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THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG.

REFUGE! REFUGE!! REFUGE!!!

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye be come over Jordan into the land of Canaan; then ye shall appoint you cities to be cities of refuge for you."—NUM. xxxv. 9-11.

In ancient times there were places of refuge where under the cover of religion the guilty and unfortunate found shelter and protection. This right of shelter and impunity was enjoyed by certain places reputed sacred, such as groves, temples, altars, and the protective power commonly spread itself over a considerable district round the holy spot, being walled and preserved by great penalties. Among the Greeks and Romans the number of these places of asylum became in time, very great, and led by abuse to a fresh increase of criminals.

This pagan custom passed into Christianity as early as the time of Constantine the Great, when Christian Churches were asylums for the unfortunate persons whom an outraged law or powerful enemies pursued. This privilege prevailed in the whole of Catholic Christendom, and was preserved undiminished, at least in Italy, so long as the papal independence remained, and it must be acknowledged that this right acted beneficially in ages when violence and revenge predominated, and fixed habitations were less common than now, but its tendency to transfer power from the magistrate to the priesthood was injurious to the inviolability of law and the steady administration of justice, so that the privilege has been abrogated by most governments.

Among the Jews the six cities of Refuge bore some resemblance to the asylum of the classic nations, and were established with a

view to abate the evils which ensued from the old established rights of the blood-avenger, and thereby to further the prevalence of a mild, gentle, and forgiving spirit. To any of these six cities a person who had unawares and unintentionally slain any one might flee, and if he reached it before he was overtaken by the avenger of blood, he was safe within its shelter, provided he did not remove more than a thousand yards from its circuit, nor quit the refuge till the decease of the high priest under whom the homicide had taken place. If he had transgressed these provisions, the avenger might lawfully put him to death. Before, however, the fugitive could avail himself of the shelter conceded by the laws, he was to undergo a solemn trial and make it appear to the satisfaction of the magistrates of the place where the homicide was committed, that it was purely accidental. Should he, however, be found to have been guilty of murder, he was delivered into the hands of the avenger of blood that he might die.—And the Israelites were strictly forbidden to spare him, either from consideration of pity, or in consequence of any pecuniary ransom.

Passing from Scripture to the authority of the Rabbins, we are informed that in order to give the fugitive all possible advantage in his flight, it was the business of the Sanhedrim to make the roads that led to the cities of refuge convenient by en-

larging them, and removing every obstruction that might hurt his foot, or hinder his speed. No hillock was left, no river was allowed over which there was not a bridge, and the road was at least two and thirty cubits broad. At every turn there were posts erected bearing the words *Refuge, Refuge*, to guide the unhappy man in his flight.

When once settled in the city of *Refuge*, the manslayer had a convenient habitation assigned him gratuitously, and the citizens were to teach him some trade whereby he might support himself. At the death of the high priest they were restored to their liberty and property. And if the slayer died in the city of *refuge* before he was released, his bones were delivered to his relatives after the death of the high priest to be buried in the sepulchre of his fathers.

Now, as these cities of *refuge* among the Jews are in some respects illustrative of Christ as the sinner's *refuge*, and may lead the mind of our readers to think of Him, we shall order our observations with this view.

SIX CITIES AND ONE CHRIST.

There were six cities of *refuge*, and these were placed at such convenient distances that any of the children of Israel who were so unfortunate as to stain their hand in their brother's blood, could reach the place of *refuge* within twelve or fourteen hours. It was a great advantage that they could find a place to shield them so nigh. But though there was need for six cities, there is no need for more than one Christ. He is nigh to all that call upon Him. He is the sinner's *refuge*, and wherever the sinner may be, whether at the north or the South, the east, or the west, whether on the summit of a mountain, or in the deepest hollows of the earth, he can find in Christ a ready *refuge*.

THE AVENGER.

Under the Jewish Economy the nearest of kin was the recognized avenger of his relative's blood. He as avenger was at liberty to slay the manslayer if he found him outside of the city of *refuge*, and if after inquiry by the magistrates it was found that his relative was slain, not by accident, but after deliberation, then the murderer was handed over to the avenger of blood, who was required on no consid-

eration to spare him. Those who were injured had the right to avenge the injury, if they could find their victim outside of the boundaries of the city of *refuge*. Now, this avenger of blood is but an emblem of the sinner's avenger, the law of God.—Sinners have broken that law times and ways without number, and are subject to its curse, for "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them."—This law is at their heels, thirsting for vengeance, demanding satisfaction, and will not leave off pursuing the sinner till it gets him within its power, or he escapes into the sinner's *refuge*. Reader! reader!—Are you still out of Christ? Think, oh, think of your danger. You have trampled on God's law, and God's law is after you to trample you. It is pursuing you constantly. It is getting closer and closer unto you, and if death overtakes you, and you out of Christ, this law will have you. It will make its demand against you at the bar of God. The justice of its claim will be considered, and if it be found to be unsettled, you will be handed over to its avenging power. Sinner think of this—God's law is pursuing you. Flee, therefore, to Christ Jesus as a *refuge* in whom you will be forever safe.

REFUGE, REFUGE.

In order that the fugitive might have all possible advantage in his flight, it was the business of the Sanhedrim to make the roads that led to the cities of *refuge* convenient, by enlarging them, and removing every obstruction that might hurt his foot or hinder his speed. No hillock was left. No river was left over which there was not a bridge. At every turn there were posts erected bearing the words, *Refuge, Refuge*, to guide the unhappy man in his flight.—Now, we cannot help meditating with pleasure on this provision for the unfortunate manslayer who, either through accident or carelessness, bereft his fellow of his life. These cities of *refuge* were not far away, and he may have been well acquainted with the way, yet, lest he should be confused and perplexed, and in danger of mistaking the place of safety, the boards by the way on which were printed *REFUGE*, were sure to keep him right. Now, it was important for them that they were rightly directed, for had they run to any of the other

cities, they would not have been protected from the hand of the avenger, but with the word Refuge, Refuge, staring them continually in the face, there was little danger of missing the way.

God in like manner hath appointed finger posts that point to Christ, and speak of refuge. The churches that stand in every village, and town, and city, with their lofty spires are finger-posts that point inquirers up to heaven. The Sabbath bell, with its inviting toll, almost seems to say, Sinner, come to Jesus; there is refuge there for you. The servants of Christ that preach the Gospel have for their message, Refuge, Refuge, Refuge for the chief of sinners.

Now, though the Lord's servants point sinners faithfully to Christ for Refuge, yet all who claim that title and occupy that position, do not do so. There's a writing on the finger-posts, but it is not distinct.—There are some letters there, but they do not speak of Refuge. Some spend their time with the doctrines of Theology; others with matters of Bible History; others again, with churchism. But those who are alive to the wants of a sinful, perishing world, cry loudly and distinctly, There's Refuge, Refuge, Refuge for the chief of sinners.

REFUGE FOR ALL SINNERS.

The cities of Refuge were appointed as refuges only for the man-slaver, but if a man that had deliberately taken away the life of his fellow had fled for refuge to any of these cities, he had protection there only till the congregation of Israel had the opportunity of trying him, and if it was found that his offence was murder, he was handed over to the blood-avenger, that he might suffer on account of his iniquity.—Now there is no parallel here between the city of refuge and Christ as a refuge for sinners. For, there is no sinner, however deep the dye, however great the stain of sin upon him, that will not find a refuge in Christ. Ah, say some, I can't believe that Christ will save the greatest sinners, the greatest murderers and vagabonds that the world has seen. Ah, Christ is not a little Saviour for saving little sinners. He is a great Saviour, and is willing to save the very chief of sinners. It is told that two ladies who had heard Whitfield preach, re-

marked to Lady Huntingdon that Whitfield, when preaching the night before, had made a very unwarrantable assertion.—“He said that Christ was so willing to save sinners that he was willing to save the *devil's cast-aways*.” Lady Huntingdon replied that Mr. Whitfield was in the drawing-room below, and she would call him up to answer for himself. When he came up and was asked for an explanation, he said, Judge for yourself. A poor woman has just left the house who called and asked if I was the minister who had preached last night. She said that she had all her life been a woman of the town, and was so worn out and wearied in Satan's service that she was thoroughly miserable. She was passing the chapel, and did what she had never done before, turned to the door to listen. She heard him say that Christ was so willing to save sinners that he would save the devil's cast-aways, and now she wished to know if Christ would be willing to save her. Ah, yes, Christ is so great a Saviour that he is willing to save even the devil's cast-aways, the greatest as well as the smallest sinners. Now, the fact ought to make the greatest sinners turn to Him, and keep them from despondency. It has often been the case that Satan has succeeded in deluding sinners with the idea that they are too great sinners to expect salvation—that they have sinned away the day of grace—that it is too late, too late. Many men have died, uttering with their latest breath, as the gates of death were opened to take them in,—Too late, too late; I am too great a sinner to be saved. But “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.” “Come, saith the Lord, and let us reason together; though your sins were red as scarlet, I will make them as the snow; though they were red as crimson, I will make them as the wool.”

SINNERS HAVE TO FLEE ALONE.

Every one who fled to the city of Refuge, had to leave all his possessions, and all his friends, and all his pleasures, and flee alone. He was too glad to escape with life. Now every one who will flee to Christ, must be content to throw aside every hindrance, must leave every attraction, and press on till he feels himself safe in Christ. But many who are to a certain

extent under convictions of sin, and who feel the force of the appeals that are addressed unto them, would like to be saved, and yet do not want to give up their idols, do not want to give up their darling sins, do not want to give up their ungodly companions. Reader, you must forsake all for Christ.

WORK FOR CHRIST.

The manslayer was not only admitted into the city of Refuge free of charge, but an abode was prepared for him, and he was taught in the arts that would enable him to sustain himself. But while there none of his friends or family came to dwell with him. Now, this suggests to us the thought that while we have a free and welcome invitation to Christ Jesus, while he receives us in open arms, yet we are not expected to sit at ease. When we leave the service of Satan, we have to enter the service of Christ.

But, judging of many people by their actions, they seem to think that all they have to do is to get into Christ as a refuge from the coming storm, and when that is accomplished they can sit at ease in quiet composure. It is not so, however. When we are in Christ, we are required to work for Christ. Every energy, every thought, every feeling, has to be consecrated to his service. We have to help at the oar, and row the Gospel boat along.

READER, have you fled for refuge? If not, flee without delay. Time is short.—Christ is waiting to be gracious. His voice is ready to welcome you—his arms ready to embrace you—his blood abundant to cleanse you.

READER, have you fled and found refuge? Oh, how safe it is to be in the arms of Christ, but do you know any around you, that is out of Christ? Oh, go and warn them to flee, flee, flee. Speak a word for Christ, and if you cannot, hand them this. Perhaps the Lord will deign to bless the word *we* write and *you* deliver, to some poor sinner's soul. R. K.

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

THE GREAT SPIRIT AND AN INDIAN WAR-CHIEF.

During the recent visit of the Indian lady, Nah-ne-bah-wee-quay, or "upright woman," on an embassy for her red brethren to Queen Victoria, she related to some friends in a simple, child-like manner the following narrative of the operation of the Holy Spirit upon the mind of a war-chief, unaided by any human agency whatever, which was felt to be instructive to those who heard its recital, and it is hoped will be instructive to others.

This chief, belonging to the Ojibways, near Owen's Sound, Lake Huron, was a poor pagan, and lived, prior to the civilized condition now witnessed, amongst a remnant of that once powerful tribe, reduced at present to about one thousand souls, embracing parts of other tribes also. He was noted for his strong and noble frame, his fearlessness in danger, and his remarkable success in the chase.

It so happened whilst yet a young man, with a wife and family surrounding him, he left the camp of his people, and retired a considerable distance from them, for the purpose of hunting. Shortly after reaching this new place of abode, the supply of provisions having been exhausted, he went forth as formerly in quest of game, but soon discovered his former good fortune had deserted him, the animals, as if apprised of his intentions, retiring to a safe distance out of gun-shot.— Foiled in his purpose he renewed his exertions only to find failure attending every attempt.— Discouraged, after long and persevering efforts, remembering too his isolated condition, and the imperative need of his family, who had now been driven nearly to starvation, so that they had to live for more than three days on wild roots, he paused, weary and faint, and taking a seat upon a log, out of sight, but so that he could hear his little children playing, he fell into a train of meditation. He looked up to the blue arch above him, and beheld the beautiful sky and the bright sun, and casting his eyes around him he saw the green grass, the waving trees, and the flowing water; and as he thought of the silvery moon and the shining stars, he said to himself, "These things came not here by their own bidding;— there must be a cause for them! they could not produce themselves! and therefore they must have been created! and who is their creator? Surely He must be the Great Spirit! and I wish that Great Spirit would bless the poor Indian, that his famishing wife and children might not starve." Then he thought that perhaps he must give the Great Spirit something, so that He would bless Him. And what had he? There was his blanket, though it had done him good service, and was

so sorely needed, he would give it up if He would bless him. So he took the blanket in his hands and laid it on the log, and with upturned eyes said, "Here, Great Spirit accept this blanket, and bless poor Indian, that he may find food, that his wife and children may not starve." The anguish in his bosom is unabated. No manna fell from heaven to afford relief. The offering did not suffice. What was he now to do? A tomahawk hangs in his belt. Could he spare that? Yes, if that was what the Great Spirit required, he thought he could. He advances as before, and laid it on the log, and said, "Oh! Great Spirit take my tomahawk. It is all poor Indian has.—He has nothing else to give. Take it and bless me, and give me food for my children." But alas! no answer comes. The burden rests upon his bosom still. And what could he do now? There was his gun, his only means of obtaining game, his sole support and hitherto unfailling friend. How could he spare that? Must he part with that also? He paused, but pressed down by his forlorn condition, almost hopeless, he knew of no other extremity worse than his present condition. Solemnly the gun was laid on the log, and he sobbed out, "Oh! Great Spirit take my gun too. It is all poor Indian has. He has nothing more. Take it, and bless poor Indian, that his wife and children may not starve." Still the messenger of love came not. Almost broken-hearted, he suddenly started to his feet, a ray of light had flashed through his soul. He would go to that rude altar again, and offer *himself* up to the Great Spirit! So he sat down on the log with his blanket, tomahawk, and gun by his side, and said, "Here, Great Spirit, poor Indian has given up all that he has, he has nothing more, so take *poor Indian too*, and bless him, that he may find food for his famishing family that they may not starve." In a moment a change comes over the scene, and every thing seems smiling and joyous. His soul is filled with happiness, and as he contemplates, lo! a deer comes bounding towards him from the thicket. He raised his gun and secured him! Thus was his prayer answered. He was ever after successful in hunting, game was abundant, and the Great Spirit had all the praise. Returning to his family he told them all that had happened, and thinking that if he left the blanket, tomahawk, and gun upon the log, they could be of no use to any one, he took them with him, and told the Great Spirit that he would take care of them for him, and use them subject to His will. The hunting season being over, he returned to his tribe and people; and on hearing for the first time the teaching of a missionary, whilst seated with his red brethren and sisters, and listening attentively to the words of the speaker,

as he told them how they must give themselves up to Christ, and remembering how similar had been his own situation when alone in the forest, he could contain himself no longer, but sprang upon his feet and shouted, "Yes, that's me, that's me." He then related to those assembled the above narrative. He was ever after a pious Christian.

He had never learned to read, but could spell out the words contained in his Bible, and could remember large portions of it. When he was at a loss to understand a text, he would go to the Great Spirit, whom he declared made known to him the meaning; and when it had thus been revealed to him, he was prepared to expound it to others.

In the midst of his usefulness in the service of God, who had so manifested Himself to him, he was called from works to rewards.—His zeal for the promotion of the Gospel by the teachings of the Holy Spirit terminated only with his life.

Varieties of Conversion Work.

Repentance will be with some a wild and impassioned feeling; whilst with others it will assume the character of a deliberate and gradual conviction. The prayer for pardon will be with some a cry of anguish; with others, the scarcely uttered petition of a quiet sorrow: with some, perhaps, little more at first than an act of prescribed duty, performed coldly and imperfectly, but growing betimes into the full measure of fervent supplication. The faith of some will be grounded on a clear and satisfying view of the scheme of redemption; whilst others may be able to do little more than cry out with him in the gospel, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." In some the work of sanctification will be exhibited in the steady discharge of limited duties, with advance, perhaps, little marked, save by the conscious growth of a purer spirit; whilst with others, living in a wide sphere, and amidst more abounding temptations, the progress will be flickering and interrupted; the sunbeam often darkened by a cloud; perhaps the calm beauty of the spiritual life never won, till just before the shades of night are about to drop on the scene.—*The Circle of Christian Doctrine.*

Individual Christian Effort.

WE wish to speak specially with you, reader, on the share that falls to you in the great work of the world's conversion.

We would have you, in the first place, to form a right estimate of the work itself. Of all works on earth it is emphatically **THE** work. The world burdens itself with many things, but all are vain, and destined to come to nought, save this, or such as have a bearing upon it, or resolve themselves into it. The first concern of the individual man is, "Am I converted! Have I been reconciled to God through the death of His son?" Did the sinner feel the awful importance of this question, he would forego all other thoughts, labours, pursuits, till he could say on good ground, "Now I am converted, now I am a pardoned, a saved man."

"Yea from the tablet of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
* * * * *

And thy commandment all alone shall
live."

And so ought it to be with the world. Its first, and, in a sense, only concern is, "How can I be converted? how can I return under the sceptre of Him that created me. I feel that I have revolted, and that I underlie His wrath. I feel that darkness—deeper and thicker darkness than that which enveloped me before the Almighty voice had said 'Let there be light'—obscures my face. I bear on my bosom, alas! millions and millions of men who know not the Saviour, and who are perishing for ever. Unholy deeds are done upon me, and accents of blasphemy and disobedience ascend to Heaven instead of praise and blessing and thanksgiving. How shall I be reconciled to God, with all erring, sin-laden, idol-worshipping tribes? I groan to be delivered from 'the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.'" This ought to be the world's one question; as it undoubtedly is the world's one work. Its evangelisation not only takes precedence of all other questions relating to its destiny and well-being, but it includes them all. Its good government, its civilisation, its happy social, and economical condition, are wrapped up in its christianisation, and would all

follow in the train of the one mighty blessing of its conversion.

But to whom has this work been committed! This is the question which we press on you, reader. You answer, "It has been committed to the minister, who has been set apart to serve in holy things, and especially to watch for the conversion of souls. It has been committed to the missionary, who has separated himself, and gone forth to preach Christ among the heathen. It is committed to the Church, which has been organised for that very end, which has the peculiar agency for the work at her disposal, which has obtained the promise of the Spirit, which alone can renew men, and which has been specially charged, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'"

So far true. But is that all? The most important part—to you, reader, the most important—has been overlooked. That work has been laid on you! Yes, reader! the work of converting the world has been laid on you. "But I acquit myself of that work," you say. "I give of my means according to my ability. I give my prayers. I give my counsel, my countenance, my assistance in many ways." You may do all this, and yet you do not acquit yourself of your whole duty in this great matter. There is more than this laid to your hand in the work of the world's conversion, God calls you to work not merely *instrumentally*, that is, through your prayers and your contributions, He calls you to work *directly*—to put your own hand to the plough. There must be an emanation from your own person of—we do not say converting influence—but of such a Christian, or rather Christlike influence as in the hand of the Spirit may become a converting influence. There is not a tree nor a blade of grass on earth that is not productive—directly so. The life imparted to you is not to end there; you ought by it to quicken others. Did you, reader, ever convert any one, and so taste the ineffable blessedness of saving a soul? Did you ever feel it to be your duty to strive to convert some one? It is your duty. You must know some one—perhaps many—in your immediate circle, in your village or in your city, who are not partakers of the heavenly calling; did you ever single out any of these, and inwardly say,

"I will, by God's help, save him?" You ought to have done so. It is not yet too late. Go this night and begin the work.

We do not bid you leave the calling in which God has placed you; therein abide. We do not even bid you abate the legitimate diligence and industry you may have displayed in it. It is in the way of that calling that you are to look for such opportunities as you can turn to account, and as God will bless. And if you are single-eyed in this respect, every day, and every hour of every day, will bring such opportunities. In all things be a Christian, and that is but another way of saying, in all things be a missionary.

But that you may be a missionary, it is not needful that you should go to some distant land, where burning sands look down upon you, and strange tongues are heard on every side. Heathendom is near. Heathendom is around you. This man, who lives but a stone's cast from you, and who never enters a church, or who, though a church goer, is manifestly without the power of godliness, is part of heathendom. He wears your dress, he speaks your tongue, yet is he a worshipper of other gods. Go to him, and you act the part of a missionary; go to him, and you have preached Christ to one ignorant of Him. You may not convert him, it is true, but you are free from his blood, and your own piety will be the healthier for the effort. But if the attempt is made, in faith, in earnest desire, and in a dependence on God's Holy Spirit, the likelihood is that you will "save a soul, and hide a multitude of sins." And then you will have the joy of thinking that another soldier has been added to the army of the Lamb, and that the world's millennium is so much the nearer.

But we shall the better enforce our point by quoting an example. The reader, whose heart droops by reason of the greatness of the work and his own weakness, may be cheered by being told of what has been done by others.

Twenty-five years ago, in the city of Hamburg, a band of seven brethren assembled in a shoemaker's shop, laid their hearts together upon the altar of God's service, and formed themselves into a church, of which M. Oucken was chosen pastor. Now behold the results! The little church of seven members has multiplied itself into fifty

churches! Ten thousand souls have been hopefully converted; fifty millions of persons have heard the true Gospel; and eight millions of pages of tracts, and four hundred thousand copies of the Scriptures have been put into circulation.

How has this work, under God, been accomplished? Let us learn from the pastor's own lips:—"All our members were initiated and instructed into a regular system of operations. Every man and woman is required to do something for the Lord, and thus the Word of the Lord has been scattered. We have now about seventy brethren in Hamburg, who go out every alternate Sabbath, two by two, preaching the Gospel; and by this means the whole city has heard the precious name of Christ." "We think that all the talents in the Church should be brought out. A list of the brethren who can speak is kept, and they are sent to villages to preach on the Sabbath, and they go out as the Church directs. Then, apart from these labourers, and from the labours of the female members, we have an interesting machinery which has worked well, and costs nothing—and that is, the travelling apprentices. It is the custom of apprentices to travel after learning their trades, and many come to Hamburg. They are supplied with tracts, which they distribute at home and abroad. In Vienna and in Pesth, thousands of tracts and Bibles were scattered during the revolution, the way for which had been prepared by these young men." It is stated that there is scarcely a female member of the large church in Hamburg who has not two or three Bibles and a parcel of tracts to distribute; and that, in a single year, through the six hundred members of the church and its pastor, every family in that city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants was visited, for the purpose of religious conversation, and the distribution of books. And there is this remarkable circumstance beside, that though these devoted men and their brethren in other parts of Germany form less than fifty churches, they keep up preaching at nearly four hundred stations!

What a history is this! What facts are these! The case is at once full of instruction and encouragement.—*Church Record*, 1850

The Giant Selfishness:

This giant Selfishness is an intensely ugly looking creature. If he could be caught, in a bodily shape, and carried to some daguerreotype office to have his likeness taken, I am sure that, when you came to look at his picture, you would think it about the ugliest you had ever seen.

How many eyes have you? Two.— How many ears? Two. How many hands? Two. How many feet? Two. Yes, God has given us each two eyes, two ears, two hands, and two feet, as if it were to remind us that we are to see, and hear, and work, and walk, for others as well as for ourselves. But how many mouths have you? One. Yes, for we have to eat for ourselves only, and not for others. But the giant Selfishness never sees, or hears, or does anything for any one but himself. If we had a correct likeness of him, we should see a huge one-eyed one-eared, one-armed, monster, with his other eye, and ear, and arm shrivelled, and dried up like a mummy's, for want of use. The business of this giant is to take people prisoners, and drag them to his castle. If they stay there long they begin to grow just like him, ugly, one-sided looking creatures. I do not mean to say, that this change takes place in their bodies, but it does in their souls. They learn to love none but themselves. They think and care for none but themselves.— This giant is trying all the time to bind his chains on people, and make them his prisoners. He likes especially to do this while they are young.

But if he does not appear in a bodily form, how may we know when he is to fasten his chains on us and make us his prisoners?

Let me tell you. If you find that you are getting to think more of YOURSELF, than of others, then beware the giant is after you. If you see a boy, or girl, enter a room, and go and take the best seat in it, when older persons are present; if you see them pick out for themselves the largest piece of cake, or the biggest and nicest apple, when these are handed around, you may be sure the giant selfishness is at work on them. He is fastening his chains upon them; and if they don't take care, he will soon have them as his prisoners.

Now, we must all FIGHT this giant. But

how are we to do this? Not by standing off at a distance, and throwing stones at him, as we are to do with the great Heathenism, This will not do here. No, this must be a close, hand-to-hand fight. We must grapple him, and wrestle with him. WE MUST FIGHT THIS GIANT BY SELF-DEMI-AL.

Let me show you what I mean by this. There were two little boys, named James and William. One day, as they were just starting for School, their father gave them each a three-cent piece to spend for themselves. The little fellows were very much pleased with this, and went off, as merry as crickets.

"What are you going to buy, William?" said James, after they had walked a little way.

"I don't know," William replied, "I have not thought yet. What are you going to buy?"

"Why, I tell you what I believe I'll do. You know mother is sick. Now, I think I'll buy her a nice orange. I think it will taste good to her."

"You may do so, if you please, James," said William; "but I'm going to buy something for MYSELF. Father gave me the money to spend for myself, and I mean to do it. If mother wants an orange, she can send for it. She's got money, and Hannah gets everything she wants."

"I know that," said James, "but then it would make me feel so happy to see her eating an orange that I had bought for her with my own money. She is always doing something for me, or getting us some nice thing, and I want to let her see that I don't forget it."

"Do as you please," said William, "but I go in for the candy."

Presently they came to a confectioner's shop. William invested his three cents in cream-candy;—but James bought a nice orange. When they went home at noon, he went into his mother's chamber, and said: "See, Ma', what a nice orange I have brought you!"

"It is, indeed, very nice, my son, and it will taste very good to me. I have been wanting an orange all the morning. Where did you get it?"

"Pa gave me three cents this morning and I bought it with them."

You are very good, my dear boy, &c

think of your sick mother. And you wouldn't spend your money for cakes, or candy, but denied yourself, that you might get an orange for me. Mother loves you for this exercise of self-denial." And then she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

Now, here you see how the giant of Selfishness made an attack on these two boys, James fought him off, bravely, by the EXERCISE OF SELF-DENIAL. William refused to exercise self-denial, and so the giant got a hitch of his chain around him. We shall find this giant making attacks upon us all the time. We can only fight him off by SELF-DENIAL.—*The Giants.*

TRAFFIC.

Traffic has become almost omnipotent. Look at our factories, our forges, our railways, our rivers, our seas: everywhere you meet it, and must get out of its way.—Stand at midnight, or in the grey morning, within a railway station, and you will see the porters on the watch, the lamps burning, the signal's flashing; you will hear the hoarse snort of the goods engine as it moves in or out, or the shrill whistle of the train for whose arrival you wait. Even in quiet thinly-peopled country districts, something of this is felt; but the power of this monster is growing terrible in our great cities. London will soon be tunnelled for traffic. Railways will soon be laid along the streets for traffic. Nothing of comfort or quiet or beauty, not life itself can stand in the way of traffic. There is traffic in everything. Man's brain and sinew, and flesh and blood; woman's beauty and virtue; children's sweet playtime go in traffic. There is danger that our most sacred rights and heirlooms may be swept away in traffic.

Even so-called religious men live so much beneath the shadow of this almost universal power, that they scarcely think of challenging its claims. When any new demand is made, it is enough to speak the word traffic; and as at the spell of a tyrant's name, purse or life is yielded. The monster gives its dreadful authority to the humblest official that guards its goods, and confers on the most obscure Police Act the power to abrogate Divine Law. It is amazing how much this wretched material-

ism has been permitted to grow amid all our talk about liberty and spirituality.

Until we seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, we shall continue less or more subject to the spell of Traffic. Rise, leave all and follow me, are the first words the Lord speaks, when He means to be Lord. If we will insist on keeping even a fox's hole or a bird's nest for ourselves; if we will insist even on burying our dead or bidding them at home farewell, before we obey Him, we cannot be his disciple.—*Thou art my portion, our soul's must say.* With full purpose of heart, we must cleave to the Lord. And we may be sure, that if there is to be any real apostolic work done by us—if we are to repeat the heroic histories of the Acts, we must learn and live the simple, self-denying disciple-life of the Gospels; we must through great tribulation, enter into the Kingdom. But THE KINGDOM must be a reality—the noblest reality to us next THE KING.

THE SUM OF RELIGION.

Written by Judge Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, and found in the closet, amongst his other papers, after his decease.

HE that fears the Lord of Heaven and Earth, walks humbly before Him, thankfully lays hold of the Message of Redemption by Jesus Christ, and strives to express his thankfulness by the sincerity of his obedience. He is sorry with all his soul, when he comes short of his duty. He walks watchfully in the denial of himself, and holds no confederacy with any Lust, or known Sin; if he falls in the least measure, he is restless till he has made his peace by true Repentance. He is true to his promises, just in his dealings, charitable to the poor, sincere in his devotion. He will not deliberately dishonour God, although secure of impunity. He hath his hopes and his conversation in Heaven, and cares not do any thing unjustly, be it ever so much to his advantage: and all this, because he sees Him that is invisible, and fears him because he loves him; fears him

as well for his goodness as his greatness. Such a man, whether he be an *Episcopalian*, an *Independent* or an *Anabaptist*; whether he wears a surplice, or wears none; whether he hears organs or hears none; whether he kneels at the communion or for conscience sake, stands or sits, he hath the *life of religion* in him; and that Life acts in him, and will conform his soul to the Image of his Saviour, and go along with him to eternity, notwithstanding his practice or non-practice of things indifferent. On the other side, if a man fears not the eternal God, he can commit sin with presumption; drink excessively, swear vainly or falsely, commit adultery, lie, eozen, cheat, break his promise, live loosely, though at the same time he may be studious to practice every ceremony, even to scrupulous exactness, or perhaps may as stubbornly oppose them. Though such an one should cry down Bishops, or Presbytery; though he should be rebaptised every day, or declaim against it as heresy; and though he fast all the Lent, or feast out of pretence of avoiding superstition; yet, notwithstanding these, and a thousand external conformities, or zealous oppositions of them, he wants the *Life of Religion*.

“Why should I Come to Jesus?”

You are a Sinner, Come for Pardon.

Perhaps you do not feel you *are* a sinner. At least, you think you are no worse than others, but better than many. You are no drunkard, thief, adulterer, but keep the Sabbath, read the Bible, and attend the house of God. But have you indeed obeyed *all* the commandments? *Never* broke any of them? Always been true, chaste, sober, honest, forgiving, kind?—*Never* indulged in pride, malice, anger, deceit, or lust? God requires purity of *heart* as well as of outward conduct, and he knows all our thoughts. Have you then never cherished the thought of sin in your *heart*, though you have feared outwardly to commit it? Besides, the first and chief command is, to love the Lord

our God with all our mind and strength. Have you always done this; always been thankful for his mercies; always carefully read his word in order to obey it; always tried to please him, loved to pray to him, taken delight in his day, his people, his worship; always striven to be “holy as he is holy,” to make known his truth, to induce others to love him, and endeavoured in all things to glorify him? If you have done this, you have still only just done your duty, and have nothing to boast of. But you have *not* done it. Conscience tells you so? You know you have sinned thousands of times. You know you have sought your own pleasure, and in your best actions you have not been prompted by a desire to please God. You have lived for yourself; you have sought man’s approval, but *God* has not been in all your thoughts. The Bible tells us, “If a man say he hath no sin he deceiveth himself. There is none righteous, no, not one. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” O my fellow-sinners, is it not true of thee “The God in whose hands thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, thou hast not glorified?” You are a sinner. Guilt, enormous guilt hangs upon you. In God’s Book all your sins are written down. You cannot get rid of them. Were you to labor for thousands of years, you could not atone for the least. All you could do would only be your duty. Paying to-day’s debt still leaves yesterday’s where it was.—And were you to give all you possess, or suffer torture and death it would not take away sin. The past cannot be recalled. But there is forgiveness, free, full, eternal, for the guilty. Jesus has pardon for thee, sinner, purchased with his own blood. Come for it. Come to Jesus Christ for it.

Read Exod. 20: 1-8; Psalms 51, 139; Matt. 5; Rom. 3: 10-20, 23; John 1: 8-10.—*Come to Jesus.*

TRUE CONTENTMENT.—“It is right to be contented with what we *have*, but never with what we *are*: though the exact reverse is the case with most men.”—[Sir James Macintosh.

"RIGHT FROM HEAVEN."

In a miserable cottage, at the bottom of a hill, two children hovered over a smouldering fire. A tempest raged without—a fearful tempest—against which man and beast were alike powerless.

A poor old miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps of money at home, drew his ragged cloak about him as he crouched down at the threshold of the miserable door. He dared not enter, for fear they would ask pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie."

"So am I; I have hunted for a potato paring, and can't find any."

"What an awful storm!"

"Yes; the old tree is blown down. I think God took care that it didn't fall on the house. See, it would certainly have killed us."

"If He could do that, couldn't he send us bread?"

"I am sure He could; let us pray 'Our Father,' and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread."

So they began, and the miser, crouching and shivering, listened. When they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some miraculous manifestation, a humane feeling stole into his mind; his hard heart was touched and softened. He had bought a loaf at the village, thinking it would last him a great many days, but the silence of the two little children spoke louder to him than the voice of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and then listened to the wild eager cry of delight that came from the half-famished little ones.

"It dropped right from heaven, didn't it?" questioned the younger.

"Yes; I shall love God for ever, he is so good. He has given us bread because we asked him."

"We'll ask Him every day, won't we? why! I never thought God was so good; did you?"

"Yes, I always thought so, but I never quite knew it before."

"Let us ask Him to give father work to do, all the time, so we need never be hungry again. He'll do it—I'm sure."

The storm passed—the miser went home. A little flower had sprung up in his heart; it was no longer barren. In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given the cottage, which was his, to the poor labouring man. And the little children ever after felt a sweet and solemn emotion, when in their matinal devotion they came to those words: "Give us this day our daily bread."

THE COST OF AN ESTATE.

"What is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion and through rich fields.

"I don't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late possessor."

"How much?"

"His soul."

A solemn pause followed this brief answer. The person to whom it was given was not seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

The late possessor referred to was the son of a late pious man who supported his family by the labours of his hands. The son early obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in the city.—He was then a professor of religion. He continued to maintain a reputable profession till he became a partner in the concern. He then gave increasing attention to business and less to religion. Ere he was an old man he had become exceedingly wealthy and miserly, and no one who knew him, had any suspicion that he had ever been a professor of religion. He purchased a large landed estate, built the costly mansion referred to above, and died just before he died, he said: "My prosperity has been my ruin."—*Observer.*

That Will do to Light my Pipe.

Some of our readers may have heard Dr. D'Aubigne tell this anecdote in a brief form when last in Scotland. We find this most interesting anecdote given with most touching minuteness of detail in "The Book, and its Mission," taken from a letter from M. de Pressense, Paris. It occurred about eighteen months ago, in a seaport town of France, where the French Government was embarking troops for the Crimea. The Colporteur was standing in the barracks with a group of soldiers round him, when a young man, of open and intelligent countenance, stepped forward, and feigning great desire to possess the Word of God, begged a copy from the Colporteur:—

Drawing one of the smallest New Testaments out of his wallet, the Colporteur handed it with much pleasure to the soldier. But what was his surprise and grief! for scarcely had the rogue got possession of the book, than he burst out into a loud laugh, exclaiming, "You are done, my fine fellow! I am jester No. 1 of the regiment—or rather ask my companions. It is as clear as the sun that shines that I am not a bad hand at making a fool of you, and that I care as much as I did in the year '40, about mumbling Ave Marias on my knees. My chaplet is to have a long string of the funniest tricks and jokes. When I am dead, do you see, my dear friend"—here the Colporteur interrupted this flow of trifling language, by exclaiming, in a tone of voice which caused some of his auditors to tremble, "After death, poor miserable man, the judgment will follow; and what a judgment! It makes me shudder with affright! Listen how the Lord Jesus Christ expresses it: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels' (Matt. xxv. 41). 'There will be weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth'" (Matt. vii. 12). For a moment the young soldier ceased to laugh, and appeared as if silenced; but his levity quickly returned, and, turning towards those who were standing by, he called out, "I verily be-

lieve, on my honor, that the old boy wants to insult me; but, never mind, the pill I have made him swallow will stick in his throat for one while at least." "Give me back the book," exclaimed the Colporteur, with earnestness. "Nay, nay, old fellow," replied the soldier, "I should be ashamed so to affront you before such a respectable company as this. What, I should like to know, would my companions think of you, were they to see you taking back with your left hand the present which your right hand had but just offered? In the camp, one has not always at hand a piece of paper to light one's pipe, and it will serve capitally for that. Much obliged to you, therefore; but mind, there must be no grudge between us." On this, making the military salute in the most grotesque manner possible, the young man hastily went away, though not before he had heard the following serious warning, uttered in the most solemn manner, "Take care what you are about, for 'it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!'" (Heb. x. 31).

After the lapse of fifteen months from the period when this occurrence took place, we again meet with the same man at his work. He has travelled much during the interval, and in many places far distant from each other, he has had the joy of emptying many times the large wallet in which he carries his stock of Bibles and New Testaments.

One evening, on arriving at a small village, situated at a distance of upwards of a hundred leagues from the town where the New Testament was taken from him in so unbecoming a manner, he inquired for an inn where he might hope to rest from the fatigues of a day during which he had been very actively employed.

He had scarcely entered the house when he became aware that some extraordinary, if not sorrowful occurrence, must have taken place there. In the public room some ten individuals were eating their evening meal; but everything in their visages betokened that they were weighed down by most saddening thought; and a more sorrowful sight still met the Colporteur on going into the kitchen, where the people of the house were assembled. They were all pursuing their occupations in silence, and with an air of grief, and even stern con-

sternation, depicted on their countenances; and close to the fire-place was a somewhat aged woman, sitting with her head falling on her breast, and evidently sunk in the deepest distress, for heavy groans ever and anon escaped her. The heart of the Colporteur could not long remain unmoved and indifferent under such circumstances. Our friend, therefore, went up to the sorrowing female referred to with feelings of that deep sympathy, which, when expressed in the most simple words, soon excites to resignation, and secures confidence. "Yes, I am in sorrow, in deep sorrow," exclaimed the landlady, the tears gushing down her cheeks, "and I thank you for the kind words which you have addressed to me; they have done me good there," placing her hand upon her heart. "You ask the cause of all my sorrow. It is this:—Only a few hours ago, he who was the happiness and I may say, the pride of my life—my son—was placed in the silent grave; and what a son!" Here her voice wholly failed her, in agonising sobs. "Do not grieve so my good woman," said the Colporteur, with deep emotion; "do not grieve so, but let me read to you a few lines out of a book which I never open without finding something exactly suited to all the sorrowful or happy circumstances through which I may be called to pass."

The Colporteur thereupon drew from his pocket a small New Testament, out of which he read as follows:—"God has chastened us for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby" (Hebrews xii. 10, 11). Scarcely had these last words been pronounced, when the woman uttered a loud cry, and jumped up with extreme impetuosity. The Colporteur, without seeming to pay any attention to this, turned over a few leaves of his book, and again read as follows:—"Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet

without sin. Let us therefore come boldly forward unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Hebrews iv. 14-16.)

On hearing this passage the woman rushed up to the reader, and, snatching the book out of his hand, exclaimed, almost beside herself, "You wicked man, you have taken from me the most precious thing that I have still remaining of him! the treasure which I prize most of all!" Then casting a hasty glance at the book of which she had so violently possessed herself, she dropped it on the floor, saying to herself, "No, this is not my precious book: mine is torn, but this one is perfect. Forgive me." "Does your book, then, resemble mine, my good woman? and is it a legacy from your dear son?" "Yes," she said, "God be praised for it." The woman quickly left the room, and went into an adjacent apartment. She very soon returned with a New Testament in her hand, of the same version, and of the same size as the one out of which the Colporteur had been reading; but, as she had said, the book was not complete, many pages having been torn out of it. The Colporteur took hold of it, and opened it, when his eyes fell upon the following lines, written in very large letters:—"Received at—the—, despised at first, and badly used, but afterwards read, believed, and made the instrument of my salvation. I. L—, fusileer of the 4th company of the —regiment of the line."

At the sight of this inscription the Colporteur put his hand to his forehead, like a man who wanted to bring to remembrance some fact which had occurred. Light very soon broke in upon him; an event, the details of which he had tried to bring together, now returned to his memory as vividly as if it were at that moment taking place before him; the town where it had occurred, the date, the contempt for the book so openly avowed.

From the sad condition of the New Testament shewn to the Colporteur, it could be seen that the young soldier had at first made use of the book to light his pipe, as he had openly avowed; a shameful use truly of a book of which he had got possession by so detestable a trick. But this impious work of destruction was at length stopped, and the owner of the book

had himself related to his mother that this took place "on the evening before a battle" in which his regiment was ordered to occupy the perilous post of the advance guard. At this critical moment serious thoughts came into his mind in a very strange manner, and all of a sudden the words of the man whom he had tricked out of the book came to his recollection like a thunder-clap, and these words were, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!" "And if I should to-morrow fall into His hands!" exclaimed he, in an agony of mind. This thought haunted him without intermission during the whole of the night, and in consequence, as soon as ever it became light in the morning, he took from his knapsack the book which appeared to have become his accuser, the terrible voice of which did not leave him a moment's repose. What was his astonishment, when, instead of a host of threats which he expected to read in the pages which still remained, he read appeals such as the following:—"God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved" (John iii. 17). "He that hath the Son hath life" (1 John v. 12). "For he is the propitiation for ours; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world" (1 John ii. 2). "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God" (Ephesians ii. 8). "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heaven laden, and I will give you rest" (Mat. ix. 28).

This last passage, which so thoroughly met the state of his conscience, bowed down by a weight that well nigh crushed it, deeply affected him. He turned it over and over in his mind, trying to find out its true meaning, until, at the sound of the morning drum, he had to replace his book in his knapsack, fall into the ranks, and march away to meet the enemy. The struggle did not last long, but it was one of the most sanguinary description. At its close, our young soldier was among the number of those who lay scattered over the field of battle. A frightful wound placed him for several weeks on the very borders of the grave; but these were certainly weeks which were blessed for the good of his soul, since the verses of the Word of God, which he had read in the morning of the

day on which he was wounded, brought him to see the truth of this declaration of Jesus Christ, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

But while the health of his soul visibly improved, it was wholly otherwise with the bodily health of the young soldier. After having been removed from hospital to hospital in a foreign land, there was a respite in his sufferings, which admitted of his being brought to France, and of his returning to his parental roof. It was there, more especially, during the six weeks which he was still permitted to spend on earth, that he glorified him who had caused him "to pass out of darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God." His mutilated Testament was ever in his hand, for he had no other, and he sought to persuade his own mother, as well as every one who came near him, that one thing alone was needful, namely, to accept Jesus Christ as a Saviour; "for what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Matt. xvi. 26). To his very last breath, and as long as his voice could be heard, he exhorted, entreated, and besought all those whom he loved—and now he had learned to love every one—not to run the risk of falling in an unconverted state into the hands of the living God; and, at the critical moment when his soul was about to quit its earthly tabernacle, it might, from the expression of happiness and delight which was on his countenance, have been said that, like St. Stephen, the first Christian martyr, "he saw the heavens opened, and the glory of God, and Jesus Christ standing on the right hand of God" (Acts vii. 55, 50).

Weak Christians are apt to down trouble and disheartened by the sin within. But they should remember, to strengthen them against all discouragements, that their persons stand before God clothed with the righteousness of their Saviour, and so God owns them, and looks upon them with great delight.

How to Distribute Tracts

I had been recommended to Mr. McCheyne, and my school had been commended to his care. He had at that time just published the beautiful tract, entitled "I Love the Lord's-day," and I was asked to call on him at his house; he wanted to see me; he would give me some of these tracts to distribute. I went. My memory holds but little of the visit. I remember the appearance of his study very imperfectly, but I well remember, indeed most vividly, every fold of the long-flowing eastern dressing gown he wore; his look, gait, and all his personal peculiarities. How long or how short my visit was I can form no idea; whether I sat or stood; whether I spoke or he; all I remember is that he was in the act of showing me out at the street door, when all at once he said, "Do you lift up your heart and ask God's blessing on each of these tracts before you give it away? you know it will not be blessed unless you do." I answered, "No, I had never thought of such a thing; nobody had ever asked me to do it." So he said, "Come back, dear friend, come back, I am very busy, but come back." So with an earnest gesture he led me back to his study, shut the door, took the bundle of tracts out of my hand, knelt down beside me at the sofa, my hand in his, and there he prayed, "Holy Father" again. I remember the prayer still. Here is the substance of it; "Oh, what wicked hearts we have. Here were we doing God's work without ever asking God's blessing on it, could we be forgiven? Were there depths of mercy so deep as to cover the sins of two such sinners as we, kneeling here together? Here was this poor young man, he had been sinning in ignorance; would not God forgive him? Would He not grant that even yet all the prayerless tracts might be blessed? He could do it yet, would He not? And then was there ever such sin as his own. Here was he, a pastor over God's flock; this young man had been committed to his charge, and he had never told him how rightly to distribute tracts. But that too would be forgiven, through the merits of the priceless blood. And then finally, might this lesson never be forgotten, but remembered all the days of their life by

both;" and then an amen from a full heart, and again he led me to the door, and I found myself in the street. It was a circumstance never to be forgotten, and has often since risen to my remembrance at the right moment, proving a word in season.—*A London Minister, in the Sunday School Teacher's Magazine.*

REVIVALS.

The papers bring intelligence of revivals at numerous points in Maine, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, and South Carolina. There is no doubt that an increased attention to the subject of religion is springing up in the midst of our political and sectional difficulties. This is not surprising, when the truly Christian tone of the religious press—North and South—and the general and hearty observance of the National fast day, and the week of prayer, are considered. We remark with pleasure that the revivals, though prominently among the Baptists and Methodists, are shared by all denominations. The Lutherans, among others, are giving a good account of their labors in various quarters.

GIVING.—A recent English treatise, "Giving made Easy and Pleasant," mentions the case of a London Episcopal Church, which raised in a half-year, on the pew-rent and supplementary subscription system, \$595, and in the next half-year, on the apostolic system of weekly storing and weekly giving, \$1,090. It mentions, also, a Baptist Church, which, on the former system, gave for the ministry and home expenditure, an average for three years of \$765, and the next year, on the latter system, \$1,725.

Private prayer is so far from being an hindrance to a man's business, that it is the way of ways to bring down a blessing from heaven upon it; as the first fruits that God's people gave to him, brought down a blessing upon all the rest. Prayer and provender never hinder a journey.

THE GOOD NEWS.

April 15th., 1861.

THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARK.

Luke I., 5-25.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 209.

When Zacharias was alone in the temple, engaged in this solemn work, there appeared to him an angel, standing on the right side of the altar of incense; and when he beheld him, he was troubled, and fear fell upon him. Whence is it that men should dread so much to meet any of the bright and beautiful inhabitants of heaven, — those pure and holy beings, who are animated only by feelings of kindness, and good will to the human race? It is conscious guilt alone, which can account for this universal feeling.

With the utmost kindness and consideration, the angel told Zacharias not to fear, assured him that his prayer was heard, and that his wife Elizabeth should bear him a son, whose name should be called John. — But what prayer does the angel here allude to? Was it the prayer which he was offering up at that time, or some prayer which he had frequently offered up long before? I think that the angel referred more especially to the prayer which Zacharias was offering up at that time. And the prayer offered up by a holy man, in such a place, and on such an occasion, can hardly be supposed to have been for any personal or family object. We may well believe that he was praying "for the Israel of God, and their welfare, and the performance of the promises made to them concerning the Messiah, and the coming of His kingdom." But why in that case, should the angel have said—"and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son?" It might be that that

was intended to serve to him as a sign of the speedy advent of the Messiah—as if the angel had said—"This prayer of thine is now heard; for thy wife shall now shortly conceive him, who is to be the Messiah's forerunner."

It is quite true that the idea which naturally arises in the mind is, that Zacharias was praying for a son, and that this was the prayer which was to be answered. If so, why was he so incredulous, and why should he have alluded to his own advanced age, and that of his wife also who had probably long before given up all hope of children? The explanation probably is, that long before, Zacharias like Isaac, had entreated the Lord for his wife that she might have a son, and that that prayer long registered in heaven was to be answered now, in connection with the prayer which he was then offering up, for the salvation of Israel, and the speedy advent of the Messiah. But farther, as an evidence of God's purposes of grace and mercy, in connection with the birth of this child, he was told to call his name John, which signifies the grace or favour of God; as if God thus meant to assure him, that he would be an honour and blessing to him, a gracious answer to his prayers, and a pledge of the divine favour.

The angel then proceeds to describe the character of the promised child, the nature, and success of his labours, and their relation to the Messiah, in whom all the hopes and expectations of believing Jews centred.

First then, with regard to the character of this promised child. It would be such, that his father would have joy and gladness, as he beheld the opening wisdom, the expanding moral beauty, and dawning greatness of this remarkable person; and many would rejoice at his birth, anticipating his future greatness, from the remarkable circumstances connected with it.

He was to be great, not in the sight of

the world; not because of his rank or riches, or literary eminence, or martial exploits; but because of that piety and devotedness to God, and zealous exertions for the promotion of his glory, and the good of men, which are in God's sight of great price. His was to be a moral greatness, and the angel mentions three particulars in which his greatness would consist. First, he was to drink neither wine nor strong drink; he would be a man of stern self-denial, and of great moral purity. It is probable that this expression is meant to indicate, that the Baptist, in token of his entire devotedness to God, would be a perpetual Nazarite from his birth. And it was meet that the last prophet, under the old dispensation, should exhibit, in his person, a concentration of the strict legal character, which the Nazarite did. "It is spoken of as a great instance of God's favor to his people," says M. Henry, "that he raised up their sons for prophets, and their young men for Nazarites,—Amos ii. 11; as if those that were designed for prophets, were trained up under the discipline of the Nazarites. Samuel and John Baptist were, which intimates that those who would be eminent servants of God, and employed in eminent services, must learn to live a life of self-denial, and mortification, must be dead to the pleasures of sense, and keep their minds from every thing that is darkening and disturbing to them."

It is melancholy to think that, in the face of this scripture, professing Christians are to be found, so prejudiced by ancient customs, and it is to be feared, in many instances, so blinded by self-interest, or their own appetites, as to condemn total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and represent it as unscriptural. From this passage, it is plain, that the principle is not only allowed, but recognized with approbation in Scripture. It is not morally binding on any, but it is certainly allowable

to all; and when the vice of intemperance is employed by Satan, as the most successful instrument in ruining the souls of men, it certainly becomes a grave question, whether it is not *expedient* for all Christians in the present day, to unite in abstaining from the use of intoxicating drinks, on all ordinary occasions.

The second particular in which John's greatness consisted, and from which it mainly arose, was his being filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb. Some read it even 'in mother's womb,' and illustrate their view, by Elizabeth's words to Mary in the forty-fourth verse, "For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy." At all events, it is certain that either at or before, his birth, a saving operation was wrought upon his heart by the Holy Ghost, so that he was eminent for holiness and piety, even from his childhood. All conversions that have been effected, have doubtless been accomplished, through the agency of the Holy Ghost; and that before, as well as since the work of the Saviour was finished.

Thirdly, the angel speaks of John's success in the work of the ministry, as an additional element in the greatness of his character, "Many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God;" and then of his relation to the Messiah, "He shall go before him," *i.e.* the Lord his God, "in the spirit and power of Elias." We have here a striking testimony of the divinity of Christ; for the Lord their God, of verse sixteen, is obviously the antecedent to HIM in the seventeenth. He shall go before HIM, *i.e.* the Messiah, whom he represents just before as the Lord their God.

It had been predicted by the last of the Old Testament prophets, that God would send Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, which is here explained by the angel, as

one in the spirit and power of Elias.— I do not say that it was the first coming of Jesus, that was specially intended by Malachi, in the passage alluded to. He had no doubt the second coming more especially in view; but that the circumstance of the Baptist's appearing in the spirit and power of Elijah, as the precursor of Jesus, was typical of the coming of Elijah, before the second advent of the Lord, is evident from our Saviour's words in Matt. xvii. 11-12, "Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto ye, that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him, whatsoever they listed." The angel's words, with regard to John's going before Christ, in the spirit and power of Elias, just mean, that John would act with the intrapidity, zeal and holiness of Elijah, and that his labors would be crowned with similar success.

This passage is an exposition, rather than an exact quotation of the words of Malachi. John was to turn the hearts of the fathers of the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. This may mean that the hearts of Abraham, and the other patriarchs, had been alienated from their descendants, in consequence of their sins; but that, in consequence of the reformation which would be effected by John, they would be reconciled to them again. Scott interprets it, that he would turn the hearts of the fathers with the children, or persons of every age and situation in society, to lay aside their party disputes, or domestic contests, and to unite in repenting of sin, and attending on the great duties of true religion." But whatever may be the exact verbal meaning of the passage, there can be no doubt that it is meant to point out the extent and thoroughness of the reformation which John would be the means of effecting.

In the eighteenth verse, we find Zacharias manifesting a want of confidence in the

promise of the angel, and asking some sign for the confirmation of his faith. He alleged that he was an old man, and his wife well stricken in years. His age, however, could not have exceeded fifty; for at that period of life, the priests ceased to minister at the altar. But as the Jews married at a very early age, he and his wife had probably long ceased to expect or even to pray for children. Still he ought to have placed confidence in the statement of a messenger of God, delivered in his own house, without questioning God's ability to fulfil the promise. The angel told him that he was Gabriel, the same who had appeared unto Daniel, and whose name indicates that he was one of the most exalted of created beings, who stood in the presence of God, and who had been sent to speak unto him, and to show him these glad tidings. He granted him indeed a sign as he wished, but such an one as served at the same time, as a punishment for his unbelief. He punished him in the very member which had been the instrument of his sin, and inflicted a dumbness upon him, which was to continue till these things were performed.

The people who were waiting in the court of the temple, were astonished at Zacharias' long continuance in the sanctuary; and upon his coming out, and being unable to speak, they perceived that he had seen a vision in the temple; for he beckoned to them, and remained speechless.

Zacharias, though unable to speak, was not incapacitated for the honorable office of burning incense in the temple; and so he remained till the days of his ministration were accomplished, and then departed to his own house.

Doubtless, Zacharias communicated to his wife by writing, an account of the vision which he had seen, and the promises which had been made to him, regarding the character and glorious destiny of the

child, who was to be born. And when Elizabeth found that the Lord had dealt graciously with her, and was about to take away the reproach of barrenness, under which she had so long labored among men from some motive which has not been explained, she hid herself five months. Perhaps this retirement might arise from her anxiety to avoid any ceremonial defilement, aware as she was, that the promised child was to be a perpetual Nazarite from the womb; or it might be, "that she might not seem to be lifted up with the favour conferred upon her; or rather that she might have the more leisure for meditation, prayer and thanksgiving, on this extraordinary occasion."

The remarkable circumstances connected with the birth of the Baptist,—the pre-announcement of it, by an angel to his father, while he ministered in the temple; and the nine months dumbness, with which he was affected, both as a sign and a punishment for his unbelief,—such things were nothing more than might have been expected, in connection with the birth of that extraordinary character, who was to be the forerunner of the Messiah. The most glorious event was about to occur, that ever took place in the world's history, and it was to be expected that extraordinary circumstances would be connected with it.

It would seem that now all visible communication with the spiritual world have been suspended; we hear not now of angel's visits to the children of men. But happily this is not needed. We know that we enjoy their invisible protection, and assistance, sent forth as they are to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation; and this is quite as beneficial as their visible appearance could be, whilst there is not the excitement and alarm, which their visible presence could not fail to occasion. And thus, possessed as we are of the complete revelation of God's will, contained in

the Bible, we need not the information which these angelic beings could communicate. We have it all, in a surer and more durable form, than angel's could present it in, by word of mouth. Who would care for a verbal message from a servant, when he has a letter from the hand of the Sovereign himself, announcing the same thing. O Brethren, let us value God's word as it deserves to be. It is possible that we might be imposed upon by wicked men, or evil spirits, assuming the appearance of angels of light; but by the word of God, we can never be deceived. It alone can make us wise unto salvation. When we read and meditate upon it, we are as it were, in the company of God, and receive the hallowing influence, which proceeds from such society. Let us value that word more, let us study it more profoundly, more frequently, more prayerfully, so shall we be better fitted for the society of angel's, when we shall be carried by them into Abraham's bosom.

DON'T FORGET TO PRAY.

A lady who had the charge of young persons not of kindred blood became on one occasion perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired to her own room to meditate; and being grieved in spirit, laid her head on a table and wept bitterly.—She scarcely perceived her little daughter seated quietly in the corner. Unable longer to bear the sight of her mother's distress, she stole softly to her side, and, taking her hand in both of her own, said, "Mamma, once you taught me a pretty hymn:

'If e'er you meet with trials
Or troubles on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.'

The counsel of the little monitor was taken, and relief came. The mother was repaid for rightly training her child by having her become her own blessed teacher. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has ordained praise."

VAGUE EVANGELISM AN OBSTACLE TO TRUTH.

"The increase of profession is not conclusive proof that piety increases. A religious age is not necessarily an age of religion."—
MARSDEN.

"If nations are to perish in their sins,
'Tis with the Church the leprosy begins."
COWPER.

If anything more effectually than downright ignorance paves the way for the aggressions of Rome, it is the vague and indefinite evangelism which at present so widely prevails. Some one has justly said, that there is a great difference between a "free Gospel" and a "faithful Gospel." Even wicked men like, in our sense, the idea of a *free* Gospel, as something upon which they may always fall back with confidence. It is a faithful Gospel from which they shrink; it is when the Gospel is applied to the condemnation of their peculiar sins that they exclaim, in dislike, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy!" If this truth were duly considered, it would go far to explain what to many in the present day is a mystery, that there is very much preaching and little practical improvement; the wide circulation of a certain class of evangelised publications, and yet the headlong course of society—even professedly Christian society—towards evil, towards covetousness, cheating, lying, Sabbath-breaking, ungodliness, and oppression; and the steady progress of Romanism under the fostering care of Government, and with the tacit occurrence of the great mass of professing Christians. Somehow or other, the salt has lost its savour; and what is the cause?

The class of sermons and publications to which we refer profess to maintain a very high spiritual tone, and at the same time be adapted to all classes of people. The Bible is so adapted; but there is this wide difference, that the Bible, whilst proclaiming a free Gospel, does not shun to declare the whole counsel of God—it cries aloud against all evil; whereas the publications and sermons in question avoid all reference to matters, both of theory and practice, by which any considerable class in the so-called religious world might be offended, upon the plausible pretext that these are matters of doubtful disputation. Union is cried up

as the great desideratum—union at almost any price. Now, union is a matter of unspeakable importance; and there are many subordinate matters which ought not to stand in the way of the union, or, at all events, of the cordial united action, of true Christians; but this union must never be purchased by the sacrifice of vital and essential truth. Some one has said there are two kinds of union—the union of *freedom* and the union of *fusion*. Frost will unite as well as fire—it will unite all sorts of incongruous elements, but without expelling dross and rubbish; whereas the heat of Divine love, which is the only true element of Christian union, will, in the very act of uniting, tend to expel everything unworthy. The people of Christ are one in Him, but being one in Him, they all breathe His spirit. This is something very different from the compromising and calculating conforming to which we have referred—whose uppermost question is not, "What saith the Lord?" but, "How much of what the Lord says is it expedient for me to preach or publish?" The sovereignty of God, for example, in the salvation of sinners, is carefully shunned, because considerable classes of professing Christians might be offended. Original sin and eternal punishment are slightly treated. The kingly authority of Christ, which forms the very basis of the Apostolical Commission—"All power is given to me in heaven and upon earth: go ye, therefore, and teach all nations"—is cautiously avoided, out of regard to gainsayers who may hear the sermon or read the publication. For the same reason, the sin of allowing unsound or impure ministers and members to remain within the Church is seldom touched upon; the sin of worldly conformity; of the cruel oppression of the working classes by professing Christians in the rural and manufacturing districts; the sin of countenancing Parliamentary grants to Popery; of fraud and chicanery in commercial life: these are scarcely or never touched upon, so that the consciences of large classes of culprits who may hear the discourse or read the publication are never really probed. Is it unfair to say that this line of policy is dictated mainly by financial considerations—by a consciousness that an outspoken faithfulness in

ward to these matters might cause worldly loss?

At all events, it is quite evident that the Gospel announced in such a way from the press, and by a corresponding class of ministers from the pulpit, differs widely from that preached by prophets, and by our Lord Himself and His apostles. In addition to a free offer of salvation, they declared without scruple the most profound and unpalatable doctrines, and denounced Divine wrath against every form of abounding iniquity. The "offence of the cross has ceased," of late years, just because many men are not in like manner faithful. And yet we are no more entitled to call and select portions of Scripture, according to our own taste or worldly convenience, and call these the Gospel, than the Papists are entitled to reject the Scriptures altogether. The Spirit of God, who is dishonored by having His word thus treated, cannot be expected to bless such unfaithful efforts. Hence we verily believe, amidst a great amount of effort and apparent circulation of truth, little real progress in scriptural knowledge is being made. Shallow sentiment is mistaken for solid progress—men's consciences are blunted to a sense of sin and duty—the everlasting distinctions of truth and falsehood are confounded—vile persons get off with impunity, if not with honour—those who testify boldly for the truth are misunderstood and decried, whilst infidelity and Popery practically rule the land. There is altogether a fault in this matter, and we suspect that a time of thorough sifting, which will prove who is really upon the Lord's side, cannot be far distant, and is absolutely necessary.—*Bulwark.*

THE VALUE OF A PENNY.

The son of a powerful Burmese chief was led to believe in the Saviour by means of a little tract. He had been paying a visit at the distance of two hundred and fifty miles from the place where he usually lived, and during this visit the wife of a missionary taught him to read; and the little tract which was his lesson book was also, by God's blessing, made the means of his conversion. When he returned home, he preached the gospel to all who would listen, and succeeded in bringing hundreds

of souls to Christ. His influence was very great, people came in crowds from all parts of the country to hear him, and, in the course of a year, fifteen hundred natives were baptized.

The origin of this was a little tract which cost only a penny. Who had given this penny? God alone knows. Perhaps it was the mite of some little girl. Perhaps it was the well-earned penny of some little boy. But by God's blessing it was made the means of bringing hundreds of men to the knowledge of their Saviour.—It was the means of casting down hundreds of heathen idols. Oh, how great is the value of a penny well employed with the blessing of God! Let no one say, "The little that I can give is too trifling to be of any use."

The Slave Singing at Midnight.

Loud he sang the psalm of David;
He a negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,—
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear.

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reach the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast,
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with deep emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon gates at night

Sabbath School Lessons.

May 4th, 1861.

THE MINISTRY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST—Luke 3, 1, 21.

1. *The time of his Ministry*—It began in the 15th year of the reign of Tiberias Cæsar, A.D. 26. At this time the Lord Jesus who had not appeared unto Israel was 30 years of age. Luke 3, 22. John was six months older than Jesus. John was living in the wilderness when the word of God came to him. v. 2. God fitted John in the wilderness, and then when he was prepared called him. This is often God's way. He fits (in the wilderness still), many young men for places of usefulness in the church, and in the world. The schools and schoolmasters are various. When they are fitted he calls them forth.

As soon as the word of God came to him, he obeyed. He left the country and travelled into all the country round about Jordan preaching.

2. *The subjects of his preaching.*—(a)—Repentance for the remission of sins, v. 3. Repentance is a change of mind which, when genuine, manifests itself by immediate confession of sin and heartily forsaking it. See the Jailor of Phillippi, Acts 16, 23, 30, 33, 34. Zaccheus, Luke 19, 8. Peter. Matt. 26, 75. John exhorted them to leave off many great transgressions. To bring down every lofty thought. To make straight every crooked way. Luke, 3, 8.

(b). The coming of Christ, v. 16, 17. He proclaimed the greatness of Christ. He proclaimed the power of Christ, v. 16, 17.

(c). Good works as an evidence of reformation, v. 8.

(d). Many other things, v. 18.

3. *The style of John's preaching.*—(a)—It was bold. Luke 3, 7. He was not afraid to speak to those who came to him, whether rich or poor, dignified or otherwise. He was one of those who did not fear the face of man. v. 19.

(b). It was attractive. Luke 3, 7. Multitudes came to hear him. He appears to have roused the entire of the south of Palestine, and people flocked from all parts to the spot where on the banks of the Jordan he baptized thousands unto repentance. Such was the fame of his preaching that men mused in their heart whether he were the Christ.

(c). It was personal. Luke 3, 8 & 19. He did not declaim in generalities. Where he had individual transgressors; he faithfully rebuked their sins, and pointed out their res-

pective duties. Instance the children of Abraham, v. 8. the people v. 11, the publicans v. 12. The soldiers, v. 14. The tetrach, v. 14.

(d). It was practical. Luke 3, 12, 13. He proclaimed the coming of the Lord Jesus. He said that the kingdom of heaven was at hand. Therefore he pressed on their attention the performance of practical duties and the forsaking of sins.

(e). It was effective, v. 7, 12. Multitudes came to be baptized of him, of every class. Pharisees, Luke 18, 9. Sadducees, see Acts 23, 8. Publicans and sinners alike came to him. He was surprised at the former professing repentance and being afraid of hypocrisy in their confessions, he deals most faithfully towards them, by telling them that repentance must appear in suitable fruit. Profession is but the blossom of a tree which unless followed up by suitable fruit would in the end be cut down and cast into perdition. v. 8, 9.

4. John was faithful to his Master, v. 16. He was very popular and had been disposed to be false, might have deceived the people by representing himself as the 'one that was to come.' He however said that he was but the forerunner of one greater than he and that his baptism was but a sign of spiritual truth. v. 16, 17.

May 11th, 1861.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH— Gen. 9, 8, 17.

The term Covenant is used in Scripture to designate the Divine dealings with mankind or with individuals of the race. In all such cases the proper idea of a covenant or mutual contract between parties, each of which is bound to render certain benefits to the other is obviously excluded and one of a merely analogical nature substituted in its place. Where God is one of the parties, and man the other, in a covenant all the benefits conferred must be on the part of the former, and all the obligations sustained on the part of the latter. Hence the covenant of God is in Scripture sometimes, called his 'counsel,' his 'outward promise.' Ps. 89, 34; 105, 8, 9. Heb. 6, 13, 20, &c.

The divine covenants were ratified by a sacrifice, the design of which was to show that without an atonement there could be no communication of blessing from God to man. See Covenant with Abraham, Gen. 15, 1-18, the Levitical Covenant, Exod. 24, 6-8. The Covenant with Christ, Heb. 9, 16.

Of the various Divine Covenants mentioned in Scripture, the first place is due to that which is called by Jehovah himself 'My Covenant.' This is God's gracious engage-

ment to confer salvation and eternal glory on all who come to him through Jesus Christ. It is sometimes called "the everlasting Covenant" to distinguish it from temporary arrangements. It is also called the Second or New Covenant to distinguish it from the Levitical Covenant which was first in order of time.

1. The Covenant God made with Noah and his sons, was one calculated and perhaps intended to dispel this fear. Josephus says "that Noah in a persuasion that Jehovah had doomed mankind to destruction, lay under a mortal dread for fear of a repetition of the judgment. So that he presented himself before the Lord with sacrifices and prayers, humbly beseeching him that nature might proceed in its former orderly course." It is not quite so probable that God made this Covenant with Noah so much for his own fear, as for the fear of his family, and their descendants. This Covenant was to extend to all the animal creation, unable as they were to understand the token.

2. The token of the Covenant—"the bow in the clouds." Some think that the rainbow was a thing unknown before this period; others think that it was a well known and familiar sign to the antediluvians. It was a beautiful token which the Most High fixed on or appointed, and one which not occurring so frequently like the rising or the setting of the sun, as through great familiarity with the sight, to fail to answer that beautiful end, or on the other hand, being of too frequent occurrence for it, appears remarkably well adapted to answer the intended beneficent purpose.

THE REVIVAL AT LOCHMABEN.

The meetings at this place continue to be attended by large numbers of the inhabitants of the town and district, and conversions are of daily occurrence. The meetings are held alternately in Free and U.P. Churches, which are generally crowded, and on some occasions so much so that it is difficult to obtain admission. The same fact is observable here as in every other instance, namely, that for a considerable time past prayer-meetings have been held every Sabbath evening, which have prepared the minds of the people for the present Awakening. It appears to have burst upon them almost without warning. At one of the meetings in the Free Church some few weeks ago there was an

extra large attendance. For the first time an inquiry meeting was held, and the largest half of the audience remained.—Many were anxious about the state of their souls. The meeting was protracted to a late hour, during which time much good work was done. Outside the church a perfect crowd was gathered, wondering at the strange goings on inside. The Revival may be said to have fairly commenced that night, and ever since frequent meetings have been held, and the most solemn earnestness is exhibited on all sides. The meetings are principally conducted by the Rev. Mr. Broun of the Free, and the Rev. Mr. Martin of the U.P. Church. The Rev. Mr. McGill of the R.P. Church is also a most assiduous labourer. A number of ministers and young converts from Dumfries have given them occasional assistance, also a number of ministers and laymen from Glasgow and Edinburgh. At the inquiry meeting held in the Free Church on Sabbath, the 24th ult., and in the U.P. Church on Friday, the 1st inst., there would be about 200 persons present.

Not only are there frequent meetings in the churches, but also in private houses.—On these occasions the devotions are conducted by various members of the churches. Mr. Martin stated that a great change has come over the whole place. People are using their Bible much more than formerly, and are beginning to walk more and more by its light.

In the little village of Templand, which is situated about a mile and a half or two miles from Lochmaben, the people have organised prayer-meetings, in which all take part. They occasionally have the assistance of a minister, but the meetings are mostly conducted by themselves. Extraordinary cases of conversion are frequently occurring.

The effects of the work are being felt in every direction—meetings are held in all the villages in the parish—and it is satisfactory to learn that the zeal of all is steadfast.

THE GREAT TEST.

"Oh! to enter eternity with one doubt upon the mind," exclaimed the pious commentator, Scott, momentarily overwhelmed with a sense of its realities a short time before his decease. "Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!"

It is fruitless to attempt to gain an adequate idea of eternal existence.

"How long art thou, eternity?" is asked in a grand old German hymn. And the reflective answer:

"A little bird with fretting beak,
Might wear to naught the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came,
But though were then as now the same."

Four hundred and thirty-two years, according to the sacred books of the Hindoos, make one day of Brahma. But an epoch of Brahma would not be eternity. Far-reaching and tedious to contemplate is the illustration by which Saaria once endeavoured to impress his hearers with serious reflections of their future state. "I take," he said, "the greatest number of years that can be imagined. I add ages to ages, millions of ages to millions of ages. I form of these a fixed number, and stay my imagination. I then suppose God to create a world like this. I suppose him creating it by forming one atom after another, and employing in the production of each atom the time fixed in my calculation. Then I suppose the Creator to arrange these atoms, and to pursue the same plan of arranging them as of creating them. Finally, I suppose him to dissolve the whole, observing the same method in the dissolution as he observed in the creation and disposition of the whole." Great indeed, would be the time spent in the accomplishment of such a work. But even this would not be eternity.

"A circle infinite thou art,
Thy centre is eternal now."

In no manner is the power of religion more impressively illustrated than in the conduct of the christian, serenely contemplating, at the close of life, his proximity to eternity; and in no condition is the utter destitution of the unregenerate soul so clearly visible as when it is called, in the last hours of its probation, to reflect on the same event. In the vigor of his health, man may deceive both himself and his fellow-men; but, when he stands on the brink of eternity, aroused from the lethargy into which he has fallen, instinctively conscious of what he is, and what is to be his destiny, lost in his endeavours to gain a conception of the endless state upon which he is about to enter, he can no longer deceive him-

self, and it is most frequently the case, he can no longer deceive others. On the brink of eternity man walks with care. There his feelings are expressed. There the sins he wrecks his false views, theories, and hopes, and the Christian proves to the last the truth, and consolation of his faith, looks forward to a more glorious inheritance, rejoices and triumphs.

"I pant for eternity," said Zenxis. "It is sweet for me to think of eternity," said Brainard, "I am almost there." My hope is such that I am not afraid to plunge into eternity," said Andrew Fuller, shortly before his death. "I bless God," said Dr. Watts in his last days, "I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I awake in this world or in another." In like strain Charles Wesley expressed his feelings on his death-bed:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art—
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
Oh, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

"I go," said Whitfield, in his memorable sermon, preached at Newburyport on the day of his death, "to my everlasting rest. My sin has risen, shone, and is setting—nay, it is about to rise and shine for ever. I have not lived in vain. And, though I could live no more, I have now done with mortal things," wrote Elizabeth Rowe, "and all to come is vast eternity. Eternity! How transporting is the sound! As long as God exists, my being and happiness are, I doubt not, secure. These unbounded desires which the wide creation cannot limit, shall be satisfied for ever."

To such as these—true, humble, devoted followers of Christ—eternity approaches like the stealing on of eve to the laborer, bearing him peace and rest. The serenity of a summer's nightfall is in their twilight of life. Their death is a *mors sine morte*. The Delectable Mountains and the beautiful Beulah are theirs. To him who inhabits eternity, and beneath whose wing they have found a refuge in the varying scenes of life, they are going. He is their Father, their Saviour, and comforter; and the way that leads to him cannot be otherwise than delightful.

Reverse the medal, and how different the picture. "It is not giving up my breath," wrote a young nobleman, who after a gay and chivalrous career, in which he had derided religion, and held himself aloof from its influence, was prostrated by a fatal disease "it is not being for ever insensible that is the thought at which I shrink. It is the terrible

hereafter, the something beyond the grave at which I recoil. Those great realities, which in the hours of mirth and vanity, I have treated as phantoms, as the idle dreams of superstitious beings, these start forth and dare me, now in the most terrible demonstration. My awakened conscience feels something of that eternal vengeance I have often defied.

"To what heights of madness is it possible for human nature to reach! What extravagance is it to jest with death and to laugh at damnation! To sport with eternal chains, and recreate a jovial fancy with the scenes of infernal misery!

"Oh with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity which I have wasted! Return ye lost neglected moments. How should I prize you above the the Eastern treasures!—Let me dwell with hermits; let me rest on the cold earth; let me converse in cottages; may but once more stand in a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness."

Alas! to hear the approach of the waves of eternity with such confessions as these—to acknowledge that life has been a failure, that the future is dark, that the soul is preadmonished that something dreadful awaits it—how solemn how awful! How pitiable the expressions of the departing Col. Gardiner, "Would I were that dog;" of Randolph of Roanoke, "Remorse, remorse, remorse!" of the voluptuous Sir Francis Delaval, "Let my example warn you of the fatal error into which I have fallen;" of the ambitious Cardinal Mazarine,

"Oh my poor soul! what will become of thee? whither wilt thou go?" How does it touch the heart of the fatal error into which I have fallen; of the ambitious Cardinal Mazarine, brilliant Madame Du Defiant declare in one sentence her infidelity, and, in another, refute the declaration by exclaiming in despair, "Tell me why, detesting life, I yet, dread to die!" or to read the melancholy assertion of the erring Byron, made near the close of his life, "I have often wished for insanity, for anything to quell memory, the never-dying worm that feeds on my heart!"

Are we building our heavenly hopes on a foundation that will stand in the presence of eternal realities? Soon at the longest, we must play our part in the last great tragedy of life.—We live surrounded by the elements of dissolution. Of those elements our frail bodies are made, and they must soon perish. "Like the dream of a distracted person," says Jeremy Taylor "a man goes off, and is forgotten." "A dream of a shadow," sang Pinder of life; and the Hebrew Psalmist, "We spend our years as a tale that is told." Almost before we are aware, our years will draw to a close, and the threshold of eternity will lie before us. Will our

last hour usher us into misery or felicity?—Overwhelmed with remorse for a wasted life, shall we tremble over the brink of eternity as the sere leaf trembles in the autumn wind, over the precipice that girts the sea? or filled with the love of God, shall we rejoice in the assurance that we have a glory begun within us that is forever to endure.

H. B.

TALENTS.

"Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."—MATT. XXV. 30.

Have you read of the servant who hid in the earth

The talent his master had given,
When, by diligent use, to redouble its worth,
He ought to have faithfully striven?

My child, you have talents,—God gave them to you,

And will surely require them again:
Take care not to waste them; if ever so few,
Let them not have been given in vain.

You have *speech*; then remember to watch your words well,

And let them be gentle and kind;
It may seem a small matter, but no one can tell
The comfort a word leaves behind.

You have *time*; every minute and hour of the day

Is lent by your Father in heaven:
Make haste to improve, ere it passes away.
This talent so graciously given.

You have *influence*, too, though it seems very small,

Yet in greater, or lesser degree,
You affect the improvement and comfort of all.
With whom you may happen to be.

And the child who in earnest endeavors to live
As an heir of eternity ought,

By his silent example a lesson may give,
Which by words he could never have taught.

Then consider the talents intrusted to you,
And may they be daily improved;
Let your services be hearty and free, as is due
From children so greatly beloved.

(From "Thoughts in Verse.")

Revival Intelligence.

MEETING IN STOCKWELL FREE CHURCH, GLASGOW.

A correspondent says:—On Thursday evening, the 28th inst., one of the most interesting revival meetings we ever witnessed was held in Stockwell Free Church, which was closely packed in every part, many being unable to obtain admission. Mr. Alexander presided, and after a brief but very impressive and powerful address from Mr. Ross, the remaining services were conducted chiefly by Mr. Hammond, who took as the basis of his observations the account of Naaman's leprosy, as given in 2 Kings v. 1-14. The comparison that was instituted between this the most awful and loathsome of all the diseases to which flesh is heir, and that still more fatal and loathsome moral disease, the leprosy of sin, was equally graphic and telling. The leper, in countries where the disease prevails is seized by the police, who have strict orders to take him, by force if necessary, and consign him to his living grave—the leper-house. And as surely as this happens to the helpless, hopeless sufferer, so surely will the Angel of Death—God's policeman—come and drag him who is tainted with the plague-spot of sin, and consign him to the leper-house of hell, unless he be found washed in the "fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness." Then followed a description of the remedy, the application of which will as infallibly effect a cure as its neglect will insure death. The proceedings of the public meeting were most appropriately brought to a close by Mr. Alexander telling the story of one who, in youth, had been taught to think nothing of her soul or eternity. Her personal attractions made her the star of the society in which she moved. She got married; and when she and her husband, whose idol she was, were returning home after their marriage tour, she took suddenly ill on the road. Mortification was found to have set in, and she was told that she would be in eternity within an hour. The distress of weeping relatives was intensified by the reproaches of the dying victim of flattery and fashion. She shrieked, in wild despair, "Why, oh! why, did you never tell me till *now* about eternity?"—The meeting was dismissed shortly after

ten o'clock, after which those who were anxious about their souls were invited to remain. Many availed themselves of the privilege; and there is good reason to believe that not a few will be able, through their future lives and throughout eternity, to look back upon it as to them "the beginning of days." Oh! let the fervent prayer of God's people everywhere be, "Revive and quicken us, O Lord!" What need is there for a revival church in the midst of a Christless world!—[*Scottish Guardian.*]

REVIVAL IN THE COWCADDENS, GLASGOW.

We cannot refrain from making mention of what we saw last Sabbath evening in the Cowcaddens. Dr. Eadie had invited Mr. Hammond to conduct the evening services in his church. The place was so densely filled before the hour of service, that it was with much difficulty Mr. Hammond could reach the pulpit. The hall below was immediately filled, but the growing crowd outside seemed in no way diminished. Milton Free Church, a few yards off, was opened, and very soon filled, till the people were swarming round the doors. Large parties that had come from the Crescents and the Terraces on the Western Road, no doubt drawn there to listen to Mr. Hammond, but also moved by higher motives, sought out another church where they might worship God. Mr. Perrot very courteously put his pulpit at the disposal of Capt. Gillmore, who had been sent for from the other gatherings, himself giving out the 47th paraphrase, and offering up prayer. Mr. Craig came in, and just before the sermon, told forth the unvarnished story of his conversion from infidelity. Once freed from the trammels of such barren notions, he looked back with surprise at the self-satisfaction with which he had held them. But ever the old story: not human reasoning, not affectionate entreaty had prevailed; but a glimpse of the person of the Saviour of souls had convinced him that he was enlowed with a soul, and was something more than a mere organism. It is well for men that God ever takes the conversion into His own hands. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Captain Gillmore then read the 3rd chapter of John. - He said nothing of the mysteries of regeneration which that chapter might suggest to the metaphysical mind but made very plain the indispensable need of a change of heart—the true regeneration; and in words calm, affectionate, copious, prayed his fellow-men and women to bethink themselves of Christ's salvation, and their own great need of that. He spoke as an educated, thoughtful, Christian gentleman, so well can do, who has drawn his religion direct from the Scriptures, instead of theological treatises. The very marrow of the gospel fell from him. After the service was concluded, we returned, hoping to gain an entrance to Dr. Eadie's church.

The street, in front of the church, was crowded; and there, under the bright moonlight, hundreds were listening to a Christian layman who had been speaking to them for some time. Within that space bounded on either side by the Free and Established Normal Schools, there were five different assemblies, all willing to hear the truth, and seeking to worship the living God, simultaneously. We do not look upon this as the first beginning of revival in the Cowcaddens, but rather as the first fruits of much that has gone before. There has been work and prayer in the Cowcaddens for this, how heartily or inadequately God knows. But in addition to the agency already on the ground, a band of visitors from the College Church began there in winter was a year; and foremost among them was Professor Douglas, who, besides his professional duties and other claims on his attention, found time for missionary work there.—And for three months this winter special prayer has been made for revival in that quarter of the Cowcaddens. A little company of house-holders—a cabman, an ironfounder, a stone-mason and his wife, and another young married woman who have lately begun to follow Jesus—have all been laying this petition before the Heavenly Throne. Longing eyes were gazing upwards for some signs of the coming shower. Mr. Hammond had been little more than a week in Glasgow when he gave two services in Milton Free Church, and then other two; and now on Sabbath

he is called back to the very same quarter. Would it be presumptuous to claim, or would it be stupidity to ignore this as Heaven's acknowledgement of prayers uttered and prayers embodied in action?—The Lord deals with His people as one man with another. He throws down the challenge, "Prove me now, herewith if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive." Such challenge was never given that it should not be taken up. Mr. Hammond has fired the mine. Christians must now be up and quit themselves like men, and in this thing do the will of the Lord. Prove Him.—
[Scottish Guardian.]

Revival Intelligence.

NEW YORK.

Considerable accessions have been made the past month to most of our churches, and some—the Strong Place church in Brooklyn, the South Williamsburg church, the Murray Hill, the Fifth Avenue, and the Canon Street Churches in New York, among the number—have received a considerable number of hopeful converts, and others are still waiting. One peculiarity of the work is, that so many children are brought to the Saviour. The street children who have been gathered up in the Juvenile Asylum to the number of five or six hundred, have been abundantly blessed. Some hundreds of them give evidence of being indeed children of God; and their simple touching experiences have brought tears to many eyes. In the House of Industry, the Home for the Friendless, the Mission Schools, and several of the Asylums, the work, though less general, has been progressing for some two or three months. There is a greatly increased activity in providing for the spiritual wants of the poor and degraded. Mission Schools, industrial Schools, and Boys' Meetings, are organized in much greater numbers than ever before; while the old ones are maintained with increased energy and zeal.

"IF ONE LESSON WONT DO,
ANOTHER WILL."

"Mother," said Mary, "I can't make John put his figures as I tell him."

"Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply."

"But he won't let me tell him how to put the figures, and he does not know how to do it himself," said Mary very pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Henry won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try to teach him one *in patience*. This is harder to teach and harder to learn than any lesson in figures; and perhaps, when you have learned this, the other will be easier to both of you."

Mary hung her head, for she felt that it was a shame to any little girl to be fretted by such a little thing, or, indeed, by anything.

"A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that can be tied."

WINNING SOULS.

The venerable Dr. Wisner, says the New York Evangelist, when travelling through Western Massachusetts, once called at a farm-house to procure a glass of water.—A young lady very courteously brought one to him, and as he turned to leave, he kindly said, "My friend permit me to ask you before I go, whether you have yet given your heart to the precious Saviour?" She told him frankly that she had not.—He conversed with her tenderly for a few moments, and bade her adieu, expecting never to meet her again until the morn of the resurrection. Several years afterwards, when on board of a steambot going from New York to Philadelphia, he was accosted by a gentleman and asked if he was the Dr. Wisner who once visited the town of —, in Massachusetts. The stranger then informed him that a lady had requested him, that if he ever met Dr. Wisner, he should remind him of a young girl who once gave him a glass of water at a farm-house door. The brief conversation he had with her that summer day, had won her soul to Christ. She sent her heartfelt thanks for a kind word in season. *He that winneth souls is wise.*

WAIT.

I SAW the proprietor of a large garden stand at his fence and call over to a poor neighbour. "Would you like some grapes?" "Yes, and very thankful to you," was the ready answer. "Well, then, bring your basket." The basket was quickly brought and handed over the fence. The owner took it, and disappeared among the vines; but I marked that he was depositing in it all the while rich and various clusters from the fruitful labyrinth in which he had hid himself. The woman stood at the fence the meanwhile, quiet and hopeful. At length he reappeared with a well replenished basket, saying—"I have made you wait a good while, but, you know, the longer you wait the more grapes."

It is so, thought I, with the proprietor of all things. He says to me, and to all, "What shall I give thee? What shall I do for thee? Ask and thou shalt receive." So I bring my empty vessel, my needy, but capacious soul. He disappears. I am not always so patient and so trustful as the poor woman. Some times I cry out, how long! how long! At last he comes to me—how richly laden! and kindly chides my impatience, saying, "Have I made thee wait long? See what I have been treasuring up for thee all the while!" Then I looked, and behold! fruits more and richer than I asked or hoped for; and I pour out my heart's thanks to my generous benefactor, and grieve that I distrusted him; and I carry away my burden with joy, and find that the longer he makes me wait, the more he gives.—*Home circle.*

Corruption in the heart, when it breaks forth, is like a breach in the sea, which begins in a narrow passage, till it eats through and casts down all before it. The debates of the soul are quick and soon ended, and that may be done in a moment which may undo a man for ever.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

"Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come."—John, 16. 13.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To purify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

MAKING TRACKS.

A light snow had fallen, and the boys desired to make the most of it. It was too dry for snow-balling, and not deep enough for coasting. It did very well to make tracks in.

There was a large meadow near the place where they were assembled. It was proposed they should go to a tree which stood near the centre of the meadow, and that each one should start from the tree, and should see who could make the straightest track—that is, go from the tree in the nearest approach to a straight line. The proposition was assented and they were soon at the tree. They ranged themselves around it, with their backs towards the trunk. They were equally distant from each other. If each had gone forward in a right line, the paths would have been like the spokes of a wheel—the tree representing the hub. They were to go till they reached the boundaries of the meadow. Then they were to retrace their steps to the tree.

They did so. I wish I could give a map of their tracks. Such a map would not present much resemblance to the spokes of a wheel.

"Whose is the straightest?" said James Alison to Thomas Sanders, who was at the tree first.

"Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all."

"How could we all contrive to go so crookedly, when the ground is so smooth, and nothing to turn us out of the way?" said Jacob Small.

"How did you come to go straight Henry?" said Thomas.

"I fixed my eye on that tall pine tree on the hill yonder, and never looked away from it till I reached the fence."

"I went as straight as I could, without looking at anything but the ground," said James.

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," said several others. It appeared that no one but Henry had aimed at a particular object.

They attempted to go straight without any definite aim. In order to mental improvement, there must be a definite aim. In order to do good there must be a definite aim. General purposes, general resolutions, will not avail. You must do as Henry did; fix upon something distinct and definite as an object, and go steadily forward toward it. Thus only can you succeed.

A GOOD REPROOF.

A gentleman who lived near Stockholm, in Sweden, was one day walking in his fields. He was very vain of his large possessions, and he could not refrain from foolishly boasting of them to a poor man who was working for him.

"All that you see is mine," said this vain man; "as far as the eye can reach, everything belongs to me."

The poor man was silent for a moment, then taking off his cap, he reverently pointed towards heaven, and said to his employer in a respectful but significant tone, "Is that all yours?"

What will all the possessions of earth avail us if heaven be not ours? "What is a man profited if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

REVIVALS IN LONDON.

An excellent lecture—one of a winter series by various gentlemen—was not long since delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, at Exeter Hall. The subject was "Revivals," and the Rev. John Stoughton of Kensington was the lecturer. Midway in his discourse he paused, and requested that the hymn might be sung, beginning—

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me."

The vast audience entered heart and soul into the song, and the effect was deeply solemnizing.

That "some droppings" at least continue to fall on this metropolis is to be thankfully acknowledged. That the true people of God are largely more earnest and spiritual, and more entirely in practical harmony with the Saviour's compassion for perishing souls, I cannot doubt. The *prayer of faith*, the expectation of blessing, the ceasing to limit the Holy One of Israel, as well as personal direct dealing with the unconverted, are now more than ever before.

Two things are worthy of notice in connection with "the additional theatre services," namely—1st, Large *Saturday evening* prayer meetings to crave a blessing—sometimes as many as from 600 to 1000 attending—and written requests for prayer read out in numbers, and at once responded to. 2ndly, After the preaching on the Lord's-day evening, meetings for prayer and conversation are held, and many who have been previously impressed are thus led into the light and liberty of the sons of God.

In truth, the power of prayer has been largely tested and realized in connection with ragged schools and refuges. The first fruits were seen last year, and will be still more apparent ere long. The teachers of Field Lane hold a meeting for prayer every Saturday evening from half-past 7 till half-past 8 o'clock. In addition to the teachers, most of the inmates of the Female Refuge attend. Free prayer—that is, no one is called to engage—is the rule. "It has proved to all," says Mr. Hytche, "a real time of refreshing; and to this season of united prayer, I am disposed to refer the recent cases of conversion in the Ragged Church."

A peculiar blessing continues to attend the addresses to young people, delivered from time to time by some of the older lads employed at the Woolwich Arsenal, under the

superintendence of Captain Orr of the Royal Artillery. Some months ago, they were at Bristol assisting Mr. Reginald Radcliffe in his evangelistic labours. At present they are occupied in occasional labour in and around London, chiefly on the Lord's-day and Saturday evenings, when they are not at their ordinary employment in the arsenal.

In the Sabbath school in which the writer is especially interested, tokens of a work of grace begun had manifested themselves for some time past. One and another of the Bible classes, and from among the elder girls and youths in the school, had given themselves first to the Lord, and then publicly professed their faith and love at his table. In addition to this, a spirit of anxiety and seriousness had so far manifested itself, that, whereas formerly the meetings held on the afternoon of the Lord's-day when the school broke up, were attended only by teachers, within the last twelve months, the scholars, in considerable numbers, remained also. When, therefore, these young messengers of Christ appeared one afternoon (without previous announcement) and spoke to the children, the result showed that the soil of many hearts had been previously prepared for the seed. While no outward or noisy excitement was produced by the addresses—so affectionate, simple, and solemn—such was the effect, that a proposal being made for conversation with the anxious, about forty boys and girls repaired at once to the separate rooms. Since then the work of grace has made progress, but it is premature to speak of fruits. The writer earnestly asks for special prayer for these young people, as well as for Sunday school children all over London—a great multitude. At the school connected with another congregation, the same youths addressed the young people on a recent occasion, and it is stated that not less than seventy of them have since waited on the minister in deep spiritual anxiety. Addresses have since been given to the ragged-school children at Sermon Lane, Liverpool Road, and also at the rooms of the Islington Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. The writer can say, from personal observation, that these youthful servants of Christ are doing a great work, in a fervent, yet humble spirit.

Cases frequently come to light in which conversions can be clearly traced, as direct answers to mothers' prayers. Two such cases are before my mind as I write; and also another, where in answer to a 'sister's prayers'—the answer long deferred, and the cases apparently hopeless—a brother and his wife have closed their Sunday shop, have publicly confessed the Saviour, and besides are realizing temporal prospects, in a way which that bro-

ther thought and said was impossible to a man who "gave himself up to religion."

The glorious Bible-woman movement has now about 150 agents busily employed. One of these quiet but effective labourers has been engaged for some time in the New Cut, Lambeth—one of the most wretched neighborhoods in the metropolis. Here Sunday markets are held nearly all day long, and social degradation and depravity are the rule. But we have now furnished us in the March number of "The Book and its Mission," "Native evidence from the New Cut," as to results achieved by "Phoebe" in her district. The testimony is borne, by "one of her first subscribers, having had a family Bible of her." The cases of usefulness detailed, backsliders reclaimed, and the ignorant and wretched enlightened and transformed, are deeply interesting.

ANNAN—REVIVAL MOVEMENT.

Since I wrote you last week, the work here has been full of life and interest. We are now in the ninth week of the movement, and still the interest is unabated—the progress most marked and encouraging. Probably at no previous period had we more cause for thankfulness and hope. Fresh cases of awakening are considerably numerous, while the work accomplished is consolidating daily. As observed in some former communication, I could fill your columns with examples illustrative, and incidents most interesting. But, though you have kindly thrown your columns open to any amount of Revival intelligence, we should be as sparing as possible.

Mr. Forlong is still with us. On urgent solicitation, and thinking "the Lord had laid it on his heart to comply," he made a visit to Langholm. After two nights' absence he returned. He is talking of leaving us; and indeed the state of his health seems to require a temporary cessation from labour. Morning, noon, and night, has he laboured as few men could or would labour. A more single-minded, self-sacrificing Christian man there perhaps is not. If human lips dare utter the words, it is his—"the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." We have often had occasion to mark the perfect fitness as to time of 'the helps' the Lord hath sent us; none has been more seasonable than dear Mr. Forlong. In himself he is a God-gifted man—to us a God sent man. The most di-

vinely taught amongst us have been, for a whole precious fortnight, sitting at the feet of a Gamaliel. In warning he is very terrible at times, in inviting very urgent, in instruction very full and fresh in comforting believers, most blessed words does he speak.

It is just as I said in my last communication when pressing the duty of faith until you think he had lost sight of the sinner's inability, it is only that he may leave on the sinner's heart the unbroken responsibility of submitting and accepting; for on the inability of the sinner he is as clear as on the duty of faith. "You are dead, sinner—dead as a door nail. What have you got to do? Just to tell the Lord you are dead. If you want to be saved, you must just believe and admit this." And, then turning to 1 John v. 11, and opening up in his own lucid manner the way of life for the sinner, he closed it with these pointed words: "Sinner, receive it as a dead man: God help you."

At the opening of one of the meetings, Mr. Forlong observed, that, knowing there were many of the Lord's people present, he would avail himself of the opportunity to ask them to join him in prayer that the Lord might be pleased to check the progress of Popery in these lands. As one who knew the metropolis—who knew a great deal of the upper classes of society—and who was himself an Episcopalian—he told them that Popery was making marked progress in the Church of England, and among the aristocracy and nobility of the land. He doubted much if any government could long withstand the demands and encroachments of Popery. He said, at one time the Roman Catholic Clergy in London were all Italian priests; now they are Episcopalian clergy. He spoke also of the appointment of Popish chaplains to the army, and in strong terms deprecated the probable results. "Woe to us, woe to us," he cried, "if Popery tampers successfully with our army!" He then offered up an appropriate prayer; after which he delivered to the souls before him one of the most searching and awakening addresses I ever heard. No wonder the work is progressing among us with addresses so powerful and pointed, and prayers so earnest and believing.

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Gratuitous Circulation.

We are anxious that our paper should circulate among the careless and the infidel, as well as among the religious. Many of these we know, will not subscribe for, nor support a paper such as ours, but we wish it to circulate amongst them, notwithstanding. And the way it can be done is this.

Reader, suppose in your locality, school-section, congregation, village or town, there are twenty, thirty, or fifty families, or more, which you could conveniently visit once a month. If you wish to do them good, send to us for as many papers as there are families. If there be fifty families, we will send fifty copies each month FREE. Take them round—hand them kindly to every one of the fifty who will receive them, no matter by what name they are named. When you hand them in, speak a word for Christ. It will be a good opportunity for you. If you are not able to do so, leave the Lord himself to speak through the paper.

In this work all classes of our readers may engage, but especially would we like to enlist a number of females, as we have always found them able and devoted distributors.

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