they are mutually drawing nearer, this to that.—The moment of collision will be—who can tell how—terrible!"

The other side of the antithesis he put thus:—"If the blood of Christ be between the sinner's guilt and God's wrath, these two will approach it on this side and on that. The blood, meeting on the one side with the wrath, will extinguish it forever; the blood, meeting on the other side with the guilt, washes it away and makes it whiter than snow."

HAVE I BEEN "RECONCILED TO GOD BY THE DEATH OF HIS SON?"

## I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

Let parents do their best to guide their tender charge to Jesus, not knowing how soon and how suddenly that charge may be recalled. The following touching incident we extract from the pages of a valuable contemporary:—

"A child sat in the door of a cottage, at the close of a summer Sabbath. The twilight was fading, and as the shades of evening darkened, one after another of the stars stood in the sky, and looked down on the child in his thoughtful mood. He was looking up at the stars, and counting them as they came, till they were too many to be counted, and his eyes wandered all over the heavens, watching the bright worlds above. They seemed just like 'holes in the floor of heaven to let the glory through,' but he knew better. Yet he loved to look up there, and was so absorbed, that his mother called to him and said—

"My son, what are you thinking of?"

"He started, as if suddenly aroused from sleep, and answered—

"I was thinking——"

"Yes," said his mother; "I know you were thinking; but what were you thinking about?"

"Oh," said he, and his little eyes sparkled with the thought, "I want to be an angel."

"And why, my son, would you be an angel?"

"Heaven is up there, is it not, mother? and there the angels live and love God, and are happy; I do wish I was good, and God would take me there, and let me wait on him for ever."

"The mother called him to her knee, and he leaned on her bosom and wept.—She wept too, and smoothed the soft hair of his head as he stood there, and kissed his forehead, and then told him that if he would give his heart to God now while he was young, the Saviour would forgive all his sins, and take him to heaven when he died, and he would then be with God for ever.

"His young heart was comforted. He knelt at his mother's side and said—

"Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,  
Wash me in thy precious blood;  
I thy little lamb would be—  
Help me, Lord, to look to thee."

"The mother took the young child to

his chamber, and soon he was asleep, dreaming perhaps of angels and heaven. A few months afterwards sickness was on him, and the light of that cottage, the joy of that mother's heart, went out. He breathed his last in her arms, and as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in her ear, 'I am going to be an angel.'

### A DULL BOY.

Adam Clarke learned but little before he was eight or ten years old, "and was seldom praised by his father but for his ability to roll large stones." Adam's trials in life began when it was thought necessary that he should learn the alphabet. In vain the names of the letters were repeated, in vain were they frequently moistened with the tears of the little learner, he seemed to know no more to-day than he knew yesterday.

Sometimes he was scolded for his stupidity, sometimes punished for his apparent inattention or obstinacy; till at length the poor child began to despair of ever learning to read. His mind was so much depressed by the fancied difficulty, and the reproofs which were sure to accompany the daily lesson, that, had not a circumstance occurred to give him some encouragement, his case might have soon been considered as hopeless.

"A gentleman from a neighbouring school having called on Mr. Clarke, he was requested by him to hear some of the boys repeat their lessons. Adam was then about eight years old, and was just learning to spell words of two or three letters; slowly and reluctantly he took up his book to the stranger, and with much fear and embarrassment went through his task as well as he could; his father felt quite ashamed of his ignorance, and remarked, 'That boy is a grievous dunce.' The stranger, patting the trembling child kindly upon the head, said, 'Never fear, sir; this lad will make a good scholar.' And 'this gentle word of encouragement' appears to have exercised almost a magical influence over the mind of the child; thenceforward his intellect developed with an astonishing rapidity."

### THE LITTLE SHOES.

One winter evening, a shoemaker's boy was sent with an assortment of children's shoes to the "Fox and Geese." The landlady began calling to a little nurse girl to bring Adelaide to have her new shoes tried on. I could see the little creature, who was sitting under the gaslight in the bar, and kicking and screeching as the shoes were placed on her feet. At last a pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was lifted up triumphantly in her mother's arms. "Here, do look at her: the darling has let me get a pair of the very best ones on; look, father, do," said the mother calling to her husband. Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, came out of the tap-room passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see. Now, a poor woman had been hovering about in the corner, peeping now, and then creeping to the door: she had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman on many a Saturday night, waiting and watching thus for her husband to come out. Ah, there he is! rivetted for a moment, looking at the child showing her new shoes; with a start he roused himself, and rushed out.

"What, Bill, going so soon?" said the landlady.

Bill pulled his hat down over his eyes with one hand, clutched his old jacket tight over his chest, and answered the words with a sort of a grunt. He went outside; there was his wife and little one. For a moment the woman looked at him timorously, and half swerved aside, as if she was afraid. Something in Bill's look reassured her, and she went up close to him, feebly, but yet coaxingly; he took the child from her tired arms—the little creature gave a short quick cry of fright—and as he lifted it I saw that its little feet were bare; it drew them swiftly up under its poor frock, but not before the father saw them. I wished his hat had been off that I might have seen his face as those two little blue chilled feet met his eyes. I noticed that he put them in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over them, and held the child close, and went on his way with a heavy stamp, as if he beat his feet down on the ground; his wife, slip-

shod and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him.

I had a faint impression of what was passing in the man's mind. From that night I was glad that I saw him no more among the frequenters of the "Fox and Geese."

Some months after, there was a meeting at the Temperance Hall of the district, and many working men were present, and gave their testimony to the good effects of perfect sobriety; now and then they told little bits of their history about the reasons that led them to give up the public house. One tall, well-dressed, respectable looking man, listened earnestly, until one who sat near him said, "Say a word, William Turner; you've known as much as any one here or anywhere; come, tell us, for I never heard how it was you changed so much."

The young man, thus urged, rose and looked for a moment quite confused; all he could say was "The little shoes, they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash, he drew himself up, and looking at the audience, the choking went from his throat, "Yes, friends," he said in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth, the little shoes did it. I was a poor drunkard, strong drink had almost ruined me. I suffered, deserved to suffer, but I didn't suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that, I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw, one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes: it was a simple thing, but, friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me.—'What business have I to clothe others, and let my own go bare?' said I, and there outside was my wife and child, in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet.—

Men! fathers! if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put them cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf, and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of that bread all the Sabbath-day, and I went to work on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public-house; that's all I've got to say: it was the little shoes that did it."

C. L. B.

### THE GOSPEL PREACHED IN A PALACE.

Princess Amelia, the eminently pious daughter of George III., was born 1783, and died 1810, aged twenty-seven years. She was most tenderly beloved by her father, whose last illness is supposed to have been accelerated, if not brought on by her death. A beautiful picture of the venerable monarch and his daughter is given by a gentleman who was in the habit of close and official attendance on the Princess Amelia during her last days. Being asked what was the nature of the interviews and conversations between her and his Majesty, he replied, "They are of the most interesting kind." "Are they of a religious tendency?" "Decidedly so," replied the gentleman, "and the religion is exactly of that sort which you, as a serious Christian, would approve. His majesty speaks to his daughter of the only hope of a sinner being in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. He examines her as to the integrity and strength of that hope in her own soul. The princess listens with calmness and delight to the conversation of her venerable parent, and replies to his questions in a very affectionate and serious manner. If you were present at one of these interviews, you would acknowledge with joy that the Gospel is preached in a palace, and that under highly affecting circumstances. Nothing," added he, "can be more striking than the sight of the king, aged and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the princess lies, and speaking to her about salvation through Christ, as a matter far more interesting to both than the highest privileges and most magnificent pomp of royalty." Happily, this pious monarch found his own consolation in the truths he so faithfully taught.

The distribution of Bibles and Testaments at Galatz goes on satisfactorily, being at the rate of two hundred copies per month for the last half year.