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Isaac Buchanan Esq

THE GOOD NEWS:

A SEMI-MONTHLY UNDEROMINATIONAL RELIGIOUS PERIODICAL.

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EDITED BY REV. ROBERT KENNEDY.

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A WONDERFUL CURE;

OR, A NEW VERSION OF THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

"I heard you wanted a housekeeper, sir," said a trim-looking, middle-aged woman, with a firm, direct expression that was pleasant to see, though there was with it a mixture of strong self-satisfaction.

"I do want one," replied the gentleman, turning from an office-table before which he was seated.

"If I can suit you, sir, I want a place," said the woman. "I have a ten years' character."

"Good," said the gentleman, who forthwith made the inquiries usual in such cases, to which he received answers that were only too satisfactory, that is as the candidate expressed them; every succeeding one showed him more plainly that whatsoever she was in the opinion of the world, she stood tip-top in her own. Her references, however, were too recommendatory to be slighted, so he told her he would make inquiries, and engage her if he found all correct.

He, Mr. Burns, did find all correct, and engaged her. He was a merchant, his family lived in the country, and the housekeeper he wanted was for his business residence in town. For this place a trustworthy person was eminently needful, as very important property and papers were deposited in the house, from which he was always absent on Sunday, and generally at night, his sleeping there being the exception from the rule,

Hannah Teague was to be trusted, if any faith could be placed in the report of others, or in her own self-confidence, and although Mr. Burns was almost prejudiced against her by her very self-righteous sentiments, he felt constrained to try her.

So, in a short time she was established as head of the domicile in Brook Street; having under her a young girl to do such work as she considered below the functions of a housekeeper of ten years' character.

Mr. Burns soon saw a great difference

in the house. The mats that used to return to his shoes with interest the dirt he had rubbed off, were now thoroughly cleaned, and executed their purpose; the handles of the doors that had become black through long estrangement from brick-dust and leather, shone out like stars in the dark passage; the windows lost the gloomy film that had settled on them from want of any washing but what they had received now and then from a good-natured shower; and daylight came in on all sides and made the house quite cheerful.

Mr. Burns had grown so used to the neglect of his old housekeeper, that he had borne all the evils of dirt without remonstrance—scarcely considering them as evils that could be lessened, but rather as disagreeable necessities connected with a house of business; but when cleanliness smiled around him he smiled in return, and rejoiced in the change. Then, as to his accounts, he must have been sadly cheated before; there was such a wide difference in the baker's bill, the butcher's bill, the grocer's bill; such retrenching in all things, and yet so much more comfort, and so improved a bill of fare. He was more than satisfied with her; in fact, he liked everything about her but—herself and she liked herself so much, he felt it, utterly impossible to do that.

Now, Mrs. Teague, although she so entirely believed in her own excellence, that the want of praise from others would by no means have shaken her good opinion herself, had a warning after approbation while she affected indifference to it; and it was a mortification to her that her master, when he expressed himself well pleased with what she did, said not a word that indicated she was personally growing in his esteem.

"I do believe," ruminated Mrs. Teague one afternoon,—after having received her second quarter's salary, and had the same cold commendations, "Oh, yes, perfectly

satisfied!" in reply to her question, "I hope I give satisfaction, sir?"—"I do believe he likes that idle little scrub of a Bessie, whose face was as black as the door handles till I made her wash it, better than me; he won't hear a word of complaint against her—'She is but young, Mrs. Teague, we were young once; we've all our faults.' Very fine!—I should like to know what fault he can find in me?"

She was quite right; idle Bessie, the little black-faced scrub that was, and who had been metamorphosed, like the door handles, into her right colour, was a great favourite with Mr. Burns. Her good temper made her very agreeable, and her youth gave him a fatherly interest in her. He had often regretted that his absence on the Sabbath necessarily prevented his attending to the spiritual welfare of his town servants on that day. He enjoined their attending Divine worship, and supplied them with books for profitable reading, but he could do no more. When he passed the night in town he generally heard Bessie read, and gave her such simple instructions from the book of truth as he thought she would understand. Knowing that he had been grievously deceived in his last housekeeper, who, under a mask of religious profession, had carried on most nefarious practices, he was grieved and distressed to think this young girl should have been exposed to her influence, and very anxious to repair the injury.

Mrs. Teague, not knowing the workings of her master's mind, considered herself as slighted and undervalued, and nothing but her indomitable self-approbation supported her under the mortifying impression.

One Saturday evening as he was about to leave for his country house, Hannah walked into the office, with that peculiar compression of her mouth, which was always a sign of something disagreeable coming.

"I'm going now, Mrs. Teague," said the merchant, as if he hoped to get away from the impending "delivery."

"Yes, sir; I was wanting to speak a few words, sir, about Bessie, sir; I know you are particularly anxious about her, sir," said Mrs. Teague, staring a vigorous significant stare as she spoke.

Mr. Burns pulled out his watch. "I fear I shall be late," he said; "won't it do on Monday morning?"

"No, sir," replied Mrs. Teague, decidedly; "Monday morning won't do by no means; nobody knows what may have happened by Monday?" morning."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Burns, startled at her words.

"Only, sir, what I was afraid of long ago, but you thought I was too strict upon her; but I knew better; I am happy to say, I never had the character of being too strict."

"Well, well, what is it?" said Mr. Burns, somewhat impatiently.

But Mrs. Teague was not going to lose the power of her disclosure by bringing it forth abruptly, her style was that of gradual culmination, so she proceeded—

"You remember, sir, two months ago—yes, three months and more too—indeed, it was almost directly I'd got her to clean herself so as she might know her own face in the looking-glass,—I told you she was taking to love finery."

"Yes, yes, I know you did. Perfectly natural; all young girls love it, especially in these days; the only way is to try and get her to love something better and that will cure her folly."

"Just what you said then, sir," said Mrs. Teague, looking particularly pleased with this apposite quotation from his own words, which strengthened her position.

"Well, and I say it again," said Mr. Burns; "is that all you have to tell me?"

"I wish it was, sir," said Mrs. Teague, shaking her head.

Mr. Burns saw he must give in and let her take her own way, so remained silent.

"Yes, sir, I said she was going wrong; I was right, sir. I'm happy to say I've always had the character for being pretty sharp-sighted."

Mr. Burns was still silent, looking at his watch.

"And, so, when I saw her wearing things that I knew were beyond her wages, and hearing from you that her being an orphan and a friendless girl was the reason you took so to her, I watched her, deep little piece as she is! and to end it, sir, I found out she is a thief!"

The last word seemed to come out with peculiar zest; not that Mrs. Teague rejoiced in the fact, but in proving how right she had been in her misgivings of Bessie, and how wrong Mr. Burns had been in holding her in such favour.

Mr. Burns was deeply shocked. "Are you sure?" he said, with great concern.

"I am not one to speak without being sure, sir," replied Mrs. Teague. "I was sure before when I complained of her, and told you my thoughts."

"What proof have you?" The merchant asked this question as if still clinging to the hope that his housekeeper was deceived.

"Only this, sir—and this—and this," said she, laying a gold pencil case, a silk handkerchief, and a brooch, on the table. "I found these in her box, sir; and now, perhaps, you may guess where those other handkerchiefs you missed and thought you must have lost in cabs, are gone."

The pencil-case was his own, the brooch one of his wife's that he had brought in to be mended, and, occupied with his thoughts, had left on his desk.

"Does she know it? I mean that you have found those things?" asked Mr. Burns.

"Know it! I should think so, sir; I've locked her up in her room till you settle what's to be done with her."

"Poor thing! poor child!" said the merchant, very sorrowfully.

Mrs. Teague was almost electrified; "Poor thing! poor child!" So that was the way to speak of a thief! She could scarcely conceal her disgust.

"Bring her to me, Mrs. Teague," said her master, after a minute's pause.

"I suppose you'll send for the police, sir?" replied the housekeeper.

"Police! No—bring her down to me, I am deeply grieved!"

"So much for being honest!" said the housekeeper under her breath, as she left the room.

"We mustn't forget, Mrs. Teague, that she was unhappily exposed for a long time to the worst example possible," said Mr. Burns.

"I should hope, sir," said Hannah, returning, "the example she has had since might have given her a turn the other way, if

example has anything to do with it; but it's my belief she is a natural bad girl, as sly as a——"

"Fetch her down at once," said the merchant.

Poor Bessie stood before her master sobbing as if her heart would break.

"There's a deal of crocodile's tears there, I'm afraid," said the housekeeper. "She was brazen enough till I told her you wanted her."

Mr. Burns having intimated that he preferred being alone with the culprit, Mrs. Teague had nothing for it but to withdraw, which she accordingly did with a very ill grace.

Her patience was well nigh exhausted as she stood waiting in the kitchen for the door to open. "If he thinks I'm going to forgive her, and let her stay on with me, he's mistaken," she said to herself. "I'm not going to put up with a thief for company. If she stops I shall go, as sure as my name's Teague."

At last she heard Bessie go sobbing up stairs, and the bell rang to summon her. She found Mr. Burns looking very sorrowful, and couldn't help thinking he seemed to feel more like a criminal than a judge.

"This is a sad business, Mrs. Teague," he began. "I fear it is as you say, and poor Bessie has learnt the art of deception but too well."

"I was sure of it, sir, from the first. I never had much opinion of a girl that didn't know dirt from cleanliness; there's sure to be a something bad at the bottom. Why, sir, since I was a child this high," putting out her hand, "I couldn't bear a speck of dirt; but oh, that girl!"

"Well, well," said her master, impatiently, "I am sorry you have had the trouble of her—sorry for all. I feel that I was to blame to leave her here after her late companion left."

"What is to be done with her, sir?" asked Mrs. Teague, with a look that conveyed, "no staying here now."

"I am going to take her with me into the country. I hope under my wife's eye she will thoroughly reform, and gain a character."

So, this convicted thief, instead of being made a proper example of was to be taken in among other servants, and petted into

being good! Mrs. Teague had no words in which to express her utter disapproval—her despair of a world so unjust.

"I'm sure you would be glad to hear of her reformation?" said Mr. Burns, looking steadily at her.

"I must say, sir, I like honest folks to be treated like honest folks, and rogues like rogues," answered the housekeeper, twirling her thumbs, and looking up at the ceiling.

"Then you don't approve of mercy?" asked the merchant.

"It's my belief, sir, that mercy, and pity, and such like, only hardens and encourages in wickedness. I like justice."

"But don't you like to have mercy when you want it?"

"I don't want it, sir. No, though I say it myself, I never want nothing that I don't deserve; and as to mercy, when I go a-thieving I may ask for it."

"Now do you know, Mrs. Teague, I would rather be in Bessie's place than yours," said Mr. Burns.

"Sir!" exclaimed the amazed housekeeper.

"Yes, I would," replied her master.—"She is wicked by nature; she has yielded to temptation; she knows it, and is ashamed of it, and sorry for it. You are also bad by nature; you don't know it, are not ashamed of it, nor sorry for it."

Mrs. Teague stood transfixed. If she had ever heard, she had never understood that saying about sinners being nearer the kingdom of God than were the righteous Pharisees.

"Why," continued Mr. Burns, "do you deny that? Don't you know that but for the grace of God you even might come to steal those candlesticks?" said the merchant, pointing to two small silver ones on his desk.

This was too much.

"I steal a candlestick! I! Oh, dear! Well, I've lived to hear something!"

"Don't be angry," said Mr. Burns. "I know that you never have stolen, and that you think it would be impossible for you to do it; but I also know that if you were to be tempted beyond your natural strength, there is nothing in you to prevent your doing it, any more than there was in Bessie."

"I should like to see the temptation that would make me steal!" said Mrs. Teague, defiantly.

"You are not likely to see it," said the merchant; "God, by his providence, has so fenced you in. You are simple in your wants, and able by your industry to more than supply them; but if you were led away by any temptation to want something that you had not, and hadn't the means of getting it, I tell you I would not trust you."

"I don't think you've had any reason, sir, since I've been here, to speak in that way," said the housekeeper, almost in tears.

"Don't misunderstand me, friend," said the merchant, gently; "all I want you to see is that your honesty is not owing to any natural goodness of your own, but to the mercy of God in his providence. If you have been kept through your life from any act of dishonesty, instead of triumphing over a fallen sister you ought to fall on your knees, and thank Him who has kept you."

It was plain from the expression of Mrs. Teague's face that nothing was further from her intention than doing this, and she looked not a little offended at being brought in any way into relationship with Bessie.

"Let me warn you," said her master, who saw this, "that there are other sins quite as offensive in the sight of God as that of stealing: the proud in heart are as hateful to Him as the thief."

Bessie's trembling tap at the door, to announce that she was ready, stopped the conversation.

To use her own expression, Mrs. Teague, all that evening, was turned "regular topsyturvy."

"No wonder her master didn't like her, if he had taken it into his head that she would be a thief if she could;" for this was the conclusion she chose to gather from what he had said.

On Monday morning, when the merchant returned to the office, he found her in very low spirits, and after a few introductory coughs, she announced that, finding she didn't suit him, she should wish to leave.

"Not suit me! You suit me admirably, Mrs. Teague," said Mr. Burns.

"I don't see how that can be, sir, if you think so ill of me," she said.

"Think ill of you! I think no worse of you than I do of myself," he replied.

"You, sir! why you don't mean to say that you think yourself a thief by nature?"

"I think," he replied, "that, like you and like Bessie, I have a heart capable of any wickedness that man could commit."

The housekeeper was a little mollified at this.

"But there is this great difference between us: God has shown me that I am a sinner, and that my nature is depraved; you are yet blind to that fact. He has shown me that of myself I cannot think a good thought. Since I have known this, I have laid at his door all my honesty, truthfulness, charity, and every good thing that I have, knowing that it is to his grace alone I owe them; so, when I see a fellow-sinner fall into temptation, instead of priding myself on my own strength, I am forced to say, 'but for the grace of God, I might have done that.'

"One thing more," he said, as he saw that Mrs. Teague, looking utterly bewildered, was about to leave the room, "characters are differently formed, and each has its besetting sin, so that *this* person falls more easily into one sin, and *that* into another. Your besetting sin is certainly not dishonesty, but do you think you would be better off if it were the love of murder?"

The housekeeper looked horrified, and shook her head.

"What do you think of this then?" said her master. "Listen to part of a list of things (Prov. vi.) that the Lord is said to hate—'a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood.' Do you see that a proud look is put in the same list with murder? Can you say that you are not proud?"

"I don't know that I'm prouder than other people."

"Didn't you tell me that you were in no want of mercy?"

"Well, sir," she replied, irritated, but not convinced, "and I don't see as I am."

"I know you don't," replied the merchant; "I pray God to open your eyes that you may see it—before it is too late."

"I think, sir, it seems plain," said Mrs. Teague, lingering at the door, "that I'm not good enough for you; I'd rather leave, if you please."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," replied the merchant; "but of course, if you have made up your mind to do so, I cannot interfere. I only hope that you will find faithful friends, and the truth now so distasteful to you may become more acceptable."

So saying he sat down to his writing-table, seeing that now was not the time to press the subject.

A month passed, diligently spent by her in bringing the whole house almost into the condition of a looking-glass; not a corner was allowed to escape; and as the time grew shorter, her labours seemed to increase. She would have no help; she preferred being alone, and often when, tired with her day's work, she had locked up all the doors and settled herself by the lonely kitchen fire, her thoughts would revert to her conversation with her master, the strange things he had said, his accusations, his kindness.

"Certainly he is the pleasantest master to live with; but then to go to say I was a thief by nature, and that God hated me for my pride! Pride! what can any one see of pride in me, dressing as plain as I do, and always speaking civil to a very chimney sweep? Just because I wouldn't live with a thief? Well, he'll find the miss of me, bad as he thinks of me." Thus she ruminated, and her heart whispered at the end, "And I hope he will."

Now this perversion of the merchant's words, and misconstruction of his meaning, was wilful; and, strange to say, while Mrs. Teague allowed herself in such a state of mind, there was an undercurrent conviction that told her she was wrong, and he was right.

She put a good face on it when she received her last amount of money, and said good-bye. But although she was going to a very excellent place, in every point more advantageous, her spirit failed her as she left the room, and the tears came into her eyes—she couldn't tell why.

If Mrs. Teague had gone to this new place before living those few months with Mr. Burns, she would have entirely ap-

proved of it; but her mind had been changed in spite of her resistance. She had no fault to find with master, work, or wages, but the absence of the very thing that made her leave Brook Street became a source of grief to her. She felt that "no man cared for her soul;" she took to reading her Bible, to see if she could find there what Mr. Burns had told her; she listened to the sermons on the Sabbath, and tried to pray, but she was restless, and ill at ease.

One day the housemaid, who had been out for a holiday, told her that Mr. Burns was very much troubled about a housekeeper; his new one had left.

That evening Mrs. Teague went to her new master, and gave him notice.

"Why, are you dissatisfied, Mrs.—Teague?"

No, she had nothing to complain of.

"Why, then, would she go?"

She had a reason, which at first she kept to herself; but being urged, she said, "I've heard Mr. Burns has parted with his housekeeper, and I want to see if he'll take me back again."

"Very dishonourable," said her master, to entice you away, I think!"

"Mr. Burns dishonourable! He knows nothing about it, sir. No, sir; he couldn't be dishonourable," replied Hannah, with almost indignation.

She had a mingled feeling of shame and fear when she knocked at the door in Brook Street, and almost started when Bessie, who had come in for the day opened it.

"Mrs. Teague!" exclaimed Bessie, equally surprised.

"Well," said the merchant, when she was ushered into his presence, "it's very kind of you to come and see us. How are you getting on?—well, I hope."

"I heard you wanted a housekeeper, sir, and if you'll take me back, I'll come and glad," said Hannah, without any circumlocution.

"Not more glad than I should be to have you," answered Mr. Burns, much surprised and pleased. "But how is this? I heard you were most highly approved of."

"Yes, sir, I believe I gave satisfaction; but I'd rather live with you."

"But I cannot take you away from a place, you know," said Mr. Burns.

"I know you wouldn't, sir, so I gave warning before I came," said the housekeeper, coolly.

Mr. Burns was convinced that something stronger than mere natural liking had wrought this change; but he allowed her to tell her own tale in her own time, and way, and by degrees it came out that all he had said had been made good to her. She had found it in the Bible. She had been forced to confess it by the power of conscience, enlightened by the Spirit of truth. She knew now that she was corrupt by nature, and that her pride of heart was as hateful to God as Bessie's dishonesty.

Very thankful was the merchant for this result of his plain speaking; he reaped a rich reward from it in every way. As to Hannah Teague, she was happy as she had never been before; and if there had been a service she could render beyond what she was able, she would have tried to go beyond possibility to do it.

"Suppose I had gone on in my pride till the day of my death," she said, "and turned my back on the Lord Jesus till it was too late, and he turned his back on me!"

To the end of her life she always dated all events from the day on which Mr. Burns told her the truth so plainly.—

"While I was saying I wanted no mercy, God was showing me mercy," she would say. "That was a day when the angels rejoiced over me, for they saw that the good work was begun. Blessings on the head of him that was chosen to do it!"—*Sunday at Home.*

Self-seeking blinds the soul, that it can not see a beauty in Christ nor an excellency in holiness; it distempers the palate that a man can not taste sweetness in the Word of God, nor in the ways of God, nor in the society of the people of God; it shuts the hand against all the soul-enriching offers of Christ; it hardens the heart against all the knocks and entreaties of Christ; it makes the soul as an empty vine and as a barren wilderness; in a word, there is nothing that bespeaks a man to be more empty and void of God, Christ and grace, than self-seeking.—*Brooks.*

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRIST'S
LOVE.

BY REV. JAS. T. BYRNE, WHITBY, GENERAL
AGENT OF THE FRENCH CANADIAN
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

(Concluded from page 306.)

Let us now consider,—

II. The influence of this love. "The love of Christ constraineth us."

One great design of its manifestation evidently was, to cure that spirit of selfishness which so naturally clings to us—a living and acting to self irrespective of the will of God; and thus to lead us to love Him, to consecrate our all to Him, and to act in all things under the sweet and powerful influence of love. It should affect our personal piety, invigorate and strengthen it; and prompt to greater devotedness and zeal in the Saviour's service.

"The love of Christ," says the apostle, "constraineth us." It urges, impels, excites, animates us. His dying for those who were dead, greatly affected this honoured servant of God; it was the ruling, influential motive, that directed and sustained him in all his labours; and it is still a great motive-power operating in many minds. It compels, forces, necessitates. It is like a strong resistless torrent which carries all before it; or an impelling power in a machine, which sets the whole machinery at work. The love is great, and its influence is great, when suffered to exert its benign operations on the mind.

1. *The awakened, penitent, and believing sinner feels it.* As he thinks upon his former indifference and open rebellion, the love of Christ, now brought home to his mind, melts his heart. He is surprised and grieved that he should have sinned against such wondrous love. It disarms him of his rebellious weapons, it brings down high

thoughts, it powerfully draws the heart and in proportion as it is permitted to operate, it induces the surrender of all to the Saviour.

It is delightful to observe its influence on the youthful convert in the different stages of his experience, or the adult penitent as he yields to the force of truth. Let us take a few illustrations. Instance first, the case of *Saul of Tarsus* bending to the weight of this principle. Hear him enquiring, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Behold, he prayeth!" one exclaimed with regard to him. After he recovered from the effects of the Lord's appearance to him, received his sight, and was strengthened, we are told, "*straightway* he preached Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God." Under the influence of the Saviour's love, he could not be deterred from duty, whatever dangers threatened him. Always active and courageous, he was prompted by it to the noblest deeds, breathing incessantly the distinguished principle, "for me to live is Christ." This made him the noble and successful servant of God, and sustained him under all his trials.

Observe that *young woman*, in comfortable circumstances, intelligent, amiable, and kind; thoughtful, modest, and retiring; respected and esteemed, attentive to moral duties, and an observer of religious ordinances. But up to the present time her heart has not been *avowedly* given to Christ. The truths she has read and heard have exerted some influence. Afflictions and bereavements among relatives have awakened spiritual concern. Still no one has spoken to her about her soul, nor has she spoken to any one. Quietly and silently the Spirit of God has been working. At length her minister observes her thoughtfulness, and perceives indications which lead him to inquire whether she

would not like to have an interview in relation to her spiritual state. She readily acquiesces. Conversation and prayer follow, she is led to open her mind more freely, and after the lapse of a little time she is induced to espouse the cause of Christ. As she thinks upon the Saviour's love, her feelings are deeply affected, and she is prompted by it to break through every difficulty, and at once profess Christ as her Saviour and portion. "The love of Christ" constrains her. This is no fiction.

Similar cases often occur, although not published to the world, while others are better known. I may here quote an instance of a *South Sea Islander*, who was struck, melted, and converted by the words of the Saviour, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 15.) As Mr. Nott, the missionary, read these remarkable words, an astonished native exclaimed, "What words were those you read? What sounds were those I heard? Let me hear those words again." They were read at his request by the venerable missionary, when, rising from his seat, the awakened native said, "Is that true? Can that be true?" Being assured by the preacher of the truth of God's love, he then burst into tears, and as these chased each other down his cheeks, he retired to meditate in private on the amazing love of God which had that day touched his soul; and there is every reason to believe that he afterwards enjoyed the peace and happiness resulting from its influence shed abroad in the heart.

2. *The reflecting and dutiful Christian feels it.* It is like a fire within to pensive souls. The more we reflect upon it, the more we feel it. The resolutions and plans of the believer are often formed under its influence. It aids in the formation of good habits, the realization of peace and joy, the

multiplication of efforts for the good of men, and the glory of God. It has originated the best plans of usefulness, and has prompted to the noblest deeds. It is vastly superior to every other motive. It raises our conviction of obligation and responsibility, and renders clear and easy duties of the most difficult and trying character.

Observe the conduct of *Peter and John*. They were forbidden to speak in the name of Jesus, and were threatened in the event of their transgressing man's prohibition. Did they hesitate what to do in this matter? No, but boldly replied, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." (Acts iv. 19, 20.) "The love of Christ" constrained them.

The influence of Christ's love to the soul, and of the reciprocation of affection, is seen in that *young man*, who, though not brought up religiously, has been led by Providential circumstances, and spiritual influences, to consecrate himself early to the Lord—to break off his former associations, separate himself from the world, observe Christian ordinances, join the disciples of Christ, and engage in active service. A tract placed in his hands, entitled, "A Message from God unto thee;" a striking text of a sermon on the Sabbath, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy;" the religious conversation of a friend; and the operations of the Holy Spirit with these various means, bring him into a new state. Although a youth, he readily engages in works of faith—distributes tracts, circulates the Scriptures, teaches in a Sabbath school, and instructs in other ways, till at length he engages in the Christian ministry, and toils under discouragements and difficulties to do good to the souls and bodies of men, as opportunity is presented, prompted all along, more or less, by the constraining influence of Christ's love.

But for this, he would often have sunk under his labours, and retired disappointed; but although many years have elapsed since these early events transpired, this minister, with conscious weakness and imperfections, yet labours in God's vineyard, delighting to speak of the Saviour's love, and hoping to gather much fruit in the great day of the Lord.

I may add;—*the theological student, the missionary and the pastor, and some self-denying Dorcas, Phoebe, or other sister*, engaged in benevolent labours, feel in their studies and exertions the influence of this principle. A host of names might be enumerated, honoured as the servants of God, who have felt its power; some of whom are in glory, while others are yet pilgrims to the celestial city. It has impelled them all, and moulded and influenced their character.

And may I not add, among the number of those who know its power, *the afflicted and dying believer*? Trials of mind, of body, of estate; trials of various kinds, and from various causes, affecting the widow, the fatherless, and others, have proved under God a means of much spiritual benefit; and constrained by the love of Christ, numbers have been sustained, cheered, and invigorated, displaying in the fiery furnace the loveliness and power of Christian character, and terminating life in calm peacefulness and holy triumph.

Not long since my mind was struck with an exhibition of the influence of Christian truth and a Saviour's love, by means of that truth, in the case of *a bed-ridden woman in Connecticut*. For many years has she been confined to that bed and tried with pain; during those years she has seen carried out of her humble dwelling the remains of a dear father and mother, and two or three loved sisters; while she is left alone, dependent for support upon Chris-

tian friends; but under all these bereavements and trials God has wonderfully sustained her, a character of deep and attractive interest has been moulded and matured, so that young and old are alike interested in her, and many are led to magnify the grace and love of Christ so conspicuous in her history and state.

The same influence is apparent in the support which many have felt under heavy afflictions, leading them to bow with submission to God's will, to bear patiently the rod, to anticipate happy issues, and to wait God's time for their exit to more blissful regions. I remember *a deceased minister*, for many years suffering from asthma, not knowing the sweets of repose on a bed, but obtaining rest in a sitting and reclining posture, who had trials also bearing upon his mind as well as upon his body; but I never heard him murmur. He recognised the hand of his Heavenly Father in adverse circumstances, the influence of a Saviour's love sensibly affected him, and he passed away in holy tranquillity, assured of blissful results.

"*I am waiting to go home*," said a Christian friend, of some threescore years and ten, when we took our farewell of her. She was not then sick, nor had she any prospects of an early dissolution. Her circumstances in life were very comfortable, having many friends and many earthly advantages; but as *a Christian* she felt that this is not her rest, that her home is not here, and frequently contemplating the heavenly home, where a loving Saviour will welcome and enrich her, she exclaimed on our parting, perhaps never to meet again, "I am waiting to go home." "The love of Christ constraineth" her.

In concluding this discourse, dear Christian brethren, let us learn to *yield our hearts more and more to the influence of the Saviour's love*. This will quicken,

revive, and strengthen us. Nothing will so effectually promote our spiritual growth and prosperity. Frail in ourselves, subject to temptations, and liable to err in judgment and feeling, we often stray from the path of rectitude, and present a defective view of Christian character. If, then, we would return to our first love, and put on the cheerful and active vigour of devoted and consistent piety, let us "behold the Lamb of God" with greater frequency, yield our hearts more fully to the influence of His undying love as a *ruling* principle of action, look unto Him in all His offices, grace, and glory, as the one great object to be enshrined in our hearts; and we shall rise in holiness, in love, and in power. This theme of His love, often contemplated, will *revive* our dying graces, *quicken* us in our heavenly course, and *comfort* us under all our sorrows.

"O Lord, Thy love's unbounded :
So full, so sweet, so free !
Our thoughts are all confounded,
Whene'er we think on Thee :
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die;
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.
O, let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee !
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name !"

Finally,—*Will any of you WITHSTAND His love?* It is hard and wicked to resist pure affection, such love as is prompted to promote our welfare, a *mother's* love for instance; still it is sometimes done. Let us take an illustration. Some years since, a pious mother drew near to the close of life, and among those who were gathered around her dying bed was a son, who, although brought up religiously, and the subject of many prayers, had occasioned her much painful anxiety from the fact

that he was yet unconverted, a neglecter of the Scriptures and prayer, and hence in a dangerous position. She addressed him at this time with much earnestness, reminded him of what had been done for his religious welfare, her severe trial in observing how he resisted her efforts for his good, closing with the request that he would retire for half an hour each day after her death, to read the Scriptures and pray. This was *her dying wish*. Could he refuse? Would a mother's love fail in this instance? No; he promised. His mother died. He remembered the promise. What had he done? What a strange promise to make! Will he neglect it? In complying with the request he was awakened to thoughtfulness, the exercises proved salutary, he was brought to the Saviour's feet, and a mother's prayers were answered, although she was not present to witness the happy change which God had thus wrought.

But if it be wrong and wicked to withstand *human* affection when exercised for our good, how much more so to resist "*the love of Christ*," and refuse to yield to its benign influence? What love can be compared to His? How criminal then to neglect its provisions and appeals! Think of this, my hearers, young and old; ponder it well. "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." "Be ye reconciled to God" in the way He has revealed, and come at once under the sway of the Redeemer's wondrous love. He waits to be gracious. His heart is open to you. His arm of power is stretched out to save. However sinful and unworthy, you may look to Him, cast your care on Him, feel the influence of His love, and realize His smiles. May you be *constrained* by His love, and exclaim feelingly with the poet,

"Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good."

CHRIST'S CONSECRATION TO THE BELIEVER.

"The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—Gal. ii. 20.

In the preceding chapter we directed the reader to the subject of self-consecration to Christ, enforcing this duty by the example of the early Christians, who "*first gave their own selves to the Lord.*" We pass in the present chapter, to a higher contemplation than this—the consecration of Christ to the believer. "The Son of God, who loved me, and GAVE HIMSELF for me." The first thought is, the love of the Son of God: "*who loved me.*"

The love of any being, human or angelic, possesses a value which those who feel its magic power cannot resist. In proportion to the station of the individual is our estimate of the condescension and greatness of his love. We are now to consider the affection, not of a mere created heart, but of the heart of a Divine Being, flowing in all its redundancy into our finite, sinful heart. The Being here represented to us is, "*the Son of God.*" He loved us. He could have no motive for loving us but what he found within Himself, seeing nothing in man but wretchedness and guilt; if, therefore the Lord set His heart upon man, He must find the motive, not in the creature, but in Himself. Such, then, is the love of God. He loved man because He set His heart upon man. But how shall we adequately describe this love? The love of Christ is a divine affection. It is the love of Him who is essential love—of Him who is the infinite Fountain of all love, the love that dwells in every heart. From this one fact we may infer, that it is an everlasting love. We must travel back to the beginning for this love of Christ to His Church, if, indeed, a beginning it had. It is an everlasting love: "*I have loved thee with an everlasting love.*" It is also a free, unpurchased love; a love flowing spontaneously from the heart of God—spontaneous in its act, and unconditional in its bestowment. Oh, how will this truth lighten and cheer the believer's dying hour!—Then will the everlasting love of God, and the free grace of Christ, neutralise every doubt, quell every fear, and float the spirit

on a sea of sunshine to glory. If the Son of God loves us, it follows that the Father loves us. There are some who look so exclusively at the love of the Son as to overlook the love of the Father. Precious as is the love of our Saviour, we must not rest in that, but pass on to the equal love of the Father. Oh, how it expands, how it exalts, how it ennobles our conception of this love to behold in every action that the Saviour performed but the reflection of the love of the Father who gave His Son to die for us. The love of God to the Church is a love worthy of Himself. Beloved, when God metes out His love to His people, He metes out an affection which has no bound. Man is a dependent and limited being. No creature can give out of itself without expending and soon exhausting itself. The very love with which we love has a limit; but not so the love of God.

Consider, now, the evidence of the love of Christ to His Church. The evidence is, "*He gave Himself.*" What greater proof of His love could He give than this? Thus in Gal. i. 4, "*Who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father.*" Also, Matt. xx. 28: "*Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.*" Titus ii. 14: "*Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us, &c.*" A climax to this in Eph. v. 25: "*Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it.*" "*Gave Himself!*"—Look for a moment at the immensity of the gift. What did our Lord give? rather, what did He not give? He gave the merit of His obedience; and on the broad basis of that merit the vilest sinner, believing in Christ, may draw near to God with boldness. Why is it that so many, whose Christianity we cannot question, are yet ever living in the region of doubt and fear? It is because they do not see that the Son of God has given His merit for their sins. Here is that which just meets our case, and which answers every objection. The righteousness that He wrought was not for His but for our justification—a righteousness for our guilty soul. He gave, then, His merit. He

gave His life. He gave His death. That death was not for Himself. He gave His LIFE for you, and His DEATH for you.—“*He was bruised for our iniquities.*” He died that agonising, that ignominious death, for thee, O believing soul! Child of God, there is a place in heaven for you—a vacant seat—a mansion, which will remain until you rise to glory, and occupy it for ever. The crown of glory none shall wear—that palm of victory none shall wave—that mansion of repose none shall occupy but *you!* Oh, was ever love like this! Herein, beloved, is love, and only here, that the Son of God gave Himself for us—to cancel our curse, to bear our sins. But not only this, He gave Himself as our Brother born for adversity, as a Counsellor, as a Guide, yea, as all that a poor, tried, tempted, needy saint required on his way to heaven.

Then follows the believer's *personal assurance* of this great and blessed truth; “*The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me,* Here the apostle seems to forget the Church of God, and to think only for the moment of himself.—“*The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*” Saving faith converts a general into a personal and particular truth. It firmly believes the general fact, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; and that belief imparts the assurance of a personal interest in the fact. I do not say that *assurance* is essential to our salvation, but I do say that it is essential to a *holy* life and a *happy* death. If you earnestly desire both these, seek this assurance, and seek until you find it. And now, in view of this most blessed theme, ought there not to be a *renewed consecration of ourselves to Him who gave Himself for us?* Shall we not, beloved, at the foot of the cross, yield ourselves *afresh* to God? Saints! priests of Christ! are you so consecrating yourselves to the Lord?—Are you writing “Holiness to the Lord!” on all you are and on all you have? I repeat the question, To *whom* have you surrendered yourself? If to Christ, then to Christ be your life devoted—living or dying, let it be Christ's. With the noble, magnanimous apostle let us exclaim, “FOR ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN.”—O. Winslow, D.D.

MY SOUL, 'TIS DAY.

Up now, my soul, 'tis day!
Lone night has fled away;
How soft yon eastern blue,
How fresh this morning dew!

All things around are bright,
Come sleep thyself in light;
Darkness from earth has gone,
Wilt thou be dark alone?

Peace rests on yon green hill,
Joy sparkles in yon rill;
Join thou earth's song of love,
'That pours from every grove.

Be happy in thy God;
On him cast every load,
To him bring every care
To him pour out thy prayer.

To him thy morning-praise,
With joyful spirit raise,
The God of morn and even,
The light of earth and heaven.

Rest in his holy love,
Which daily from above,
Like his own sunlight comes,
Down on earth's myriad homes.

Put thou thy hand in his!
Ah, this is safety; this
Is the soul's true relief,
Freedom from care and grief.

Be thou his happy child,
Loved, blest, and reconciled;
Walk calmly on, each hour,
Safe in his love and power.

Work for him gladly here.
Without a grudge or fear;
Thy labour shall be light,
And all thy days be bright!

—Donar.

ON SUCCESS IN PREACHING.

The Rev. Mr. Stiene, of Frankfort-on-Maine, preached on Friday in a church in which there were only a few hearers scattered here and there. On the Sunday thereafter he had in the same Church a numerous and brilliant congregation, comprising in it the most respectable and dignified citizens. There happened to be in the town at the time a young foreigner, a student in divinity, who heard this clergyman on both these occasions. He called on him and expressed his joy at seeing so large a congregation on Sunday. “I cannot say,” answered Mr. Stiene, “that I am remarkably glad on that account. On Friday I see souls in the church, but on Sunday scarcely more than bodies and clothes.” They who attended on Friday came not from custom and compulsion but from a sense of spiritual want. This is more valued by a true minister.

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Lassenius, a minister in Copenhagen. A

stranger who for a long time had had a desire to hear Mr. Lassenius and to become acquainted with him, was, while on a journey, staying a couple of days in Copenhagen, and noticed in a newspaper that Mr. Lassenius was to preach next day—a week-day. The traveller entered the church with high expectation. To his surprise he found it almost empty. Only a few old people were there. Thinking that something had occurred to prevent Mr. Lassenius himself from preaching, the traveller felt disposed to go away; but just at that very moment the preacher entered the pulpit. The stranger remained and heard a powerful sermon full of spirit and life. He enquired of an old woman who was sitting near him what was the preacher's name, and was informed that it was "Lassenius." At the conclusion he went into the sacristy and introduced himself to the clergyman. In the course of conversation he asks how it was possible to preach so animated and carefully prepared a sermon in an almost empty church. Mr. Lassenius gave no reply; but as they were walking out together to the country he conducted his companion to a spring of water. "Let us drink of this spring," said Mr. Lassenius: "the water is very fine." They drank, and the stranger praised the water. "What think you," said Mr. Lassenius, "is the chief excellence of this spring?" "Of course," replied the other, "that it gives so good water." "No," said Mr. Lassenius, "but this, that it always gives good water whether many or few come to drink of it. This," he added, "is my answer to your question in the vestry." Mr. Lassenius was accustomed to preach as in the presence of the Lord, and took the same pains for one soul as for ten thousand. This must be a great art, learned of Him who went after the one sheep in the wilderness.

* * * * *

A minister can easily be tempted to accustom himself to victories won without much labour, and to trade on his popularity. When he sees that the people think so much of him, he can easily familiarize himself with going to the pulpit after little preparation, a faint prayer, a hastily compiled sketch of a sermon. He can begin to thresh the old straw, and to excuse his indolence by this; that what is essential to salvation cannot be too often repeated, and that is what he always preaches. It is well for him if he meets opposition, and is taught thereby. How blessed if he is driven to self-examination, and to repentance for his carelessness, to a deeper search into the mine of his word, and to a more abundant bringing forth of its treasures; to a more earnest combat in the light and power of the Spirit of Christ! But then he must

discontinue hunting after popularity. He must not lay himself out to please and get a multitude of hearers. He sees how needful it is not to excite, but to instruct, in order that the hearers may not, like the children, stand or fall with him but be independent in the word of God as a full grown man. He accustoms his hearers to the nourishment of solid, juicy meat, and makes them themselves courageously and perseveringly explore the word, and seek for themselves tribute out of its boundless treasures. His aim is that they depend not on himself, but on the word. For in the word they find Jesus Christ, and in him they have enough. He is made unto them wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."—*From a Swedish Journal.*

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

"Bank Note Reporter, Sir? Three more Banks down!" said a bright little boy of less than half a score years, as he entered a counting-house in Broad Street, one morning, with a bundle of papers under his arm. As he entered, two gentlemen were seated in front of a warm fire, engaged in thoughtless conversation. "Bank Note Reporter, Sir?" said the little boy inquiringly. "No!" replied one of the gentlemen; "we don't want any." "But stop," added he, "if you will sing us a song, we will buy one of your Reporters."

The boy agreed to the terms, and the gentlemen, with an air that showed that they were anticipating sport, placed the little fellow on a high stool, which was standing near, and bade him proceed to sing. They then waited, evidently expecting to hear some jovial song, when, to their astonishment, he commenced singing that most beautiful little hymn,—

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men,

How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then."

The effect upon his listeners was at once perceptible, and before he had finished the four verses, they were both in tears. After he had finished, one of the gentlemen inquired, "Where did you learn that hymn?" "At Sabbath School?" replied the boy. "But what Sabbath School?" continued the gentleman. "At Spring Street Sabbath School," was the reply.

The gentleman then purchased the "Reporter," and presented him with a sum of money in addition: after which he was allowed to go on his way, but not until they had called him back to obtain his name and residence.

A Sabbath School teacher chanced to be present and witnessed the whole interview, and his heart rejoiced as he discovered that the bright-eyed little boy was a scholar in his own Sabbath School.

THE REV. DR. ANDREW REED.

I.

Andrew Reed, the son of godly parents, was born in London, on the 27th of November, 1787. In the memoirs* of his life, written by his sons, we are presented with a pleasing picture of the happy Christian home of his childhood. The prayerfulness and religious instructions of a revered father, and the watchful tenderness of a pious and devoted mother, impressed his opening mind, and shielded his early life from many surrounding evils. His father, we are told, took the boy to "Paul's Coffee House," on May 10th, 1799, to be present at the beginning of the Religious Tract Society; and to the Society he sent, in 1805, one of his earliest compositions for publication, incited, perhaps, by his recollection of an occasion so full of interest to himself and so fruitful of good to the world. Three years before, in company with his mother, he visited St. Paul's, to see the statue just erected to the honour of the philanthropist John Howard. This is a noteworthy circumstance; for on no man of recent times has the mantle of Howard more fully fallen, or the spirit of his philanthropy been more largely inherited than by Andrew Reed. The loving and sympathetic labours of this boy, in after years were to earn for him the deserved title of "The Orphan's Friend." And not only was he the friend of the orphan, his ready hand of succour reached also to the helpless of every degree—even to the lowest and most abject.

In the second portion of our sketch we shall endeavour to give due prominence to these philanthropic exertions. Meantime, the man, the author, and the minister of Christ, will more exclusively engage our attention.

A maxim of Andrew Reed's maternal grandfather was, "that a good education is a fortune which a child can never spend, and a parent can always bestow." Guided by the spirit of this maxim, the parents of the lad gave to him the best education which their circumstances would allow. At the age of fifteen, he left his home to

be apprenticed to his father's trade—that of a watchmaker. "By the wicked behaviour of my master's son," he says, "I was led astray; but restrained by my conscience, and many admonitions from home, I was constrained to pray against my temptations." A sermon, to which he listened, from the text, "And the door was shut," made a strong impression on his mind. Afterwards, while reading Dr. Watts's "Advice to a young Man," sent to him by his mother, conviction of sin took hold upon him, and he was constrained to yield up his heart to God. Now no longer able to remain in the uncongenial abode of his master, the indentures of apprenticeship were cancelled, though at a pecuniary sacrifice, and the lad returned to his father's house. Perplexed for a time what course to follow, it became gradually evident, from the bent of his inclinations and the scope and nature of his studies, that it was not as a mechanic, nor in any other secular calling that he was likely to excel.

Impressed with a sense of the value of her husband's gifts, Mrs. Reed, with the true courage of a Christian heroine, proposed that he should give up his business of watchmaking, and devote himself entirely to the good of others. She would herself maintain the household by conducting a business of her own. This was done.—Henceforth the father and son became fellow-students; both alike looking forward to the preaching of the gospel as the vocation of their lives. Together they read the old divines, and endeavoured to understand the Scriptures in the original tongues. Often, too, might the itinerant preacher and his son have been seen walking in company along the road, on their way to or from the places where religious services were conducted by the father. As an unpaid lay agent, this work was continued by the elder Reed among the neglected poor, for a period of twenty years. Nor is it likely that the son of such a father—and one too, so largely partaking of his spirit—after having resolved to give himself up to the Christian ministry, would fail to emulate that father's disinterested devotedness. Following out this purpose, and to qualify himself for the work, he entered the Congregationalist College at Hackney, where he was noted for his intent studious-

* "Memoirs of the Life and Philanthropic Labours of Andrew Reed, D.D., with Selections from his Journals." Edited by his sons, Andrew Reed, B.A., and Charles Reed, F.S.A. London, Strahan and Co. 1863.

ness, the fervency of his prayers, and his friendly conduct to his inferiors in station. On the subject of Mr. Reed's early preaching engagements in different parts of the country, there is little which calls for special remark. It is enough to say that he occupied pulpits belonging to the Independents.

In 1811, he was ordained to the pastoral oversight of the congregation of the New Road Chapel, near to the Commercial Road, which then numbered only sixty church-members. With fear and trembling and a sense of insufficiency overwhelmingly great, the young minister entered upon his work. "Lord, make me extensively and eminently useful!" was his condensed prayer, and the summary of all his emotions and desires. While thus exercising the functions of his sacred office with a becoming self-distrust, but with a simple reliance on Divine help, a well-filled and sometimes crowded chapel attested the superiority of his pulpit powers. Breadth of intellect, vigour of imagination, clear doctrinal exposition, and earnest practical application, characterized his preaching. From month to month encouraging additions were made to the membership of the church; while the high character of his pulpit ministrations was such as to attract students and strangers to the New Road Chapel.

In this early stage of his pastoral experience—looking, as it became so much his wont to do, beyond his immediate charge—the circulation of the Bible in the district, and the state of the Sunday schools specially engaged his attention. "I have been at great pains," we find him saying, "to impress upon the poor that the Sabbath is their day, that the sanctuary is their house, and that the Bible is their book." Acting on these views, he succeeded in establishing a district Bible Society, and also formed the Sunday schools of different denominations into the "East London Auxiliary to the Sunday-school Union," so as to insure a more systematic and united effort in bringing under Christian tuition the masses of neglected and heathenish children abounding in the neighbourhood. But while labouring to benefit some of the teeming multitudes of the east end of London, among whom Providence had cast his lot, Mr. Reed threw himself also heart and soul into

the efforts then being made to carry the gospel to the heathen in distant lands. "I have been able," he writes, on the 18th of May, 1814, "to attend the May meetings of the past week. I shall not forget, while memory is mine, the meeting at Surrey Chapel, on Thursday evening. Old and young, wise and illiterate, tender and callous, all were melted. I held up my hand on the Thursday, and took the cup on Friday" (at what was called the Missionary Communion), "in pledge of my everlasting adherence to the missionary cause." To know fully what manner of man Mr. Reed was, and what the spirit which animated him in all the varied labours in which, then and afterwards, he engaged, it is desirable to take a glimpse—and a single glimpse will suffice—at his inner life and secret aspirations as unfolded to us in his journal. "Oh! it is possible," he exclaims, "to lose the spirit of religion even in the services of religion. There is nothing I dread so much, and, therefore, I hope the Lord will give commandment to save me. How I pant for Whitefield's ardour, talents, and success." Again; "Oh! had I a thousand lives, I would devote them all to my Lord. But I have only one, and that a frail one. Blessed Saviour, receive what I have. Give strength to my body and exaltation to my mind. Let my bosom be purged from every debasing feeling. Let it become the temple of the Holy Ghost; and let me preach, and think, and live, beneath his inspiration."

With the care of a growing and prosperous church, and with the establishment of his success and popularity as a London preacher, responsibility and labour increased, and incessant demands were made upon his time. How heavy this burden is they only know who have borne it. After a seventeen years' pastorate in the New Road Chapel, it was deemed-advisable for the accommodation of the congregation that a new and larger building should be erected. This was named "Wycliffe Chapel," in honour of the "morning star" of the Reformation in England; and in it Mr. Reed continued to preach until the close of his fifty years' ministry.

The first of his literary efforts of any importance was a work in two volumes, entitled

"No Fiction. A Narrative founded on recent and interesting Facts." It proved a successful attempt to use literature in the service of religious truth. The work became highly popular. The sale in America was very large. In this country it has passed through eleven editions, and it has been translated into French, and into Dutch. Although published anonymously, the author soon came to be known. When at Northampton, in 1832, a young man called to see him. He had embraced infidel opinions, and happening to hear "No Fiction" highly commended, he obtained the book, and read it. "The account of Lefevre's repentance and return home touched him deeply. He fell prostrate before God, weeping for sin, and praying for salvation. He had, since that time, become a member of a Christian church, had married respectably, and now came to render his thanks to the author." A young lady of rank in Germany had read the book in circumstances of sorrow, and was so impressed by it, that she addressed a touching letter "To the Author of the work entitled 'No Fiction,' London." The letter was replied to, and a correspondence begun which Mr. Reed highly valued. Other persons also, both in France and in this country, have traced to this work their religious decision.

With the view of establishing Christian intercourse with the churches of America the Congregational Union of England appointed a deputation to visit the United States. Mr. Reed was one of the two ministers who crossed the Atlantic for this purpose. This commission was one which he was peculiarly fitted to execute, not only from his powers as a preacher and a platform speaker, but from the soundness of his judgment, and the depth and extent of his Christian sympathies; it was, besides, an undertaking altogether congenial to his feelings, and may be said, from the spiritual refreshment and impulse it afforded him, to have constituted an era in his history. He stood on the rock where the pilgrim fathers had landed, seeking for religious liberty in the new world denied to them in the old; and at the tomb of Washington, where also his enthusiasm was called forth, he penned a just and glowing tribute to his memory, which has since been frequently

published. Extremely susceptible to the influences of nature, we may conceive with what emotion, he witnessed the Falls of Niagara, and how much his soul was stirred by other scenes of grandeur and beauty which met his gaze. Nothing could exceed the cordiality of the reception accorded to the deputation. Having visited the chief towns of the States, and addressed large audiences from pulpit and platform, and come into close and endearing contact with the leading men of all the different churches, on the eve of their return a valedictory service was held in one of the New York churches, and an official address read to them. The following brief extract from which, in these times of contention and prejudice, may be not unappropriate.—
 "Go home, then, brethren, beloved by the churches in these United States, to our fellow-Christians in England, Scotland and Ireland, and tell them that in religious and moral character, grace has made us much like themselves; that we love the Saviour whom they love; that we love their representatives tenderly, whom we have seen; and that our hearts shall be more and more knit to all British Christians whom we have not seen, in the fellowship of the gospel."

We have already alluded to the deep interest felt by Dr. Reed (during the visit to America he was made D.D.) in missionary enterprises. In May, 1831, he was selected by the Directors of the London Missionary Society to preach the annual sermon at Surrey Chapel. The sermon was a powerful and impressive effort.—Suffering at the time from cold and sore throat, he thus writes, referring to his feelings at the time of delivery: "While I was depressed by the thought, that from the nature of my subject and the defect of my voice, the people would hardly bear with me to the end, they became evidently interested, and even agitated. To complete my surprise, the numerous ministers were, of all others, most affected." So highly did the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel estimate this sermon, that he caused it to be translated into French at his own charge. The best proof of Dr. Reed's sincerity in the cause of missions was his publicly offering himself as a missionary. This offer was made in Exeter Hall, at the anniversary of the So-

ciety, in May, 1835. "The field is the world, he exclaims; "and wherever Providence may guide his servants, it is their duty to follow. If a committee of my brethren, surveying my circumstances, age, talents, and all other considerations which wise men would take into account, should think that I could better serve the cause of Christ by going to Malacca, or India, or Greenland, or to Iceland, *I am ready to go.*" The brethren to whom the matter was referred, however, deemed that Dr. Reed would be most serviceable by remaining at home; yet was not his proposal without fruit. It stirred up others to ponder the question of unreserved dedication to God, and called forth labourers for the mission field.

The visit to America seems really to have marked an era in the spiritual life of this devoted man. The biographers record proofs of the more earnest tone of his ministry after his return home. Not only were his "aspirations more ardent," and "his rich natural gifts largely developed," but he more eagerly laboured and longed for the religious advancement of the people of his charge.

In 1836, he took a prominent part in a conference of the Board of Congregational Ministers, on the subject of "The best Means to promote the Spirituality of our Churches." In his own church he was specially cheered by the increasing prayerfulness of his people, and by a continuous revival of religion amongst them. About this time, he writes: "There was never more of the spirit of prayer among us—so humble, earnest, and comprehensive were the petitions. Oh! I am strong in the prayers of my people." As if in answer to these prayers, Dr. Reed personally experienced a remarkable visitation from the Divine Spirit, the circumstances of which he has recorded in his journal. "He was greatly changed and elevated," is the testimony of his sons, "though the spiritual exercise by which the change was wrought remained a perfect secret until the day of his death." In the winter of 1838, a very signal revival of religion, attended with numerous conversions, took place amongst his people, and the attendants on his ministry. Of these doings of the Lord, Dr. Reed published an account, entitled a "Narrative of a Revival of Religion at Wycliffe Chapel."

"I date it," he touchingly says, "from my mother's birthday. My father! my mother! I cannot forget them. My father never recurs to my thoughts but I think of him as a man of prayer. This is just as I would have it."

While such was the spiritual prosperity of the congregation of Wycliffe Chapel, Dr. Reed was continually hearing of good having been effected by his writings. He learns from a clergyman of the benefits he has derived from reading some of his addresses. Another brother minister says, "I have often longed to tell you what good I have got from your sermons."—Again, two ministers in Lancashire refer a revival of ministerial earnestness to the discourse on "An Efficient Ministry." Several, also, attributed to the "Missionary Sermon" a new era in their ministry. "Let me hope," adds the author, "my taper may kindle some torches." The "Narrative" aroused an extraordinary interest throughout the country. Some Christian friends obtained the consent of the author to circulate a cheap edition in Scotland. Dr. Reed was himself invited by the Lancashire Association of Ministers to meet them at Manchester, and explain his "modes of procedure, and their success." "I was surprised," he writes, "at the feeling produced. When I finished there was a solemn silence. The stillness was broken by the Rev. Richard Fletcher, who quoted these apposite words: 'When they heard these things they held their peace, and glorified God.' Our feelings were resolved into prayer and praise. Raffles took me by the hand, and addressed me affectionately in the name of the meeting, as many others did after it was over. Never was a body of brethren more completely one. We pledged each other to mutual remembrance on the Saturday evenings. I can never forget that meeting." Instances of the deep and extensive usefulness of the "Narrative" were frequently reported.

Considering his immense public, philanthropic, and pastoral labours, it is surprising how extensive was Dr. Reed's authorship. His pen produced the "Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches," which is published in two volumes, and reached a second edition. He was also

the author of several original hymns, with one of which, recently attributed by some in error to James Montgomery, we appropriately close this first portion of our sketch:—

“Spirit divinest attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, Great Spirit, come!

Come as the *light*—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the *fire*—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer’s name.

Come as the *dew*—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the *dove*—and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

Come as the *wind*—with rushing sound
And pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of thy face.

Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, Great Spirit, come!”

DARKENING THE CONSCIENCE.

It has been recorded that on some occasions the flight of insects has put out the lights that appeared on the coast; or, rather, that the insects have covered the glass so as almost entirely to prevent the light from shining out. That is the way with the consciences of thousands of men. There is conscience enough, and luminous port enough for it to shine through; but spiders and millers and moths in the shape of excuses have covered it with fluttering wings, and hidden the light. Though it has been kindled, and though it burns for your salvation; though it would guide you on the dark and dreary coast and give you the right harbor, it is put out. Beware of excusing yourself; beware of anything but, when you do wrong, owning it, confessing it, repenting of it, forsaking it, and calling upon God to help you in the time to come.—*Becher*.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

God our Maker “giveth songs in the night.”
So said Elihu to Job.

The apostle Paul and his companion Silas had scarcely begun their ministry in Europe, when they were seized by order of the magistrates of Philippi and cast into prison.—Racked with pain, as they must have been, sleepless and weary, they were heard at midnight, from the depth of their prison-house, praying and singing praises unto God.

In all this Paul and Silas were not singular. God gives songs in the night to all his faithful people.

When Samuel Rutherford was sentenced to imprisonment in the city of Aberdeen, “for righteousness’ sake,” he wrote to a friend—“The Lord is with me; I care not what man can do. I burden no man; I want nothing. No king is better provided than I am. Sweet, sweet and easy is the cross of my Lord. All men I look in the face, of whatsoever rank—nobles and poor, acquaintance and strangers—are friendly to me. My well-beloved is kinder and more warm than ordinary, and cometh and visiteth my soul; my chains are overgilded with gold.—No pen, no words, no engine can express to you the loveliness of my only, only Lord Jesus. Thus, in haste, I make for my palace at Aberdeen.

When Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the Castle of Vincennes, in 1695, she not only sang, but wrote songs of praise to her God. “It sometimes seemed to me,” she said, “as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and I had nothing now to do but sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness so the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world. My heart was full of that joy which thou givest to them that love thee, in the midst of their greatest crosses”—a sentiment which she embodied during one of her imprisonments, in a touching little poem which begins thus;

“A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee.”

Weak Christians are apt to sit down troubled 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.—*Brooks*.

THE RELIGIOUS MISS R—.

A young lady was leaving her home on a visit to a friend's house at the seaside. She did not very much care for the visit, as she knew by experience that they were people in many respects not thoroughly congenial to her; they lived only for this world, whereas she had learned to live for things higher and nobler, and to find her greatest joy, not in parties, and dress, and novel reading, but in pleasing her heavenly Friend and Redeemer, and in communion with Him.

And now, as she sat in the railway-train bearing her swiftly along, she prayed silently for the dear home she had left, and for some there, who as yet knew not the secret of happiness she had attained.—From her sisters she was distinguished by their acquaintances, as “the religious Miss R—;” she knew this, and she rather shrank from it, while feeling that she ought not to do so. It was an honourable badge which she would sooner have been without. Not that for the world she would have given up the faith and hope which caused her to be thus entitled; nay, if there was any great occasion she thought she could stand fast for the truth against the heaviest opposition; but it was disagreeable to be made appear singular in ordinary life by any soubriquet as the above. People might imagine her eccentric in her habits, and queerly dressed; whereas she was like everybody else in both particulars—only perhaps a shade quieter in colour and less demonstrative in fashion than her professedly worldly sisters.

However, it was solely by degrees of comparison that this last difference was observable. To the eyes of those in her friend's house Mary R— appeared as elegantly attired as need be; and certainly there was not the slightest symptom of peculiarity in her manner or mien. She remembered rather too well the apostle Paul's affirmation, that he made himself all things to all men, in order to gain the more; and forgetting that she was not exactly in strength of character or of piety an apostle Paul, she forgot also that there is such a thing as “hiding God's righteousness within the heart, and concealing his loving-kindness and his truth.”

The dread of appearing singular, and of having the old odium fixed upon her, led her to comply with everything, and to live as like the others as could be. Not that there was actual evil in anything done; but the reigning spirit was of worldliness. Whenever conscience whispered a remonstrance, Mary R— quieted the monitor by such reflections as: “I am recommending my religion by cheerfulness, and by showing how far it is from being straight-laced or severe; I am proving that a Christian is not necessarily gloomy and morose:” and so on.

It is said that the principle of human vitality deteriorates so quickly in impure air, as to be very soon unconscious of the slow poison it inhales, while gradually losing the power to struggle against the baleful influence. This is true also in soul matters. Nothing descends so quickly as the standard of spirituality in one's heart. Still, often when Miss R— was reading her Bible in her own room, and enjoying very much the precious words of eternal life, feeling them as the very utterance of her Father in heaven, she would have her gladness dashed with regret as she came upon such passages as these: “None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.” “Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate; let us go therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.” “Be not therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord: but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God.” And the motto under the old picture of the Crucifixion would come into her mind; “I did this for thee; what art thou doing for me?”

Then she would resolve that in some way or other she would prove herself a Christian before the day should pass. She would get some of the ladies to talk on serious subjects, or she would tell some little child about the Saviour; or she would not spend so much time in frivolous amusement—she would show that she possessed a source of more excellent delights. Alas for religious resolutions! unless the strength of God go with them. The attempt at serious conversation would dwindle down from a talk about Providence

to (perhaps) dead people and epitaphs; the stand against frivolity would end in a shamefaced yielding to persuasion. The very last day of Mary R—'s stay at her friend's house arrived, and the most worldly of the visitors could have concluded that she was altogether such an one as themselves.

She was walking in the pleasure-grounds, which sloped to the sea's edge, and were bordered with shingle beyond the grass and tamarisk: a lady was with her, to whom she had felt attracted in some indefinable way during their sojourn together in the same house. She was a young and apparently light-hearted woman; the foremost in every plan of pleasure, the most brilliant singer and liveliest talker among the company. But during times of unreserve, such as this walk, the gaiety often was supplanted by something not far from gloom; and Mary R— thought more than once that she was one to whom she would like to have talked about religion. But never until now, in all their intercourse, had she ventured to lead the way to the best subjects; and to-day, only because urged by a sense of the quickly vanishing opportunity.

Mrs. B— looked at her with some little surprise. "I did not expect to hear you talk in this way; but when your sister, the religious Miss R— came, I hoped for some nice conversation."

"The religious Miss R—!" Mary's face flushed violently. "They call me by that name," she said, in a low tone.

The lady's countenance fell. "I beg your pardon; I never would have thought you were a Christian—I mean—" and she coloured in her turn—"I never would have thought that you had any decided views on religious matters."

"Oh, Mrs. B—!" The implied reproach was more than the unfaithful believer could bear. Her eyes filled with tears.—"Oh, Mrs. B—, I am indeed a Christian! I have been a most wicked in not appearing to be one more decidedly. I—I—do indeed wish above all things to serve and glorify the Lord Jesus Christ." She paused, overcome by an emotion which had in it much of remorse.

"And I," said the other lady, not looking at her, "have been longing to meet

with somebody who could speak from experience about religion, where I know that the only real satisfaction is to be found in this world. I have tested the world at all points, and learned its utter hollowness.—I have enjoyed what is called society to the utmost. I have found nothing anywhere to fill the void in my soul; when I heard that 'the religious Miss R—' was coming, I thought, now I shall see a happy Christian, and I can talk to her about what I so much want—peace and rest, such as are promised in the New Testament. And when you came, I imagined that you must be one of the others, for I knew you had sisters that were not Christians in that sense of the word."

It may be believed how every word sank into Mary R—'s heart. But for her unfaithful walk and conversation, perhaps this soul would have been given her for her hire! And she had been "ashamed of Jesus!" for now she saw that time was the truth of the case. She had not confessed him, her dear Saviour, before this company, by bearing herself as an earnest believer should; by showing that she trod a stranger soil, and that the home of her heart was with him in heaven; she had been "offended in him"—she had lived to herself, and not unto "Him who died for her, and rose again!" Like words blazoned in fire rose these in her memory: "If we deny him, he also will deny us."—"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels."

Mary R— never forgot the lesson. She had gone down into the Valley of Humiliation that day, which is one of the most effective departments of "the school of God;" and he gave her strength never again in such a manner to suppress the fact of her Christianity.

How strange that the heirs of glory should be slow to acknowledge their exalted position! The sons of a king are not averse to take their honours: nay, among enemies they have boasted of the same, and scorned to conceal their royal lineage. Let those who are of the royal family of heaven, endeavour earnestly to possess the "hope that maketh not ashamed." And

let them remember the Master's words, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—*Sunday at Home.*

PRAYER AND PAINSTAKING.

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."—*Psa. lxxvi. 18.*

"Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—*Mark xiv. 38.*

It is a great mistake to imagine that prayer will avail, without corresponding exertion. God has connected the end with the use of the means; and if we neglect the one, it is presumptuous to hope for the other. Will praying to be enabled to understand the Scriptures give that understanding, without studying them and meditating upon their sacred contents? Will praying that our faith may be strengthened, strengthen it, while we neglect to make use of the instruments of spiritual stability? Will praying for holiness make us holy, while we deliberately walk in the paths of unholiness? Can a parent hope that his prayers for his children will be of any benefit, if he is not adding his exertions to his wishes; if he is not bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, guarding them from the snares of youthful life, and setting before them a Christian example? Is it to any purpose that we entreat to be kept from temptation when we are voluntarily running into it; or that we pray against worldly mindedness when we choose worldly minded companions; or that we seek for the guidance and consolation of the Holy Spirit in words, when in our conduct we are grieving him by wilful impotence and inconsistency?

The truth is, that care, and vigilance, and self-control, and self-denial and examination, are as necessary as prayer; neither without the other is sufficient. We readily allow this in our temporal concerns. When we pray for our daily bread, we do not expect to procure it without corresponding exertion. "Prayer," remarks a pious writer, "will not plough one's field, nor fence it, nor reap the grain, nor thresh it; but prayer may procure strength to labour, and a blessing to accompany and succeed our prudent industry." And it is thus in re-

ligion; God does everything that is good for us; but he expects us to make use of the appointed instruments of spiritual blessing as much as though we did every thing for ourselves. He graciously preserves us from many an unseen peril; but if, instead of using the means of prevention, we wilfully put our foot into the snare, we cannot hope that he will interpose to prevent our being entangled. We are to watch as well as to pray that we enter not unto temptation; we are to keep at a distance from it: we are to employ every effort to resist it; and if we neglect to do this, are we to wonder if we fall? Moses, and the people of Israel, did well to cry unto God in their extremity; but they did ill in neglecting the means of escape which he had set before them; and their supineness was accordingly rebuked by the Almighty: "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward," *Exod. xiv. 15.*

When Luther first set himself against the torrent of idolatry and corruption, in the year 1517, assuming a task, to human view, as hopeless as for a man to set his shoulder to a mountain to remove it, he communicated his intentions to a wise and prudent friend, who had as deep a sense of Romish corruption as himself. But that friend advised him to abandon his design, and retire to his cell, and pray, "Lord have mercy upon us!" Had he done so he would have brought himself into a state of despair, unbelief, and inaction. But Luther more effectually prayed, "Lord, have mercy upon us," when, believing the promises of God, he put forth efforts corresponding with his prayers. The one prayed and did nothing, because he believed that God could or would do nothing. The other acted and prayed, and in faith took hold of God's strength, and the work was done. He put his shoulder to the mountain, yea, to the seven hills on which Antichrist had set his throne; and, weak as he was, yet in God's strength he made the mountains tremble, shook the foundations of the throne of the Beast, and gave him a deadly wound, from which he never has recovered, and never will. When we pray that prayer, "Lord, have mercy on us," we profess to believe that, however desperate our case

may be to human view, it is not beyond the power of God; and the prayer engages us to obedience to the commands of God, while we appeal to his power and grace.

Reader, may you ever live as you pray; for, the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, but the prayer of the upright is his delight," Prov. xv. 8.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley, in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug the sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek,
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance, the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance, the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall;
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior—
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher,
Traced with his golden pen,
On deathless page truth half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, most wondrous thought,
Before the judgment day;
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hill he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
GOD HATH HIS MYSTERIES OF GRACE,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep—like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

MEDITATION.

In order to have the body invigorated, food must not only be eaten, but digested. And if we would have our souls nourished and our spiritual strength renewed, we must not only listen to discourses in the sanctuary, but likewise meditate upon them when we retire to our dwellings. The latter duty, however, is too much neglected. Philip Henry says: "It is easier to go six miles to hear a sermon than to spend one quarter of an hour in meditating on it when I come home." And observes Cole-ridge: "It is not enough that we swallow truth. We must feed upon it as the insects do on the leaf, till the whole heart be coloured by its qualities, and show its food in every fibre."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EXHORTATION.

O dear me! how quickly
Time passes away,
How sadly and thickly,
Men die every day.
A few times of meeting,
Of loving and hating,
A few years of scraping
More dust in our keeping,
And then the earth gaping,
Embosoms its prey.

O sinners, what folly,
Then does it appear,
To set the heart wholly
On anything here.
This toiling and striving,
This running and driving,
This love of possessing
A mere earthly blessing,
Death all the while chasing,
You know not how near.

How often lamenting,
O'er moments misspent,
How often repenting,
You never repent;
And always admitting,
The moments are sitting,
But never improving
Them better, while moving,
You, still folly loving,
To ruin are bent.

How awful to trifle,
God's moments in sin,
How awful to stifle,
God's Spirit within.
No more this persisting,
No more this resisting,
The time is preceeding,
God's Spirit is pleading,
And the Church is bidding
You turn and come in.

Death's arrows are flying
And falling around,
Your neighbours are dying,
And laid in the ground.
No more vain resolving,
Your rule involving,

But now, now, or never,
O seek for the favour,
Of God through the Saviour,
While it may be found.

ROCKTON.

A. N.

THE LIPS AND THE LIFE.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Every Christian is bound to be a preacher of the Gospel. But remember that there are a thousand ways of preaching Christ's Gospel without choosing a text, or addressing a congregation. Wilberforce and Owen Lovejoy preached God's truth on the floors of legislative halls. Benjamin Barlow proclaimed it to the ragged rabble of the Five Points, although he never wore a surplice or had a bishop's ordaining hand laid on his honored head. Hannah More preached Christ in a drawing-room; General Bice in a Chapel-tent; Florence Nightingale in a hospital; and Sarah Martin in the prison cells of Norwich! Haliburton, when laid aside by illness made a sick-bed his pulpit. 'It is the best one I was ever in,' said; 'I am laid here for the very end that I may commend my Lord and Saviour.' Sailors have been eloquent preachers in the fore-castle, soldiers in the tent, slaves on the plantation.

A Christ-loving heart is the true ordination after all. It is higher than the interposition of any human hands. 'As ye go, preach,'—'let him that heareth say come,'—these are the heavenly commands that are laid on every one who has felt the love of Jesus in his soul,—knowing the Gospel fixes at once an obligation to make it known to others. If I have found the well of salvation, I am bound to call out, 'Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.' God has a great variety of pulpits for Christians to preach from. My own stands in yonder church. Yours may be a Sabbath-school teacher's seat; or it may be a parent's arm-chair, or it may be a work-bench, or a desk in a counting-room.—You may preach by a tract, or a Bible, or a loaf of bread laid on a poor widow's table, or by an earnest talk in a mission-school, or by a faithful private conversation with the impenitent. Any way that will give you a hold on a sinner's heart and draw him to the Saviour. Any way, so that he 'who heareth says come.'

But there are other methods of saying 'come' besides the voice and the printed page. Holy living is a mighty magnet to draw men to God. Godly example is the powerful attractive toward heaven. Even the most eloquent pastor will find that his people will look

at him during the week to find out what he means on the Sabbath. Preaching piety on one day of the week does counteract the practicing of selfishness, or censoriousness, or cowardice, or compromise with wrong on the other six days. If we say 'come' with the lips, it is well; if we say 'come' with the life, it is still better. Religion made attractive to others is the most potent instrument for the conversion of souls. But few men are eloquent with the lips; yet every Christian may rise to the eloquence of example. If you cannot utter a truth from the desk or the platform, you can *live the truth*; and that is the best preaching, after all. No infidel ever attempts to answer that. It requires no defence. It draws silently, but surely. It says *come* by showing the way. The 'living epistle' never needs a translation, or a commentary. It is in plain English that every child can understand.

A poor sick girl, for example, is wearing away her young life in a chamber of confinement. All day long, and all the night, for weary weeks and months, the patient sufferer suffers on. But she bears the sorrows of her lot so meekly, she speaks of her discipline so sweetly, she exhibits such patience of hope, and such quiet trust in Him whose strong arm is beneath her, she lives out so much religion in that chamber, that her worldly minded father and her frivolous sisters are all touched by it. They feel it. Her example is a 'means of grace' to that whole family; they get no better preaching from any quarter. Her deep, tranquil joys beside the well of salvation are a constant voice speaking to them, 'Come, come ye to this fountain.'

Richard Cecil used to say that 'his first feelings of religion were made stronger by seeing that truly pious people had a true happiness that the things of this world could not give.' It was always admitted in Dundee that the life of Robert McChoyne, even more than his eloquent discourses, impressed and moved the community around him. We might supply illustrations of this same truth from biographies and from observation.

A God fearing youth occupies the same room with several giddy scoffers—his fellow-clerks or fellow-students. Night and morning he bends the knee in prayer before them. They scoff at first but he prays on. The daily remainder of that fearless act of devotion awakens presently in the minds of his companions the memory that they too had once been taught to pray, but now have learned to scoff. Example is an arrow of conviction; they too 'remember their God, and are troubled.' John Angell James, of Birmingham, says, in one of his lectures, 'If I have a right to consider myself a Christian, if I have attained to any usefulness in the church of Christ, I owe it, in

the way of means and instrumentality, to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with me, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene roused my slumbering conscience and sent an arrow to my heart; for, though I had been religiously educated, I had neglected prayer and cast off the fear of God. My conversion to God followed, and my preparation for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, but that little chamber and that praying youth are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amidst the splendor of heaven and through the ages of eternity.'

The best defence of the fourth commandment is found in the higher lives and loftier character of those who remember God's day to keep it holy. The clear head and the prosperous purse of the best total abstainer from the bottle is the temperance lecturer.—Actions speak louder than words. If you wish to move others, move on yourself.—Cæsar never said to his troops 'sit,' he took the lead and cried out '*venite!*' The witty and gay Lord Peterborough, after lodging with Archbishop Fenelon, said to him, at parting, 'If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself.'

Paul acknowledged the power of example, when he said, 'be ye *followers* of me.' Even the lips of the Divine Jesus have not such persuasions as his marvellous life. *Holy Living* is what this poor world is dying for to-day. A radiant and holy life is instinct with the very power of God. If the vital union of believers with their Divine Head means anything, it means that Christ pours himself into the world through the lips and the lives of his earthly representatives—of Christ-like men and women. It is not I that live, said the hero-Apostle, 'but Christ that liveth in me.'

THE MEMORIAL RING.

"I should think grown people would feel ashamed to do anything so much like children's play; and I saw some persons crying over it too!"

"Why, Joanna!" said her cousin Lucy, greatly shocked; for Joanna was speaking of the celebration of the Supper of our Lord.

The girls had just come from church, and had gone into their grandmother's room. Their grandmother was silent a moment. She reflected that Joanna was not so much to be blamed as pitied, being brought up, as she had been, among people who did not believe in the whole Bible as

the authentic Word of God, and who read the New Testament in this wise: Broad is the way and wide is the gate that leadeth unto life, and everybody shall find it, and who cared nothing for the Saviour and his commandments. After a few minutes' pause, she said, tenderly, to Joanna:

"My dear, why do you wear that ring?"

"Oh, grandmamma," said Joanna, greatly touched, "do you not know that it was mamma's? She put it on my finger just before she died, and she said I was to wear it in memory of her, in remembrance of her love for me."

"And would you not feel hurt if any one called you childish for wishing to obey your mother in this, and looking at you with contempt if you happen sometimes to weep, looking at the ring and thinking of her love to you?"

"Yes, grandmamma," said Joanna, feeling wounded at the question.

"Do you not know," continued her grandmother, "that the Lord Jesus Christ, who came into our world to show us, in his life and deeds, the great love of God toward us, and to bear our sins in His own body on the tree, requested his children to eat bread and drink wine together in remembrance of Him whose body was to be broken, and whose blood was to be poured out for all the world?"

Joanna was silent.

"To those who love this dear Saviour," said her grandmother, "all his commands are precious; and it is no wonder if they sometimes weep when they think of His great love to them, and their many sins against Him."

That evening the grandmother wrote for the cousins a simple little poem which they learned to repeat, and which I will transcribe;

Oh, speak of it not as an idle thing,
In a careless tone and gay!
Has your heart grown soft o'er a token ring,
As you thought of the far-away?

The worth of a diamond is as nought
Compared with a burning star;
So we have a token blood has bought,
Which is dearer and holier far.

'Twas left by the Friend who loved us so,
A sign from the risen Dead!
And our eyes with the tenderest tears o'erflow
As we sit by the broken bread.

We think of Him, and the home of light
He has promised at the end:
And the doves of peace, with their wings of white,
To our weary hearts descend.
—*Congregationalist.*

FIRST LOVE LEFT.

This declension is described as having begun in the heart. Christ does not charge the saints at Ephesus with having changed their doctrinal views; but, placing His finger on the heart, He says, "There is a change here." You know the enthusiasm of "first love." Love is blind to difficulties. She bounds up the steep with alacrity and joy. She cannot be deterred from her purpose by any representation. Tell her of the river, and she answers, "I can swim;" remind her of awful precipices, the guardian walls of capacious and terrific sepulchres, and spreading her golden pinions, she replies, with laughter, "I can fly;" tell her of burning deserts, on which no palm-tree throws its shade, through which no river rolls, and her courage bursts into uncontrollable enthusiasm as she recounts the story of her past endurance. She burns up every excuse. She calls every land her home. "The range of the mountains is her pasture." "She rejoiceth in her strength; she goeth to meet the armed men; she mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth she back from the sword." A right royal force is this "first love." If any work is to be done in the church—if any difficulties are to be surmounted—if any icebergs are to be dissolved—if any cape, where savage seas revel in ungovernable madness, is to be rounded, send out men and women in whose hearts this "first love" burns and sings, and their brows will be girt with garlands of conquest. Our business, then, is to watch our heart-fires. When the temperature of our love lowers, there is cause for terror. It is instructive to mark the many and insidious influences by which the gush and swell of affection are modified. Take the case of an admirer of his minister, and mark how the stream of love subsides. In the first instance, such an admirer thought that his teacher would ever play the harp of comfort or busy himself with abstract doctrines; but he finds that he has miscalculated—that his minister is master of many styles—that his pulpit is now a green hill, down which silvery streams roll, and in their rolling bid the traveller drink and be glad—and that upon his pulpit is an Etna, whose sides shake

with surging billows of fire, and whence issue devouring flames; he finds that his minister can not only sing the sweet soft songs of love and hope, but can command a sarcasm before which vice grows pale and staggers with amazement, that he has carried a sword which has cloven many a vaunting foe. In course of time the admirer cannot bear this. The minister is dealing too faithfully with his conscience. The man knows that he has broken both the tables of the law, and now that he is being smitten with the avenging stones, he decries the minister who was once his idol, and his fickle love is turned into another channel. Long ago a drum-headed lad said to me "Your sermons make my head ache;" but he has never looked at me with a smile since I asked whether that was the blame of my sermon or his own head.— Or take the case of one who has been distinguished for much service in the cause of God, and see how the fires pale. He becomes prosperous in business. His oblations on the altar of mammon are costlier than ever. He toils in the service of self until his energies are nearly exhausted, and then his class in the school is neglected, the grass grows on his tract district; his nature has become so perverted that he almost longs for an occasion of offence, that he may retire from the duties of the religious life. Could you have heard him in the hour of his new-born joy, when he first placed his foot in God's kingdom, you could not have thought that ever he had been reduced to so low a moral temperature. What holy vows escaped him! How rich he was in promise, he was like a fruit tree in sunny spring-time, perfectly white with ten thousand blossoms, and passers-by prophesied that every branch would be laden with luscious fruit. But look at him now; turn the leaves over, and with eager eyes search for fruit, and say is the promise of spring redeemed in autumn? Innumerable influences are continually in operation, which would cool the ardour of our first enthusiasm for Christ. Satan plies us with a thousand treacherous arts; the world allures us with a thousand transitory charms; our inborn depravity reveals itself in a thousand varying manifestations; pride and selfishness, ambition and luxury, appeal to us in a thousand

voices, and beckon us with a thousand hands. Let men of rich, deep, manifold experience tell me how difficult it is to nourish and maintain our pristine love for Jesus, and how essential it is to fight our battles on our knees if we would keep our treasured love safe from the grasp of the arch-plunderer of the universe.—*Joseph Parker, D.D.*

JESUS IS MINE.

Now I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace.
Jesus is mine!

Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine!
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine!
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine!

When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine.
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and Righteousness,
Life, Light and Holiness;
Jesus is mine!

Father! Thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Jesus is mine.
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my heart embrace;
Jesus is mine!

Sabbath School Lessons.

August 28th, 1864.

SAMUEL'S VISION.

Read 1 Samuel iii. 1-21.

I. The Call, ver. 1-9.

Israel had no prophets—the word of the Lord was precious—not that it was much valued, but that it was rare. No open vision. God sent no public messages to his people. The five books of Moses were written then.

Eli was laid down. The old man was easily worn out, and had retired to rest early. His eyesight had decayed. *Ere the lamp of God had gone out.* The lamp of God never should have gone out. See Lev. xxiv. 2.

Was it carelessness?*

Here am I—and he ran. How pleasing and beautiful his untiring and cheerful alacrity! “*I called not, my son; lie down again.*” Eli was lying awake. Old people sleep lightly. Eli had much to keep him from sleep, yet how affectionate to his little boy!

Samuel did not yet know the Lord—had never received any miraculous message. *Eli perceived, &c.* Something in the boy's manner, or the circumstances, made him think so. He kindly directed Samuel how to act. He obeyed, and soon his name was twice called. He answered—was it the excitement that made him omit “*Lord*” when he spoke? God would not proceed till Samuel was aware who spoke.

II. God's Message, ver. 10-14.

Came and stood—perhaps signifies that the voice seemed to issue from some person near.

The reasons why the judgments coming on Eli's house were again described through Samuel to him, were probably that the old man had not laid the previous warning sufficiently to heart, and to confirm Samuel's position as God's prophet. God warns, that we may repent. *Restrained them not*, when he could or ought to have done it—the evil is traced to him. *Shall not be purged*—God would accept of no sacrifice to avert the temporal judgment.

* This was in the Holy Place. The furniture of the tabernacle would be much the same as at first. The evening has closed, the gates are shut, and the last of the attendants has gone, leaving Eli and his youthful attendant in that sacred court. Eli has retired to rest. Softly that little boy glides over the floor; the dim light of the seven-branched candlestick reflects from his white linen dress; he stoops to put a censor in its place; the altar, the table, the shew-bread are near; behind you heavy curtain is the ark and the cherubim. All is still! He seeks his little couch—kneels by it, and prays for his mother, old ELI, and himself. He has lain down and closed his eyes, when he starts to hear the call, “*Samuel.*”

III. Samuel tells Eli, ver. 15-21.

Lay till the morning. Sleepless, thinking on the vision. Yet, not forgetful of duty, he opened the doors—humble, too, as before. Eli's first thought was to know from Samuel God's message, and he seems to have had a presentiment that it would be such as Samuel would try to conceal. The first message to Eli was not likely known to Samuel. *Seemeth him good*—not only “*right.*” Eli knew that even such judgments did not exclude from God's mercy. They might be for his soul's good. *None of his words fall.* All his predictions were fulfilled.

APPLICATION.

1. *Learn obedience to man.* To parents or masters. Think how Samuel did—the wearied boy, starting thrice from his little bed, running cheerfully and humbly to Eli, with the ready answer, “*Here am I.*” In spite of the bad example of Eli's own sons. Pray that God would teach you so to obey. See Eph. vi. 1-8; Tit. ii. 9, 10. Jephthah's daughter, Judg. xi. 36.

2. *How God's call should be received.* God's voice is heard in the Bible and in conscience. He calls you by name. Conscience speaks to you alone.

(1.) Know his voice. Many hear it who know it not. They treat God's voice as they would man's. Pharaoh, Ex. v. 2; John x. 16

(2.) Be sure you are willing to obey when you hear. God knows your heart. Is he your “*Lord*”? can you truly say, “*thy servant*”? Ps. xxv. 9.

3. *The young may be better than the old*—the scholar than the teacher—the child than the parent. Goodness does not grow with years. Samuel is better than Eli. How sad to grow worse when you grow older! Joash.

4. *When God punishes you for your sins, can you say, He is just and good?* It was a sign that Eli, though he had sinned, was a good man, when he could say so, Ezra ix. 13; Job xi. 6.

SUBORDINATE LESSONS.

1. How pleasant to lie down to sleep like Samuel, with God near!

2. We must be willing to carry God's message, though it be one of sorrow, to a guilty friend—it is for his good.

3. Neglect of duty heaps up sorrow for old age—Eli.—Edin. S. S. Lessons.

September 4th, 1864.

CHRIST ENTERS JERUSALEM.

Read Luke xix. 28-40.

I. Christ prepares to enter, ver. 28-35. Bethany and Bethphage were about two

miles west of Jerusalem, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. A colt whereon never yet man sat—a young ass unbroke for riding. It was the law that the animals used in God's service should never be employed in servile work, Num. xix. 2. Horses were little used in Judea except for war. It was customary for kings to ride on asses or mules, Judg. x. 4; 1 Sam. xxv. 20.

The Lord hath need of him. Probably the owners of the colt knew Christ, and readily granted the request. They cast their garments on him, thus making a saddle for Christ, and expressing their allegiance to Him. So Jehu, 2 Kings ix. 13.

All that Christ used, in this the only time when He assumed some outward dignity—the only time when on His weary journeys He used any animal to ride on—was borrowed.

II. Christ begins His entry, ver. 36-40.

Spread their clothes in the way, expressive of the highest degree of reverence and loyalty. *Now at the descent,* as they turned the ridge of the hill, Jerusalem burst on their view; and the enthusiasm of the disciples rising to its pitch, they exclaimed, "Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord!" They evidently thought Christ was the Messiah, Psal. cxviii. 26; Zec. ix. 9; and His wondrous miracles had excited their highest hopes, John xii. 11, 12.

The exultation spread through the multitude; and the Pharisees seeing that none but Christ could control their zeal, called on Him to restrain what the Pharisees thought dangerous impiety. Christ answered, that now if such homage were awaiting from men, the very stones would render it, ver. 40.

APPLICATION.

1. *How humble Christ is!* He had nothing of His own—no cradle—no money—no home. He borrowed all the materials of His triumph. He neither came in the splendour of earthly kings, nor in His own glory with heaven's hosts, Psal. cxviii. 10. Come to this meek and lowly Saviour, Matt. xi. 29.

2. *When Christ's time comes He will triumph.* The very "stones shall cry out," Psal. xxii. 27; lxxii. 11; ex. 3. He can turn the hearts of all; He can make children praise Him, Matt. xxi. 15; Psal. viii. 2. The world shall yet receive Him. If He was so mighty and benevolent in His humility, what shall He be in His glory!

3. *Have you welcomed Christ as your King?* Has He entered your heart in triumph, as He did Lydian, or Zaccheus? Psal. xxiv. 6, 7. Have you received Him joyfully—saying like Paul, "What wilt thou have me to do?"

4. *Have you given your all to Christ,* thus

proving your loyalty? The disciples had nothing but their clothes; they stripped their outer garments off, that He might walk on them. Christ says of the humblest, "the Lord hath need of thee." The poor widow's mite; Zaccheus; the apostles, Mark x. 28.

5. *Beware of despising this lovely King.* The Pharisees, Herod, and Pilate did so—they crowned Him with thorns—they will yet see Him come in power and glory. Rev. i. 7.

All who do not obey Him despise Him. Beware lest you do so!

6. *Does your religion displease the world?* would they say of you to Christ, "Master, rebuke thy disciple"? Do they think you too strict—too zealous—too generous—too humble? It is a good sign of your religion; Christ wont rebuke you. But if your religion pleases the world, take care lest it displeases Christ, Luke vi. 26.—*Edin. S. S. Lessons.*

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

The late Dr. Chalmers is said to have been the author of the following beautiful lines, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved:—

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near
And th' fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear;
And over my soul in its solitude
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones, all;
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me, and then she sighed;
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers are all decayed;
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride,
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties;
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of life shall be,
The little boy that died.

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 "With all thy might,"
 Perseverance,
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 Riches,
 The Convictions of a Morning's Walk,
 "To what Purpose is this Waste?"

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 A Good Name,
 A Psalm of Life,
 Alcohol,
 Discontented Betty,
 A Pop.

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 Whom to Marry,
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 Our Stumbling Brother,
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