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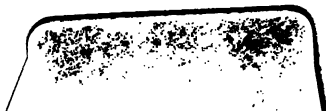
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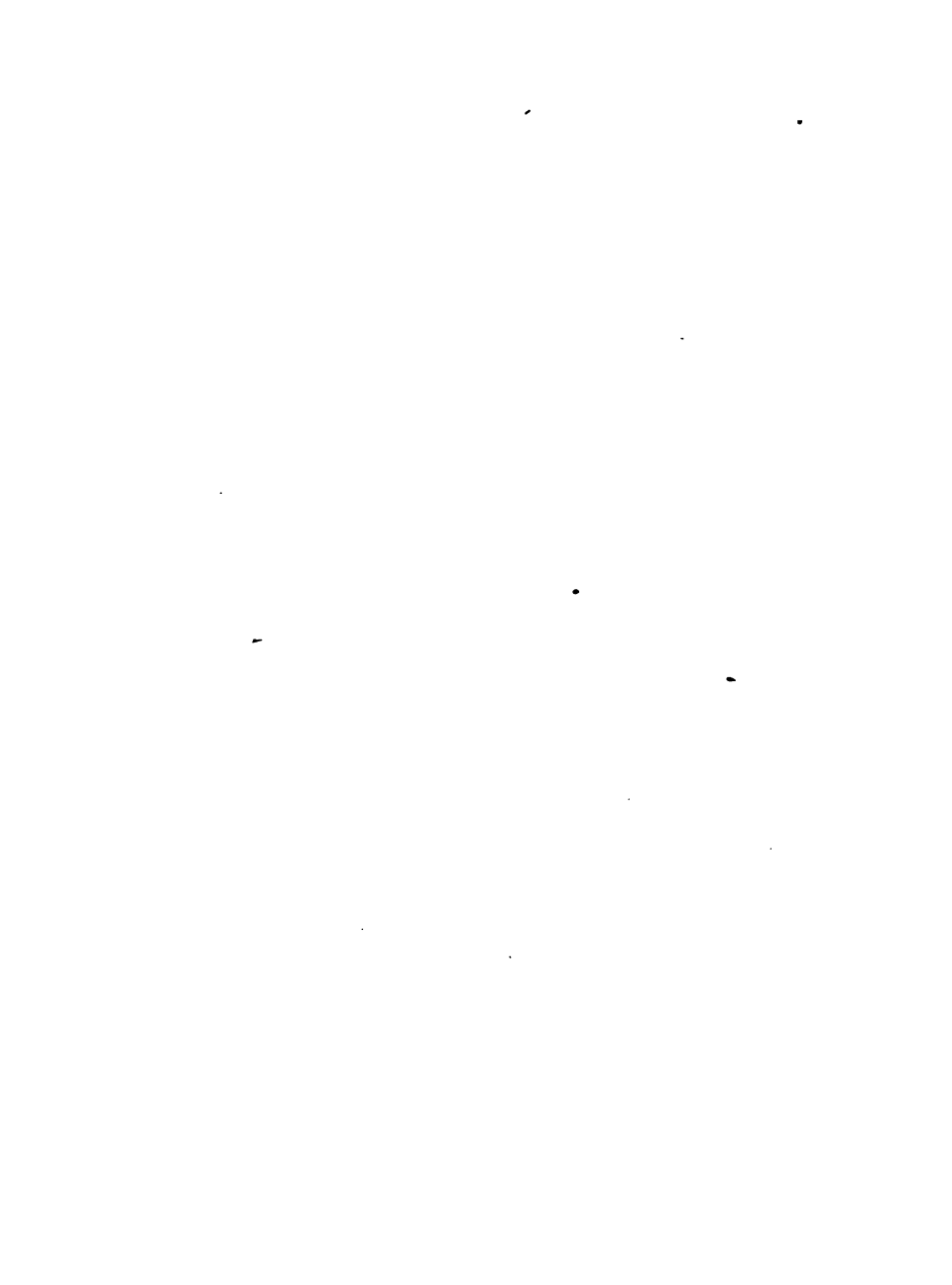
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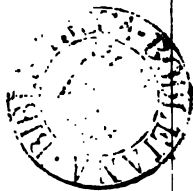
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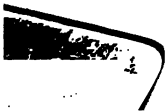
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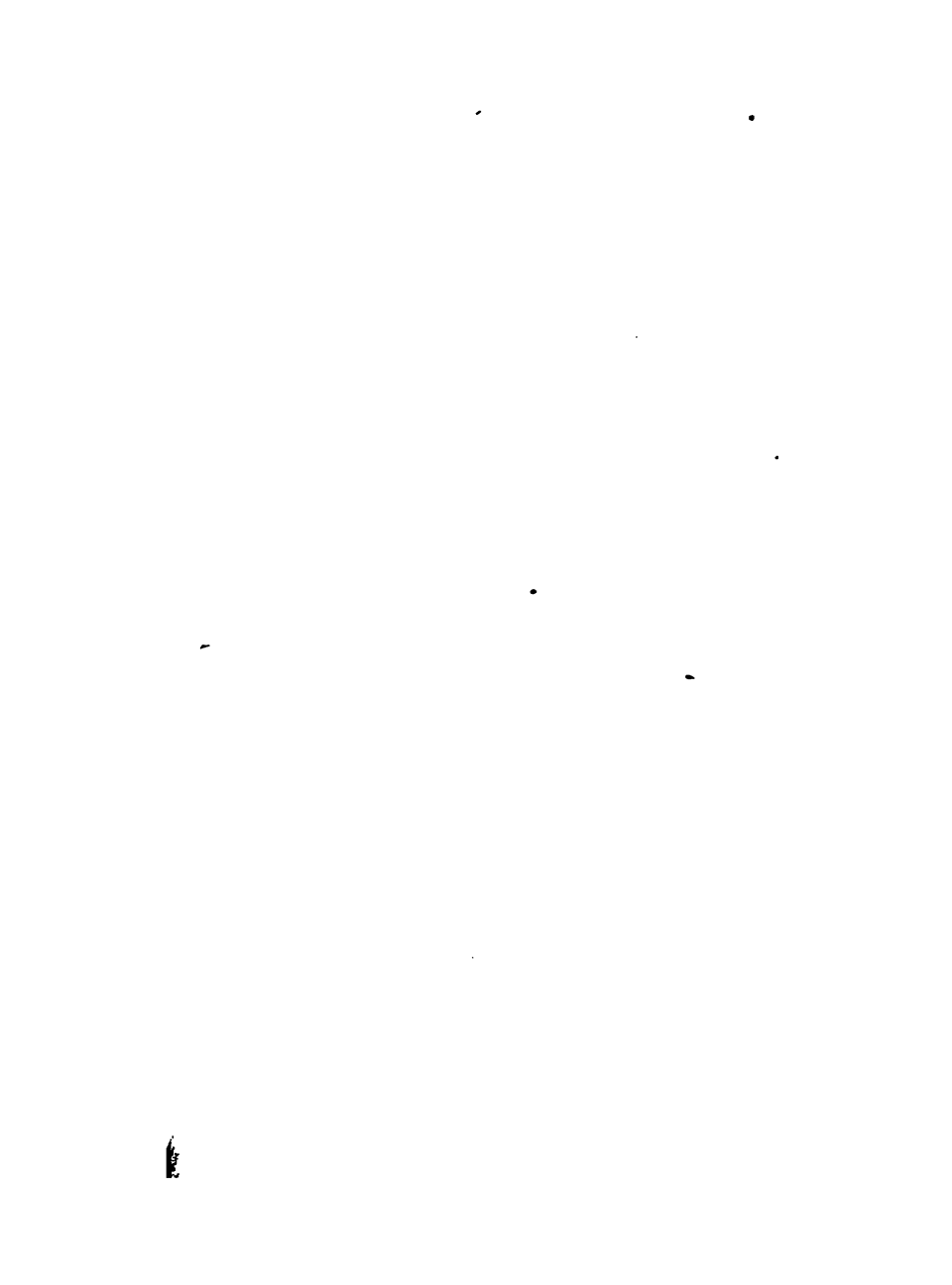


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THE  
SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

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The Two Pots of Gold Pieces.

**I**N a large and lovely garden there were two children dwelling. They were permitted to roam over it as they pleased; to eat its fruit; to sport under the shadows of its trees; to trim its flower-plots; and to keep its long gravel walks free of weeds.

One day I beheld a fairy figure gliding towards these children where they sat, on a bench tired with play. She was dressed in a robe of gossamer; and, as her feet twinkled over the dewy grass, they were sheen as silver. She carried in each hand a pot of gold pieces; and when she drew near, she laid them down at the children's feet, saying, in a sweet voice, and with a smile

like a flash of sunlight, "In each pot, my children, you will find three hundred and sixty-five pure gold coins. I give them to you to spend as you like best. Farewell!"

With that, when I looked, she was gone. The children were delighted, I need not say. One was dark, but comely too. The other was fair, and gentle, and dovelike in his beauty. They kissed hands over their gifts, and then each ran to hide his pot in his own favourite nook.

After that, I saw that they agreed to spend one golden coin each day. On the first day, the dark-faced child romped about so recklessly that he lost his piece very early—almost ere the sun was risen. The other child

I traced curiously into a little summer bower he had made himself; and there I heard such a soft murmur of voices, that at a crevice in the wall I looked in, and beheld him kneel down, and, with a great awe, but a beauteous smile on his brow at the same time, drop his coin into the hand of One who was there with him, but whose face I could not see, *because it was behind a veil*. He took the coin very tenderly, laid it in a great chest of treasure of which I caught a glimpse behind Him; and then, stooping, breathed a kiss on the child's lips. When he came forth to his work and play, the sun was up, but it was not so fair as the sun playing in his eyes.

Day after day I stole into the garden to mark these playmates how they used their gold; and always the first thing in the morning, he with the fair locks was seen gliding to his bower, and from his bower appearing again happy as a lark. The other by degrees grew very sullen. He had somehow, spite of all his companion *could say to him* (for he *spoke to him with a very*

winning sorrow often), lost every coin as he took it from his pot; and so bad grew his temper over his own folly, and so angry did he become with the gentle boy pleading at his side, that at last he went away among the shrubs by himself, played alone in the dark parts of the garden, and left all his portion of the walks and flower-beds to be overrun with weeds. I saw that, because of this, the fair-haired child, as he stooped to *his day's work*, or ran about beneath the trees, often came to a halt, and wept sadly. Yet in such moments he used to fly for a minute again into his bower; and, after the murmuring of the voices I had heard before, he issued out with his aery step and his wondrous smile.

Very soon three hundred and sixty-five days came and went. The pots of gold pieces were now empty, and there they stood on the bench where the fairy first had placed them. The two children stood waiting for her coming. And presently, to be sure, the figure, draped in gossamer, was seen gleaming through the shrubbery; but the dark-faced child, at the first glimpse, darted off

and plunged into a thicket hard by. The other laid his pot down at the fairy's silver feet. "It is empty, I see," said the musical voice; "how have you spent the gold coin?"

"Come and see," said the child, a little bashfully; and then, tripping away, his hand linked in her pearl hand, they set off together in the direction of his bower. A low tap at the door, and both entered; and, looking in through the chink where I had peeped before, I saw the child kneeling at the feet of that One whose face was still behind the veil. Pointing to his fairy companion, he asked about the three hundred and sixty-five gold pieces. And straightway that One reached back into His chest of treasure, and brought a crown of gold, which He set on the child's brow, and a garment sewn with gold tissue, with which He clad the child's figure. And the child in amazement looked up into the fairy's face, for that Invisible One had vanished away!

"I see how it is," said she, softly embracing the little king, *for no less than a king he looked.* "Your gold

pieces have all been beaten out and wrought into this crown and dress; and the Hand into which you gave them each day has restored them an hundred-fold. Happy child! Did you see that the Hand was as if it had been pierced through with a nail? It is a tender as well as a wonderful Hand; and here it has made you like an angel in heaven!"

So they came forth joyfully together, and went to seek the dark-faced child. It was long ere they found him, but at last they did so in a gloomy spot, where he stood with a frown on his brow, and his figure all in misery and rags. The fairy carried his empty pot—she looked at him and looked at it—and there was no need for words—all his pieces had been flung away and lost! Then the fairy put a medalion of purest gold round the fair child, and, as it fell upon his heart, both children saw that it was stamped with a cross, and round it these words shining in letters of starry light—

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious  
dress!"

When I looked she was gone, and the dark child was sitting on the ground weeping bitterly, while the gold-crowned child was on his knees beside him, putting an arm round him, and telling him the bower was there yet,

and that One in it, and both might go to His very feet.

Some of my readers will perhaps read this little tale on New Year's day 1860, and I leave them to make out what it means.

W. R.

### The Bible a Lamp.

**C**HILDREN in large cities may not fully understand what David meant when he said, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path." When they read these inspired words, they perhaps think of a broad street lighted from one end to the other, so that the traveller can see a long distance before him, and that it was one of these lamps to which David compared the Bible. But David meant more than this. He was once a shepherd boy, and, when a sheep or lamb had strayed from the fold, had in the search for it been belated until darkness closed around his path.

Though homeward bound, how many dangers lay before him ere he could reach his father's house—narrow passes and slippery places, where a false step would prove fatal! His path was crooked and narrow, and

unseen dangers beset him at every step. What would enable him to avoid all these, and keep in the right path until he reached his home in safety? *The little Syrian lamp* which he carried in his hand,—not much more than a torch, not throwing a bright light on all his future course, but shining around his feet, and shewing him just where to take the next step. Do you not think he prized his little lamp? Without it he would have wandered in darkness, or perished amid the dangers of the way.

So is the Word of God, the precious Bible, to the Christian, "a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path." His way through the world is narrow and dangerous. Often has he to say with the Psalmist, "My feet had well-nigh slipped." Temptations assail him on every side; but he has his lamp—not indeed to lighten up

the whole way, but shewing him where to take the next step. When all seems dark, and he does not see his way, he should not murmur that he cannot penetrate through the thick darkness, or despond, lest he should not be able to overcome all life's obstacles. The Word of God will shew him *present duty*, and that is all he is called upon to perform. That step

taken, its rays will enable him to advance yet a little further, until he has passed through the "strait and narrow way," through the dark valley," and entered into the golden street of that celestial city where they need no candle, neither light of the sun; "for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—Recorder.

## How to be Beautiful: A Secret.

### CHAPTER I.

**I**N a little house in a little country town dwelt a girl, perhaps about ten years of age, and very ill-favoured in her looks. Naturally her features were plain in the last degree, her figure and her gait most unlovely; but the marks left by an attack of small-pox had seamed her face into ugliness still worse; and the air of discomfort, tawdriness, and misery about her home, threw over her a cloud of bad temper that made everybody shrink away from her in pain. Yet this girl bore the very sweet name of Bessie Lee.

The *great thing she wished day and night in her*

heart was, that she might be beautiful. She had no hope of ever really being so, though sometimes she was vain enough to deck herself with a piece of gay dress, or to wrap up her long black hair in fantastic knots. But no sooner did she look again into her little mirror—a daily companion of hers, into which she would stand gazing with a black frown by the half-hour—than she would see herself a fright again, tear off her bonnet or her dress, stamp them under her feet, and scatter her locks wildly about her shoulders. Then, as if possessed by a dark spirit, she would clench her teeth and hands;



fire would gleam from her eyes; she would hate herself, and the world, and everybody in it; and cry out, Why had God bestowed so much beauty on all the objects He had made, and left her such an unsightly *thing*?

*One day she had returned*

6

from her class in this bitter humour—and nobody can tell you how *really* bitter and terrible such times were to the unhappy girl—and, having tossed down her books, she was standing at the little dust-covered window, her face leaned upon her hands, and looking gloomily

into the street. Outside it was dull and quiet, and the houses crowded close in dark shadow; only between two gables a narrow slit of sky opened, and through that a long slanting sunbeam gave a glimpse of autumn woods, and a shining river, and blue hills in the distance, and then fell full on the dim pane and Bessie's scowling face. Inside the room it was so dismal you could hardly see. The air was stifling; the floor and shelves littered with disorder; the little tent-bed unmade; the ashes on the hearth unswept; and not a chair where any one could venture to sit down. For a good while there was dead silence.

"Bessie," at last said a feeble voice from a corner of the room. It was like a voice out of the grave; and not till you went near to a high-backed chair beside the fire, could you see a poor, wasted figure, the face half hid, the hands cold and helpless, and all clad round with wretchedness and dirt. This was Bessie Lee's paralysed mother!

*"Bessie," said the thin voice again, for Bessie had*

given no heed, but instead had fallen to making scores with her finger on the window-pane. At last, turning gruffly round, she replied, "What is it you want?"

"Water," said the thin cracked lips, very plaintively. Bessie's heart was not softened. She went with a mug to the water-pail, and having, without any gentleness, given her mother to drink, she stood sulkily before her, and, with her coal-black glare, met the faded blue eyes turned up so sad.

"Mother," she said, almost fiercely, "I wish you and I were dead!"

The poor woman was perhaps long past being shocked, for these outbreaks were often occurring now, as Bessie grew older, and her heart stronger in its bad passions. The faded eyes still gazed, and the thin lips had no answer.

"Why are we so poor?" went on the wrathful girl. "Why am I left alone with you?—why is there no one to help me in taking care of you?—why do we live in so miserable a house?—why is every one I know at school better off, and better dressed, and richer, and happier than



we are?—and why,” for this was the real secret, “while everybody is good-looking and well-liked—why am I so ugly that I am hated and avoided by all who come near me, as if I had the plague?”

You see Bessie's brooding over the canker of her life had taught her bitter language, and language even beyond her years.

“My Bible!” murmured her mother, for the poor mind wandered; and though the head had been shaken piteously at Bessie's words, it could not retain them for more than just a minute. “You have not read to me, Bessie, for many days.” This was slowly and very touchingly said.

“I don't care,” replied the girl. “Reading books does me no good. Am I to grow up into a woman, ugly as I am at this moment?—*that* is what I want to know!”

“My Bible!” repeated the voice once more. “You have not read to me for many days.”

“I know that,” was the wild answer, “and what is more, I won't do it again. There is no use in it. *Reading it may make those*

who are better off than we are happy, but it never makes me. Will it change my looks, or will it tell me how I can get beauty into my ugly face?”

“My Bible!” still murmured the voice. “And prayer, Bessie—you have not prayed with me for many days.”

“Nor will I do it now,” recklessly said the girl. “I am tired of everything. I laughed in my heart last Sunday evening, when my teacher told us how, if we loved Christ, and prayed, and read the Bible, we would become beautiful like the angels in heaven. And then I am sure I saw her and all the girls look round at me in pity, as if I could never be that. So there is no use in my trying to pray and read the Bible any more. There, you may read for yourself if you like, mother!” And with that she flung the Bible roughly on her mother's knees, and, turning her back, went again to lean at the dim window. She did not think how the faded eyes closed in blinding tears—how the weak hands never stirred the Bible where it lay—and how the heart of

the poor mother was pained  
 night to breaking. She could  
 only think of that one thing  
 —Was there anything in the  
 world could give her beauty  
 for her ugliness—anything  
 in the world that could tell  
 her the secret of a new face?

At that moment, as she  
 looked out, the red sunset  
 glinted suddenly on the face  
 of a young girl—young as  
 herself—who, riding on a  
 shaggy pony along the nar-

row path between the two  
 gable ends, chanced to turn  
 a very bright look up; the  
 eyes of the two girls met;  
 and in that instant Bessie  
 Lee got a glimpse of the  
 great secret she so much  
 wanted to know. It, as it  
 were, gleamed upon her and  
 was gone; but not ere her  
 heart had leaped up, and  
 she gave an eager breath.  
 But I must keep the secret  
 for another chapter.

~~~~~

### Hear Home.

**A**BOUT five months  
 ago, a noble ship,  
 called the "Royal  
 Charter," laden with pas-  
 sengers, many of them com-  
 ing home after years of ab-  
 sence, money-making, and  
 hard work, left Melbourne  
 in Australia and sailed for  
 England. It had a happy  
 voyage till just at the very  
 last. It had even touched  
 at a home port in Ireland  
 and landed some of its pas-  
 sengers, and spread the news  
 by telegraph and letter  
 through the whole land that  
 the rest were coming. The  
 cry of *home* was on every lip  
 on board, *as you may well*  
*guess, and the sweet thoughts*

of home in every heart. Well,  
 as the ship was making way  
 up the channel, and was just  
 a few miles from Liverpool—  
 as one would say, at the very  
 threshold of home—the dark  
 arms of the night and the  
 storm swept between. Lights  
 were burned for a pilot off a  
 place called Port Lynas, but  
 no boat could live in the sea  
 now raging; and as mid-  
 night drew on and grew  
 black as pitch, and the wind  
 rose to a hurricane, such that  
 the oldest sailor living on  
 that wild coast did not re-  
 collect its like, it became  
 plain to all that the vessel  
 was fast being swept ashore.  
 Anchor after anchor was let

go; but one by one they snapped like threads. Steam was kept up in the teeth of the waves, but the huge waves played with the huge ship as if it had been a toy. Then to lighten her, one mast after another was hewn down; but every effort was in vain, and when three hours of such tugging and straining in the blast were over, swift swift the vessel



drove to its doom. It was a cruel spectacle, so near home! The billows gathered round it as it beat upon the rocks, like demons to the spoil. There was a little while of hurrying feet upon the deck, broken cries of hope, mixed with cries of prayer; then came the deep long shrieking of despair; then the great gulf yawning amidships, as, crushed upon the rocks, the

vessel broke in twain; then the wild farewell with which heart was rent from heart, and hand from hand, as down, hundreds, old and young, strong and weak, were swept into that grave; and last, the storm roaring over its feast in savage joy, as if never from its maw it would give up the dead! What an awful abyss to open and swallow men up, just at the door of their homes!

Several most affecting things are told. For example, it is said about the captain, that from nine o'clock he was never off the deck, doing all man could do, time after time knocked down by wave and spar, but buffeting at his bootless toil gallantly again. He was latterly seen giving orders on deck with a spar lashed to him, so that, when swept away, he might float. When washed into the sea, he recovered himself by seizing a yard-arm, though more than once it was struck from his gripe. On two occasions, shaking himself free of the foam, he cried nobly, "There is hope yet!" Ah, how the hope perished! He and the second officer, not long after,

were beheld battling in the surf to leeward, struggling, perhaps, to reach the shore, when a boat fell from the davits, striking them both on the head, and they sank to rise no more. One incident is particularly related of the captain, that when, flung down, worn out, on deck, he saw a treacherous wave sweep a little child from its mother's arms, and dash it about in its cruel sport, he cried out to one of the officers to lay hold of the infant and lash a rope about its tiny form, no doubt, at that time, expecting the ship might be saved. But it was not so to be. By seven in the morning scarce one timber but was torn from another; and, out of the hundreds on board, but a mere handful were cast alive on shore. Not one female or one child was among the number.

When the last anchor parted, and the ship was driving fast on shore, a little prayer-meeting was formed down in the cabin. The Rev. Mr. Hodge, an English clergyman, led the devotions of the wild and clustering throng; and as, amidst white faces, weeping, cries for mercy, families clinging to

each other, and bidding each other, and all they held dear, a long, long farewell—as, prophet-like, that one man stood in the midst—how noble and sublime even, to hear him lift up his voice of prayer! Literally, while they prayed, the gulf opened beneath their feet, and the surge drowned them in its midnight depths.

And what made it all the more deplorable was that, about half-past six o'clock, a Portuguese sailor had swam ashore, and, with a rope round his waist, had managed to establish a line between the ship and the rocks. But a few yards were between the two! But then they were yards of death, as much so as if they had been broad as the Atlantic. About a dozen people were passed along the line, and got safe on the cliffs. When the crash came—and as the passengers, by the captain's orders, were mostly all below—all perished where they stood. The voyage had been so long and so safe—it was so near home—and yet they died at the very door! In a few minutes the beach was strewn with the wreck.

One question of you, my

reader, ere you turn away : thousands. The one last  
 Would it not be sad if you inch between you and Him  
 were all safe *but one step*—if may be as much as a great  
 your soul were lost *near* gulf fixed. Win Christ, then,  
*home* — just one ace from now, that you be *found* in  
 Jesus' feet? Yet that is Him in the great day, not  
 possible quite, and I fear, *near home* only, but *home*  
 has been in the case of *quite* and for ever!

~~~~~  
 "Is it well with the Child?"

2 KINGS iv. 26.

**I**S it well with the child? 'Tis well!  
 There's peace on the marble brow,  
 Calmly the little limbs  
 Recline in slumber now :  
 There's a smile on the dimpled cheek,  
 Where the tears so lately fell,  
 And, oh, could these lips but speak,  
 They too would say—" 'Tis well !"

It is well for weary labour  
 When the hours of toil are done ;  
 It is well for the tempest-driven  
 When the anchorage is won :  
 But, oh, what thought can picture,  
 What tongue can ever tell  
 The calm of the distant haven  
 The child has reached?—" 'Tis well !"

There, robed in spotless brightness,  
 Standing before God's face,  
 Hymning the endless story  
 Of His redeeming grace ;  
 Led by life's brimming river,  
 Where joys unfading dwell,  
 Kept by the Lamb for ever,—  
 'Tis well with the child, 'tis well !

## The Voyage of the "Fox."

**N**EARLY fifteen years ago, Sir John Franklin, commanding two ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, sailed away into the northern seas, seeking a passage that had been often sought in vain through the great belt of ice that hems in the Pole. He was last seen in the summer of 1845, and after that he and his ships seem to have vanished into the Arctic shadows. Expedition after expedition of brave men went out in search of them, but no trace was found, save, in 1854, a few relics brought home by Dr. Rae, which he had picked up among the Esquimaux, and which shewed that Sir John and his crews had but too surely perished in the ice. Still the awful story was not made out; and in 1858, one more voyage was taken in hand by Captain M'Clintock in the *Fox*, a little craft that had been a summer yacht, but was taken down, and almost quite rebuilt, to fit her for her task. How the brave M'Clintock and his twenty-

five of a crew—for he had no more—went through with his search, and how strange were their discoveries, I am about to tell you out of his own book.

### THE "FOX" INSIDE.

Internally she was fitted up with the strictest economy in every sense, and the officers were crammed into pigeon holes, styeled cabins, in order to make room for provisions and stores; our mess-room for five persons, measured eight feet square! The ordinary heating apparatus for winter use was dispensed with, and its place supplied by a few very small stoves.

### OVER THE BAR.

Scarcely had we left the busy world behind us (sailing from Aberdeen), when we were actively engaged in making arrangements for present comfort and future exertion. How busy, how happy, and how full of hope we all were then!

On the night of 2d July we passed through the Pentland Firth, where the tide, rushing impetuously against

a strong wind, raised up a tremendous sea, amid which the little vessel struggled bravely under steam and canvass. The bleak wild shores of Orkney; the still wilder pilot's crew, and their hoarse screams and unintelligible dialect; the shrill cry of innumerable seabirds, the howling breeze, and angry sea, made us feel as if we had suddenly awoke in Greenland itself. The southern extremity of that ice-locked continent became visible on the 12th. It is quaintly named Cape Farewell; but whether by some sanguine outward-bound adventurer, who fancied that in leaving Greenland behind him he had already secured his passage to Cathay, or whether by the wearied, home-sick mariner, feebly escaping from the grasp of winter in his shattered bark, and firmly purposing to bid a long farewell to this cheerless land, history altogether fails to enlighten us.

THE NOOK OF FISKERNAES.

The solitary dwelling-house belongs, of course, to the chief trader, and is a model of cleanliness and order. Built

of wood, it exhibits all the resources of the painter's art. The exterior is a dull red — the window frames are white — floors yellow — wooden partitions and low ceilings pale blue. The lady of the house (a Dane) had resided here for about eight years, and appeared to us to be, and acknowledged she was, heartily tired of the solitude. I expressed a wish to see the interior of an Esquimaux tent. Petersen pulled aside the thin membrane of some animal which hung across a doorway, and served to exclude the wind, but admitted light; for, although past midnight, the sun was up! Some seven or eight individuals lay within, closely packed upon the ground, the heads of old and young males and females being just visible above the common covering. Going to bed here only means lying down with your clothes on, upon a reindeer skin, wherever you can find room, and pulling another fur robe over you.

THE DOG-DRIVER.

A young Esquimaux, named Christian, volunteered his services as our dog-driver,

and was accepted; he is about twenty-three years of age, unmarried, and an orphan. The men soon thoroughly cleansed and cropped him, — soap and scissors being a novelty to an Esquimaux; they then rigged him in sailor's clothes; he was evidently not at home in them, but was not the less proud of his improved appearance, as reflected in the admiring glances of his countrymen.

THE KAYAK.

We now hastened away to the Waigat Strait to complete our coals. When passing Godhavn (a Danish settlement), the pilot was launched off our deck in his little kayak without stopping the ship! As a kayak is usually about 18 feet long, 8 inches deep, and only 16 or 17 inches wide, it requires great expertness to perform such a feat without the addition of a capsized.



THE GREAT GLACIER.

There is much to excite intense admiration and wonder around us. One cannot at once appreciate the grandeur of this mighty glacier, extending unbroken for forty or fifty miles; its sea cliffs, about five or six miles from us, appear comparatively low, yet the icebergs detached from it are of the loftiest description. Here on the spot it does not seem incorrect to compare the icebergs to mere chip-

pings off its edge, and the floe-ice to the thinnest shavings.

The far-off outline of glacier, seen against the eastern sky, has a faint tinge of yellow. It is almost horizontal, and of unknown distance and elevation.

There is an unusual dearth of birds and seals. Everything around us is painfully still, excepting when an occasional iceberg splits off from the parent glacier; then we hear a



rumbling crash like distant thunder, and the wave occasioned by the launch reaches us in six or seven minutes, and makes the ship roll lazily for a similar period. I cannot imagine that, within the whole compass of Nature's varied aspects, there is presented to the human eye a scene so well adapted for promoting deep and serious reflection, for lifting the thoughts from trivial things of every-day life to others of the highest import.

The glacier seems to remind one, at once, of time and of eternity—of time, since we see portions of it break off to drift and melt away; and of eternity, since its downward march is so extremely slow, and its augmentations behind so regular, that no change in its appearance is perceptible from age to age. If even the untaught savages of luxuriant tropical regions regard the earth merely as a temporary abode, surely all who gaze upon this ice-overwhelmed region, this wide expanse of terrestrial wreck, must be similiarly *assured* that "here we have no abiding place."

## BURIAL IN THE PACK.

At the beginning of winter, the great quantities of ice that drift out from the North Pole, and that are called the *pack*, seized the little ship as she tried to cross, froze her in, and there for months and months held her fast, while, slowly, the vast drift carried her back many hundreds of miles! There was no help for it; and, during the long weeks in which the sun was never seen, the crew buried the decks in snow, and, down in their little cabins, passed the time as cheerily as they could.

One of the number died, and was buried thus:—

"The greater part of the church service was read on board, under shelter of the housing; the body was then placed upon a sledge, and drawn by the messmates of the deceased, to a short distance from the ship, where a hole through the ice had been cut; it was then committed to the deep, and the service closed. What a scene it was! I shall never forget it. The lonely *Fox* almost buried in snow—completely isolated from the world—her colours half-mast high, and bell mournfully tolling; our little procession slowly marching over the

rough surface of the frozen sea, guided by lanterns and direction posts, amid the dark and dreary depth of Arctic winter; the deathlike stillness, the intense cold, and threatening aspect of a murky overcast sky; and all this heightened by one of those strange lunar phenomena which are but seldom seen even here—a complete halo encircling the moon,

through which passed a horizontal band of pale light that encompassed the heavens; above the moon appeared the segments of two other halos, and there were also mock moons to the number of six. The misty atmosphere lent a very ghastly hue to this singular display, which lasted for rather more than an hour."

(To be continued.)

## America, and a Better Country.

**S**HIPS from America are every day arriving in our ports, and ships bound for America are every day leaving them. How astonishing is the fact that, four hundred years ago, people in this part of the world did not know that there was such a place as America! This is a fact so strange, that we can scarcely feel it to be true. Four hundred years ago, and not a king, not a philosopher in Europe, knew that, away beyond the Atlantic Ocean, there was a great country, to and from which thousands of ships are now always passing!

*Does this not put you in mind of "a better country,*

even a heavenly?" Hundreds of years ago our forefathers did not know that

"There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign."

There were no hymns about heaven then. When people died, there was no one to point them to the "happy land, far far away." No heaven! Oh, what an awful thing it must have been for people not to know that there was a heaven! We are told by history that, when news came that America had been discovered, men and women were frantic with joy. They treated the man who discovered it as if he had been a king. I suppose they rang the bells, and did everything they could to express

their joy. Would it not be well if people were as happy because heaven has been made known? Are you thankful for heaven? Do you love Him—the blessed Jesus—who made it known

to you, and bought you an entrance to it with His own blood? You may never set foot in America, there may be no call on you to go, but are you travelling to the *Better Country*? T. D.

### Coral Reefs.

**C**ORAL reefs and islands are the work of tiny insects, which are so small as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. They first make a deposit on rocks that already exist far down in the ocean depths—year after year they add to the massive structure, and by-and-by it rears its head above the waters, an undying monument of the skill and industry of the little architects. In the course of time, sand, washed up by the ocean, mingles with the feathers and guano of birds, and thus a soil is formed. Gradually seeds are dropped, perhaps by some little bird in its winged passage across the waters, or it may be borne thither by the summer breeze, and soon the coral isle is covered with verdure, adding yet another to those beautiful oases of the deep blue sea, which become the permanent abode of thousands of our race. In *this way have doubtless been*

formed most of the islands in the Pacific, as well as those belonging to Australia, and the number is constantly and rapidly increasing. They are found in all stages,—some just below the surface, some sending forth a stray branch here and there above the water, and others entirely hidden beneath the stormy, restless waves.

The corals are of various colours, from the pale rose tint to the gorgeous crimson, green, blue, and royal purple fringed with gold, and, perhaps more beautiful than all, the virgin white; altogether a beautiful exhibition of nature's own grouping and colouring, over which old Ocean plays glittering in the sunbeam, and dancing in foaming spray over the frail bark of the adventurous mariner. One of these boats our little readers will see in the picture. The men are South Sea Islanders, who have probably gone out to get specimens of these beautiful



corals, which they will sell for a good price to the first European or American ship that comes in, and these specimens may enrich many a cabinet in our own fair land.

It is well known that the devoted missionary of the islands in the Pacific, the Rev. John Williams, was murdered on landing on the

island of Eromanga, to bear a message of mercy to its benighted inhabitants. Missionaries have since been settled on the island, and are labouring with a good prospect of success. In a conversation with the chief who murdered Mr. Williams, respecting the reasons which led him to commit the violence, he said that foreigners

had visited his land just before, and had *murdered his son*; and he was resolved to be revenged on the next white man who came on shore. He was now both sorry and ashamed. very club with which, said, Mr. Williams killed, was given to the sionary. — *Sabbath & Visitor (Americas).*

“Very Good, and Very Rich.”

**R** EAD lately that a Christian said, when he was dying, “The Lord Jesus is very good, and very rich.” Is not this a beautiful saying? The Lord Jesus very good, and very rich! *Some persons are good or kind, but they are not rich.* They have the wish to make people happy, but they have not much power. The poor widow whom Christ speaks of was very good: she wanted very much to assist God’s cause, but all that she had to give was one farthing! *There are others,* again, *who are very rich they are not good.* I have the power to make men happy, but they not the wish. I have about a miser who thousands of pounds, and he kept locked up in his house at home, and he would give one single penny for the good of others. Christ is not like the miser for He is very rich; and is not like the miser, for he is very good. Remember these beautiful dying words of a holy man, “The Lord Jesus is very good, and very rich.” T.

How to be Beautiful: A Secret.

CHAPTER II.

**B** ESSIE LEE had strange dreams that night. She was lying, as she thought, in a spot that was closed in with thick and dreadful darkness; but the spot where she lay was overflowed with a light, and out from shadows she beheld come to her very fair, clustering tresses of gold, and eyes of the deepest and softest blue. She

to look at the poor crouching sleeper with great sadness, and then, when Bessie feared what was to happen next, and said in her heart, "That is the lovely face I saw between the gable ends—how far off it is from me!" to her surprise, it stooped down close to her—the soft breath of its lips came on her cheek—and, quick as thought, she could not help asking, "How are you so beautiful?"

"It is a secret," whispered the lips, and, as they parted to utter the words, the darkness fell in upon the vision, and it was gone. Bessie wakened with great pain at her heart, because she had not found out that secret; and, as she kindled the fire, sorted her mother's chair, and made ready her poor breakfast, she was more than ever discontented that morning, and, indeed, ran away to school without uttering one word, or leaving the Bible open, as she knew she should have done, on her mother's knee.

It was some time again in the afternoon when she returned; and, as she came clattering up the poor dark stair, *it was so dismal, that she sighed bitterly within*

her heart, "I wish I were asleep, to dream that dream again."

She was, more than usual, tattered and dishevelled, and the wet (for it was a rainy day), through which she had paddled recklessly in the streets, had made her dress drip and her hair toss about her face. You may imagine how she stared, therefore, when, on opening the door, she first heard a very sweet voice, as of one reading aloud, and then saw, sitting on a stool near her mother,



a slight gentle girl, whose half-turned face was the fair face she had seen in her dream! She stood quite transfixed, and not daring, out of the shadow of the door, to move.

The words that fell upon her ear, as she entered, were these, addressed to the in-

valid by her gentle visitor—  
“That Christ may dwell in  
your heart by faith!”

They were from the open Bible; and then the lips that had read them repeated them and explained them a little; and, while they did so, the thin countenance of the sufferer was lit up in a way it had not been for many days. But Bessie did not catch what was said. She was greedily looking with her whole soul, and asking within herself, “Will she tell me the secret? How is it she is so very lovely?”

She thought it might be because she was dressed in fine clothes; then, that it was because she was evidently a lady, and very rich; then, that her features and hair were, the one delicate as pearl, the other glistening like gold. Who would not be beautiful with all these happy things?

But presently uprose the visitor from her stool, and, with a touch on the hand of Bessie's mother, said good-bye. She looked full at Bessie as she passed out—smiled a very radiant smile—and, with the words, “I was told of your mother being so ill, and I came in

to read to her a little,” was gone.

Bessie brooded much over the incident all evening. It was very singular, as she did so, she was, in a kind of mechanical way, more active through the little room. She tidied the hearth; she attended to her mother's wants with a kinder manner; she put things to rights here and there; and, lastly, she looked at herself in the old favourite mirror. It certainly presented a very dingy and besmeared face, and, as Bessie saw it, she laughed in her heart, and said, “It is no secret *how to be ugly*. If *she* asked me that question, I would point *there!*”

Several days thereafter, Bessie was returning from an errand on which she had been sent a little way into the country, when, at a sharp turn of the road, she heard a loud scream, and then, out of a coppice hard by, a riderless pony dashed in wild fright, and, with the stirrups of the saddle flying about it, galloped away at great speed. Bessie stood a while uncertain and afraid, but it struck her that was the pony ridden by her

mother's visitor; and so, setting down her basket, she plunged into the thicket, the branches hitting in her eyes as eagerly she groped and peered about. At last, on the sward of a green path, through the wood, to her terror, she came on what she thought was the dead form of the fair young lady. Never had she seen anything so angel-like in its loveliness. The face was white as marble, the eyes closed, the lips slightly apart, the sunny hair straying across the brow, and the arm laid across the still heart. Bessie knew not what to do. In her agony she screamed aloud—then tore open the bonnet strings—then flew to the little brook that pattered near, and, lifting two hand-fuls of water, dashed it on the cold face. Then kneeling down, she burst into tears—passionately kissed the lips again and again—sorrowed that the water had been dashed over the fine clothes—and finally, as her gaze fell on a gash across the temples where the blood was faintly oozing, in her horror she made the *place ring with her cries.*

*You see that, after all,*

there was a deep well in Bessie Lee's heart, that gushed up when the right touch reached it. Several long minutes had passed meantime, and at length the fair girl before her feebly sighed, and the large eyes opened as in a dream. Bessie was in the act of kissing her in wild gladness again just as at the instant a band of several persons broke through the trees, and hurried to the spot. They were servants and others who had heard and taken the alarm—for it is lucky sometimes, evil news *do* fly fast. Bessie was roughly thrust aside as if she had been doing mischief instead of help; and, as twenty hands were round about the young lady, raising her, caressing her, and carrying her away, the poor ragged girl shrank bitterly into the shadow of the branches, and looked out, sobbing as if her heart would break. Every one was asking louder than another, how did it happen—was the wound dangerous—what was to be done? None noticed Bessie where she stood; only as the crowd bore their burden gently away, the sweet face was



lifted for a moment, and the soft eyes looked wistfully about as if searching for some one—but the head drooped again, and slowly the procession moved away, the voices dying in the wood, and Bessie being left alone.

She sat down for a long time and thought much on what had happened. Nothing save the kisses she had been allowed to shower on that face of beauty could she dwell on. Her lips burned with them yet. Then she felt that she loved that face

as she had loved nothing in the world before, and that she could almost die if she had one hundredth portion of its beauty. What was there in it—would she never see it again—would the mouth she had kissed never speak to her and tell its secret?

At this point I ought to answer, Yes; but Bessie lifted her basket and went on her way that time without a reply being given yet; and so, I fear, must my readers, for another chapter, when the secret *will* be told.

### The Coral Polype.

**D**OWN in the depths of the lonely sea,  
 I work at my mystic masonry.  
 Ages behold my ceaseless toil  
 When the sea is calm, or the waters boil.  
 I've crusted the plants of the deep with stone,  
 And given them colouring not their own;  
 And now on the ocean fields they spread  
 Their fan-like branches of white and red.  
 Oh, who can fashion a work like me,  
 The mason of God in the boundless sea!

Turrets of stone, though huge and gray,  
 Have crumbled and passed in dust away;  
 Cities that sank in the sea of yore  
 Have turned to slime by the fetid shore:  
 But when shall crumble the coral wall,  
 That parts the billows so bright and tall?  
 Oh, who can fashion a work like me,  
 The mason of God in the boundless sea?

## The Leprosy of Sin.

**T**H E leprosy spoken of in the Bible is a disease happily unknown in this country, so that few amongst us can form any



idea of the terrible pain and misery attending it. It is nothing short of a living death. Commencing at first secretly, it slowly spreads, and many years come and go while the body is being corrupted with it, till at last the limbs and joints lose their power and fall to pieces. No cure is known; little can be done to alleviate the sufferings it causes; and even where these are not great, the poor leper's days pass wearily away in restless weakness and hopeless grief. In the last stage of the disease the appearance of the sufferer becomes hideous and miserable in the extreme.

*Among the Jews, by God's command, the leper was*

dealt with as a sinner and as one dead, for death and all sickness are but the fruit of sin. Not that he was always guiltier than others, but God was

pleased to use this, the worst of all diseases, to teach us this great and solemn lesson—the hateful and deadly nature of sin. Accordingly, the leper was bidden to mourn for himself as for the dead, and he carried about with him the usual symbols of grief; his clothes were torn, his head bare, and his lip covered. For the same reason he was separated from his people, and the silence of his solitude was only interrupted by the melancholy bitter cry that broke ever and again from his muffled lips, “Unclean! unclean!”

Now all this, as I have said, is but a picture of the sinner. But if the picture be so awful, how much more terrible must be the reality—

that disease which corrupts and destroys the soul, the leprosy of *sin*. The Bible tells us that every man, by nature and by wicked works, is *dead* in sin, *separated from God*, and that he will never be an inhabitant of the heavenly Jerusalem, for *"there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth."*

Among the great multitudes who heard the Sermon on the Mount, was one of these miserable men. St. Luke tells us that he was *"full of leprosy,"* far gone in it, diseased from head to foot. I almost fancy I see him lingering sadly on the outskirts of the crowd, avoided in his loathsome misery by all, but listening (perhaps all the more eagerly) as the words of infinite wisdom and mercy, from the lips of the great Teacher, are wafted over the multitude, and fall upon his ear. He is impressed by the heavenly majesty, and power, and love of the Speaker. His heart burns within him; and, as the sermon advances, his anxious face is lifted up, at times, with hope, and sometimes clouded again with doubt and sorrow. *But, as he listens, I is con-*

victions deepen, his faith becomes strong; and now, when Jesus rises, and the crowd follows Him down the mountain side, the leper presses forward close to the Lord himself, and, casting himself at His feet, cries, *"Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."* How much is expressed in that little prayer! What earnestness, what humility—above all, what firm, simple faith! He keenly felt his pollution, and longed to be cleansed. He was convinced that Jesus *could* do this for him. His only fear was lest his very loathsomeness and wretchedness should make the Saviour *unwilling*. But, *"Jesus put forth His hand, and touched him, saying, I will: be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed."*

Is not, then, the Great Physician the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever?

Come, leper, seize the present hour,  
A Saviour's grace to prove:  
He can relieve, for He has power;  
He will, for He is love.

May God, in mercy, help each one who reads this to cry earnestly from the depth of his heart; "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean!"

D. D.

## How to be Beautiful: A Secret.

### CHAPTER III.

**S**EVERAL days were passed very unhappily by Bessie Lee. Not a few times she thought of speaking to her mother, but the wan and helpless smile with which the poor face looked at her, drove her from her purpose again, and she preferred going away to think alone. Then not a few times she set out on the road to make inquiries about the beautiful young lady—but as often her heart misgave her, and she turned back.

At last she could bear the suspense no longer, and, taking her basket over her arm one day, and flinging her bonnet on her head, not in the most careful fashion, she ran along the way half angrily, determined she would listen to her fears no more,

but reach the great house where the young lady lived ere she stopped. She

soon arrived at its door, and breathlessly she knocked. A servant opened it, and stared at her with surprise. She tried to speak, but could not; and so there, with her little basket, and her face all flushed, and in misery and shame, she stood and burst into tears.

At that moment a tall lady, dressed in mourning, came down a winding stair, and asked what was the sound of weeping at the door. There Bessie Lee was—all the reply that could be given. She felt the lady's touch softly on the shoulder as she sobbed; and then, venturing to look up, at

length she burst out with—"I want to see the lady with the golden hair!"

The other smiled at this. Bessie was not pretty to look at, cer-

tainly, in her tears and her tattered dress, but there was something so touching



in her eagerness that the lady kindly took her in, and, leading her within a sweet little summer parlour, said, "Oh, you are the poor girl about whom my Mary has been speaking so much. I am her mother, my dear, and I will let you see her presently."

With that she vanished away, but in a few seconds returned, saying, "Mary is asleep; but if you would like, you can come and look at her."

Eagerly Bessie followed—basket, and twisted bonnet, and all—and was guided into an airy room, full of softened light, and on a couch in which lay, before her sight, the vision of her dreams. The face was pure as alabaster—the long lashes drooping on the cheek, and the golden curls straying across the pillow. It was the loveliest thing Bessie had ever beheld, that slumber of innocence and beauty. Down she sat instinctively upon the floor, and clasped her hands, and laid her bonnet and her basket aside, that she might sit there and gaze. The elder lady said nothing, but, after watching her with a meaning smile, went silently away.

It would be hard to tell you all Bessie's thoughts, as there in that strange spot she sat, and the storm and sunshine that chased each other through her half-bursting heart. She wondered at everything in that chamber of peace, but most by far she wondered at that rare loveliness in its slumber on the pillow.

By and by there was a murmur—to Bessie's terror the blue eyes opened, and their gaze fell on her. They did not recognise her at first, but gently the light of a smile shone in them—the sweet lips said, "Oh, Bessie, is it you?" The white hand was reached out, and next moment, with a wild spring, Bessie had it folded into hers, pressed to her heart, covered with her kisses, and wet with her tears. As she knelt in this way, crying, "I know your name now—I am so happy you are better—oh, let me wait with you and kiss you for ever!" in stepped the elderly lady again, and whispered in a smiling way she would do the patient harm. Whereupon Bessie rose, but still claimed a place near the couch; and

there, as she sat and felt the soft hand of the invalid, not ashamed to be laid on her ragged locks, she found a tongue out of her passionate heart at last to tell, to mother and daughter, all her little miserable tale. There was far more talk, and questioning, and answering on the occasion than I can report to you. At the end, however, it came to this, that when Miss Mary had several times laughed from her pillow with a silvery ring, and Bessie had begun timidly to laugh in turn, the elder lady said, "I see, Bessie, after all, your sorrow has been you are not what is called pretty. Shouldn't you wish now to have Mary's face and Mary's golden hair, as you called it?"

"Oh, I would give worlds!" cried Bessie.

"If you had them to give, that is to say," replied the lady. "But now Mary will tell you the whole secret for nothing."

"The secret of how to be beautiful?" exclaimed Bessie.

"Come here, then," said Mary, tears in her soft eyes. "*You have done the next thing to saving my life,*

and I will tell you this great secret in return." She laid her finger on a text of the open Word of God as she spoke; and when Bessie stooped down to read, these words flashed upon her, "That Christ may dwell in your heart by faith!"

"Not beauty of face, dear Bessie," whispered Mary, as she put an arm round the poor girl's neck, "but beauty of the heart. Set this lamp, the living, holy, blessed Jesus, there, and the beauty of God will soon flow upon the face."

Bessie's countenance at first fell, but a warm kiss sealed the truth upon her lips, and a short prayer, in which all joined, sealed it upon her heart. What a changed and humbled Bessie she now rose up—yet how happy! You can imagine all the rest—her return home—her flinging herself on her mother's neck and weeping tears of penitence—her betaking herself to the study of the great secret she had learned—the beauty that day by day began to take the place of her old ugliness—her braided hair, her tidy person, her clean room—and, above all, her

bright smile, and the pious love with which she now never almost left her mother's side. Everybody in her class and in the town wondered and said, "Never any one was so plain as Bessie Lee; and yet we can't tell how she has become quite beautiful!"

One day Miss Mary Clement stood upon the threshold, come to visit her mother, Bessie explained the wonder by giving a merry laugh, that kindled up her whole face, and made it and the room glad like a burst of sunshine, while she

cried, "Oh, Miss Mary, I am so happy now, and my mother is so happy. I think we have both got your secret quite by heart!"

So do I hope my little readers have. It is the secret in all the world most worth knowing. Here it is,

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

"LET CHRIST DWELL IN YOUR  
HEART BY FAITH!"

Or as two lines of a hymn put it—

"Jesus in heaven, Jesus in the  
heart,  
Heaven in the heart, the heart  
in heaven!"

The Voyage of the "Fox."

(Continued from page 17.)

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

**N**O instance is known of Greenland bears attacking men, except when wounded or provoked; they never disturb the Esquimaux graves, although they seldom fail to rob a cache of seal's flesh, which is a similar construction of loose stones above ground.

A native of Upernivik, one dark winter's day, was out visiting his seal-nets.

He found a seal entangled, and, whilst kneeling down over it upon the ice to get it clear, he received a slap on the back—from his companion, as he supposed; but a second and heavier blow made him look smartly round. He was horror-stricken to see a peculiarly grim old bear instead of his comrade! Without deigning further notice of the man, Bruin tore the seal out of the net and commenced his supper. He was not in-



terrupted ; nor did the man wait to see the meal finished.

ESCAPE FROM THE PACK.

Our bow is very strongly fortified, being plated externally with iron, and so very sharp that the ice masses, repeatedly hurled against the ship by the swell as she rose to meet it, were thus robbed of their destructive force; they struck us obliquely, yet caused the vessel to shake violently, the bells to ring, and almost knocked us off our legs. On many occasions the en-

gines were stopped dead by ice choking the screw; once it was some minutes before it could be got to revolve again. Anxious moments those!

After yesterday's experience I can understand how men's hair has turned grey in a few hours. Had self-reliance been my only support and hope, it is not impossible that I might have illustrated the fact. Under the circumstances I did my best to insure our safety, looked as stoical as possible, and inwardly trusted that



God would favour our exertions. What a release ours has been, not only from eight months' imprisonment, but from the perils of that one day! Had our little vessel been destroyed after the ice broke up, there remained no hope for us. But we have been brought safely through, and are all truly grateful, I hope, and believe.

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

About two or three years ago, Captain Deuchars lost his ship, the *Princess Charlotte*, in Melville Bay. It was a beautiful morning; they had almost reached the North Water, and were anticipating a very successful voyage; the steward had just reported breakfast ready, when Captain Deuchars, seeing the floes closing together ahead of the ship, remained on deck to see her pass safely between them, but they closed too quickly; the vessel was almost through, when the points of ice caught her sides abreast of the mizenmast, and, passing through, held the wreck up for a few minutes, barely long enough for the crew to escape and save their boats! Poor Deuchars thus suddenly lost his breakfast and his ship; within ten minutes her royal yards disappeared beneath the surface. How closely danger besets the Arctic cruiser, yet how insidiously; *everything looks so bright,*

so calm, so still, that it requires positive experience to convince one that ice only a very few inches, perhaps only three or four inches, *above water*, perfectly level, and moving extremely slow, could possibly endanger a strong vessel!

A SUMMER VILLAGE.

After toiling round the base of a precipice, we came rather suddenly in view of a small semicircular bay; the cliffs on either side were 800 or 900 feet high, remarkably forbidding and desolate; the mouth of a valley or wide mountain gorge opens out into its head. Here, in the depth of the bay upon a low flat strip of land, stood seven tents.—the summer village of Kaparok-to-lik I never saw a locality more characteristic of the Esquimaux than that which they have here selected for their abode;—it is wildly picturesque in the true Arctic application of the term.

Although August had arrived, and the summer had been a warm one, the bay was still frozen over; and if there was an ice-covered sea in front, there was also abundance of ice-covered land in the rear—a glacier occupied the whole valley behind and to within 300 yards of the chosen spot!

The glacier's height appeared to be from 150 to 200 feet; its sea-face extending across the valley,—a pro-

bable width of 300 or 400 yards,— was quite perpendicular, and fully 100 feet high. All last winter's snow had thawed away from off it and exposed a surface of mud and stones, fissured by innumerable small rivulets, which threw themselves over the glacier cliffs in pretty cascades, or shot far out in strong jets from their deeply serried chanel in its face; whilst other streamlets near the base burst out through sub-glacial tunnels of their own forming.

What a strange people to confine themselves to such a mere strip of beach! Upon each side they have towering rocky hills rising so abruptly from the sea, that to pass along their bases or ascend over their summits, is equally impossible; whilst a threatening glacier immediately behind, bears onward a sufficient amount of rock and earth from the mountains whence it issues, to convince even the unreflecting savage of its progressive motion.

*(To be continued.)*

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### “The Only People in the World.”

**W**HEN Captain M'Clintock and his crew were searching for Sir John Franklin, in the far north, where the ice and snow never disappear, they travelled over the ice for a great many miles. Though it is such a cold country, yet there are people living in it; but they are extremely ignorant. Once, part of Captain M'Clintock's company met with a tribe of these people. They were poor, miserable beings, living in wretched huts, and with scarce enough of food

to eat. When Captain M'Clintock's men drew near to them, these poor people were very much surprised; their wonder knew no bounds. They ran hither and thither, and shewed all the signs of astonishment which you can well suppose. What was the cause of their wonder? It was this: these wretched savages had always thought, up to that time, *that they were the only people in the world.* Just fancy that! How very much we feel inclined to laugh at such an absurdity! A miserable handful of savages thinking

that they were the only people in the world!

I wish it were only in the far north, among the ice and snow, that this opinion were to be found; but, alas! too many among ourselves live as if they were the only people in the world. They never tell others about Jesus. They never try to do any

good. They never pray for their ungodly neighbours. They give little of their money to spread the knowledge of Christ in the earth. Is this not being like the poor ignorant inhabitants of the far north, who believed themselves the only people in the whole world?

T. D.

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## Glimpses of India.

BY THE REV. MR. SHERIFF OF CALCUTTA.

### HINDOO CHILDREN.

**I** MAY premise that the Hindoo children are generally prepossessing in appearance and manners. The slender forms, delicate features, and dark lustrous eyes excite admiration. As you may easily imagine, there is no need of many garments in such a climate; but the lack of apparel is supplied by a great profusion of ornaments. Forehead, nose, ears, neck, arms, fingers, ankles, and toes, are decked with jewels, if the parents are sufficiently wealthy. Not unfrequently children are murdered for the sake of the ornaments they wear.

### STRANGE FEAR.

I must also refer to the absurd terror which ignorance and superstition foster. When a church was built in Scinde, the people in the neighbourhood were thrown into great fear; they considered that a number of children must be immolated, in order that the lofty steeple might stand secure. A similar panic prevailed in Bombay, when the railway was begun there. And at present, in Madras, the natives are in great consternation. There is a report circulating among them that Government requires 165 children for the purpose of sacrificing them on the new pier there, and

afterwards burying their bodies under the piles upon which it is to rest.

**NATIVE SCHOOLS.**

The first step in the road to knowledge is commonly taken in a vernacular school. There the young Hindoo acquires some acquaintance with his mother tongue,—a little knowledge in reading, writing, and accounts. The manner of imparting instruction is bad, all being learned by rote. And much of the matter committed to memory—the foolish or wicked legends relating to their gods—is very baneful and very polluting to the young mind. The discipline is defective, the punishments often severe, and not seldom inflicted with caprice or partiality. One of the greatest wants of India is a body of intelligent and faithful schoolmasters. At present only five persons in every hundred receive any education. What an amount of intellectual darkness does such a state of affairs imply!

**THE CROSS OF CONVERSION.**

The cross which the young Hindoo has to bear when he follows Jesus, is, indeed, one of sorrow, shame,

and pain. In public, measureless contumely is heaped upon the native Christian. To shew this, I will just read to you an extract from an Indian journal which came to hand lately. In Ahmednugger, a large city in the Bombay Presidency, there are thirteen public wells. A Brahmin, with his wife, embraced Christianity, and the natives immediately sought to debar them from all access to these wells. To effect this, they sent a petition to the magistrate. In reply to this petition, Mr. Tytler said, "Petitioners seek to debar Vishnu Punt and his family from the use of the public tanks, solely because he is a Christian. But it is well known that if a Mhar or Mang (the lowest castes) woman marries a Mussulman, she is allowed to use the tanks in right of her having become a Mohammedan. Cattle, horses, donkeys, prostitutes, &c., have all access to the public tanks; and yet this common and obvious right petitioners seek to deny to the man whose high respectability they themselves dare not and cannot gainsay."

(To be continued.)

Time.

**T**HERE is a mighty river,  
Rolling through every land,  
Its swift waves hastening ever  
To an unknown distant strand;  
And ships of gallant bearing  
Are floating on its tide,  
And humble crafts are faring  
Upon its waters wide;  
And some with speed are burning,  
Some wearing on in dreams,  
But I've marked there's no returning  
Against those sullen streams.

Here its fair banks are glistening  
With summer's gayest flowers,  
And there its waves are hastening  
Through clouds and wintry showers:  
A hum and busy busting  
Are heard upon its shores,  
Like leaves of summer rustling  
Are the throng of flashing oars;  
And crowds are disappearing  
As the leaves last autumn fell,  
And all their port are nearing,—  
But the rest I cannot tell.

Knowest thou this mighty river  
Rushing through every clime,  
Its swift waves ceasing never?—  
It is the stream of Time.  
On its tide we all are going  
Through sunshine and through night,  
And its waters are coldly flowing  
In silence while I write;  
And as earth's rivers downward  
Are hastening to the sea,  
So Time is speeding onward  
Unto Eternity.

W. A. T



Words from the Life of Good Bishop Wilson.

TAKING POSSESSION.

**H**UGE boats, built upon the Indus, were in readiness: and the stream bore them down forty miles within ten hours. Whilst glid-

ing down it, the Bishop rose upon the deck, and, looking towards the territory of the Punjab, then scarcely known, exclaimed aloud,—  
“I take possession of this land in the name of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.”

It seemed little likely at the time that we should have any inheritance to put our foot on. But this incident is surely very remarkable, when connected with our speedy possession of the whole territory, the favourable prospects of our missions there, and the help and deliverance Christian England drew from thence in her extreme necessity. It seems to shew how faith has power with God, and still prevails.

THE LITTLE BLACK FIGURE.


A flourishing Temperance Society existed at Kurnaul, patronised and chiefly supported by one excellent officer whose history was singular. Originally gay and worldly, to say no worse, his change of mind, and conversion to God, were very marked. He was in company where reckless gambling was going on, and on a very large stake being proposed, one of the players took from his bosom a small hideous black figure, intended to represent the devil. He addressed himself to it; called it his best and only friend; coaxed, pleaded, threatened, and prayed for success, in terms of fearful blasphemy. The captain was horror-struck. He left the company at once, and that night found him prostrate in tears of penitence before God. *Nor did he join the world*

again till his prayers were heard, his eyes opened, and his soul had found peace. He was now a believer in Christ, and ready to every good word and work.

THE BLIND ELEPHANT.

Tell my grandchildren that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked my dear Doctor Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The huge animal was ordered to lie down; and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was, in a manner, restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day, when he was brought, and heard the doctor's voice, he laid down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gestures, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!

## Death in a Lighthouse.


**ABOUT** the year 1800, the watch was kept by two keepers; and, for four months, the weather shut them off from all communication with the land. The method of talking by signals was not developed anywhere into the complete system it has now become, and does not appear to have been in use at all among the lighthouse people; but, in the course of a week or two after the storm had set in, it was rumoured at several of the western ports that something was wrong at the Smalls. Passing vessels reported that a signal of distress was out; but that was all they knew. Many attempts to approach the rock were made, but fruitlessly; the boats could not get near enough to hail; they could only return to make the bewildered agent and the anxious relatives of the keepers more bewildered and more anxious, by the statement that there was always what seemed to be the dim figure of a man in one corner of the outside gallery; but whether he spoke or moved, or not, they could not tell. Night after night, the light was watched for, with great misgiving *whether it would ever shew again. But the light failed*

not. Punctually, as the sun set, it seemed to leave a fragment of its fire gleaming in the lantern glasses, which burnt there till it rose again, shewing this much at least, that some one was alive at the Smalls; but whether both the men, or which, no anxious mother or loving wife could tell. Four months of this, and then, in calmer weather, a Milford boat brought into the agency at Solva one lightkeeper and one dead man. What the living man had suffered can never now be known. Whether, when first he came distinctly to believe his comrade would die, he stood in blank despair, or whether he implored him on his knees, in an agony of selfish terror, to live; whether, when, perhaps for the first time in his life, he stood face to face, and so very close, to death, he thought of immediate burial, or whether he rushed at once to the gallery to shout out to the nearest sail, perhaps a mile away; at what exact moment it was that the thought flashed across him that he must not bury the body in the sea, lest those on shore should question him as Cain was questioned for his brother, and he, failing to produce him, should be branded with



Cain's curse and meet a speedier fate, is unrecorded. What he did was to make a coffin. He had been a cooper by trade, and, by breaking up a bulk-head in the living-room, he got the dead man covered in; then, with infinite labour, he took him to the gallery and lashed him there. Perhaps, with an instinctive wisdom, he set himself to work, cleaned and re-cleaned his lamps, unpacked and packed his stores. Perhaps he made a point of walking resolutely up to the coffin three or four times a day, perhaps he never went near it, and even managed to look over it

rather than at it, when he was scanning the whole horizon for a sail. In his desperation, it may have occurred to him that, as his light was a warning to keep vessels off, so its absence would speedily betray some ship to a dangerous vicinity to his forlornness, whose crew would be companions to him, even though he had caused them to be wrecked. But this he did not do. No lives were risked to alleviate his desolation; but when he came on shore with his dead companion, he was a sad, reserved, emaciated man, so strangely worn, that his associates did not know him.

### The lame Cobbler.

**I**N one of the seaport towns of England, among the lofty buildings that luxury and refinement had reared, there stood a low shed-like dwelling, whose tottering wooden walls sheltered two beings, poor as the estimate of the world goes, but richer far than many of their neighbours; inasmuch as their wealth consisted not in the perishing things of earth, but in that which gave them a title to treasures incorruptible, and a crown of glory that *fadeth not away.*

*To those who were un-*

acquainted with this source of true enjoyment, their lot in life seemed to be one of uncommon misery. Poor, old, and feeble, the mother toiled hard for her daily bread; and a sad accident had made her son a cripple, just when his aid would have been most efficient in her declining years. So far as human wisdom could foresee, things looked dark and dismal enough: but there was a sunbeam in that cottage, a life and energy in the crushed and maimed form of the afflicted youth, that seemed to hail in the dim distance a light ahead.

"Do you think I shall be lame always, mother?"

"So the doctor says, Johnny," replied the woman, in a desponding tone; adding, in a still lower one, "My poor Johnny! my poor little lad!"

"Do not take on about me, mother; and above all, do not think that everything is lost, because my limbs are crippled and deformed."

"But I must, Johnny. How are we to get along now, when you are not able to stand on your feet; still less to go out and seek for work as you used to? Mother must soon leave you, lad; and then nothing but the workhouse for my poor boy."

"No, mother; not while I have my two hands," said John, with a look of determined energy; "if I cannot walk, I can sit and work, you see."

He held up to his mother, as he spoke, a pair of well mended shoes, which he had contrived to sew at in odd times when she was busy with her household affairs

or absent from the dwelling. She looked surprised and pleased; as he had hoped she would be.

"There, it wasn't for nothing that I used to spend so much time with old Giles, the cobbler. I have stolen the trade, it seems. But the poor old man is past work now, and won't grudge me a share of the custom. So we shan't go to starving yet, mother; shall we?"


"Oh, Johnny," said the poor woman, while tears of gratitude rained down her pale cheeks, "how wicked I was to distrust that God, who has always been so good and mindful of us both! Do we not read in His own blessed Word about 'casting our care upon Him; for He careth for us?' And when times are darkest, His promises shine ever the brightest."

Johnny Pound afterwards became a useful man, not only supporting himself, but rescuing from ignorance, and poverty, and vice, many neglected and destitute children.

## The Voyage of the "Fox."

(Continued from page 33.)

### SLEDGE TRAVELLING.

E travelled each day until dusk, and then were occupied for a

couple of hours in building our snow-hut. The four walls were run up until 5½ feet high, inclining inwards as much as possible; over these

our tent was laid to form a roof; we could not afford the time necessary to construct a dome of snow.

Our equipment consisted of a very small brown-holland tent, macintosh floor-cloth, and felt robes; besides this, each man had a bag of double blanketing, and a pair of fur boots, to sleep in.

We wore mocassins over the pieces of blanket in which our feet were wrapped up, and, with the exception of a change of this foot-gear, carried no spare clothes. The daily routine was as follows: I led the way; Petersen and Thompson followed, conducting their sledges; and in this manner we trudged on for eight or ten hours without halting, except when necessary to disentangle the dog-harness.

When we halted for the night, Thompson and I usually sawed out the blocks of compact snow and carried them to Petersen, who acted as the master mason in building the snow hut: the hour and a half or two hours usually employed in erecting the edifice was the most disagreeable part of the day's labour, for, in addition to being already well tired and desiring repose, we became thoroughly chilled whilst standing about. When the hut was finished, the dogs were fed, and here the great *difficulty* was to insure the *weaker ones* their full share

in the scramble for supper; then commenced the operation of unpacking the sledge, and carrying into our hut everything necessary for ourselves, such as provision and sleeping gear, as well as all boots, fur mittens, and even the sledge dog-harness, to prevent the dogs from eating them during our sleeping hours. The door was now blocked up with snow, the cooking-lamp lighted, foot-gear changed, diary written up, watches wound, sleeping bags wriggled into, pipes lighted, and the merits of the various dogs discussed, until supper was ready; the supper swallowed, the upper robe or coverlet was pulled over, and then to sleep.

Next morning came breakfast, a struggle to get into frozen mocassins, after which the sledges were packed, and another day's march commenced.

In these little huts we usually slept warm enough, although latterly, when our blankets and clothes became loaded with ice, we felt the cold severely. When our low doorway was carefully blocked up with snow, and the cooking-lamp alight, the temperature quickly rose so that the walls became glazed, and our bedding thawed; but the cooking over, or the doorway partially opened, it as quickly fell again, so that it was

impossible to sleep, or even to hold one's pannikin of tea, without putting our mits on, so intense was the cold!

THE SKELETON ON THE BEACH.

At last the great discovery was at hand. There was no doubt that somewhere, not far from the wild region in which the sledges were thus careering, Sir John Franklin's ships had been abandoned by their crews more than ten years before. One little scrap of paper found in a cairn of stones told this tale, and that in June 1847 Sir John himself had died. The fate of the famished crews, roaming with their faces homeward, was, alas, but too certain. Tokens soon were given that they must all have perished by the way. Captain M'Clintock's story goes on thus:—

We were now upon the shore along which the retreating crews must have marched. My sledges, of course, travelled upon the sea-ice close along the shore; and, although the depth of snow which covered the beach deprived us of almost every hope, yet we kept a *very sharp look-out for traces, nor were we unsuc-*

cessful. Shortly after midnight of the 26th May, when slowly walking along a gravel ridge near the beach, which the winds kept partially bare of snow, I came upon a human skeleton, partly exposed, with here and there a few fragments of clothing appearing through the snow. The skeleton—now perfectly bleached—was lying upon its face, the limbs and smaller bones either dis severed or gnawed away by small animals.

A most careful examination of the spot was of course made, the snow removed, and every scrap of clothing gathered up. A pocket-book afforded strong grounds for hope that some information might be subsequently obtained respecting the unfortunate owner and the calamitous march of the lost crews, but at the time it was frozen hard. The substance of that which we gleaned upon the spot may thus be summed up:—

The victim was a young man, slightly built, and perhaps above the common height; the dress appeared to be that of a steward or officer's servant, the loose bow-knot in which his neck-handkerchief was tied not being used by seamen or officers. In every particular the dress confirmed our conjectures as to his rank or office in the late expedition.

## THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

—the blue jacket with slashed sleeves and braided edging, and the pilot cloth great-coat with plain covered buttons. We found, also, a clothes-brush near, and a horn pocket-comb. This poor man seems to have selected the bare ridge top, as affording the least tiresome walking, and to have fallen upon his face in the position in which we found him.

It was a melancholy truth that the old woman spoke when she said, "They fell down and died as they walked along."

### THE BOAT.

There was that in the boat which transfixed us with awe. It was portions of two human skeletons. One was that of a slight young person; the other of a large, strongly-made, middle-aged man. The former was found in the bow of the boat, but in too much disturbed a state to enable Hobson to judge whether the sufferer had died there; large and powerful animals, probably wolves, had destroyed much of this skeleton, which may have been that of an officer. Near it we found the fragment of a pair of worked slippers. The lines were white, with a black margin; the spaces white, red, and yellow. They had originally been 11 inches long, lined with calf-skin with the hair left on,

and the edges bound with red silk ribbon. Besides these slippers there were a pair of small strong shooting half-boots. The other skeleton was in a somewhat more perfect state,\* and was enveloped with clothes and furs; it lay across the boat, under the after-thwart. Close beside it were found five watches; and there were two double-barrelled guns—one barrel in each loaded and cocked—standing muzzle upwards against the boat's side. It may be imagined with what deep interest these sad relics were scrutinised, and how anxiously every fragment of clothing was turned over in search of pockets and pocket-books, journals, or even names. Five or six small books were found, all of them scriptural or devotional works, except the "Vicar of Wakefield." One little book, "Christian Melodies," bore an inscription upon the title-page from the donor to G. G. (Graham Gore?) A small Bible contained numerous marginal notes, and whole passages underlined. Besides these books, the covers of a New Testament and Prayer-book were found.

### THE PRAYER OF THE DYING.

As those men fell in their last sad struggle to reach

\* No part of the skull of either skeleton was found, with the exception only of the lower jaw of each.

home, their prayer must have been that their countrymen might learn how nobly they accomplished the task they had voluntarily undertaken. That prayer has been granted. As long as Britain exists, or our lan-

guage is spoken, so long will be remembered and related the glorious fate of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and how nobly they died in the execution of their duty to their Queen and their country.—*Osborn.*



### “My Mother.”

**T**HE following touching incident is told of a child who lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance.

She was frail as beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed, as if won by that mother's prayers, to turn instinctively heavenward. She would lie

upon the lap of the friend that took a mother's care of her, and, winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say, “Now, tell me about my mamma,” and when the oft-told tale had been repeated, would softly say, “Take me into the parlour; I want to see my mamma.” The request was never refused, and the affectionate

child would lie for hours, contentedly gazing upon her mother's portrait.

"But pale and wan she grew, and weakly,  
Bearing all her pains so meekly,  
That to them she still grew dearer,  
As the trial hour drew nearer."

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbours assembled to see the little one die. The dew of death was already on the flower as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly, spasmodically. "Do


you know me, darling?" sobbed close in her ear the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once, a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colourless countenance. The eyelids flashed open; the lips parted; the wan cuddling hands flew up in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked peeringly into the far above. "Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone, and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom.—*Landels.*

## Glimpses of India.

BY THE REV. MR. SHERIFF OF CALCUTTA.

(Continued from page 35.)

### GODS AND GODDESSES.

LMOSt every locality has some presiding god or goddess. Nor does it matter much to the Hindoo whom he may thus deify. In the south of India an English officer has been made a village deity, cheroots being among the offerings made at his tomb. Nay, a missionary's young wife, who fell a victim to cholera, has had the strange fate to have *flowers offered in worship at her low and lonely grave.*

### HINDOO MOTHERS.

There is another class in India, whose claims on our Christian sympathies cannot be entirely neglected,—I mean the women of India. From the commencement of their existence these are unfortunate. There is no joy over the birth of a girl. Female infanticide was once extremely prevalent. From the annual reports of the deaths in Bombay, it appears that more girls than boys die of small-pox, the parents being unwilling to have them

vaccinated. Hindooism condemns women to a state of total ignorance, and the reason assigned adds insult to injustice: It is maintained that woman is so essentially evil, that education would only afford her more ability to work mischief. Married when children, they are debarred from all choice in regard to the person to whom they are consigned for life. They must not eat with their lords—dare not pronounce even their names. They possess no means of employing time pleasantly and profitably,—no books, no ornamental work, no benevolent labours. What a dull, weary, aimless life must they lead! And what preparation for eternity!

As a natural consequence of their ignorance, the Hindoo women are more superstitious than the men. They are strongly attached to the worst rites and ceremonies of heathenism, feasts, processions, pilgrimages, &c. They are also fearfully passionate in temper. Demoni- cal possession is held to be common among them. Suicide is also deplorably frequent. *In Madras, in 1856, there were 624 women*

who thus rushed into the presence of God, and only 387 men. Lately I saw mention of a case wherein a mother was condemned for the number of her children, her motive being to spite her husband, with whom she had quarreled.

#### NEED OF ORPHANAGES.

Orphanages are greatly needed. The people are generally poor; often in a state of entire destitution. There is no poor-law in India, no provision for the support of those who are unable to obtain a livelihood. Famines, or at least seasons of scarcity, are not unfrequent; and parents are often unable to maintain their children. Pestilence often sweeps away the people, and many orphans are left in its terrible path. Surely the blessing of the God of the fatherless must rest on such institutions as these.

#### SEALCOTE.

“The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.”

Sealcote is a name hallowed to all who revere true piety and devoted missionary zeal. Especially is it dear to our Church. We have taken possession of it



by the dust of our martyred dead which rests there. To the memory of those dearly beloved and deeply lamented servants of Jesus the most fitting monument is about to be erected—a church. Two missionaries of our Church—the Rev. Messrs. Patterson and Taylor—are now on their way to resume the evangelistic labours so hopefully commenced there May they be abundantly blessed in their work, and be the honoured instruments of turning many from darkness to light!

in connexion with the Scottish Mission, is eminently fitted to arrest the attention of the natives, and to proclaim the contrast between Christianity and Hindooism or Mohammedanism. In that place Moslem and heathen lust of blood was shewn by the ruthless murder of the Christian infant; and there Christian love is made manifest by the erection of a home for the friendless children of heathens and Mussulmans. Surely this is in accordance with the Divine injunction to overcome evil with good.

An orphanage in Sealcote,

~~~~~  
*An Apostle's Hymn.*

**W**HEN I survey the wondrous Cross,  
 On which the Prince of Glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ my God;  
 All the vain things which charm me most  
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were an offering far too small;  
*Love so amazing, so divine,*  
*Demands my soul, my life, my all!*

## Tales of the South Sea Islands.

### THE OCEAN GEMS.

THESE islands may well be called such. They stand the of the South Pacific, each like a fairy land. A belt of coral generally runs round the island at the distance of a mile from shore, against this belt the waves of the Pacific come crashing, often to the height of fifty feet. Within the lagoon reef there are high and lovely basins. The island is under a sky very much hotter than ours, but the world of waters there is a blow with refreshing freshness. Up into the clear blue great mountains, as every island crests, seen for miles at sea. Down their slopes the green spreads its green, till you dip into the valleys thick with life and bloom. The scenes that come upon you everywhere of noble beauty—of silvery streams gushing through the deep land of the blue sea stretching far out in its unimpeded laughter—

are such as no scene in our own land can in the least degree equal. You would think you were moving through enchanted ground.

### THOSE WHO DWELL THERE.

There are two great races in these islands—one race in the western half, distinguished by black skin and crisp hair; the other race in the eastern half of the islands, distinguished by copper skin and black glossy hair. Both are tall and powerful. Before missionaries reached them, tattooing was universal—the strangest and wildest figures being cut upon the skin with a minute finish not excelled in rare works of art. Their disposition is generally frank and open; and with their rich soil and their abundant breadfruits, they lived a wild free life, with neither toil nor care.

### BEFORE THE GOSPEL.

In these lovely islands, before the Gospel, there were the darkest spots of crime. Child-murder was the commonest horror. Idolatry

had many shrines in the thick groves. There was but a poor dim notion of a Supreme Being. The spirits of ancestors, birds, insects, and wooden gods of the islanders' own making, were worshipped. They had long and vain cries in the form of prayers; and besides offering animals, and fruits, and manufactures on their altars at ordinary times,—in times of war, or the illness of their kings, or the building of a temple, human sacrifices were made, attended with black and devilish rites. What a fair, Eden-like cluster of island homes! in their bosoms what dark places of horrid cruelty!

THE FIRST MISSIONARY SHIP.

It was called the *Duff*; and now it is nearly seventy years since it landed its missionary company of some twenty persons on the island of Otaheite, as Captain Cook had called it—famous in connexion with the tale of the mutiny of the *Bounty*. As the ship sailed within the coral bar, a whole fleet of canoes covered the water, giving it eager welcome. It had been sent out by the *London Missionary Society*,

freighted with its good cargo; and here, for the first time to those savage islanders, were the feet coming beautiful upon their mountains. A large house was given by the king for the missionary band to dwell in; presents were showered upon them; round their palm-covered home the strange dark throng yelled and danced in joy; and, leaving them thus to their awful toil, the ship spread its sails and glided away to touch at other shores.

THE WONDER OF THE FORGE.

Amongst other things, by and by, the missionaries set up a blacksmith's forge, and began to work at the anvil. The natives, who knew nothing of the uses of iron and the methods of working it, crowded to the smithy gazing in fear and wonder. The bellows roared, the sparks flew at the hammer stroke, the hot iron hissed when plunged into water, and the onlookers at last turned in their terror and fled. By and by they came to understand better, and then the marvels done at that forge so caught their fancy that they brought pre-

sents in shoals to the workers' feet. The king himself, in his ecstasy, could not help embracing the blacksmith, and, as his best token of satisfaction, according to the curious custom of the island, he brought his nose into contact with the blackened face of the artisan. We would look at that with

laughter, but with the poor Otaheitians it was a solemn deed of favour. So the way was early opened up—the Gospel found a door of entrance; and how here and in the other islands it ran to and fro and was multiplied, we will, if you attend further, gladly tell you month by month.

### Nothing Finished.

**N**ONCE had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a Bible, and beneath it the words "I love," but what she loved was left for me to conjecture. Beneath the Bible lid I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby-foot; but it had come to a stand just about the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. *Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made,*

and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "To my dear." I need not, however, tell you all I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box, I found not a single article complete; and, mute as they were, those half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and skill to carry into effect, she was still a useless child — always doing, but never accomplishing her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of perseverance. Remember, my dear little friends, that it matters but little what great thing we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish.



### Earnest Zacchæus.

LUKE XIX.

**T**HERE was once a great number of people in the streets of Jericho; the windows and the doors, we may suppose, were quite crowded. It was Jesus Christ that the people were coming together to see. He had been healing the sick,

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

and casting out devils, and doing many wonderful works; it was, therefore, quite natural that the streets of Jericho should be filled with people as He passed along. Very likely they said to one another as He passed, "See, there is the wonderful man!" I am quite sure that some of the boys would climb up to the tops of the walls to get a view of Jesus, as you see boys do now when there is any great sight in the streets. So Jesus went on through the great crowd; and, while everybody was pushing and pressing to get a sight of Him, there was one man in the crowd whom the New Testament tells us about. His name was Zaccheus. He was a very rich man, but it is too evident that he had not been a very good man. However, he wanted to repent and give up his bad life, and, I think, he went out into the street that day to try if Jesus would not do something to save his poor unhappy soul. Oh, it is a good thing when we have an earnest, humble spirit, like Zaccheus. *I am afraid that, though there was such a crowd in the streets*

of Jericho to see Jesus, yet most of them were there just to pass a half-hour, and laugh and talk, and that they looked at Christ without thinking much about their souls. It was not so with earnest Zaccheus. But alas! as the story tells us, he was a very little man, and he could not see over the other people's shoulders, so what was he to do? The windows and doors of the houses were quite full, and there was nobody who would stand out of the way, and let poor Zaccheus get a glimpse. What was he to do? I shall tell you what he did—he ran away along the road before the rest of the people, and climbed up into a tree! He did not care though the boys should call names after him, he did not care though the people should laugh at him, if he could just get a good view of the dear Saviour. So he sat up among the branches of the tree, and looked, and looked, and looked at Christ. Oh, what an earnest man Zaccheus must have been!

However, my story is not done. The Saviour passed on through the crowd of people, and at last He came

just under the tree on which Zaccheus had climbed. As He came nearer and nearer, Zaccheus, I daresay, felt his heart beat more quickly. He must have thought within himself, while he was looking at Christ, "Oh, there He comes at last! there is the blessed Jesus! What a kind face He has got! how loving He looks!" Well, while he was saying this to himself, how astonished he was to see Jesus stand still! And what more do you think did Jesus do? He looked up into the tree, and fixed his eyes on Zaccheus, and spoke to him with a very kind voice: what he said to him was, "Zaccheus, I am going to your house to stay with you!" Just fancy that! You would scarcely believe your ears if the Queen were to tell you that she would come to visit you: but who was this that was going to stay with the despised man that was up in the tree? It was Jesus, the Lord of glory! And why, do you think, was Jesus going to visit him? It was because he was *in earnest*. Jesus Christ loves all earnest *people, all people who are anxious to be saved.* And

therefore, though there were thousands of men and women who crowded the streets of Jericho, he would not go to live with any of them except Zaccheus. The boys and girls might make a fool of Zaccheus because he was such a little man, but Christ saw that he was earnest. Are *you* earnest, my dear young friends? Do *you* really wish to be saved as the man in the tree did? If you do, you may be very little, and perhaps very poor, but Jesus will see you, and He will love and save you.

Well, as soon as Zaccheus heard that the Saviour was going to his house, down he came from the tree. Oh, it would have been worth while to have seen how quickly he came down. Away they went together along the street, and then Zaccheus opened a door, and took Jesus in with him, and, I am sure, Zaccheus was a happy man, and his house was a happy house that day. I told you that he had not been a good man at one time, but after this there was a great change on his conduct. Instead of being bad Zaccheus, he was, after this, good Zaccheus. 'That is a

ways the case with those who do not deceive nor act wickedly as they did before. I believe that this man who had to climb a tree once to see Christ, sees Him now perfectly and for evermore in the city above. There is a great crowd in the New Jerusalem, but it is not like the crowd in Jericho, for they are all saints with white robes singing the praises of Jesus. Another thing is, that every one in heaven will see Christ quite easily. There will be no need to press, and struggle, and strive there, before we can get a sight of Him. And oh, it will be such a glorious sight!

"There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin!"

So, my dear young friends, be earnest, like the man of whom I have told you: then the Lord Jesus Christ will bless and save you. Because Zaccheus was little did Christ fail to espy him? No! Did the branches and leaves of the tree hide him

from Christ? No! Did Christ despise him because he had been wicked? No! "To this man will I look, saith the Lord, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." He will look to you if you earnestly seek him.

Zaccheus climbed to see  
The Saviour passing by,  
Though he was hidden in the  
tree,  
Christ fixed on him His eye.

Like him who climbed the tree,  
I would my Saviour seek;  
I know when I do pray He'll see,  
Before I call He'll speak.

He'll say, "Come, sinner, come!  
Open to me thy door;  
I'll make of thy poor heart my  
home,  
And bless thee evermore!"

Zaccheus' house was blest,  
That did the Lord receive;  
But better far when in our breast  
The Saviour comes to live.

Come, Jesus, dwell in me,  
And make me all thine own,  
That, with Zaccheus, I may see,  
And serve Thee on Thy  
throne.



“The Lambs in His Arms.”

**I**N a Chinese Christian family at Amoy, a little boy, the youngest of three

children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young; that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he

made the touching reply, “Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. I

am only a little boy; it will be easier for Jesus to carry me.” This logic of the heart was too much for the

father. He took him with him, and the dear child was ere long baptized. The whole family, of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother, and three sons—are



all members of the Mission Church at Amoy.—*Miss. Mag.*

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The Beautiful but Deadly Tree.

**T**HERE is a tree, called the Man-chanel, which grows in the West Indies; to appearance it is very attractive, and the wood of it peculiarly beautiful; it bears a kind of apple, resembling the golden pippin. This fruit looks very tempting, and smells very

fragrant; but to eat of it is instant death; and its sap or juice is so poisonous, that if a few drops of it fall on the skin, it raises blisters, and occasions great pain. The Indians dip their arrows in the juice, that they may poison their enemies when they wound them. Providence hath so appointed it,

me of these trees is found, but near it also grows a *white* or a fig-tree, the juice of which, if applied, is a remedy for the swell produced by the aneel. Now when I in account, I thought and salvation. Sin, his poisonous apple, pleasant to the eye,

and men desire it, and eat of it, and die. But there is a remedy at hand. Apply, therefore, to this means of cure! Fly to a crucified Saviour! there is no time to be lost! the poison works within us! the disease every moment is increasing. Go to the great Physician without delay.—*Whitcross.*

### The Man that Killed his Neighbours.

REUBEN BLACK was a torment in the neighbourhood where he resided. He had a sharp and forbidding look. His dog seemed to be in perpetual fear. His dog dropped his tail between his hind eyes as if to see what he was in. The cat was wild, and had been to rush straight up chimney when he moved near her. Every day he visited the town and the neighbourhood because the dog poisoned his dogs and killed his hens. Complaints involved him in much trouble and expense that he had neither the money to spend in improvement of his

... was the state of  
... Simeon Green

bought the farm next to Reuben's. This had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and other weeds from the neighbouring fields. But Simeon was a diligent man, and one who commanded well his own temper, for he had learned of Him who is meek and lowly in heart. His steady perseverance and industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River mud, autumn leaves, old bones, were all put into use to assist in producing fertility and beauty. His sleek horse tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near; as much as to say, "The world is all the pleasanter for having you in it, Simeon Green!" When Simeon turned his steps homewards, his children threw their caps and ran shouting, "Father's

coming!" His wife sometimes said to her neighbours, "Everybody loves my husband that knows him. They cannot help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he was never engaged in a lawsuit in his life, but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neighbour was determined to quarrel with people whether they would or not; that he was like John Lilburne, of whom it was happily said, "If the world were emptied of every person but himself, Lilburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne."

"Is that his character?" said Simeon. "If he exercises it upon me, I will soon kill him."

People were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remark about his wrangling neighbour. "Kill me, will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly-compressed mouth had such a significant expression that his dog slunk from him in alarm.

Then commenced a series of teasing worries and persecutions, for Reuben was determined to make his new neighbour quarrel with him. But for some time all his attempts failed. Simeon would not be quarrelled with. Nay more, he and his wife made many little ad-

vances to a friendly state of things; and never seemed affronted when they were rejected.

This imperturbable good-nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest, but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it. He disliked Simeon more than all the rest of the people put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. At last, one night, after sitting very thoughtfully smoking for a long time, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh, "Peg, Simeon Green has killed me!"

"What do you mean?" said his wife, dropping her knitting with a look of surprise.

"You know when he first came into this neighbourhood, he said he would kill me," replied Reuben; "and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it

out. I felt ashamed to have him lend me a hand; so I told him I wanted none of his help; but he answered just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had happened, that night was coming on and he was not willing to leave me in the mud."

"He is a pleasant-spoken man," said Mrs. Black, "and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighbourly body too."

The next morning, much to his wife's astonishment, Reuben took up a fine ripe melon, and said he would take it "over there." Over, accordingly, to Mr. Green's house he went, feeling very awkward, and after brushing his hat, and rubbing his head, and looking out at the window, he said suddenly, as if by a desperate effort, "The fact is, Mr. Green, I did not behave right about the oxen."

"Never mind — never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again one of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon."

"Why, you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon's mild clear eye, "you see the neighbours here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbours as you are, I should not be just as I am."

"Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be to us," rejoined Simeon. "You know the good Book says so. I have learned by experience, that if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighbours round in time to this way of thinking and acting. Who knows? — let us try, Mr. Black, let us try. And come and look at my orchard. I want to shew you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some cuttings from the same stock."

They went into the orchard together, and friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen door, in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away into the barn. From that day henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with the dog or his master.

Simeon Green was too magnanimous to repeat to

any one that his quarrel- his wife, "I thoug  
some neighbour had con- should kill him  
fessed himself to blame. He while." — *Sunbeams*  
merely smiled as he said to *Cottage.*

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### The Falling Rain.

**M**ARK the rain that makes a rose; in an  
falls from above; violet; diverse in a  
the same shower and sweet in all.  
that drops out of one cloud Spirit works His  
increaseth sundry plants in farious effects in  
a garden, and severally, ac- complexions, and all  
cording to the condition of ing to the increase of  
every plant. In one stalk it *Jeremy Taylor.*

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### The Sinner Pleading with Christ

**F**OR ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died.  
My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own,  
Wash me, and mine Thou art :  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.  
Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve ;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.



### The Butterfly and its Lessons.

WITH lovely flowers and gay songs of birds, the gentle th of early summer ; also thousands of iful and busy insects. m all none is a greater te than the butterfly ;

and as we may learn wisdom from the bee and the ant, so this tiny creature too comes to us with its lessons; for it is a very curious thing that a butterfly's short life is just a little picture of the far grander

and the never-ending existence of man.

Every one knows that the butterfly comes from a kind of caterpillar. Some, who have examined this little worm with the help of a microscope (a glass used to make objects look larger), tell us that there is another small creature enclosed within it, which is just the butterfly ungrown. The caterpillar spends its dull life among the herbage on which it feeds, then seeks some quiet place of shelter, where, covering itself up in a soft silken clew, it falls asleep and (as it were) dies. But, by and by, from this state of death the butterfly comes forth in all its living beauty. The varied hues of its wings gleam bright in the sunshine, and all the long summer day it flits through garden and meadow, sipping perfumed juices from the sweetest flowers. Now, is there not here, first, something very like the life of man in this poor sinful world, then something very like his death, and last of all, something very like his rising again in glory? Is it not *an emblem of the Christian?*

*But sometimes, strange to*

say, though everything else I have described takes place, no butterfly comes forth. The cause of this is very wonderful. Some very little insects live in the inside of others and feed upon them, but when it happens that one of this kind attacks the caterpillar, it makes its way to the little butterfly within, and feeds upon it alone. The caterpillar itself all the while appears quite healthy, and, at the usual time, retires to its deathlike rest, but when it is examined, nothing is found but the empty skin. The butterfly within has been secretly destroyed. How like, again, is this to the ungodly man! *Outwardly* perhaps he is all his days prosperous and happy, but *sin* is secretly killing his soul, and when the last great change has come, he finds, what he may never have dreamt of before, but finds too late, that *his soul is lost!*

Oh! how very, very sad it is to think that many, who might live for ever and ever in the glory and bliss of heaven, will never enter there, because in this world they love sin, and do not ask Him who died for sinners to save them from it now! D. D.

## The Sunday School Locomotive.

**I**N one of our Sunday schools, not long since, a visiting friend, who was addressing the school, remarked that he would like to see all the children like locomotives coming into school with a train of new scholars

The result was, the next

Sunday, in came one of the boys, followed by five new scholars, all holding on to each other's coats, and he puffing away like a locomotive in motion. Would it not be well if all Sunday school scholars should become such locomotives?—*Sunday School Advocate.*

## Atoms.

**M**AMMA, I mean to be a missionary," said little Alice, looking up with her bright face from a book she had been reading—a narrative of missionary life.

"Why do you wish to be a missionary, my child?"

"Because they are so good, and do so much good. I want to do good in the world, mamma."

"I hope you will, my dear," said the mother; "but there are many ways of being useful. God wishes us all to serve Him, and He will point out the right way for you to do it; it may be by going on a mission to foreign lands, or it may be by quietly doing good in your own family circle—being a little home missionary. You can be that now every day of your life."

"I don't see much I can do here," said Alice; "I have to study almost the whole time, you know, and that does no one any good."

"Yes, indeed, it does," replied her mother. "I read a sentence to-day, Alice, which made me think of you; it was from a quaint old author, who says, 'Life is made up of two heaps, one of sorrow, and one of happiness, and whoever carries the very smallest atom from one to the other does God a service.' There is never a day in which you do not carry a great many atoms to one pile or the other."

"Do I? Have I laid any on either to-day, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed; when you spoke angrily to little Harry about the doll this morning, you made us both very uncomfortable, and put more



than one atom on the pile of sorrow, and another when you pouted because I wished you to wear your hood to school. When you helped Mary Berrel to carry her basket, you laid an atom on the joy-heap—two atoms, I fancy, for she as well as I was made happier by the kind act. When you hung your cloak and hood, and put gloves and books all in their right places after lessons to-night, you put quite a large atom on my pile of joy. When you were so thoughtless as to make a noise that woke baby from his sleep, and set him crying, another atom went on the heap of sorrow. When you picked up grandmamma's spectacles with a smiling face, and pleasantly laid down your book to take up a stitch in her knitting, you

increased the pile  
ness."

"Oh, how odd,  
what great big he  
must get to be!"

"Yes, indeed, for  
constantly making  
or the other larger  
my little Alice will  
carrying atoms at  
the pile of sorrow  
that of happiness  
thus removed every  
how much she wi  
plish in a lifetime!

Papa's step was r  
at the door; Alic  
draw his arm-chai  
the blazing fire, and  
slippers where th  
get warm; and whe  
how pleased he lool  
them there, she w

"I think I put  
little bit of an ato  
joy-heap there, m  
*American Messenger*

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### What a Penny May Do.



GRAIN of corn an infant's hand  
May plant upon an inch of land;  
Whence twenty stalks might spring an  
Enough to stock a little field.

The harvest of that field might then  
Be multiplied to ten times ten;  
Which, sown thrice more, could furnish bread  
Wherewith an army might be fed.

A penny is a little thing,  
Which e'en a poor man's child may bring  
Into the treasury of heaven,  
And make it worth as much as seven.

## How to be Loved.

**T**HE more children love everybody, the more everybody loves them. Did you ever think of that before? When a child's face beams with love, you may be quite sure there are hearts which turn with fond affection toward the little one. You seldom meet a smile alone. They travel in troops.

## Tales of the South Sea Islands.

*(Continued from page 51.)*

### THE CAPTIVE SHIP.

**E**VERYTHING went well for a time; and when the news reached England of the happy settlement in Tahiti, good men's hearts beat with joy. But shadows were coming up the bright horizon. Home the ship *Duff* came with her tidings, and then, freighted again with a company of missionaries, she sailed out of port on a second trip to the southern waters. Many an ardent prayer followed her white wake on the deep. Scarce had she seen the shores of South America, however, when a French privateer took her captive. For several weeks the missionaries and their wives and children were cruelly parted. Then they met again in a Spanish port, but only to see

starvation or a dark prison staring them in the face. In their extremity the heart of the French captain was moved to mercy, and he found a passage back to Europe for them in a Portuguese ship. But, to crown their misfortunes, that ship, in turn, was captured as a smuggler; and after great hardships, the missionary band were landed first at Lisbon, and then found their way back to England, after ten months' absence, all their labour, as it seemed, lost, and their sufferings in vain. Yet it was not so in the sight of that Lord in whose cause they had endured.

### THE SKY OVERCAST.

In Tahiti itself the mission was faring still worse. After their first burst of amazement, the natives shewed



the darkest side in their nature coming out. They skulked about the missionary settlement, plundering and thieving every article over which they could lay their hands. Many of them, covered with the diseases of their savage life, came to the missionary hospital door, demanding fiercely that a charm should be wrought on them, so that instantly they might be healed. By and by their life was threatened. Out of an English ship, driven in by stress of weather into Matavai Bay, several sailors had deserted, and the missionaries having, perhaps

unwisely, sent some of their number along with them to obtain to recover them out of the deep island forests, they were set on by the natives, stripped, and all but numbered. They narrowly escaped back to their little house. They found their brethren there fortifying in great alarm. The whole island was in an uproar. Out of every thicket and face gleamed upon them, and in a few days the roar of war was ringing. Terrified by their danger the missionary band broke up. Eleven escaped on board the English ship, and a

to other scenes. Seven only remained; and the savage besiegers round them, in alarm now lest the mission should be swept from their shores altogether, threw down their arms, cried out for peace, and implored the seven to remain. So it was done, and the storm of bloodshed and terror passed

THE FIRST LITTLE TEMPLE.

In 1800 the first church of the missionaries was reared. It was a modest, simple structure, covered with its palm-thatched roof. As soon as it was completed, Pomare the king sent a *fish* as an offering to *Jesus Christ*, with a request that it might appear in the building. Such was the rude impulse of this untaught heart. The church so built was the first temple to the Name of Christ in all the South Sea Islands; and you can fancy with what joy the poor missionaries looked at the sacred house as it peeped out of its nest of foliage down upon the sunny bay and the great ocean world. They hoped it would be crowded soon with worshipping hearts. *But God had not ordained it so. Hardly two years were*

to pass, when fire and slaughter were to sweep upon the scene again, and the very hands that so piously built the temple should be the first to pull it into ruins, lest it might be made a stronghold for savage foes!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Seven more recruits from England joined the missionary band. Scarce was that the case, when a wild war among the natives about a famous idol-god, named Oro, threw all again into dismay. It was in this war the little church was destroyed. Then the earliest friend of the missionaries, old Pomare, died. He had remained to the last a stubborn idolater; and, at the very moment he was offering a helping hand to the Christian missionaries, he was putting to death his human sacrifices in the black island groves! These are the cross currents of the heart which the Word of God assures us is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

SCENES IN SCHOOL.

Round the mission-house schools were opened amongst the first things for the savage children. It was a

hard piece of work. Not only with the children, but with the grown-up, the rooms were filled to stifling.

But many of the parents came in this way, bent on nothing but idle frolic. They took with them cocks and dogs, flung them upon the floor, urged them to fight, and laughed loud over the tumult that followed, and the grief especially of the patient teachers. The same

wild uproar was often in the middle of service. Nevertheless good work went on one of the fruits, see few years, was in the king Pomare writing London Missionary a letter in his mother. He had been a pupil Christian school, and seeds at least had root in his heart.

*(To be continued.)*

## The Story of Pauline Fatme.

### CHAPTER I.



ABOUT seven or eight and twenty years ago, Jai Tshasseda Odah, a chief of a Galla tribe, was made happy by the birth of a daughter, whom he named Ganomeh. In after years she always felt that she could never sufficiently praise the paternal affection with which he treated her. He spared no pains whatever to bring her up as a virtuous daughter. How often did he exhort her to this! And, moreover, this Galla prince had a deep feeling that his own example alone would give the right impression to his exhortations. He was an especial friend to the poor. Richly blessed with the goods of this world, it was

to him a delight to the power of doing good poor of his tribe. must have been so tender in the mind man, for he might be seen going into the care of the sick, and preparing them medicines which had himself prepared from the heaven, had fallen into his heart, for he early his little daughter to God, who was truly an unknown God: when she spoke of him, he was full of joy and amazement at what his father had done for her.

He was a brave and ageous prince, and proof of this in many. In one of these conversations happened that he fell on the side of his daughter,

wounded; the child was then six years old, her prop was broken. Shall we complain of death? I think that we should rather adore God, who works in a mysterious but blessed and glorious way.

We know almost nothing of the mother of the child, and it would appear that she became actually an orphan by the death of her father, to whom she remained attached with tender affection even after he had been buried. Often was the dear child seen going to her father's grave, which was about half-an-hour's distance from home; she would stay there weeping for hours. One day, when she had wept till she could weep no more, and was about to return home, she saw a company of Mohammedans approaching her; they were kidnappers. The child, who was but nine years old, could oppose no resistance, and had recourse to earnest entreaties and tears; but they were of no avail, for they were inhuman men, who had silenced long ago the voice of their conscience.

Escorted by these habituated slave-hunters, the Galla maiden had to make a long journey from the south. They halted only once a week. At last they reached Sennar, the capital of Sudan, a province belonging to the Pasha of Egypt. At Sennar, Fatme was taken to the slave mar-

ket, with many other male and female slaves. A slave-trader who bought Fatme treated her well, for he knew that grief and melancholy would spoil her looks, and injure her value for sale. Traders as well as keepers of harems used to come to the house where she was waiting her future destiny. She was even then fully aware of the nature of a harem; and the thought of being in such a house of sin filled her with horror and anxiety. But what could she do? She had recourse to prayer, saying to an unknown God, "O good God, only let me not go into a house of wickedness!" Thus she prayed often, as she afterwards related to our friends. Our merciful God, who was designing the salvation of this forsaken young orphan, condescended to hear her simple and earnest prayer.

It happened several times that Fatme, having notice of the arrival of some Turkish merchants, had recourse to prayer; and each time was visited with a kind of eruption, which prevented the keepers of harems from buying her. After some time she was conveyed to Assuan, a town situated in Upper Egypt; she was then sold about twelve times: at last she was brought to Cairo, and was bought by the Pasha of Egypt. She was now well off as regarded her

outward condition; and was employed in culinary work. Being always of a serious turn of mind, as we have before observed, she attached herself to some better disposed Mohammedan females, and joined in their devotions. We see how the Lord was preparing this African girl for the better things which He had in store for her.

It was in the year 1847 or 1848 that Baron von Muller, a native of Stutzgard, who was on his travels in the East, came to Cairo, and was introduced to the Pasha of Egypt, who presented to him this Galla negress, who bore the name of Fatme at that time. The baron brought her to Europe. After a protracted stay at Vienna and Leipsic, he returned to Stutzgard, where he presented Fatme to his mother, who assigned to her the duty of waiting at table: also she usually accompanied the family in their journeys. By direction of the baron, she was instructed by a German Catholic teacher, not only in the German language, but also in his religion. The baron had purchased two negro boys in Egypt; and he one day, at the house of the Baron von Berlichingen, introduced these, together with Fatme, in their Egyptian dress, to the Queen of Wirtemberg. *This royal and Christian lady, however, was not satis-*

fied with merely see foreign curiosity, but pressed a wish that the damsel should be taught doctrines of the Gospel be received into the testant Church by the sacrament of baptism

CHAPTER II.

The word which fed the queen was not so vain. By the influence of some Christians, the eyes of her protectors were turned to the community of Korb where the Gospel is pre in its power, and its tutions for the education of children are in a flourishing state.

On the 1st of June Fatme was brought to the family of Baron von Kornthal, and put in the Second Female Institute superintended by Mrs. Fecht. The knowledge which Fatme acquired of the German language, was hardly sufficient to render her intelligent those about her: she fore often made use of images to express feelings. Here, in Christian society, and under the guidance of Mrs. Fecht, the house mother, a fervent love to the Saviour would be kindled in her especially were the religious instructions of her dear pastor Staudt a blessing to her: a

returned home quite excited from the service, and could scarcely wait till she could express her joyful feelings to her kind instructress, "O mother," said she, "my heart flies: it is like a bird." At another time, "O mother, my heart drinks as it were refreshing water." A particularly deep impression was made on her mind at the first missionary meeting which she attended, on the 6th of January. On her way home, she cried out to the house-mother, "O mother, I must go to my country, and tell them of the God whom they have in Europe." Her minister once declared, that Fatme was one of those rare instances in which Christian conduct seemed to make greater advance than Christian knowledge. Towards the end of January, Mr. Staudt wrote to a Christian friend at Basle: "Fatme is very anxious respecting her salvation: her talents are not great; she learns German with difficulty, so that those unacquainted with her idiom cannot easily understand her: but she has a converted heart. She is fully aware of her inborn sinfulness, and weeps bitterly over her occasional outbreaks of passion; she reads diligently God's Word, little as she can at present understand it; she prays earnestly to the Lord; so that I can baptize her with

great confidence. The Lord will perfect the work begun in her." The dear departed father Kœllner writes a month later: "The maiden gives good hope that the Saviour has already commenced a work in her heart, as is evidenced by her conduct and feelings."

It was now a difficult question how to defray the expense of Fatme's education. Her beloved minister applied on her behalf to the Missionary Society at Basle; they could not, however, take the matter in hand. Two members of the Committee, however, offered to supply means for her education for two years; and a hope was entertained that, in the meantime, a suitable employment might be found for her. These arrangements were made. The Rev. Mr. Staudt and Mr. Kœllner (one of the heads of the Korntal community) had suggested to Baron von Muller to set Fatme at liberty, as her freedom could not be purchased in a country where, God be praised, there was no dealing in slaves. By the intervention of some high personages, Fatme was made free; and, having received so much blessing at Korntal, she became so attached to it, that she could not think of the possibility of leaving it without great sorrow.

The 12th day of July 1852



was to Fatme a day of great importance, for she then received the holy sacrament of baptism.

During the celebration of baptism, Fatme stood within a half-circle formed of her god fathers and god-mothers. "It was indeed," says an eye-witness, "a solemn moment, when the fine-looking black heathen girl was received by the washing of water as a member of Christ into covenant

with God." Sh Pauline Johann out, her dem calm and comp afterwards con her maternal in the absence of feelings and which she had on former occ when, afterwar permitted to p Lord's Supper, ed, "Thank Go am quite a Chri

### Sweet Sights and Sour

**W**HAT do you think is the fairest :  
That ever mine eyes did see :  
Is it the light which comes from  
From evening's beautiful glowing star,  
Like a silver thread o'er the sea ?

What do you think was the sweetest sound  
That ever greeted mine ear ?  
Was it the song of a joyous bird,  
Whose voice in the willow-tree I heard  
In the morning of the year ?

A fairer sight are the little ones  
Who come to our Sunday school ;  
Whose hearts, in the bloom and joy of youth  
Are learning to love the ways of truth,  
And to walk by its Golden Rule.

And sweeter than songs of summer-birds  
Are the hymns of praise they sing.  
The Saviour bends from His throne of light  
And smiles to see the beautiful sight,  
While angels mingle notes of delight  
With the offering of praise they bring.

Mrs. E. I



## The Story of Pauline Fatme.

### CHAPTER V.

**A**T Basle Pauline was received in the beloved house of her god - father, Mr. Spittler, where she spent

days of great blessing. She felt herself, however, already attacked by illness during the missionary festivals. An aged matron who occupied the same chamber speaks in the highest terms of the

filial feeling of this elect child of God towards her heavenly Father. Every morning and evening she continued a very long time in prayer. How much communion had this Galla girl on her knees with the Friend of her soul! Immediately after the festivals, her god-father went to a summer residence at Riehen, a village about an hour's distance from Basle; and she accompanied him. It was only by great efforts that she had been able to attend the meetings at Basle and Beuggen, and her weakness now increased rapidly. The daughter of the house, whom Pauline called her aunt, and who loved her much and sincerely, persuaded her, soon after her arrival, to accompany a servant of the Lord as far as the frontier of the Grand Duchy of Baden. She could scarcely from weakness go this short distance, and was obliged to rest a long time on the road. On her way back, at the entrance of Riehen, she noticed an inscription which the deceased owner of a country house had caused to be written in an arbour of the garden. It is a verse of Paul Gerhard's precious hymn: "Commend thy ways and all that ails thine heart." As the verse was so expressive of her own case, she asked that it should be repeated to her several times. From that time the hymn was continu-

ally before her mind was especially refresh the sixth verse:—

"Oh, let Him do and govern  
Prince Counsellor is He  
Who all things is disposed  
That thou amazed shalt  
When He, what now in  
ing,

Gives trouble to thy sou  
By His own wondrous c  
Shall perfect out the wh

She found great difficulty learning these verses; she shewed great perseverance in doing so: this hymn a help to bring her to willingly her Lord's guidance. She also took delight in the hymn Zinzendorf, "Jesus, go me on the way of life! committed it to me Partly for the sake of recovery, partly also to her the work of a deceased her god-father placed: the Institution of the conesses. It soon became apparent that she was rather to spend her life in missionary work, than care of the sick: she pressed herself most earnestly on this point. neither the one nor the other was to be her lot; an experienced, with hearty gratitude, in the Deceased's House at Riehen benefit resulting from (Christian) young women devoted themselves to a self-decare of the sick for the of Him who took upon self our sins and our

nesses. On the 16th of July she was taken into "The Pilgrim's Asylum," as this institution is called. When she first entered the room which was appointed for her, she looked round with a remarkably thoughtful gaze, as if she foreboded that she would here close her short earthly pilgrimage. For the first few days she was able to be out much, and enjoyed being in the garden of the institution. At first her indisposition was considered to be a slight gastric fever; and she herself was quite

unconscious that a deeper disease lay within her. After a few days, however, she took to her bed, to rise up again no more: a chest-cough, the forerunner of consumption, was added to the gastric fever. The physician himself did not at first think seriously of her indisposition. She, however, said one day, "I may very likely go into a consumption, since I often suffered from cough and pain in my chest when at Kornthal. By all means, if God so wills! It is all right for me."

### The Sacred Gate.

**I**N the vestibule of St. Peter's, at Rome, is a doorway which is walled up and marked with a cross: it is opened but four times in a century. On Christmas Eve, once in twenty-five years, the Pope approaches it in princely state, with the retinue of cardinals in attendance, and begins the demolition of the door by striking it three times with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened the multitude pass into the nave of the Cathedral, and up to an altar, by an avenue which the majority of them never entered thus before,

and never will enter thus again.

Imagine that the way to the throne of grace was like the *Porta Santa*, inaccessible save once in a quarter of a century on the 25th December, and then only with august solemnities, conducted by great dignitaries in a holy city. Conceive that it were now ten years since you, or I, or any other sinner, had been permitted to pray; and that fifteen long years must drag themselves away before we could venture again to approach God; and that at most we could not hope to pray more than two or three

times in a lifetime ! With what solicitude we should wait for the coming of that holy day ! We should lay our plans of life, select our houses, choose our professions, form our friendships, with reference to a *pilgrimage* in that twenty-fifth year. We should reckon time by the openings of that sacred door ; no other one thought would engross so much of our lives, or kindle our sensibilities so intensely, as the thought of prayer. It would be of more significance to us than the thought of death is now ; it would multiply our trepidation at the thought of dying. Fear would grow to horror at the idea of dying before that year of jubilee. No other questions would give us such tremors of anxiety as these would excite ! How many years now to the time of prayer ? How many months ? how many weeks ? how many days ? Shall we live to see it ? Who can tell ?

Yet on that gre  
amidst an innu  
throng, in a court  
sence, within sight a  
ing of stately rit  
*would prayer be wort*  
Who would value  
comparison with th  
moments, in which  
can "find God" ev  
and every where  
day would be more  
day of judgment to  
like the sweet mi  
converse with "Our  
which we may no  
every hour. We  
appreciate this pri  
*hourly* prayer, if it w  
taken from us. Sh  
not ?

"Still with Thee, ou  
I would desire to be ;  
By day, by night, at hom  
I would be still with "

With Thee amid the  
That throngs the bus  
To hear Thy voice, mi  
loud,

Speak softly to my h

—The.

### Winding the Skein.



T had been raining  
for several days, and  
Paul had been kept  
busy at school all

this time—no play  
doors, and little  
At last, one more  
clouds cleared,

shone, and when Paul's grandmamma called him up, oh, what fun he and Carlo expected to have! Paul was a little boy who prayed. He did not allow the glad looks of the world out of doors to take all his attention; he knelt down and asked God to keep him *His* child all day, and make him obedient to his dear good grandmother, who took care of the little orphan. To school he ran; at school he tried to study hard, only he could not help every now and then looking out on the common and thinking of noontime.

After school he scampered home to get Carlo, with a couple of boys at his heels. Grandmother heard him, and she called, "Paul! Paul!" Paul went to her, and oh! she had a big skein of woolen firkin to hold! Poor Paul! poor Carlo! What did the little boy do? The

boys at the door heard what was going on, and they whispered pretty loud, "Come, come! tell your old grandmother you want to go out and play!" Carlo, too, wagged his tail, as much as to say, "Yes, that is it, little master!" It was a tough struggle for poor Paul. What *did* he do?

"Grandmother *first*," said he, stoutly; "my play can wait better than her spinning-wheel."

Grandmother winds her ball rather slowly for a boy who wants some fun. But no matter. He is determined to be patient, for well he remembers she is as good a grandmother as ever was to him.

The sweet spirit of obedience runs like a golden thread through the daily life of the little boy, and so very sweetly their lives unwind together. — *Child's Paper*.

## Tales of the South Sea Islands.

### THE EXILE.

**EVERY** soon the little Mission station, with such rude wealth as it had, became an object of covetous desire among the chiefs. Darker and darker grew their rivalry for the protection of the mis-

sionary property, till at last open war ensued, and in the bloodshed and ruin the devoted band, flying from friends and enemies alike, were at last driven into exile. Every trace of the station was swept away, and in 1809 the lovely island of Tahiti was again a blank in the

Christian map. Good men's hopes were dashed to the ground, and on the fine scene of so many hopes, blackened ruins were all that stood up to tell the tale.

THE RETURN.

Two years after, Pomare began to yearn for the white teachers to set foot on his shores again, and five of them accordingly, in revived hope at the tidings, left New South Wales, where they had taken refuge, and returned. Pomare was recalled to the chieftainship of the whole island. God's Spirit, it appeared, was pricking him to the heart, and the old lessons he had learned from the Gospel began to shew their fruit. He inquired, was anxious, inquired again, and finally, after long and deep trial, he was, at his own request, baptized into the Christian Church. The name of Christ was set on his swarthy brow, and with that strange light struck, it seemed at length the darkness was about from the beautiful island to roll away. A great awakening followed. Idols and temples of old worship were destroyed—many converts fol-

lowed in the ste —and the grov praise and pray: as if the cross in the soil of and sure.

THE PRAYER  
THICKET

One day Mr. the missionaric a poor native, praying in a c thicket. It wa sound — this prayer he had to — poured on glowing words not contain burst into tear breaking throu he clasped th child of God ! He, and that tr just coming int they were bro blood of Jesus!

A FUNERAL

The little Cl numbers. Yo were added Among these w Patii, who had and who openl meant to bu The time was great crowd behold the

Shortly before sunset a light was applied to the pile, and Patii stripped them of their ornaments one by one, and cast them into the fire—calling each by name, unfolding the pedigree of each, and telling all that each in turn was a poor useless god, unable to save itself! The scene was hailed with applause—and Dagon after Dagon was cast down. Patii, the bold priest, became an ardent pupil in the Christian school.

GARMENTS ROLLED IN  
BLOOD.

Yet again the storm gathered. Idolatry bestirred itself, and an armed host rose against the missionary labours. For a time the white men and their converts were driven off Tahiti again, and on their venturing to return their escape was narrow indeed. Noiselessly the foe assembled in the dark woods,

and on a Sabbath-day, while the quiet worship of God was proceeding in the Mission chapel, out the savage throng burst, hounding each other on with demon yells. But the worshippers had come armed, and when the onslaught was made, a desperate fight took place. Not a few on both sides were slain; and after a long struggle, at last the idolaters were driven back and utterly broken. Pomare and his party triumphed; and as a mark of what the mercy of Christ had already wrought in them, it was noted that, instead of mangling the wounded and the dead, as in heathen days had been their wont, they spared and tended the one, and solemnly buried the other. The Gospel in Tahiti had now received its ancient baptism of blood, and it was about (as in other lands), under that watering, to grow into a noble tree.

A Question and Answer.

"**N**OW can you do the most good?" asked a lady of a little girl.

"By being MYSELF just as good a girl as I can be."



## The Beloved Friend.

**A**INZENDORF, when a boy, used to write little notes to the Saviour, and throw them out at the window, hoping He would find them. Later in life, so strong was his faith in the friendship of Christ, and in his own of that friendship a daily solace, that once, he travel he back comp that might verse freely "the I with he audibly.—*The Still Ho*

## The Flowers of the Garden.

A STORY.

(Continued from page 76.)

**W**HEN every side I saw more beauties than I can describe:—daisies, cowslips, primroses, along with more uncommon flowers, and I perceived gardeners at work in all corners of the garden. I watched them, and I saw how they removed every weed that might injure the plants, how carefully they tied up those that required support, and how diligently they tried to keep away the evil in In spite of all their some of the plants *wou* grow in the way they de they would bend their and twist their stalk that I almost wonder the patience of the deners.

I perceived that in general the largest and est plants who persist growing in their own and refusing the s

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

offered to them; and I thought how soon their lofty heads would be laid low were a storm of wind to come, and how they would then regret their folly.

"Alas," said Flora, "they know not that this calm sunshine will not always last."

None pleased me more than a sweet bed of modest violets growing in the shade, and the lovely lily of the valley peeping out from amidst its green leaves. I looked at Flora, and she smilingly said, "They are sweet and pleasant children, and all the sweeter from their modesty and humility; they think so little of themselves, that it is a pleasure to tend and cultivate them;" and I saw that her garland was composed of many of these humble flowers.

At length we came to a bed of rose-bushes, and Flora stopped beside it. "See," she said, "how many buds of promise I have here, and how beautiful this bud will look when they all burst forth, and yet they will not all have lovely flowers. The rose is one of my special favourites, and yet, even among such, I have cause

of grief. Do you not see the destroying insect, though it tries to conceal itself?" As Flora spoke, she gently pushed open the leaves of one of the unfolding buds, and shewed me a large green caterpillar in the heart of the flower.

"This," said Flora, "is the great enemy of my children's happiness. We try to counteract the evil, and, as long as we can, we tend even the plants which yield to its influence. But if they will cherish it within them—if they will not imbibe the water by which alone it can be destroyed—they must wither and die at last. And I grieve to think that my loving care may be in vain. My only comfort is that those whom I have succeeded in guarding here will be for ever safe in the garden to which they will ere long be transplanted. And now I have only my children of the forest to shew you, some of whom are more worthy of my attention than this my ungrateful rose-tree."

I saw a dew-drop sparkle in Flora's eye as she led me towards the hedge which bounded the garden, and

pointed out to me the little wild-flowers growing on the other side. "These," she said, "have not been much cultivated: they have all the advantage of the sunshine and the rain, but my gardeners only occasionally attend to them, and yet see how fresh their leaves, and how bright their flowers, notwithstanding the surrounding weeds: they will be taken into my garden some day soon, and if they prove as grateful and pleasing as they now seem, they will be fit at last to bloom among the fairest of my flock."

"Now," said Flora, "I must hasten to my labours—have you anything more to ask, for the day is passing on?"

"Where," I said, "is that still more beautiful garden of which you have spoken so often? I would gladly see it."

"It is not for me to shew it you," Flora replied. "In that celestial garden my presence is not needed; when once they enter there, my precious flowers require no more tending; they are safe from storms and cold winds, and the evil insect's power, and they bloom for ever

in unfading beauty. Look up," she added, pointing to a bright light in the sky above me; and, as I gazed, Flora's form vanished from my sight, and I seemed to be transported to a still more brilliant and glorious scene.

It was but faint glimpses that I got of it, through the cloud in which I felt myself enveloped, but what I did see was beautiful beyond description. Flora's garden seemed to fade from my view before the brilliancy of the one I now beheld; here were crystal rivers, and sunny fountains, and shady groves; and on all sides groups of most beautiful flowers, perfect in form, and delicious in sweetness.

"Flowers of all hue, and, without thorn, the rose."

At first I hardly recognised them to be of the same nature as those I had so lately seen, but a nearer glance shewed me that they were the same, only purified from everything that could mar their beauty, and made fit to adorn the garden of their heavenly Master. Here were no blighted buds—no faded leaves; all was

perfect. The soft air fanned their richly coloured robes, and was filled with the sweet incense which they breathed forth. And, as I looked, I saw One who walked in the midst of them, and He wore in His bosom the lily of the valley, and humble violet, which I had loved so well; and I rejoiced that these little ones were honoured to bloom in the garden of their Lord.

At length the brightness of the scene became too dazzling for me, and, as I tried to turn my eyes away, I awoke from my dream!

Our young readers will probably be able to trace for themselves the lesson which this little allegory teaches. Flora, the queen of flowers, is indeed an imaginary person entirely; but the garden, and the flowers, and the care bestowed on them by the gardeners, as well as the object of their cultivation, are emblems to us of higher things.

They shew us how children in a Christian land are more or less carefully taught and trained in the fear of the Lord, like plants in a well watered garden, and how,

unless the Lord of the garden takes them away in infancy from the evil to come, they must all go forth at last into the world, and prove, amid its trials and temptations, whether their early instruction has indeed been the means of leading them into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Let all little ones remember that the love of sin is in their hearts, like the green insect destroying the beautiful rose, and let them seek the dew of God's heavenly grace to enable them to conquer the enemy of their souls.

Jesus says, "Unto every one that hath shall be given;" and those whose hearts are renewed by the Holy Spirit, and who begin early to exhibit the buds and blossoms of Christian graces, so beautiful to behold in childhood, shall, year by year, be strengthened by their Saviour to bring forth "more fruit,"—watered and nourished by showers from on high, they shall grow up as lovely flowers in His garden on earth, and shall at last be transplanted to bloom forever in the Paradise above.

## The Alpine Cross.

**B**ENIGHTED once where Alpine storms  
Have buried hosts of martial forms,  
Halting with fear, benumbed with cold  
While swift the avalanches rolled ;  
Shouted our guide, with quivering breath,—  
*“The path is lost! to move is death!”*

The savage snow-cliffs seemed to frown,  
The howling winds came fiercer down ;  
Shrouded in such a dismal scene,  
No mortal aid whereon to lean,  
Think you what music 'twas to hear,—  
*“I see the Cross! our way is clear!”*

We looked, and there, amid the snow,  
A simple cross of wood uprose ;  
Firm in the tempest's awful wrath,  
It stood to guide the traveller's path,  
And point to where the valley lies  
Serene beneath the summer skies.

One dear companion of that night  
Has passed away from mortal sight ;  
He reached his home to droop and fade,  
And sleep within his native glade ;  
But as his fluttering hand I took,  
Before he gave his farewell look,  
He whispered from his bed of pain,—  
*“The Alpine Cross I see again!”*  
Then, smiling, sank to endless rest  
Upon his weeping mother's breast !

J. C. F.





“My Jewels.”

**W**ITH what diligence do men search for the hidden gems that lie in the depths of earth and sea! What a price they will sometimes pay to obtain them! How

jealously do they guard them, when once possessed! Now God has His “jewels” too. Once they lay neglected, covered with filthy dross; but He sought and saved them. He redeemed

them, not with silver or gold, but with the precious blood of Christ; and He watches over them with affectionate care. Yes, when God looks down upon this sinful world, there are some upon whom His eye rests with peculiar love. He calls them "*my jewels*" (Malachi iii. 17).

Among precious stones there is great variety. There are the diamond, the pearl, the ruby, and many more. But, though God's "jewels" may differ in some respects, in others they are all alike. They may be young or old, rich or poor, but they all trust in Jesus as their Saviour—they all love God—they are all afraid to commit sin—they all take pleasure in prayer. It is only such whom God calls "*my jewels.*"

"*My jewels.*" By nature they are not "jewels" at all, but sinners, vile and worthless. They must first undergo a thorough change, and there is only one way in which this change can be effected. "If any man be in Christ, he is a *new creature.*" It is only after sinners *have been created anew* that God calls them "*my jewels.*"

However, though clear in nature, though washed in the blood of Christ possessing an excellency they never had before, rough and dim are "jewels" still! The costly diamond is not glitter in a king's diadem till, under the skilful of the lapidary, it has been carved and polished. so it is with God's "jewels." They must be made 'to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.'" Everything that is unholy must be taken away. Everything that is good and beautiful must be washed in them—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance." These are the graces with which "jewels" sparkle, and the Holy Spirit who produces them. He removes every defilement and defect. The process is gradual, sometimes painful, hard to bear (like the grinding and cutting of a diamond), but always merciful and patient. And there is a promise to cheer them throughout: "*They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day: I will make up my jewels.*"

"That day." What a glorious day! A cluster of jewels on a crown of gold is the mark of the highest earthly grandeur. But who can imagine the splendour and beauty of God's "jewels" when they are all *made up*? They will be a multitude which no man can number. Not one forgotten! Not one lost! And, blessed thought! Christ will be in the midst of them. His presence will lend to each its brightest lustre. "That day." It will be but the beginning of eternal glory. "They shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

God will "make up" that day little circles of jewels once united on earth, but long separated. There will be scholars from the same class. There will be fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, who were wont to kneel in prayer together. How sad and bitter were their partings, as one after another was taken away! But their meeting! It will be "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Of such there will be many a shining group. But what if some dear one should be *awanting*? What if I——?

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 "Right from Heaven."

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

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

could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie."

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

"What an awful storm!"

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

"Yes, I always so, but I never quite before."

"Let us ask Him father work to do time, so we need n hungry again. He'll I'm sure."

The storm pass miser went home. flower had sprung u heart; it was no barren. In a few w died, but not before given the cottage, wh his, to the poor la man And the litt ren ever after felt and solemn emotio in their matinal d they came to those words: "Give us t our daily bread."—*C Paper.*

### The Eye of God.

**M**Y dear children, did you ever hear of a being whose presence is everywhere? If you will take your Bible and find the twenty-fourth verse of the twenty-third chapter of Jeremiah, you will find it to read thus: "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill hea-

ven and earth? sa Lord."

If there were a per would follow you w you went, who could you in public and in in light and in d whose eye should e every action, your exertion; who move you moved, who when you stopped; v with you everywher

eye was ever on you, not one moment withdrawn from you, and who knew not only the outward actions and conduct; who heard not only every word that fell from your lips, but whose keen glance pierced to the inmost recesses of your heart, and was conscious of all the unuttered thoughts that passed there, would you feel at ease with such an attendant? Could you indulge in wicked thoughts, in sinful words, and unholy actions with impunity? Could you abide the piercing glance which beheld all your wickedness?

And now, dear children, is there not such a Being? Is there not one who sees and knows all your thoughts, and words, and ways? Yea, there is. It is God your

Maker. His eye never slumbers nor sleeps. His eye sees you in public, and is fastened upon you in private. It sees you at midnight and at noonday. It marks your conduct and your words. His eye searches your hearts, and tries your reins. No covering can veil you from that eye; no clouds are too thick for that eye to pierce; no darkness too thick for that eye to penetrate; to it the night shineth as the day; to it the darkness and the light are both alike.

Then, dear children, know and remember this solemn, this impressive truth, that nothing can hide you from the all-seeing eye of God. Live and act under the impression of this solemn consideration.—*S. S. Advocate.*

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“My Son, give me thine Heart.”

**A** OH! my dear Lord, I feel Thy meaning. My heart Thou aimest at: Thy rod doth drive, Thy silken cord of love doth draw, and all to bring it to thyself. Can such a heart be worth Thy having? Make it so, Lord, and then it is Thine; take it to thyself, and then take me. *As the feeble child to the tender mother, it looketh up*

to Thee, and stretcheth out the hands. I fain would have Thee take it up. Though I cannot so freely say, “My heart is with Thee, my soul longeth after Thee,” yet can I say, “I long for such a longing heart.”—*Barter.*

“Take my heart, Lord, for I cannot give it to Thee; Keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee.”—*Augustine.*



“Mother, what is Death?”

**M**OTHER, how still the baby lies!  
I cannot hear his breath;  
I cannot see his laughing eyes—  
They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,  
And sat down by his bed;  
And pleasantly I tried to sing—  
They hushed me—he is dead!

They say that he again will rise,  
More beautiful than now;  
That God will bless him in the skies—  
Oh, mother, tell me how!”

“Daughter, do you remember, dear,  
The cold, dark thing you brought,  
And laid upon the casement here,—  
A withered worm, you thought?”

I told you that Almighty power  
Could break that withered shell,  
And shew you, in a future hour,  
Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love,—  
An empty shell it lies;  
Now raise your wond'ring glance above,  
To where yon insect flies!"

"Oh, yes, mamma! how very gay  
Its wings of starry gold!  
And see! it lightly flies away  
Beyond my gentle hold.

Oh, mother, now I know full well,  
If God that worm can change,  
And draw it from this broken cell,  
On golden wings to range,—

How beautiful will brother be,  
When God shall give him wings,  
Above this dying world to flee,  
And live with heavenly things!"

JANE GILMAN.

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## The Story of Pauline Fatme.

### CHAPTER VI.

**D**URING the first weeks of her sickness, although weak and exhausted, affection induced her to write to her sisters in Kornthal; she opened the letter three times in the second imperfect copy is written, "I am sorry I must write again, as I

cannot come myself," (she had been told of the death of an inmate of Mrs Fecht's institution at Kornthal,) and she says, "I was not distressed at this intelligence, but rather rejoiced, as we have a Saviour and a Redeemer. God be praised that we have Him, and may go to Him! Be comforted, dearly-loved mother, it is God's will that the children

should go from out of your hands to their (eternal) home. If they had been with their parents, they would not have gone home with so much blessing. I often think of Kornthal. I shall still wait to see what the Lord will do with me." She then describes her former lassitude, loss of appetite, and cough at Kornthal, and how these had now returned and increased. "I have thought that I must now remain here, if it be the will of the Lord. I am very weak; and am now, dear mother, very well taken care of by the dear aunt and sister." She also expressed her gratitude for the spiritual care which she received in the house of the Deaconesses.

One day, in the early part of her sickness, she clapped her hands joyfully and laughingly, when she saw the nurse coming in. "Do you laugh at me, Pauline?" asked the Deaconess. "I do not laugh at you," she answered. "I do not know what to do for joy; I am a child of God. Oh! you white people; you have not so much joy as we black! You were born Christians; I, a black heathen; I knew nothing of the Saviour; I now can die happily; I now have a Saviour; I now can die happily!" The sister who nursed her, sat one day by her bed, busy in shelling beans, when the sick girl

said suddenly, "Dear will you go with me to the heathen?" answered, "I am too weak to go to the heathen." The sick girl said, "I am also weak in understanding; but yet has joy thought of being permitted to lead poor brethren to the Saviour. When the heathen see what the Saviour has done for that Pauline can die here they will rejoice. You sister, can nurse; I am nurse; I can only tell of the Saviour." As she said she raised her hands in fervour: "O dear Saviour," she said, "give me the courage to go with me."

She often conversed with pleasure to those around respecting death. One day said cheerfully, "The joiner must make me a coffin, for I am a tall person." Being asked, in conversation by her friend, whether she were willing to die, she replied, "As God will, I am willing to live, and I am willing to die: but I would not live." It was from the desire of the prolonging life, and of her perhaps being permitted to do some good for the kingdom of God among the people of that country, that she thought of this time of sending to the heathen for some warm clothing. She hoped that by medical aid she could continue through the

she might be restored to health in the spring. It was this desire of living which caused her once, when asked if she wished to go to the Saviour, to reply, "You must not always ask this question of a sick person." When a friend, in praying with her one day, spoke much of her death, she said afterwards, "I think this person wishes already to make a funeral oration over me." She was averse to making a show of religion: she appeared simply what she was: therefore when any persons were only talking religiously, and she was not in the disposition to join them, she would, in her upright and truthful manner, say frankly, "Not always talk of the Saviour!"

She spent her time in meditation on the Word of God, and was much in the exercise of prayer; for hours, especially during her sleepless nights, she was engaged in supplications. There was nothing too great, and nothing too small for her not to make it a subject of prayer: when she had no appetite for her food, she would say in her child-like simplicity, "See, dear Saviour, Pauline cannot eat: please to grant that she may be able to eat something, if it be Thy will!" For every spoonful of soup, *when she could eat it, she gave thanks, as well as asked a blessing*

before it. With great fervour she mentioned all her benefactors in Wirtemberg and Basle, the doctor, and all those who had shewn her kindness: she prayed, "(Oh, bless, bless, dear Saviour! thy Pauline is so poor, she can give nothing: God recompense, God recompense them!)"

## CHAPTER VII.

One day she was especially cheerful, and was eager to communicate her thoughts to the Deaconess: she had no secrets with this kind friend; and generally called her "dear sister," frequently also "mother." On one occasion she said, "Now I have two mothers, one at Kornthal, the other in the Deaconesses' house." To this faithful sister she expressed her thoughts about the spiritual care of the sick. "Dear sister," she began, "I must say something to you." "What, then, dear Pauline?" the Deaconess replied. "If I should speak about religion to a sick person," she said, "I would ask, hast thou understood? If the sick person said, Yes, I would ask, what, or respecting whom hast thou understood? If the sick person said, of the dear Saviour, I would then ask, dost thou love him? Then, since when? and why? Then, dost thou love Him with thy whole heart—love Him

truly? If the sick person could not do this, I would then say, thou must pray very fervently, that thou mayest be able to love Him entirely." She then said further to the sister, that "she should mention such a sick person by name to the Saviour, that He would grant to that person thoroughly to love Him."

It was her custom, in her many thousand prayers, to mention by name the objects of her love or her compassion to the High Priest in heaven, and to lay before Him her wishes and requests for them. Her soul delighted most in quiet and secret communion with the Lord: and even in her days of health she did not converse much. Also she did not like many visitors, especially those who were strange to her, and came perhaps out of curiosity. On this account, in her days of health, she commonly wore a veil over her face. She used to say, "I cannot bear it, when people stare at me so." She was not willing that people should talk about her; and she was averse to speaking of herself, even when she was questioned. She would only touch upon her past life on special occasions.

She was very courteous and grateful towards her doctor, and frequently asked whether he thought that she

would get well again? he answered, "One now say anything de it would, however, be thing to the Lord to you to health;" she said quite resignedly, indeed, it is right a orders. I am willing if it be His will; I a willing to live long God please." If she asked how she was, the morning, what t night she had, she answered, "Good, good: as God orders must be good." Sh this even when she h a sleepless night, c much pain, as in her days she suffered n her right lung. She thorough dislike to cine, but she compelle self to take it from a ple of obedience, ti could do so no long any one read to her God's Word, or praye her, she was always ested and enlivened. once a servant of the visited her at her r and read to her the t fifth Psalm, and praye her, oh, how copious the tears flow over he face! and how earne she thank him! Sh ferred the kneeling i in prayer, as she com it the most becoming Christian. If it ha that the old man brok in her, perhaps, in so

patience, she always counted it a sin. If she thought that she had by a word or look offended the sister who waited on her, she would say, "Forgive, forgive! The old Fatme has troubled thee, Pauline wills nothing of it." It was evident that this dear sick one was kept under the strict discipline of God's Spirit, who stirred her up to declare the truth also to others when they wrong. It was about fourteen days before her end that her nurse being obliged to go out, in her haste left the door open: a scene ensued in which the sister lost her temper: when she came back she saw Pauline in tears, with her face covered. "Dear Pauline, why are you so distressed?" she asked. "Oh, dear sister, it is on your account that I am distressed." "Why, then?" "You were so angry — no Deaconess so angry. Oh, that gives no good impression to the sick. I love you much, very much." Then she began to pray "Dear Saviour, take away this anger from my dear sister; make her gentle, humble; so that she may not only be called a Deaconess, but be one really." And then she proceeded, "Oh, fight, fight against anger! I love you indeed: the dear Saviour has yet much to

work in you." On this and other occasions she would say, "Christians should tell each other of their faults." She took it also gratefully when told of her own faults.

She frequently spoke with great grief of the dry and dead state of her heart, and of the inward darkness which she suffered in this sickness, so that she could not pray as she was wont to do formerly. For the refreshment and strengthening of her faith she partook several times of the holy Sacrament, which she enjoyed the most on a Saturday evening, the time at which she had been accustomed to receive it at Kornthal. She felt the necessity of receiving it every four weeks, and could scarcely wait for the day. It was truly heart-touching to those around her to see with what hunger and thirst she received the holy Sacrament. In her own child-like and fervent manner she afterwards gave thanks, "O dear Saviour, how precious is Thy blood! Let all my sins be sunk and lost in it! Dear Saviour, poor Pauline is not indeed worthy, but very, very needy. Oh, I rejoice to come to Thee, then may I be allowed to partake of the great Supper. Bless, bless, dear Saviour!"



## Happy Mary.

**S**HE moved about the house like a sun-beam. I heard her singing as she

passed to and fro, and her mother heard her too, and she said with a fond smile, "It is Mary. She is always the same — always happy." "I do not know what any of us would do

without her," repeated her eldest daughter; and the rest echoed her words. Her

youngest brother is violent temper, and ways quarreling with body; but he never

with became will quar him, striv turn his by wo Ever pre has fluen him. soft turn



way wrath, but g words stir up anger." *Messenger.*

## A Good Answer.

**A** YOUNG lady in a Sabbath School, a few mornings since, asked her class how soon a child should give its heart to God. One little girl said, "When thirteen years

old." Another, "Ten other, "Six." At the last child in the who had hitherto been spoke: "Just as soon know who Christ is." *Advocate.*



### The Two Foundations.

ny dream, I beheld  
wo men walk to-  
ether in a large  
It was a valley  
oded, very fertile,  
*with the splendour*  
*unshine. Round*

it rose a belt of lofty hills,  
with deep ravines cut in  
their face, but so strong and  
majestic, that they looked to  
me like one single mass of  
rock stretching out its girdle  
and lifting its head on high.

In the middle of the valley, where it sloped as into a basin, glimmered out, from among the dipping foliage, a glassy sheet of water, edged by a beach of most beautiful yellow sand.

I saw the two men, as they walked together, looking curiously about. One had a doubtful shade on his brow; the other was full of light activity, keenly enjoying the loveliness of all he looked on, and coveting all the bright colours, the fair fruit, and the fragrant shade. There was no regular path for the feet. Instead, they walked mostly in the bed of dry torrents; and the only things that the sadder of the two seemed to heed were the deep scores these channels had made in the soil—the dark gullies they ran into here and there—the ruins of human habitations their floods had plainly swept over—and, in not a few places among these, gleams of human bones, very terrible, sticking up through the sand. These signs made the whole scene to him one of gloom and fear.

In a little while the two reached the bank of the *shining* lake, and, coming *out of the thick foliage*, they

stood on the border sand. It felt firm as sand, while its d grains sparkled in the soft whispering spread themselves on the eye, and the fair hung itself like a coloured robe beyond spot in the world or dream of sweeter or fairy-like.

So I beheld that two men, as they gazed struck with admiration only the one of them out with a cry that he stay there and build dwelling for ever; it was fearful and restless in his wonder, and he said, that, while it was of matchless beauty were great dangers in for his part, he went back rather to the meadow. Then there was a discussion between them as to it "This sand is solid rock," said the one; with these fragrant and this silvery lake the eaves of my house could I be happier?"

"Yet seest thou not the other," that 'tis summer-day now, and quiet—when winter and these floods re-

what will come of your dwelling then? Besides, mindest thou not what the Lord of this country told us on sending us hither? how He warned us against the valley, and bid us choose rather the strong rock? The ruins and the bones we saw might teach thee these things."

His companion, however, would not be convinced, replying that these traces of destruction were very old, and such would not likely happen soon again, besides that there were many dwellings white and safe peeping out, as might be seen, all round the margin of the lake. He therefore threw off his upper garment, and began to roll the shining stones and shells together, that he might build his house.

After standing and looking on sadly for a while, the other turned him and began to retrace his steps with all speed to the hills. I saw as he went that he looked neither to the right nor to the left, and it seemed as if every now and then a Voice came to him out of the air, to which, *from the strange light in his eyes, and his*

lips, he talked back. Presently he reached the hill foot. It was a stern rocky climb to look up, but, as he set himself to it, steps were discovered for him that made it easy—little clefts revealed themselves with grassy nooks and trickling streams, where he rested for a while, and when upward he had made his way many feet, always as if the Voice still guided him, he arrived at last on a broad fair summit, far above the flood courses, and well known on account of its strength and safety as the "Rock of Ages."

All about its cliffs I beheld many humble cottages scattered, yet very lovely in their retreat when you got near them, each with a bower hanging over it for shelter, and so well provided with a sweet and wholesome food, that on looking attentively I even observed honey dropping from the stony rock. At the same time the great boast of these dwellings was their good foundation. Old men and children alike lived in them without fear. Often as storms had raged on the hills, not one stone of the rock-built dwellings had ever been shaken.

So the newcomer, whom I followed in my dream, set himself to build a house also, in which he was helped by a hundred willing neighbours, who shewed him first how to dig down to the rock for foundation, then out of the rock to choose his stones, then how to lay them line upon line, to cement them with a cement of great hardness, and to rear them up so that when all was done it looked as if the house had been not built upon, but literally a part of, the rock. Then it was furnished for him and stored with food: and in the flush of sundown one evening after all his toil, and after he had dismissed his kind neighbours with thanks, he sat down at his cottage door and began to think back over each step of his work, and to compare it with what he read in a great Book he held open on his knee, as well as to speak into the air with the Voice of the Invisible One.

As he did so I noticed that he looked down into the valley, and his eye wandering along its line of beauty rested on the shore of the lake where there now rose the dwelling of his friend, white

as snow in the setting sun. He had the power given him to draw it near to him in vision, so that he could examine the light and airy walls, the diamond shells set in them, the curve of rippling waters, and his companion walking on the hard sand, as minutely as if all had been within the reach of a few feet. Everything looked more still and happy than ever, while the lake sands swarmed with many groups, and boats everywhere flashed upon its waves. But as, sighing, he lifted up his gaze, suddenly he beheld a cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the edge of the pure sky. It was as if it had come up out of the far off sea,—with a ragged blackness and a swift enlargement it spread upon the heavens,—all the hills and valley it made dark with shadow, and in a few minutes you would have been amazed to see the sunshine blotted out, to hear the thunder begin to growl among the mountains, and the plash of the great rain-drops as they fell. The watcher sat at his cottage door in deep awe. Soon the wind rose in gusts, like the

many beasts of rain poured in and out of the hills leaped aracts as so many d steeds lashed They burst all e he sat, so that within his house to the door and through the lat- pitch dark, and : corners of his roke the fierce never did the e once ; every d to root itself in the rock, and plight that fell e page of his rant saw that all d well, and heard y to him, "Fear a with thee!"

of the dwelling ke sands? He safe on the cliffs rough his lattice, d, to look down ; leep midnight, a

of lightning re- im all the tale.

e the valley was th floods broke y were sweeping ir breast ; and, the waves of the eething like an y poured them-

selves out furiously upon the sands. He who had built his dwelling there was seen out upon his house-top for a moment wild and haggard, as if seeking for escape ; but the rain descended, the whirlwind came in its might, the waters roared round and sapped his house ; and, as he flung up his arms in despair, it was seen to crumble beneath him—the gulf swallowed it up quick ; and, when I looked again, there was nothing but the curtain fallen down of the murk night and the wrathful storm. In my dream, I wept with the watcher on the hill, for I knew, as he did, that, when the sun would rise again, the valley would be a wide waste, and the fair house upon the sands buried in their treacherous grave. Well, therefore, could I turn with him, as he turned in prayer, and laid hold on the hand of the In- visible One, crying—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!

Let me hide myself in Thee!

As I awoke out of my dream, I had clear before my eyes a passage from the Word of God, in which my reader will find all my tale put within a few lines. It is Matthew vii. 29-33.

W. R.



### In Orphan's Faith.

**W**HAT do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother of one who had not: her mother was dead.

"Mother told me who to go to before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus;

he was mother's friend, and He's mine."

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky. He is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan.

"All I know is, *He says He will, and that's enough for me.*"

### Only Three Things Wanted.

**Y**OUNG PAULINE once woke up at midnight, and as she lay in her crib

was heard to say:

"I think one wants but three things in this world: the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, to make him holy; the love of God, to make him

happy; and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, that he may be always in good company."

Wise little girl! With those three things one might be happy indeed, even though he fed on dry crusts, lived in a shanty, and dressed in rags. Please commit that

little girl's great thought to memory, my child, and don't forget that those three precious things are the cheapest things in the world. They cost nothing but asking, for your kind Father in heaven gives them, for Jesus' sake, without money and without price.

## The Story of Pauline Fatme.

### CHAPTER VII.

**D**URING the latter part of her sickness, she was much occupied with thoughts of her native land. She had formerly often asserted, the Gallas are wild people but good people; and she was always hopeful in regard to the conversion of their race. In her wanderings, her imagination loved to dwell among the scenes of her childhood: she would ask for her dress, and desire that it should be put on her in expectation of a long journey, and then again she felt her weakness. A week before her departure she received a visit from Kornthal: she would indeed have been most pleased to have seen her dear mother, Mrs. Fecht; but yet it was a great joy to her to see any one from that community in which she had found so much blessing. She

would have delighted to go to Kornthal herself.

At first some dark shadows lay upon her as she approached the valley of death; but these afterwards yielded to the brightness of eternity beaming upon her. Her thoughts were now much occupied respecting her going to her eternal home. One day no other word was heard from her but "Home."

A few days before her death, her dear god-father visited her; it was a sorrowful farewell; he was about to go, when she summoned all her strength, raised herself in her bed, and said solemnly, "Keep your seat. You have as my god-father promised to care much for me, and have performed it. God bless you for all that you have done for Pauline!" When he said, "He had hoped that she might have been able to



do something for her country people," she replied, "All has gone right." She also thanked all her friends and benefactors at Basle and Riehen, and said, after a little while, "Soon, soon shall we see each other again above." A dear servant of the Lord prayed one day with her; she was much strengthened; when she was asked whether she had understood him? she pointed to her mouth and ears, and then to her heart, as if she would say, "The ears have not heard all, nor can the mouth pronounce it; but the heart has felt and understood it." She spoke very little, and often in broken language which could not be understood; but these few words, and her loving, heaven-directed look, told plainly where her heart rested. In the night she was once heard to say, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the marriage of the Lamb." A little time before, when she could still speak intelligibly, she gently and lovingly reproved the sister who nursed her, who was much grieved at her sufferings. "You should not grieve so; Christians should rejoice when one goes home. In Kornthal they rejoiced, and did not wear so sorrowful a countenance." She was herself inwardly happy, and *listened with pleasure* when verses were sung to her

relating to the soul's departure.

Once she slumbered sweetly, while some friends gently sang the verse:—

"Thy sighs and thy sobbings,  
And the many, many tears  
which thou hast shed." &c.

On the last afternoon of her life, a friend sat alone by her bedside, and read to her some portion of the Word, which gave her evident satisfaction; she raised her finger significantly with the words, "In heaven we must have a pure heart, and ever and only speak the truth." Some verses being sung to her during her last night, she testified her joy by her loving look. For every service of love, for every word of God which was repeated to her, she shewed her gratitude by the expression of her eyes, which she raised to heaven. She was much concerned about the sister who nursed her, and made a sign that she should go to rest in bed. When this sister had tears in her eyes, she asked her very gently in broken words, "Why so distressed?" pointed with her finger towards heaven, and looked at her with a gaze which expressed much. She said many other things, but they could not be understood; yet the words were heard, "Saviour! Hallelujah!" It was on the eleventh of September, at

four o'clock in the morning, that the heart of this happy Galla negress gently ceased to beat. A solemn stillness, and a foretaste of the eternal Sabbath, were diffused over her dark countenance.

She was buried on the afternoon of the fourteenth of September. Many friends who took an interest in her, from Basle and the vicinity, had assembled in the house and garden of the Deaconesses' Institution. The open coffin was carried out and placed in a green bower; the sisters of the house and other friends had taken great pains in decking the coffin, according to the custom there, with flowers and wreaths.

A fresh myrtle wreath was entwined round her black, woolly hair. Her dark countenance might seem as lit up from heaven; a sweet and peaceful smile was on her lips, through which her snow-white teeth shone forth. By this coffin one felt nothing of death; but the comforting doctrine of the resurrection of the body was here indeed brought home to the heart, as the Rev. Mr. Ledderhose read the precious chapter respecting the sickness, death, and resurrection of Lazarus.

Whilst the bells were tolling, they sang the hymn which in so many respects was applicable to the life of the departed. "I am a

stranger upon earth; and here have no resting-place. Heaven is that to me. That is my father-land." How suitable were these verses, "What has been my whole life from my youth up, but trouble and need? So long as I can think, have I spent so many mornings and so many nights in sorrow and anxiety of heart. Thou, however, art my joy, Thou the light of my life! Thou chastenest me when I stray. Before thy countenance in the house of eternal bliss, there among many others shall I ever shine full of joy, like the bright sun."

The coffin was placed in the Church; the minister of the place, the Rev. Mr. Stahelin, had chosen the words in the sixth verse of the sixteenth Psalm as his text: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." He shewed through the remarkable history of her life, especially in her conversion to the Lord, how very applicable the foregoing Scripture was to her; although at first sight, and in contemplating her departure in a foreign land, and in the bloom of her youth, it might not appear so. We cannot refrain from giving the striking conclusion. "Yet one word more! We sow to-day as a seed for eternity, a grain of corn which has been brought to us from a

far distant land. When in future days you see in our burial-ground the mound which covers the mouldering remains of the negress Fatme, oh! let it be a call to your heart like that which the apostle Paul heard, when he saw at Troas the vision of that man of Macedonia, who called to him, Come over and help us! So may the negress, buried amongst us, be the means of awakening much missionary interest which is now slumbering among us! We indeed know well that although we cannot all go out ourselves into distant heathen lands, we can here do much for this holy cause of the kingdom of God. Oh, may the Lord by His grace suffer not this renewed call to our hearts to be in vain!"

The coffin was now borne by the brethren from Chichona, and accompanied by many friends, brought to its resting-place. When they arrived at the grave, the minister, who had read the eleventh chapter from St. John's Gospel, spoke somewhat as follows:—"There came once from the far south a nobleman to Jerusalem: a desire to be present at the beautiful public worship of God, a longing to find something for his soul, had drawn him thither; and he found what makes the sinner *blessed* for time and eternity. We recognise the black man,

that eunuch of Queen Candace, to whom, whilst earnestly engaged in reading the fifty-third chapter of the great prophet and evangelist, Isaiah, Philip the deacon, full of the Holy Ghost, expounded, to the making him wise unto salvation, the mystery of Him who has borne our sins. How eagerly the foreign man grasped at this! This was the pearl which he had sought. And favoured with the sacrament of baptism, he went on his way rejoicing. How wonderful are the ways of the Lord! but how glorious the end! Without such a desire upon her part; yea, against her will, was the departed one, whose body now lies before us, brought from the far south, and must come to Wirtemberg. The same God of all grace who caused the eunuch from Ethiopia to find the treasure, has also brought to us the Galla negress, that she might find the one thing needful which makes her blessed for eternity. He is a God of wonders, but blessed and glorious are His ways! He has done well for the departed. His name be praised."


The coffin was now placed in the grave, the blessing pronounced, a prayer was offered, and many tears testified that the foreign negress was dear to us. This solemn service took place

by the light of the setting sun. The chorus for four voices, "Jerusalem, thou city built on high," formed a beautiful conclusion. The grave was filled with many flowers. On the mound which covers it stands a simple cross; on the front side of which the funeral text is written, from Psalm xvi. 5. and on the other, Ps. lxxviii. 31, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." Underneath is the inscription.

"Pauline Fatme, a Galla negress, born in Africa, died in the Lord, in the Deaconess' house at Riehen, in the twenty-fourth year of her age, on the eleventh September, 1855."

There rests now the precious grain of corn, which, on the blessed day of the resurrection, shall come forth gloriously in all loveliness. May it please God that this be not a single ear gathered from the great Galla field!

## The Honest Ragged Lad.

 FEW years ago in a Ragged School in London, a gentleman determined to test the honesty of one of the poor lads, by sending him with a sovereign to get it changed for silver.

"Oh," said one, "you'll never see your sovereign again—the lad will never return."

"I believe he *will* return," replied the gentleman.

Several minutes elapsed, but the lad had not yet appeared. The circumstance having got noised amongst the lads in the school, many anxious faces were turned towards the door. The ex-

citement became very great, hopes and fears were very strongly expressed, but at the end of about a quarter of an hour, the lads burst into a shout of applause on seeing their comrade enter the school with the silver in his hand. The gentleman counted it, and found his twenty shillings all right.

"Why were you so long?" inquired the gentleman.

"I went to several shops, sir, and they wouldn't change it—*They said they didn't believe I had come honestly by the sovereign!*"

Let us thank God that Ragged Schools are doing a great and blessed work.

Hymn.

COLOSSIANS iii. 11.

**J**ESUS, my Saviour, look on me!  
For I am weary and opprest;  
I come to cast my soul on Thee;  
'Thou art my rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak;  
I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;  
Thou art my strength.

I am bewilder'd on my way;  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
O shed Thou forth some cheering ray;  
Thou art my light.

I hear the storms around me rise,  
But, when I dread th' impending shock,  
My spirit to her refuge flies;  
Thou art my rock.

When the accuser flings his darts,  
I look to Thee,—my terrors cease;  
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts;  
Thou art my peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous, latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;  
Thou art my life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,  
Even to the end, whate'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my all.

MACDUFF.

## ales of South Sea Islands.

### FRUITS OF CTORY.

TEK the bloody Sabbath-day ng Pomare tore, and Tahiti. All t well with stian cause.

sacrifices lished. The of tender ants (which a common) de a hor-

ne. Idols and idol were swept away besom of destruc- ie king himself, who ved household gods at inheritance from res, presented them missionaries to send and, to shew what e follies had pos- land ere the Chris- had trod it. To the Tahitian gods ir grim ugliness are the museum of the Missionary Society ft of the first royal *to Christ in Poly-*



### GREAT CHANGES.

Pomare's example became quite contagious, so that in oue season a whole kingdom was born. At least so it looked to the outward eye. Christian mission stations rose instead of idol temples among the dark woods, and by the lovely island bays. The Sabbath was a day of rest and praise. Printing presses were set up, and the Bible printed by the thousand; and one missionary, writing of the scenes in the mission schools, says: "Aged priests and warriors, with

their spelling-books in their hands, might be seen sitting on the benches in the schools by the side, perhaps, of some smiling little boy or girl, by whom they were now taught the use of letters." To crown all, king Pomare headed a large gathering of his chiefs and other subjects, and with one voice raised a native Missionary Society to give the gospel shelter in their islands, and not only so, but supported it by lavish gifts. "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed," though the fair outward picture, after all, is not to be taken as of much value without the living Spirit revealing Jesus truly to the heathen heart.

FABLED ISLANDS.

Every boy and girl have been told of a fable believed in times long long ago, about a cluster of islands of fairy beauty, that were said to lie somewhere away in western seas. They were reported to be like gems upon the wave, and to be dotted all over with golden fruit. Such in the highest sense seemed to become the Tahitian Islands now. For barbarism there grew up sweet Christian

homes; for wild fores cultivated haunts; and bloodshed plenty; and for dark rites the worship of ing and true God. Tidings were in all t And to one sailing great deep, nowhere sight more like th islands break upon l these shores rising : waters, and in the faith and love grov as the garden of the

END OF THE VI

Another side of th begins, however, by to dawn upon us. Pomare built an erection called th Chapel. It was 715 length, and 54 feet The roof was supported 36 large and 280 smaller There were 133 windows 29 doors. The raft bound with braided various colours. There three pulpits 260 feet but without any iron When asked his reason building so large Pomare's reply was mon was a good king built a house for and superior to every in Judea or the world

countries." After this he was baptized in presence of about 5000 spectators. But in 1821 he sickened and died. As a heathen he had been a cruel tyrant and a wretched drunkard. Even after he professed himself a Christian his evil habits not seldom got the mastery. But latterly, as a convert, he was singular in his knowledge of

Scripture, eager in helping on the missions, zealous in putting down vice of all kinds, and in his own life letting a better example be seen. His death was a loss of no common kind to the gospel cause, and it is after this, with the new sovereign — Queen Pomare — on the throne, dangers and darkness again sprang up.

### Soldiers of the Cross.

**BEST** T—— there is a wonderful little community of Christian soldiers about whom I must tell you a few things. When the 74th Highlanders were here, some of the men, feeling the utter want of privacy in the barracks, built a small mud hut, to which they might retire for prayer at night.

Two or three of their successors, at present in their quarters, improved upon their idea, and built a house of stone and lime. Here, every evening of the week, some thirty or forty soldiers meet to pray and read the Scriptures. These men call themselves "the Brethren" — *consist of some of the steadiest of the soldiers, and*

boldest riders in the place— have acquired a very fair library of religious books— give liberally of their pay to Missionary and other Christian purposes—and, above all, by their steady and consistent lives, exemplify Christianity in its fairest aspect. Their number has grown gradually, and is still growing—and their influence upon their comrades has been very great indeed. One rule of theirs is, that, though they have thus their place of retiring in little companies for devotions, each of them, after undressing, must also kneel down in the crowded barrack, by his cot, and engage in prayer. One of them told me that, for a novice, this was, at one



time, the hardest trial of any; for no man could imagine the amount of mockery levelled against the act; but now they have gained respect even from the worst; and are almost free to do as they like. The Sawmy house, as it is called—that being a soldier's slang phrase for a heathen pagoda—has become a recognised institution, simply through force of character on the part of its founders.

Not long after I arrived at this cantonment, Major B. drove me up, and I conducted their service for them. Finer and franklier and more soldierly men, I never saw. Having finished my work, by giving them a short address, I said that I wished one of themselves to conclude with prayer. A private of the Royals answered my invitation in a plain, earnest, and most striking manner. There

were some errors of in what he said; few errors of taste confess that I fe repaid for my long when, in his opet tences he said, in hi downright way, ' we unite in thank that now Thou sswered our long- prayers, and has i minister to T— countenance us humble endeavour Thee and what i quirest of us." On the influence of suc his side must be as well as encourag forth much energy good; and, I am say, that, on Sund ing, all "the Breth their places in No. when I was priv proclaim the "m *From a Letter fi kindly communicate Mr. Fisher of Flush*

### Labours in Bombay.



SERVICE of a most interesting character was held in St. Andrew's Church last Sabbath evening. The esteemed and devoted pastor of that church

had previously arr the time usually c the sermon should pied by the city m in giving an accou labours. After the liminary exercise

prayer, and the reading of the Scriptures, the pastor announced the arrangements he had made. He gave a brief account of the religious revival in America and Europe, and dwelt with much fulness and with great fervour on the part which lay agency had performed in it—on the instrumentality of private Christians, which has been, and still is, so largely employed, and so abundantly blessed. He then alluded to the operations of the Bombay City Mission Committee, in whose behalf he had made a powerful appeal in the forenoon, and spoke of the faithfulness and zeal of the agents of the mission. After these remarks, he called on Mr. James Lindsay, one of the city missionaries, to address the congregation. Mr. Lindsay went into the precentor's desk, and in simple, forcible language, of the broad, expressive Scotch dialect, made a statement of his labours and an appeal to his hearers which will not soon be forgotten by any one who had the privilege to hear him. He gave an account first of his labours in the hospitals; and some of the cases he mentioned, and related with so much pathos, left scarcely a tearless eye in the congregation. He then gave an account of his labours amongst the soldiers in their barracks, his conversations with them,

his prayer-meetings for them which were increasing every week in numbers and in interest, and the marked success with which his labours have been hitherto crowned. After these statements, he made an appeal to the Christian portion of his audience on their personal responsibilities to make known the gospel of salvation to those whom they meet. We never listened to a more energetic, earnest, and impressive address. It not only rivetted the attention, but penetrated the heart of every listener. We cannot but believe that a deep impression was made, and that a number were awakened to a lively and lasting sense of their individual responsibilities, which will be followed by practical effects. Mr. Lindsay is certainly well fitted for his important work, and a zealous and successful labourer in it. After Mr. Lindsay had taken his seat, the pastor again, in a very solemn manner, urged upon all their personal duties in connexion with this work. He inculcated the Scriptural lesson, that "every man should teach his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord." His remarks were pointed, faithful, and impressive; and evinced a most earnest desire for the revival of religion in Bombay.—*Bombay Guardian.*

part, he flung his arm round her and sustained her till they reached a shady spot again. On her part she was not without use by day—for in a moment she caught the roar of a wild beast, or the muttering of a sudden storm, to which, of course, her companion was deaf, and then they would flee to a rock or tree for refuge—or when they were faint, she was always first to know by her keen hearing that the sound of running water was at hand, and she would draw him laughingly aside to where the gush sparkled up. But it was in the night season she was the guide. Soon as twilight came down, grey and gloomy, the flashing eyeballs of the boy failed him; and in impatient grief, he was wont to weep, and stamp his foot ever as the darkness thicker and thicker grew, crying out, "Why have I no power to hear?"

"Because I am thy hearing," was his sister's soft reply. "Lean on me *now*, brother, for I not only hear all the sounds of danger in the night, but I hear the voice of the Blessed One *speaking above* all, and telling *us the way*, and by my

touch I will tell you, dearest, what He says."

So the bold boy became as the helpless girl in the night, and leaned weeping on his sister's arm. She, on her side, rose into strength and courage deeper as the darkness fell, and marvellous it was how intrepidly she led him on. Not a rustle of a leaf escaped her, not the murmur of the most hidden enemy, not the lightest breeze whisper telling that a tempest, or a pitfall across their path, or the roaming tread of a beast of prey was near. Beautiful it then was to feel the swift tenderness with which she guided her deaf brother on till the danger was overpast. But *most* beautiful it was to watch how ever and anon she knelt down and clasped her gentle hands together, and spoke up into the midnight air, and then when on her stooping ear there fell words like those of One answering from the clouds, such as, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" or, "Fear not: I am with thee;" or, "I am at thy right hand and thy left;" or, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," how joyously she leaped again upon her feet, made

her understand that  
ell, and even dragged  
both ran in the path.  
ondered that at such  
ey did not stumble  
ish, for the way was  
along the very brink  
precipices, but the  
l went over with an  
ep that was less a  
earth than the light  
of angel feet.

Days and nights  
assed by, and still I  
the twin children  
eir road for the city,  
s going thither my-  
cannot tell of all the  
es, wearinesses, and  
ey went through,—  
n at the fall of night  
wept, how often at  
k of day again the  
red him what it was  
walked all night  
the Shadow of  
seen, and how in  
f great fear both  
er when these times  
er both rejoiced to—

It is enough to  
at last the journey  
ur a close. Again  
n had the boy looked  
he horizon, but he  
red that he had seen

To this, however,  
only smiled in re-  
assured him that a

sound like the sound of many  
waters had long been in her  
ear, and mingled with it the  
strange harping of golden  
harps, and she was sure the  
City was very near. Besides,  
the Blessed One had whis-  
pered to her, "Ye shall see  
My Face!" But just then  
when they had been hoping  
to reach the gates ere sunset,  
the tokens of a very wild  
thick night came on. So the  
boy was all tremor again.  
In vain his sister clasped  
him, and led him steadfastly  
on. It seemed to him they  
were going down, down into  
a valley like the pit's mouth,  
and, to add to his distress, a  
rim of light that had been  
on the sky's edge till now  
went out, and his feet felt  
entering into cold, terrible,  
pitch-black waters. Yet the  
girl urged him deeper and  
deeper. Often did he strug-  
gle back to shore and cry  
aloud, but yet again did she  
succeed in carrying him  
within the wave, till one step  
and at last suddenly they  
sank in a deep place, and  
were borne away. I then  
lost sight of them, for I was  
at that very moment battling  
in the awful river myself,  
but after a few moments of  
what seemed a dark swoon I

opened my eyes again, and the first thing I beheld, as my feet now touched and walked upon the bottom, was a silvery shore, on which the two children were climbing up, the sister still leading. As they got upon the sand, Three Shining Ones received them in their arms and kissed them. The middle one of the three then touched the girl's eyes and said, "Ephatha!" and they were blind no more; and he touched the boy's ears and said, "Receive thy hearing!" and so it was done. Then up a steep by a staircase cut out in the form of a Cross they climbed, and above that was the great pearl gate of the City, and, round and round about, its shining walls. As they entered, still twining arms together, I saw that they were amazed with a great awe,—the one at what

he heard for the first the other at what she on. And just ere they away from me in the I asked one near me w he could tell me augh them.

"Their names," said reply, "are,—the boy son; the girl, Faith. out her brother, Faith have suffered greatly— out his sister, Reason have perished. Bu are both now wher hear heart to heart, a face to face!"

As he spoke, my passed away, but I r to write it down as simply tried, now little readers to take key of the two nau go back over the sto plaining it all. V

*Note.*—For the hint of allegory I am indebted sentences in Henry "Reason and Faith."

### Three Hard Words.

**W**HICH do you suppose are the three hardest words to pronounce in the English language, my blue-eyed boy?" asked a mother of her son one day.

"There are so many hard ones—real jaw-breakers—

I can't select the I mother," replied with a puzzled look.

"I dare say you t my son, for you ha attention fixed on l words of five or six s. But my question d refer to words of gres and many syllable

of the words, I think the hardest, are very short, and the third only contains three syllables."

Arthur was more puzzled than ever. After knitting his brow and silently thinking the matter over a moment or two, he looked up and said:

"Well, I can't think which they are. Please tell me, mother?"

"'I was mistaken!' These, my son, are the three hardest words in our language."

"Why, mother! how can you say so? I can say them as easily as I can say pop. Hear me—'I was mistaken!'"

"Arthur," said the lady gravely, "look yonder!"

She pointed toward a dead, leafless peach-tree which stood in the garden, and then added:

"You see that tree is dead. Do you remember that when you hacked its bark with your new hatchet I told you it would die; you laughed, said you guessed it wouldn't, and gave it several more cuts?"

"Yes, mother, I recollect."

"Well, you see it is dead. Suppose you now try to pronounce my three hard words, my son."

"Well—I didn't think—"

"But those are not the words," said the lady, interrupting him.

Arthur blushed, held down his head, coughed, and after a minute or two said:

"Ahem, hem! I was mistaken, mother, and I was wrong too. Will you please forgive me for cutting the tree?"

"Certainly, my son. I forgive you if you really regret your mistake and your sin, and I want you to keep in mind the truth that it is far better and nobler to confess freely a fault, a mistake, or a sin, than to hide it until it is brought to light. But tell me what you think now of my three hard words?"

"They are very hard words, mother. It almost choked me to say them. I'm glad I did though. I feel better for having said them."

To be sure he did. Nothing is nobler than owning our faults or mistakes, except not to commit them. King Frederick, of Prussia, once lost a great battle. Standing up before his senators, he said:

"Gentlemen, the battle was lost by my fault!"

That was noble. No doubt it was a very hard thing for him to say, but saying it did him more honour than all the victories he had won. So Oliver Goldsmith thought. So I think. If you think so, go ask God to keep you from faults and sins; but if you sin ask him for grace to say those three hard words, "I was mistaken," or "I was wrong."—*Sunday School Advocate.*

## A Crumb of Comfort for Dull Boys

**D**OUGLAS JER-  
 ROLD was con-  
 sidered a dull boy;  
 at nine years of  
 age he could scarcely read.  
 Goldsmith was a very un-  
 promising boy. Dryden,  
 Swift, and Gibbon in their  
 earliest pieces did not shew  
 any talent. The mother of  
 Sheridan, herself a literary  
 woman, pronounced him to  
 be the dullest and  
 hopeless of her sons  
 father of Barrow, the  
 preacher and writer,  
 to have exclaimed,  
 "please God to take  
 my children, I hope  
 to be Isaac." The inju-  
 rous parent regarded the  
 miracle of stupidity,  
 afterwards proved to  
 be a glory of his family.

### Hymn.

**G**RACIOUS Shepherd! bind us  
 With cords of love to Thee,  
 And evermore remind us  
 How mercy set us free.

O may Thy Holy Spirit  
 Set this before our eyes,  
 That we Thy death and merit  
 Above all else may prize.

We are of our salvation  
 Assured through Thy love;  
 Yet Oh! on each occasion,  
 How faithless do we prove.  
 Thou hast our sins forgiven,—  
 Then, leaving all behind,  
 We would press on to heaven,  
 Bearing the prize in mind.

Grant us henceforth, dear Saviour,  
 While in this vale of tears,  
 To look to Thee, and never  
 Give way to anxious fears.  
 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,  
 Though we are oft to blame,  
 Oh! let Thy love then make us  
 Hold fast Thy faith and name.



### A Little Girl's Good Deed.

**G**ET away with you,  
you dirty beggar-  
boy! I'd like to  
know what right you have to  
over the fence at our  
gate?"

The speaker was a little

boy not more than eleven  
years old, and though people  
sometimes called it hand-  
some, his face looked very  
harsh and disagreeable just  
then.

He stood in a beautiful

183.



garden just in the suburbs of the city, and it was June time, and the tulips were just opening themselves to the sunshine. A white paling ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar boy so rudely addressed was leaning. He was very lean, very dirty, very ragged. I am afraid, little children, you would have turned away in disgust from so repulsive a spectacle, and yet God and the angels loved him.

He was looking, with all his soul in his eyes, on the beautiful blossoms as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind, and his heart softened while he leaned his arm on the fence railing and forgot everything in that long, absorbed gaze. Ah! it was seldom the beggar boy saw anything good or beautiful, and it was sad his dream should have such a rude awakening as it did when the rich man's boy spoke as he did.

The blood rushed up to his face, and a glance full of evil and defiance flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could retort, a little girl sprang out from the harbour and looked eagerly from one

child to the other. She was very fair, with soft hazel eyes, over which drooped long, shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her bare white shoulders, and her lips were the colour of the crimson tulip-blossoms.

"How could you speak so crossly to the boy, Hinton?" she asked, with a tone of sad reproach quivering through the sweetness of her voice. "I am sure it doesn't do us any harm to have him look at the flowers as long as he wants to."

"Well, Helen," urged the brother, slightly mollified and slightly ashamed, "I don't like to have beggars gaping over the fence. It looks so low."

"Now that's all a notion of yours, Hinton. I'm sure if the flowers can do anybody any good we ought to be very glad. Little boy," and the child turned to the beggar boy and pressed him as courteously as though he had been a prince, "I'll pluck you some of the tulips if you'll wait a moment."

"Helen, I do believe that you're the funniest girl that ever lived!" said the child's brother as he turned away, and with a low whistle accom-

own the path, feeling uncomfortable.

He plucked one of each from the tulips and presented them to the child. His face brightened as he received them, and he thanked her.

The little girl had found a "pearl of great price" in the black, turbid stream of the boy's life, and her years should bring her beautiful and bright

\* \* \* \*

Twelve years had passed. The blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall, graceful woman. One bright June morning, she walked with her husband through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The flowers were a little changed, but the tulips had opened their crimson and white lips to the sunshine just as they had done twelve years ago.

Suddenly they observed a young man, in a man's blue overalls, leaning over the fence, his eyes resting eagerly from the beautiful flowers to her. He had a frank, pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the gentlemanly lady.

"Look here, Edward," she said, "I'll pluck him some of the flowers. It always does me good to see people admiring them;" and, releasing her husband's arm, she approached the path, saying,—and the smile round her lips was very like the old, child one—"Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into the fair, sweet face. "Twelve years ago this very month," he said, in a voice deep, and yet tremulous with feeling, "I stood here, leaning on this railing, a dirty, ragged, little beggar boy, and you asked me this very question. Twelve years ago you placed the bright flowers in my hands, and they made a new boy, say, and they have made a man of me too. Your face has been a light, ma'am, all along the dark hours of my life; and this day that little beggar boy can stand on the old place and say to you, though he's a humble and hard working man, yet, thank God, he's an honest one."

Tear-drops trembled like

morning dew on the shining lashes of the lady as she turned to her husband, who had joined her, and listened in absorbed astonishment to the workman's words. "God," she said, "put it into my child-heart to do that little deed of kindness, and see now how great is the reward that He has given me."

And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple

light over the group that stood there—over the workman in his blue overalls, over the lady with her golden hair, and over the proud-looking gentleman at her side. Altogether it was a picture for a painter, but the angels who looked down on it from heaven saw something more than a picture there. — *From the Sunday School Advocate.*

### Fighting a Lamp.



ONE evening I saw a lamplighter going his round. He was not alone, for a little boy ran by his side—whose great desire it evidently was to share in his work. For some time nothing was given him to do, though I think he made repeated requests; at length on reaching the foot of a lamp-post, the man put his lantern into the boy's hand, and bade him run up the ladder. So eagerly did the little fellow climb the steps, light the lamp, and slip down again, and then with a pleased face look up at the light; and thus after *that they went along the street, the man carrying the*

ladder, the boy lighting the lamps. The lamplighter's work must have been over sooner than usual that evening, and with less fatigue.

There is room, then, thought I, for the young to do something; boys can light lamps as well as men; they can help at all events. Yea, dear young friends, Jesus Christ, the kind shepherd of the lambs as well as sheep of the flock, would have you employ your youth for him; young as you are, you may help to spread the light of truth. I have read of a boy who died very young, but not before God had touched his heart by his grace and led him to Jesus; that little boy, as long

strength would allow, gather his playmates cool-fellows round his lips and speak to them about love and love to Jesus. In trying to light lamps this short day lasted. In my schools there is a missionary association of the children, of one accord, bring their hands to help to send the message to the heathen; and I have been told of one school in every parish in England which entirely supports a school in India, in which the children of two adjoining

villages are taught. These dear children are helping to light lamps in that far and distant land. And there are many other ways, my young readers, in which you may at least be like the little boy who helped the lamplighter, and take some humble part in the works of mercy in which your elders are engaged. Happy if God give you grace thus to serve him early! Happy and highly favoured if he be pleased, in the spring time of your years, to employ you in doing good to souls.—*The Lamplighter.*



### Voice of one Crying in the Wilderness.

“THE VOICE OF HIS HIRE.”  
 IN the vast desert stretching through what is called South Africa,

and about midway between the old station of Mr. Moffat, famous for his missionary toils—and the station made yet more famous

in late years by Dr. Livingstone—there is settled a noble and devoted man of whom our readers have from time to time heard—the Rev. Mr. Ross. He was ordained and sent out to Africa twenty years ago—and all this time he has been steadfast on his watch tower in the heathen wastes. He cannot receive or send away a letter without despatching a messenger a hundred miles—his nearest post being all that distance from him! He lives in the very heart of the wild tribes. He teaches, preaches, and in every way as God gives him power makes disciples. Sometimes it is under the shade of a tree—sometimes in a large war encampment—sometimes in the wild festivities of a village—that his voice is heard proclaiming Christ. Or again without wearying, you see him in his little school, the black children round him in an eager group, and he pouring into their hearts the tale of Him who said—“Suffer little ones to come unto Me!”

JOURNEYINGS AND  
SUCCESSSES.

*Through all the broad  
region he is constantly mov-*

ing from point to point. It is amazing from his simple letters to learn what are the distances he traverses without a murmur, and at how many points he has planted down seed of grace that will surely one day spring into a great harvest. Here he receives into the church eight—there ten—and at a third spot as many as twenty-two. He speaks of his classes for catechising these, and his prayer meetings amongst them in the early morning, with touching simplicity. At Taung, his main post, where he dispensed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the beginning of this year, he says,—“At the conclusion of the morning service, I baptised nine men, nine women, and nine children, rather a strange coincidence. And now 100 members joined in the celebration.”

THE CONTRAST.

Of this he speaks as follows:—

When I first visited the above town Taung, my farthest inland station, on 11th June 1842, it was out-and-out heathen. I found that a dance had been going on

ys in honour of Ma-  
(the chief), who was  
ing on a hunt, and to  
a commando against  
e. Yet, full of zeal,  
bold to ask Mahura  
ould allow the people  
alled to hear the word  
on Sabbath morning.  
nswered me in the  
ve. The heathendance  
ween forty and fifty  
1 then began with  
I immediately left my  
n, and went out among  
lages. I returned and  
would now preach to

him and his people, if he  
pleased. He said, "It is  
well, it is well." I then  
proclaimed my message from,  
"Sirs, what must I do to be  
saved?" I was informed  
that Mahura shed tears.  
After the labours of the  
day, tired and wearied, and  
*lonely, yet not alone*, I grate-  
fully retired to my waggon  
to rest, hoping yet to see  
them rejoice in embracing  
the great salvation.

NOTE.—The above particulars  
are kindly sent us by the Rev.  
Mr. Fisher of Flisk.

## The Right Way to Begin.

3 LITTLE girl once  
f said, "O, mother,  
y how very hard it is  
to do right! I don't  
e I shall ever be

ave you really tried,  
ar?" "O, yea, I try  
day. When I awake,  
I get up, I say to my-  
I will be good all the  
I will be gentle and  
I will obey my parents  
teachers. I will not  
e. I will always tell  
th.' But then, mother,  
t know how it is, I do  
en forget. Then when  
ig comes, I have to  
*There now! what is  
of trying? I have*

been in a passion. I have  
been disobedient:' and once  
or twice, mother, you know,  
I have said what was not  
true!" The dear child  
seemed very much ashamed  
while saying this: so her  
mother looked kindly at her,  
and only said, "My dear, I  
do not think you have *begun*  
right." The little girl looked  
up wonderingly; and her  
parent went on: "The first  
thing is to have a new heart:  
have you asked for this?"  
"No, mother, I am afraid  
not." "Then, my child, do  
so at once Good fruit, you  
know, can only come from a  
good tree. If your heart is  
wrong, your conduct will be

wrong. You cannot make it right yourself, with all your good resolutions. But ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you. He will give you His Holy Spirit, and you will not find it any longer impossible to do right." I am glad to say that the child took her mother's advice.

That very day she asked God, earnestly, to change her heart, and help her to do right. She *prayed*, she *watched*, she *strove* hard against her sins, and was able, by God's grace, to lead the life of a lovely young Christian. — *Band of Hope Review.*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
 Hymn.

HERE is an eye that never sleeps  
 Beneath the wing of night ;  
 There is an ear that never shuts,  
 When sinks the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,  
 When human strength gives way ;  
 There is a love that never fails,  
 When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs ;  
 That arm upholds the sky ;  
 That ear is filled with angel songs ;  
 That love is thron'd on high.

But there's a power which man can wield,  
 When mortal aid is vain,  
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
 That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer ; which soars on high  
 Through Jesus to the throne,  
 And moves the hand which moves the world,  
 To bring salvation down.

THE  
Sabbath Scholar's Treasury

AND

JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECORD

IN CONNEXION WITH

The Church of Scotland.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."—MARK x. 14.

VOL. II.



EDINBURGH:  
PATON AND RITCHIE, 81 PRINCES STREET.  
MDCCLXI.



The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be clearly documented, including the date, amount, and purpose of the transaction. This ensures transparency and allows for easy reconciliation of accounts.

In addition, the document highlights the need for regular audits to identify any discrepancies or errors. By conducting periodic reviews, the organization can catch mistakes early and prevent them from escalating. This proactive approach is essential for maintaining the integrity of the financial data.

Furthermore, the document stresses the importance of clear communication between all parties involved. Regular meetings and reports should be held to discuss the current financial status and any challenges that may arise. This collaborative effort helps in making informed decisions and adjusting the budget as needed.

Finally, the document concludes by reiterating the commitment to financial responsibility and transparency. It encourages all stakeholders to adhere to the established guidelines and to work together to ensure the long-term success and stability of the organization.

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THE  
BATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

New Year Letter to Children.

dear Children—  
The year 1860 is  
ended now, and an-  
is with new hopes  
ies. Let it begin



of you with praise  
:—praise for mercy  
: fails—prayer for  
help” in days to  
it so it may be for  
a year of much  
promise in the  
are most precious

and enduring. Let us try  
to find some New Year  
lessons in the 90th psalm.  
We find in this psalm one  
figure running through it.  
In the fourth verse, there  
are these words—“For a  
thousand years in Thy sight  
are but as yesterday when  
it is past, and as a watch in  
the night.” “A thousand  
years as yesterday.” Life  
like a day. This is the figure  
we have here. Life is like a  
day.

*First.* It is so to the  
eternal God who sees both  
the beginning and end of all  
things, to whom past and  
present are equally clear;  
to Him one day is really as  
a thousand years, and a  
thousand years as one day.

*Second.* It is so to us, be-

cause the events of our lives follow each other in an order very like that of a day. Let us then consider life as a day, under the following five heads:—

I. *Night before day-break*, verses 1-3.—Night comes before the dawn of day. You can understand this. It was so from the beginning: when God made the heavens and the earth, evening came before morning. “The evening and the morning were the first day.” “Darkness was upon the face of the deep,” before the light came.

And so the time before our own birth is like the night to us: and all that took place before that, the past history of man, the changes, sorrows, and disappointments of life in every age, teach us the vanity of human hopes and schemes, and bid us trust only in Him who in all generations has been our dwelling place,—the same God from everlasting to everlasting, the only abiding refuge.

II. *Morning*, verse 5.—After night comes morning, the dawn of day; and so life begins with *its* morning—*Childhood*. What do we know of morning? There is,

*first*, the freshness of ing air, the pure soft different from what comes in the more advanced hours of the day. Life is the first fresh gladness to a child's heart; the love and trust yet untried by the world's trials.

2d. There is the growth of light of morning, like “which *groweth up*.” the morning hours and the light grows strong in childhood there growing in knowledge the cheerfulness of hope and promise.

3d. The life of joy “In the morning it flourisheth.” In the morning unfold their leaves, drink in the gentle dew of heaven. So childhood morning of life, is the time when the flowers of planting will flourish when the heart is ready to receive the seed, and the refreshing showers of His grace.

4th. There is the activity of morning; it grows early hours of day. Morning is the time for strength for life and energy. so in childhood, the and all its powers are

and vigorous, free and unwearied, able for active exercise. They cannot be again, later in the day of life, what they are in childhood's morning. Therefore, how important it is that they should be early devoted to the service of God. The morning quickly passes away, its bright freshness will soon fade: how carefully, then, should you use its precious hours; how anxiously seek to begin life's day with the sun of God's love and the hope of heaven shining over you!

III. *Noon*, verses 7-9.—After morning comes noon; so after childhood come Youth and Manhood. You might expect to hear a cheerful account of noon, of the beauty and the promise of morning perfected. But alas, it is not so—and why? because of sin, and God's anger on account of sin. "We are consumed by Thine anger, and by Thy wrath are we troubled." The rays of the noon-tide sun shine bright. What sun is like this? Is it the sun of which we read in the book of Revelations, whose soft beams shine over the Redeemed in glory—

"God is their sun, whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day?"

No, it is the burning, scorching holiness of God that is like this consuming noon-tide sun. When the noon-tide of life comes and finds the sinner still going astray from God, unreconciled and unforgiven; then God's holiness shines like a burning sun—man cannot stand before it without a Mediator to stand between him and God; but "though God is the high and Holy One, who inhabiteth eternity," He will look in mercy upon all who are of "an humble and contrite spirit"—and who seek Him through His dear Son.

IV. *Night*, verses 10, 11.—Morning and noon are gone, and night comes at last. Old age and death are the night of life's day. Old age is properly meant as the night. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten," &c. But death comes to many in the bloom of youth and strength, and then for them too the day is past. How needful then is it that we should work while it is day, since "the night

cometh when no man can work."

V. And now, my dear children, we come to consider lastly, what the lessons are which this psalm particularly teaches us.

1st. We are to number and mark days, not years—"so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Number *days*, and *years* will number themselves; mark each day as it passes, from morning to noon, and from noon to night. Watch each step of your journey, each word and action as you go on through life, and by God's own teaching may you learn so to number your days, and to walk by faith with God, that the night, when it comes at last, may be for you but the entrance into the light of heaven.

2d. The prayer you are to offer up—"Oh satisfy us early with thy mercy." You have much work to do and only a short day in which to do it; therefore lose no time, do not lose the morning hours—do not wait till noon, but now say to God, "Oh satisfy us early with thy mercy." Give us the blessing that will fill all the

wants of our hearts; "Thy mercy," the pardon of our sins through the blood of Jesus our Saviour,—Thy Spirit to renew and make us holy,—Thy love to abide in our hearts. Give us this Thy mercy early that we may rejoice in Thy salvation for ever. Little children, this prayer is for you; the promise of Jesus to every child is this, "those that seek me early shall find me."

3d. Perhaps some of you may feel that it is too late to seek your Saviour thus "early," that the fresh dawn of day is past; that you have not prayed to be satisfied with God's "mercy," but have trifled away the precious morning hours of life. Then the prayer for you is here—verse 13: "Return, Oh Lord." Pray for the returning of God's grace—His "mercy" never faileth. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

4th. Are you loving and serving God at all? Are you, though full of weakness, sincerely trying to do His will? Has He satisfied you with His "mercy," and given you peace in believing? Then pray for more grace.

"Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children, and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us" Do not stand still; pray for grace to "press on toward the mark"—pray that you may be made strong to fight against sin, through the grace of Jesus your Saviour, and that "the beauty of the Lord," the beauty of every Christian

grace, of love, gentleness, and peace, may be upon you. And so, my dear children, may God bless and keep you, and so satisfy you "early" with His mercy, that morning, noon, and night of life's short day may find you His obedient children, prepared to see His face with joy, when He comes to take you home.

I wish you all a happy New Year—and I am,

Your sincere friend,  
EVELYN.

### The Fire in the Mountain.

TRAVELLERS tell us, that, in passing through Italy, they come upon the prettiest villages, built on the sides and at the foot of volcanic mountains—that is, mountains that have so much fire in them, that at any time it may burst forth, and bury these villages in ruin. To look upon them, you would never think such an awful fate could possibly be theirs, every thing looks so beautiful. The sun seems to shine almost more brightly there than any where else. The grass is growing so green on the mountain side, and the

little cottages seem the abode of happiness and peace. There are plenty of men and women to be seen busy with their daily work, and many little children busy with their lessons and their play. Now you will say, how very foolish of these people to build their houses there, to keep their minds so easy, and to go about their daily work, careless though, some day, the mountain may send forth a torrent of fire, and burn them and their children all up. How cruel, you say, of the fathers and mothers to let their children run such a risk, instead of

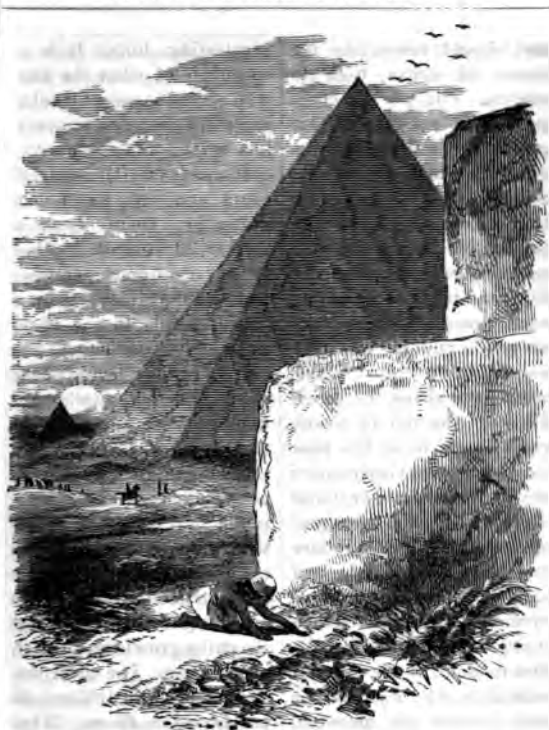


fleeing with them immediately to a place of safety. It is not that those parents love their children less than others, but they just calm their minds with the thought, that such a day, if it comes at all, will not be in their lifetime, and so they go on just living for the present.

And so, dear children, while I have told you of what travellers tell us about Italy, I will also tell you of what those who are travelling towards Zion, often tell us of Scotland. They tell us of whole towns and villages, not built like those I have told you of on the sides of volcanic mountains, but yet running the same awful danger that these did of being consumed with fire from heaven. You have all read the awful fate of Sodom, how God was so angry with its wickedness, that he sent fire from heaven, and burned it to the ground; and so you have often read in the Bible of the great day that is *sure* to come, when the earth and all that is in it will be burnt up. Is there no city of refuge to which you can flee? Is there no *place of safety* which God has

provided? You remember when Sodom was built that God remembered his servant Lot, and prepared a place of refuge in a little town called Zoar; and so, dear children, has God prepared for you a more sure place of refuge, to which He invites you to flee now, even Christ. You remember that when the children of Israel were cast into the furnace, it did not burn a hair of their head; there was one near the furnace even the Son of God, so, when this great and dreadful day of trouble comes, you have not to fear, for Jesus will be with you. Oh! let no one drive you back from this refuge, no, not even your father or mother, but, like Lot, flee to the place of refuge, and flee for refuge, a safe place for all your friends to flee to. Oh! seek him with all your heart now, for the children of Israel have God give a sure promise, "Those that seek me early shall find me."

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious  
Midst flaming worlds,  
arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my



## The Great and the Small;

OR, THE NECKLACE OF PEARL.

**I**N ancient times a mighty king dwelt by a great river called the Nile, known to you well as the river of that range old country, Egypt. He was ambitious to have the world think of him long after he was dead, and to have his name handed down as that of a great king. So he thought within himself he

would build a pile of stones that should reach, like the Tower of Babel, nigh to heaven. The work accordingly was set about. He gathered thousands of slaves from all parts of Egypt; drove them like cattle into deep quarries, where they dug out blocks of stone with immense labour; then for miles and miles these stones were dragged to the spot where the building was to be reared, hewn into shape, raised one above the other, till after the toil of years, and after many of the poor slaves had died either under the crushing work, or under the cruel lash, the mass rose up hundreds of feet above the bed of the Nile, and became one of the famous pyramids of which travellers speak so much. What a vast monument for any one man to raise! You may be sure it made the monarch, who had spent human blood and enormous treasures of money in his work, proud to see its sharp peak high against the sky. There it stands, solid and awful, to this day. Four thousand years sun and storm have *beaten upon it*, but there is *scarce a stain upon its brow.*

It stands strong a everlasting hills. It specimen of what the who reared it meant it and what the world gets has agreed to call—g

Instead of thousand years ago, only as yesterday, there dw little child beneath the of a very humble could not perhaps more than dozen people in the knew anything about She was a very lovely child, and those who know her saw that who was poor and plain in she wore a very rich ment, of a singular round her neck. Who stowed upon her a rare? It was a string of ing pearls, and curious every day it was notice the string grew larger, and heavier. The child self, could never tell how pearls came there. asked she smiled, and say no more about it that she felt soft angel now and again come of the air, so to speak stringing yet another another pearl on her lace till it had become beautiful thing it was. did it come about?

long time greatly  
 d, till one day as I  
 upon the golden haired  
 ying softly asleep on a  
 bank, I caught sight  
 : shining string, and  
 ig it gently forth a  
 ray I discovered hung  
 its front a plate of  
 ter written, on which  
 these words out of a  
 book :—“ Whatsoever  
 are true, whatsoever  
 are honest, whatso-  
 things are just, what-  
 things are pure,  
 ever things are lovely,  
 ever things are of  
 eport.” I understood  
 ole story now. This  
 child of Christ, and  
 owing thoughts and  
 and words each day  
 ing out of her loving  
 here, had He taken  
 y one, and put them,  
 His own hands, into a  
 us ornament round  
 ck. Not one stone of  
 all but was marked  
 with the name of some-  
 beautiful and gentle  
 's grace had helped  
 ly child to do. What  
 ure she had gathered  
 his way! For every  
 n her necklace she had  
 d a pearl into some  
 's heart, and had

dropped another pearl into  
 the treasury of heaven! So  
 I kissed the fair brow reve-  
 rently, put the string back  
 within the folded hands, and  
 went on my way thinking  
 that I had seen there in that  
 child a specimen of what the  
 world knoweth not, and what  
 most people would think and  
 speak of as very *small*. Put  
 that child beside the pyramid,  
 and you would say at once,  
 “ the Great and the Small ! ”

Yet I dreamed afterwards  
 of that which is to come, and  
 methought I beheld the two  
 before a great white throne,  
 the mighty monarch and the  
 fair little child. What a  
 difference! For all his pyra-  
 mid nobody knew even the  
 king's name. Nobody could  
 tell what grave he had come  
 out of, and he would have  
 passed away unnoticed had it  
 not been that thousands of  
 poor souls he had trampled on  
 and slain cried against him.  
 Indeed every stone in his  
 huge pyramid seemed to find  
 a tongue, and to cry out upon  
 him the curse of blood. How  
 he shrunk and shrivelled  
 down into nothing, and  
 with the face of Him who  
 sat upon the throne turned  
 to look at him, how he  
 fell into the very dust.

On the other hand, the unknown child stood upon the steps of the throne. Every eye beheld her in her loveliness. Pyramids and kings and worlds sank beneath her. From her throat she took the sparkling necklace, and was laying it, with eager joy, at the feet of Christ, when out of the throne broke songs of welcome, and I saw a company of saints who had known the child in earth, step forth, take up the necklace as it fell, and weave into a crown of richest lustre, which the hands of Jesus, taking out of their hands, placed upon the soft brow for ever. "Sweet child," said the Saviour's

voice, "inasmuch as these things unto I did them unto me!" different now monarch; how different works of their hands; world's *great* and *small* ing places in the day and becoming then *small* and the *small gr*

I leave my little to make out the tale, that as it begins a new if they are spared year's end, each of them have three hundred and five pearls then strung a necklace round their They cannot build by but the least of them weave a string of pearls

### Selfish Johnny.

**I** WAS a selfish boy—a very selfish boy. I was always picking for the best of everything upon the table; and if there chanced to be a piece of cake or pie larger than the rest, I was sure to get it. And, instead of being corrected in this very unlovely trait of character, I was encouraged in it. I was the youngest child, and my parents, especially my mother, were injudiciously

indulgent, letting me my own way in everything. My mother could not get out to ride, or walk, without being obliged to my importunity, to sit with her, no matter how undesirable my company. One fine summer evening, my mother went into the country to the day with her friends as usual, going with me passed the morning pleasantly, playing

the woods and but presently my got me into trouble destroyed my happiness the rest of the dinner I was seated on her's side, and I usual, be helped doing I wished. one thing upon which was very to my eyes, and a large glass dish beautiful early. I was extravagant of apples, and one in the dishes determined to be so much larger than the rest. It was passed to me before any of and I embraced in my eagerness of grabbing the apple before she could get to it. I took a dish of raspberries, and I ate it all over the snowy mother coloured portion. She did not say a word, but apologising, "Johnny is a little late, he is always a little something." "In my mind, it is of no consequence," replied my mother, "Johnny," she said, "looking at me, 'you have the apple that I gave your mother. I'll give you my plate, my dear, if you like another for your-

self," I muttered, "I'll take the apple tightly in my hands; 'it's

my apple, ain't it, mother? You don't want it, do you?"

"No, dear; you can have it if you'll be a good boy. Johnny is so fond of apples," she added apologetically, turning to my aunt.

My uncle looked sternly upon me, and fearing he would take the apple away from me. I left the table and ran out into the garden, and did not stop till I had reached the further end of it. Then I looked at the apple and smell of it, and finally I bit into it; but O! it was bitter and all black inside. I cried with vexation, and rushing into the house exclaimed:

"See what a mean, bitter, black apple this is! I want another!"

But my aunt said there were no more.

"Then I'll have mother's," I exclaimed, as I saw hers was but partly eaten. "Mother, give me yours!"

"Well, well, Johnny, take it; it'll taste better to you than to me I've no doubt," replied my mother, handing it to me.

"Sister, your little boy is fair outside," exclaimed my uncle sternly, "but mark my words, if you encourage him so in his selfishness much longer you will make him as black and bitter inside as that beautiful apple."

My mother withdrew her hand and I ran back into the garden, pondering upon my uncle's words, which I did

not exactly understand. Presently my favourite little cousin came in search of me, and putting her arms around my neck and kissing my pouting lips, she said:

"I am very sorry, Johnny, that your apple wasn't good. I wish I had only known it, and I would have saved mine for you."

"I don't care anything about the apple," I replied, feeling ashamed, I hardly knew why; "but what did your father mean. Ella, when he said I would be black and bitter like that ugly apple?"

"Why, he meant, Johnny, that if you had your own way always, and were so selfish as to take the best and biggest of everything,

you would get to be wicked boy, and I would love you."

From that moment was a change in my life. Ever after, when tempted to gratify the expense of an good, I thought of my words, and I was re submit to any self. At first it was painful after a while it became real pleasure to me to myself in every way might contribute to the fort and happiness of I trust there are not boys as selfish as I but if there are I hope will resolve like him be like the apple, bitter inside. **REMA**

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### The Great Jubilee.

**Q**U'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;  
 All the promises do travail  
 With a glorious day of grace.  
 Blessed Jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn!

Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
 Let the rude barbarian see  
 That divine and glorious conquest  
 Once obtained on Calvary!  
 Let the Gospel  
 Wide resound from pole to pole!

Gird thy sword, thou Great Deliverer;  
 Win and conquer, never cease;  
 May thy lasting, wide dominions,  
 Multiply and still increase.  
 Sway thy sceptre,  
 Saviour, all the world around!



### Hilda.

**H**HE young Hilda had long been confined to a couch of wearisome pain and sickness, but health began once more to glow in her cheek, and on one of the first warm mornings of spring, her light steps bounded again over the moss-grown walks of her favourite woods. A clear rivulet flowed through the wood,



and its little waves danced in the laughing sunshine. Hilda watched with delight the sparkling fish, now glancing through the sunny waters, now hiding themselves amidst the cool green river weeds. A light breeze passed over the wood, and played amidst the tender green leaves of spring; and the little birds flew gently from bough to bough, and caroled their sweet wild songs. "Happy, happy creatures!" cried Hilda, "how sweet are the joys of freedom, and I too now am free;" and she bounded along with alighter, firmer step, as though she would shake off the heavy load that pressed upon her young life.

At this moment a man entered the wood, leading by the hand a lovely boy. The child felt all the bright glad power of spring, and the merry peals of his laughter mingled with the song of the birds. The flowers of the thicket soon caught his eye, and he fain would have twined for himself a garland in the wood, but his father held his hand, nor would suffer him to leave him for a moment.

Then Hilda's heart was grieved. "The fishes of the stream," said she, "and the little birds among the branches, follow their own wild will, and rejoice in *blessed freedom*, and this *sweet child*, so levelier far

than they, walks sad downcast, his buoyant all dashed; methinks him weep." Her eye for the child and his through the winding. The wild flowers were forgotten, but the path rough and stony. Instant the child clung his father's arm, and saw him safe folded bosom. They approached the moorland; but he felt not its keen wind his father's cloak wrapped around him he was borne safely gently over every dan pass.

Hilda now no more: ted for him, the spot the happy woodland tures. "There is she cried, "in wild free but a deeper, holier confiding, denying love this is the picture child." I too, though saw a child; and a self-reproach fell from eye as she thought how she had repulsed the hand that guided her. often, when my Father held me back," said "have I begged him to me alone! Alone! Father," she exclaimed give thy wayward child hearken not to her prayer; let her rath the sternest grasp of earnest faithful love." peace was breathed in soul, and its utmost

the sweet word of  
 "I will never leave  
 : forsake thee."  
 da's step were less  
 on her return, her  
 s more full of peace.  
 yer was heard, the  
 orrow was near, and

the grasp of love grew stern,  
 yet was she not left alone;  
 and in the conscious presence  
 of chastening love, she found  
 a tearful joy, for which no  
 freedom could have made  
 amends.—From "*Doing and  
 Suffering.*"

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### To Him that Overcometh."

ANY of you, I dare-  
 say, have read the  
 story of the great  
 the Bruce, — how  
 r he had been de-  
 battle many times,  
 fleeing from his  
 he took refuge in a  
 here he lay down,  
 wearied, to rest.  
 ights, you may be  
 e full of his numer-  
 res—the many times  
 een conquered; and  
 aying in his heart,  
 ; give up this hard

I have been over-  
 While such despair-  
 ights as these were  
 through his mind,  
 vas arrested by the  
 d efforts of a little  
 o climb up to the  
 he barn, and there  
 ts *cobweb*. At first,  
 ht little of what his  
 oking at; but, by

and by, he got interested,  
 when he saw the little crea-  
 ture so many times climb  
 up so far, then lose its bal-  
 ance, and fall back. This  
 was repeated, I think, twelve  
 times; but the spider was  
 not to be overcome; he still  
 persevered; and, the thir-  
 teenth time, he conquered—  
 reaching the place where it  
 had so long been striving  
 after, in vain, to spin its  
 web.

"What a lesson has this  
 spider taught me," the great  
 hero thought to himself. "I  
 will yet follow its example;  
 I will go forth again to fight  
 the battles of my country;  
 and, although I have been  
 already so often defeated, I  
 may yet come off conqueror."  
 With such new resolves as  
 these, he again went forth;  
 and all of you know the end  
 of the story—how success

followed upon success; and, from the poor, defeated, and careworn man lying alone in the barn, we soon after find him king upon a throne. Now, I have told you this story, as I wish each child to learn only one great lesson, and that is, that you have also a battle to fight—some great enemy to overcome. If I could see into your hearts, I would, perhaps, see some different evil in each heart to be conquered. I would find in one, bad temper; in another, disobedience to parents; a third given to tell lies; a fourth unkind and disobliging at home, and many other faults I could mention. If you look up the third chapter of Revelations, you will see a great deal in it about *overcoming*; the bright prospects that are held out; but, you will observe, it is always to those who *overcome*. The promises Jesus makes are these: He will clothe them in white; He will confess them before His Father; He will make them pillars in God's temple

above, and write upon a new name; and a great promise is—“that overcometh will to sit with me on my throne.” With such a sure prospect, will you dear children, seek to overcome it? Let each one, the morning, think, or she rises—“Now I have this sin to overcome. I will watch against it. I will pray much to Jesus for strength to overcome it. And although, when I come to the end of my journey, you may look back, how often you have been discouraged; go again to Jesus, confessing your sins, and asking Him to help you; and you have a sure promise—“In all things we are more than conquerors through Jesus Christ that loved us.”

“Blessed is the man that comes,  
I'll own him for a soldier,  
A rich inheritance reward  
The conquests he has won.”

## Story of Abdallah.

**I**N the Sunday-school at Marseilles, France, in which there are three hundred scholars, there is a class of white children directed by a young black boy, who was probably born in Darfour, a province of Central Africa. His name is Abdallah. If any one asked him how it happened that he was at Marseilles, he would answer: "Because I disobeyed my mother. I thought myself wiser than she. When I was a very little boy, she said to me, 'Abdallah, never go into yonder wood, for there are wicked men who would seize you.'

"But one day that wood looked so beautiful to me, with its palm trees, its brilliant flowers, its birds, its monkeys, and its paroquets, that I forgot my mother's advice and entered it. I was then seized by the slave-dealers and sold in Egypt. Since that day I have never seen my poor mother, nor had any news of her."

In Egypt the poor child excited the compassion of a Marseilles merchant, who bought him for forty or fifty francs (about £2) and carried him to France. Every slave who touches the soil of France is free. Thus Abdallah obtained his liberty, and his

excellent master, whom he attends as a little domestic servant, sends him to school every afternoon. He is a good pupil, and three years ago the prize for good conduct was awarded to him by the vote of all his school-fellows. As regards the Sunday-school, his teacher has only one fault to find with him, and that is, he learns too much. While the other children managed with great difficulty to repeat six or eight verses, Abdallah had learned twenty-five or thirty. He has persevered in his eagerness after instruction, and at present his desire is still more earnest to press onward in his studies. And for what end think you? That he may return to Africa as a missionary. When about two years ago, M. Daumas, missionary from Mekuatlina, in the south of Africa, passed through Marseilles, Abdallah was very much interested in all he could tell him of his country, and of the missionary work which had been done there. After hearing this, Abdallah sent to him all his little savings to go in aid of the mission. They amounted to four shillings. M. Daumas at first was not willing to take all this from the poor boy; but

he insisted so much upon giving that sum, that it was at last accepted.

A proposal was made at a public meeting that all the Sunday-schools of France should agree to adopt Abdallah, and that the children in them should supply the funds for educating him and fitting him for the work of a missionary if God should permit to him the honour of labouring among his countrymen in Africa.

The plan was adopted with applause by all the children present at the meeting. The Committee of the Society of Sunday-schools took up the matter, and it is reason to hope that by the contributions of the thousands of children in the testant schools throughout France, enough will be raised to train this youth for service in his native land. *Juv. Miss. Mag.*



### The Two Gardens.

**W**HY is it," said Alphonso to his father, "that my sister Amelia's garden is so much handsomer than mine? Why do her flowers bloom so beautifully, while those in my gar-

den, although I water and take care of them, do not seem to thrive?"

"My child," replied the father, "you would have a handsomer garden as Amelia has it if you had sowed the

ht season, and culti-  
 : in a proper manner.  
 ot enough merely to  
 e seed, but it should  
 in the early spring,  
 und at first properly  
 d, and afterward  
 y tended, that the  
 may not grow there-  
  
 ren, your minds are

like a garden. Strive to cultivate them while you are young, for as you advance in years it will become more difficult. Improve the spring-time of your life, that in its summer, autumn, and winter you may not have to reproach yourself for your past negligence.— *S. S. Advocate.*

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### On the Very Brink.

' is easy to save one  
 who has fallen into  
 the flood some dis-  
 tance above the cat-  
 where the river, not  
 rying to the fall, flows  
 ' on its way. But  
 down the difficulty  
 a great, every foot  
 down the greater; for  
 ent moves with faster  
 nd growing force, till  
 h it shoots forth with  
 flight, and reaching  
 k leaps headlong into  
 g gulf. Now, away  
 the mountains I  
 such a place where  
 ree shepherd brothers  
 o leap, as they had  
 ne from rock to rock,  
 the narrow chasm  
 i which the swollen  
 rushed onward to  
 l. Bold mountaineers  
 oking with careless  
 a sight which had  
 others dizzy, one  
 over like a red deer;

another followed, but alas! his  
 foot slipping on the smoothly  
 treacherous ledge, he stag-  
 gered, reeled, and falling  
 back, rolled over with a sud-  
 den plunge into the jaws of  
 the abyss. Quick as light-  
 ning, his brother sprang for-  
 ward, down to a point where  
 the waters issue in a more  
 open space just above the  
 crag over which they throw  
 themselves into the black,  
 rock-girdled, boiling cavern.  
 There, standing on the verge  
 of death, he eyes the body  
 coming; he bends — his  
 arm is out — thank God! he  
 has him in his powerful  
 grasp. Bravely, brotherly  
 done. Alas! it is done in  
 vain. The third brother, sad  
 spectator of the scene, saw  
 him swept from his slippery  
 footing; and in their death,  
 not divided, as of old, they  
 had lain in their childhood,  
 locked in each others arms,  
 they went over, horribly

whelmed in the depths of the swirling pool. Not so perished our Elder Brother and the thief. He stretched out His hand to save. He plucked him from the brink of hell; He saved him on the dizzy edge of the dreadful pit. Poor wretch, ah! he hangs above the gulf; he is half over; just then he turns a dying eye on a dying Saviour, and utters but one cry for help. The arm of mercy seizes him; he is saved; now heaven holds him

crowned in glory. W revelation of Jesus, as t press image of Him w power to save at the uttermost! What a couragement to you, t the chief of sinners, t yourselves at Jesus's Do it, do it now. May I help you to do it. Another moment and may be beyond the re mercy. Another m may be a whole etern late.— *Guthrie.*

### What we can never Catch.

**C**HILDREN, what is it you can never catch, even if you were to chase after it, as quick as possible, with the fastest horse in the world?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips.

Once spoken it is your power; do you you can never recall it.

Therefore take care you say, for "in the tude of words there w not sin; but he that r eth his lips is wise" x. 19).— *S. S. Advocat*

### Another Letter from Central South I.

**O**UR friend Mr. Ross again writes:—"I am afraid you will make me too vain by making me figure, in the Sabbath *Scholar's Juvenile*, in front of

an Indian waggon, with harnessed with Indian I am certain, however I could not travel so it, drawn by so few o by my own African v

## THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

and a team of eight, ten, or twelve of *these* to us invaluable *steeds*.

### PROGRESS OF MISSION-WORK.

You will rejoice with us that on the 2d of September I had the real pleasure of receiving 26 adults into the fellowship of the Church, and administering to them the holy ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper. I have just returned from a profitable tour to Taung and all the out-stations, and how delighted I am to see the improving state of the people of God, the desire to hear the word preached, and to practise the duties which it commands! I could say, "I have no greater joy than to see my children walk in truth" and "witness a good confession before many witnesses." How often we have been privileged to see that wonder of grace, and work of the Almighty Spirit—the lion changed into the lamb, the furious servant of Satan into the meek disciple of Jesus!

### VISIT TO AN OUT-STATION.

The Sabbath at Baralong—6th October—was a high day. There were offered up

earnest and, I believe, sincere prayers in the early morning. The listeners were all quiet, and many of them "anxious," while hearing the gospel. After the Sabbath-school and two services, a very considerable portion of the congregation commemorated the Saviour's dying love. On Monday a delightful missionary prayer meeting was held, and humble contributions were cheerfully given. Here are at least 18 inquirers after salvation.

### MR. ROSS'S NUMBERS AT ALL HIS "STATIONS."

I have carefully scrutinized the roll of believers at present under my charge, and find them to be 690. There are also seven schools with 330 scholars. The number of Sabbath scholars is all who meet to worship God. There are three native teachers, four schoolmasters, with all the elders and deacons doing our utmost in communicating knowledge. Fifty four have entered the Church during the past year, twelve marriages have taken place, forty-nine children have been baptized. There are at present about thirty-



one candidate for membership; and, altogether, my corner of the vineyard is, I would say, in a very prosperous condition. "But not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake."

DESIRE FOR AID.

It gratifies us to know that the Directors of our noble Society\* are about to send out two young missionaries. They will be cordially welcomed even by the heathen, who are now desirous of instruction. Would that all ministers at home were uniting in heart with missionaries abroad in the spread of the gospel, and the day would evidently then not be far distant when Christ will have "the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession."

SUCCESS OF THE MISSION TO THE MATABELE, ON THE SOUTH OF THE ZAMBEZI.

Mr. Robert Moffat has returned from his long journey to the Matabele and limited sojourn among them. As in *every thing else*, he has suc-

\* London Missionary Society.

ceeded admirably in his whole work there. Moselekatse (the chief) has gone to the young missionaries as an excellent fountain, and as much land as can use. Preaching has been auspiciously attended with interpreters, and our attention in the progress of their liege-lord is marked. At the earnest request of those who will be stationed there, mission houses have been built and were nearly ready for inhabiting before the arrival of Mr. Moffat, left. I requested Moselekatse to select a number of men to accompany Makololo, on the north of the Zambezi, to assist if Mr. Helmore and his party had arrived. This was accomplished in four or five recent visits, but not a syllable could be heard from the said party, except long ago, and at a great distance. It was reported that they were on their road to Lincolnton. Hunters have arrived from the hunting-field very distant from us, still not a word of the result. We wait and pray, and wait, hoping es-

that all will be well, and that God will prosper His servants in their most arduous undertaking and the most difficult of all our missions.

SAD TIDINGS OF THE MAKOLOLO PARTY.

Since the above, a letter has been received by Dr. Tidman from Mr. Moffat, dated Kuruman, 12th November 1860, and sent a great distance towards the Cape by express, in which he says—"It is only four days since I forwarded a letter to you, which contained all the information that had reached us respecting the Makololo brethren. It was favourable. But alas! alas! it was only to lift us up that we might be plunged in the depths of sorrow. Alas! Helmore, the amiable, the unwearied, the apostolic Helmore, and his devoted wife, are no more inhabitants of this lower world: This distressing intelligence has just reached us by one of our people, who had been on an elephant-hunt, as far as the Victoria Falls, on the Zambezi. He there met with *some people from the Linyanti, who, when asked*

respecting the welfare of the missionaries, replied, in the phraseology of the country, that they were all dead with the fever; and commencing with the first victim, said—Helmore died, then his wife, next two of their children; then the suckling of Mrs. Price, then the Malatsi from this station (Kuruman), Mr. Price's waggon-driver; the next, Tabe from Likatlong, and a servant of the Bakhatti tribe. It would appear that the Makololos—and especially their chief—were unkind to the party who had reached Linyanti, because of their being soured that Dr. Livingstone, and those of their tribe whom he took with him when he left for this country, had not made their appearance. Dr. Livingstone has since reached Linyanti, on the north of the Zambesi, and was, as might be expected, deeply affected by the news of the death of so many of the mission-party; and regretted much that he had not been able to come at an earlier period, as he possessed a very efficacious remedy for the fever. The remaining missionaries—Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, from

down on a mossy bank, under the shade of a drooping birch, and began to talk. They had just been released from school for the holidays, and at first their great theme was the endless enjoyment they were to have in traveling home and their plans there for spending the vacation. Then as they talked, their words ran on about the *future*—far beyond their school-days and vacation rambles.

"I intend to have a splendid life of it, when I grow to be a man," said the bolder of the two, whom we may call Henry. "I shall of course fling all my books aside, and leave tiresome study behind. I shall get into my father's business and have lots of money."

"And then—?" asked his quiet, thoughtful companion, whom we shall call Edward, looking at him with his deep gaze.

"Oh I shall have several dogs, and my gun, and horse, of course; and at all the balls and gaities going, I shall be present as much as I like."

"And then—?"

"I shall have no end of rich clothing, and I shall be

admired, and thought a gay, gallant fellow everywhere."

"And then—?"

"Oh," replied Henry laughing, "I shall grow to be very wealthy, as I have said; and as I get up in years, I shall get my father's business handed over, I suppose. I shall become a man of note in the place—keep a fine house, get married, and have all comforts possible."

"And then—?" still asked the other steadily.

"Then? why, I shall get into Parliament some day I suppose, make a figure, increase in means, and have influence, and be talked about."

"And then—?" still was asked.

"Of course," said Henry, a little nettled, "I shall grow old like other people—not for fifty years though or so; and in my rich old age I shall retire and take my ease, and," a shadow crossing his brow, "then—"

"And then—?" whispered Edward. Henry's brow was very dark now—and in his anger he was silent. Edward, however, took his hand kindly, and with a soft smile, and rising, bid him walk with him round a ledge of rock,

over which the silvery birch that sheltered them was hanging. As they did so, they came on the brink, suddenly, of a sharp precipice, and looking down, a gulf was beneath them, deep and vast. Edward pointed with his hand,—

“What, Henry, though you are happy, wealthy, famous, as you wish, and may live to a very old age, if at the end it be a step into a void like that?”

“I cannot answer you,” was the sulky reply. “You are always too good for me, and you never lose the chance of crossing me with such talk. I do not think it talk for boys.”

“So some say,” was Edward's answer, with a sad smile. “But some of us die young, and I cannot but think of these words we read to day,—‘It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment!’ That is the ‘*and then!*’”

Have you ever thought of that, Henry?”

Henry confessed he had not, at least to any purpose; looking in his companion's face, he added,—“What if I should ask you, as you have asked me—*and then—?*”

Edward gazed away into the deep gulf, with a look full of humility and light, as he replied—“For me to live is Christ, *and then, and then—to die is gain!*”

And so he wiled Henry to sit down on the mossy bank again, that they might talk together yet further, and that he might tell how he had learned to make Christ everything to him in this world, so that when he came to die, death should not be a leap into a dark abyss, but a bridge across into the heavenly kingdom.\*

\* I have ventured in this little piece to expand a hint found in Mrs. Gordon's (Miss Brewster's) charming book, just out—“Sunbeams in the Castle.”

### The Voyage Down the Dark River.



AN old New Zealand chief, who had been converted in middle life to the Christian

religion, and had lived a life of consistent Christian goodness, was at last brought to his death-bed. He gathered

his friends and family round him—some Pagans still, some Christians—and then he raised himself up, and began to sing one of the ancient songs of his country, which he had learned in his youth before his conversion. It told of a maiden who had a lover—a faithful lover; she had not seen him for years; he had gone off into the distant seas; and now she was determined to seek and to join him. And so the New Zealand chief sang of her voyage, in words well known to them who stood around him, but with a meaning far deeper than they had before put on the words; for they saw that, under the figure of the forlorn maiden, he meant his own soul going forth in its last long voyage; and under the figure of the lover, he meant that blessed Saviour whom he hoped now to join in that unknown sea. He sang how the maiden, in her frail canoe, went down the

dark river; how she dashed down the foaming rapids; how the steep rocks closed in on either side; how, through the black pass, the river opened into the wide sea; how, in the wide sea, she still was not afraid, for she looked forward all the more to being with him whom she loved for ever.

So singing, and so transfiguring, the old Pagan song with the light of the gospel, the Christian chieftain passed away. It is to that outer darkness, through that dark river, and into that unknown sea, of which the New Zealand chief spoke to his newly-converted friends, we must also go. Education, business, worship, life itself, will all take their proper colour and their proper proportions then, and then only, when we remember that they are all means to one end—namely, to be like Christ, and to be with Christ.—*A. P. Stanley, D.D., from "Good Words."*

### A Winter's Tale.

**L**ET me tell you a winter's tale, which is perfectly true, and though it relates to one humble calling, has its lesson for all.

*It was about thirty years ago or more when stage-*

coaches still ran, that an excellent old clergyman, who had a keen observation of the world, was travelling on the top of the coach from Norwich to London. It was a cold winter night, and the coachman, as he drove his

horses over Newmarket Heath, poured forth such a volley of oaths and foul language as to shock all the passengers. The old clergyman, who was sitting close to him, said nothing, but fixed his piercing blue eyes upon him with a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last the coachman became uneasy; and turning round to him, said,—"What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?" The clergyman said, still with his eyes fixed upon him, "I cannot imagine what you will do in heaven? There are no horses or coaches or saddles or bridles or public-houses in heaven. There will be no one to swear at or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven." The coachman said nothing. The clergyman said nothing more; and they parted at the end of their journey. Some years afterwards, the clergyman was detained at an inn on the same road, and was told that a dying man wished to see him. He was taken up into a bedroom in a loft, hung round with saddles, bridles, bits, and whips, and on the bed amongst them lay the sick man. "Sir," said the man, "do you remember speaking to the coachman who swore so much, as he drove over

Newmarket Heath?" "Yes," replied the clergyman. "I am that coachman," said he; "and I could not die happy without telling you how I have remembered your words—I cannot think what you will do in heaven. Often and often as I have driven over the heath, I have heard these words ringing in my ears, and I have flogged the horses to make them get over that ground faster, but always the words have come back to me—I cannot think what you will do in heaven." We can all suppose what the good minister said to the dying man—but the words apply to every human being whose chief interest lies in other things than doing good and being good—and who delights in doing and saying what is evil. "There is no making money in heaven—there is no promotion—there is no gossip—there is no idleness—there is no controversy—there is no detraction in heaven—I cannot think what you will do when you go to heaven."

Let these words ring in our ears as we read these passages, remembering as we read that they all tell us how nothing except sin keeps us out of heaven, and nothing except goodness gets into heaven. Matt. v. 1-10; xxv. 31-46. Rev. xxii. 14, 15.—A. P. Stanley, D. D., in "Good Words."

## The Fountain Never Dry.

**H**AVE read how, in the burning desert, the skeletons of unhappy travellers, all withered and white, are found not only on the way to the fountain, but lying grim and ghastly on its banks, with their skulls stretched over its very margin. Panting, faint, their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth—ready to fill a cup with gold for its fill of water—they press on to the well, steering their course by the tall palms that stand full of hope above the glaring sands. Already, in fond anticipation, they drink where others had been saved. They reach it; alas! sad sight for the dim eyes of fainting men, the well is dry. With stony horror in their looks, how they gaze into the empty basin, or fight with men and beast for some muddy drops that but exasperate their thirst. The desert reels around them. Hope expires. Some cursing, some praying, they sink, and themselves expire. And by and by, the sky

darkens; lightnings loud thunders roll; pours down; and, the showers, the treasures arise to I mockery with lotresses, and kiss the line of death.

But yonder, where



cross stands up high the fountain of a S blood, and heaven's fying grace, no des lie. Once a Golgot vary has ceased to be of skulls. Where m once to die, they go live; and to none th went there to seek and peace, and holine God ever say. Seek y vain.—Guthrie.

## Johnnie and the Blue Mark

**M**OTHER," said Johnnie, "give me a good verse for little boys."

His mother tho moment and then "Thou God seeest m I suppose little bo

do naughty things, g their mothers don't m, and won't know is teaches them that ; somebody who sure-see them.

as God look into boys' ;?" asked Johnnie.

," said mamma. ish God would speak as see," said Johnnie. does," said mamma. nie opened his eyes "Does!" he cried.

, yes," said mamma ; eaks in a still small

ever heard him," said le boy.

at's because you don't 1," said mamma ; voice speaks in your nd so softly, that you arken to hear it."

at does it say?" ohnnie.

en you are naughty, 'Don't, don't, John-ay don't:' when you ght, it says, 'It is to be God's child; children love to do

ant it to say that to aid Johnnie; and I e his mother wanted y that to him.

veral days Johnnie l as if he was heark- o the little voice, and hispered little words . He tried to do and seemed a very hild.

lay when he took his out of his pocket,

his mother observed a very handsome blue glass one. "Where did you get that, Johnnie?" she said; "it is a beauty."

He tried to snatch it out of her hand. His mother was surprised. She looked at him, and he hung down his head. Then she began to be afraid there was something wrong; before, she did not; and she asked again, "Where did you get this marble, Johnnie?"

The little boy made no answer. She did not ask him again, but went away.

At night Johnnie climbed into his mother's lap, and laying his head on her shoulder, said, in a low sorry tone, "I took that glass marble, mamma."

"Took it from whom?" asked his mother.

"I took it from the ground," said Johnnie.

"Did it belong to the ground?" asked his mother.

"Did the ground go to a shop and buy it?"

Johnnie tried to laugh at such a funny thought, but he could not.

"I saw it on the ground," said he.

"What little boy had it before?" asked his mother.

"Robert May's it is, I suppose," whispered Johnnie; "but I saw it on the ground."

"When you put your hand out to take it, did you forget, 'Thou God seest me?'"



asked his mother. "Did you not hear a voice saying, 'Don't, Johnnie! don't, Johnnie?'" asked his mother.

"I didn't hear," said the

little boy, sobbing, "bed quick!"

Ah, boys, boys! give science at least a *mo* speak to you in such —*Family Treasury.*

## Seek and Find.

**T**RY this, my dear children, and you will no more be sorry for it than you would be sorry if you had been brought to life again after being dead—yea, there will be as much joy as if you had been on the grave's brink, and breathed again as strong and well as you ever did. Some few years ago I was spending the summer months at a beautiful watering-place, on the banks of the Clyde; the daughter of a Crimean officer of much military fame was residing not far distant. The glad news reached her of her chivalrous and renowned parent's returning to England. She at once prepared to meet him, and give him a hearty welcome to his native land—but, ere setting out, she resolved to bathe; and, excited, perhaps, by her father's laurels, and at the near prospect of seeing him home, she was incautious, she went *beyond her depth*, and she *sunk beneath the waves*. A *shout is raised, a boat hur-*

ries to the rescue; he apparently lifeless, he is speedily brought ashore, means are taken to her. A crowd collected are anxious, and the issue is ever going—"Any life?" "Any sign of life?" "Any sign of life?" "none! none!" "doleful and continuous sponse. At length—wful to tell it!—she breathes—heavily then the cry rings louder, "she breathes!" I almost thought the people frantic; the ecstasy, at this awakening, this bodivival.

But what of all upon earth to that which sounded in the court of heaven, when the voice of Saul was changed into the praying Paul! He who was dead, to whom everything good, drowns in sin, perishing in the of eternal ruin; but he is marvellously changed, the first echo of his prayer is the awakening which our ears is the dec-

Almighty himself—  
he prayeth!" He  
as an immortal  
sighs as a regener-  
ing; he lives for an  
world; he has obtain-  
ing life through  
Christ our Lord.  
outing, my dear  
was there amongst  
itudes assembled by  
shore regarding her  
been snatched from  
of death! But, oh,  
fable rejoicing amid  
med hosts of heaven  
and of the exclama-  
hold he prayeth,"

concerning the apostle Paul!  
Yea, and concerning every  
one of you who prays to God  
in sincerity now for eternal  
life through the Son. Oh,  
that it were so with all of  
you hearing me at this mo-  
ment! Oh, that you were,  
each and all, this day,  
wrestling like Jacob, run-  
ning like Zaccheus, crying  
like Bartimeus, begging like  
Luther, breathing like the  
lady, praying like Paul.\*

\* From an admirable sermon to  
children, by the Rev. Robert Leitch  
of Abernethy.

## Work and Play.

SSIE was a very  
little girl; and, like  
many another, she  
sometimes had foot-  
sights. This was one  
—"If I only could  
whole day to do  
n,—no work and no  
only play, play, all  
should be *perfectly*  
When she told this  
mother said, "To-  
be yours. You may  
such as you please;  
I'll not give you any  
matter how much  
want it."  
laughed at the idea  
g for work, and ran  
ay. *She was swing-  
the gate when the  
used to school, and*

they all envied her for hav-  
ing no lessons. When they  
were gone, she went to the  
cherry-tree and ate as much  
fruit as she wanted, and  
picked a lapful for pigs; but  
when she carried them in,  
her mother said, "That is  
*work*, Mary! Don't you re-  
member you cried yesterday  
because I wished you to pick  
cherries for the pudding?  
You may throw these to the  
pigs: I can't take them."  
The baby began to awake,  
and Mary ran forward to  
rock the cradle; but her  
mother stopped her again.  
"No work to-day, you  
know!" and the little girl  
went away, rather out of  
humour. She got her doll

and played with it a while, but was soon tired. She tried all her other toys, but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back and watched her mother, who was shelling pease and rocking the cradle with her foot.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Mary: this isn't *play*."

Mary felt very much like crying. She went out into the garden again and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard the clatter of plates: her mother was setting the table for dinner. Mary longed to help. Then her father came back from his work, and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but, when it was over and her father away, she sat down on the low seat by the cradle, and said, wearily, "Mother, you don't *know* how tired I am of doing nothing! If you would *only* let me wind your cotton, or put your work-box in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself if you can."

So Mary hunted of her father's old and began to mend for she could do neatly. Her father was brighter; and presently said, "Mother, why get tired of play?"

"Because God mean us to be idle. He mand is, 'Six days I laboure.' He has giv us work to do, and us so, that unless I do the very work that He us, we can't be happy."

"What is your mother?" asked Mary.

"To serve God in daily life as a wife and Christian."

Mary did not quite stand this; but

"Don't you ever get tired?"

"Yes, often; but I go to my heaven and tell Him so; and He thinks I have more than I can bear, He either takes away or gives me strength to do it."

"And may I do that, mother?"

"You may, my daughter; you will be God's help when you may ask His help. You may ask His help for everything you have to do in life, and He will give you strength to do it."

So, on Mary's first day of *idleness*, she learned that the work of God is not which she never

## Will it Take the Black Off?

YOUNG lady who loved little children once had the care of some seventy busy ones, seventy pairs of hands that were tired of getting into and seventy pairs of feet that would make noise on the floor. Of our little readers such hands and feet? By the teacher told old their hands and feet very still and did talk to them. The little children their teacher very dear the one who had been best scholar during was permitted to talk to the teacher while walking.

One time little Mary came and leaned her head on her teacher's lap and was very happy. Now Mary was a coloured girl; her face was quite black. When all was still she said:

"I have read to-day, and he is that handsome boy. All that know what we do raise their hand." Mary raised a hand, but she had black eyes, and she, too, looked very

*asked that if you always  
to be good, and*

drive all the bad, wicked thoughts out of your hearts, and never say any naughty words, and love the Saviour, and try to have your little playmates love Him too, then you will be handsome, goodness will shine out on your faces, and make everybody love you."

Little Mary looked into her teacher's face and said so earnestly, "O! will it take the black off?"

The tears came in the teacher's eyes, and she told Mary about heaven and the Saviour; that he did not look at her face, he looked at her heart; and if she tried to be good and love Him her heart would be white, and when she went to heaven her dear Saviour would give her a white face.

Little Mary was comforted, and said she hoped it would not be very long before the Saviour would come for her.

Dear children, remember that bad words and wicked thoughts, disobedience and unkindness will make your hearts black; and a black heart is far worse than a black face; but kindness and love will keep your hearts white. Be sure and always have white hearts!—  
*S. S. Advocate.*

“Easier for Jesus to Carry me.”



LITTLE boy asked his father one day if he might be baptized?

“You are too young, my child,” said the man. “If you profess religion while you are such a little boy you may fall back.”

The child gazed in his father's face with eyes full of light and feeling as he replied, “But, father, Jesus has promised to carry the

lambs in His arms. As only a little boy, it was easier for Jesus to carry

Simple, loving child was baptized; and Jesus carry him in His arm keep him faithful. He and will keep all the children in the world safe unto death, if they will trust Him. Jesus is mighty God as well as loving Saviour. — *School Advocate.*

Song of our Pilgrimage.



WE are pilgrims, we are strangers,  
Let us hasten to be gone;  
Here are countless snares and dangers,  
If we linger we're undone :  
Hasten onward,  
Till the glorious goal be won.

Onward! our bright home's before us,  
Gleaming on us like a star;  
Saints and angels stooping o'er us,  
Light us onward from afar:  
“Come and welcome,  
Where the saints and angels are!”

Cast aside each weight that lets us,  
And all tempting thoughts within,  
And the sin that most besets us,  
And each joy that leads to sin :  
Look to Jesus!  
Strive and overcome in Him!



### The Cobweb across the Box.

STORY is told, I think exceedingly appropriate, in the lives to the pupils of *y-school*, and the *a missionary ma-*

gazine. It is a story of a child being led by her teacher to the door of a lofty and very beautiful church. It was approached by a flight of great steps, and up and

down these, as the congregation met or dismissed, large streams of wealthy, richly clad people came and went. There was also eloquent preaching in the pulpit; and when the psalms in divine service were sung, the roll of praise rose up grandly, and floated along the high gorgeous roof. Besides all that, the church was the scene of a busy Sunday-school. Teachers and scholars crowded into it each Sunday by the score; and there was every token that a more zealous, living, earnest system of things than in that church was carried on nowhere. Well, the child I speak of was bidden mark all these imposing signs; perhaps she was a girl whose own Sunday class was held in some remote side street, and under some low humble roof where only a handful assembled from week to week in the name of Jesus — so much the greater contrast in the splendid church and the streaming throng of young and old. *But* one thing, after a few minutes, she was asked to fasten her eyes particularly on.

*It was a box fastened on the side of the wall, at*

the porch of the . . . It was highly ornate and over the top of large letters were the words,

“MISSIONARY BOX  
Such a box stood in the girls' class and her little mates each Sunday, but it was poor plain wooden affair therefore when her gaze on this large contrivance under the name of Missionary Box on the church's wall drew nigh to it timidly inquiring what a vast deal of it would contain, and she saw heaps of gold and silver be cast into it by a worshipping and passing in and out so strange to say, she heard a rattle as of falling coins the box — such as she heard each evening, when the pupils of her little class together dropping the first thing they did with halfpenny mites or these giving their chink as they fell. . . . out of all the crowd to notice the great the wall as they and she, shrewdly that she was, coming timidly to see what it ventured by degrees

over the box's edge, then upon its open slit—when—it was all explained. Across that mouth that should have been open to receive gifts into Christ's treasury, there was a cobweb woven!

That cobweb spoke an awful account of the hearts of the many young and old going in and out of the splendid temple. What a sermon in that thin film across the box's slit! The young

scholar drew back in a kind of fear; and as she went home by her teacher's side, this was the lesson she learned never to forget—"Take care of the heart in the midst of all you hear and are being taught. Whether in the church or school, take care of the heart—see it be so right with Jesus that there be no time for a cobweb to be spun over the mouth of your missionary box."

### The Bitter Melon.

**R**EMEMBER one day I was bitterly complaining and writhing under pain when my mother took me on her lap, and said—"I will tell thee a story. There was once a slave called Æsop. His master, who was a Persian king, was very fond of him, and gave him every day all he could wish for, so that Æsop was obedient and loved his master, and thanked him continually. A courtier to whom the king had praised Æsop for his obedience, answered—"Well may he love thee, O king! for thou loadest him with all he can desire, but try him with some painful thing, and then thou wilt see what his love is worth." Now,

in the king's garden there grew a nauseous and bitter melon, the stench of which was such that few could bear to approach it. The king told Æsop to go and cut one of the melons and eat every bit of it. Æsop accordingly cut the fruit, the largest he could find, and ate it every bit. The wily courtier said to Æsop—"How can you bear to swallow such a nauseous fruit?" He answered—"My dear master has done nothing but load me with benefits every day of my life, and shall I not, for his sake, eat one bitter fruit without complaint or asking the reason why?" My dear child," my mother continued, "God is our kind King, who surrounds us



with every sort of benefit, and has done so ever since we were born. Hast thou, like Esop, thanked Him every day for His goodness? And art thou not w  
submit patiently to  
thing He has giv  
which is really bite  
I never forgot the

*M. A. Schimmelp*

## The Book of Thanks.

**F**EEEL so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No, look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book, nearly full of writing, in round text hand.

"Here it is," said Mark, who read aloud: "March 8 — Ben lent me his new hat."

"Here again: January 4 — When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly."

"Well," observes the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that

ever are shown me would wonder how they are. I find a great deal of good from marking down. I do not forget as I might do if I only had it in my memory, so that I am not often out of temper, I am good humoured again. I only look over my book. "I wonder what things you put down Cecilia. "Let me see over a page."

"Mrs. Wade asks me to spend the whole day



house, and made me very happy indeed."

"Mrs. Phillips gave me five shillings."

"Old Martha Page asked after me every day when I was ill."


"Why do you put father and mother at the head of the page?" asked Cecilia.

"Oh, they show me so much kindness that I cannot put it all down, so I just write their names to remind myself of the great debt of love. I know that I never can repay it. And see what I put at the beginning of my

book: 'Every good gift is from above; this is to make me remember that all the kind friends whom I have were given to me by the Lord, and that while I am grateful to them, I should first of all be thankful to Him.'"

I think that such of my readers as have ability and time, would find it a capital plan to keep a Book of Thanks; and may such as cannot write them down, yet keep a book of remembrance of past kindness in their hearts.—S. S. Messenger.

### A Good Beginning.

 LITTLE boy said to his sister as they walked home from school, "I wish I may live to be old." Their teacher had been telling them of the death of a schoolfellow, and this led the little boy to speak as he did.

It was a natural wish for him to express, but he did not think that this world is not the best and brightest spot in the great kingdom of God. There is a fairer, and holier, and happier spot than this earth. God has fitted it for the dwelling of those that love and serve Him here. It is for "those who have washed their robes,

and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." It is the pure and blessed home of the children of God. It is heaven.

Still you wish to live a long life in this world—live to be quite old. Let us see what it is your desire.

Look at that aged man, as he totters along the street. He leans upon a staff, with which he tries to steady his steps. His eyes are so dim that he cannot see a friend who is passing on the other side of the road. His ears are so deaf that he cannot hear that bird now singing on the tree. The hair of the old man's head is white. His face is wrinkled and

care-worn. Go, take his hand, and ask him if he is quite well. He will tell you of pains in his limbs, and that he is not so strong as he used to be. Ask him where are the friends he once knew. He will point to the grave-yard. Many of them are long since dead. He is almost alone and a stranger in the world. But if that old man is a Christian, he has still got his Bible, and the presence of his Saviour, and a good hope of heaven. He is a happy man, though he is poor and old. He looks to Jesus for the pardon of all his sins, and can trust him with his soul.

The great matter is, not for us to wish to live to be old; we must leave that to God, as He shall see best; but we must seek to live well, and to some good purpose. We must measure our lives, not by days and years, but by the good that is done and enjoyed. Whether we live, we should live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we should die unto the Lord; so that, whether we live or die, we may be the Lord's.

The way to spend life aright is to begin with early piety. Give yourselves to the Lord in the days of childhood, and all shall be well. He takes delight in

the cheerful offering of your young heart. He would give him dregs of old age? your love in all its fruits. He asks service before "it come when you have no pleasure in them."

A learned and pious man of the name of Bezaleel, of the great reformation, died about three years ago. "I had long, and have sinned," said he; "yet, at many things for which I must bless God, the chief is that at sixteen he brought His grace to love Him. Thus He has forgiven me from many sins, in which I should have fallen, which would have cost me life and death less."

Make, then, a good use of your younging. While you are young, seek to know Christ, who for your painful death of this world He calls you, with His mercy, to follow Him.

"Come unto me, and be saved." Do not say with young people, "Here am I; speak for Thy servant." —*The Cottager.*

## One Brick on Another.

ROBERT was one day looking at a large building which they were putting it opposite to his house. He watched workmen from day to day they carried up the mud mortar, and then them in their proper

father said to him, "t, you seem to be much taken up with the works: pray what may you be thinking about? you any notion of the trade?"

"said Robert, smiling I was just thinking a little thing a brick yet that great house by laying one brick here." "ry true, my boy forget it. Just so is

it in all great works. All your learning is one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all round the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

"Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labours. The greatest labour becomes easy, if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Remember, the whole of that great building is only one brick upon another."—*The Cottager.*

## What a Little Boy can do.

WISH, I wish, I wish," said a little boy, who awoke early one day, and lay in bed. "I wish I was king, so as to do some good laws; or I'd be a lord; or I'd get rich; away so much to

poor people; but I am only a little boy, and it will take me plenty of years to grow up." Was he going to put off doing good till then? "Well," he said to himself while he was dressing, "I know what I CAN do. I can be good; that's left to little boys." Therefore when he was dressed, he knelt and

asked God to help him to be good, and try to serve Him all day with all his heart, and not forget. Then he went down stairs to finish his lessons.

No sooner was he seated with his clean slate before him, than his mother called him to run into the wood-house for his little brother. He did not want to leave his lesson, yet he cheerfully said, "I'll go, mother;" and away he ran. And how do you think he found "bubby." With a sharp axe in his hand. "I chop," he said; and quite likely the next moment he would have chopped off his little toes. The little boy only thought of minding his mother; but who can tell if his ready obedience did not save his baby brother from being a cripple for life?

As he was going on an errand for his mother, he saw a poor woman whose foot had slipped on the newly made ice, and she fell; and in falling she had spilled her bag of beans and basket of apples, and some wicked boys were snatching up her apples and running off with them. The little boy stopped and said, "Let me help you to pick up your beans and apples;" and his nimble fingers quickly helped her out of her mishap. He only thought of being kind; he *did not know* how his kind *act comforted* the poor woman *long after she got home, and*

how she prayed God for him.

At dinner, as the father and mother were talking, the father said roughly, do anything for the son; the old man did his best to inquire, "But father," said the boy, looking up at father's face, "does the Bible say we must do good for evil?" The boy did not know what father thought of his son had said all that noon, and said wisely, "My boy is not a Christian than I can be a better man."

When he came home from school at night, he found the cage and found the canary bird dead in his mother's hand! and I tend so, and I loved him so, and I sang so sweetly; the little boy burst into tears over his poor bird. "Who gave birdie?" he asked his mother, stroking her. "God," he answered, wiping his tears, "and he is the best;" and he tried to comfort himself.

A lady sat in a room, and she had lost her two birds. Though she hoped that the angels had taken them to their home in the land, she would have her little son bring her nest again. When she beheld the

and submission to Father in heaven, she, "I too will trust Him, this little child." Her heart was touched, and she returned home with a little angel of healing gushing upon her, and she became henceforth a better mother to the children yet left to her. When the little boy lay on his pillow that night, he thought, "I am too small to do any good; but oh, I do not want to be good, and to love

the Saviour who came down from heaven to die for me. I do want to become one of the heavenly Father's dear children."

The heavenly Father's children are sometimes called children of light; and does it not seem as if beams of light shone from this little child, warming, blessing everybody that came in his way? Who will say he did not do good.—*S. S. Messenger.*

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### "Thy Will be Done."

**L**UCY," said a friend one day to a little girl laid on a sick-bed, "would you not like to be well again at play?"

Lucy thought for a moment, and then said with great sweetness, "God knows best; and what He thinks best, pleases me best."—*Children's Paper.*

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### Word Picture from the Old Testament.

**I**T is night. A man is lying upon the ground, a stone is his pillow; he awakes; he sees a ladder set on top reaches to heaven; angels of God are ascending and descending upon it. A bright form stands in the sky; and, amid the darkness and stillness of

night, a voice is heard speaking words of encouragement and promise. The man awakes; he is awed by a sacred influence, and he exclaims, "Surely God is in this place!" He takes the stone which he had for his pillow, pours oil upon it, and consecrates himself and all belonging him to God.

## Labourers at Sealkote.

"**W**E," says Mr. Taylor, one of our young missionaries lately gone to that famous station in the north-west of India—

"We have been visiting all the villages within five or six miles from cantonments for the last month or six weeks, always four, and sometimes five, days in the week. I am only sorry that the want of a tent and other

materials for prevents us from doing much more in the way of preaching than we are doing. We cannot do so because we have met with no manifest tokens of interest. Frequently, however, we have had quiet and attentive audiences, and we have not hesitated to enter into the subject, and even to make remarks, and even to propose, by appropriate questions, to interest the subject."

## Memorial Church at Sealkote.

"**I** SEND you by this mail," Mr. Taylor adds, referring to the church to be erected at Sealkote to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, slain there in the great mutiny of 1857—

"I send you by this mail the plan of the Memorial Church, as drawn by the executive engineer of Sealkote. There has been every care paid to combine neatness and simplicity with as little outlay as possible. The specifications have not

yet been drawn, but the cost will fall within Rs. 8000. Liberal contributions, I hope, will be offered at Sealkote, and a grant of Rs. 1000 received from Government. This will leave a balance which your Committee ultimately see fit to apply in the erection of the premises."

From how many boxes in our schools have offerings been sent forth to this Church?

## Gifts Sent to Smyrna.

**W**HERE is Smyrna? Look in the map, and get some older person to show you and explain to you, and you will find that in a famous old city, where a vast number of different races now meet—from all the lands, I suppose, under heaven—we have an interesting missionary post, from which Mrs. Coull, wife of one of the missionaries, writes home the following letter I ask you to read:—

"The box which you sent me\* for the Bazaar in Smyrna arrived about six weeks ago. The sale, which I mentioned to you that was to be for the poor of that place, came off in the month of December, so that our box was not in time. However, we have done very well, having got L.20, 16s. One of the ladies here gave us her drawing-room, and we had a very nice sale. I received several donations from the English ladies, but with the request that it would be distributed among the poor Jews to give them some of

\* Meaning the ladies here in Scotland who have a society for sending the word of God to Jewish females.

the necessaries of life during the winter season; I have divided among them L.7 in bed-covers and charcoal. There is a great deal of misery among the Jews; they are so improvident. I find them a most interesting set of people. We were much struck with the gratitude they showed us for any little thing they got from us; and in many cases they took us away from their own houses, when they seemed very poor, and pointed out houses where there were sick, and asked us to give them what we could. We have never found one case like this among the Greeks. I have often found that, when I had given any charity to a Greek, that a great many came to tell me that I had done wrong, as it had been bestowed on an unworthy object, although they could reap no benefit from me themselves. I belong to a society here where all the English ladies meet together once a week, and make clothes for the poor. Each lady has a part of the town to visit. My district is the Jewish part of the town. I am quite glad to see the interest the ladies are beginning to take in the Jews.

"The things sent out were very nice; and I do hope the good people of Scotland will



|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| not allow this to be their<br>last effort to do something<br>for the Jewish Mission here.<br>I hope to receive a box every<br>year ; and, if the sale should<br>be intimated a few weeks<br>sooner this year than it was<br>last, that we will receive a<br>box large enough to defray<br>the expenses of the school | without receive<br>mittance from<br>We have had a<br>winter ; so n<br>week of cold<br>though we hav<br>deal of rain ;<br>beautiful weat<br>already lookin<br>mer." |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

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### God's Night.

**N**ET will never be dark in heaven—  
 Thus spoke a little child—  
 And as the sweet words were  
 She looked at me and smiled  
 For her spirit was pondering with great delight  
 The thought of a world where there was "no

And I thought how those words so simple  
 The Christian's hope expressed,  
 As sometimes, midst gloom and darkness  
 He journeys to his rest ;  
 He, too, is expecting a glorious day,  
 When earth's night and shadows have passed

And the teacher—he, too, may reckon  
 In God's own light to see,  
 When he reaches "the holy city,"  
 And stands in its brilliancy,  
 To his wondering heart and eye unveiled,  
 The fruit of those efforts he thought had failed

Oh, should not these prospects gladden  
 God's children while below,  
 Till, rejoicing, we there shall enter,  
 And perfect brightness know ?  
*By faith now led onward, in hope we wait,  
 The eternal light of the heavenly state.*



“Will You meet Me There?”

**S**OME time ago a little girl, who had been taught in one of our London Sunday-schools, was ried off by the terrible *dy which desolates* so many English homes—I mean consumption. One Sunday evening she sent for her father to come to her bedside. He was a violent hater of religious truth and religious institutions, and

was going away to spend the evening, and was just ready to leave home. His little girl had now been ill for some time, but it had never seriously occurred to him that she could die; he had merely regarded her as an invalid. Her words were, "Good bye, father, I am going to heaven—will you meet me there?"

Had any one else addressed him in such a manner, he would have burst into oaths and curses, but he saw death in that little transparent hand, and he loved his dying girl, and the appeal was not to be resisted.

The unnatural brightness of those large glowing with the fire of the soul, but melted him. His elbow on the back chair, and covered with his hand, while tears fell thick and his eyes. "*Father, meet me there?*" tears and heavy sob only reply. The learnt from that walk in the shining prints of his darling one, until both em the One Father's above.—*Rev. H. E.*

### Under the Fig-Tree.

**I**F you found a wedge of gold, how you would run to show it to your father and mother, your brothers and sisters. If you make a new acquaintance, how anxious you are to introduce your friends to him, and have them enjoy his society also. It is natural for us to wish our friends to share our enjoyment with us.

I suppose Philip felt so, when he found that Jesus Christ was the very Saviour which the Bible promised to men. He was glad, and he went directly and told his friend Nathanael, "We have found Him of whom Moses

and the prophets did Jesus of Nazareth, of Joseph."

"Can any good come out of Nazareth, a wicked city. I will not stop to argue with you," said Nathanael. "Come and see" said Jesus. "I know much better than you are to judge for yourself," he said, "I know much better than you are to judge for yourself than by hearsay. I went with Philip and Jesus saw him come and said, "There is a good and upright man." "Do you know him?" "He knows me?" asked Nathanael. "Before Philip came when you were

fig-tree, I saw you," answered the Lord Jesus.

Nathanael instantly felt that he was no stranger to Jesus of Nazareth. Something took place under the fig-tree which showed his true character. He thought he was alone. He thought no eye saw him. Perhaps he went out under its quiet and cooling shade to pray. The Jews often chose such places for secret prayer. But the eye of Jesus of Nazareth pierced into his privacy, and it read his secret thoughts and feelings. Nathanael's conscience told him that he was in the presence of an all-seeing Being; and this was proof enough that He could not be a mere man: He was indeed the long-expected Saviour. "Master," cried the young man, convinced, "Thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel."

Jesus, children, sees us when we least expect it. Do you try to hide anything from your mother? You cannot hide it from the Lord Jesus. Do you mean to deceive your father? You

cannot deceive the Lord Jesus. If you mutter a wicked word, He hears it; if you harbour a bad thought, He knows it. He searches your heart, and follows you all the day through. You are never alone; you are never out of His sight. The wicked try to flee from His presence; but they never can. This is a great comfort, if you live in such a way as not to be afraid of Jesus' eye. This is a comfort which all His friends have. If they are wrongfully blamed, or ill-treated, or neglected, or oppressed, they are sure that Jesus knows it all. He will judge right. He will protect and defend them, and bring out everything right at last. He counts all your tears, and hears all your sighs.

How is it with you? Jesus of Nazareth is in heaven now; but He sees you, just as He saw Nathanael under the fig-tree. What does He find you doing? Nathanael was not afraid to have Christ look at Him. Are you, my little one? — *British Messenger.*

### Baby on the Other Side.



DANCE, in a happy home, a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children

gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said, "Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here,

and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill; now, mother, *who took her on the other side?*"

"On the other side of what, Alice?" inquired her mother.

"On the other side of death; who took the baby on the other side, mother?"

She was so little; not go alone?"

"Jesus met he answered the moth-

He who took little in His arms to bl-

and said, 'Suffer come unto Me, a-

them not, for of su kingdom of heaven!

the baby on the otl

### A Missionary's Home.

**D**O my young readers ever think what it is to be a missionary to the heathen? how much trial and suffering are the lot of many of those devoted men, who go abroad to carry with them the glad tidings of salvation?

The following is a little incident in the life of the great and good missionary, Judeon, who, along with his equally devoted wife, left their native land, that they might spend their lives in telling the Burmese of a Saviour.

For a year and seven months did he suffer cruelties and imprisonment from the hands of those he had given up all to seek and to save; and, after his release from his long confinement,

he gives the following account of his with his wife:—

Hasting home of his maimed a found the door "i open;" and, unob any eye, he entered first room, squatt the ashes surroundi pan of live coals, w half-naked, Burn man," holding on a wan dirt-begrin that could not be glanced at it, and j The next room was and, across the foot bed, "as if she h there," lay a "hu ject," so pale, so g emaciated, that, moment only, the arose, "Can that b and again he wa


pass on. But where else could she be? for, as he glanced forward into the only remaining room, there was no human being there. Turning to the sleeper in the bed, he gazed in mute bewilderment. Where were the glossy black curls that used to adorn that finely-shaped head? and that closely-fitting cotton cap, so coarse and so soiled—and those so sharp features—and

that form so shrunken—could this be she, who, for so many months, had followed him from prison to prison, ministering so devotedly to his necessities; and now herself without one hand to smooth her pillow, or one heart to beat in sympathy? He bent over her; and a great tear trickled down that manly face. It touched her; and she awoke.

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### Tidings from a far Distant friend.

MR. FISHER'S NOTES FROM AFRICA.

 LETTER, of date February 26, has been received from Lynedoch, within Cape Colony, to which Mr. Ross had gone to meet part of his family. They left our shores in November last, by the "John Williams," which was to touch at the Cape on her way to the "South Sea Islands," or "Polynesia," or "Many Isles," where I hope that she has safely discharged her freight of missionaries, bibles, useful articles, &c., &c. Our friend *Mr. Ross and his whole family now met to-*

*gether, with great delight and gratitude to our heavenly Father, after a separation of ten years. And they were all happy to set out again for their distant wilderness home in the enjoyment of good health. But first—*

MR. ROSS ASSISTS HIS BRETHREN.

"In visiting Port Elizabeth, we found ourselves at the station of a very esteemed agent of our Society—the London Missionary—who labours among the Kaffirs and Fingoes, the

Rev. Roger Edwards. Our good friend was unable to preach at the time, and I took all the services for the Lord's day. The same thing occurred at Bedford, a fortnight before, for Mr. Solomon, whose wife was apparently dying, but, through divine mercy, is now recovering. In such a way, I have been almost regularly employed since I came south into the colony; and it gives me great joy, when in any way it is in my power, to assist and comfort my brethren."

JOURNEY FROM LYNEDOCH  
TO FORT ELIZABETH.

"Mrs. Ross is greatly bettered by our visit to the colony and travel to the bay, and feels as if again able for teaching her various classes, without visiting the home of our fathers, as was proposed. It cost us five days of hard travelling to come from Lynedoch to the bay. The road is right over a range of hills called the "Zuurbergen" or "Sour-hills," which, being about twenty-four miles, took a whole day. Great care has to be taken on that rather dangerous, indeed, I may

say, terrible road. managed it well, and all by of day, except a s by the light of the returning. In such dicament, it is got tried drivers and good oxen, and, s good reimchoen for gons; that is, when chain is so used s vent one wheel from round; the same w be dragged upon iron shoe, to keep of the wheel from spoiled. Great requires to be ta our oxen do not be stolen, or get th common to oxen colony."

THE SAD DISASTER  
ZAMBEZI.

"You would be indeed, I am sure take an interest in would be deeply g learn of the death and Mrs. Helmore, of their children Price and her Thabe, our deacon atlong, and several who have fallen v the interior fever alas! how short

is the life of the missionary, but especially in such pestilential

is truly to be regretted Dr. Livingstone had been before the mission at Linyanti as was expected, that due preparation had been made, and a locality chosen for our wilderness-worn men who have now

Even in that case would have been great almost unequalled trials for them to endure. I have just heard that Mr. Price and Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie been found, and may, in due time, be at the rescue."

ROSS DIRECTS HIS STEPS TOWARDS HIS NATIVE HOME.

When we left Bechuanaland, great drought and famine were prevalent; and, indeed, very little rain

has fallen there since. How hundreds and thousands are to get through another winter is unknown to me! I do fear many will fall in the awful struggle! The Mission was highly prosperous when I left. Both our congregations and schools were very well attended; and our contributions for divine ordinances, though not great, exceeded those of former years. God can carry on His great work in the midst of our complicated troubles and trials. There is *no difficulty with Him!* And we look to Him alone; for it is God alone from whom cometh all our aid. If we are not hindered by rain and bad roads, we mean to start immediately for our important field of labour, to spend and be spent in a cause, in which I feel it to be, as well I may, my highest honour and privilege to work.

R. F. F.

## Missionary Plants and Gardens.

MISS B. makes a very pretty suggestion in a letter. *She thinks every school should be a*

missionary garden. Each class a missionary bed. Each scholar a missionary plant, and each teacher a missionary gardener.



The thought is certainly a very pretty one. Will my children adopt it? If so they must ask Jesus to fill their hearts with His love, which is the missionary spirit. This spirit will be to them what sap is to a plant. As the sap flows through the tree, and causes it to bring forth leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruit, so this love will cause you to produce *good words* for the missionary cause, which I will call *leaves*; earnest *prayers* for the heathen and their missionaries, which I will call *buds*; efforts to persuade others to help the cause, which I will call *blossoms*; and *gifts from your own little nurses*, which I will call *fruit*.

The teacher, as gardener over each missionary bed, must train his plants by setting an example of love for the cause; by advising you how to collect funds for it; by telling you about the heathen; and by so instructing you that after budding, blossoming, and fruiting on

earth, you may be re-planting to the garden of Jesus in the fruitful land.

I read lately of a very pretty plant that bore over a dollar's worth of fruit every year. She was a blind girl, anxious to be a fruitfulness. She asked another girl to conduct her to the field at the reaping time. There, like Ruth of old, she gleaned the stray ears at the end of harvest. She sold her crop for over a dollar! Besides that, she begged pennies of her neighbors. When the year closed she found that she had over five dollars. What a dear blind girl a plant?

Are you a missionary plant, Master Row? Ready? Are you Wide-awake? If so, how many buds did you bring forth this year? How many blossoms? How much fruit? Jesus, the great overplanter of our missionary-field, will reward you to blossom like the fig-tree!—S. S. A.

### Crowned in Death.

**H**ENRY V., on the evening of Agincourt, found the chivalric David Cannon still clasping the banner, which, through the fight, his strength had borne,

and his right arm did often had the pennon noticed that pennon in the foremost van men of England, w day pierced, brot routed the proud

France. The king knighted him as he lay. The hero died, but dying was ennobled! How much more real — precious — beautiful the honours which descended on the martyrs in the struggles of their final hours! To a fearful Christian, Cyprian says, "Do

they persecute thee? Exult; for then fidelity and aims — then crowns come with reach!" And Bunyan, not less a father of the Church than Cyprian, tells the great adversary boldly, "Satan, thou art only binding garlands on my brow!" — *Rev. J. Coley.*

### Greater Love than This.

**I**T is related that a poor woman was once working in one of the Swiss valleys, with her child lying near her, when a large eagle suddenly swept by her, seized her little one, bore it away to a lofty crag, and deposited it in its eyrie. The distracted mother implored one man and another to attempt the perilous ascent and rescue her babe.

Her entreaties were in vain. They all alleged that a rent in the way was impassable. In an instant she turned from them and rushed up the dan-

gerous path. When she came to the yawning gulph, unconscious of peril, and impelled by the self-sacrificing ardour of a mother's love, which the jeopardy of her defenceless babe had fanned to frenzy, she sprang across the tearful chasm, and halted not, tracing her way in blood, till her arm was stretched across her affrighted little one. Much greater as was her love than the men to whom she made her appeal, yet the love of Christ infinitely transcends the intensest affection of the fondest mother's love.

### Walter and His Sorrow.

**YOUNG WALTER** was a Christian boy. He had given his heart to Christ, and was trying to walk as became a young pilgrim on

his way to the celestial city.

But Walter's heart gave him no little trouble. Vain thoughts, proud thoughts, envious thoughts crept into

it like ugly worms, and tried to breed wicked feelings and desires. Walter was sorry, because he knew Jesus would no more dwell in his heart if such feelings lived in it than he would himself live in a viper's nest. So he went to his chamber and prayed: "Please, God, give me a humble heart."

Now it so happened that about this time Walter's schoolmates teased him a great deal. So he went to his teacher weeping.

"Why do you weep, Walter?" his teacher inquired.

"Because God does not answer my prayer," replied the boy.

"What did you pray for, my dear?" asked the teacher.

"I prayed for a humble heart, and since I prayed for it the boys have been so cross to me and have so teased and mocked me that I can hardly bear it," and poor Walter's tears flowed in big drops, and deep sobs came

up from his breast.

The teacher passed round Walter's waist very tenderly,

"My child must be vexed because the boys have teased him. It is by God's grace to endure the trials that God means to answer your prayer.

Be patient and meet their insults with your humble mind."

Walter smiled through his tears. He had gained an idea and was comforted. He still prayed that God would make him humble, and that his prayers were answered by the grace with which God's goodness blessed him to endure the trials of his schoolmates.

I printed this story as a fact because I thought of the Christian boys and girls who read it might need to learn the lesson which Walter taught him.—S. S.

### The Children that Helped their Mother

**M**RS. HALSTED was a widow. Her health was poor, and she had three small children to take care of, and to support with her needle.

Little George and Katie were very bright, pretty children; but they had

never been to school because their mother thought they were too young. But one pleasant day Miss Perley, one of the teachers, called for them, saying that she could not read. They had very well

school, and she talked to them about Jesus and heaven, and told them that they must be good children and



the Saviour would love them. When they were returning home she said to them, among other things:

"You love your mother very much, I hope, children?"

"O yes, ma'am," they both replied in a breath.

"That's right, children, for she is a dear good mother to you; she works very hard for you to get your food and clothes, and do you try and help her?"

"O we can't, we're too small," they answered at the same time.

"O no, you are mistaken, my dears; you are not too small. To be sure, you can't work much to help her, but I will tell you what you can do. When your mother is

sewing, if she drops her needle or thread you can pick it up for her; or if she wants anything you can run and get it for her; and you can rock the baby and play with it to keep it from crying; and you can keep your feet clean, so that you won't track the floor; and you can put your playthings all away when you are through with them, and not leave them, as I saw them the other day, all scattered about the room; and you can take care of your clothes, and be careful and not soil them. O children, you can do a great deal to help your mother."

"So we can," exclaimed George earnestly.

"Yes, you can, indeed, if

you will only try," replied Miss Perley.

"Well, we'll try, won't we, Katie?"

"Yes, we'll try," rejoined Katie with a bright smile.

And they did try. When they reached home their mother was just going out to the spring to get a pail of water to fill the tea-kettle. "O mother, let me bring the water!" exclaimed George, attempting to take the pail from her hand.

"Why, you couldn't carry it, child," replied Mrs. Halsted putting him aside.

"O but I can go with the little pail a good many times and bring till I fill this one."

"Well, you George, for I don't well this afternoon aches so."

At this moment commenced crying ran in, not waiting for her mother to and going to the lifted the little one sat it upon the played with it till to laughing mother all through the did so much to mother that she that her labours and every week more and more the assistance of Katie.—*Rena Ra*

### The Mariner's Hymn.

**L**AUNCH thy bark, mariner; Christian thee!  
Let loose thy rudder-bands; good thee!

Set thy sails warily; tempests will come;  
Steer thy course steadily; Christian, steer home  
Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee!  
Let fall the plummet now, shallows may ground  
Reef in the foresail there; hold the helm fast!  
So;—let the vessel wear; there swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman—what of the night  
"Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all's right."  
Be wakeful—be vigilant—danger may be  
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast? clean out the hold  
Hoist up thy merchandise—heave out thy gold  
There! let the ingots go! now the ship rights!  
Hurrah! the harbour's near;—lo, the red light

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island;  
Straight for the beacon steer, straight for the hold  
Crowd all thy canvas on—cut through the foam  
Christian, cast anchor now; HEAVEN IS THY



### Sufferings of Two Missionary Families.

**T**HE annual report of the London Missionary Society contains an account of the fearful sufferings of the missionaries who undertook the mission to the

tribes in Central South Africa, to the north of the Zambesi. It appears that two missions had been established at the instance of Dr Livingstone while in the service of the Society; the

one on the north of the Zambezi, among the Makololo, and the other on the south, among the Matebele. The attempt to establish the former was committed to the Rev. Holloway Helmore, with Messrs Price and Mackenzie as fellow-labourers:—

The difficulties and dangers attendant on their journey of nearly a thousand miles from Kuruman and Linyanti were such as nothing but the noblest Christian principles would have induced them to encounter or enabled them to surmount. Of these, the chief was the destitution of water both for themselves and their oxen, so that, in more than one case, they were obliged to remain several weeks in the vicinity of a fountain, not knowing how remote the next might prove. At length, after enduring innumerable difficulties and privations for seven months, they arrived, on February 14, 1860, at Linyanti, the residence of the chief Sekelutu. Although disappointed by the non-arrival of Dr Livingstone, and grieved by the refusal of the chief to allow them to seek a salubrious spot for the mission, our brethren forthwith commenced their work of mercy among the people. "But now," says Mr Price, writing to the sister of Mr Helmore, "*begins a dark, very dark chapter in the history of the*

Makololo mission course of about a week were all laid low, but especially Mr and Mrs Helmore, the four children, all our servants; but by the great mercy of God Mr Price and myself were able to move about although with great difficulty. We were able to get a little upon our dear friend the Helmore, near whom I could hardly find a limb. As I was going one evening to see the four children lying in bed on the outside of the tent, and Mrs Helmore on the side of the bed, she was asleep. I felt their feet &c.; at last I came to little Henry; he had slept the sleep of death immediately in front of his father, who was lying in the tent; he told me I had not tell Mrs Helmore the morning. I took the child into the tent and laid the body in a carpeting, and engaged to prepare a grave, might bury him the morning. He was by the side of Mahwaggon driver, who a few days previous. When it was told Mrs Helmore she took no more she took no whatever; although she was her dear, precious Henry. This was on the 7th; and on the 9th

little baby died. On the 11th Selina Helmore died, and on the same day Thabi of Likatlong. On the 12th Mrs Helmore died. Mr Helmore had some conversation with her shortly before she expired. She said she had no desire to live—her work was done, and she wished to go home to Jesus. After that Mr Helmore, and Lizzie, and Willie improved considerably, until about the middle of April, when Mr Helmore paid a visit to Sekeletu in the town, and came back very tired and feeling very unwell. From that time he became worse and worse, and on April 20 he fell into a kind of sleep, and remained in that state of unconsciousness for about thirty-five hours, and then, on the night of Saturday, breathed his last. All these I wrapped up and consigned coffinless to the silent tomb with my own hands, with the exception of my own child, which died in the arms of its mother whilst she sat at my bedside as I lay helpless from fever.

From this scene of death the solitary missionary and his wife prepared to depart, as the only means of saving their own lives and the lives of the little orphans entrusted to their care: They were, however, robbed of almost everything by the chief—even food—and were thus turned adrift for a journey

of one thousand miles to Kuruman. At length, says Mr Price in a letter brought by the last African mail to the directors of the mission—

“At length, on the 19th June, we left the town accompanied by Sekeletu in his new waggon. In the evening we reached the river of Linyanti, and on the following day all the remaining goods were taken over in canoes. That being done, a message came to me from Sekeletu to this effect, that now the goods were on one side of the river and the waggons on the other, and that they would remain so until I went over and delivered up all Mr Helmore's goods. I remonstrated, but in vain; I was like a lamb in a lion's mouth. A great many of my own things also I had to deliver up. Three cows also and several oxen were taken at that river. Having thus got a good draining there, I proceeded to the Chobe. I took out all my goods ready for crossing, and then a message came to me that Sekeletu had hitherto only got Mr H.'s goods, and that now he must have mine. After a good deal of pleading I was allowed a few things for the journey, such as a couple of shirts, a vest or two, two or three pairs of trousers, an old coat that I had worn in England about two years, an old pair of shoes which I had on, &c.



Already they had taken all my bed clothing, with the exception of what was just sufficient for one bed; for the other we had a kaross. But before my oxen could cross the Chobe, I must needs deliver up one blanket. Every grain of corn which I had for food for the men they had taken, and for all these things I did not get even a goat for slaughter for the road. 'These were my prospects for a journey of upwards of a thousand miles to Kuruman.'

After a few days the poor missionary with his helpless wife and the two orphans in his charge were gathered together one night in the wilderness. Next morning the wife was dead, and he buried her under a tree, the only tree in the great plain of the Mababe. The report continues:—

"Mr Price writes:—'On the plain of the Mababe, on the evening of the 4th of July, Mr He'more's two children, my wife, and I, met together for our evening meal, when we entered into conversation about what we had seen and suffered; and, feeling that we were beginning to breathe again the free air of the desert, we admonished one another to forget the past and think of our mercies. My dear wife had been for a long time utterly *helpless*, but we all thought *she was getting better*. She

went to sleep that In the morning e found her breathin hard. I spoke to h tried to wake her, b too late. I watched the morning. She worse and worse, and after midday her spi its flight. I buried same evening, under the only tree on th of the immense plain Mababe.' In this le Price expresses a str expression that Mr a Helmore, their child the Bechuana Christi died at Linyanti, wer victims of poison a tered them by the through the presen received on their ar his town. This pain clusion of our friend ed on the report of of the Makololo, w informed him that : departure the body beloved wife had b interred and mutila: the face taken to l for exhibition. B notorious habits of in and lying of these would afford strong for distrusting sucl ments. Sir Georg and other friends Cape were also of that the sympton characteristics of the were identical with t which so often pre the south of the 2 and which Dr Liv

rently witnessed and  
ffered on his former  
"  
he 20th of last Feb-  
Mr Price, with the  
rorn children and  
ckenzie, had reached  
an. After a rest of

six weeks or two months,  
he meant to proceed with  
the children to Cape Town  
and thence forward them  
to England, leaving himself  
still at the disposal of the  
mission.

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Lead us Not into Temptation."

**L**AMMA," said  
Charles, when  
he came from  
school one day,  
a dreadful thing has  
ed! Henry Downing  
n caught stealing!"  
aling!" cried Harriet  
Allen together.

like a common thief.  
f us were passing a  
r's shop, and he called  
e the beautiful things.  
give a look at them,  
stayed behind, gazing.  
went away, he said,  
I had some of that

l he was putting  
into temptation,"  
s Allen.

ll, we walked on;  
en we had got a good  
; we looked back to  
he was coming. He  
ning along the street  
speed, and a man  
m. The man caught  
d we returned to see  
as the matter. He  
ugging and crying;  
man held him fast,

dragged him back to the  
shop, and said he would put  
him in prison. His pockets  
were full of grapes and  
oranges. We all begged so  
hard, that the man only sent  
for his parents to take him  
home."

"This is a dreadful story,"  
said Mrs Allen.

"It was with looking at  
fruit, mamma, that he longed  
for it."

"He went into temptation,  
and stayed in it, and there-  
fore God did not deliver him  
from evil," said Mrs Allen.

"Are we not sometimes  
tempted when we cannot  
help it?" Harriet inquired.

"Yes, often," replied her  
mother; "but answer me,  
what does the Lord's Prayer  
teach us to pray for?"

Harriet replied, "'Lead  
us not into temptation, but  
deliver us from evil.' We  
pray that God would either  
keep us from being tempted  
to evil, or support and deliver  
us when we are tempted."

"To go into temptation is

wicked," said Mrs Allen; "but when others tempt us, or Satan tempts us in a way we cannot avoid, then we ought to seek God's grace to enable us to overcome the temptation. Christians must fight against sin even to their lives' end; but if they trust in God, and seek the aid of His Spirit, He will give them the victory. He will not always keep them out of temptation, although they ought to ask that; but He will most assuredly make

them more than conquerors through Him who loved them: He will answer their prayer, and 'deliver them from evil.'"

There is a path that leads to God:  
All others go astray:  
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,  
And Christians love the way.

Lord, lest my feeble steps should  
slide,  
Or wander from the way,  
Be Thou my Guardian and my  
Guide,  
And I shall never stray.

—*Children's Friend.*

## The Mountain Flower.

**I**N Ross-shire, Scotland, there is an immense mountain gorge. The rocks have been rent in twain, and set apart twenty feet, forming two perpendicular walls two hundred feet in height. On either side of these natural walls, in crevices where earth has collected, grow wild flowers of rare quality and beauty. A company of tourists visiting that part of the country were desirous to possess themselves of specimens of these beautiful mountain flowers; but how to obtain them they knew not. At length they thought they might be gathered by suspending a person over the cliff by a rope. They offered a Highland boy, who was

near by, a handsome sum of money to undertake the difficult and dangerous task. The boy looked down into the awful abyss that yawned below, and shrunk from the undertaking; but the money was tempting. Could he confide in the strangers? Could he venture his life in their hands? He felt he could not; but he thought of his father; and looking once more at the cliff, and then at the proffered reward, his eyes brightened, and he exclaimed, "I'll go if my father holds the rope." Beautiful illustration of the nature of faith. If the Highland boy could only place the strong hand and loving heart of his father to the other end of the rope, he

scend the precipice  
 arless mind. Love  
 r would keep him  
 ing, and bring him

up again with his floral prize  
 —a trophy of his father's af-  
 fection and his own faith.—  
*Christian Miscellany.*

## The Missionary Apple-Tree.

Of the pleasant-  
 est visits I ever  
 remember to have  
 paid was to a  
 ed couple at Bid-  
 1 Warwickshire.  
 now both gone to  
 venly home, and I  
 tion their names,  
 ll be well known to  
 Mr and Mrs Rus-  
 hey had lived out  
 y and useful lives  
 asant village where  
 them.

th to age they ran their  
 ace,  
 ad changed, nor wished  
 ge their place."

sell was a market-

He and his good  
 reared a very large  
 ad had been obliged  
 practise both great  
 and great economy  
 ide things honest in  
 of all men." Yet  
 'ays contrived to  
 ething to give to a  
 e or a poor neigh-

r as clockwork was  
 g in that cheerful  
 hich I so well re-  
*I have been pri-  
 share the family.*

worship of many delight-  
 ful homes—there are many  
 families that rise to my re-  
 collection, hallowed with a  
 Divine light;—but this aged  
 villager's morning and even-  
 ing prayers will bear com-  
 parison for earnestness, ten-  
 derness, and faith, with any-  
 thing I ever heard.

On the day of my arrival,  
 on looking through a back-  
 window, I saw the garden  
 extending in all its beauty  
 of careful tillage, and rich  
 produce; but the object that  
 immediately arrested my  
 attention, was a remarkably  
 fine apple-tree, just a little  
 distance from the window.  
 It was, I think, the hand-  
 somest apple tree in growth  
 and bark that I had ever  
 seen—for, though the fruit  
 of apple-trees is delightful,  
 and the blossom the perfec-  
 tion of beauty, the shape of  
 the tree is not often good.

"Well! what a fine tree!"  
 I said. "You shall taste the  
 fruit, it was gathered only  
 last week," and, quick as  
 thought, away went Mrs  
 Russell, and brought some  
 of the apples. They were  
 pleasant to every sense—  
 shape, colour, smell, and

taste, all good. I praised them, and she said, "Yes, I just let you taste them, but that's the Missionary tree." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Why, I raised that tree first of all from a pip I planted in a flower-pot. I did it just for a trial, and when I found it grew, and thrived, I planted it out, and I resolved if it really came to any thing good, that I would always give the fruit of it to the Missionary cause, and it did thrive wonderfully; better and better year by year, and there it is now, I do think the very best tree we have."

"And you sell the fruit, then, of your best tree for the Missions?"

"Yes, of course what I reared don't somehow tree, we look apart, and it's that of late year some to its stem, erally bears the ever there's a how *that* tree."

Here again self, is a proof trifle may be means of great of an apple send the gospel then. And if you are half pressed with I was, that though dead, ing you a valuable *Band of Hope*

## The Saint and the Cobbler

WE read a pretty story of St Anthony, who being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strait life, in so much as none at that time did the like; to whom came a voice from heaven, saying, "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria." Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff, and went till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished so reverend a man at his house. He said to him, "Tell me thy wisdom, and how thou wast a cobbler." "As my work has I find life is but simple. I am a poor cobbler for the whole world, especially for the whole world, as I have, at my labour."

day in getting my  
I keep me from  
d, for I hate no-  
uch as I do deceit-  
herefore, when I  
y man a promise,  
and perform it  
d thus I spend my  
y, with my wife  
n, whom I teach  
ct, as far as my  
ve me, to fear and

dread sin. And this is the  
sum of my simple life."

In this story you see how  
God loveth those that follow  
their vocation and live up-  
right, without any falsehood  
in their dealing. This An-  
thony was a great holy  
man; yet this cobbler was  
as much esteemed before  
God as he. — *Latimer.*

### Always in the Way.

IN, rain, rain!  
will it never  
stop?" thought  
little Amy H—,  
sed her small face  
he window-pane,  
tempting to see  
und the corner,  
ster Ann must  
school. It was  
those rainy days  
y one loves, when  
fall steadily and  
nd one feels sure  
are completing  
on as rapidly as  
order to treat us  
bow. It was a  
mizzly, drizzly  
seemed unwilling  
e clouds.  
le Amy looked  
forlorn as she  
e long, pendulous  
f the elms sway  
thither in an un-  
e manner. *She  
what made the  
nd if the poor*

little doves felt it through  
their glossy feathers; but  
she knew it was quite use-  
less to ask her mother, for  
she would only tell her not  
to ask so many questions,  
and keep out of her way.

Mrs. H— loved her  
child; but she was a bust-  
ling, energetic woman, whose  
chief care was to keep a  
well-ordered and tidy house,  
and she did not understand  
the delicate nature of the  
little Amy, who had been  
from infancy a feeble child,  
and stood sadly in need of  
loving and tender sympathy.  
She was not beautiful; but  
for those who loved her there  
was a depth of love in her  
little heart, which only  
needed answering sunbeams  
to make it bear sweetest  
blossoms, and light up her  
wan face with the beauty of  
contentment.

This had been such a sad  
day. In the morning she

had climbed into a chair to watch her mother's proceedings as she made the pastry, when an unlucky motion of her hand had sent a quantity of flour on to the floor, calling forth an impatient reprimand from her mother. Choking back a rising sob, she left the table, and essayed to play with her blocks, building with them a wall by which to confine White Lily, her kitten. But, impatient at such imprisonment, the kitten made vigorous efforts to free herself, and, as she succeeded, scattered the blocks in every direction.

"What a looking room!" exclaimed Mrs. H—: "I declare it's no use to clean up, you get things in the way so."

No more house-building for Amy after that; so she walked up and down the room, singing softly to the kitten in her arms, till it was time to look for Ann's return from school.—Ann, the dear sister, who loved the little one, and never told her to keep out of the way.

At last her patient waiting was rewarded by a glimpse of Ann's bonnet, and with a cry of joy Amy bounded to open the door to greet her sister with outstretched hands and the words, "I thought you would never come!"

"What ails my pet?" said Ann, as she took the

child in her arms, and, pulling the hair from her face, remarked that her eyes showed weariness in her eyes.

"Nothing,"

Amy; "only my head aches so, and I can't play with my troubling mother."

Ann sighed; for she had been so long in the little heart-trials. So far into the evening she sat with Ann upon her shoulder, and she looked up at her of heaven, made her by God and the angels, as Amy listened, beamed with delight, she exclaimed, raising her head with animation:

"Ann, I must go now. Is it such a way?" Suddenly darkened her face, she said, sadly, "though, I should give way of angels; careless."

"Never, darling, sister, clasping me in her arms, the little form, was too surely fading away."

At midnight the hurried steps and questions, as the child was awakened by that Amy was very days of watching, a group surrounded the dying child.

"Mother," said in a feeble voice, "I die to be naughty, and your way so much better, bye, mother, I am sleep." A little while and little Amy was

ears the grass has  
Amy's grave, while  
sung requiems in  
wing trees; but for  
ile, as nightly she  
lead upon the pil-

H— saw the  
y face of her child,  
a sweet voice say,  
I did not mean to

get in the way." Not all in  
vain was the lesson taught  
by those dying lips. Seeds  
of gentleness and patience  
were sown in the mother's  
heart, which, watered with  
the tears of repentance, give  
promise of an abundant har-  
vest of peace.

### "Gone Home."

3 of these officers,  
says the Rev. J. R.  
Macduff, speaking  
of a group of noble  
officers whom he  
e camp at Alder-  
re he lately visited,  
own conversion in  
organized in that  
nd a bible-class  
common soldiers.  
e reached this  
one of the first  
ich gladdened him  
ft of a large Bible,  
n its fly-leaf the  
the eighty men to  
had taught, and  
h saving power,  
as it is in Jesus."  
the name of one of  
had written the  
ntry, "*Gone home.*"  
was a striking one.  
at of sergeant, a  
ing man, bold,  
moral in his con-  
"utterly uncon-  
*God.*" One day,

while he, along with the  
officer and a private were  
passing one of the gates of  
Canton, they proposed, ere  
they parted, as there was no  
other place of resort, to  
kneel down by the gate and  
engage in prayer. They did  
so. The prayer was an-  
swered; it was blessed for  
the conversion of that ser-  
geant. Not long after he was  
laid, I forget whether by  
wound or disease, on his  
death bed. He gathered his  
comrades around him to  
testify to them of the grace  
of God, and to show them  
how a Christian could die.  
With stammering tongue he  
sang, and asked them to join  
him in the words of the well  
known hymn—

There is a fountain filled with  
blood,

Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that  
flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains!



## Our Debt to Christ.

**W**HEN this passing world has done  
When has sunk yon glaring sun  
When we stand with Christ in  
Looking o'er life's finished story,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call  
On the rocks and hills to fall,  
When I see them start and shrink  
On the fiery deluge brink,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,  
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified,  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud,  
But when fear is at its height,  
Jesus comes, and all is light.  
Blessed Jesus! bid me show,  
Doubting saints—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—  
Not till then, how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear;  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—  
Not till then—how much I owe.




### The Desert Flower.

**I**T is related of Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller, that on one occasion he was nigh being lost in the desert. *He had been robbed and wounded, and was left* all alone in a very desolate spot, and exposed on the hot sands to die. Dreary indeed the minute was. The copper sky burned above him—the houseless waste was every where around him. He had

scarce so much strength left as that he could crawl—and miles and miles he felt he was banished from any one who had the smallest interest in him, or who would breathe into his ear the word *home*. Just in the moment of his despair, his eye fell on a delicate desert flower growing up out of the sands beside him, its little petals spread out within their sheath in hues most exquisite; and as now and again a little breath blew, the beautiful fringed thing waved and bent on its stem, as if out of its cup it would scent the air. The sight of that hidden flower stirred the weary heart. “What!” cried Park in a burst of hope, “is there a God who stoops down to frame and paint that fragile growth, and how much more will He not care for me!” So restored in faith—talked to by the whisper of the desert flower, he revived his efforts, crept to a hut near, was met with kindness by the natives, and ultimately saved. Was it not a lesson, dear child, that the Saviour, in the words, “Consider the field?” You will find in your Testament the passage, and apply it. And what a lesson such as this! In an hour, a thousand fold you might have found it if you turned to the right or to your left, and found Christ all glorious—Christ beautiful—Christ of God—found Him may, growing up. I may so speak and begin to ask—“Father who has love and grace close to my view, Father who has *this His own* and Him up for us. He not, *with His* give us all this

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### A Hindoo Youth Taking up the

 DEEPLY interesting letter has just been received from the *Missionary Institution of* the Church of *dras*, from which is extracted “We are

a young man who  
e forward and pro-  
briantianity. He is a  
of high caste. He  
n up and put away  
to serve the living  
d it is our earnest  
at he may continue  
in the faith and  
firm unto the end.  
her and several of  
ions have come to  
since he became a

Such a state of  
his mother was in  
her hair and be-  
or him, because he  
nly son, and now by  
racing Christianity  
as dead to her for  
he besought him to  
l go with her; but  
d not. It was de-  
to hear him *giving*  
*ms* for becoming a  
n. After his mother  
t he was steadfast,  
ed to the missionary,  
oes, and said, 'He is  
my son; he is your  
! you must be kind

After which she  
has not since re-  
to see him. He is  
n the Mission pre-  
the house of one of  
chists."

at a trial!" the

youths of Scotland will say ;  
" to be compelled either to  
part with one's parents or to  
part with Jesus." True, yet  
pray and pray that every  
one attending the various  
mission schools in heathen  
India, may, like this convert,  
be soon brought to be willing  
to part with all for Christ.  
Nay, that also side by side  
with them their fathers and  
mothers may yet *glory* in  
carrying their *cross*, neces-  
sary, if they would gain the  
*crown*. For what the blessed  
Saviour declares in Scotland  
He proclaims in India—" If  
any man (that is, any one of  
the human family, man, wo-  
man, or child) will come  
after me, let him deny him-  
self, and take up his cross  
and follow me. For he that  
will save his life shall lose  
it; but he that will lose (or  
is willing to lose) his life for  
my sake, the same shall save  
it." And how *rich* such has  
become! "An heir of God,  
and a joint-heir with Christ."

R. F. F.

### The Example of a Dog.

Y dear children, in  
*holy writ* we are  
*often commanded*  
*to learn of the*

animal creation. The "Ant,"  
the "Bee," the "Fowls of  
the air," are pointed out to  
us; for although man has

the gift of *reason*, and animals have only *instinct*, which is a lower kind of reason, yet sometimes the humbler faculties of the brute creation are so well exercised as to put to shame the negligence of those who are gifted with an immortal soul.

On Saturday, the 18th of May in this year, an accident happened to one of the most wonderful dogs of modern times—Bob, the Firemen's Dog.

He was going, as usual, with the engine to a fire, when, most unfortunately, poor dear Bob was run over by the engine, and killed. When the fire-bell rang at the station to "make ready," Bob always started up promptly at duty's call and ran before the engine, barking to clear the way, and was most useful, not only in preventing obstructions, but in stimulating the men by his energy. We have called him "*Poor dear Bob,*" and we repeat the phrase, for human beings owe a deep debt of gratitude to this noble animal.

For years he has attended the fires of the metropolis; but not as many do, to look on and make a noise, and obstruct the workers; not as, I am ashamed to say, some do to plunder and make a wicked profit out of one of *the heaviest calamities*; not as others do, to gratify their eyes with a grand and awful

sight, as if human was to them mere exhibition of fire: for none of these: Bob frequent the went as a help efficient was th afforded, that th had a brass collar him, on which graven—

"Stop me not, but o jog,  
I'm Bob, the Lond dog."

At the time of explosion in the ster Road, of th maker's premis dread filled all nature of the mat house being fearl sive—Bob rushed terred by the noi great gun, the smoke, and whe out he brought a his mouth, and th from a cruel death

At a fire in when the firemen that all the inmat of the burning pre was not satisfied testimony: he v side-door and lis there, by loud and barking, attracted of the brigade. Th sure, from Bob's that some one w passage, and, on open the door, a found nearly d suffocation.

Bob may be t

saved this child's life. Bob was also an orator. "Oh, how was that?" say my young readers: "surely oratory means speaking, and Bob could not speak." No, Bob could not utter words, though he could make himself very *clearly understood*, which is more than all speakers do. There was a meaning and a purpose in his mode of expression, and that I am afraid is more than can be said of many speakers: those who talk for talking sake, those who utter folly and nonsense, and those who abuse their gift of speech by using bad, or rude, or cruel words, are not to be compared with Bob, who employed every sound that he could make for good. "He could all but speak," said the men, who loved him; and more than speak in the hour of danger; for his loud, sharp bark had a vast deal of meaning in it. But Bob was an orator in the sense of attending public meetings, and giving his testimony. At the annual meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals which was held in 1860, and on previous occasions, this brave dog went through a series of wonderful performances, to show how the fire-engines were pumped, and most kindly and effectually would he give his *warning*

bark, and, in his way, tell the scenes he had passed through. Fine, noble creature! It was sad that a violent death should have been his lot, after a life spent in merciful actions. But he died at his work and doing his duty.

Dear young reader, are you as docile and willing to learn as Bob must have been? Do you try to use your gifts for the good of others, as Bob did? Are you prompt, merciful, honest, and brave, as Bob?

Perhaps some of you may think you are brave, because you can return blows and can fight. All that is not true bravery. The really brave are those who use God's good gift of strength to succour the weak, and to save from danger. Bob used his strength to save life, and not, as fighters do, to injure or to take it. He risked his life in doing good, and died at last in his duty.

Not to many men is permitted the blessing of saving life. Such honour and happiness are rare; but all, the very youngest child, may make life sweeter and happier to all by loving obedience and generous kindness. You have reason, you have speech: see that you use these gifts well: do not be completely outdone by a dog.—*The Children's Friend.*

## Grieve not the Spirit.


**H**AD in my room a beautiful and delicate flower. Day after day I cherished it, watching its growth till I rejoiced to see it put forth a blossom. One morning in my hurry, I neglected to water it. The day was sultry, and breathed its hot breath upon the neglected flower. When I returned from a journey, I looked upon my little favourite, and found it withered and drooping. I hastened in the evening to remedy the error of the morning, but in vain. It had been fatal, and no care could arrest the work of destruction. It was scorched and dead. Like this flower, the work of the Spirit upon the soul. It must be cherished, or it will wither and die.

Remember the lesson: should you ever be tempted to neglect the duties of your closet.—*S.S. Messeng*

## "I have no Influence."

**D**ON'T say so. All have some. A gentleman, lecturing in the neighbourhood of London, said—"Everybody has influence, even that child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms. "That's true!" cried the man. At the close he said to the lecturer, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but, as I did not like to go to the public-house alone, I used to carry this child. As I approached the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, I will hold your tongue, please, father, don't go, I will hold your tongue, presently, I felt a tear fall on my cheek. I will not go a step further, I will turn round and weep, and have never been in a public-house since, God for it. I am a happy man, sir, as that little girl has done it: when you said that I had influence, I could help saying, 'That's true, sir.' All have influence."—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

## The Lock of Hair.

 O you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

Yes; but what of it? It suppose, the curl from head of a dear child long ago to God."

It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is nearly seventy years old; it was cut from this

But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I prize it thus with care, because it speaks to me more of God, and of His special love than anything else I possess.

It was a little child of seven years old, with long locks, which, in sun, in, or wind, hung down like beaks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, and he was at his side, watching me with interest. As he swung his heavy axe, as it went down it came down upon the log, sending off splinters in every direction. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I stooped to pick them up. In doing so I

stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and, in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass, and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe, and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his



days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed. I keep it with care. It tells me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust him for ever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love in my threescore years and ten, but somehow this speaks most to my heart. It is the oldest, and perhaps the most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine."

What say you, my dear young readers? Is not this an instance of delivering mercy on the part of our gracious God. And this God is the same kind Being who gave you life, and has watched over and cared for you

until now. Do put your trust in Him, and think of the danger. When He has watched over you, and delivered you from death, would die, He will care for your life and health; and in every way has He shown His love and care. Yes, He is great, for He has saved the world as to give life to His beloved Son to whomsoever believe in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life. Love Him with all your heart, and in your service.—*Child*

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### Coming to Jesus.

"MOTHER, what does it mean to come to Jesus? I cannot see Him, and how can I go to Him?"

"You cannot see Him, but you can speak to Him, you can pray to Jesus."

"If He were on earth as He once was," said the child, "there is no trouble that I would not take to go to Him. I would set off at once. I would travel hundreds of miles. I would push my

way through crowd, and fall on my knees to Him and cry, 'I love you, O Jesus, give me a heart to love you, O Jesus!' but no one would hear me go to Jesus?"

"Without a doubt you can come to Him as to Jesus. *Coming to Jesus of the heart as if He were on earth* to Him as the child who thought he had found Him, cried out to Him, cried out Son of David on me!' You can do better off than

who lived when He lived on the earth. They often had to travel very far. They sometimes could not get near Him for the crowd. But you may have Him as much to yourself as if there were no other person but yourself in the world. He is always within your call. He sees you, knows all you feel, and hears all you say.

If you feel a desire for His forgiveness, for the support of His friendship, for the comfort of His love, and pray, 'Jesus, save me; Jesus, help me; Lord, I am ignorant, teach me; my heart is hard, soften it; help me to love, believe, and obey. Save me from sin, and fit me for heaven—this is coming to Jesus. Can you not do this?'

### Fast Lines from Mr Helmore.

**I**N autumn 1857, I enjoyed the great pleasure of hearing the late Mr Holloway Helmore address a large missionary meeting in Coventry, his native town, as I understood. It gave me deep gratification to hear him speak of the labours of his companion Mr Ross, whom he had just left working hard at Likatlong, Mr H.'s old station, as well as in superintending the work of the Lord at his own other stations, scattered over a very extensive district of Central South Africa. Mr Helmore's description of the varied labours of the missionaries, and the *success that had accompanied them, rivetted the audience.*

#### LETTERS.

Before he set out in July 1858, I had many kind notes from him. He expressed his delight at the prospect of taking a box to Mr Ross. "I am quite sure," said Mr Helmore, "that your kind labours for the Bechuana under Mr Ross's care will greatly encourage him, and fill the hearts of his people with gratitude." He added, "I still receive very interesting and encouraging reports in reference to Likatlong and the other Bechuana towns under Mr Ross's care.

#### MR HELMORE'S CALL TO THE MAKOLOLOB.

"You will probably have learned from the public

journals, that Dr Livingstone has accepted a Government appointment," and of course is no longer a missionary, but "returns to the Zambezi in a short time. The Directors of our Society have requested me to commence one of the new missions which is to be established in that newly discovered country." Dr Livingstone, who was well acquainted with the chief of the Makololos, Sekeletu, was to be at Linyanti, their town and district, before Mr Helmore and his little band of missionaries, and get all ready for their reception.

MR HELMORE'S STATEMENT  
OF THE PROSPECTS OF THE  
MISSIONS TO THE MATABELE  
AND THE MAKOLOLO.

"Mr Moffat has returned from his visit to Moselekatse, the chief of the Matabele. The interview was very satisfactory. Both chief and people are anxious to receive missionaries; and Mr Moffat has returned to make arrangements for taking two young missionaries, and I hope to take two more beyond the Zambezi river, and settle with them amongst the Makololo and other tribes. It is cheering to the minds of those who have

been labouring, find that there is prospect of carrying the very heart of the continent."

HIS LAST EFFORTS  
FOR HIS  
WORK AND  
NECESSARY GRAVE

"Your acquaintance with Scotland in the missions in Africa, and your gratitude. The deed great, a question the shall give I heathen for I and the utter the earth for I With reference visited it soon turn to England a good opinion seemed to be character the think you need any box you preparing for Several cases from the missions we have sailed up the country deed, animated we are permitted ways to labour advancement of the kingdom.—Your sincere regard  
(Signed) H

Though desirous to speak to the

I so may a noble Christians arise and take possession of of the shadow of	death in the name of holy and life-giving Jesus, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.
--	---

R. F. F.

### Not a Minute to Spare."

Idle school girl  
 was once seriously  
 expostulated with,  
 about some duties  
 she had neglected,  
 of which she had  
 formed. I cannot  
 am sure I cannot;  
 any more than  
 ever have a minute

I am always at  
 this girl thought  
 the truth; but  
 not know the true  
 of the word, IDLE.  
 instance, if she sat at  
 an hour, but only  
 she was well able  
 accomplish in half-  
 she would have  
 it very unjust and  
 if she had been accused  
 of it. If she sat with  
 her hands resting on her  
 elbows on the  
 table, what was as often  
 leaning over the  
 a book on her lap,  
 at it, and lazily  
 from it, and were  
 and counselled to  
 industry, she would  
 have the reproof and  
 of it, however kindly  
 given, perhaps, even

hate the reprove. And  
 at the close of the day she  
 would wonder how it was  
 she had not time for her  
 duties, whilst her com-  
 panions got through theirs  
 with so much ease; but al-  
 ways ended by lulling her  
 conscience with the idea that  
 their abilities were so much  
 greater than hers, and too  
 much was required of her.

She could not or would not  
 see that it is quite possible  
 to be DOING SOMETHING, and  
 yet to be VERY IDLE. For  
 her Bible she had not a  
 minute to spare,—no time  
 to be neat, no time for her  
 studies, no time for her  
 health, no time to do kind  
 things for others. She was  
 hardly dealt with. Her  
 heavenly Father had heaped  
 commands upon her, and  
 given her no time in which  
 to obey them. Parents and  
 teachers were all unkind, or  
 they would not have been so  
 unreasonable in their de-  
 mands. "I am sure I have  
 not a minute to spare," was  
 her unvarying reply to all  
 who sought to do her good.  
 —S. S. Messenger.

## The Little Boy Drow



**L**ITTLE boy (a relation of Sir Henry Havelock), went out for an excursion with a party. On returning home, the horses took fright in crossing a bridge, and the carriage was overturned.



“Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one xiii. 14.

ONE sweetly solemn, earnest thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer to my home to-day  
Than I have been before.

I'm nearer to my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be  
I'm nearer to the great white throne  
Nearer the jasper sea.

I'm nearer to the bound of life,  
Where I shall leave its care;  
I'm nearer laying down my cross,  
Nearer my crown to wear.

But in the dreary space between,  
Slow winding thro' the night,  
Doth lie that dim and unknown street  
Which leads at last to light.

O, Father, make me trust Thee more  
Strengthen my feeble faith  
And let me feel as if I trod  
This unknown shore of death.

For even now my feet may stand  
Upon the river's brink;  
I may be nearer to my home,  
Much nearer than I think.



ning, yet not Consumed.”

hundreds of  
ago, a lonely  
herd was feed-  
in the *desert*  
lace of all  
the most

silent and desolate you  
could find in the whole  
earth; when one day the  
strange sight caught his eye,  
of a bush, or rather a thorn  
tree, tall, with thick leaves

and branching arms, apparently on fire, yet not consumed. No smoke curled from the bright flame—no crackling of the twigs was heard, as is the case in a devouring fire, only the clear light wavered through the tree, and wrapped it from head to foot as though it dripped with the purest sunshine. Leaving his flock, the shepherd turned aside to see it closely; when as he came near, an awful voice spoke to him out of the flame, bidding him put off the sandals off his feet, for the spot where he stood was holy. The voice was the voice of God—the flame was God's own presence—and the shepherd to whom He spoke, as you know, was Moses. He, by the bush on fire, willed to teach Moses, how soft, yet awful—how silent, yet glorious—how lovely, yet holy, was His presence every where, but more especially amongst His people, and in each believer's heart. He burned, yet not consumed.

Dear children, have you seen that great sight? Have you learned that great lesson? You do not turn aside now, like that ancient shep-

herd, to see God in bush or tree, or a with the bodily eye. of Him indeed you in the many glorie earth and heaven ab but where God is e burning yet not co is in Christ dwellin heart by faith—is Holy Ghost making of our bodies and o There it is the fla silently but awf sets the whole lif In the heart wh light is not, all is waste as the wea over which Moses eye: where that there is the bush l splendour—the bl sus shining thro through—the fire Spirit purging o spot of darkness— about where such full of God dwells, words—“Holiness Lord!” Who of y not like to own suc so that every day go into some sec and, as you kneel l cross, say—

“Jesus in heaven, J  
heart;  
Heaven in the heart,  
heaven.”

## School Feast in India.

following letter is written last nuary, from mbay, by the n, for the school is former parish

a very beautiful ; six miles from med Elephanta, wonderful caves ; carved out in among the hills. ay morning I h a very kind at five o'clock, quite dark. We terside at dawn, re pulled across men in a boat l. We arranged children should y and have tea, t back about ten in time for this who is a police to go to his

the day of the children were all y, had breakfast ; six, and at a ight we all went just as we used nbeth before the sang the same said a few words u, my dear chil- nember, I hope, another.' Out- is a great train rts, with blue

wheels and white bodies. and red coverings, but no springs. We filled about twenty of them, and jolted away as fast as the bullocks would go, the boys and girls cheering, just like you used to do.

Next year, perhaps, we shall have some flags. We got to the waterside, and the comodore (the chief naval officer) had sent a steamer, and a very large iron boat, with awnings in which there was room for us all, so we got in and sang the Morning Hymn, and then God save the Queen, and Rule Britannia, to the great enjoyment of the natives who were round us.

Well, in about an hour and a half we got to the shore of the beautiful island; but there is no pier like the pier at Lambeth, so the boys turned up their trousers, and took off their shoes, and jumped into the water to wade on to the shore. It was a funny sight. Black men came to the boat, and carried the girls, and I had to ride on two men's shoulders, who went so unevenly, that I nearly tumbled into the water. But we all got safe to land, and went up quickly into the caves, to get out of the sunshine, for the sun is so hot, even in December, that no one likes to stay out in it longer than he can help.



One of our friends had brought an accordion, and the music, as it was floating through the caves, and echoed from side to side, and from roof to floor, was very beautiful. We got into a little square chamber, and sang the Old Hundredth Psalm, and delightful it was to hear the dark-faced children singing the praises of God in a heathen temple—for these caves were hewn out for that purpose, to make temples for the heathen gods.

"Then came dinner — curry, rice, and pillan, and beef and mutton, and fruits you never saw, plantains and pommellos, which I cannot describe now; but we finished up with what you would all have liked, plum cake, just like English cake. All the afternoon we played in the shade, very much as we should have played in the field at Lambeth; and then there were bats and balls, and skipping-ropes, and hide-and-seek, till the sun went down, and we strolled amongst the lovely cactus plants, and cocoa-nuts, and

palm-trees. The very pretty in the setting sun. I tea, and we sang grace, 'Be presentable, Lord,' and down upon the grass. Then we had some games, and sang aloud and then the full moon in all her glory, more than it does in the day. Just then some boys were set fire to in the street, and had a wonder casting deep shadows. Some kind people brought bright lights and some kind people over from Bombay the children enjoyed themselves, and now, to save the Queen's through the castle 'Praise God from whose blessings flow,' give the moonlight, we as the children have their hearts' content so, about 11.30, and again after a glow I only wish all the children had been and all the Lambeth too."—*From the Gleaner.*

### The Grateful Shoemaker in Spain



MINISTER of the Gospel, who resided for a time at Gibraltar, made several excursions into the Spanish territory for the purpose

of distributing a few copies of the Old and Testaments in an unhappy country, where the power of the apostolic power of Rome is so great, and the poor priest-ridden

dare not read God's word. At one time, he visited the house of a shoemaker, with whom he held very pleasing conversation. He found this poor man of an inquiring mind, greatly dissatisfied with the existing state of things, and yet unable to see any door of hope, or any prospect of remedy for the wrongs and woes of his country. He stated that he and a number of his friends were in the habit of meeting together every week, and discussing public affairs, when politics were talked over, but they generally left off as they began, such discussions seldom proving very profitable.

"Why do you not get the Bible and read that?" said the minister.

"Ah!" replied the shoemaker, "I wish I could get it; but the priests take care we poor Spaniards shall not have the Bible."

"Well now," said the minister, "I know the risk I am running, and that if the priests learn that I am here distributing copies of God's word, I shall be stilettoed before I get back to Gibraltar; but I think I can trust you. Would you really like a Bible to read?"

"There is nothing I should like so much," was the reply?

A copy was then given to him, which he received with evident delight, and with

many expressions of gratitude. On being asked if his friends who met with him during the week would also like copies, he declared that they would be highly prized and diligently read, and he received several more books for their use. The minister gave him a few parting words of exhortation, told him where he might be found, and, after distributing the remainder of his little volumes, reached Gibraltar in safety.

Some weeks after that, the minister sat alone in his room, having told the servant that no one was to be admitted to see him, as he was engaged in study. During the day, however, a Spanish peasant, dressed in his gay holiday attire, called at the house and asked to see the minister. He was told he could not be seen, as he had given orders that he was not to be disturbed.

"Oh, but," said the Spaniard, "I think if you tell him that a man to whom he gave a Bible has come a long distance to see him, he will not deny me."

Struck with the earnestness of the man, the servant at length consented to go with a message to his master, and said that a person was at the door who would not be denied. The peasant was therefore shown up into the minister's room.

"Don't you remember me,

sir?" was the exclamation of the Spaniard, on perceiving he was not recognized, "Don't you remember, sir, calling at the house of a shoemaker a few weeks ago, and leaving him some Bibles?"

"Yes," replied the minister; "but I really did not recognize you again in your smart holiday dress."

The man then began to tell what joy the Bibles had caused to himself and his friends, and that now, instead of meeting to talk politics, they met to read the word of God together, and that in the volume of truth they saw the true remedy for all the ills that afflicted their country. After the heartfelt expression of many thanks, the shoemaker concluded by saying, "As a mark of my gratitude for your coming, at the risk of your own life, to bring me the precious Bible, I have brought you, sir, a pair of shoes, which I hope you will accept."

"Well," said the minister, "it is not you, but I find your intentions much service will probably be done."

"Oh, yes, they will, if they are good."

The trial of the shoes was an excellent fit, and the man's being so accurately guessed, he replied, "After you had to be so soft clay, so I took the size which enabled you to wear the shoes you gave me. My gratitude is yours."

Surely the poor Spaniard, that her sons of God, centuries of light and truth. *Book and its*

## The Crooked Tree

**H**AVE you noticed that tree in the yard? When very young it was bent down to the earth and imbedded there. It then shot up again, but it is now forever deformed. The sun

may shine, the rain may fall, but it will never be a good tree. Bad habits, and bad things to remember this, and ask of God to be uprightly—

## Angels' Charge.

He shall give His Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

NIE was a very timid little girl. She did not like to be left alone in a room; times when she was alone, she would feel much distressed by night when she had her father, her mamma in bed, and after a good-night kiss, leaving the room, she heard little Annie softly, "Mamma." She went back to her father's bedside, to see if she was wanted. "Oh!" said little Annie, "I am afraid! I hear strange noises, and the window rattles so." "It is the wind blowing down the chimney that you hear," said her father, "and it blows the window too. I will try and close it more tightly." She put some little pieces in the win-



dows, so they did not rattle any more, and then sitting down by little Annie's bed, she said:—

"You don't feel afraid, darling, now when I am with you, do you?"

"Oh! no, mamma; I do not mind the noise, or feel afraid of any thing, when you are here."

"And yet, Annie, your Father in heaven can take better care of you than I can, and He is with you all the time. I will teach you a beautiful verse from the Bible, to remember whenever you feel afraid: 'He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.' When you were out walking with Robert to-day, you were not afraid, were you?"

"Oh! no, mamma. I heard you tell him to take care of me. And so he did. He helped me over all the gutters, and once, when we

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came to a place where some men were building and there were a great many large stones, he took me up in his arms, and carried me over them all."

"Well, I gave Robert charge over you, and you were not afraid to trust him, and he took good care of you. So God gives His angels charge over all His children, and the angels will not let any thing hurt you any more than Robert did to-day. Once there was a very good man, who dreamed that he was in heaven. There he saw pictures of many things which had happened to him during his life. He remembered them as soon as he saw the pictures. Once he had fallen from his horse, and was not hurt at all, though every one had wondered that he was not killed. In his dream he saw a

picture of it, and there was holding out his hand to prevent his falling. Then I saw that God had sent an angel to take care of me after he awoke. In my dream, he trusted me as much as his Heavenly Father ever. And my little girl will never forget the promise once more that she may remember in her life."

Annie repeated the story many times, and then she went down-stairs. I was not afraid any more.

So her mother and I went away. Annie closed her eyes and went to sleep. "God's angels were with me."—From *Love*.

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### "The Dogs eat of the Crumbs from their Master's Table



GOOD missionary, when travelling some years ago in South Africa, called at the house of a Dutch farmer, and asked for a night's lodging. This request was granted, and he at once made himself at home with the strangers. After a short time the farmer and

his wife learned that a visitor was a man as the Dutch people respect for the firmness of godliness, it was to have a religion with the family, the farmer made preparations for a great made. A great with heavy br

which, it is feared, was not often opened, was placed upon the top of a long table in a very large room, with a lighted candle by which to read it. Mr Moffat, the missionary, took his seat before the Bible, with the farmer on his right hand and the farmer's wife on his left. Below them, on both sides of the table, were grown up sons and daughters, and other members of the family.

All seemed now to be ready, and everybody expected that Mr Moffat would begin; but he was not satisfied. He knew that, besides those who sat before him, there were many Hottentot labourers on the farm, who never heard the name of Jesus, and to whom he was resolved, if possible, to preach the Gospel of salvation; but how to get them into the room he did not quite know. He resolved, however, to try. So, instead of beginning to read the Bible, he leaned forward, and seemed as if he was straining his eyes to see something in the distant and dark parts of the room.

After a little, the farmer noticed this movement, and asked Mr Moffat what he was looking for. "Oh!" said the missionary, "I was only looking for the Hottentots." In a moment a frown gathered upon the farmer's brow: his lip curled as if to show his contempt; and

then, in a loud, rough, harsh tone, he said, "Hottentots is it you want? Hottentots! Call in the dogs! Call in the dogs!"

This would have perplexed some men, but Mr Moffat was prepared for it; as he knew well that many, like this farmer, thought that ministers might just as well preach to dogs as Hottentots. Without, therefore, using any arguments of his own, he opened the Bible at the 15th chapter of Matthew, and read, with as much force and solemnity as he could, the 27th verse—"Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table!" He then sat silent for a minute, and looked towards the farmer. But as the rough man made no motion, Mr Moffat repeated the verse, and, while he did so, fixed his dark eye full upon his host. Still the man sat silent, and did not seem to be moved. A third time, therefore, Mr Moffat, turning towards him, and looking him full in the face, repeated the words, "*yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.*" At once the farmer roared out, "Stop! I can stand it no longer;" and then added, "Call in the Hottentots! Call in the Hottentots!"

In a short time the large room was filled with such a congregation as every mis-

sionary desires to see, and such as Mr Moffat delighted to address. They were poor and neglected, and ignorant and sinful, and lost—just those that the Lord Jesus Christ came to seek and to save. It was a strange sight; and had some of our readers seen it, they would have both smiled and wept at what they saw. Seated upon the floor of that great room, or leaning against the wall, these poor creatures stared, and grinned, and wondered. Never before had they been gathered into that room to be addressed as immortal beings, and invited to enter the way to heaven. What Mr Moffat said to them we cannot tell you, more than this, that he tried to explain, as plainly as he could, what they must do to be saved.

On the following morning the missionary went on his journey, and it was a long time before he had occasion to travel that road again. At length duty called him there; and as he drew near to the

farm-house where he formerly lodged, he saw a Hottentot woman working in a field close by. She ceased to work, and stood looking earnestly towards him. Then she ran down her hoe, ran to the spot where he was, and clasped his knees, and herself upon the ground, to weep and sob, and, at the same time, to express her thankfulness and joy. Moffat was surprised; he could not tell what she meant; and, for a time, the poor woman was too excited to tell him the length she became calm, and then she called his remembrance to the he had held in her in his house, and told him she and her husband amongst the ignorant tentots to whom he had preached; that the voice of God had entered their hearts; and that from that day they had been united together in the praise of heaven.

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### One Brick Wrong.

**W**ORKMEN were recently building a large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. The architect and the foreman both charged the masons

to lay each brick with the greatest exactness, especially the first courses, which were to sustain all the rest. However, in laying a corner brick, an accident or carelessness caused a brick to be set a

ine. The work went out its being noticed; each course of bricks pt in line with those laid, the tower was t up exactly straight, e higher they built, re insecure it became. ay, when the tower en carried up about et, there was heard endous crash. The g had fallen, burying n in the ruins. All vious work was lost; aterials wasted, aud,

worse still, valuable lives were sacrificed;—and all from *one brick laid wrong* at the start. The workman at fault in this matter little thought how much mischief he was laying for the future. Do you ever think what ruin may come of one bad habit—one brick laid wrong, while you are now building a character for life? Remember in youth the foundation is laid. See that it is all kept straight.—*Christian Miscellany.*

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### “Are You Quite Ready?”

**DURING** the French Revolution, we are told, there were many shut up in prisons. A certain r of these prisoners ed out to execution day, no one knowing turn it would be next, executioner appeared. a state they must have n, as they heard that own footfall that ringing death to one r of them, they knew hich! So every un- ted child is this day rison; and every me are thus being led o execution—sent into y. *Who may be O, my dear young there is no time to*

put off! I have seen many little graves. I know few families where there are little children, in which—as in Egypt—there has not been one dead. I have seen five fathers in church in one day, each clothed in deep mourning after the death of a beloved child. Who may be next? What place may be vacant next year? What little boy or girl may be away? And *where* O where, the precious, the immortal soul? Will you not offer the prayer of a young boy, “Lord! make me quite, quite ready to die, in case Jesus comes for me in a hurry”? It was well to have prayed that prayer, and to have got it answered, for



Jesus *did* come for him in a hurry. When the train was rushing along at a fearful speed, an accident occurred, and in an instant, soul and body were parted, — and absent from the body, he was, so far as man could judge, present with the Lord. He had been repeating to his mamma that

morning the verse, not thyself of to-morrow is not only to-day. Go Now—*this day*. He to pardon; will no o and say, "O God, mine iniquity, for it: for Jesus' sake. (merciful to me, a si — *Golden Fountain*.

~~~~~

### Work in the Lord.

**W**HAT in the Lord thou doest must suc  
The glory His, the blessing shall  
From Him alike both will and act p  
He sows, and gives the increase to the seed,  
He prompts and perfects every good design:  
Hands on thy work, thy heart on God alone,  
Thus and thus only is a good work done.

Think not that aught is in God's eyes so small,  
That He will not the needful succour lend;  
His ear is ever open to thy call,  
To give thee strength, to bless and prosper all,  
And bring thy labours to a happy end.  
Call on the Lord what'er thou dost to bless,  
And He will crown thy efforts with success.

He makes thy heart courageous, firm, and bold,  
And should thy labours seem to press too sore,  
He suffers not thy courage to grow cold,  
Smooths on thy care-worn brow the gathering f  
Arms thee with patient industry; nay, more,  
Regards the smallest kindness shown to one  
Of His disciples, as to Him 'twere done.

*Lyra Domestica.*



### A Straying Testament.

**W**ANT to show you how the Bible is making its way into the heart of the kish empire. Let us : *Sivas, a city perched* : *the mountains of Asia* : *There are no rail-* roads, or steamboats, or coaches, or trains of any description in that country. You must clamber over their rough roads, on horse or mule back, carrying your goods and luggage in saddle-bags. Very odd looking villages

you go through. The houses are built of earth, with only two rooms, and one outside door. One room is for the donkeys, cows, and dogs, while the family live in the other, on very sociable terms with these animals. Almost every village has a "guest house," built by some pious Turk for the accommodation of travellers. Here you will find fire to warm you, and food to eat.

Sivas is a large inn and city, about eighteen hours from Tokat. And how far is eighteen hours, you will ask? Eighteen hours is about fifty miles, which makes comfortable travelling about three miles an hour, rather slow going for a Western. It has fifty thousand inhabitants, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. Within two or three years, Bible Christianity has taken root there. And the Scriptures are kept publicly for sale in four different parts of the city. These are in the Turkish and Greek languages. An agent of the American Bible Society, paid a visit to this city a few months ago, and held a Bible meeting in the little Mission chapel. In the afternoon two of the Koozelbash Koords, from a village twelve hours distant, called upon him. The Koords, you know, are mountain men, and one of the fiercest tribes in Asia. One of them was the son of

a sheik, or chief of the village. They said they wanted to become Christians.

"Why do you change your religion the agent.

"We once wore cane or staff," they said, "with which the sheik wanted to drive away us. We used to meet week to receive this then we confessed and yearly offered a of sheep to our car no longer believe save us. A kitab (book) "taught us b "Where did you book?" asked the ary.

"We don't know came from," they said, "but it teaches Christ is alive, and prophets are dead teaches us to kill enemies, and to kill them. It is ten years we began to learn truths."

"What is the name of the book?"

"We call it 'boy' (book of command said. "A khojah" ("reads to us from the sheik explains then we pray to God Christ as the book t

Then the mission them he called it the Gospel of Sa and how many copies book there were

world. They wished very much to have a missionary come and comfort and teach them, for the savage Koords were very angry with them for loving the book. And they often beat and robbed them of their flocks because they would not worship as they used to do. They also said there were hundreds more ready to receive the gospel, but for fear of their enemies.

The missionary said they should keep up a good heart, for God would stand by those who put their trust in Him. "Go back," said the

missionary, "to your native village, and boldly preach the gospel of love and salvation to your cruel persecutors."

"Insha, God be praised, they became reformed."

Such was the influence of a stray copy of the Testament, which found its solitary way through the intricate passes of Asia Minor, teaching the Koords the folly of their worship, and leading them to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."—*Evangelical Magazine.*

### Perishing within Reach of a Cure.

We are indebted again to the Rev. Mr Fisher of Fliak for the following:—

**T**HE Right Honourable Lord Kinnaid, who has long taken a warm interest in the labours, the perils, and successes of our friend Mr Ross, a short time ago kindly honoured me with a letter of which I give an extract:—

"I have received," says his Lordship, "an interesting letter from Dr Livingstone, in which he tells me that he found the graves of the missionaries, whom Mr Ross mentions, close to his waggon, in which he had a

medicine, a certain cure for the fever, which waggon he had left there seven years before." Is it not singular!

DR LIVINGSTONE WRITES:—

"A party of English missionaries perished, as we suppose, by fever, at Linyanti, at the very time we were on our way up, and were curing the fever so quickly that no more than one or two days were lost after the operation of our remedy. Severe attacks in Linyanti were cured generally without loss of strength. The remedy was first tried

on my own children and a party of the English at the Lake Ngami in 1850, and I have never failed in a single case since. I have said little about it, as it would appear quackish, which, you know, we doctors have a mortal aversion to; but the loss at Linyanti makes me anxious to let it be known. When I went over to Linyanti to search for medicine for the disease of Sekeletu, the chief of the Makololos, I found the material for the composition of the fever-powder in my waggon, which has been guarded to me during the last seven years, and that within a few hundred yards of the missionaries' graves. It is mentioned near the end of *'the Missionary Travels'*— [Dr Livingstone's book.] I now mention it to every one likely to try it, and though you may never need it, possibly at some future time your friends may."\*

SALVATION FOR YOUR SOULS  
IS NEAR.

How strange! how doubly sad it is to reflect that a

\* *"Fever - Powder.* — Recipe of jalap and calomel, of each eight grains; rhubarb and quinine, of each four grains; mix well when required with spirit of cardamoms — dose from ten to twenty grains. After five or six hours quinine completes the cure. This for persons of robust strength. All the violent symptoms are relieved in five or six hours; if not, a dessert spoon of salts promotes the operation of the pills."

cure was so near and yet to perish! hitherto unfailing was within an ear; of the heroic miss Mr and Mrs Hel Price and three children, and the guides—and still of the malady. I but because they know of the medicine there; and altho had been aware of ness to them, t altogether ignores power to cure; Hagar and her son in the wilderness have perished though a well was had not the angel appeared. This other than the I Christ Himself. I the anxious mother behold yonder ground and there she finds abundance. (*Plea Gen. xxi. 15-19.*) dear young friends the word of God will reach, nay, in your hands, telling you medicine — 'the blood of Christ'— not fail to cure desperately diseased But your eyes do

ned to see, and your  
to understand its  
, if it would be of  
you. Plead with  
to send you His Holy  
to give you sight, so  
you may be able to see  
'well of salvation,' the  
sin of living water.'  
up, drink, and apply,  
your soul will be re-  
and strengthened,  
made perfectly whole,

and you shall live for ever,  
with Jesus and His holy  
angels, and all the ransomed,  
among whom will be those  
devoted men and women and  
children who, at home or  
abroad, were *glorying in no-  
thing save in the cross of Christ*,  
while their bodies were by  
its grievous weight being  
broken, crushed, and agon-  
ized, even unto death.

~~~~~

### A Mother's Love.

WHO can estimate  
the value of a  
mother's love?  
See her as she

received it, invested from  
his hands as with a mantle.  
The infant advances to  
years of childhood. The

by the  
men the  
one's  
re clos-  
alum-  
Every  
s hush-  
nd as  
mother  
upon  
sleeper,  
s move  
prayer,



mother is still  
watching its  
progress with  
tender solici-  
tude. She  
endeavours to  
instil into its  
mind lessons  
of piety and  
virtue, and  
her ear is ever  
open to the  
tales of child-

ly, earnestly, that He  
the source of all purity  
reserve that which He  
ven her in perfect in-  
e, and permit neither  
nor crime, nor folly  
stain on the bright-  
sh which she has

ish joy or sorrow.  
The child advances to  
manhood, and goes out into  
the world to engage in the  
duties of life. The maternal  
voice no longer sounds in his  
ear, but the mother's love is  
the same, and, as memory

often looks back to the time when she took him by the hand, and bade him good bye, and he imagines he still hears the fervent "God bless you, my son," trembling on her lips, he feels that nothing on earth is more lasting than a mother's love. Many of the dear children who read this are enjoying a mother's love.

Oh, then, be kind and  
ent, and do all ye  
make her path thro'  
a pleasant one!

"Remember thy moth-  
she will pray  
As long as God  
breath;  
With accents of kin-  
cheer her lone w  
E'en to the dark  
death."

### The Law of Kindness.

**I**T has been said that a kind word doeth good like a medicine, and there have been instances in which a kind look has done good.

A short time since, a little boy was walking with his nurse, when they passed an old man playing a harp. The child looked at the man, and smiled as he passed; and the man said, "Stop, dear child; I will play you a tune." When he had done, the child, who is fond of

music, smiled very and tried in his child to thank the poor!

The poor old man away saying, "Th smile, and that plea have done me more than all the money taken to-day." Let read this go and see dear child did. If not help the poor kindly to them, and see that the law of dwells upon your life

### A Child's Faith.

**I**N a public school in New York, a short time since, on an alarm of fire, a terrible panic ensued, and many of the scholars were injured by rushing to the

doors, and one of the a young lady, jumped the window. An hundreds of children whom the building crowded was among the best of

through all the fright-  
ene, maintained com-  
p. The colour, indeed,  
k her cheek. Her lip  
red, the tears stood in  
yes; but she did not

After order had been  
ed, and all her coun-  
is had been brought  
to their places, the  
on was asked her how  
me to sit so still, when  
ody else was in such  
it. "My father," said  
is a fireman, and he  
ne, if there was an

alarm of fire in the school, I  
must just sit still."

Our God is the Father of all,  
The Father of mercies and love;  
He pities the works of His hand,  
Though He reigns in the heavens  
above.

Not a sparrow can fall to the ground  
Without His permission or care;  
From such a kind Father and  
Friend,  
Oh! what have His children to  
fear?

We have nothing to fear but from  
sin:  
It is sin that displeases our God;  
When we do not obey his command,  
Like a father, He uses the rod.

### An Example for Us.

PERHAPS no one  
who reads this can  
recollect when he  
or she first heard  
the Gospel. In this  
land we are born  
t its blessings. In  
m countries, millions  
own men and women  
o this day never heard  
od news. But many  
heard it; and, if we  
t take care, some of  
will put us to shame.

Because, in propor-  
; their means, they do  
to spread the Gospel,  
1 they have only lately  
it, than we do, who  
eard it from our birth.

Gospel reached the  
a country, in Africa,  
ten years ago. Now,  
re many hundreds of  
Christians. Some of

these have been proved by  
fierce persecution and cruel  
torture. Others have proved  
themselves, by their anxiety  
for the souls of their friends  
and countrymen. For in-  
stance; a Missionary meet-  
ing was lately held in Abbeo-  
kuta. An African clergy-  
man, once a slave, took the  
chair, and there was not one  
white man present. Mr  
King (the chairman) made a  
speech, and then some of the  
people spoke. One said,  
"When we die, what we  
leave behind us will be for  
others. But what we give  
now to Jesus will be *ours for  
ever*. Therefore, let us show  
our love to Jesus according  
to the means each one pos-  
sesses." Another, who had  
been a very wicked man,  
said, "Was there any so bad



as I was? But see what Christ, by his Gospel, has wrought in me! Let us show our thankfulness to God for his mercy." A third made this odd remark, "I am quite willing to put myself in pawn, if it is needful, to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, for what He has done for me." When a Yoruban wants money, and can't get it in any other way, he pledges or pawns himself, for a time, to some one who will lend the money he wants. In other words, he becomes the domestic slave, as to part of his time, of the lender. He is obliged to labour for *him*, instead of for himself; this labour being the interest the lender receives for his money. He must continue to work in this way until the money is repaid. So you see what the speaker was willing to do for Christ. Like David, he was not content to offer to God only that which would cost him nothing.

And it was not all talk. The collection was made about a fortnight after the meeting. So eager were the people to give, that they crowded to the table like

bees when they swarm had had six hands," King, "I could not h their names down enough." They cried

"Fi oruko mi sille  
Fi oruko mi sille  
(Put my name down  
Put my name down

Some of the school children were not behind. A little girl came up and said, "PUT MY NAME DOWN THIRTY STRINGS;" and she put down thirty strings of the little called cowries, each containing forty worth a penny. Many might well be astonished he was; so he told her of no use putting her down for more than she could pay. She still ever, persisted. "I will pay it." The collection amounted to English money, to two pounds! "This," said King, "is what our converts have done. There were some who gave out of their abundance many cheerfully gave. Lord, as the poor were the gospel, nearly possessed." This is again AN EXAMPLE: — *Missionary Token.*

### Christ in the Storm.



NIGHT dark stormy  
night we were to-  
sing in a rude  
little native boat,

near the coast of  
As I lay on my low  
the bottom of the boat  
saw the red flashes

through the thatched  
 ig and heard the rapid  
 of thunder, while the  
 as pouring in on all  
 and our boat tossing  
 bubble on the angry  
 I could not but think  
 danger, for I knew  
 the native boatmen  
 timid and ignorant,  
 hat many such little  
 s go down every year  
 t coast.  
 mbling and afraid, I  
 my head to catch the  
 of my companion as  
 quired for the master  
 boat. "He is in the  
 part of the ship,  
 " was the reply.  
 le did the rude heath-  
 uttered these simple  
 know how they made  
 l thrill. In a moment  
 carried back to that  
 when Jesus, perhaps  
 it such a rude little  
 s ours, lay tossing on  
 rmy lake of Gennessa-  
 Never did I so realize  
 ur blessed Saviour was  
 a man, a suffering  
 l, and one with us in  
 l.  
 from home and kin-  
 weak, helpless, and  
 fear, for a moment I

had forgotten that Jesus was  
 just as near to us as He was  
 to those fearing disciples,  
 and that He could as easily  
 say to the foaming billows  
 "Peace be still," as He did  
 on that night when they  
 cried, "Master, carest thou  
 not that we perish?"

My fears were gone. I  
 felt that Jesus was near,  
 that I could almost put my  
 hand in His, and hear His  
 voice, "It is I, be not afraid."  
 Often since then, in hours of  
 darkness and trial, have I  
 lived over the night, and  
 been comforted by the same  
 sweet thoughts.

Afflicted, sorrowing child  
 of God, forget not Him who  
 was a man of sorrows and  
 acquainted with grief. Do  
 heavy burdens bear you  
 down? fear not to carry  
 them all to Jesus. None  
 are too heavy for Him to  
 bear, none so small to be  
 beneath His notice. Are we  
 poor? He is rich. Are we  
 weak? He is strong. Are  
 we sinful and unworthy?  
 He is righteous and infin-  
 itely worthy. If we are  
 Christ's then He is ours, and  
 in Him we are complete.

~~~~~

### I Wonderful Answer to Prayer.

If such a thing as *direct immediate answer to prayer were unknown in* human experience, we still ought to have the faith and obedience to pray on, because it is a divine com-

mand—"Pray without ceasing." "Praying always with all prayer."

It would be a sad thing for many of us if some of our prayers were answered; for we often know not how to pray, or what to pray for. An answer to some of our selfish, impatient, rash prayers, would be "answering a fool according to his folly." We need the help and guidance of the Holy Spirit to "lead us into all truth, and to give us the spirit of prayer, and the grace of supplication." The first workings of that Divine Monitor is ever to teach us in all things to say in the words of Jesus, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

But He who knows our feebleness, and condescends to our infirmities, gives many manifest and wonderful encouragements to His people to pray, by sending direct answers to prayer.

During the dreadful siege of Gibraltar, when General Elliott made such a memor-

able defence, "an off walking one day in den, which was a very great service to the providing them with fruits and vegetables thought, with sorrow soon everything in perish for want of He was a remarkable man, and begging for rain. Sud shell from the ene over his head, and str rock at a few yards' d Instantly a plentiful of water gushed forth sufficed for the entire son, and never failed

In this remarkable we have not only a plication of the wo thou of little faith, for didst thou doubt it was an instance he the horrors of war, often makes "the man to praise Him."

\* From Autobiography  
Cornelia Knight, Lady-C  
to the Princess Charlotte  
Vol. I. page 88.

## The Hidden Treasure.

**T**HERE died recently in the great city of Lyons, in France, a poor widow, who had been so fortunate as to become possessed of a great treasure in her old age. Her parents were very poor.

and her husband v able by working har their daily bread, never able to put a by for a rainy da when the old man d ing his widow chll infirm, want en

desolate dwelling as an armed man. She sold nearly everything she had, and removed to a miserable garret to spend the remainder of her days. She was not entirely without some feeling of dependence upon the God of the fatherless and the widow; but she was a poor Catholic, and knew much more about saints and guardian angels than of Jesus Christ, and what He has done for us.

One day as she was sitting alone in her comfortless, half-empty room, it struck her that there was a singular outline on the beams of the wall. The walls had been whitewashed, but she thought it looked as if there had been a square opening in one of them, which had been carefully closed with a kind of door. She examined it more closely, and the thought occurred to her, "Perhaps there is some treasure hidden there," for she remembered as a child the fearful days of the revolution, when no property was safe from the men of liberty and equality. Perhaps some rich man had concealed his treasure there from rapacity, who had himself fallen a victim to the Revolution before he had had time to remove it. And perhaps one of the saints to whom she daily prayed had hidden it there for her to find in the evening of her

days. She tapped with her finger, and the boards returned a hollow sound. With beating heart she tried to remove the square door, and soon succeeded, without much difficulty; but, alas, instead of the gold and silver she hoped to see, she beheld a damp, dirty, mouldy old book! In her disappointment she was ready to fix in the boards again, and leave the book to mould and crumble away; but a secret impulse induced her to take it out, and see if there were any bank-notes or valuable papers in it; but no, it is nothing but a book, a mouldy book!

When she had a little recovered from her vexation, she began to wonder what book it could be that some one had hidden away so carefully. It must surely be something extraordinary. So she wiped it clean, and set herself to read. Her eyes fell upon the words, "Therefore say I unto you, Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" And the words that she read ap-

peared to her so sweet and precious, that she read on and on during the whole day, and far into the night, almost forgetting to eat or sleep. The next morning she sat down again to the damp old book, the words of which made an ever-deepening impression on her soul. She began to see that she had indeed found a treasure, and an invaluable one. Her little chamber no longer looked so desolate; her food, which had so often seemed to her as the bread of tears, now appeared more like bread from heaven; and her solitude was relieved by

the presence of King, from whose gracious words a blessedness flowed.

She had the book and bound, and her as meat and day and by night, was permitted to eyes and enter into of her Lord. She this history, in days of her pilgrim beloved pastor in whose hands the book is now. It is the edition of the Testament, of the Huguenot period.  
—*The Book and its*

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### Song of our Pilgrimage

**W**E are pilgrims, we are strangers,  
Let us hasten to be gone;  
Here are countless snares and d  
If we linger we're undone :  
Hasten onward,  
Till the glorious goal be won.

Onward! our bright home's before us,  
Gleaming on us like a star;  
Saints and angels stooping o'er us,  
Light us onward from afar.  
"Come, and welcome,  
Where the saints and angels are!"

Cast aside each weight that lets us,  
And all tempting thoughts within,  
And the sin that most besets us,  
And each joy that leads to sin.  
Look to Jesus!  
Strive and overcome in Him.



### Saved by Smoke.

A BELGIAN vessel, called *The Leopold*, recently ran, in a violent storm, on a near one of the Falklands, on the coast of *via*, and went to *It was supposed*

that all her crew, nine in number, and their officers, had perished. A letter was, however, afterwards received from one of the crew, named *Declerk*, telling that he alone escaped. He swam to an island; he found no inhabit-

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ants, and had to live on some bits of bread which had been washed ashore, wild celery, and some birds which he killed with a stick.

Happening to have matches with him, he succeeded in lighting a fire, which he fed with turf. To make his fire burn well, he partly surrounded it with some planks washed ashore from the wreck. One night the wind blew these planks into the fire, and they were consumed. He thought this a *terrible misfortune*, but it *was the means of saving him*.

An American ship opened to be passing to off, and seeing the smoke—an extract thing on a desert i some of her crew died. They found the fellow crouching o fire, and on hearing they took him on board.

Notice how this tremity was God's opportunity—how that very stance which to man was overwhelming, mercy of God was the means of his safety; *day Scholar's Companion*

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## Chinese Heathen Foolishness

**L**ATE one night, a man was seen at the door of a house in Shanghai, with a lantern in his hand, which he waved above his head, and, in a mournful tone, called upon some absent person, while some one within answered in the same sorrowful voice. What did this mean? A child of the family had fever, and was delirious. The Chinese fancy that, when any person is suffering in this way, "his soul has gone away, and is rambling abroad." This being their notion, they use what they think proper means to bring it back to the forsaken body.

For this purpose they hangs up on the sidewalk a figure of which he burns. Taking a candle, and putting into a lantern, he sets the door of his house, and the lantern, and in a voice of kind entreaty, "A-see, home!" to which the inside, who is watching the sick child, replies, "has come back." This continues until the child recovers or dies. They suppose that the wraith spirit sees the light and the voice, and is the back to its house. Lockhart.

"It does not Continue."

A WORD TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

"CAN you not draw assurance and comfort from those blessed promises?" Thus one asked of a young friend, since, I doubt not, gone to be with Jesus. The quickening gales of the Holy Spirit abroad in the land had stirred her earnestly to desire a higher life, and more assured joy in the Lord Jesus. She could not rest even in that which was greatly higher than most professors are content with. She longed intensely for a clear, undoubting hope. Her friend, entering painfully into her perplexities, had been laying the great foundation truths before her, — the precious assurances of Jesus, that He will not cast out any one who comes to Him. "Can you not draw assurance and comfort," said she, "from these blessed promises?" Mark the reply she gave: "Yes, for the time, but it does not continue. I soon lose it again."

Ah! how common is this experience. How many in these days have been finding after a time of great revival, when they had their hearts unusually filled with joy, that the battle is to get it to "continue!" How these

bright discoveries, these happy frames, slip away, they know not well how, leaving them dark and sad.

Well the Lord may be so ordering it to draw them onward. How very prone we are to rest in these pleasant frames, and unduly to value them. I was struck, when I heard the above, with the singular aptness of an illustration which a worthy friend, who saw much of the Lord's work in Ireland, used with one whose great lament was that her comfort did not continue. "Well," said he, "there is one thing, we are not saved by our comfort. If you had much of it, you might rest in it. You remember the story of Eliza's flight with her little son in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It was all important that they should get forward. Her son little understood their danger, and would rather have sat down by the way, and have enjoyed the apple. But she kept always rolling it before him; and thus she kept him running on, and lured him over many a half mile. The Lord may see that there is something better for you than mere present comfort, and thus He would draw you on."



Yes, there is something better than mere comfort,— simple, undoubting faith in Jesus is far better; and it is much to be feared that when we get taken up with pleasant feelings, faith is not very likely to thrive.

But, then, there is this question of how ever to get faith and the happy sense of peace with God in Christ to continue. Some reader may say, "It is the loss not of my comfort, but my hope in Jesus, that I have to lament." Well, likely the reason is that you fall into the very common mistake of forgetting that your peace and joy must always be *fresh drawn* from Christ. It is long before we learn this great gospel truth. We are bent upon peace; and having got it, we are so pleased, that we dwell upon it, and in the very act cease looking to Christ, or the simple word of Christ, which has given us this assurance. Thus it presently dies, and

the old heart-aches come back again. No is this? Why, it is to the very fact that turned away from, or from the mind, that gave us peace. If you the word of promise can your faith can if you turn away from Christ, your peace must die to you ception. You get looking directly to Christ the word of the gospel you can only continue peace by continuing directly to Christ. Remember it is peace in Jesus away from Him. Turn to Him, and you will have peace. Keep those words of His which faith in you continue before your mind, lay in your heart, feed faith and your hope them, and you will find faith grow exceeding your heart establish joy and peace in belief

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Don't Tattle.



**D**ON'T talk about each other. Don't call one of your school-fellows "ugly," another "stingy," another cross, behind their backs. It is the meanest sort of sin. Even if they are ugly, stingy, or cross, it

does you no good to it. It makes you love of faults; it makes you charitable; your heart its kindly blood with tattle about your Tell all the good you about them; and confess to your own

sorry for them, and to tell them to God, and ask Him to pardon them. That will be Christ-like. If anybody says to you, "Oh, that Mary — did such a naughty

thing," call to mind some good that Mary did, and hold it up to her praise. Learn to make this a habit. —*F. C. Record.*

### A Fortune-Telling Book.

"**I** WISH I had a fortune-telling book," said one of the three boys, as they walked down to the river to go swimming: "I want to know what my luck is to be. I've tried to buy one, but there's none to sell."

"I've got one," said the barber's son.

"Got one!" cried Bill Staples eagerly; "why didn't you tell of it before? Where is it?"

"Down at the shop," answered the barber's son.

"And it *does* tell what's coming to pass, does it?" asked the third boy.

"Yes it *does*."

"But how do you know?" asked the third boy; "you haven't lived long enough to know if it's told your fortune right."

"Why, you see it's a very old book," said the barber's son. "My grandfather had it, and it told his fortune; then my father had it, and it told *his*, and it all came to pass."

"It *beats all*," cried Bill Staples; "what a prize!

Why don't you go round telling fortunes? You'd make lots of money."

"I am afraid nobody would believe me," said the barber's son humbly.

"Well, *show* it to us," said they.

"Come down to the shop to-night," he said; "come just after we shut up; that's the best time to read it."

"Sell it to me," cried Bill Staples; "how will you trade now?"

"Can't part with mine," answered the barber's son; "but I reckon you can get one where mine came from."

"I'll have one as certain as my name is Bill Staples; but we'll come and try our luck with you."

"Agreed," said they all.

The two boys were before time, and hung round the shop until every customer had gone and the shutters were put up; then in they went. The barber's son asked them to be seated, and drew a little table out, and placed a lamp on it. Then he went to the back part of the shop, and opening a little

trunk (for as you may well think, such a book was kept very carefully), took it out, and laid it on the table, the boys narrowly eyeing him all the time. "There," he said in a very sober tone when he laid the book on the table, "there, boys, is my fortune-telling book. What it says is *sure*." The two apprentices scrambled to the table.

"*The Bible!*" they exclaimed, at once shrinking

back. "Yes," said the elder's son, "that is my father's Bible, and it says there are but just two ways for you and for me to get our chances in this world. One is called the 'broad way,' and the other the 'strait narrow way.'"

Such a fortune-telling book they were not to be had; but it is the one that does not deceive. *F. C. Record.*

### "What Will You Do?"

**L**ITTLE boys are very often heard to speak of what they would like to be and like to do when they are "men." Perhaps one little boy thinks he will be a farmer, and have plenty of land, to keep horses, cows, and sheep, and to raise grain, fruit, and vegetables.

Another may fancy he would like to be a merchant and live in a large city or town.

Still another chooses to be a doctor, and visit the sick, so that people will be glad to see him if they are ill, and remember him with gratitude when they are well.

All these are very good plans, for all these pursuits are necessary to the welfare of society. We could not do without the farmer who provides us food—the mer-

chant who sells us our goods, or the physician who is always welcome in our sick room.

But let me ask my friends, who are it is, how they will spend their lives, if they are to become men, if a man of them will not choose to become a minister, and about the Saviour, to say "believe on Him and be saved."

True benevolence desires the happiness of others. The religion of Jesus Christ fitted more than all other things to make men good in this world.

Therefore, it is easy to see that people who are good and volent will wish that their kind may be taught how to gain the favour of God, and how to prepare for

All men know they must soon die, and if they see no brighter world beyond the grave, they will shrink from death as from a dreadful foe, and die in hopeless despair. Did you ever, my young friends, see a Christian die? Perhaps your own father or mother may have left you, and gone home to heaven. Perhaps you stood by the bedside, and "saw the last struggle, heard the last groan." It may be, your friend died rejoicing in the thought of being so soon with Jesus, in that world where

there is no sin. How different the scene when a Christian dies from that which is witnessed when the unforgiven sinner resigns his breath.

It is a solemn thing to teach men the way to heaven, but it is also a great privilege. And if God has forgiven your sins for Jesus' sake, ought you not to show your gratitude to Him, by devoting your time, talents, and everything you may possess or acquire to His service? "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

### The Broken Buckle.

**Y**OU have read in your own history of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted, in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and, like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view.

*"The broken buckle would have left him on the field a*

*dismounted and inglorious prisoner; the timely delay sent him in safety back to his bustling comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless awaking, bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbour is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins."*—Rev. J. Hamilton.



### The Magic Spring.

**T**HERE is a wonderful fairy tale which tells about a magic spring where all who went to drink were cured of their infirmities. The story says that every time people drink of it they get more and more beautiful, and if they have any deformity it is cured by the same means. A draught

from the fountain  
lame man walk  
blind man see.

Of course this  
fairy tale; there i  
spring anywhere w  
cure our bodily  
but there is a  
spring which can p  
beautify our souls  
is a well of living  
to all, of which

shall never thirst  
There is a fountain  
o all, in which every  
ay be washed away  
ery infirmity cured.

Can any of you young  
readers find out the verses  
which tells us of these liv-  
ing waters and of this true  
fountain?—*Children's Paper.*

### Good Principles.

MAMMA, what do  
you mean by  
good princi-  
ples?" said a  
girl to her mother.  
person of good prin-  
my dear," said her  
; "is one who does  
well for fear of the  
he lives with, but  
he fear, of God. A  
who has good princi-

ples will behave just the  
same when his mamma is  
out of the room as when she  
is looking at him,—at least,  
he will wish to do so; and if  
he is, by his own wicked  
heart, at any time tempted  
to sin, he will be grieved,  
although no person knows  
his sin, for he will feel that  
God sees and knows it."—  
*Children's Paper.*

### The Little Boy.

ROTHER," said a  
little girl, one  
day, "I have read  
stories about  
who were so good and  
hat everybody loved  
and they made all  
who knew them. I  
verybody loved me in  
the way; but if I were  
I as ever I could be,  
re I could not do as  
ople I read about.  
I little girl as I can  
ake the whole world  
could I, mother?"  
nother answered with  
—  
very certain, Min-

nie, that even little children  
have it in their power to add  
much to both the happiness  
and discomfort of their  
friends. God has given to  
each human being something  
which we call influence,  
which makes our words and  
actions of great importance  
to those with whom we as-  
sociate. You may not be  
able to 'make the whole  
world happy,' as you say,  
yet you can easily make  
yourself a blessing and a joy  
to those around you. If you  
cannot do every thing, you  
can at least do something.  
The beautiful light by which

we see is made up of different rays: one little ray alone would never be sufficient, but each one forms an important part, without which the light would not be perfect. And so you, by trying to be like Jesus, gentle and kind to *all*, may become a little ray to form part of the bright light of happiness which makes the hearts of those whom you love glad."

If all little boys and girls would remember the cheerful word, each look and kind action counted as one ray of light of joy which beauty and warmth of wherever it falls, how brightness our world be! Sorrowing hearts would be fewer, and happiness would gladden every hold hearth."

### Has Your Sin Found You Out?



**MINISTER** was preaching from these words, "Be sure your sin will find you out." He said many awakening things about sin finding out those who committed it; and among others this: "If you do not find out your sin, and bring it to Jesus, to get it pardoned and washed away through His blood, be sure your sin will find you out, and bring you to the judgment-seat, to be condemned and sent away by the Judge into everlasting punishment."

A little girl, who had told her mother a lie before she came to hear the minister, was listening, and she thought, "Oh, that lie; I must either find it and bring it to Jesus, or it will find me out at the great day."

The child was greatly alarmed. She became very

anxious about her salvation. She cared for nothing earthly; her heart was entirely occupied with thoughts of eternal things. She could not rest until she went and told the minister all she felt and feared. She walked several miles to find him, and the burden of her errand was this: "What shall I do with my sin?" He said, "Lay it upon the spotless Lamb of God. He will take it entirely away. Let us now lay it upon the cross." He said the kind pastor with that he kneeled with the awakened child and commended her to "that great Shepherd of the sheep." He spoke to her of the love of Jesus, and she went home.

The next time the minister saw her, she came with a bright and happy face. He took her

hand and said, "Well, have you laid your sin upon the spotless Lamb of God?" "Oh yes," she replied, "and I'll never lay any more." She meant that she would never sin again—she would never more tell a falsehood. Her heart was so full of love to Jesus for taking away her sin, that she could not think it possible that she should sin again. And that is the true mark of a Christian, that he resolves to sin "no more."

Dear children, have you

laid your sins on Jesus? A sure mark of it will be this, that you wish with all your heart, never to have any more to lay upon Him.

The minister told this little story many miles from where it happened, and the minister's wife told it again to her class, when a young woman was awakened by it to care for her soul. O gracious Spirit, use it again for the good of our readers, and thus glorify the "spotless Lamb of God."—*Child's Companion.*

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## God Counts.

**A** BROTHER and sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea-table, and went out.

"How nice they look!" said the boy, reaching to take one. His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand, repeating that it was against their mother's direction.

"She did not count them," said he.

"But perhaps God did," answered the sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation, and, sitting down, seemed to meditate. "You are right," replied he, looking at her with a cheerful yet serious air: "God does count. For the Bible says that the hairs of our head are all numbered."

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## "Nothing, either Great or Small."

**I**T has frequently been asked respecting the authorship of this hymn, which is now so po-

pular that one hears verses of it repeated at almost every open air meeting, as well as elsewhere. The writer of it was the late Rev. James



Proctor, Independent minister at Hamilton, near Glasgow. He was quite a young man when he died. But although he had done no more than written that beautiful, clear, simple gospel lyric, he had not lived in vain. As many of our readers may not have seen it, or perhaps seen it only in a *mutilated form*, we will subjoin it, that we may give it them, and preserve it as the author wrote it. It is prefaced by these lines:— "Since I first dis-

covered Jesus to be of the law for right to every one that I have more than with a poor sinner peace at the foot instead of Calvary (ing as little speed and I have heard and again in bit appointment and feeling out', 'What must I have said to him, 'what can you? what need to do?'"

Nothing, either great or small,  
Nothing, sinner, no;  
Jesus did it, did it *all*,  
Long, long ago.

When *He* from His lofty throne  
Stoop'd to do and die,  
Everything was fully done;  
Hearken to *His* cry:

"*It is finish'd!*" Yes, indeed,  
Finish'd ev'ry jot;  
Sinner, this is all you need.  
Tell me, Is it not?

Weary, working, plodding one,  
Why toil you so?  
Cease your doing; all was done  
Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling  
By a simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing,  
"Doing" ends in death.

Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in *Him* in *Him a'one*,  
Gloriously complete!



## Glass Houses.

MARY came home from school one day with quite a flushed face, and pretty cherry lips did wear nearly as sweet an expression as common. If truth must be told, she was angry, and what

looks more unlovely than a child's face under such circumstances?

"Mother, I don't want to play with Maggie Hart another time," she said; "she gets angry at every little thing, and then runs off and tells the girls. She

calls names too. I never saw such a disagreeable girl, nor one that got angry so easy."

"People that live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," said her brother Arthur dryly, looking up from his book.

"You have said that before, Arthur," said Katy, peevishly; "but I am sure I don't know what you mean by it."

"Why, they would break their own walls, wouldn't they?" he asked.

"There is a verse in the Bible, Katy," said her mother, "that may help you understand Arthur's old-fashioned proverb. It is: 'Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, and considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye.' It is hardly consistent for you to get so angry because a playmate got angry."

Katy looked quite ashamed when she saw herself placed in such a ridiculous light; and as her mother went on to show her the great wickedness of indulging such a sinful temper, she began to feel very sorry.

"I have often thought," said Aunt Eva, "that people would be more careful of their remarks on others if they only thought about the 'glass houses' they lived in themselves. We should find, if we examined our

hearts closely, almost every case we judged another damned ourselves."

"Why, Aunt Eva, I am not so bad a person. I never said anything as Sally Bannister said Katy."

"Are you quite sure you have always been as you ought of other people's property?"

"Never let a borrowed thing lie around the nursery if it was so soiled you bought a new one. Now I am not that was stealing one who loaned the the first place, your father after you ever think of your carelessness mother, or some other great deal of trouble, that you precious time, a treasure than you have been taught your duty to give what you receive, least, to the Lord fail to do so, and for yourself, who rob? The third Malachi, eighth tell you."

Katy read, with a serious face, the "Will a man Yet ye have robbed. But ye say, Why we robbed thee? and offerings." Aunt Eva was

lear case against as well as every sinful action. Our own weakness, Katy, should make us bear patiently with the wrongdoing of others. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we should learn to love others in the same manner. No one can have the spirit of Christ who has not the spirit of love."—*S. S. Treasury.*

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### Letter from a Young Missionary in Central South Africa.

LETTER has just been received from Miss Ross, dated ; June 24. She commenced to assist r in the great Misk, having lately l her education in 'able Institution for 'ies' Daughters at ston, near London.

RD IS OUR SHEP-  
HERD."

will doubtless have says our young rom Papa's letter, e tour to his outsta- which H. and I ac- d him. Our journey pleasant and pros- e generally break- out sunrise. We use our Kaross—

this being skins of wild animals prepared in a certain way, and then carefully sewed together. This was our table and chairs, and we had a blazing fire before us. Thus we travelled for three days; passing occasional hamlets in the day-time; and sleeping during the night, by the road-side. Our quiet was disturbed now and then, only by the howl of the wolf, the yell of the jackal (or fox), or the hoot of the ostrich. 'God is our refuge and strength, and a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear.'

#### RECEPTION AT A VILLAGE.

"On Wednesday afternoon we arrived at a village — *Maye-a-Khoro* — and as

soon as our arrival was made known, we saw several people coming toward us, with their bibles and hymn-books, all ready and eager to hear the word. Papa, however, was not able to preach till the evening, when the small chapel was crowded. Every thing here was very becoming and pleasing, with the exception of the singing, which was more like screaming than any thing else. However, the poor people evidently and *heartily* did their best; and we must keep in mind, that they have yet had no regular instruction in that branch, and so be glad to have such evidence of **EARNESTNESS** at least."

VISIT TO TAUNG.

"We started from this village on Thursday, and reached Taung on Friday morning. The scene here is beautiful; for as far as the eye could see, was nothing but large fields of Sechuana corn, and apparently a very heavy crop. How *gladsome*, after the late destruction of the crops by war, and the after-drought, when the poor people *lived on roots*, and not a few sank under starvation!

When we arrived station, we were welcomed by all; whom had known me when children, not seen us for a years."

PUBLIC RELIGIOUS

"We had a me prayer on Saturday noon, and again Sunday morning. school and morning there were 20 to be nine of whom we dates for church ship, and the rest Among the latter w about six years c although totally b repeat the whole of ling book. In the was their usual also the administr the Lord's Supper 70 communicants being necessarily watching their gar their corn-fields, on of the birds, &c. lightful was the ser present, and how sol

SET OUT AGAIN FOR

"On Monday w a neighbouring vill were again kind comed, and had a

ce; and again, on at Bootchaap, and home on Friday. enjoyed the journey indeed,—the year, and the as well as the of the people, all give us pleasure. thing that grieved he awful amount ism there is still main *out-station*, o different were gs there to what here, at our dear, katlong. *There*, heard, all around, gs and dances, &c. t is quite the r the people of even those who yet professed y, never now ractising the hea- and customs as t to do. We you often, during y, and were sure nd our many kind Scotland, would ed it no less than d you been with

IN THE DESERT.

all collected to-  
once more, and  
sant, for many

a time, when we might feel dull for want of company, we now play and sing, having got a piano, which a very dear friend purchased for us at Algoa Bay. When it reached us, after the roughing of the desert, it was very much out of tune. But a trader has given us a key, and M. and I have managed to put it in very good order again." You will be sure that it is quite a curiosity to our people. We have, since receiving it, been bringing the best singers of the place to our house every Tuesday and Friday evenings to teach them new tunes, but we regret to say this has been interrupted."

THE SMALL POX.

"A week ago a waggon reached this from an out-station with several men affected with small-pox, which has obliged us to give up our classes in the meantime. I hear that some of our people have been innoculating themselves and families from the pox of a diseased person, by which means they get the disease, but in a milder form than when taken by infection. And some have got over it without one

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

of the pox anywhere but that on the arm. We are very sorry for the poor people, but hope it will, in the gracious providence of God, go over mildly with them; the more especially that it is a good time of the year; it being now the cold season, although not much like an English winter, but more like spring.

ARRIVAL OF BOXES FROM SCOTLAND.

"The boxes which our very kind friends in Scotland sent, have arrived in safety; and from what I see, *I have no doubt* are highly valued. Your last has been of unspeakable benefit to both our family and the Mission. I am sure we would have been very differently situated now, had it not been for the kindness thus shown to us; and that by so many! The last sent has not yet reached us, but is at Cape Town, awaiting a safe opportunity for being carried to our far inland dwelling.

SAD END OF THE MAKOLOLO MISSION.

"You will doubtless have heard of the melancholy end

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of the Makololo. We have just seen our *natives* who were with them, but have through God's influence. From their situation, there is not but that they died. For, as soon as it was eaten by them, they suffered much, and throats began to show several other symptoms which clearly show that their statement is true. I little thought I saw them all at Cape Town, that ten years had passed, their number was left this world, besides infants. What could I constantly take And what number to watch!"

NARROW ESCAPE OF LIVINGSTONE

"I need scarcely say we are all most thankful to know of the many adventures that had been, and I learn, denounced by Livingstone, by the degraded tribe, the one has been acted on he has seen the result, and has not

spared, but has been allowed to leave without any personal injury. He has evidently, however, been greatly deceived as to the fate of poor Mr Helmore and the others."

Who does not join in hearty thanks to Almighty God for the Doctor's deliverance and preservation? And who does not sympa-

thize with those whose friends have thus fallen in the cause of their divine Master. And what disciple does not rejoice as he hears Jesus saying, "Fear not, I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live"?

R. F. F.

### The Strong Arm.

**ONCE** saw a lad," says an American writer, "on the roof of a very high building, where several men were at work. He was gazing about with apparent unconcern, when suddenly his foot slipped, and he fell. In falling he caught by a rope, and hung suspended in mid air, where he could neither get up, nor down, and where it was evident he could sustain himself but a short time. He perfectly knew his situation, and expected that in a few minutes he must drop, and be dashed to pieces. At this fearful moment, a kind and powerful man rushed out of his house, and, standing beneath him

with extended arms, called out. 'Let go the rope, and I will receive you; I can do it; let go the rope, and I promise that you will escape unhurt.' The boy hesitated a moment, and then quitted his hold, and dropped easily and safely into the arms of his deliverer.

"Here, thought I, is an illustration of faith. Here is a simple act of faith. The boy was sensible of his danger. He saw his deliverer, and heard his voice. He believed in him; trusted to him; and letting go every other dependence and hope, dropped into his arms and was safe. He was saved by faith."



## Saying Prayers.



**A** YOUNG minister, addressing the children of a Sunday school in Cheshire, by way of fixing their attention, said to a little girl, five years of age, "Can you say your prayers?" She in-

stantly replied, "Yes He then asked, "Can pray?" when she answered, "No, sir." perceive, my dear child that this little girl knew mere *saying* prayers: *praying*.

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## The Love of Jesus.



**L**ET us think of the love of Jesus!  
Though little can finite minds know  
Of the infinite love which passeth  
The knowledge of man here below.

Let us speak of the love of Jesus!  
With friends who have faith in His name,  
And proclaim to the chief of sinners,  
That for such the Saviour came.

Let us live like the blessed Jesus!  
In serving His Father above,  
And in constantly going about,  
Doing good unto *all* in His love.

When we die, may it be in Jesus!  
In His arms may we sink to rest,  
Safe in Him when God summons us hence,  
With joy we'll obey the behest.

May we rise by the power of Jesus!  
From the long repose of the grave,  
And complete be restored to our God,  
Among those whom Christ came to save.

May we reign for ever with Jesus!  
On His throne of glory on high,  
And join in the songs of the ransom'd,  
While angels adoring stand by.

THE  
SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

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House of Many Galleries.

FOUND myself  
on a time inside  
majestic building,  
by them I be-  
about the same  
ssed very much  
g through long  
rich one after  
med to have no  
had already tra-  
d of them, and  
ae door leading  
end of one and  
the new scene  
as opened, these  
moment at the  
d were told by a  
never left them  
vas behind was  
. The door then  
nd the gallery  
had just been a  
ve they could  
2. Their faces

were set forward to pass  
through the next—and the  
next after that—until they  
should come to the last of all,  
and their strange journey have  
an end.

At first I never could see  
that either of them shewed  
any sorrow as one gallery with  
its lovely objects was shut be-  
hind them for ever, and another  
opened. On the contrary,  
they rather seemed, as they  
got near the close of one,  
eagerly to quicken their steps,  
that they might rush forward  
into the unknown delights  
and riches of the other. I  
saw the face, of their Guide  
more than once very sad for  
this cause; but although He  
would have had them linger yet  
a little ere what was still theirs  
should be shut off, beyond re-

call—lost—their heedlessness was generally too great, so much so that they were wont to be at the new door some time before its opening, and rapping merrily to have its great leaves flung back. I wonderéd not a little at this, because each gallery was very fair. It contained everything that was beautiful for the eye to behold, gold and silver, and precious stones. Everything that was pleasant for the lips to taste, fruits ripe and luscious, and lying about in abundant heaps. Everything that was gladdening for the ear to hear, music wafted from an hundred harps, as one faded away another breathing forth its sweets. Each gallery was in this way, for such young travellers especially, a paradise of rare delights—long bars of sunshine pouring through the windows, and the rich air such as you read of in fairy tales, and yet the very wealth about them seemed to take the edge off the youths' wonder at last. Sometimes indeed they stopped at an object more brilliant than usual with a cry of pleasure; but they were hurried on again, and their race was for the next gallery to see what new hidden marvels it would disclose.

At length, however, to mark a difference between the two. them gradually, as I ear now and again the wise Guide whis came thoughtful and aspect. The other a was impatient of rest creased in a kind reckless temper, w only broke out in fit play, but generally his casting from him one rich object that rush impetuously, and of all warning, on t So that when they ne at the end of a gal their Guide asked take some account of ders they had passed I saw that the latter without one single gathered out of all t while the former shewed some precior he had patiently pi and with which by his dress became and anon two of t sparkling of whic twined into the long of his hair. As ever, was passed too, he more heed to what t never ceased to tell th that the farther they the fairness and th



ouse dwindled until, the heat of the day and lay  
ey should pass a few down on a couch in a cool  
mbers, all the glitter- spot to rest, He bore them  
iness would fade, and forward, as it were in one  
ld look back to these common dream, through the  
ht wonders, but look viewless air. Door after door  
vain. So strong they sped through, chamber  
is admonition as to after chamber opened and  
once did I notice was passed, till they beheld  
were fatigued with one become bleaker and bare

than another—all the sunshine clouded—all the rare things for eye and ear and taste gone, and at last they stood in a gallery which they knew was the end, beyond which mystery and darkness lay as if another world. There the Guide awfully seemed to part them, one being motioned to proceed on the right hand, the other on the left, for there was this distinction belonging to that last solemn chamber, that instead of one door as heretofore opening beyond it, it had two, and as the bright-haired treasure-laden boy stepped through one, it was into a city of pearl gates and golden streets, and where he was welcomed by a multitude of harps to see sights that dazzled his very soul, while as his reckless and prodigal companion stepped through the other, it was into such outer darkness, as hid all shapes away, and made a smoke like the smoke of torment ascend up for ever and ever.

This was their dream, and afterwards when they awoke both were troubled, but the gentler of the two clung to the *hand of the Guide* as though *all his heart* were now given *up to follow Him* like as you

have seen the lambs the footsteps of the shepherd, while I guess that his fellow hardihood and daring he obeyed anything was the sullen motion of his own wayward will on they went, the two this the scatterer of things strewn about them, gatherer of all his litt and bosom could be poured at the feet of the Guide at last. This the poorer in the end very riches he had through; that to be not only of these treasures, but of treasures hath not seen, ear heard, neither hath he received. So with door turning in its great clashing behind them went on, they were view.

Can my young reader the key to this little tale the New Year not the key to them, are they not through the awful gate of God even now; and as the great Guide, hand their steps, and teach while they go, at the entrance chamber and at the of another, does He now write the words, "B

leave each pupil  
of this ere he  
in start for the  
, to reckon up  
ast which is gone  
been wasted, or  
er Jesus' teach-

ing, he has really begun to do  
that best thing, best especially  
in the fair years of youth, to  
pluck every hour and day he  
can for God on earth, and  
that rich treasure to lay up  
in heaven.

### A New Mission.

readers have  
d, and perhaps  
of many strange  
adventurous tra-  
ve been made  
again to track  
of the Nile. It  
is old river of  
yet, although so  
to men, and a  
y of human life  
s of years, the  
ce it begins first  
have lain hid  
mong the depths  
yssinian hills.  
belted round by  
igh and rugged,  
impassable, lies  
r shadow, and  
1, so to speak,  
wild valley, that  
hich it has just  
to send out two  
from our Church.  
land to us, and  
marvellous—for  
ling in it (about  
or so in number)  
*ancient descent,*  
*than any other*  
*By many, they*

are judged to be the root  
whence sprang the old Hebrew  
stock. At any rate, they are  
near of kin; and at this day  
not only are there many hun-  
dreds of thousands of Jews  
scattered in the valley, but  
the mass of the people have a  
religion strangely mixed up of  
the laws of Moses, of rites and  
traditions that belong to the  
first century of Christianity,  
and of parts, too, of Moham-  
medan worship. There, where  
generations have lived and died  
beyond their hills and out off  
from the knowledge and the  
changes of the whole world  
besides, these fragments of  
a very old time have been  
handed down, till of late years,  
some good and bold men have  
made way into the charmed  
ground in the name of Jesus,  
carrying the gospel of His  
Cross.

#### THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BE- FORE US.

Both from England and  
from Germany not a few have  
already opened up a mis-

sionary path into Abyssinia. Here was the scene in which Dr Krapf won so much of his fame as a Christian adventurer and herald. Some of you are old enough to ask for his Travels, and to get a few of the most interesting passages in the book pointed out to you, which some of you are old enough also to read and understand. No less zealous was the present Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem, who spent many years of his life as a missionary in Abyssinia, and who is labouring just now to break open a broad and beaten highway reaching from the seat of his see at Jerusalem all along the banks of the Nile with stations at regular intervals, till the last of these shall be planted in the very heart of the country we seek to win as the inheritance of Christ. This highway is to be named the Apostles' Road, because along the track marked out for it, it is supposed once on a time the Apostles themselves or certain of them bore the message of the gospel. The stations are to be in number twelve, and each is to bear an Apostle's name; and whereas by Bishop Gobat's account, through one of the only two roads into Abyssinia at present you could not pass without the overhanging rocks on both sides catching and dashing the pack-saddles from the horses' sides to pieces, by and by it is earnestly to be hoped

a gospel way shall be broad and free, and on its fingerposts, "H unto the Lord."

THE LABOURERS WE

Their names are M. and M. Brandeis. Both of them of Swiss and have been trained at Pilgrim College near Boston which mention has been to my young reader than once before. College which owes and nursing, I believe much to the piety of a noble gentleman of Boston name M. Spittler. That of it is one of beautiful simplicity such as is rare in the world now-a-days which takes us back to the love and toils of the other apostles. Men, mostly of the lower class, on whose hearts has set His seal, are admitted to the College, where they members of one family speak. They are the study of the Scriptures earnestly and prayerfully at the intervals of their labour with their hands every common handicraft industry, some in gain some in the art of farming some in other arts which be useful to teach them and to be the means of earning for them afterwards their own bread. Then the door is opened for a ready call to any part of the world, forth these

pilgrims go two by two, carrying little or nothing with them, I believe, beyond the clothes they wear, and the few tools that may be needed for daily toil. In sublime faith they go to all the ends of the earth thus. Not a few are in South America dipping far into its forests; not a few in North America; and in Europe, lately, several have made way into the iron depths of Russia. They ask little help to be sent after them in the shape of money. All they ask is a footing in the heathen wilderness whither they are sent. Then they pitch a little rude hut reared by their own hands—then they clear a piece of ground about it and fence it in—then they dig and sow and reap, and carry on, in short, all the other labours by which they provide for themselves each day under God their daily bread; and when the natives of the spot cluster round to see, to mark the unoffending humble workers, to pick up a little knowledge of the simple, yet to them wonderful arts they bring, and to mark day by day, their life of quiet gentleness and prayer, they are able to lay hold upon the simple hearts, to say to them earnestly, “Ye shall see greater things than these!” and, standing up under the shade of some tree, or by a river's bank, or in the chamber of their own dwelling,

to preach to them Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Two such men from the Pilgrim College of our Jewish mission, has engaged to be our first preachers sent into Abyssinia. When I tell my little readers, £50 a year to each is all at the outset that is required, they may imagine it is an immense sum; for perhaps no Sunday scholar ever had in his pocket at a time one fiftieth part so much. Yet if you live to be men and women, you will find out that for such a journey, and such a labour, £50 is a mere drop in the bucket. A hundred of our Sunday schools could collect the sum for both missionaries by a box of twenty shillings in a single night. What if not a few of you should try. What if you began the New Year by determining that you would pay the *whole* of these noble pilgrims' salary; and if a letter should by and bye be written to Professor Mitchell in your name, telling him that the great honour of breaking this first missionary ground in Abyssinia, should belong not to the Jewish Mission, who have a great deal to do otherwise, but should be claimed by the scholars of the Sunday Schools of the Church of Scotland? If I see this hint taken up, I promise to write to you on the subject again.

W. R.



## Our Missionary Institution, &

**T**HE readers of the *Sabbath Scholar's Treasury* will remember that, in our August number, an account was given of a great change having taken place, in the character and condition of a high-caste Hindoo, at the above Institution. That he had given up the worshipping of gods made by the hands of men, seeing them to be no gods at all; at the same time, cleaving to the living and the only true God. Nay, rather than part with Jesus, he had become willing, though with a sore heart, to part with his very mother. Yet, he loves her still, and that more than ever; and he doubtless prays that they may be united soon again, and for ever, but through love to Jesus.

### ANOTHER LETTER—MORE CONVERSIONS.

"I am happy," says our kind correspondent at Madras, "to inform you that we have had three more cases of great changes, I would trust of real conversions, since I last wrote home. One is that of a Mohammedan young man; an-

other of a Roma and a third of a Hindoo. There disturbance in reg conversion. Th were in frantic change that had with them. So m the case, that Mr missionary, was a persons to guard t House. The fri young men, Rom doos, and Moham perfect fury, der mission into the They were admitt to the youths, wh conversation with did everything th the way of thre otherwise, to indu leave, and go alon but all to no purp

"Finding thei get the converts, c free will, to leave t House, to be alto they then anxioi steal them away, t poison them. Th one of them now s drown herself, but prevented from doi this is certainly of the faith of

men; but they bear up, because, as we believe, they are persuaded that although they may be left by all earthly friends, yet God is their Father and Friend, who will never forsake them."

EVIDENT PROGRESS OF THE  
WORK.

For the seven long years going before, notwithstanding the great labours of our missionaries at Madras, there were no conversions; whereas, besides the four spoken of above, three others are reported by a later mail, or, seven in all, as to all appearance in the unspeakably solemn circumstances of entering in at

the "*strait gate*." Now, as we know that this has been brought about, "not by might nor by power, but my Spirit, saith the Lord," so let us feel and say, "Unto God's great name be all the praise!" Yet, who can doubt, that, the many prayers now ascending from the disciples of Christ, in every land, for the spread of the glorious gospel of the grace of God, are being heard? And what believer, young or old, does not plead before the Throne that soon the whole inhabitants of the kingdom of darkness may belong to the kingdom of God's dear Son? R. F. F.

A Boy's Religion.

"MY son," said the Rev. Leigh Richmond, "remember you must die—and you may die soon, very soon. If you are to die a boy, we must look for a boy's religion, a boy's knowledge, a boy's faith, a boy's Saviour, a boy's salvation; or else a boy's ig-

norance, a boy's obstinacy, a boy's unbelief, a boy's idolatry, a boy's destruction. Remember all this, and beware of sin; dread the sinfulness of an unchanged heart; pray for a new one; pray for grace and pardon and a soul conformed to the image of Christ Jesus." —S. S. Advocate.

## "Only a Trifle."

**W**E do not think how much we miss by not being careful to observe small things.

The wisest and greatest men have always been men who were attentive to little things as they went through the world. The poet says—

"Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;  
Sands make the mountain, moments make the year;  
Trifles make life. Your care to trifles give,  
Or you may die before you truly live."

And yet how apt are we to think within ourselves, when any event happens which seems small, that, because it is small, we need not pay any attention to it. There was once a boy at school, whom we shall call, if you please, Tom Heedless. Tom Heedless thought that if he got through his tasks, it did not much matter whether he accomplished them perfectly or not. When he had a verse of a hymn to repeat, there were always two or three blunders made; and it was the same with his reading, spelling, and in fact with all his exercises. Tom Heedless did nothing well. No doubt, he contrived to get through his lessons, as we said; but then, what a wretched getting through it was! Mistakes here, and mistakes there! A letter too

many, or one that when he came in his Bible, C work he made was of no use to meddle with tell him, as he that he was well less; for Tom himself with these were on what was the ling himself with Tom grew to and his father that it was high working for hood; and he from school. we saw Tom E a great idle boy; his hands in his father's debt him why he was situation, and drew from him not surprised that nobody would thing to do what lawyer wanted good at writing; the merchant correct at arithmetic short, Tom Heedless fit for any situation.

Now, do not there is man less? Is there who overlooks at last finds says, "trifle! Whatever you

o it well. Attend  
 : minutest things.  
 : eyes open to what-  
 : . Never say of  
 : "O, it's only a  
 : celebrated man  
 : ad one day with  
 : figure in marble,  
 : ad came in to see  
 : friend remarked  
 : ure seemed to be  
 : very slowly. "O,"  
 : rver, "do not you  
 : I have given it a  
 : and another there

since you saw it last? I have  
 deepened this line, and I have  
 made that feature to stand out  
 a little more." His friend then  
 answered—"Yes; but these  
 are only trifles." "True,"  
 said the carver, "but perfec-  
 tion is made up of trifles."  
 Now, let us all remember this  
 great truth, that perfection is  
 made up of trifles.

Do not, therefore, be a Tom  
 Heedless. Never think—"O,  
 its only a trifle!"

~~~~~

### ere is a Boy I can Trust.

once visited a  
 public school. At  
 recess a little fel-  
 low came up and  
 e teacher. As he  
 go down the plat-  
 aster said:  
 a boy I can trust.  
 iled me."  
 wed him with our  
 ked at him when  
 seat after recess.  
 fine, open, manly  
 thought a good  
 the master's re-  
 hat a character  
 boy earned. He  
 y got what would  
 ore to him than a  
 t would be a pass-  
 e best store in the

city, and what is better, into  
 the confidence and respect of  
 the whole community. We  
 wonder if the boys know how  
 soon they are rated by other  
 people. Every boy in the  
 neighbourhood is known, and  
 opinions are formed of him;  
 he has a character, either  
 favourable or unfavourable.  
 A boy of whom the master can  
 say, "I can trust him—he  
 never failed me," will never  
 want employment. The fide-  
 lity, promptness, and industry  
 which he shows at school a e  
 in demand everywhere and  
 prized everywhere. He who is  
 faithful in little will be faith-  
 ful also in much.—*S. S. Advo-  
 cate.*

## The Loveliness of Christ.

**J**ESUS, thy name I love  
All other names above,  
Jesus, my Lord!

Oh, thou art all to me,  
Nothing to please I see,  
Nothing apart from thee,  
Jesus, my Lord!

Thou, blessed Son  
Hast brought me with thy blood,  
Jesus, my Lord!

Oh, how great is thy love  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus, my Lord!

When unto thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my refuge be,  
Jesus, my Lord!

What need I now to fear,  
What earthly grief or care,  
Since thou art ever near.  
Jesus, my Lord?

Soon thou wilt come again!  
I shall be happy then,  
Jesus, my Lord!

Then thine own face I'll see,  
Then I shall like thee be,  
Then evermore with thee,  
Jesus, my Lord!



### The Bee-Hive.

YOU have sometimes watched, we daresay, the movements of a hive of bees. In the summer weather there are spectacles more in-

*To see them throng-  
i out, like the in-  
of a city; one*

winging his way up into the air until you can scarcely see him, and then setting off on a journey away over the town to the clover field, or the lime trees, no doubt. Another you see busy among the plants of the garden: he loses no time, does not waste a moment, but

from flower to flower onward he goes, a beautiful pattern of industry to boys, girls, and old people too. Then, if you keep your eye on the entrance of the hive, you notice that there are weary bees coming in almost every instant, laden with honey. They have been away, these active little labourers, away over meadow and hill; away by stream and up valley, gathering their precious stores; and we can almost fancy that we observe them to have a tired look when they alight at the gate, and creep into their little city. Did you ever carefully observe a bee in a flower? There can scarcely be a prettier sight. First he comes right down on it, as if he were in a prodigious hurry, as no doubt he is: then, when he finds that the flower is not quite sure of letting him in, he does not lose one single moment in idle politeness, but headforemost down he goes, and you see nothing of him for a moment or two—you only hear him inside buzz-buzzing. Then out he comes again, and never stops to say "good-bye," but is off in an instant. If you could look into the inside of the bee-hive, too, you would be very much astonished. The whole of the inside of the hive is beautifully divided into little rooms, where the bees lay up their honey for the winter time. They pack the honey quite neatly away in their little rooms. And then,

there is another connected with the you may notice, if them very closely; is so extraordinary worth looking at. kind of bee which i drone, an idle use when the other bee work, he remains i or, if he goes out to make honey, b himself in the Then, after he has ing about all day into the hive in t expecting, no dou his supper along w These drones are lowed to live in t a long time; but, hard working p bees get tired of the two have su In the end, the dr ways beaten, and sometimes their lying in great num ground.

A great many be learned from little inhabitants hive. When you w children than you were taught to rep hymn which begin

"How doth the litt but you must not only little childre lessons from bees bishop of the Chu land, Bishop Ha how he felt instruct ing at bees. F "there is no ne

resemblance of a nation than a beehive is." There was another great man who once made this remark, in speaking to a friend—"My mind resembles a bee-hive." We have often thought of this saying, and we have often said to ourselves that it would indeed be a happy thing if our minds resembled bee-hives more. Perhaps you may not at once see what is meant by having our minds like bee-hives; so we shall explain it:—As the bees fly forth from their little city to gather honey, so our thoughts should be always in search of what is useful and good. When the bee settles on a flower, it is to take honey from it, not merely to amuse itself; and so it should be with our thoughts, whatever they fix upon they should turn to good account. Then, does not the bee pass by poisonous flowers?

and ought not our thoughts in the same way to avoid all subjects which are bad? When the bee has gathered its honey from the flowers, home it comes, and stores it up in its little room; and so it ought to be with our thoughts—what we gather by active thinking we should carefully lay up in our minds, that we may remember it long afterwards, when the sunny days of life are all past. And are there no *drones* in our minds? are there no idle vain thoughts? Well, we should do with these drones what the bees do—fight battles with them, and drive them far away. Is it not greatly to be desired, then, that our minds should be like bee-hives, full of busy, useful thoughts; and stored with supplies of that heavenly knowledge, of which Solomon says that it is "as the honeycomb?"

## The Fruit of the Spirit.

### CHAPTER I.

**T**HERE were two pictures, before which stood a very thoughtful boy. The one represented a group of figures closely crowded together—some of them, the men of the group especially, with dark rough *bees*; others, and these mostly the women, stooping forward

with an eager gladness and surprise. All were dressed in the wild costume of Easterns, and did not seem above the rank of poor labouring peasants. What was it they so earnestly clustered round to look at—and what shed the light of wonder over even the grimmest countenance? In the centre of the throng sat a



noble figure, as if, wearied by the way, he had taken to rest for a few minutes, making a rude stone his seat; and gathered round his knees, one or two sitting on them, and embraced by his arms, others crowding about him on the ground, were several children, all looking up, fairness and innocence in their gaze, evidently catching very tender words, and the very youngest, as the speaker's hand was laid on its clustering hair, wondering at the awful beauty in his face. It was Jesus in the midst, in the act of speaking these well-known words—“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God!”

The other picture was a picture of pain and sorrow. Darkness was on the face of the earth, and out of the black heavens streamed long flakes of white lightning, with their zig-zag shoots partly lighting up the foreground. Several figures, both of men and women, were seen dimly, as if struck with terror, grovelling in the dust—while above them rose three crosses; the one on the right and the other on the left, with the drooping bodies hanging on them, all

but hid in the gloom. A cross in the midst, set out in awful view thereon nailed to heaven, and on whose face was li to heaven, and on there was pressed a cruel crown of thorns. It was Jesus: he was in the act of speaking to an anguish-stricken God, my God, who had forsaken me?”

The little one had gazed for many a moment now at this picture that, just then, he whispered from an unseen companion behind him these pictures the fruit of the Spirit—unquenchable love in the little of life in the great ago. You know what says of love: “I cannot quench I can the floods dry it was with Jesus so with each comes to learn in Jesus? Is the that so wrought in in that scholar's sent in your heart it each day to love love from the be to love to the w

by that test, and see if you are yielding up to God this first fruit of His Spirit—*Love!*

## CHAPTER II.

One of our pupils was a wonder to his class-mates—not with anything particular about him to strike one at first, but, as you became acquainted with him, most singularly interesting, from the light of perpetual sweetness in his face and manner. Nothing seemed ever to disconcert him, nothing to break his even happiness, nothing to darken the clear brightness of his smile. "I cannot guess," said one of his neighbours, in a whisper to another, "why he is never out of temper, and why, compared with some of us, he is always so very happy. It looks sometimes positively silly."

I had overheard the whisper, and so I took my little friend with me a short time out of doors that afternoon, thinking how I should explain the secret to him best. When, all at once, by the best luck possible, far out on the white dusty road, and just by some cottagers' doors, we beheld a light agile figure dancing in the sunshine. As it skipped to and fro in gay colours, and

with great merriment, I caught his arm, and pointing onward, said—"You see yonder girl wheeling so prettily in her dance. At this distance you hear nothing, you only see; you see the strange wild motions, but you cannot tell what their cause is, and you would really think the dancer mad. Now let us hurry on, and we shall find out." Accordingly I took his hand, and on we hastened, till, as we got within a few paces of the scene, there fell upon our ears some very sweet and thrilling strains, and, on coming nearer yet, we found, by the wayside, a poor blind man, pouring out from a little instrument he bore the softest, most joyous music, to the rise and fall of which his girl merrily danced. "Now," I added, "we no longer think her mad, we hear the music she hears, and are so glad at heart, we might, if we could, dance too." So when we had looked amongst the little crowd awhile, and given our mite for the pleasure we had shared, we walked on, and I could not but say to my young companion, "You are at the bottom of the secret now you so wished to know this morning. You wondered at your class-fellow's constant

smile, and you think it sometimes foolish. Only get near enough to him—*get within hearing of the music he hears*—back within his heart, where he loves the name of Jesus dearly, where he breathes the prayer of his love often, where the Spirit, in the softest music, sheds the words of Jesus through his soul—and

you will no longer wonder—you will wonder rather the you ever wondered—you will ask that you too may have springing in your heart the second fruit of the Spirit—*Joy!*" \*

\* I am indebted for the hint this Chapter to a beautiful page in that beautiful book, "The Patience of Hope."

## Triumphs of the Gospel.

### THE CHANGE.

**L**ITTLE more than a quarter of a century ago, that noble standard-bearer of the cross, "John Williams," took the first teachers to the Samoan or Navigator's Islands in the South Pacific Ocean. These men were natives of other islands, where they had been brought to know Jesus. It was at the risk of their lives they now went to these islands of savages in a ship built by the above-named martyred missionary. It was called the "Messenger of Peace." Well-named; for it sailed from island to island, carrying to them heralds of salvation. At that time the Samoans bowed down before *sharks, snakes, birds, and other creatures, praying to them, and singing praises to them, because they believed them to be gods.* And while the

teachers were landing, the smoke and flames of burning villages and plantations: the distance, which a par having conquered in a dead war had just kindled. But such sights have long since ceased there, and we trust forever. *The Gospel has triumphed!* The idols are abolished. This "kingdom of darkness" is now part of the kingdom of "God's dear Son." Chapels, school-houses and other signs of this great change are everywhere to be seen. Thousands from Sabbath to Sabbath flock to the sanctuary to meet the King of Glory and hear His own message, which alone "makes wise unto salvation;" and read His own blessed Book in their own language, which there was not one word written when first the missionaries reached their coast



**THE GROUP.**

visit Upolu or of the other six is group, and days there, you stronger proofs of Christian mission- ever you went, would be filled village after vil- y salutes you from d at seeing so f the prosperity work in the the people, as at of earth and aven. First of vicipal stations, astonished at large chapels,

the school-rooms, the printing-houses, the mission-houses; and at Apia, at the institution or college for training *natives* to become pastors and teachers in their own land, and *missionaries to the heathen*, you would be delighted to see some of the buildings, which are *really so fine!* On the Sabbath you would see God's house filled, not with naked savages, but with a *well-dressed and attentive congregation*—a people “clothed and in their right mind.” On the week-day, if you look into the schools, you will see the children as cheerful and happy, as well taught and as fond of learning as any in Scotland. Nor would you pass by the

printing-office without looking in, and seeing how busy the native printers are in setting up the types, preparing the paper, and working the press. But take a peep in now at the *Institution*, and you will see nearly seventy Christian men (and the wives of many of them), some of these sitting in classes around the missionary, others preparing their lessons; some, after these tasks, in the carpenter's shop, or at the blacksmith's forge, while the rest are digging, or planting, or hoeing in the fields around the college. These good men raise food enough for themselves and families; and hence it is that their training costs very little to the Society (the London Missionary). The Samoan Institution has proved a fountain of living waters. Not only has it given pastors and teachers to the numerous villages throughout the group, but many of the best native missionaries to Western Polynesia were trained in that college.

*What a contrast to the exertions of the Church members in any town or parish in Scotland is the following:—*

These, numbering from 30,000 to 40,000, who but so lately were poor poor savages, and worshippers of beasts and pieces of wood and stone, have, at last report, contributed, for the year, at their 212 village stations along with their principal ones, not less a sum than

£1490, 14s. 8d., besides sums for missions islands. About £500 appear, has been sent them for Bibles, to 1 through the islands that ocean; and furl give of their educa to hazard their lives sionaries of the Christ, who by His Spirit changes the the lamb. Indeed th received by that one from *those who were* and *savages* before mencement, at the last century—or ra the battle of Water which it got free : *almost passing won* averages now no less than *Sixteen thousand a year!* Besides, ho number of young n contributors have yet willingly, given peril their lives and savages, so as to b within their reach the Gospel of the Grace Oh that Scotland! favoured, loud-profess land! would remem to whom *much is* ; them also *much sha* quired! What er ment to all the Chu Christ, prayerfully s getically to “go f and to our youthhood in this blessed servic the King of Kings mises, “Be thou fait death, and I will g crown of life.” !

## She hath Done what she could."

was this? It is a very simple story. Jesus sat at meat with one Simon from the East at this table which was surrounded by a company, His feet were in the couch and there it was a box bearing a very precious ointment, a box of pearly white perfume. Breaking it, so that it flowed out, she first on His feet, perhaps encouraged by her glance, advanced, and poured His head. The box was up and filled up. Whereupon her hearts, at table began to murmur at his forwardness, waste. "No!" she, who knew their vicious thoughts; it be waste that she ma. Nothing that shows such a woman hath for *she pours out on me of this box,*

all the wealth she had in the world, so she pours out on me all the love within her heart. The two things go together. *She hath done what she could!*" And so He praised the woman, while He put the murmurers to silence and to shame.

Now is that sentence of Christ not a golden rule, worth writing up, wherever they that love Him turn their eyes? Try a few things by its measure and see how blessed you would be, suppose you heard it spoken to you in the very tone and tenderness in which the woman heard it.

*Pleasing and obeying your parents.*—No fretfulness; no grudge to take trouble for them; no angry brows; no forgetting of their wishes; no concealing from them of the truth; no doing or speaking anything beyond their sight you would not do and speak before their very eyes. None? No! Each day "you have done what you could!"

*Daily praying to and fearing God.*—No neglect of prayer, omitting it altogether one time in your hot haste, or hurrying it over as the greatest

task another time, and yet a thing you dare not altogether leave off; no shutting out of God wilfully from your hearts; no forgetting of His presence either in your school or play hours; no unholy words, deeds, passions, indulged in, that you know right well are hateful in the sight of God, who seeth all? None? No! Each day "you have done what you could!"

*Diligence and cheerfulness in children's duties.* — No impatience with your teachers, or your lessons; no sluggishness over your work, either in the class or at home; no ungentleness, and rudeness, and ingratitude, in return to those who take so many pains to do you good; no lateness in your hours, or blundering, or sulky gloom! None? No! Each day "you have done what you could!"

*Kindness to one another.* — No envy of your play-fellows' happiness or good fortune; no coveting of anything they possess; no mean, spiteful, cowardly, selfish outbreak against them, or against any one; no unlovely tempers, making all about you, as well as yourself, unhappy, and tempting one to think you were not the child of

Jesus, but the child of the devil?

Each day "you what you could!"


*Giving in thanksgiving to Jesus.* — No keeping for your own pool no grudge when you to share it out with your fellows, so them happy in it getting of the grace with Christ loved ing down His on the cross for you back of the hard drop your penny sionary-box; no to pour out your love and in deeds vice, that you might love back for Jesus ing rather to keep it all up for your lavish it on others so much useless! No! Each day done what you could.

I have put all and I might put at random, just my little reader very far the best children may be by His golden much they best how little they and pour out on you not like to

something like that woman, whom He praised for her pure and overflowing love! Then why not try, each day, the whole day's work and temper by the words Jesus spoke of her? Why not, every new day, get a step higher in your love and prayer, so that if for a long while, you

be only, as it were, laying your gifts at the feet of Jesus, you may, by and bye, reach up and pour them on His head. At first He may only say—"You are *trying* and have *tried* what you could;" but may end with saying at the last—"Well done, beloved child, you have *done* what you could!"

### The Water of Life.

HEN Jesus made known the way of salvation to the woman of Samaria (John iv.), He used the emblem of *water*, as the best fitted for her case. His words are full of precious lessons to us all, and would that they came home to us with as saving efficacy, as when spoken at Jacob's well.

One lesson He taught is:—*The vanity of everything short of God.* "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." The body soon needs refreshment anew. The objects it seeks are, in like manner, imperfect and soon exhausted, so that its desires are never fully satisfied, but only put off for a time. The same words acquire a very sad meaning when applied to the soul, for *man is fallen, and all things about him tainted and blighted by sin.* This woman had

sought happiness in forbidden joys. She had forsaken God, the fountain of living waters, and drunk at broken cisterns and polluted streams. Even so by many more the cup of sinful pleasure is drained a thousand times over, and as often thrown down in bitter disgust.

But there are other streams of happiness, pure, noble, and abundant. The great Creator has filled this world with things beautiful and good. Still, though man could grasp all these rich and countless blessings, though he gained the whole world, what would it profit him? They are all too little to satisfy his immortal soul. "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again."

It is written on everything man loves here below—health, wealth, wisdom, fame, friendship, power. Yea more, is it not inscribed upon God's



blessed word, on the table of communion, on the house of prayer, and on the closet where the believer pours out his heart in the secret of His presence? Means of grace are all but streams, which guide us up nearer the great Fountain Head.

Another lesson is, that *God is the highest and the only satisfying portion of man.* "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," &c. The words "living water" are used here as elsewhere in Scripture (John vii. 39, Isaiah xlv. 3) for the Holy Spirit of God. It is He alone who can meet the wants of the soul; for it is only that which is perfect that can satisfy, and as the soul of man is immortal, so the Spirit of God is not only its sufficient, but its everlasting portion. To use a Scripture emblem, man is a *vessel*, a vessel of infinite capacity. The ungodly seek to fill this great void by letting down their poor buckets, and drawing from the broken cisterns of their own hewing, but all in vain. On the contrary, the "chosen vessel" of Christ, turning away from all these, opens his mouth wide and

God fills it. The l are poured into soul, filling it wi peace, and "sri again in joyful a longing for the orig O blessed thirst! water! The re glory all drank of they thirst no mor

One lesson mo *Jesus and He alon us the Holy Spiri He will give Him to prayer.* In with the woman, times over declared be the giver of the l No earthly well ca only He "in who all the fulness of t bodily." This g the Spirit He pu us by His death. I to heaven to best possession is a marl true people, for " have not the spiri he is none of His."

O, then, listen to of Jesus: "If any let him come un drink." His last from heaven to a c is: "Let him tha come; and whosee him take the wa freely."

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**W**ILL praise my Maker with my breath,  
 And when my voice is lost in death  
 Praise shall employ my nobler part;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.



### The Deep Grave.

many days since, of England. Upwards of two  
of the most fright- hundred men and boys had  
accidents perhaps gone down the shaft many  
in connexion with fathoms deep, early in the  
place, as many forenoon, for their day's work  
have heard, at —they were away in the far-  
as in the North down caverns, we may well

suppose, their little lamps lit and stuck each upon its wearer's forehead—and all the crew groping and hacking with their pickaxes among the gleaming jet. Suddenly an immense iron beam, which was the arm of a colossal pump, and hung over the very centre of the shaft, for the purpose of raising up the waters which flow incessantly into the pit's depths, snapped in its middle, and the one half, weighing twenty tons or so, plunged into the throat of the shaft, carrying with it ruin and darkness, and choking up the passage-way to every living soul below. What a swift and awful grave! Nothing can ever be told of what was the horror underneath. For days gangs of workers plied the task of cutting down through the ruin in the shaft; and, at first, repeated sounds, as of the poor prisoners signalling and crying from below, were heard; but the work was long and perilous, and when at last, after nearly a week, a way was cut through, and several heroic men descended into the vast coal seam, alas it was all silence, desolation, death. The dead men lay in rows. All along the gallery they were strewn, as the gas-

poison from the had struck them one was saved all tale.

Perhaps one touching incident scene of awfulness a father, who, the ing, had taken I with him for the show him the w pit—and who ha by the cage into t an hour before took place. C picture to yoursel end to the poor l tion—the hopes t kindled by his fati—the eager haste he snatched his n—ran by his fath dreaming that he mother's face for t stepped into the c ingly, and, on t voyage, found hi ing away into the g Hardly had he b in the strange w guided through th corridors—at eve a miner plied his a dancing spot of ing strange cries, it all, no doubt, grim wonder, w shaking of the rushed upon the

rom-above—there was a  
 d's dead appalling at-  
 and then, as feet hur-  
 the shaft from every  
 of the pit, one long  
 terrible despair. Who  
 think of the weeping  
 he father's arm round  
 at had no power to save,  
 e slow death of many  
 that came to both alike  
 deep, deep grave! Who  
 think of the mother's  
 in her cottage when  
 rd the news; and now,  
 ll the crowd that ran  
 to the grave's mouth,  
 t could well be more  
 than hers who sor-  
 or her lost child!  
 it is not, dear reader,  
 w you needlessly with  
 of woe, that I write  
 ines. No; but just,  
 u are brooding softly  
 ly over the fate of that  
 oy, you may think,  
 our other thoughts, of  
 dug deeper and darker  
 the one in which he  
 ed; and swinging into  
 ou may thoughtlessly  
 ending. I mean the  
 sin—the grave of the  
 rted heart, in which  
 s not known, and the  
 His face is shut out.  
 and little—one step a

day—how, if you are off your  
 guard, you may go down  
 thither! Nay, many, in their  
 eager youth, may wish to  
 pierce into the wonders and  
 the novel pleasures of its dark-  
 ness, for it is a witching thing  
 to get into company with all  
 the promises and baits, with  
 which the devil leads on in  
 sin. But ah, the word of God,  
 recollect, tells you, that the  
 steps of such "take hold on  
 hell." What pit can be deeper  
 or more terrible than that!  
 Think, therefore, that your  
 very first steps aside, the  
 stolen waters of any sin that  
 are so sweet, and the bread  
 eaten in secret that is so plea-  
 sant, that these are the begin-  
 nings of descent, whose end,  
 if you heed not, is not the  
 body's death only, but the  
 soul's also. Oh! there is  
 none can deliver you but Him,  
 who can make even the grave  
 give up its dead — who came  
 especially to seek and to save  
 that which was lost, but yet  
 who says, as if He would rather  
 prevent you at the outset, than  
 have you run all lengths, and  
 perhaps all but tempt His  
 grace utterly away—"I love  
 them that love Me; and they  
 that seek me early shall find  
 Me!"

## Good and Evil at the Hand of God

**W**HAT! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" These were the words of the patriarch Job, who perhaps experienced greater measures of prosperity and adversity than any other man who ever lived.

When he uttered them, he was in the midst of his sorest distress. The *good* he spoke of was all gone. He had been "the greatest of all the men of the East." Then, his sheep, and oxen, and asses, and camels, were counted by hundreds and thousands, and he had a large and prosperous family. With such lofty rank, such vast wealth, so many friends, how happy must he have been? But he possessed, besides all these, the noblest source of happiness as well. He was not only very great, but very good. The Lord Himself said of him—"there is none like Job in all the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil." And so He blessed Job much, because He loved him much.

But it pleased God, in His wisdom and love, to send *evil* upon Job. In one short day he was bereft of all, and left desolate and childless. Bands of robbers came suddenly upon his oxen, his asses, and his camels, and drove them away,

leaving the servants of God "fell from and destroyed his and their flocks. And last and worst of sons and daughters were ing in their eldest house, when a storm great that the house was thrown. Suddenly, warning, their young were quenched, their voices hushed, and their holiday rejoicing changed into their Oh! what terrible must now have wrung father's heart! Hith had been silent; but he he bear this awful ment? However, only, "Then Job rent his mantle, and his head, and fell down the ground and wailing uttering these sublime of resignation—words have often since then with the mourner's "The Lord gave, and hath taken away; blessed the name of the Lord.

But to these awful ties another was added it came upon his own Covered from head with frightful disease, down "among the and hushed his heart under the mighty Jehovah. Friends comfort him, but were

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

at the sight of his  
ness (for he was so  
that "they knew him  
hat "they lifted up  
ice and wept." For  
ng days and nights  
ited and watched, but  
d with grief and  
ent, no one spoke.  
th a cry broke from  
erer's lips. It was a  
l wail of lamentation,  
the day of his birth,  
rnestly longing for  
o end his sorrows.  
ered him condolence,  
vain in such seasons  
is friendly sympathy.  
ch better often to be  
ie with God. Hence  
uching entreaty Job  
ed to his thoughtless  
ers,—“Have pity on  
my friends, have pity  
for the hand of God  
ched me.” The hand

Ah! how often does  
d touch us, when least  
ld desire it. Our  
possessions it does not  
Riches fly away—the  
f manhood is changed  
e than an infant's  
ss—our friends, whose  
re knit with ours in  
ey too must be given  
e gives: He takes:  
be His name. It is  
d of God. We may  
the reason of His  
yet He never smites  
n love. So when our  
would tempt us to  
f His correction, let  
ember Job's patient  
ien his wife, who sank

utterly under the weight of  
sorrow, foolishly bade him  
complain—"What, shall we re-  
ceive good at the hand of God,  
and shall we not receive evil?"

And he did again enjoy  
good. When God had proved  
him, and taught him precious  
lessons, and made him a  
pattern to the world of patient  
endurance, He raised Job  
again to double his former  
prosperity; and he lived long  
in the midst of such earthly  
happiness, as has hardly been  
known since the days of Eden.

God directs the lot of every  
man. Our experience must be  
very different from Job's, yet  
would that we all had his piety;  
then both our good and our  
evil would be felt by us to be  
what they really are, bless-  
ings, tokens of His love. Our  
heavenly Father, who duly  
measures out the cold and  
heat, the storm and calm, the  
darkness and sunshine, needed  
to bring the flowers and fruits  
of earth to maturity, alone  
knows what measure of joy  
and sorrow His children re-  
quire to prepare them for  
enjoying at length the un-  
clouded happiness of heaven.  
So then our evil things should  
be borne with patient and  
cheerful submission, and our  
good things enjoyed with  
grateful, sober gladness; for  
we receive both alike at the  
hand of God.

Dear young reader, king  
Solomon has left for you a  
very solemn word of warning  
on this subject—"Remember,

now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, *while the evil days come not.*" The evil days! Alas! they are in store for you. Sorrow will meet you yet in many forms. Therefore now, in your happy thoughtless days, do not forget Him. Be this your experience:—

"Give what Thou wilt, without  
Thee I am poor,  
But with Thee rich,—take what  
Thou wilt away."

Only thus coming hand of God, will ye be sanctified and your "evil" mis-trust joy. Yes, pass through the shadow of death, ye no evil, for He will to guide and welcome His presence, where fulness of joy, an right hand are plentifully sown.

## The Fruit of the Spirit

### CHAPTER III.

**W**E walked along the public way, after it had been all day a deluge of wind and rain. The gutter at the roadside ran like a torrent, and its muddy waters formed here and there, wherever any stone or other obstacle stopped their course, into dark angry-looking pools, bubbling and swirling at our feet. Presently a break in the clouds let out glimpses of the blue sky—the wind fell low—the rain went off on the hills—and the sweet summer evening sun shone on the valley, with a burst of beauty. Still the angry torrents by the roadside brattled on the stones; and while every thing else was shining

in the evening glow turbid pools gave reflection, but a break upon their surface rest all mud and I could not but pe lesson. "There," a companion, "is the the heart swollen an by angry passions rush, into it and of the base, and unholy currents of and of sin; there cannot be, either qu clearness in its de when the sun of hea on it—when the word of Christ light all confused and b on the surface; in t continua foul and night."

ing or two there-  
 rused another path  
 y, leading by the  
 title noose-shaded  
 re weather had in  
 been still and  
 nd this time, as  
 at one point  
 k, clustered with  
 , hung above the  
 were led to gaze  
 down into a half-  
 made by a turn-  
 rters; and there,  
 et face, pure as a  
 as, we beheld our  
 ances reflected—  
 e clear bottom  
 h its silver peb-  
 uld trace the blue  
 heaven above, and  
 nlight, mirrored  
 flower for flower,  
 as, we could mark  
 y sheet all the  
 ets of the rock,  
 ible. To add yet  
 charm, now and  
 led trout darted  
 ner, hung for a  
 ivering in the  
 ave, and then,  
 ight again, was  
 looked long into  
 peace, and I could  
 ain recurring to  
 f a few evenings

said I, "is the

likeness of the heart pure and peaceful in the sight of God. It lies gently modest in its retirement, yet open to the shining face with which the blessed Christ looks down into its depth. Every thought is open; every beauty of His word and Spirit is caught within it; and, above all, in its still purity and love, the image of the Lord Himself is pictured out, line by line."

"You see the difference," I added, "between two lives you often meet—one unfixed and Christless, tossed about by every gust of evil; never *there* can God's quiet and image find their way; the other still and patient, no provocation ever firing it, no coarse or bad passion ever ruffling it, but with a sweet brow, and a gentle happiness, and that Jesus who heareth and answereth prayer dwelling in the heart. The latter of these two, dear children, is that young life, which shows in it the third fruit of the Spirit—*Peace!*"

#### CHAPTER IV.

There was a rumour, I am sorry to say, greedily taken up and sent round the school, that one of our best and most diligent pupils was a coward.



It is an impeachment at all times about the very worst among boys—and *this* boy, whom I had known and I daresay favoured, as full of a manly sense of duty, and above all a fear of God's holy name, fell at once under the ban of almost all within his class at least. I was not a little surprised; so that, as quickly as possible, I found out the tale. It was this:—in some game of the previous day, he had been wronged by unfair play. He had pointed out the trick, and had firmly protested against it. For that, the doer of it, a violent and unruly comrade, heated by his consciousness of wrong, had struck him on the face, and even spit upon him, with a challenge at the moment, that they should settle their difference by a fight. The injured boy had grown very pale, but he had said, "I will not fight!" He had been hooted, struck again, taunted in face of the whole play-ground; still he had kept his hands restrained; and telling his rude opponent he would *not* be angry, though tears were starting from his eyes, he walked away steadily and alone.

When I heard the tale thus, I called the class round me.

"I will tell another tale once travelled in a vehicle, and a some boisterous present, begged to swear, and wickedly bragged in the company, silent, at last the riotous side he only provoked he persisted clearly, that not God, God destroy. A more reckless turned fiercer openly spat it was a great that so gross at once he did the su calmly wiped hatred from. 'Sir, if I could your conscience and the shame have done, a wipe its countenance, do it.' Some these words, them to scold up amongst because, for fight! At end of the joy he was one

ng round, he said,  
he greater coward,  
fights because he  
r the shame, or he  
the shame keenly,  
enough to refuse  
I would rather be  
before men, than  
nd in shame before  
id so he walked

I added, "that is  
mate here. He  
a coward to you,

but he has been bold in the  
sight of God. And why?  
Because he has the rare  
courage to endure with it;  
when reviled, to revile not  
again; not to be overcome  
of evil, but to overcome evil  
with good. Instead of dis-  
honouring, honour your play-  
fellow. Go and do likewise.  
Yea, learn from his gentle  
conduct, that fourth and most  
blessed fruit of the Spirit—  
*Long-suffering.*

### What Can I Do?

summer morning  
wandered away  
mong the quiet  
ills. There were  
atures to be seen  
t the timid sheep  
one another, and  
ed pe-wits uttering  
tive cries. They  
me, dropping one  
gs, as if they had  
ed, crying all the  
t!" "pe-wit!" and  
larted away to a  
knew they were  
I was going to  
nests or hurt their  
nd that they were  
d me past them;  
ed not have been  
n on a stone in a  
spot; it was such  
one, it seemed to  
here among the

grass and heather for ages.  
Whenever the rustling of my  
own footsteps was hushed, I  
began to hear the sound of  
little trickling streams of  
water around me, tinkling  
and dropping, tinkling and  
dropping among the grass.  
The grass was so thick, and  
the streams were so thin, that  
I could not see them. I could  
only hear them; and very  
pretty fairy-like music they  
made.

So I sat listening; and the  
longer I sat, my ears got the  
better used to the sound of the  
little tinkling streams. At  
last I heard, or thought I  
heard, one of them speaking.  
It seemed to rise just under  
the old grey stone I was  
sitting on; and I am sure you  
never saw such a thread of a  
stream as it was—so very very

little. I put aside the long grass with my hand to look at it, for I had never in my life before heard a stream of water speak. It was so little, it could scarcely have filled a tea cup in an hour; and it seemed just to be lazily speaking to itself, always repeating "What's the use? what's the use? what's the use of a poor little stream like me going any farther? what good can I do? I am such a poor, little, useless thing, the rest will just laugh at me. I think I might be allowed to lie still under this old grey stone."

I was just going to answer it, when I heard another one very near it begin to speak—no bigger than the first—with no more water in it, but a great deal more sense and spirit; quite a wise little stream. It said kindly to its lazy neighbour, "Come away, my little sister; you surely will not go back below that old grey stone again, and lie there till your pretty sparkling water is spoiled or lost. Come away quickly; they tell me there is great need for us in the valley down yonder, and in the plain beyond it." But the foolish little stream only grumbled and repeated, "What's the use? what good can I do?" "Nay, come and see," said the other; "do come." At length the lazy little stream consented, and joined with the other, and away they went together.

How much stronger they

both felt and joined, and how too! if you how merrily they twinkled, and tripped along. down they in streams, some themselves, on same road. They joined companies longer they were the merrier and seemed to be nothing could hinder their way. A great rock or made a race as over it; but it do that, round its side, and on a laugh.

When they the moorland born, they soon people in the land so anxious for There had been of rain down the it was grown flowers were on earth. The trees were shrubs the very fishes in the rivers, of water. The miller at his mill downcast, with his pockets, full of water to drive

But what the little stream ing down the valley easily hear the were so happy

ted so merrily to the  
bles as they passed  
As they tripped gaily  
corn began to look  
again. The sweet

lifted up their heads  
asked them, and the  
seemed to clap their  
gether like little hands

And they made the  
happy man again.

do you think that the  
ream that was once so  
hed to be back below  
grey stone again? No

It seemed to jump  
joy at the good it found  
ble to do. It jerked  
under the roots of the

trees. It kissed the  
flowers in passing,  
t them refreshed and  
d again; and it seemed  
to wish to linger under  
noss-grown mill-wheel,  
a to its merry whirr,  
ch the miller's happy  
at it knew that it should

not, and so on it went, the  
happiest, busiest, best, little  
stream that ever was—all so  
happy because of the good it  
was able to do.

Now, I know very well that  
some of my little friends are  
always ready to say, as this  
little stream once did, "What's  
the use? what good can I  
do? and the very little money  
that I could give, what good  
would it do?" My dear  
children, let this little stream  
teach you. If it, and all the  
other little streams, had lain  
still under the old stones on  
the moor, what would have  
become of the corn and the  
trees and the flowers, not to  
forget the miller? Each of  
you do something, and join  
with one another in doing good.  
Ah! if the hearts of our little  
ones were filled with love to  
Christ, and their hands and  
feet busy for Him, what a  
world we would soon have.



Where sin, and sorrow, and  
want, are bowing down many,  
many hearts, and spreading  
grief and death, we would have  
hope, and health, and happi-  
ness.

And the world needs every

little stream of Christian love  
—even the least. As they  
on they will get stronger and  
purer, and in God's good hands  
they will be "showers of blessing."

W. A. D.

Lines Written for an Industrial School  
Child to Learn.

**I** AM a little child,  
With nothing good in me.  
But, Father, make me grow in grace,  
Till fit thy face to see.

I am a naughty child,  
With heart so full of sin;  
But I have heard Christ's blood can wash  
Such hearts and make them clean.

I am a poor weak child,  
And need thy Spirit's power,  
To guard me from my wicked way,  
Through every day and hour.

I wish to be Thy child,  
To dwell in Thy bright home,  
And Jesus wants me to be there,  
For He has bid me come.

Lord, make me *now* Thy child,  
Through Jesus Christ forgiven,  
And when I die, O Father take  
Thy ransomed one to heaven.

THE  
bath Scholar's Treasury

AND

VENILE MISSIONARY RECORD

IN CONNEXION WITH

The Church of Scotland.

' Suffer little Children to come unto Me.'—MARK x. 14.

VOL. V.

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MDCCLXIV.



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## From the East.

(Continued from page 100.)

ST month I de- cluster more sacred and  
scribed our journey historic memories than around  
from Joppa to Jeru- any other spot in the whole  
salem, and I shall ; world.  
; you some account of ; On first walking around  
City, " beautiful for ; Jerusalem that passage in the  
," and around which ; 48th Psalm naturally occurs

to the mind, "Walk about Zion and go round about her, tell the towers thereof, mark ye well her palaces, consider her bulwarks." This was written in the days of Jerusalem's glory. Alas, how changed it is now! Doubtless the Saviour saw, with the eye of divine prescience, its present state of desolation when He "beheld the City and wept over it."

Perhaps nothing strikes the eye more in passing through the streets than their deserted appearance. Excepting in the bazaars and in the vicinity of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, there is scarcely any appearance of life. One may pass through long streets of dead walls without meeting a human being, unless some squalid wretch stretching forth his hand for alms. Truly it is come to pass, "Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation."

The walls which inclose the city are about two miles and a half in circumference, but the buildings do not nearly fill up the space inclosed,—different portions of it being either unoccupied or covered with heaps of rubbish. The population probably does not exceed 15,000, and is composed of parties of many different creeds. The Jews are the most numerous, and next to them the Moslems. The remainder are members of the Greek Church, Roman Catholics, Armenians, &c.

The ancient city is but under many feet of rubbish the accumulation of ages; if we look for remains of former magnificence we find almost in vain. Nor will it surprise us when we consider the numerous sieges it has undergone by Romans, Crusaders, and Saracens.

But the natural features must be almost unchanged since the days of the Hebrew monarchy. The Mount of Olives, the valley of Hinnon and the valley of Jehoshaphat remain, in their general features, just as they were when the Saviour dwelt on earth. And it is to these that the heart of the true pilgrim turns for relief from the insupportable monkish traditions as so-called "holy places."

March 15.—This morning we walked around the north side of the city, outside the wall, as far as the gate now called "St Stephen's." From this point we could see nearly the whole of the valley of Jehoshaphat, thickly studded with tombs. Many Jews from different parts of the world come to die at Jerusalem, in order that their bones may rest in the land of their fathers. These tombs are only marked by small stones, and you will see from the picture at the commencement of this paper and which is taken from a photograph how closely they are crowded together. The two large monuments in the picture are

ns, and are hewn out  
 ling into the valley  
 and stony path, we  
 small bridge over the  
 ed of the Kedron ;  
 g" on the right the  
 Gethsemane with  
 olives, ascended  
 of Olives. Num-  
 le lizards were bask-  
 sun or darting about  
 bare white lime-  
 . The ascent was  
 the view from the  
 unequalled in inter-  
 e other side of the  
 salem lay stretched  
 like a map, and  
 ble to distinguish  
 n of the different  
 ich it is built. A  
 n of Zion is out-  
 odern wall, and is  
 ultivation. That is  
 ss which was pro-  
 Jeremiah,—“ Zion  
 oughed like a field.”  
 aps the most strik-  
 the view of Jeru-  
 this point, is the  
 space on Mount  
 inly planted with  
 e, and other trees,  
 e centre of which  
 “ Kubbet es Suk-  
 “ Dome of the  
 monly called the  
 Omar.” This  
 ilding is erected  
 k which forms the  
 oriah, and is the  
 place in the eyes  
 lem, next to the  
 ecca. It is only of  
 payment of a large

bribe, Christians have been ad-  
 mitted within its sacred pre-  
 cincts. I shall next month  
 describe our visit to this—per-  
 haps the most interesting spot  
 in Jerusalem, for it is the spot  
 where stood God's holy and  
 beautiful house.

But let us now turn our  
 eyes towards the east, and there  
 lies before us a scarcely less  
 interesting scene—the wilder-  
 ness of Judea ; and in the dis-  
 tance the valley of the Jordan,  
 and the Dead Sea glistening  
 in the sunlight and backed by  
 the dark mountains of Moab.  
 One of these mountain tops  
 must be Pisgah, whence Moses  
 viewed the promised land ; and  
 another Nebo, where he died.

We spent a considerable  
 time engrossed in the view of  
 these sacred scenes, and then  
 descended, having it in pros-  
 pect to encamp on Mount  
 Olivet for a few days before  
 leaving the Holy City, in order  
 to study them more at leisure.

*March 16, Sunday.*— This  
 morning we attended divine  
 service at the little English  
 church near the Jaffa gate. It  
 is the only Protestant church  
 in Jerusalem. It was sweet to  
 hear the songs of Zion sung on  
 Zion hill, and on the very spot  
 too where probably many of  
 them were composed by the  
 royal Psalmist ; for it has  
 been supposed that the church  
 occupies a portion of the site  
 formerly covered by the king's  
 palace, of which the massive  
 walls of the citadel at the  
 Jaffa gate may have formed

part. These walls are evidently of great antiquity. The stones are very large, and bevelled in the style of ancient Jewish architecture.

On leaving the church, we were struck with the numbers

of lepers "sitting side begging," no in groups of three by their wretched appealing to the c passers by.

## Russian Tyranny.

**R**ECALL a sad case—a thing that happened to one Ambos, a professor in a university, who was also a Lutheran minister, falsely accused of a crime, and through the malice of some enemy made to appear guilty. So he was suddenly torn from his friends and hurried off to Siberia. It was a sad blow to his aged parents, for they had already lost two sons in the army, and this son and a daughter were all that were left to them. As he lived at a distance from them, it was some time before they heard of it, and even then they could not learn what had become of him. The whole thing was involved in great mystery, and the old father sunk under the trouble and anxiety, and died.

After some years a traveller called at the inn of the place and inquired for the friends of Ambos. He told them that the year previous, while travelling in Siberia, he had found poor Henry Ambos, in rags, at work in a gang of prisoners. He had told him

his name and begged him on to hunt up his father, whom they know where. The mother and minister immediately began to mean to get at the matter, and the emperor in his was a serious but the sister, B heart in it, and she to push it through. She visited the place, and her brother had lived, succeeded in getting count of the trial, injustice that had been done, and with the papers and a pardon, she set Petersburg.

Here she had difficulty in getting before the emperor, whose business it was to attend to, she absolutely refused anything to do with it, she could get no others to listen, last she determined to see the emperor himself, and was an undertaker.

with the greatest difficulty. The door-keepers would not admit her to the palace, and she had not friends of sufficient influence to get an interview for her. So she watched his suite when he went to church, or to the park, or to reviews, but all to no purpose; the guards or the servants always kept her back. At last some ladies of rank became interested in her story, and one of them, the Countess Elise, offered to let her go in her dress and carriage, and be introduced in her name. This would gain her entrance to the palace, and then she must manage for herself. So she was admitted, and the emperor being told that the Countess Elise waited to see him, came to meet her. Of course he was very much surprised to see that it was not the Countess at all, but a stranger; still he was not angry, and he permitted her to state her business, even condescended to look over the papers she had brought with her, and before she left he gave her reason to hope that her brother would be pardoned. After five days of suspense she received the pardon of her brother with the emperor's seal and signature, and then she rejoiced with great joy.

But she would not trust the precious paper out of her own hands. Nothing would answer but that she must go herself and take it to her brother.

So she started off alone on that long and weary journey. For a whole week she travelled day and night, and after a couple of days of rest, she travelled another week, for there were neither railroads nor balloons on her route. She travelled post, as it is called, which is something like our stage-coach travelling. Oh, how eagerly she presented herself to the officer at the end of her journey and shewed him the pardon of her brother. He received her kindly, and read over the paper carefully, and then said, slowly,

"I am sorry, but the Henry Ambos mentioned in this paper is dead!"

Poor girl! Her efforts had been all in vain. God, in whose hands are the lives of all, waits not the movements even of the Russian emperor; he had pardoned the poor worn-out man, and taken him home to rest in heaven.

Yes, though we may scarcely ever think of it, that will be the end of all our travels, my little ones. However widely we may wander here, we shall all come at last to the same gate, some sooner, some later, but one by one we shall all certainly come there. And what will be our lot after we have passed through it? Can we answer that question? How little it matters where we spend our lives here, but how much it matters where we spend them hereafter!—S. S. Advocate.

## Deliverance of Abbeokuta.

**T**HE news, the good news, of the deliverance of Abbeokuta reached England after the last Number of the "Green Book" was in the printer's hands. Some of our readers have already, we dare say, heard or read of the great deliverance God has wrought for His servants in that place, but we must place the account on record in the pages of our little book.

None can have forgotten how, last year, when Abbeokuta was threatened with destruction by the King of Dahomey, the people of God were moved to pray for its safety. And we must remember how the fierce king, with his men and women-soldiers, came suddenly upon the city, and then, without making any attack, as suddenly returned by the way by which he came. Many hearts were made glad by the tidings, and gave thanks to God, who always hears the prayers of His people.

Again the cruel king of Dahomey has marched up against Abbeokuta. Had he taken the town, all the inhabitants, heathen and Christian, old and young, would have been killed, or sold as slaves: some doubtless would have been kept to be offered in sacrifice to his idols. You will remember reading of these *dreadful sacrifices at Abomey.*

The king had already a particular spot of where he intended to missionaries. Thank God, they have not fallen prey into his hands.

The king seems made sure of victory: his army was large, his soldiers brave and dauntless, the battle is the Lord's. He giveth the victory to whomsoever He pleases.

The Abbeokutans were aware of the enemy's approach. Not only were they well armed, and every man made to defend himself, but the Christian people, the missionaries and their families, were conscious and earnest in their prayers to God to save them out of the hand of the heathen.

In one schoolroom the men were gathered for fight, many African warriors were gathered together to make supplication to the Lord. Think of the all this time—the little children and the little children too. A cruel war or a life of wretchedness must be theirs if the town were conquered.

The fight began about five o'clock in the morning. Soon the Dahomians began to flight. They attacked the town, and tried to scale the walls, but the Abbeokutans fought bravely,

sing, the enemy  
They were pur-  
many slain. God  
after this signal  
king of Dahomey  
again disturb Ab-  
breat rejoicing was  
day in Abbeokuta.  
things the pur-  
ght back to the  
some large razors,  
the king had in-  
it off the heads of  
, and which were  
y in their hurry to  
the Abbeokutans  
forty were killed,  
omians lost thou-  
  
we shall give  
od for His great

mercy to our brethen, and to  
the poor heathen in Abbeo-  
kuta. Many of the heathen  
say it is the Christians' God  
who has given them the  
victory. May they be led to  
choose Him for their God, and  
to believe in Jesus Christ,  
God's only Son, and man's  
only Saviour! If it happen  
thus unto them from the Lord,  
we shall have more abundant  
cause still to thank God for  
the defeat of king of Dahomey.  
Has not God taught us, that  
if we only pray and faint not,  
we shall in due time give Him  
thanks? May the lesson not  
be thrown away upon us!—  
*Christian Missionary Juve-  
nile Instructor.*

### Jewels of Two Kinds.

Indian lady, well  
own in her own  
untry for her  
ches and jewels,  
Englishman, and  
in Britain. After  
residence in this  
e became very ill:  
said it was con-  
She was forbidden  
y parties, of which  
fond, confined to  
and her strength  
ing way.  
was a Moham-  
ie faith she held  
no comfort; her  
rent was in read-  
tales. The sick-  
sat in her room  
her eyes from her

work to watch her patient—  
so like a prisoner, shut up in  
our cold country, far from  
her own sunny land. Nurse  
kept her Bible always near  
her, and every now and then  
would read a word to cheer  
herself, longing to put it into  
the lady's hand, in place of  
the foolish tales she read.  
But "he that winneth souls  
is wise;" not only wise in  
having chosen the highest kind  
of work, but wise in waiting till  
God shall open His way to do it.  
"Nurse," the lady said at  
length, "I think you must  
find it very dull to be shut up  
in this room with me all day  
long, and to have nothing to  
amuse you."



"Oh, no, ma'am," she said, "I don't find it dull at all: I am always cheerful, and am not sorry for myself to be shut up in this room."

The lady thought this very strange, and said, "Go and fetch the box that holds my jewels: it will help to amuse us to look at it this dull day."

So the nurse fetched the box of jewels, and the lady unlocked it, and spread a quantity of them on the table.

"Now, nurse, would not you like to have some of these jewels?"

"No, ma'am, not at all; for I have jewels much finer than yours."

"How can that be, nurse? mine are the finest jewels in the land. Where are yours? You never wear them!"

So the nurse held up her Bible, saying, "My jewels are all in this book."

The lady thought there were one or two jewels hidden about the book, and said, "Take them out and shew them to me."

"Why, ma'am, my jewels are so precious I can only shew you one at a time."

Then she opened her Bible, and read the text, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." She told her mistress, that though a poor woman she had no wish to be a rich one, for God knew what was best for her. She said also that her treasure was in heaven, and that she did not so much

mind the trials because she was happiness in the God and Jesus.

It pleased God lady's heart that attend to the the nurse spoke.

"Why, nurse any thing like happy you must you do; I wish the same!"

And then told her she had not feel thus of her was God who had her heart, and that do the same for she would ask for

"Well, nurse lady, "I should another of you which you have now is so beautiful

But the nurse poor lady was thought it was one day, but should see one tomorrow.

So next day "Shew me another

Nurse opened again, and read faithful saying, all acceptance Jesus came into save sinners."

The Holy Spirit work in the lady began to feel that great sinner. For the Lord Jesus soul; she gave idle books; and

wels now; she had  
 he pearl of great  
 her body wasted day  
 at her soul was joy-  
 ful in her Saviour. She was  
 a wonder to many, a bright  
 monument of God's power to  
 save.—*The Soul Gatherer.*

## The Pit and its Perils.\*

we have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to our tract. We give of the narrative, and many may be induced to read the little book, and take on the solemn impressively taught. 16th January 1862 an accident took place north of England. In the morning of that fatal day, a hundred and four boys descended into the Pit to their work, and the thing went on as usual. At eleven o'clock in the afternoon, when a loud noise like distant thunder was heard in the neighbourhood of the pit. It was told by the pitmen's wives that something dreadful had happened; and, to the worst fears were realized, the beam of the mass of iron weighing three tons, had broken into two, and one of the enormous lengths had fallen into the pit. The beam was carried every-where in its fall.

*Rev. C. F. Buchan,  
 of Fordoun.*

Wood-work, stones, gravel, and earth, in immense quantities, were carried down, so that the shaft of the pit was completely choked up, and all communication with those below entirely cut off. What a dreadful thought!

Upwards of two hundred men and boys shut up in this living grave, with no way of escape, and the deadly poison of foul air constantly increasing. Such a calamity had never before been experienced in coal-mining, though its annals are full of sad and terrible accidents. Heroic efforts were immediately made for the deliverance of the poor prisoners. All that skill could devise, and strength and courage could perform, was done for days and nights without intermission, but in vain. It was not until the sixth day that an opening was made into the pit, and then it was found to be too late,—the whole were dead! Some were found with tools in their hands, as if they had laboured bravely to the last to make a way of escape for themselves and their fellow-prisoners; but the majority were sitting with their heads resting on their

hands, or reclining on each other's shoulders, or locked in a loving embrace. They had met the last enemy undauntedly, many of them with the peace and joy which the Christian alone can feel in such an hour. Inscriptions written on pieces of paper or scratched on tin vessels, made known the penitence of some, the faith of others, and the fate of all. "Mercy, O God!" "We had a prayer-meeting at two!" and such like intimations of devout repentance and faith, were some of their sad but sublime memorials in death. And could a loftier tribute to the power of the Gospel be rendered than that which their sepulchre in the gloomy pit gave up when opened? Those touching mementos of the devotion in death of these lowly pitmen, dying one by one in the dark bowels of the

earth, sent a thrill amazement and joy the land. Unbe wondered at the effortitude of these men; and Christian and thanked God given to humble thus to testify for in circumstances dously appalling. remain unmoved thought of these together a devotion when the last hope and the coldness already creeping hearts? And believers in His resurrection and far down in the earth; and that awful pit became every reason to bright gateway into immortality.

## Love to Christ.

**O**NE morning a converted Hindoo came to the missionary bringing his brass idols, and throwing them on the ground, said:—

"Enough of these! I have done with them, and wish to have no more to do with them. I have read much and learned much in my heathen books, but I have found no rest. In Christ alone is rest."

He also took from a silver chain the name of his god, and cast it on the ground, and said:

"Enough! No sin has cleaved to me while I have kept this. Please, sir, take something better—Jesus. O how did I feel all this! I know I was persecuted by my relatives, but I don't

## Do'nt Break the Sabbath.

A YOUNG man lay tossing from side to side on a straw-bed in one corner of a room in a prison.

What brought you here?" one who went to visit him in distress.

breaking the Sabbath," he said, "breaking the Sab-

Instead of going to the day-school I went a fishing on the Sabbath. I knew I was doing wrong; my father taught me better; my day-school teacher taught me better; my minister taught me better; my Bible taught me better; my conscience reminded me all the time I was here; but I hated instruction and despised reproof—therefore I am in prison. I do not believe those who

taught me and warned me. I had no idea that it would come to this—but here I am. Lost! Undone!"

But I hear some one say, "What harm can there be in taking a stroll in the woods or on the hills? What harm in just sitting down on the bank to fish?"

What harm! What harm! Why, this. God is disobeyed. He says, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it *holy*." The moment you resolve to have your own way, and seek your own pleasure, instead of obeying God, you let go compass, rudder, and chart. Nothing but God's Word can guide you safely through this life. Forsake *that*, refuse to obey its teachings, and you are lost."

## An Evening Thought.

**K**NEELING in the pleasant twilight  
Of the Sunday eventide;  
When its fading golden glories  
Into the darkness glide.

My mother's arms around me,  
My head upon her breast,  
Fell upon me in the twilight,  
The calm of perfect rest.

Her kiss upon my forehead,  
Her dear voice, sweet and mild,  
Spoke through the gathering shadows,  
*The tender name of "Child."*



And all the daily burden,  
And all the week's unrest,  
Charmed away into the twilight,  
Left me kneeling calm and blest.

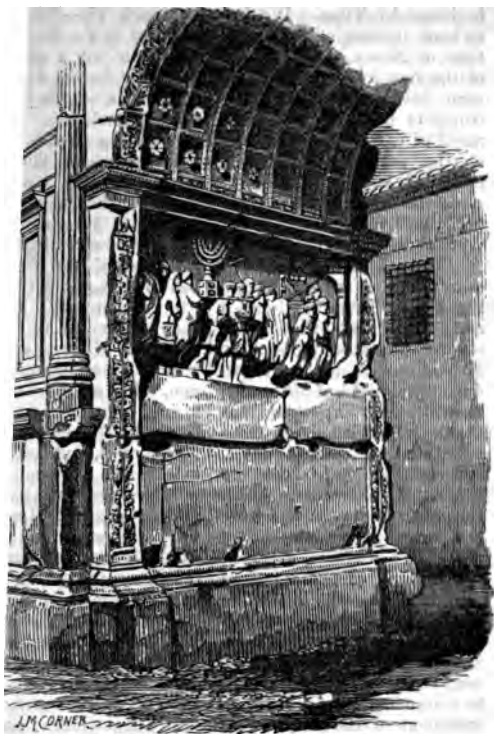
Then o'er me, through the twilight,  
Like dew from heaven, there stole  
A voice of love unearthly,  
Speaking softly to my soul.

Solemn and sweet the accents,  
As tender and as true,  
"As one his mother comforteth,  
So will I comfort you."

I seemed to see my Saviour  
Stand on the heavenly shore,  
When closed was life's long battle,  
And the daylight's toil was o'er.

With His touch of blessing charming  
All the strife of earth away ;  
All longing and all sorrowing,  
Lost in the perfect day.

Oh, love divine and tender,  
Oh, thou than all more fair !  
Thy shadows fringes this earth of our  
Thy perfect light is there !



## From the East.

(Continued from page 112.)

**F**ANY noble remains of the ancient City delight the eye of the visitor to Rome; these, few will excite interest than the Arch  
tus, erected to com-

memorate his victories over the Jews, and the destruction of Jerusalem.

On the inside of the Arch are bas-reliefs, representing the captive Jews, and the spoils of the Temple which were carried

to Rome by Titus. It takes us back, in imagination, to the time of Moses and the giving of the Law from Sinai, to see here sculptured the silver trumpets made by the command of God "for the calling of the assembly," and the branched candlestick of gold, made according to the "pattern which was shewed" Moses "in the mount."

It is not known what became of the sacred vessels brought by Titus to Rome—some say that they were thrown accidentally from the Milvian Bridge into the Tiber, during the flight of Maxentius from Constantine; others, that they were carried off by Genseric after the sack of Rome, and lost in the passage to Africa. In the sculptures on the Arch, however, we have the exact representation of the sacred utensils, executed by the hand of one who had no doubt seen the originals; and these sculptures have been preserved to us in the most wonderful manner through nearly eighteen centuries, to be a standing memorial of the fulfilment of the prophecy of Christ—"The days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round on every side, and shall lay thee even on the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

*March 17.*—This morning we went to the English Consulate to join a party which had been formed for the purpose of visiting the Haram, or Temple enclosure. The rain was falling heavily, and we went splashing through the narrow, wet, and stony streets, preceded by a cavass bearing a long silver-headed rod. When we arrived at the entrance of the Haram, we had to change our boots for a pair of slippers, and were then conducted to the Mosk of Omar. The shape of this beautiful building is an octagon. Its exterior walls are formed of an intricate mosaic of many-coloured marbles and glazed tiles, and are crowned by a dome of exquisite proportions, surmounted by a gilded crescent. Inside, all was darkness, harmonizing painfully with our sadness at the desecration of a spot so holy—the place of which it is written, "The glory of the Lord filled the house." Our guide conducted us through the darkness, lighting the way with a small taper, to the centre of the Mosk; and there, underneath a silken canopy, and surrounded by a wooden protection, we beheld the broad limestone rock which forms the summit of Moriah. This was the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, where the destroying angel sheathed his sword. Here too stood the brazen altar of burnt-offering on which the priest

offered the morning and evening sacrifice, "day by day continually." Awed by the solemn associations of the spot, we were not in a mood to listen to the silly and frivolous traditions about Mahomet, Gabriel, and Al Borak, with which it is associated by Mohammedans.

Underneath the rock is a small excavated chamber, called by Moslems, "The Noble Cave," into which we descended. It is undoubtedly ancient, but whether it had any connection with the Temple is uncertain.

We now left the Mosk of Omar, and crossed to the southern side of the Haram. After visiting the Mosk El Aksa, we descended into the vaults, which extend for a considerable distance under this portion of the Temple area. These vaults are built of immense bevelled stones, and are probably coeval with the platform formed by Solomon, on which to build the Temple; and are certainly the vaults in which, as related by Josephus, many of the Jews took refuge after the capture of the City by Titus, as well as during the bloody feuds which distracted it during the siege.

On another occasion we visited the "Jews' wailing place," which is situated near the south western corner of the external wall of the Haram. Here, on Fridays, Jews from every nation, weep

over the venerable stones, and whisper their prayers through the crevices — "How long, Lord, wilt thou be angry for ever."

"But we must wander witheringly  
In other lands to die,  
And where our father's ashes be,  
Our own may never lie.  
Our temple hath not left a stone,  
And mockery sits on Salem's throne."

March 24.—To-day we visited the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre." Though the identity of the site has been much disputed, and indeed its claims to be the true spot will scarcely bear a candid investigation, yet it is one of the most interesting places in the Holy City, for to it the hearts of all Christendom have for ages been turned, as the scene of our Lord's passion and burial. For the recovery of this from the hands of the Saracens, the Crusades were undertaken, and it has not yet ceased to be a source of strife. Some difference with regard to it, between the Greek and Latin Churches, was one of the prime causes of the Crimean war. As Christ said, "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword."

In front of the Church is a small paved court, crowded with pilgrims of all ages, and dressed in the costumes of almost every nation. In this court is carried on a brisk trade in relics, in the shape of crucifixes and rosaries.

Under this vast roof are



separate chapels for many different sects. The Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and Copts, have each portions of the building belonging to themselves exclusively, besides a common right in other parts. At the centre of the Rotunda, underneath the great dome, is the Sepulchre, covered by a small building. Entering this we found ourselves in a little chapel, cased with marble, blackened with the smoke of incense, and lighted by forty-two gold and silver lamps. Though here there is no appearance of a sepulchre, yet few could see unmoved the

crowds of pilgrims, some of them little children scarce able to reach up to the slab that covers the tomb, embrace the cold marble, press their lips upon it, and, it may be, bathe it with their tears.

As we wandered through the gorgeous chapels, the organ belonging to the Latins was being played, and the solemn strains pealed grandly through the immense building. We visited the so-called Chapel of the Crucifixion, and other traditional spots; but as these are all apocryphal I shall not describe them.

E. E. S.

## The Child and the Ribulet.

**L**ITTLE river, little river,  
 Gliding thus so swiftly on,  
 Say if any work you do  
 As your course you run.

Listen, child, and I will tell you,  
 Simple is my work and small;  
 But 'tis better to do little  
 Than do none at all.

Well I know I'm not the ocean—  
 No great ships can I upbear—  
 But, though small, my gentle waters  
 Can make all around me fair.

Where I pass, the grass looks greener  
 On my banks the willows grow;  
 And their roots I strive to nourish  
 As I onward flow.

Barren places where I run  
 Lose their dreary look;  
 Little fishes sport in me  
 In many a secret nook.

So, you see, though small and lowly,  
I have still some work to do ;—  
Child, I ask you in return,  
What sort of work have you ?

Little river, little river,  
Thank you for the lesson taught ;  
Until now I was too lowly  
To do any work, I thought.

But, henceforth, I will endeavour  
All around to soothe and cheer ;  
Making, like thy gentle waters,  
Barren places look less drear.

True, like thee, I'm small and lowly,  
No great work can I fulfil ;  
But some little spots around me  
I can water if I will.

I'll seek out the poor and suffering,  
All unknown to earth and fame,  
And I'll whisper words of comfort,  
Speaking, in my Saviour's name.

Telling how He bids the weary  
Come and lean upon His breast ;  
Bidding all the heavy laden  
Come, and He will give them rest.

Yes ! I hear my heavenly Father  
Speaking to me from the sky,  
Saying, though I am young and lowly,  
There is work for such as I.

M. H.

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**L**ying.

**I**T is recorded in history that a certain philosopher of ancient times was one day asked, "What does a man do by telling a lie?" "Not to be believed," said he, "even when he tells the truth." *Eng readers, bear in mind* this answer of a wise man, and, at the same time, remember that He who is greater and wiser than the wisest of men hath said, that "all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."—Rev. xxi. 8.

## The Mission Field.

VERNACULAR PREACHING IN  
INDIA.

MISSIONARY, who preaches to the people at large may at times take his stand under a tree, or some vacant spot at the side of a public road. But in Calcutta, with a view to make such efforts systematic, and to conduct them in an orderly convenient manner, experience has shewn it best to erect small buildings in different parts of the city, which are termed

## BAZAAR CHAPELS.

They are rather primitive structures, being only a superior kind of hut; but they provide convenient space for the hearers, comfortable seats, and a roof over head to shelter them. Let us look into one of the very best in Calcutta,—the chapel of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Cornwallis Square. It stands at a corner where two great thoroughfares cross each other, and is a conspicuous object. It is about thirty feet square, and fifteen feet high; on the road-side are a number of brick pillars bearing the roof, which form the four sides, slopes upwards to a point, and is also supported by thick wooden posts, which rise from the centre of the floor. The

roof is covered w round tiles; and places the plaster from the pillars and two inner walls, in p the saltpetre which the foundations. Tl tiled; there are no and neither glass no whether for window appear in the who The doors are large bamboo and mat, and to the openings bet pillars; and can b removed, leaving t sides of the place al A small railed pl foot high, with a b in front, stands ag back wall; and in fi and on both sides, benches, for the ac tion of the hearers, not possess the luxur On the whole it seen fi for the instruction spectable ragged sch Look at the plac set, the time most f for gathering a na gregation. The st full of people, w finished their day's v are going home; t pass along the great f fares near the chap endless stream. Sm of artisans, in the dresses, follow each rapid succession; th a little knot of c whiter clothes, mak

the public offices. s pass rapidly; carrying burdens; arts laden with bags bales of cloth; a a load of wood on a few house ser- messenger with ing a broad badge waist; with many rious employments ts, hasten on their chapel is now light umerous lanterns, m the roof, or up- porting posts, and lamps, specially e to the desk; and ould look gay and were it not for the ong the rafters of and the general rance of the place.

MENT OF SERVICE.

issionary arrives one, perhaps with olleagu or a native nd enters the place. nothing specially out him. No cons waiting his ap- There is actually the place. The e two missionaries in the desk, and read, in a clear, a portion of the t it be a parable, r of one of the e Ten Command- Paul's sermon at his last passage, y, is never to be stood except in a y, surrounded by

twenty temples, and by groups of devotees, who are either presenting their offerings of fruits and flowers, or prostrate before the idol at their prayers. Sometimes, though rarely, no one comes in during the reading; and though the reader continues, the streets may remain deserted, and the desired congregation fail to appear. Generally it happens that during the reading one comes in, then another, and perhaps twelve or sixteen may be collected by the time it is finished.

THE SERMON.

Then the preacher stands up and proceeds with his discourse. He gives out no text; but merely stating that he will describe a story taken from the Word of God, he proceeds to relate it, and fills up all details of time, place, and circumstance, as if his hearers had never heard such a thing before. He expounds, illustrates by stories and incidents, argues, explains, enforces. The hearers listen with attention; sometimes one will object, and he must be wisely silenced till the end, or his objection skilfully woven into the thread of the discourse, and answered. If the hearers are interested they will remain, and at a striking argument, a pointed story, or a good-humoured exposure of their gods, they will laugh, or say, "Capital!" If not interested they will go away after a few mi-

notes, and others come : these also go after a time, and others take their places : and so there is a perpetual current of change going on through the whole service.

A wise missionary will be careful to repeat the essential principle of his discourse three or four times as he goes on ; so that all may understand the subject he is seeking to enforce, and safely carry it away. At times, with an earnest and impressive sermon, a large portion of the congregation will remain the entire time. Mr Lacroix usually preached about three quarters of an hour. The sermon concluded, a short prayer is offered ; and then the people gather round the preacher to receive his tracts and Gospels.

Thus goes on the preaching of the Gospel to the Hindus day by day : unsatisfactory, indeed, in its constant change of forgetful hearers ; but pleasant in the fact, that even idolaters hear something of the love of Christ, and that a few hear of life eternal. The congregations are always different ; perhaps a few individuals, wishing to learn about Christianity, may appear again and again at the same place ; and often has it been found, that amongst the chance visitors at these chapels, even men from distant villages, who, among other results of a trip to the chief city of India, have car-

ried home some and books describing the religion of Jesus had already heard

#### SUBJECTS MOST

The subjects Lacroix adopted for bazaar-preaching which brought correctly and fully doctrines of salvation though it most preach from the of Scripture in which doctrines are in doubtless the most ill disciplined greatly assisted this he only followed the ample of the Gospel who has given it especially to men, so much embodying the God and the holy men. He view the importance of the knowledge of was small, that were full of erroneous words he liable to convey and that they might misapprehend what that all the holiness of the Gospel to them ; and that to their errors slavery with grace. He felt therefore much to do in the excellence of the grace, before he persuade men to be God. In doing

s to "use great  
f speech;" and  
account a natural  
essed of devising  
iles in which some  
y could be shewn  
t principle of re-  
ese similes were  
n his mouth, and  
res are very fond  
s preaching was  
ble. . . .

F VARIOUS NEW  
PLANS.

the usual plan  
ic preaching ser-  
several occasions  
vary his methods,  
bring the Gos-  
nore directly and  
upon the classes  
ough the vernac-  
ne time he pre-  
letter to the re-  
milies near his  
etting forth the  
h, offering them  
aking permission  
ich difficulties as  
feel respecting  
ceived only one  
replies.  
er time he pre-  
ries of lectures  
ences of Christi-  
h a number of  
not attached to  
ary school, had  
wish to receive,  
ffered to attend  
By the time he  
third, they en-  
eared.  
e attended the  
he morning, sit-

ting there for two or three  
hours, for the purpose of con-  
versing with individuals, and  
hoping to find some inquirers.  
But Hindus who come in-  
dividually to ask for simplest  
explanation from a mis-  
sionary, or visit him in private,  
soon become marked men;  
and no one ventured. The  
ever-changing congregations  
in bazaar chapels are un-  
aware of the varied endeavours  
made to get a closer hold of  
their souls, and desire no  
benefit from them. Nothing  
is left, therefore, but to con-  
tinue the services with as  
much regularity and efficiency  
as possible. . . .

OBSTACLES AND ENCOURAG-  
MENTS.

Though the shifting nature  
of these Hindu congregations  
rendered native preaching very  
much a work of beating the  
air, still, by means of informa-  
tion obtained by individuals,  
and the tracts and Scriptures  
given to them, much know-  
ledge of the Gospel has been  
spread abroad, and the eyes  
of multitudes have been di-  
rected to Jesus as the one  
Saviour in whom they are ex-  
horted to believe. The fre-  
quent encounters, too, with  
an idolatrous system so in-  
defensible as that of Hinduism  
—encounters in which it is  
impossible for the system to  
obtain the victory—have pro-  
duced very widely the general  
conviction, that its days are  
numbered, and that at some

future time it will give place to Christianity. But the caste rule gives the system immense strength; and, humanly speaking, decades of years may pass before a really effective blow is struck at the frame-work which it has taken three thousand years to build. Shifting its applications with the changes of each passing age, it yet maintains, in full activity, all its essential principles. Nothing can be more directly effective in undermining it than Christian know-

ledge; and such has suffered. Thus the people have been sively prepared for changes, the way of the agencies securing them. More than individuals have been from the system by of a divine hand, as cases, movements have placed on a large scale have carried off hundreds of its disciples, and them to the feet of *Memorials of Lacr*

### For Backbiters.

**W**HEN any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him. "not," said he, "a fault to the character of of whom you are Tell me what good you have remarked about

### Mottoes.

1. **W**HO that has been in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and has then experienced rest from the world, and rest in the special enjoyment and service of his God and Saviour, but can say, like a learned judge?—

"A Sabbath well spent  
Brings a week of content."

2. The inspired motto of the Apostle Paul,—

"No man lives to himself,"

was very precious Raikes, a wealthy owner, in Gloucester near the end of his he was stirred up by after the inmates of prison, educating wise caring for the ing up for the benefit wrought in this age. But he was deeply see profanity and breaking abroad throughout England then did. He started

other, and another, r years no less than children belonged to a aded by a noble army er teachers. The as marvellous! It le later when John and J. A. Haldane d a like blessed Scotland, where few ds then existed. In were greatly aided of the nobles, es- he then venerable f Leven. I can conceive of the sults of these insti- a the past or the On the great day— n—will they be fully

stated, that when of Wellington was a young clergyman urch of England, was his duty to be- ssionary, his Grace stically replied, to your marching orders."

g man looked, and e who is "God over e Captain of Salva- mmands, in Mark

sach the Gospel to ry creature."

ginning and carry- y undertaking, keep hat

nd provender never r a journey."

a favourite thought

with Philip Henry, father of Matthew, who, to this day, is the "prince of commentators."

5. The renowned African explorer and former mission- ary, Dr Livingstone, says— "The end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise."

6. How useful in these and kindred good enterprises it is to remember the motto of John Eliot. Acting on it, this wonderful man gave, in 1663, the first printed Bible to America. It was prepared for Indian savages, the Mohawks, which race has entirely passed away! How strange! A lone civilized, nay, learned man, living in the woods, among red men. Nay! thus living on and on for many years. At the same time, writing, and writing with his own hands, from the first verse of Genesis to the end of the Revelation— writing, too, in this strange tongue, its words of seven or even ten syllables. Remember there was no alphabet in the language when he began. He had to contrive, form, and arrange every letter. Yet though doubtless often faint, he still pursued. At last he finished his gigantic, self-imposed task, proving the truth of his motto,

"Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ, can do any- thing."

7. Indeed, says a biograph- er of this "apostle to the In-



dians," as he has been called, when speaking of his motto, "*romance and poetry* are very fine things to talk about, but the *world* is to be *conquered* only by '*prayer and pains*.'"

8. The duty of *instant action* is beautifully shewn by Fitzgerald Matthew, a convert in the West Indies. Does not this poor, yet redeemed negro, give a noble example to the refined Christians of Great Britain? At a congregational meeting he was asked to allow his name to be put down for a subscription in the great cause. He came forward, and although urgently told this was not the time for *giving*, yet he gave handsomely, for his wife, his daughter, and self, saying,

"The work must be done, and we may be dead."

What a privilege to be a "hewer of wood or drawer of water" when the Lord's house is a building!

9. With like energy acted Mr Charles, in Wales, in 1802. It was then he commenced the movement for the Bible Society, named the British and Foreign. This, and kindred institutions afterwards formed, and so much needed, have circulated copies of the Word of Life, by thousands and millions. And onwards and onwards are they progressing, in translating, printing, and sowing broad-cast the precious seed over the field, which is the world. How appropriate the motto of that

humble but honoured of Christ,

"There is no difficult God."

10. Nor should w the noble motto of the Dr Carey. He cheerf before setting out f where his labours w measure, and his succ can estimate?—

"I will go down as the mine, if you v the rope."

I will go down into th of heathenism, and salvation of these souls, if you promise to me by your *means*, pecially by your *prayer*.

11. William Ro reasoned with by an a that at his age, near he should scarcely going to Africa, how it would be for him to new tongue, to whi the Latin would be As a true hero of the replied,

"I will just put a st to a stey brae."

In God's promised to the *poor* heathen I and learn their langu I rejoice at the th being able to make k them the *unsearchabl* of Christ.

12. "Onwards, Upwar venwards! 'Look! Jesus.'"

R.

\* Steep hill.



JEW'S' WAILING PLACE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

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## From the East.

(Continued from page 124.)

USALEM is situated on the border between Judah and Benjamin, the latter to the north of the city. At the division by lot, at Shiloh, of the land of Canaan among the tribes of Israel, it was one of the fourteen

cities which fell to the tribe of Benjamin. But although the Benjamites seem to have called in the assistance of their brethren of Judah, they were unable to drive out the Jebusites, who were not finally dispossessed till the time of David, who took the stronghold of Zion, and made it a royal city, calling it "the City of David."

During our stay at Jerusalem, we made two excursions through the surrounding district. On the morning of the 19th of March, we started from Jerusalem for the purpose of visiting the lower valley of the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and Hebron. Crossing the Kedron, we took the road to Bethany—the same road by which, strewed with the garments of the multitude, and resounding with their Hosannahs, the Saviour made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. This road, so often trod by the feet of Jesus, winds around the Mount of Olives. There is one point at which the view of that portion of the city where stood the Temple, bursts upon the view of the traveller towards Jerusalem, and here was doubtless where the Saviour "beheld the city and wept over it."

Bethany, interesting as the residence of that family whom Jesus loved, and as the scene of the Ascension, is situated about three miles from Jerusalem, on the eastern slope of Olivet. On the hill side, in the immediate neighbourhood,

we noticed several cavities cut out of the soft rock which may have been the scene of the resurrection of Lazarus.

The country, after Bethany, was very but uninteresting. Our journey between low limestone hills, the sameness of colour and scanty vegetation were wearisome to the eye. Here, on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho, was the scene of the parting of the good Samaritan. Now, as then, this is noted for its lawless character. Indeed, it is dangerous for a traveller to visit it without an escort, and we had to take the precaution of engaging three Bedouin Arab guard, whose picturesque costumes formed a variety in the otherwise monotonous landscape. Some hours, however, the scenery assumed a more striking character, and for a distance the path lay on the edge of a wild ravine called El Kelt, the sides of which are almost all precipices of between 500 feet. In the side of the ravine, and seemingly inaccessible to human feet, were caves, which were inhabited by hermits.

We now commenced the last stage of our descent, that extraordinary descent in the earth's surface which the Jordan waters, to be lost for

sea. No stream  
 on the Dead Sea  
 is received from  
 and other rivers  
 is exhausted by

The valley of  
 here lies 1300  
 the level of the  
 an, and the heat  
 is very great.  
 the brook which  
 is Wady el Kelt,  
 is believed to  
 be Cherith, where  
 fed by ravens  
 to prevent famine in the  
 land. Its banks are  
 a luxuriant foliage,  
 indeed, the whole  
 here present the  
 of an English park,  
 but for the tropical  
 the vegetation  
 is scant, Es Sultán,  
 now visited, marks  
 the site of ancient Jericho, and  
 is the fountain  
 of Elisha, and of which  
 the waters flow  
 down sweet unto  
 the Jordan; we tested by a  
 night. Our camp-  
 for the night was  
 the modern repre-  
 sentation of Jericho. The  
 ruins were magnificent,  
 and an extensive  
 rich valley of the  
 of the fine moun-  
 tain of Moab. Well  
 known of Jericho of  
 Elisha, "the situa-  
 tion is pleasant, as  
 the prophet said."

2).—This morning  
 early, having before  
 the end of a long and

fatiguing day's journey. An  
 hour's gallop across the  
 beautiful park-like plain,  
 brought us to the Jordan, at  
 the place where the Greek  
 pilgrims bathe at Easter. The  
 river is here about thirty  
 yards broad, and has a con-  
 siderable resemblance, in the  
 size and appearance of its  
 waters, to the Tiber, near  
 Rome; but, unlike that river,  
 it is richly wooded down to  
 the water's edge, the oleanders,  
 tamarisks, and other  
 shrubs forming in many  
 places an almost impenetrable  
 thicket, affording secure shel-  
 ter to many wild animals.  
 The bear, wolf, and hyena, are  
 still common in Palestine,  
 and panthers too are occa-  
 sionally seen, especially in  
 the region of Mount Hermon.  
 But the king of the forest has  
 now disappeared, and is no  
 longer to be seen coming up  
 "from the swelling of Jor-  
 dan," as described by the  
 prophet Jeremiah.

Near this spot must have  
 "passed over on dry ground,"  
 the host of Israel, when they  
 entered the promised land;  
 and here, too, is the place  
 where "Elijah took his  
 mantle and wrapped it to-  
 gether, and smote the waters,  
 and they were divided hither  
 and thither, so that they two  
 went over on dry land;" and  
 on yonder side, as "they still  
 went and talked, behold, there  
 appeared a chariot of fire and  
 horses of fire," and parted  
 from Elisha, "and

Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." Nor does this exhaust the interest of the spot. An event of still deeper and more sacred interest is believed to have occurred here, for this is probably the place where Jesus came to John the Baptist to be baptized; and standing here, we could have no doubt as to the "wilderness" into which, after His baptism, He "was led up of the Spirit," to be tempted of the devil. It must have been the wilderness of Judea, which rises behind us in rugged desolation.

Our ride to the shores of the Dead Sea, was across a flat sandy plain, on which our Arab guards took the opportunity of displaying their horsemanship. Laying the bridle on their horse's neck, they would start at full gallop across the plain; and then, with quivering lance, make mock charges at us. The Dead Sea, instead of presenting that gloomy and repulsive aspect which is usually attributed to it, struck us as being exceedingly beautiful. The water was exquisitely pure and blue, and the mountains of Moab, descending steeply on the east to the waters' edge, reminded me of our Scotch mountains. The heat was very oppressive, the air quivering as it only does under intense heat, and we enjoyed a bathe in the cool waters. The water is very salt and acrid, and exceedingly buoyant.

Our faces and hands coming out, were with salt. The Dead Sea is about forty miles from the cities of the north, supposed to have been near the southern end, but no authentic remains have been discovered.

The region between the Dead Sea and the convent of Saba, where we were the night, cannot be characterized by the wild and precipitous character of its scenery. The ascent from the valley of the ravines of the wilderness of Engedi, is toilsome, and our Arab guides lost their way, so that we were late before we reached the convent. For the road was along the side of a magnificent ravine which flows the Kedron, in the precipitous cliffs which are quarried by the anchorites, like those which had previously been observed at Wady el Kelt. The convent is grandly situated on the brink of this ravine, and of its straggling walls clinging to the sides of the small glen, which is the main one. It is the Greek church, and is one of the richest of Palestine.

It was a lovely night, the stars shining through the air, in a cloudless sky, pure and dazzling light was seen in our northern sky. Perhaps some such scene, when David—

from Saul in this very region—lay with no canopy save that of the heavens, prompted him to break out into that beautiful psalm of praise:—"The heavens declare the glory of

God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

E. E. S.

### Sabbath-Breaking.

**A** TEACHER having observed two boys behaving improperly in the streets one Sabbath afternoon, reprimanded them severely. One of the boys said, "We are only playing, sir." To which the teacher very properly replied, that it was wrong even to *play* on the Lord's-day, especially in the public streets. Sunday

scholars ought always to return from school in the most orderly manner, recollecting that though they are unperceived by their teachers, He who has commanded them to "keep holy the Sabbath-day" sees with displeasure every neglect of His commandment, and will one day call them to give an account of every idle word and thought.

### The Mission Field—Our India Mission.

**T**WO exceedingly interesting letters from the Convener of the India Mission Committee, have recently been published in the *Missionary Record*. Had our space permitted we would have afforded our readers the pleasure of perusing both of these important and encouraging letters; but we can give only the conclusion of the last of them.

"Before enumerating, as I shall do before closing, all the agencies in connexion with our India Mission, I must give some account of what the

Mission does, or proposes to do.

"You are aware that much difference of opinion has existed among the friends of India Missions, both at home and abroad, as to the best methods of bringing the natives of India to recognize Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

"All parties are agreed in seeking the same *ultimate* end;—not the mere enlightenment of the heathen mind, nor the mere conversion of individuals, but the gathering them into Christian societies—the building up, in short,

of a native Christian Church, and, if possible, a self-supporting one, over all India. What outward *form* that Church shall take has been with most Churches a minor question; but in so far as it can be determined by European influence, it has been so in accordance, necessarily, with the convictions of the different missionary bodies.

“But how shall the great end, which all have at heart—the Christianizing of the heathen—be best accomplished? By schools or by preaching? If by schools, by what kind? Vernacular schools, or high-class schools. With instruction in science and European literature, as well as from the Bible? Or, if not by schools, should all missionary effort be concentrated on preaching? And if by preaching, ought it to be by natives alone, trained for the ministry in Mission institutions, or by Europeans also? I am not perhaps stating those questions with definite accuracy; but such, you well know, are the *kind* of questions, branching into innumerable details, of greater or less importance, which have been discussed at home or abroad in connexion with India Missions.

“Now the fact is, that our Church approves, and always has approved, of all these methods; and, viewing our Mission as a whole, she has practically adopted all of them

—teaching in schools, female orphanages, and schools; with pre means of catechis ates, and ordained both native and Et all are at this r operation. Our agency in India is miserably and mou but not our *idea* Mission. Our shi our charts are goo course is clearly but we are too dan want of hands to w

“I am not ignor has been written ence to how Indi should be conducte carefully perused tl given by missionar denomination, at ences” held both in try and in India.

tolerably well acqu the results, as fa can be discovered system which has l ed for converting of Hindostan; an viction gathers s additional informa as a *whole*, the ide ceived and propo Inglis, and since matically carried o forty years by Dr continued also in Missions, is the *most successful* in viewed as a *prepu* harvests in the fut as itself a *harves* past, which has

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

attempted in *the same field of labour*.

"Is it of importance to get at the hearts of the young before they are utterly corrupted by heathenism?—and to enlighten the minds of young men with such knowledge as destroys all belief in the monstrous falsehoods of idolatry?—and to train the rising generation to understand and receive truth as well as to reject lies?—and, above all, to rear a thoroughly efficient native ministry, capable of exercising a social, intellectual, and moral influence on their country? These ends are accomplished by the Mission school, with its Christian literature, its Christian instruction, its *truth* taught in every department of knowledge, and that by ordained ministers of the Gospel, themselves men of culture and piety, who have gone abroad with one aim ever present to their minds—to win souls to Christ!

"Christian education fully carried out is thus the best means for reaching the higher and most influential classes of Hindoo society, for preparing the way for the reception of a preached Gospel in later as well as earlier years, and for forming such intelligent and well-instructed native congregations as will prove bright and steadily burning lights amidst the darkness of heathendom; and finally, is the

only means, to use a mercantile phrase, of doing a wholesale business, by rearing an educated native ministry, without which the establishment and continuance of a Christian Church in India is simply impossible.

"But, as I have already said, our Scotch Mission was never intended to be, and never has been confined to schools, however admirable, but has embraced every kind of efficient agency which experience has proved to be best suited in *the particular locality*, or to meet *the special circumstances* of the Mission, for carrying out God's work of establishing His kingdom.

"To cry down this system as the fruit of unbelief, and to substitute what is called "preaching" for it *in every place and in all circumstances*, betrays, in my humble opinion, either great ignorance or weak fanaticism.

"But let us only get men—men of the right stamp and head and heart—and, if our system is good, they will adopt it; if defective, they will improve it; or, if bad, they will reject it, and make a right system for themselves.

"I must, however, bring my *talk* on our India Mission to a close, by giving you a statistical table of our Missions as correctly as I can make it up with the documents and information at present in my possession.



THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

STATIONS.	European Missionaries and Teachers.	Native Preachers and Catechists.	Teachers.	Scholars.
1. Calcutta, . . . . .	2	1	21	76
2. Bombay, . . . . .	2	2	20	36
3. Sealkote, . . . . .	2	1	7	14
4. Gyah, . . . . .	1	2	2	7
5. Madras and Branch Schools,	2	3	6	44
(1.) <i>Vellore</i> , . . . . .	..	1	6	10
(2.) <i>Kandyathoir</i> , . . . . .	..	1	3	4
(3.) <i>Secunderabad</i> , . . . . .	..	1	..	..
	9	12	65	190

“ To this agency, connected with our Church, we must add the Ghospara Mission of Dr Muir's congregation, with its catechist and two assistants ; and also the very important branch of Schools for Female Education, which have five orphanages with upwards of 150 girls. Schools with five lady teachers, including Ceylon ; with eight European matrons, assistants, and monitresses, attended by 900 pupils.

“ I would also remind your readers, that we have in addition to our Mission staff, the three Presbyteries of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, to which we may add Ceylon, with nineteen ordained clergymen, who take all a deep interest, and many of them an active part, in mission work.

“ We have thus connected with our Church in India and Ceylon, 24 ordained clergy-

men, 10 European female teachers, 14 preachers and catechists, 60 native teachers, 6 or upwards of 2800 pupils, male and female scholars, 6 native congregations, 241 communicants.

“ In this summary of native congregations, agencies in Ceylon, enumerated.

“ Let us, therefore, thank God that so much has been done, and take courage ; let us confess our sin of unbelief that so little has been done ; and let us sin no more, but solve, and strive by His grace, that more will be done of the Church and Christ.

“ In my next letter I will turn to the present state of our Mission, and a list of the sums collected by public meetings.”

“ N. Mac

THE  
BATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

To our Readers.

NEW YEAR'S DAY!  
How many thoughts  
these words awaken:  
meetings of friends  
exchange of presents—  
salutations — general

And in conformity  
honoured custom, *we*  
*all a Happy New*  
*and many returns of*  
*is season!*

How let us consider  
ious thoughts should  
period arrest our atten-  
other year has passed  
on us for ever. How  
employed it? Are we  
better, holier, and hap-  
pier we were last New  
Year? That is the  
question for us to ask,  
fully to answer. Well  
to for every one of us  
truly feel that the  
year has not been spent  
wisely that we are now more  
unable to resist  
temptation, to restrain pas-  
sions, to subdue

violent tempers, and abstain  
from evil deeds. Well for  
every one who has increased  
satisfaction in speaking truth-  
fully and kindly to all, and  
in conferring happiness on all  
with whom we are connected.  
Above all, it is well for every  
one who feels more sincere love  
to God, and to whom the name  
of Jesus is more sacredly dear.

But the sad and regretful  
conviction must be forced  
upon all, that little good has  
been accomplished in compari-  
son with what we ought to  
have done, desired to do, and  
could have performed, had we  
been faithful to our duty, and  
sought earnestly the divine  
assistance which is promised  
to us in our time of need. How  
many opportunities of im-  
proving ourselves and doing  
good to others have been  
neglected! How much pre-  
cious time has been wasted!  
How many good resolutions  
have proved vain! How many

excellent plans are still left unfulfilled! Oh! how penitently and fervently we ought to implore mercy to pardon and grace to help.

Another train of thought is suggested. Not a few of us may have been visited with affliction. Have we been enabled to trust and love Him who appoints all our duties; and amidst all our sufferings to feel that it is indeed a Father's hand which is laid upon us? Have we become more patient, gentle, meek, and submissive? If so, then the past year has been indeed blessed to us.

Some may still be stretched on beds of languishing through the long and weary day, and the yet longer and more weary night. May the Great Physician heal and comfort all so tried: and may they be enabled to find that rest He promises to the weary and heavy laden!

Many doubtless have been favoured with unbroken health and unfailing strength. Let such ever gratefully remember Him from whom all these blessings proceed,—the Father of lights, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

And now let us consider our duties with respect to the year upon which we are entering. Oh! what progress we may make, through God's guidance and help, within this year, in wisdom and goodness, if we only endeavour wisely and steadfastly to strive after true

knowledge and  
And let all rem  
so many days we  
constitute a well  
happy year. Let  
ber, likewise, th  
sands of the you  
healthy and joyfi  
Year's Day, are  
from earth for eve  
therefore, as tim  
certain for all, yo  
all ought earnestl  
each day, and  
month,—redeemi

In conclusion,  
only a few words  
this little Magaz  
have we been sad  
thought of our  
attain the stand  
set up; but we ha  
to do what we co  
that, in God's goo  
er strength may  
We gratefully ack  
valuable assistan  
from able friends;  
thank those who h  
recommended thi  
and thus extended  
tion and usefu  
need only repe  
chief object is to  
highest welfare of  
and to incite and  
to feel a deep an  
interest in the pr  
Redeemer's king  
world. Hoping t  
little Journal  
attractive and  
during the year  
we are entering, w  
you all every hr  
time and for etern

## The Mission Field.

### SACRIFICES IN INDIA

the province of Orissa, about 300 miles to the south and west of Calcutta, north of Madras, lies a range inhabited by a wild and savage people. An independent kingdom existed in that part of the province, and native writers in glowing language, of the fertility of the soil and the magnificence of the cities. More than a century has elapsed since it was visited by Hiocien, a celebrated Chinese traveller, and his account confirms the Hindoo statements. As late as 1838, there were many remains of its greatness, that an officer who visited it, declared that it contained more temples, statues, and relics, than any part of the province of Hindoostan. Now, however, the art of the country, which was so populous, is a wilderness of tigers, panthers, and other wild beasts.

### THE KHONDS.

tribes who inhabit this range are called Khonds, and Sourahs. Some of these have attracted especial attention, on account of the prevalence of human sacrifices among them. The

Khonds bear no resemblance to the Hindoos who dwell in the plains. They are much darker in complexion, and their language is entirely different. Hence it has been inferred, that they are the descendants of the original inhabitants of the country, whom later invaders had driven to the mountain fastnesses of their land.

Nearly thirty years ago the Indian Government was compelled to send a body of troops into the country to punish a rebellious chief, and then it was discovered, with surprise and horror, that human sacrifice, aggravated by the extremely cruel manner in which it was performed, was universal among the Khonds. This revolting rite had been handed down through many generations, and it was regarded as a most necessary duty.

In the districts of Goomsoor and Boad, the sacrifice is offered to the earth goddess, under the effigy of a peacock, to obtain abundant crops, avert calamity, and secure general prosperity. In Chinna Kinedy, this deity is represented by an elephant, but the purpose for which the sacrifice is offered is the same. In Jeypore, "blood-red god of battle, Manecksoroo," is the deity they seek to propitiate. There are some differences both as regards the motive and the manner of sacrifice among

the tribes, but the rite is universally performed with horrid barbarity.

#### THE MERIAHS.

The victims, called Meriah, must be purchased. The price varies from five to eight pounds. They may be of any age, sex, or caste; but adults are most esteemed. They are sometimes bought from their parents or relatives, when these have fallen into poverty, or in seasons of famine; but they are more frequently stolen from the plains, by professed kidnappers of the Panoo caste. It is supposed there were about 150 sacrificed every year.

In some cases, Meriah women were allowed to live until they had children to Khond fathers. These children were then reared for sacrifice; they were never put to death in their native village, but exchanged for victims from other parts.

#### GOVERNMENT INTERPOSES.

As soon as our Government was informed of the existence of this horrid practice, it resolved to stop it. There were however great difficulties to be overcome. The Khonds dwelt in fastnesses which it was scarcely possible to invade. The climate, during part of the year, is extremely injurious to all, except the natives of the region. But the work was immediately undertaken; and in a book recently published, "A Personal Narrative of Thirteen Years' Service amongst the

Wild Tribes of  
by Major-General  
bell, we have an  
progress and so  
this deeply into  
we make some

#### MODE OF S.

One of the ways of offering in Chinna Kin effigy of an elephant carved in wood top of a stout pole it is made to represent the performance of al ceremonies, victim is fastened bosom of the pole amidst the shade of the excited Khonds, is round, when, at by the official priest, the crowd the Meriah (they with their knives flesh off the skin as long as life is then cut down burned, and the are over. In some says Major-General I counted as many effigies of elephants had been used in fices. These I overthrown by elephants attacked camp, in the presence assembled Khonds them that the objects had no the living animals remove all vestige bloody superstitions

THE PRIEST MADE A VICTIM.

Captain Frye was informed one day of a sacrifice on the very eve of consummation. The victim was a young and handsome girl, fifteen or sixteen years old. Without a moment's hesitation, he hastened with a small body of armed men to the spot indicated, and on arrival found the Khonds already assembled with their sacrificing priest, and the intended victim prepared for the first act of the tragedy. He at once demanded her surrender; the Khonds, half mad with excitement, hesitated a moment, but serving his little party preparing for action, they yielded

the girl. Seeing the wild and irritated state of the Khonds, Captain Frye very prudently judged that this was no fitting occasion to argue with them—so, with his prize, he retraced his steps to his old encampment. Scarcely, as he learnt afterwards, had he got out of sight of the infuriated mountaineers, when they said among themselves, "Why should we be debarred of our sacrifice?—see our aged priest—seventy summers have passed over his head—what further use is he?—let us sacrifice him." So this old man was barbarously slaughtered to satisfy their superstitious cravings."

(To be continued.)

## The New Year.

**D**ECREAR, dark, and cold the Winter comes,  
With storms and ice and fleecy snow;  
We bless the Lord for cheerful homes,  
While chilling winds around us blow.

Some children have but tattered clothes,  
And straw to lie upon by night;  
No comfort cheers them to repose,  
Cold, weak, and shivering to the sight.

The travellers roaming o'er the waste,  
And sailors on the mighty deep,  
How many sufferings do they taste,  
While we, secure, in comfort sleep.

May we be grateful, Lord, to thee,  
And thoughtful as each season rolls,  
And now at once to Jesus flee,  
For grace to save and bless our souls.

While we lament the numerous sins  
Which mark the year that now has past;  
Lord, teach us, as this year begins,  
*To spend it better than the last.*

Select d.



HEBRON,—SHewing THE BUILDING OVER THE CAVE OF  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

## From the East.

(Continued from p. 187, Vol. V.)

**B**ETHLEHEM, called Ephratah or "the fruitful," occupies a rocky ridge about six miles to the south of Jeru-  
salem. Its mo-  
name, Beit Lah-  
of flesh," is al-  
with its ancient  
known name, B

"house of bread." This similarity of the ancient and modern names, is an instance of the remarkable tenacity with which, in the East, the name of a place clings to its locality—a peculiarity which has helped to identify not a few interesting Scripture sites.

As we approached Bethlehem from Mar Saba, its elevated situation, and the massive walls of the convent, gave it an appearance superior to that of most Eastern towns. Around it are many olive trees, also vines and figs; and the neighbourhood shews signs of more careful culture than is common in Palestine, where the fruits of the labours of the spring may be swept off in a night by a party of marauding Arabs.

The Mahommedans were expelled from Bethlehem by Ibrahim Pasha, and their houses destroyed after the insurrection of 1834. Few of them have returned, and there are no Jews; so that the population, amounting probably to between 2000 and 3000, is almost entirely composed of Christians, principally members of the Latin and Greek Churches. The chief employment of the inhabitants is the carving of crucifixes, made of a peculiar stone found in the neighbourhood, and the manufacture of rosaries and other ornaments, made of olive-wood and mother-of-pearl. Many of these articles display considerable taste and skill, and

find ready purchasers among the numerous pilgrims who visit the scene of the Nativity.

The town consists mainly of one broad street, at the eastern extremity of which stands by far the most important building of the place—the convent of the Nativity. The exterior more resembles a fortress than a religious edifice, and the only access is by a low door, beneath which we required to stoop on entering. The Basilica, which was erected by the Empress Helena, is a beautiful structure, adorned with marble columns, which some suppose to have been brought from the porches of the Temple at Jerusalem. It is interesting as one of the oldest specimens of church architecture in existence. The nave is the common property of the different Christian sects, but the Greeks, Armenians, and Latins, have also got separate chapels under the same roof.

The grotto of the Nativity is beneath the Greek chapel. Having been each supplied with a small lighted taper, we descended by a flight of marble steps into the sacred cave. It is a long low apartment, built of marble, which quite conceals the natural rock, and is decorated with silk hangings, and dimly lighted with silver lamps suspended from the roof. At one end of the chapel is a silver star, fixed in the marble floor, with this inscription,



“Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.” How unlike this gorgeous chapel to the birthplace of the lowly Jesus! But the evidence is strong that it is indeed the place. The tradition reaches back to the second century, thus being within two or three generations of the event, and there seems no reason, on account of its situation or other circumstances, to doubt that it is the place of our Lord's Nativity.

From the Latin chapel we descended into the chamber which bears the name of St Jerome, and which was the study where that illustrious Father of the Church passed a great portion of his life, and where he executed the translation of the Holy Scriptures into Latin. We were shewn his tomb, but his remains are not here, having been removed at an early period to Rome. Near it are the tombs of the noble Roman lady Paula, a descendant of the Scipios, and her daughter Eustochia, who came here to live and die near their revered preceptor.

Leaving the convent, we remounted our horses and rode across the plain towards Hebron. In these fields perhaps it was that the shepherds were “abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night,” when the “glory of the Lord shone round about them,” and the heavenly message was proclaimed—

which shall never resound so long endures—“Glory the highest, on good-will toward

As we were sitting at our mid-day meal, a pair of camels and two men on camels rode up and passed by us. They proved to be the Sheikh of Hebron and his tribe, and were armed and mounted. After salutation they passed on.

The latter part of the way to Hebron lay along a narrow causeway which has been constructed by the Romans, those great road-makers. It is in a state of disrepair, and is not surprising that it has survived a thousand years without neglect.

Hebron, called el Khulil, “the friend of God,” is doubtless in memory of the “friend of God,” one of the most famous persons now in existence. The earliest record is, that “seven years before the birth of Christ he arrived in Egypt.” It was here that he was confined in the old quarantine, lying at the bottom of a gently sloping hill on the opposite side of the valley, and extending to the top of the hill on the opposite side. From our camp we passed the building which is the cave of Machpelah, where are interred Abraham and Isaac; Sarah and Leah. Across the plain to Joseph and a “company” of th

he embalmed body in compliance with command, "Bury my fathers, in the is in the field of he Hittite." The which covers the is built of very lled stones, and is of great antiquity. stands before the and no Christian is within its sacred Even the Prince of ho visited Hebron eek after we were s not allowed to holy cave, and only rines which *repre-*ombs of the patri-

Hebron is a very d remarkable tree, Abraham's oak." alone, it impresses or with its size; it is certainly not e time of Abraham, last representative of Mamre, beneath of which he pitched nd entertained the ing, "Rest your- r the tree."

l from Hebron to lay past the three reservoirs, called s pools," which are avated out of the artly built of large The aqueduct, to h these pools have ructed, terminates ple area at Jeru- the object of this *seems to have been*

to afford a continuous supply of pure water for the Temple services.

Shortly after leaving Solomon's pools we passed Rachel's sepulchre, which is now covered by a small white building, surmounted by a dome. Here died the loved wife of Jacob, for whom he "served seven years, and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her;" and here she "was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." It is worthy of remark, how much this locality is associated with the progenitors of our Lord. Ruth here gleaned the fields of Boaz, and here David kept the sheep of his father Jesse; Rachel, Naomi, Ruth, David, Mary, *Jesus*;—what a cluster of lovely names to be associated with one spot!

About two miles beyond the grave of Rachel is the convent of Mar Elias. From this point we could see on the one side Bethlehem, on the other Jerusalem—the opening and the closing scenes of the life of the Man of Sorrows, which beginning in the humble stable of a village inn, ended on the Cross.

The darkness of evening was rapidly coming on as we passed down the valley of Hinnom. It is a narrow gorge, in the sides of which yawn many rock-hewn sepulchres. Its gloom harmonized with its association with the cruel worship of

Moloch. Here Ahaz, king of Judah, caused his children "to pass through the fire to Moloch.

We found our tents pitched near the summit of the Mount of Olives beneath some ancient olive trees,

interspersed here with the almon carob. From thence he commanded an exodus from Jerusalem, the country lying east and west of the H

### Sowing the Wrong Seed.

**H**ARRY desired to have a portion of the garden to cultivate himself, and this wish his father was very well pleased to gratify. In the lower corner of the garden, quite by itself, a large plot of ground was measured off, and paths were made all around it. This was Harry's garden, and he was to prepare it himself. He carefully dug it up with his spade, gathered out all the stones, diligently smoothed it over, and now it was all ready for sowing.

In the fall of the previous year, Harry had been out in the field gathering the seeds that he had found ripening upon the withered stocks. Now that his garden was ready, he took his seeds one morning and went out to sow them. His father had noticed the steps he had taken, but had said nothing until this morning, wishing to teach him a lesson that would be of service to him as long as he lived.

"What are you about to do, my son?" said he.

"Plant my garden," answered Harry.

"And what do you wish will grow?"

"Beautiful flowers, the first bunch I gave to mother."

"Flowers, my son," exclaims his father, "are sowing the seed of trouble, and nothing but hurtful weeds will grow from them. They will run all over your garden and all over the neighborhood, destroying every place."

Harry said he did not wish to grow in his garden. His father asked his father to tell him what would grow into beautiful flowers, and to give him some seeds he sowed in his own garden.

The father told him the place where garden-seeds were sown, telling him about the seeds and how they would grow. He sent Harry again into his garden to sow good seed.

As they sat together on the piazza overlooking

for supper, and were together about the "Harry," said the "do you know that you other garden to plant?" here is it?" asked

d has given you one. It is your own heart." hat can I do about ther?"

that nothing but good planted in it."

How shall I know what plant?"

How did you learn what plant in your garden, ow the house?"

asked you to please to

I am most happy to little son how to plant rden of his heart. re many books written us about the flowers w to cultivate them, d has written a book us how to cultivate l flowers and rich our hearts. My little ws the name of that

the Bible."

it is the Bible. If that, it will teach you ow the good seed, and

save you from having your garden overgrown with noxious weeds. Recollect, Harry, that a bad boy never makes a good man, that bad habits never grow into a good character, and that if we are careless, and indolent, and disobedient when children, when we grow up our lives will not be lovely to others, or pleasant to ourselves. The good seeds of prayer, obedience, and kind tempers, with God's loving smile upon them, will take root, and grow up in our hearts and live. Our garden-spot will then be beautiful for others to enjoy, and our dear Saviour, as He looks down upon our gentle tempers and listens to our humble prayers, will say, 'I have come into my garden.'

"If wicked thoughts, and wishes, and habits are sown in your heart, now that it is young and tender, they will certainly grow up hateful to be seen, and these weeds will run out in every direction, injuring and destroying others. Watch carefully, then, my little boy, the seeds that are sown in your heart."—S. S. *Advocate.*

## The Lamb of God.

LITTLE boy reading to his mother about the lion in a book of natural history:

*And, the lion is a*

noble animal, but I love the lamb better; and I will tell you why I love it better: because Jesus Christ is called the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."



### Prayer for a Little Child.

**B**LESSED Jesus, kind and mild,  
Stoop to hear a little child ;  
At Thy feet I come to pray,  
Saviour, cast me not away.

Take away my load of sin,  
Make me clean and pure within ;  
Teach me all I need to know,  
Be my Shepherd here below.

In my childhood may I be  
Gentle, meek, and pure like Thee ;  
Help me every sin to leave,  
Lest Thy loving heart I grieve.

Tender Jesus, Thou didst call  
To Thine arms the children small ;  
Lo, come, and humbly pray,  
Cast me not from thee away.



VIEW OF JERUSALEM SHOWING THE DOME OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

## from the East.

(Continued from page 14.)

of the types of Land, and especially of the Bible are Jerusalem; and what is seen from the new force and interest did *energy of the Holy*; these acquire, when, from our

camp on the Mount of Olives, we daily saw Jerusalem spread before us! Now we could understand that saying of the Psalmist, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him." On every side the hills rise close around the city.

During the time we had our tents on the Mount of Olives, we spent a day in visiting the *lota sancta* of Jerusalem; but as the identity of these is somewhat more than doubtful, I shall not describe them— suffice it to say that we were shewn the pillar on which the cock crew when Peter denied Christ, the house of Dives of the parable, at the door of which dogs licked the sores of Lazarus, and many other places possessing similar claims on our interest. We also made a tour through the land of Benjamin, which occupied two days, and which was deeply interesting on account of the associations of the localities visited with many of the striking events of Old Testament history. We climbed the rocks of Michmash, up which Jonathan and his armour-bearer went on their hands and feet to the assault of the Philistines; and from the heights of Beth-horon we saw stretched before us the valley of Ajalon, down which the Israelites, under Joshua, pursued the flying Amorites

of Gibeon; when a glorious suspension of of the universe occurred to prevent their escape. Joshua spake to Israel, "Sun, stand upon Gibeon; and thou in the valley of Ajalon the sun stood still, the moon stayed, until I had avenged themse their enemies." We visited Gibeon, now a hamlet, but ancient as "a great city, as royal cities." Here he offered his thousand offerings, and here appeared unto him by night, and gave desire,— an "und heart."

We finally left on the 28th of March our last lingering from the summit which lies to the north city. Here the Is the northern tribes, to Jerusalem to the feasts, would first sight of the Holy City perhaps, from this appears most beautiful we can fancy them to their patriotism in lime words of the Psalmist: "Beautiful for situation, joy of the whole Mount Zion, on the north, the city of King."

We soon passed that what must have been of Saul," the city

vernment during the first Hebrew were the Amorites revenge for the their brethren by death seven of ts, "in the days the first days, ming of barley and on this bare oah, the mother victims, watched ir corpses "from of harvest till on them out of suffered neither e air to rest on nor the beasts of ight." Melan- lasting from the t of the spring encement of the !  
 d for lunch at is is the tradi- obably the true returning from the passover to Galilee, Joseph ed for the night, hat Jesus was heir kinsfolk and in the caravan, doubt they tra- l back again to nd found Him e Temple.  
 ening we passed the house of ene of Jacob's e are here heaps remains of the f buildings, and several rock- y the road-side; se from which

Joshua, in his holy zeal, took the bones and burned them on the altar of the high place of Jeroboam, to pollute it.

On the afternoon of the second day's journey from Jerusalem we reached "Jacob's well." It lies at the entrance of the valley between Gerizim and Ebal, the mountains of blessing and cursing, and is now surrounded by ruinous walls. The well itself is choked up with stones. Deep is the interest of this spot, for there can be no doubt that it was here that Jesus, "wearied with His journey, sat on the well," and held that memorable conversation with the woman of Samaria who came hither to draw water, in which He announced himself as the living water, of which if any man drink he shall never thirst. The well is distant about a mile from Sychar, now called Nablous, but it need not surprise us, though there is good water close to the town, that the woman came so far for it, for was it not the well of her "father Jacob," who "drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?" Near this must be the tomb of Joseph. There was a small enclosure pointed out to us as the spot.

The inhabitants of this district are among the most turbulent and fanatical of the natives of Palestine, and evinced some disposition to molest us, but did not venture to do so to any serious extent.



THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

The situation of the town is fine, lying at the northern end of the narrow but fertile valley between Ebal and Gerizim. It is now the only place where any remnant of the Samaritans is to be found. They are very few, only numbering about 150, and it is a remarkable fact, that this has been their number for some centuries, neither increased nor diminished. It was a feast day of the Samaritans when we were at Nablous, and we went to their synagogue to prayers. It was a noisy scene, the worshippers all reading or reciting in a loud voice, occasionally interrupted by prostrations.

We spent the Sabbath here, and on Monday visited the ruins of Samaria. The situation is commanding, the city being built on the level summit of a hill about three hundred feet in height. The ruins of this once princely city consist principally of the remains of a colonnade, of which many of the columns are still standing. The neighbourhood is planted with vineyards, in constructing the terraces of which, are probably employed many of the ruins of the ancient city. The prophecy of Micah is strikingly fulfilled. "I will make Samaria as a heap of the field,

and as the plantings of a vineyard."

On the following day we again entered the beautiful plain of Sharon, carpeted with anemones, orchis, and other lovely flowers, and ~~made~~ <sup>passed</sup> through its woodland ~~scenery~~ <sup>scenery</sup> to the ruins of Cesarea, the scene of the trial of St Paul before Festus, and the residence of Cornelius the centurion. In approaching it, we noticed, scattered about, many relics of its former grandeur. Fragments of columns and sarcophagi lay half concealed by the rank luxuriance of the long grass. It is now desolate, there seeming to be not a single habitation in the neighbourhood. Numbers of fragments of columns are scattered along the beach and in the water.

In the afternoon we visited the convent of Carmel, where we were courteously received by the monks. One of them took us to the roof of the convent, whence we had a splendid view of the bay of Acre, with its famous city, which has sustained so many sieges. Before us lay the blue expanse of the Mediterranean, brilliantly lighted by the rays of an Eastern sun, and bounded only by the horizon.

E. E. S.



TIME that is past thou canst not now recall,  
Of time to come thou art not sure at all;  
Time present only is within thy power,  
And therefore now improve the present hour.

## The Mission Field.

(Continued from Page 5).

HER MOTHER. seized and sent back to camp as a runaway Meriah; and if the wilder or unpledged tribes had caught sight of her she would at once have been delivered over to her former owners; so the danger was equally great from friend and foe. The poor creature, therefore, travelled only under cover of the night; and what nights they were at such a season! A perfect deluge of water was pouring from the heavens; the mountain torrents were roaring, and bursting from their banks; and the wild beasts howling in concert with the elements. But this brave woman, the instincts of whose better nature had now for the first time been awakened, was not disheartened. She crouched in the forest by day, lest she should be seen, and pursued her journey only when the people of the villages were asleep.—subsisting on what wild roots she could find, when the small stock of parched rice which she had carried away was exhausted. At last she reached her village, and hovered about it for three days, not daring to enter when the inhabitants were there, but waiting her opportunity when all the villagers should be absent in the fields. The fortunate moment arrived; she saw her son, and no one being

present, she seized him, carried him off, and fled with all the strength which desperate resolution lends to courage. In a few nights she reached the territory of the friendly tribes and had nothing more to fear."

## SCHOOLS ESTABLISHED.

"The time had now come (1850) when we might fairly attempt to establish some village schools. Through the unwearied assiduity of Captain Frye, a sufficient number of school books in the Khond language had been prepared, and several of our rescued Meriah victims had been trained to officiate as schoolmasters and teachers. So the opinion of the chiefs, in council assembled on the important question of educating their children, was asked. The opposition was most intense. Words can scarcely convey an adequate idea of the scorn and contempt manifested, especially by the elders of the tribes. This was to be expected: their eyes had grown dim in their old delusions, and they recounted ancient traditions, foreboding direful calamities if once schools were permitted amongst them.

"Time wore on, yet but little progress was made against this feeling. At last one or two families actually promised to allow their children to attend. A school accordingly was commenced; shortly after, a second was permitted, and soon we had four at work, attended by fifty-nine scholars."

A GIRL GIVEN FOR  
BY HER FATE

"I was fortunate in venturing a sacrifice of Bondigam, a victim and all accessories had been provided. This had been premeditated, but a sudden temptation to these wild people consisted. They had, before, paid a sum to a Panoo, to provide with a Meriah. In time came the prohibiting human sacrifice the Panoo evaded the agreement of his agreement year the Khonds were and insisted on the being returned. either not having or calculating that tortors would not dare sacrifice her, gave the daughter Ootoma. mistaken, the temptation too great; the ear seemed to have a blood which had dictated her, and that was at once determined. Information, however, me, enabling me to victim, a girl of years of age, two before the time of her immolation.

after, I secured the proposed outrage

## SUCCESSFUL RESULTS

"The total Meriahs rescued from operations, from 18

ousand five hun-  
x. The Govern-  
lia, on my recom-  
made a very  
vision for all,  
l or young. I  
t two hundred of  
in mission schools  
country. The  
; I had in view,  
e most intelligent  
ught up as teach-  
entually settle in  
hills, where, by  
example, under  
g, they might be  
in winning some  
n wild people to  
rinciples of our  
n. I had every  
well satisfied with  
bestowed by the  
onaries upon the  
ldren; and the  
that sprang up  
e teachers and  
sincere and last-  
en visited them,  
d, with heartfelt  
ir neat and clean

appearance, orderly behaviour,  
and progress in learning."

CONCLUSION.

"We can now, I thank God,  
look back upon such atrocities  
as a thing of the past. It  
affords me intense gratification  
to be able to give so satisfac-  
tory a statement of the success  
of my measures for the entire  
and complete abandonment of  
this cruel custom.

"I should be committing an  
act of great injustice towards  
the Government of India,  
whose support I uniformly  
enjoyed, were I to conclude  
this work without acknowledg-  
ing the liberal spirit in which  
they received every proposition  
I made in behalf of my mis-  
sion. Any amount of money  
I asked for was ungrudgingly  
sanctioned; and the warmest  
marks of approval were be-  
stowed upon my humble but  
earnest endeavours to carry  
into effect their benevolent in-  
tentions."

Question of Questions.

'What think ye of Christ?'—Matt. xxii. 42.

WHAT think you of Christ?"—is the test  
To try both your state and your scheme;  
You cannot be right in the rest,  
Unless you think rightly of Him;  
As appears in your view—  
As He is beloved, or not,  
Is disposed to you,  
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

Some call Him a Saviour, in word,  
 But mix their own works with His plan;  
 And hope He His help will afford,  
 When they have done all that they can.  
 If doings prove rather too light  
 (A little they own they may fail),  
 They purpose to make up full weight,  
 By casting His name in the scale.

If asked what of Jesus I think,  
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor  
 I say, He's my meat and my drink,  
 My life, and my strength, and my store;  
 My Shepherd, my trust, and my friend,  
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall;  
 My hope from beginning to end,  
 My portion, my Lord, and MY ALL.

## Do you ever Deceive?

**S**OME children are full of deceit. They seem to delight in making their playmates and friends believe what is false, or doubt what is true. They are false, and therefore wicked children.

Have I a deceitful child among my readers? If so, I wish to tell him or her a story about a bird.

A thrush had built her nest in a quarry. The miners soon after began to blast the rock, and the pieces fell very near the little bird's nest, very much to her annoyance. After shrinking from the pieces a few times, the bird noticed that the miners rang a bell, and left the quarry just before every explosion. The little

creature followed them in ample, and every time she rung, left her nest, and flew to the spot which she had seen the workmen lighted at. She waited until the explosion, and when she returned to her nest.

This curious fact was noticed by the men, and a few persons hearing of it, went out to witness her next time. The men could not see her, but they exploded a blast as often as the visitors came, so they rang the bell. This deceitful purpose a few times the thrush soon discovered afterwards on hearing the men peeped from her nest and noticed that the men left the quarry if they did not see her in her nest.

you see that even a  
 uld not be deceived  
 She soon saw that the  
 shed to make her be-  
 nat was not true. I  
 on to make a note of  
 the Double-face. Ask  
 this question: "If a  
 ld soon see through a  
 act, will not my  
 soon see through me,  
 n that I am a cheat?"  
 will find you out,  
 ay depend upon it.  
 they have found you  
 eady. Every boy and  
 know, your parents,  
 , and friends, all know

that you are a false child.  
 They all see through the thin  
 mask with which you seek to  
 cover your false heart. What  
 is a still more serious fact  
 for you, God knows what you  
 are. He sees through you,  
 and knows that you are full  
 of deceit and falsehood. Make  
 haste, therefore, oh, my child,  
 to put away your deceit. Ask  
 Jesus to give you a true and  
 honest nature. Beg your  
 heavenly Father to help you  
 to say in good earnest, "My  
 lips shall not speak wicked-  
 ness, nor my tongue utter  
 deceit."—*S. S. Advocate.*

~~~~~

## The Lighthouse.

a Lighthouse off the coast of Cornwall is engraved this  
 ive Motto:—

"TO GIVE LIGHT, AND TO SAVE LIFE."

**B**REEZING above the rocky shore,  
 Where loud the eddying surges roar,  
 Behold the LIGHTHOUSE raises high  
 Its glowing beacon to the sky.  
 Imbedded deep within the rocks,  
 The tempest's rage it ever mocks;  
 And speaks to all upon the wave,  
 "Light I impart, and life I save."

Hail, friendly Lighthouse! many a bark,  
 Drifting upon the ocean dark,  
 Has seen with joy thy gleams of light  
 Break forth upon the starless night;  
 And many a sailor on the wave,  
 When yawned beneath a watery grave,  
 With hope revived has seen thy rays,  
 And, rescued, lives to speak thy praise.

Here, Christian, stay awhile to view  
 The Gospel's emblem bright and true:  
 Built on the everlasting Rock,  
 It stands unmoved by every shock;  
 The raging tempest only proves  
 That *truth's firm pillar* never moves!  
 From age to age its heavenly light  
 Dis-pels the gloom of hopeless night.

Oh! you who know the glorious sight  
 That changed your darkness into light,  
 That brought immortal life, and gave  
 Triumphant hope beyond the grave;  
 Think of the millions everywhere  
 Plunged in the gulf of dark despair!  
 With none to help them, none to save;  
 They sink, unpitied, to the grave.

Children of light! awake! awake!  
 Arise! and vigorous efforts make;  
 The precious *Word of life* hold forth  
 To east and west, to south and north;  
 Till through the world the light divine  
 Bright as a burning lamp shall shine,  
 And every dark benighted place,  
 Heathen of every clime and race,  
 Have learnt **THIS LIGHTHOUSE** is designed  
 To enlighten and to save mankind!

### How Emma Rose minded her Tea

“**R**EMMA, dear, repeat your verse,” said Mrs Rose to her daughter one morning at family prayer.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city,” said Emma.

Prayer was then offered by Emma's father, after which

the little girl bounded garden to look at her Emma was very fond of, and this morning first thing she did was her little green water fill it with water from and go to a bank in dining-room window. she meant to water fuschia, or ladies' e

unt had sent her a  
fore. But, to her  
he flower-pot was  
and the fuschia

of this disaster  
t hand. It was  
; which had cap-  
er-pot. Emma's  
within her breast  
len storm. Her  
. She ran with  
toward puss, and  
to strike her a  
when her morning  
to her mind. She  
arm in a moment,  
of striking, stroked  
y, saying,  
ave broken my

flower, puss, but I mustn't get  
angry. I must rule my spirit.  
I must be slow to anger. You  
are a thoughtless puss, but I  
suppose you didn't know any  
better. If you had, you  
wouldn't have spoiled my  
lovely plant.

Thus, you see, Emma's  
text did her good. Why?  
Because she minded it.  
Exactly so. If she had not  
given heed to it, learning it  
would have done her no good.  
Mark, then, my children, this  
truth. It is not by merely  
*learning* texts of Scripture  
that you are made better, but  
by *minding* them after they are  
learned.—S. S. Advocate.

### C a s t e.

have often heard  
nd read of "caste."  
ou know how in  
ndia it much with-  
ospel, and troubles  
hurches.  
school there are  
es. The scholar,  
stering the school,  
the lowest, if dili-  
tentive, may rise  
to the highest. It  
h caste. If a man  
the lowest caste,  
children after him,  
in of that caste.  
t of the religion of  
and sadly opposes  
s *the true religion*.  
how a man of a  
despises him who

belongs to a lower. He thinks  
himself his superior, and will  
not come near him if he can  
avoid it. All these "high  
thoughts and imaginations"  
the Gospel casts down. It  
teaches that all, in the sight  
of God, are equal; that a man  
should honour his neighbour;  
yea, more, should love him as  
himself.

How far the poor people of  
India are from the spirit of  
the Gospel, the following inci-  
dent will show:—"An Indian  
Sepoy, after a battle, lay on  
the field dying of thirst. A  
cup of water would have saved  
him, but there was no one to  
give it. At last his cries for  
water attracted the notice of



one of those wretches who plunder the dead and wounded, and, being moved by unwonted pity, he filled a cup from a stream hard by, and gave it to the unhappy man. He raised it to his parched lips, and was just on the point of drinking what would have been a water of life to him, when suddenly he dashed it to the earth. The man who had brought him the cup, was of a *lower caste* than he, and so he died."

Caste slays its thousands.  
God grant it may soon be destroyed. Will you help in its

destruction? Then praise labour abundantly that Gospel may be preached wherever caste now reigns. Be encouraged by what has already done to release the poor Hindu, and to let him be free, and "give Him no rest until He makes His name known in the whole earth."

Rise, Sun of Glory, rise!  
And chase those shades of night

Which now obscure the ark  
And hide thy sacred light  
Oh, send thy Spirit down  
On all the nations, Lord,  
With great success to crown  
The preaching of thy Word.

### The Lord's Day.

**H**ARK ! I hear the sweet church-bells—  
As their quiet music tells  
How to keep Christ's holiday  
In the happiest, fittest way ;  
How His children here may meet,  
Joining in His service sweet,  
And in the presence of their Lord,  
Sing His praise and hear His word ;  
With our fathers and our mothers,  
With our sisters and our brothers,  
To our much loved church we go,  
The dear church of high and low,  
Where the poor man, meanly dressed,  
Is as welcome as the best ;  
And the rich and poor may gather,  
Kneeling to their common Father ;  
Yea, our risen Lord is there,  
Listening to our praise and prayer.  
Thus should Christian people all  
Hold their Master's festival,  
Thus with joyous rest and praise  
His own children keep His days.

Solo



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

## From the East.

(Continued from page 10.)

CARMEL, "the garden in the Canticles, it is said, in of God," is frequently mentioned in the Bible, and used as a type of *vor beauty*. Thus, in the glorious description of the "prince's daughter,"—"Thy head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple;" and in some of

the passages of the prophets, where a "fruitful place" is spoken of, according to our version these words might properly be rendered, "Carmel."

It was on Mount Carmel that Elijah had his memorable controversy with the priests of Baal, and it was up Carmel that, after their destruction, he sent his servant to watch for the first signs of that rain which was so earnestly desired by the inhabitants of the famine stricken land. The name is generally associated only with the bold promontory, so conspicuous from the coast, which seems to embrace the southern side of the bay of Acre, and which is well known from pictures; but it properly applies to a mountain ridge several miles in extent, which lies between the plain of Esdraelon and the Mediterranean.

Our ride from the sea coast to Nazareth was for some distance through the "forest of Carmel," which abounds in fine trees, especially oaks. Soon after leaving Haifa, which is the only natural harbour on the coast of Palestine, we forded the Kishon. At this season it is only what we would, in Scotland, call "a burn," and as we stood beside its placid and somewhat sluggish stream, it was difficult to realize that this was indeed "that ancient river, the river Kishon," which swept away the host of Sisera.

We passed through a beauti-

fully wooded glen plain of Esdraelon, a which we crossed, and evening entered a country which surrounds the town, we climbed which rises above it, summit of which was extensive and interesting view. Ar lay the hills and valleys trod by the feet of Jesus, and at our Nazareth, the Saviour for the greater part of on earth, and from which derived the opprobrium of "the Nazarene." west lay the wooded Carmel, glowing in the setting sun, with them a peep of the ranean; while away east rose the rounded Tabor. Further still see where the sea lay low beneath the the surrounding plain deep is the chasm in lies, that we could get a glimpse of its waters. We knew, that it must lie between Hermon, whose summit, white with snow grandly in the distance.

In Nazareth the Church form by far the largest of the population, principal building is the convent of the Annunciation. This we visited, but more interesting to us fountain, which bubbled near our tents, for

night have been  
 & Mary came, ac-  
 by the infant  
 draw water, just as  
 the women of Naza-  
 day.

nation of Nazareth  
 called either strik-  
 tiful or picturesque.  
 osomed in a cluster  
 ls, which shut out  
 ificent views which  
 ojoyed by climbing  
 se hill tops; but it  
 un undying interest,  
 its fame, perhaps  
 sistence, to having  
 ig the home of Him  
 rejected and thrust  
 ynagogue.

Nazareth on the  
 il, and soon emerg-  
 the hills, again  
 se plain of Es-  
 This plain, so cele-  
 ewish history as a  
 , was the portion of

It extends many  
 l sends out three  
 ds the Jordan. In

is covered with  
 nd is then the re-  
 wandering Bedouin,  
 inds abundant pas-  
 nis flocks. Its de-  
 as striking as its  
 or there is not a  
 abited village, ex-  
 slopes of the hills  
 ler it on the east;  
 small portion of its  
 is under any sort  
 tion. We crossed  
 o Jezreel, probably  
 se line that *Elijah*,  
*equal triumph over*

the priests of Baal, ran before  
 the chariot of king Ahab,  
 from Carmel "to the entrance  
 of Jezreel."

The curse of Ahab seems  
 to rest upon Jezreel. It is  
 now a cluster of mean hovels  
 and the bare and scanty vegeta-  
 tion of its vicinity contrasts  
 strangely with the richness of  
 the surrounding plain. I  
 could scarcely find a single  
 flower to carry away as a me-  
 mento of this celebrated spot.

From Jezreel, we descend-  
 ed to the large fountain  
 'Ain Jalûd, which is about a  
 mile distant, and which  
 springs out of a cave at the  
 base of Mount Gilboa. In  
 this neighbourhood occurred  
 one of the most memorable  
 deliverances and one of the  
 most disastrous defeats of the  
 Jews. 'Ain Jalûd is prob-  
 ably the very "well of Harod,"  
 at which the three hundred  
 chosen warriors of Gideon  
 "lapped" before they went  
 to the assault of the Midian-  
 ites, who "lay along in the  
 valley like grasshoppers for  
 multitude;" and it was here  
 that the life blood of the  
 royal Saul and Jonathan dyed  
 the green hillside, drawing  
 forth from David the touching  
 lament:—"The beauty of  
 Israel is slain upon thy *high*  
*places*, and Jonathan, thou wast  
 slain upon thine high places."

Standing by the fountain,  
 we can trace the course of  
 Saul when he went to inquire  
 at the witch of En-dor. It  
 was a perilous journey, for

the army of the Philistines lay between him and his destination. This he would leave on his left, and crossing the shoulder of Little Hermon, descend on the village of En-dor.

Remounting our horses we rode across the plain to Shunem, which we could see from the fountain, lying at the base of Little Hermon. This was the home of the Shunemite woman, whose kindness to "the man of God" was so signally rewarded. It was into these fields that her son, her only child, "went out to his father, to the reapers," and struck down by the hot rays of the Eastern sun, was carried home to his mother to die. And it was across this plain of Esdraelon that the mother hastened to the prophet at Carmel, and, refusing to leave him, brought him back with her in haste to Shunem, there to have her child restored by him to her arms, thus doubly a gift from God.

We passed through the gardens of Shunem, surrounded by high hedges of prickly pear, and crossing Little Hermon—which is doubtless the "hill of Moreh," by which the Midianites were encamped when attacked by Gideon—descended upon Nain. Here it was that Jesus, coming from Capernaum, "as He drew nigh unto the gate of the city," met the mourners carrying to the tomb the widow's son, "the only son of

his mother;" and, with compassion, rest to life, and "delivered to his mother"

From Nain we rode to the base of the hill to the only remarkable about which is the natural caves hewn out of it around the town; and accurred to us, what a station one of these would be for "the widow's son."

We now made straight to the village of Deburie we saw lying at the Tabor, about three n tant. There we expected to find our tents, and were little surprised, when arrived, to find no trace nor were the villagers give us any information accepting that there were some miles distant other side of Tabor, was possible they might be. We were fortunate in finding a Bedouin, who immediately saddled his mare, and guided us to this spot. We were now getting rapidly down the land which thickly covered the sides of Tabor, as our wearied horses descended. About half way we passed a black tent of a large encampment, probably of the same tribe to which we belonged, and near the fountain we were in some time after dark when we were relieved to find our tents. E.

## Obedience to Mothers.

UTIFUL and affectionate son, having lost his mother, said to one of his friends: "I do not believe that any man who knows me, will be satisfied with having no duty to my mother; her death, I have with sorrow, many little instances in which, I think, I might have shewn her still more respect and attention." We fear that duty to mothers is by many young people strangely and unaccountably neglected: we hope, therefore, that the above example will be profitable to some of our young readers.

## Evening Hymn.

**J**ESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;  
Bless Thy little lamb to-night:  
Through the darkness be Thou near me,  
Watch my sleep till morning light.

this day Thy hand hath led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me;  
Listen to my evening prayer.

my sins be all forgiven;  
Bless the friends I love so well;  
Be thou holy—then to heaven  
Take me, when I die, to dwell.

*Selected.*

## A Good Training.

R children should be trained as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. It is, as soon as his hand in signing all pardons, and delighted in conveying, through his month, all the favours he granted. A noble training for, and introduction to, sovereign power!

## The Mission Field.

### THE CHUMBA MISSION.

**D**EAR up in the north-west of India, among the Himalaya mountains, lies the territory of Chumba. It is bounded by the States of Cashmere, Lahoul, and Kangra. There is great variety of scenery and climate in the region; and great diversity in the flowers and fruits it produces. The people, who amount to about 120,000, are very poor, and, till lately, were much oppressed by their priests, or the officers of their ruler. The present Rajah, an amiable young man, really anxious for the improvement of his subjects, sought and obtained the services of a British officer as superintendent. Under the able management of Major Reid and his successor, Mr Macnab, order, law, and prosperity have in a great measure been introduced in to the country.

### CHUMBA.

The capital, Chumba, is an ancient town, pleasantly situated on the banks of the noisy Ravee. It is the residence of the Rajah, and contains numerous temples, dedicated to the goddess Devi or Kallee, richly endowed, and swarming with ignorant and corrupt priests. The houses are mostly wretched abodes, covered with shingles. The inhabit-

ants are, in caste, similar to the plains; but simple, frank, and in their manner people of the gr India, though de by vile immorality

### THE CHUMBA M

The Rev. Mr minister of our C of singular zeal ness to the caus has commenced this secluded an spot. When he of founding t Major Reid rathe the project—wis that the attem] deferred. It s able that m reforms should l the government dition of the p an undertaking well alarm both Brahmins, shou Notwithstanding couragement, th a little more th went to see the met with a ver tion. Quarters him in the old p and materials pr building of a h and school, and afforded for the the cause.

### NOVEL MODE O

The mission

sely interesting  
 e commencement  
 r mission, from  
 e a few extracts.  
 ed ourselves in a  
 ays (two native  
 accompanied him),  
 r six paces apart ;  
 uch prayer, and  
 the Lord was  
 truth, we set forth  
 le city, proclaim-  
 ud voice as we  
 n English, then  
 en in Hindú:—  
*i in the highest,*  
*ce, and good will*  
*. The kingdom,*  
*and the glory be*  
*or ever and ever.*  
 e second time at  
 ey prayed aloud.  
 me they went to  
 surrounding the  
 ded the words of  
 ye into all the  
 reach the Gospel  
 ature. He that  
 id is baptized  
 ed; but he that  
 ot shall be  
 ark xvi. 15, 16.  
 te dwellings, in  
 at the gate of  
 ese solemn truths  
 ned:—*Maharaj!*  
*s of God are to*  
*your children,*  
*hat are afar off.*  
*! the world as to*  
*ly-begotten Son,*  
*ver believeth in*  
*not perish, but*  
*ting life. Dear*  
*e words are true.*  
*or the kingdom*

*of heaven is come nigh unto*  
*you. — Other verses were*  
 added; and when one of the  
 three grew hoarse, the others  
 continued the loud procla-  
 mation."

## RESULTS.

Crowds followed them; the  
 Rajah bowed to them; and  
 the children repeated their  
 words. They next ventured  
 inside the courts of the houses.  
 "The noise we made at one  
 place," says Mr Ferguson,  
 "prepared them to expect us  
 at the next. By the end of  
 November (within less than  
 two months), there was  
 probably not one person in the  
 whole city and immediate  
 neighbourhood who had not  
 heard of the name, love, and  
 mercy of our Lord Jesus  
 Christ." Later, much in-  
 fluence was obtained with  
 the amiable young Rajah.  
 He read the English Bible  
 with them, declared it must  
 be true; and is busy learning  
 Urdú, that he may read it for  
 himself.

Moreover, upwards of forty  
 persons have already been  
 baptized; and the prospects  
 of success are most encourag-  
 ing. Let it not be forgotten,  
 however, that these disciples  
 will require a long course of  
 wise, patient, firm and kind  
 teaching and training in order  
 that they may become Christ-  
 tians in reality, as well as in  
 name. The good seed has  
 been sown; but it will re-  
 quire much pastoral, or rather



paternal (for these converts are in truth babes as respects Christian truth and holiness) instruction, watchfulness, and guidance:—otherwise there is great reason to fear that the seed will be snatched away, or that the tender blade will perish in the season of tribulation and persecution so certain to come, or that worldly cares or sensual pleasures will choke the plants.

Let us pray, often and fervently, that the devoted missionary may be guided and blessed in his noble work; and that the Chumba disciples may daily grow in all Christian grace and in the knowledge of God their Saviour.

#### THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Forty years ago, the American Board of Foreign Missions sent an embassy to the Sandwich Islands. Then the natives were described, too truly, as more false than the falsest scum of Europe. Their idols were not more hideous than their sacrifices; their destructive volcanoes were more merciful than themselves; they were degraded so low as to devour vermin and poisonous reptiles. The first missionaries are still alive, yet paganism is abolished; the islands are ruled by Christian laws under a Christian king; one-third of the adults are now members of Protestant churches; and upwards of

50,000 have in Christ. D son, the Sec Board, was c the Island Cl Though wan seventy years the journey; corded his im; entertaining b is already a Hawaii; an id seen; and Eu have supplan barbarism of it The story of t being rebuked for visiting hi way, went o returned in t with a pair o and a beav; ludicrous to a European.

ministers is or of the island and languages most efficientl

#### MISSIONARY ME

At a meeti in London, th one of the se Church Miss brought forw of Foreign insisted upon of training and preachers esting fact, he number of c connexion wi Missionary 24,000, a th in the spe

Among the encouragements were the introduction of the of self-support in the increase of the industry; and the move- s heathen mind to- tianity. In illustra- s second point he s case of Sierra, n the natives sub- ore than £1600 a year for religious purposes. In the province of Tinnevelly, in South India, the contribu- tions for one village averaged £2 for each family. Mr Venn complained that the support given to the Church Missionary Society was not sufficiently general. With how much sad truth may the Convener of our Mission make a similar complaint and remonstrance!

## Go Forth and Sow.

Go forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubt- gain with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."— . 6.

Go forth! though weeping, bearing precious seed,  
Still sow in faith, though not a blade appears:  
Go forth! the Lamb himself the way doth lead,  
Erlasting arms are o'er thee spread,  
Thou'lt reap in joy all thou hast sown in tears.

Oh! there is no shadow on thy brow,  
No fear that rises—no swift cry to bless  
Thy pain thou bearest—but *He* heedeth: thou  
Soon rejoice—joy breaketh even now;  
Go to the mark of thy high calling, press!

Wait for *sheaves*, a holy patience keep,  
Wait for the early and the latter rain,  
That faith has scattered, love shall reap,  
As is sown, thy Lord may let thee weep,  
That not one tear of them shall be in vain.

Oh! Beloved gently beckons on;  
His love for thee illumines each passing cloud;  
Thy yon fair land of light at last is won—  
The seed-time o'er and harvest work begun,  
Thou'lt own the fruit that shadows now enshroud.

Selected.



## Starving.

**T**HOSE kind and good people who visit the abodes of the very, very poor, often see sights that almost rend the heart. They find several families crowded into houses which ought to hold only one.

Many of these poor folk have no regular way of earning their living; and when they do get a little money for their work, they are too commonly tempted to leave their bare, cold, cheerless room for the spirit-shop, and there waste money which might furnish

their rooms, and themselves and their

When, besides, there comes in illness the other sickness, then comes terrible rickety bed and go to the pawn sick person m floor. The ch are sold for fo who watch b have to crouch the couch.

Alas! it is that in some cities, where

in abundance at  
l of luxury and  
t, there should be  
ere men, women,  
en, die literally of  
l cold.

therefore, in this  
on we bless God for  
ortable homes, we  
nk with pity on the  
Blessed are they  
assist in relieving

the destitute and suffering.  
Blessed are they who sympa-  
thize truly with the wretched.

From the low prayer of want, and  
plaint of woe

Oh, never, never turn away thine  
ear!

Forlorn in this bleak wilder-  
ness below!

Ah! what were man should  
Heaven refuse to hear.

*Children's Prize.*

## Stepping-Stones.

EIGH-HO! a  
weary life I lead  
of it," thought  
Martha Bean, as  
d the brook carry-  
e her milk-pail.  
e 'tis work, work,  
ing till night. I  
well be an African  
here's poor mother,  
ith the rheumatism,  
rise from her chair  
elp, much less to  
the half a dozen  
at my brother has  
on us, so all the  
nd nursing and  
on me. I'm sure  
kept awake half the  
a squalling baby,  
to labour hard all  
enough to drive a  
It's never a holi-  
; and as for a new  
onnet, where's the  
buy it, with all  
dren to feed and  
"It's a weary life,"  
eated as she enter-  
age, *whero her sick*

mother sat wrapped up in  
flannels by the fire, with the  
baby asleep in a cradle beside  
her. Mrs Bean was weak and  
full of aches and pains, but  
from those gentle lips no  
murmur ever was heard.

"Well, Martha, you're  
home early," she said, greet-  
ing her daughter with a smile.

"Yes, mother, because I  
have not now that long way  
to go round by the bridge."

"It was an excellent plan  
to put those convenient step-  
ping-stones across the river,"  
said Mrs Bean.

Martha set down her pail  
on the brick-paved floor, and  
threw herself on a chair with  
a weary sigh. "I wish that  
there were stepping-stones  
over the river of trouble,"  
cried she, "for I don't see  
how poor folk like us are ever  
to get across."

"There are stepping-stones,  
dear Martha," said her moth-  
er; "and many a one has  
found them that would have

been drowned in trouble without them."

"Stepping-stones! What do you mean?" cried Martha, looking with surprise at the quiet sufferer as she spoke.

"There are three, my child, that God himself has set in the dreary waters, that His people may pass in safety over the difficult way. They are—prudence, patience, and prayer. By *prudence* we shun many a trouble which overwhelms the careless and giddy. By *patience* we get

over those troubles God sends to pro-  
try us. And when  
waters rise high, as  
as if we must sin  
them, then the  
trembling and we  
firm footing in *pray*

Dear reader, at  
of your journey th  
you will have to  
river of trouble.  
then seek and find  
stepping-stones—  
*patience*, and *pray*  
*Advocate*.

### The Snowdrop.

**T**HINY Snowdrop, pure and white  
Glittering in the morning light  
Peeping up, so brave and bold  
Laughing at the winter's cold;  
Always glad, fair thing, are we  
Thy dear fragile form to see,  
And thy pretty drooping head  
Gracing thus our garden bed.  
All the more, meek Winter's child,  
Now the winds blow bleak and wild,  
And each garden shrub is hid  
Under a snow pyramid.  
We *must* love thee, pretty one,  
Visiting us thus alone;  
Teaching us, in darkest days,  
Still to live in joy and praise;  
Though not timorous and weak,  
Yet be modest, lowly, meek;  
Whispering, though danger near,  
Not to murmur, nor to fear;  
But when Summer joys depart,  
Still to keep a happy heart;  
Though alone the path be trod,  
Live to purity and God.



TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT BAALBEC, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

## From the East.

(Continued from page 28.)

It is in appearance the most remarkable mountain in the Holy Land. In the plain of its sides its gracefully rounded form is a conspicuous feature in the scenery of central Palestine. Oaks, pistachios, and other kinds of trees and flowering shrubs, cover its sides to the very summit.

which is tolerably level, and over which are scattered the ruins of a fortress, now overgrown with brushwood and gigantic thistles. The ascent is easy, and we took our horses to the top, which commands an extensive view in every direction. Looking towards the west, we could trace a considerable part of our previous day's journey—Nain and Endor lying opposite, at the base of Little Hermon.

Tabor is the traditional scene of the Transfiguration, but the fact that its summit was at that time occupied by the fortress, of which the ruins still remain, deprives the tradition of any degree of probability. It is not mentioned at all in the New Testament, but was the scene of some of the events of the wars during the time that Israel was ruled by Judges. "Hath not the Lord commanded," said Deborah to Barak, "Go and draw towards Mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men of the children of Naphtali and of the children of Zebulun? And I will draw unto thee, to the river Kishon, Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army, with his chariots and his multitude; and I will deliver him into thine hand." And here Zebah and Zalmunna slew the brethren of Gideon,—“each one resembled the children of a king.”

Our ride from Tabor towards Tiberias was not specially interesting, until suddenly

the ground seemed before us, and the Galilee burst upon lying a thousand feet level of the plain across we had just passed. a lovely scene; water, smooth as reflecting the mountain shut it in,—

“Graceful around the  
tains meet,  
Thou calm reposing  
But, ah! far more, t  
feet  
Of Jesus walked o’

During the steep, horseback) somewhat descent to Tiberias opportunity to examine the different points of view in our memory.

We found our tents on a grassy slope close to the water's edge. Close to Tiberias, one of the cities of the Jews, whom live here, and out of a population being Israelites is a very ruinous appearance walls being rent and by the great earthquake of 1st January 1837, does not seem to have made any attempt to repair. Close to the town, a boat was sailing, in which were some fishermen mending their nets. This was the time of our visit, boat on the lake.

The Sabbath was spent at Tiberias, but the heat was oppressive that we were obliged to remain under our tents the greater

of the day. It was here that, according to tradition, the miraculous draught of fishes took place, and we were interested in seeing the different kinds of fish from the lake which were brought to our tents for sale.

On the 7th of April we left Tiberias, and fording one or two streams which fall into the lake, rode along the banks as far as Khan Minyeh. The oleanders which grew in thickets along the side of the water, were in full bloom, and their bunches of pink flowers were very beautiful. The site of Capernaum has been the subject of much dispute, but I prefer the belief that Khan Minyeh is the spot; though I confess I am prejudiced, as, owing to the illness of one of our party, we were unable to proceed to Tell Hüm, which lies farther to the north, and which is believed by some to have been the place where the Saviour's city stood. At Khan Minyeh is a fountain called "The Fountain of the Fig," and around this are the remains of foundations; but these, and some shapeless heaps of stones, are all that remain of that great city, which was once "exalted to heaven."

From Khan Minyeh we began the ascent to Safed, and continued to ascend for about three hours. This is another of the holy cities of the Jews. Its chief attraction is the extensive and interesting view

which it commands. The town is picturesquely situated on a steep hillside, a deep ravine surrounding it on the north and west. The houses rise one above another, the roofs of each row serving as a street for the one above. This plan of building increased the horrors of the great earthquake of 1837; for the upper houses, falling on those beneath, crushed them, and the whole were involved in one common heap of ruins. About 5000 of the inhabitants perished, of whom 4000 were Jews. Our camp was a short distance from the town, in a grove of some of the largest and finest olive trees we had seen, and the fresh breezes of the hills were delightful after the close oven-like heat of the previous day.

About mid-day, on the 9th of April, we reached the site of the ancient city of Laish or Dan, of which not a vestige now remains. The situation well deserves the description given of it by the five spies sent by the Danites, "who sought them an inheritance to dwell in." "We have seen the land, and behold it is very good, a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth."

At this spot is one of the largest fountains in Syria, perhaps in the world; and, near it, a smaller one. These are the principal sources of the Jordan, and their united stream, joined about a mile below



by the Nahr Hasbany, flows on through the plain to the Waters of Merom. This abundance of water makes everything grow luxuriantly, and was a contrast to the dry and barren land of which we had seen so much in other parts of Palestine.

Another of the great sources of the Jordan is at Baniás, the ancient Cæsarea Philippi, which we reached in the afternoon. The water here gushes forth, a rapid stream, from a cavern in a hillside near the town. The town itself is perhaps the most beautiful for situation of any in the Holy Land. All around are streams and cascades, and the murmur of flowing waters, so that this sweet spot well merits the name which has been given it of "the Syrian Tivoli."

We were now about to leave the Holy Land and enter the district of the Lebanon, which has sacred associations of its own, though not so intimately connected with Bible history. Its scenery also is fine, and in many places strikingly grand; and the localities which we visited derived a melancholy interest from having been so recently the scenes of the massacre of the Christians of the Lebanon. Hasbeya, which we reached the day after leaving Baniás, was one of the principal Maronite villages; and its terraced vine-clad hills, and the neat houses of the picturesquely situated town, spoke of an industrious and thrifty

people. But, alas! the houses were in the bare and blackened bore witness to the tragedies of which recently been the scene.

On the 12th we arrived at Damascus up our quarters in hotel in the "straight Street." It was for us, as we had under a roof for food. This city is perhaps associated with the Land, and is one of cities in the world stated by Josephus been founded by Uz, grandson of Noah.

It was the seat of the prophet of Abraham was of Damascus; and it the city of Naaman the who, with patriotic teemed the Abana; in par, now called the and 'Awaj,' "better the waters of Israel."

On walking through the city, we were met with the desolation of a Christian quarter. In ruins, the houses rose the bare walls alone for fire had been completed the destruction by pillage and It is believed that ne Christians perished in cus, victims to the of Moslem fanaticism is worthy of remark, the rabble rose against Christians, there Druzes in the city.

the 15th of April we left  
sus, and had our last  
of it from the heights  
rise to the west of the

It is called by their own  
"the Pearl of the East,"  
as seen in that bright  
ng sunshine, the white  
of the city surrounded  
fresh green of the wal-  
and mulberry groves,  
like a handful of pearls  
red over a robe of green.  
beauty of this oasis is  
red yet more striking by  
contrast with the brown

sands of the desert which sur-  
round it as far as the eye can  
reach.

Crossing the range of the  
Anti-Lebanon, we reached  
Baalbec in two days, and spent  
the night under the magnifi-  
cent ruins of the Temple of  
the Sun, in the great court of  
which our tents were pitched.  
On the 19th of April we  
crossed the Lebanon, in a  
storm of wind and sleet, and  
next day sailed from Beyrout  
for Constantinople.

E. E. S.

~~~~~  
"Thy Kingdom Come."



WESTWARD, westward, Lord, in glory,  
Be Thy bannered Cross unfurled,  
Till from vale to mountain hoary  
Rolls the anthem round the world.  
Reign, oh, reign o'er every nation;  
Reign, Redeemer, Healer, King;  
And with songs of Thy salvation  
Let the wide creation ring.

*Selected.*

~~~~~  
The Great Storm in India.

THE Government of  
Bengal has pub-  
lished a special nar-  
rative of the great  
e of 5th October last.  
narrative collects all the  
and states them with  
ay; and the picture is a  
appalling one, such as  
y, happily for our race,  
ldom to record.  
full violence of the  
was experienced at

Calcutta from ten o'clock in  
the forenoon of that day till  
almost sunset. The gale  
drove up the river Hooghly  
a storm wave from the Bay  
of Bengal. As this wave rose  
in some cases as high as  
thirty feet, and swept over  
the strongest embankments, it  
was very much more disas-  
trous than the mere violence  
of the wind. There were, on  
the morning of that day, 195

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

vessels within the port of Calcutta. Of these 145 were driven on shore, and 10 were sunk in the river. In the city and in Howrah, 196,431 houses and huts were destroyed. The storm wave at Saugor Island was fifteen feet above the level of the land, and as it swept over the island it utterly destroyed all the houses and buildings, and left scarcely a living creature there. The few human beings who escaped were saved either by climbing up trees, or by floating on the roofs of their houses, which the wave swept on to the mainland and carried inland many miles. The loss of cattle has been very great; in some places four-fifths of them have perished. The crops have been greatly injured; in many parts wholly destroyed by the salt water.

The loss of life has been terrible. The returns are necessarily imperfect; but they shew how awful the calamity has been. In the one district of Midnapore the lives lost are set down at 20,065, but it is believed to have been much greater. In Goomghur 10,000 people perished out of 15,000. In Howrah 1978 perished. On Saugor Island,

only 1488 remain out of about 6000. In short, we can hardly doubt that the estimate of 100,000 lives lost by that cyclone was not at all exaggerated.

Two days after the storm about 1000 starving men made an attack upon the salt-stores at one place; they wanted salt to mix with a kind of grass which they ate eagerly. Some constables, who attempted to stop them, were beaten off; the "fearful hardships of the past two days had almost driven the survivors mad."

It is consolatory to know that assistance was rendered with the utmost promptitude. Government did much. Steamers were sent with large supplies of food. A public meeting was held in Calcutta, and, with the liberal help of Bombay, about £30,000 was raised. Too much praise cannot be given to those missionaries, who, living for days in canoes and half-flooded huts, went forth among Christians and heathens alike, distributing food and money; nor to those private gentlemen, like Mr Fraser, who, when starving wretches were plundering his stores, was busily engaged in sending relief to other places.



SABBATH well spent  
Brings a week of content  
And strength for the cares of the morrow :  
But a Sabbath profaned,  
What'er may be gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

Sir Mathew Hale.

## The Mission Field.

### CHINA.

**M**R BALDWIN, an American missionary, publishes the following statistics of the China Mission:—

The missions are seated at twelve principal centres. There are 84 ordained missionaries; 108 stations and out-stations; 57 churches; 2576 is the whole number of baptized converts. These contributed during the year 1863 not less than £400. There are 19 boarding schools with 247 pupils, and 44 day-schools with 796 pupils.

Missions were planted at Canton in 1830; and the history of the Mission there is a standing witness to two things:—1. The vitality of Protestant Christianity. Through the long night of apparent failures and disasters, the Church has nobly sustained the work there; and now, as the clouds begin to lift, we perceive everywhere streaks of light heralding the full day. Let us bless God for the faith of the Church, and of the laborious missionaries, who have shewn, by persistent effort, their ardent love for the souls of the haughty Cantonese. 2. The fact that circumstances, almost wholly external, sometimes bar the way to success. The Church ought to make allow-

ance for such facts, and not expect the same or like results always in different places.

Three years only have elapsed since missionary operations were commenced in Peking; and the Rev. J. Edkins, of the London Society, is able to report the conversion of twenty Chinese and Manchus to the faith of Christ. Some of the converts afford indications that they are likely to become earnest promoters of the truth among their fellow-countrymen. High officers of Government find their way to the missionary hospital, and Christian books find their way into the palace. Two very interesting young Chinamen have been baptized by the Church missionaries at Fuh-chau. They had been under instruction some time. "My good and faithful catechist," writes one of the missionaries, "was the means of their conversion." The heathen present appeared to view the baptism with much interest. Among them was one of the bitterest opponents of the mission, a Confucianist. At another place, some distance from Fuh-chau, eight adult converts have been baptized by American missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

### BRAHMINISM.

The reader must consider the following facts which

prove that Brahminism is the most monstrous system of interference and oppression that the world has ever seen; and that it could be maintained only by ignorance and superstition of the grossest kind. The Hindoos had been taught to believe that in all the daily concerns of life Brahminical ministrations were essential to worldly success. The Deity, it was believed, could not be propitiated without large money-payments to this favoured race. "Every form and ceremony of religion"—it has been said—"all the public festivals; all the accidents and concerns of life; the revolutions of the heavenly bodies; the superstitious fears of the people; births, sicknesses, marriages, misfortunes; death; a future state,—have all been seized as a source of revenue to the Brahmins." "The farmer does not reap his harvest without paying a Brahmin to perform some ceremony; a tradesman cannot begin business without a fee to a Brahmin; a fisherman cannot build a new boat, nor begin to fish in a spot which he has farmed, without a ceremony and a fee."

And as the Brahmin was thus the controller of all the ordinary business concerns of his countrymen, so also was he the depository of all the learning of the country. "It is a marked and peculiar feature of Hindooism," says one, "himself by birth a Hindoo,

"that it interferes with every department of secular knowledge; that every human genius has been stunted; so that in astronomy, geography, physics, medicine, metaphysics, each form as essential to the progress of Hindooism as an object of study has been neglected or discerned."

But when British humane laws were introduced, and especially when education began to be diffused throughout the country, the Brahmins felt their power and sacredness were in danger. The most atrocious and abominable practices, which had their root in the priesthood; for all such practices had their root in the priesthood, and could not be suppressed without sore distress and confusion of the mind, were the murder of women, the burning of little children in the funeral-pile, the murder of the aged on the banks of the Ganges, the murder of the victims, reared and sacrificed, were the institutions, from which the priesthood derived its power, or both of which were suppressed, and the superstitions which were the basis of them are fast fading from the land.—*A History of the Hindoos*, by K. M. Kaye, Esq., p. 100.

## able : An Owl that Wrote a Book.

Owl wrote a book to prove that the sun was not full of light; that the moon reality much more; that past ages had a mistake about it; the world was quite rk on the subject.

"a wonderful book!" the night-birds; must be right; our owl having such very s, of course she can igh all the mists of ."

"true," cried the she is right, no as for us, as we can- blink, the sun and are alike to us; and ing we know there is in either; so we go body to her opinion." e matter was buzzed the eagle heard of lled the birds around looking down from throne, spoke thus: ren of the light and y! beware of night- their eyes may be ; they are so formed

that they cannot receive the light; and what they cannot see, they deny the existence of. Let them praise the moon-light in their haunts; they have never known anything better; but let us who love the light, because our eyes can bear it, give glory to the great Fountain of it, and make our boast of the sun, while we pity the ignorance of poor moon-worshippers, and the sad lot of those who live in darkness."

The *Bombay Guardian* quotes this fable by Mrs Prosser, and adds very truly:—"We have had much of this owl-literature lately. Men who love not the light, and whose eyes cannot bear it, have sought to depreciate the Scriptures, and to make it appear that their darkness is due to the inadequacy of light in the Bible, rather than to their own defect of vision. But they have simply illustrated the words of our Lord:—'The light of the body is the eye; if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!'"

## B u d d h i s m.

ME of our young readers and contributors are probably ignorant of what *is. Buddhism is*

that system of religious belief held by the largest number of the heathen population in the whole world. Its followers are calculated to number at

least three hundred and fifty millions of people, occupying the vast regions of central and eastern Asia, Japan, Ceylon, Siam, Burmah, and Thibet and Tartary in the north. Such is the power of the prince of darkness!

Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth thy flight,  
Move on the waters' face,  
Spreading the beams of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place,  
Let there be light!

A wonderful and mysterious personage was Gotama, or Guatama Buddha, the founder of this dark and debasing system of heathenism. He is said to have appeared about 600 years before the Christian era. Buddhism is made up of legends, superstitions, and absurdities, almost beyond belief, did we not know that Satan blinds the eyes, corrupts the understanding, and hardens the hearts of those whom he keeps in bondage. We give a specimen or two from among the many, just to shew what the system is.

According to the Buddhist belief, the earth is immovable, and upon it is placed a round mountain, one million and a half miles in height, the earth itself being two and a half millions of miles in thickness, below which are three worlds, of stone, water, and wind, each of incredible thickness.

The Buddhists' sun is 500 miles in height, length, and breadth, and 1500 in circuit.

The moon is said to miles in length, breadth, and 1470 in thickness, and 1470 in diameter. Notwithstanding these dimensions, both luminar bodies are swallowed by a certain demon, Rahu, a giant of prodigious size, whose mouth is 1000 miles deep, with his limbs of suitable proportions.

This is only just a specimen of the absurdities of heathenism.

Among other objects of ridicule is that of the Ganges, which flows from the foot of a high mountain where he is supposed to be trodden in pursuing his marvellous journey. How striking is the resemblance of a Christian native, intending a traveller amongst the grand lime scenery, where these pretended foot shewn:—"Oh, mast Siamese see Buddha stone, and do not see these grand things." The sad is the thought, many thousands of heathen are thus blinding an imaginary not knowing that the one only way to holiness is to God! "Jesus said the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me."

Another of their relics is the *Sacred Buddha*, enclosed in cases ornamented with precious stones, in the principal temple of Kandy, Ceylon.

the same island is  
tain the right jaw-  
ama Buddha.  
igious ceremonies  
y the Buddhists in  
sist chiefly in lis-  
he reading of the  
of Buddha, who  
red the most per-  
man beings; mak-  
s to his image or

relics, and to the priests; and  
also demon or devil worship,  
to which they resort in all  
times of sicknesses or dis-  
tress.

The priesthood is marked  
by a yellow robe, and may be  
assumed or resigned at plea-  
sure, and the priests are for-  
bidden to marry.—C. M. J.  
*Instructor.*

## t will Hurt my father."

E boys and girls  
ill mind what their  
parents say when  
ey are in their  
they do not obey  
parents are not  
them. Two little  
t play in a garden  
was a tree full of  
s.  
ank," said one of  
us pick some of  
cherries. Look,  
y are!"  
illie," said the  
must not touch  
know we were told  
one of them."  
rank, there is no  
see us; you need  
id. And if your  
d find out that we  
he is so kind that  
t hurt you."  
; why I will not  
," said Frank to  
know my father  
hurt me; yet for

me to disobey would hurt my  
father, and I would not wish  
to grieve him."

Did not that little boy know  
what it was to obey? We think  
he must have loved his father.

Now, young reader, what  
can you say for yourself? Do  
you at all times obey your  
parents? Is there no bad  
temper or ugly frown seen in  
you? No naughty word spoken  
by you? Have you not dis-  
obeyed, and shewn that you  
have got an evil heart within?  
As a tree is known by its  
fruits, so is a child by its do-  
ings. Will you not, then, ask  
God to look upon you with  
love, and, for the sake of Jesus  
Christ, to forgive you all your  
sins? And will you not ask  
Him for His grace, that your  
hearts may be right in His  
sight? Then we may hope to  
see you among those children  
who try to make their parents  
happy.



## Flowers of Life.

### THE VIOLET.

**H**AVE you observed in Spring-time  
A small but welcome flower  
Which blooms in shady place  
Or in some rustic bower ?  
It seems to shrink from notice,  
Beneath its leafy shields ;  
But you are sure to find it  
By the sweet smell it yields.

The Violet ! ah, you know it,  
The pretty, modest thing ;  
In town, as well as country,  
Fair herald of the Spring !  
Tied up in tiny bunches,  
The sick one's room it cheers,  
And by its lovely perfume  
Itself to all endears.

A shy, sweet, little creature,  
Guileless in all her ways,  
Our blue-eyed Lucy dreams not  
How oft she winneth praise.  
When strangers gaze upon her,  
Close to our side she clings,  
Unconscious of the fragrance  
Which all around she flings.

By kind and loving actions,  
By winning words and smiles,  
She fills our home with gladness,  
And every care beguiles.  
Thus meek and unassuming,  
All thoughts of self put low,  
Our humble little Lucy  
Does like the Violet grow.



### Mother's Boy.

**WELL-MADE** boy, tall for his age, with dark curly hair and large dark eyes—r's eyes, everybody hen everybody said ied Radcliffe, was r's boy."

My opinion is, that this expression, "Mother's boy," was not generally applied in a complimentary or respectful sense—more's the pity. If every boy was his mother's boy, in the sense in which Ned Radcliffe might be said to be

so, it would be so much the better for boys in general, and no discredit to any mother in particular. But there is one thing to be reckoned in the account, 'so important that, if we leave that out, our reckoning would be totally incorrect. If being a mother's boy means being what Ned Radcliffe was, then mothers must bear some likeness to Ned Radcliffe's mother. Ned loved her with all his heart; to please her, what would he not do? To offend her, the very thought was so painful to him that he turned from it with horror.

An upright boy—speaking the truth always, cheerful, intelligent, active—such a boy as would be most likely to prosper in the world, to gain a good position, and win the approval of the wisest and the best. Such a boy was Ned Radcliffe, his mother's boy.

The only son of his mother, and she was a widow; not a wealthy widow, rich in this world's goods, but almost as poor as the widow in the gospel, who, when she cast her two mites into the treasury, parted with all her living.

Mother and son lived in a little hut or cottage in a quiet country lane, leading from Fiveacres to Meadowland. The widow taught a few children, and a little plain needlework, and was always ready and willing to earn a penny, and Ned was out in the fields scaring the birds and earning a trifle of

money, getting what he could from his m the evening. That of learning was of very extensive; but it out of one book—the volume from which and the ignorant alike receive the best tion.

Ned used to sit was quite a small d watch his mother's busy with the needle, He wished that he co her, that he could from so many hour's that he could help her more comfortable never breathed it to she, he knew full we check the thought as discontent with G mighty's dealings.

She had been pe him one day—and to read—the psalm of God's goodness to and how He openeth and satisfieth the every living thing. was very thoughtful minutes, and then h

"Mother, do you God might sometin His hand a little wid

"What makes you

"I think," he sa if you had more go—a little more to know, and a warme—it might be better

"Never think th again," she answerd is our Father, and l what is best for us,

at is good. You me?"

he said, and his ghtly as he smiled 'of course I can

I am 'mother s remember, then," that we are our ldren—the child-er who cares for n any parent here

hought was fixed -a nail driven in

Ned was out in le had been set to ap in the hedge, a handy boy and gentleman came vay slowly, for his st cast a shoe. there a farrier to here?"

, that there is, parts of a mile

no help for it," tleman. "Shew boy, and I'll give g."

shot through the for a shilling was e to him, but he not earn it. He nt there to finish rk; by twelve it one, and then he or an hour; but yet noon and the d unfinished.

rry I cannot shew id, "but I must rk."

man looked sur-

prised. "Silly boy," he said, "it will cost no more than a few minutes to shew me the way, ease this poor brute, and earn a shilling. Come."

"I am sorry," the boy replied, working on perseveringly as he spoke, "I am very sorry for you, sir; for the poor horse, sir; and for myself, sir; but the few minutes are not mine. I am paid to do what I am doing, and it is as bad to thieve time as to steal money."

"An oddity," said the gentleman, getting off his horse and patting the animal's neck. "Who has taught you this scrupulosity, boy?"

Ned did not know the meaning of that word, but he knew that all he had been taught was from the lips of his mother, and so he answered:

"Mother, sir."

"Mother," said the gentleman, "must be a remarkably shrewd person, a pattern villager, to be executed in Dresden china and set on the chimney-piece; and they call you"—

"Mother's boy, sir."

The gentleman laughed outright, and then, and not till then, he saw the boy's face flush, and that his eyes were full of meaning.

"I am a poor boy, sir," he said, "and cannot be expected to know good manners. I try to be honest and to love my mother and my God."

The gentleman laughed no more, but spoke in a freer and kinder tone.

"You are quite right, my lad, and I will wait your time. It wants less than fifteen minutes to noon; then after that you can shew me to the farrier's."

"Very willing, sir."

So when the gap in the hedge was mended, Ned very readily shewed the gentleman the way and received his shilling.

Run! you should have seen that boy run with the prized shilling—it almost takes away my breath to think of it. Home, home to his mother, to cast the treasure into her lap, and to hear her words as she kissed his forehead, "The Lord is opening His hand."

That evening the gentleman came to the cottage and asked for "mother's boy." He was a light-haired, light-eyed, laughing gentleman, son of my Lady Fanshaw—a great notability in fashionable quarters—Dowager Lady Fanshaw's son—who had never been *his* mother's boy—lounging away his life at the club and the mess-table, and finding it rather dreary work. This gentleman had been struck by the boy's oddity, and had resolved to make Ned a liberal offer. I think I told you he was a well-made lad, tall of his age. Well, the son of my Lady Fanshaw intended to take him into his service, to put him into livery, and to let him hang on to the back of his cab as a "Tiger Trim!" Very much surprised was he

to learn, as he did "mother's boy" his proposal; that take service, even most tempting of preferred doing work for the rather than leave and live in luxury "Simpleton," of my Lady Fanshaw you not observing service you were looking after your interest as well as We should make in time, and you to send your nothing handsome man.

"I would rather and work," "She would not part with me, and I should never with her."

The son of my shaw, who thought on very well mother, and did say so, went his his tiger. He st parsonage, two and over the subject story.

Two or three days Farmer Fordingham from the pastor; days after that Ingham offered on his farm at six a week. From that began to prosper found that the woman obtained done and better

been. Then Ned's ere raised, and he be- wful proprietor of a see of ground of his ; was the work of ut they were years pent. God was open- and. The pastor had nt word for him, so squire, so had Farmer iam, who, except on ceasions, was rarely utter pleasant things dy—but a good man at.

ow it has come to pass has a small holding n—a small farm and it, and Ned's mother or the dairy. He is t thriving farmers ll poor; it is more able the valet of my 'anshaw's son—to gh dignity he would y by this time had he vice with his lordship ; twice the money for part of the work. hat? The worth of ; only that which it g. Heaps of gold er have made Ned so working for and with r he loves so dearly, ing her joy in all his

little successes. It is the effort of his life to make her happy, and he finds his hap- piness in hers.

It is a sunny Sunday morn- ing, and the stout young farmer is in the village church- yard, his mother leaning on his arm. They are standing by his father's grave. A kind voice speaks to them. It is that of the pastor.

"All well with you, farmer?"

"All well, sir."

"Prospering?"

"God has opened His hand."

"And God," says the pas- tor, "is very faithful to all His promises; you know the command of love and obedi- ence to parents is the first with a promise—mutual honour and love to both. A good son always brings a blessing on himself."

"Ay, sir, but every son is not blessed with such a mother."

The pastor smiles very kindly, takes mother and son by the hand, and says to the former:—

"Ah, Mrs Radcliffe, your Ned is the same as ever—his mother's boy!"—*The Teach- er's Offering.*

~~~~~

## in the Way, the Truth, and the Life."



MID life's wild commotion,  
Where nought the heart can cheer,  
Who points beyond the ocean,  
To heaven's brighter sphere?

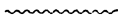
Our feeble footsteps guiding,  
When from the path we stray,  
Who leads to bliss abiding?  
*Christ is our only Way.*

When doubts and fears distress us,  
And all around is gloom,  
And shame and fear oppress us,  
Who can our souls illumine?

Heaven's rays are round us gleaming,  
And making all things bright;  
The sun of *Truth* is beaming,  
*In glory on our sight.*

Who fills our hearts with gladness,  
That none can take away?  
Who shews us, 'midst our sadness,  
The distant realms of day?

'Mid fears of death assailing,  
Who stills the heart's wild strife?  
'Tis Christ! our aid unfailing,  
The *Way*, the *Truth*, the *Life*.



### A Hindoo Mode of Enforcing

ONE of the correspondents of a Bombay native newspaper says:—"I lately witnessed a sight in Wudgaum Goopt, which I think deserves mention; and, if you think proper, you can put it in your paper. On the 15th of January, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, a Bramhachari (devotee) came to this place from Ahmednuggur, having a cow and a boy with him; and he began to go through the

town begging for eat for himself; some fodder for his cow owing to the sea visions, the peccavillage find it difficult on themselves, as they supply such *dava* (devotee) pulse, and butte fodder for his cow about a long time now noon, and then not secured and dinner. The Pat of the village) he

h for one small  
 ow could he make  
 ' The *bawa* now  
 y angry, and at  
 ough thought himself  
 hich promised to  
 l. He took hold  
 farootee, and put-  
 er skin, which he  
 at, on the top, he  
 and thus spoke:—  
 otee, you are the  
 village, and I am  
 t you to the test ;  
 ar, pulse, butter,  
 or my cow, and I  
 edge that you are  
 and if you do not  
 I will understand  
 e false, and that,  
 are nothing but a  
 sat in this way  
 ne, but Marootee  
 or spoke ; he sat  
 one. At last the  
 e very much en-  
 bursting out into  
 one mad, he took  
 is hand, and with  
 th, struck Maroo-  
 ws on the head,  
 ou are a stone, and  
 f all the red paint  
 u put on you, and  
 e that remains, I  
 way." After he  
 s, he struck the  
 ws more over its  
 he stopped, wait-  
 whether Marootee  
 him anything or  
 ow could he get  
 n a stone? In a  
 e began to howl

again ; and again he struck  
 Marootee two blows. He  
 repeated this perhaps four  
 times ; still Marootee would do  
 nothing for him ; and instead  
 of punishing the *bawa* for  
 dishonouring him thus, he  
 bore the beating as patiently  
 as any criminal could do. A  
 good many people had assem-  
 bled in the meantime to see  
 the sport. At length two  
 worshippers of Marootee came  
 to perform their daily worship  
 to the god, and seeing his  
 condition, they took pity on  
 him ; not only so, they feared  
 they would meet with great  
 delay in performing their  
 worship and going to their  
 work, and they therefore beg-  
 ged the *bawa* to get off from  
 the god, promising to give him  
 two pice (a farthing) a piece.  
 The Patel also came up at the  
 same time, and with great  
 indignation, rebuked the *bawa*,  
 saying, " Is this well? Why,  
 you talk just like the Chris-  
 tians who say that Marootee  
 is no god, that he is only a  
 stone—and do you think this  
 right?" Then the Patel told  
 the people to give him some-  
 thing ; and the *bawa*, wiping  
 his club which was besmeared  
 with the red paint, and rolling  
 up his deer skin, got down  
 from Marootee's head. I then  
 took occasion to shew to the  
 people that Marootee and  
 their other gods were no gods,  
 and they all acknowledged the  
 truth of my doctrine.



## The Mission Field.

### ANNUAL EXAMINATION OF OUR BOMBAY INSTITUTION.



WE are indebted to the *Times of India* for the following interesting account:—

The annual public examination of the pupils of the General Assembly's Institution in connection with the Church of Scotland's Mission, was held at the Institution lately. A number of ladies and gentlemen were present, as were also many native gentlemen. Mr J. Cannon presided. The meeting having been opened with prayer, the pupils were examined in Scripture, History (both British and Indian), Grammar and Geography; in all of which they acquitted themselves most creditably. There were also a number of essays read by the young men of the more advanced classes, some of which displayed no small amount of research on the part of their writers. Towards the conclusion of the exercises, two intelligent-looking Hindoo youths solved, in a most lucid manner, two geometrical problems propounded by the Rev. A. Forbes, Principal of the Institution: one of these boys, quite a little fellow, who, we subsequently ascertained, however, was fourteen years old, handled the subject in a profound manner, which elicited

the marked approbation of his audience.

The prizes, consisting of handsomely bound books, were then distributed by the chairman, who afterwards made a few appropriate remarks, expressive of the great satisfaction and interest felt by the ladies and gentlemen present at the highly creditable manner in which the pupils had gone through their examination, which he very justly remarked, reflected considerable credit on the method of teaching adopted by the Principal and Mr Grant, as well as on the attention paid to their duties by the native teachers.

The Institution provides education for two hundred and ninety-six pupils in the English department, and eighty-five in the Marathi; several of whom in the former are pursuing a course of theological study.

### NEED OF EDUCATION IN INDIA.

One of the greatest hindrances to the progress of the Gospel in India, is the deplorable ignorance of the great body of the people. After careful examination, it has been concluded that only two or three persons in every hundred have received any education. There is reason to believe, that in many villages not one individual can read

Thus, when a  
 may visit them,  
 ople can under-  
 little of what he  
 they not unfre-  
*understand* very  
 re expressions he  
 he object of his  
 It is also evident,  
 ch circumstances  
 ve no benefit from  
 t religious tracts  
 rd of God which  
 within their reach.  
 he urgent need of  
 efforts in India,  
 te that there are  
 millions of boys  
 empire who ought  
 hool. Of these  
 thousand are re-  
 ally good educa-  
 ools where both  
 l the vernacular  
 e taught. There  
 ndred and eighty  
 ho are receiving a  
 ir education in  
 ngue only. And  
 bably six hundred  
 usand who attend  
 ols, taught by  
 mpetent persons.  
 there are nearly a  
 om some educa-  
 g imparted, there  
 than fifteen mil-  
 holly destitute of

st remember that,  
 s is the condition  
 o boys as regards  
 f education, the  
 ixteen millions of  
 orse. There are  
*twenty thousand*

girls in the mission schools,  
 but the latest estimate does not  
 lead to the belief that there are  
 more than thirty thousand  
 female pupils in all India;—  
 only one girl out of every five  
 hundred and thirty receiving  
 any education. What a deplor-  
 able condition of affairs!

To enable you to under-  
 stand the state of education  
 in the country districts, we  
 give the following graphic de-  
 scription of

#### NATIVE SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

A visit to one of the indigen-  
 ous schools of Bengal, and a  
 knowledge of the system of  
 education pursued there, would  
 soon shew how great is the  
 benefit conferred by missionary  
 schools.

Let us enter the school-  
 house, which is often a com-  
 mon bamboo hut, with mat  
 walls and a thin roof of palm  
 leaves. The floor is mud,  
 washed over with cow-dung,  
 and often, from the rainy cli-  
 mate, saturated with water.  
 Sometimes, however, the  
 school is held in the dirty  
 outer verandah of a temple or  
 of a brick house, amid the  
 dust and cobwebs of years.  
 In order to be respectable, the  
 floor should be spread with  
 loose mats, to be rolled up  
 when school is over; but they  
 are all in pieces, and their jag-  
 ged edges exhibit in abundance  
 the strings and grass of which  
 they are composed. Upon  
 these remnants of mats the  
 scholars are seated cross-leg-

ged ; they are not in rows, but in confusion ; there is a struggle to find a seat on the mats, instead of on the mud floor. They are ill-dressed, have but few clothes, and these generally in a very dirty condition. The most noticeable articles in the school are the long strips of palm leaf, of which each boy brings a bundle, and these are lying everywhere among the scholars. They are covered all over with strange figures, professing to be Bengali letters ; and the boys are busy with their inky fingers, long reed pens, and earthen inkstands, in adding to the number of the smudged hieroglyphics. The master walks among the urchins, cane in hand, making a free use of his weapon. Here, in the corner stands one lad, tall and thin, with a brick on his head : he is under punishment. There is another standing on one leg : and yet another bent down with a brick on the middle of his back ; woe to him if he let it fall ! Perhaps they have been absent for some days, or have been found deceiving the master, or have failed to bring more than half the sixpenny fee for the last month's instruction, or have forgotten the allowance of rice which supplements the fee, or have failed in some other of the numerous methods on which they are set to gather, from their different homes, the varied contributions that make up the poor pittance on which

their wretched teach  
But can it be said  
learn nothing ? Cert  
They spend weeks an  
in writing largo-har  
on the leaves ; they  
to paper, and make  
ters, double-letters,  
tractions of the fift  
ters of the alphabet,  
numerous combinati  
learn also the mul  
table, tables of we  
measures, and othe  
useful knowledge ;  
before Pestalozzi h  
his system, the six  
system was in vocife  
tion in India for  
these elements of  
to classes of school  
out the use of book

Nor can it be as  
they read nothing ;  
the common spe  
which they study f  
and months ; and  
book, the classic  
schools, which cont  
knowledge, a goo  
idolatry, and a co  
amount of immors  
this let the ignora  
master be added, a  
may be formed of t  
education given  
years in these comm  
In a better class  
confined solely to  
Sanskrit works of v  
are taught ; but alth  
is now some impro  
towns, the indigen  
in thousands of vill  
this day as above d  
Lacroix's Memoirs



### The Little Ones.

**N**OW, is it true what I am told,  
That there are lambs within the fold  
Of God's beloved Son?  
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,  
Will in His arms most gently bear  
The helpless "little one?"

O yes! I've heard my father say,  
He never sent a child away,  
That scarce could walk or run,  
For when the parent's love besought  
That He would touch the child she brought,  
He blessed the "little one."

And I a little straying lamb,  
May come to Jesus as I am,  
Though goodness I have none;

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

May now be folded to His breast  
As birds within the parent's nest,  
And be His "little one."


And He can do all this for me,  
Because in sorrow on the tree  
He once for sinners hung,  
And having washed their sins away,  
He now rejoices day by day  
To cleanse the "little one."

Others there are who love me too ;  
But who with all their love can do  
What Jesus Christ hath done ?  
Then if He teaches me to pray,  
I'll surely go to Him and say  
"Lord, bless thy 'little one.'"

Thus by this glorious Shepherd fed,  
And by His mercy gently led  
Where living waters run,  
My greatest pleasure will be this,  
That I'm a little lamb of His,  
Who loves the "little ones."

*Sol*

For the Evening.

 JESUS, fold me in thy gentle arms,  
And guard thy little lamb from all alarm  
Through this dark night.  
O Jesus, do thou pardon all my sin,  
And in thy precious blood wash me quite clean,  
And set me right.  
O Jesus, bless my friends so kind and dear,  
Take care of them, and be thou very near  
To all this night.

The Children's



### God that Little Charlie Did.

"I wish," said  
little boy who  
woke early one  
morning and lay  
down, "I wish I  
could be so  
as to do  
what I wish  
I was a judge  
of the laws; or  
a missionary; or

I could get rich and give away  
so much to poor people; but  
I am only a little boy, and it  
will take me a great many  
years to grow up."

And so, was he going to put  
off doing good till then?

"Well," he said to himself  
while he was dressing, "I

know what I *can* do. I can be good: that's left to little boys."

Therefore, when he was dressed, he knelt and asked God to help him to be good, and try to serve Him all day with his heart, and not *forget*. Then he went downstairs to finish his sums.

No sooner was he seated with his slate before him, than his mother called him to find his little brother. Charlie did not want to leave his lesson, yet he cheerfully said, "I'll go, mother," and away he ran.

And how do you think he found "Eddie?" With a sharp axe in his hand! "I chop," he said; and quite likely the next moment he would have chopped off his little toes. Charlie only thought of minding his mother; but who can tell if his ready obedience did not save his baby brother from being a cripple for life?

At family prayers Charlie behaved like a Christian boy. As Charlie was going on an errand for his mother, he saw a poor woman whose foot had slipped on the newly-made ice and she fell, and in falling she had spilled her basket of nuts and apples, and some wicked boys were snatching up her apples and running off with them. Little Charlie stopped and said, "Let me help you to pick up your nuts and apples," and his nimble fingers quickly helped her out

of her trouble. I know how his kind hearted the poor woman felt after she got home she prayed God to

At dinner, as his mother were talking, the father said roughly not do anything for his son: the old man his best to injure:

"But, father," looking up into his face, "does not think that we must return evil?"

Charlie did not know his father thought noon of what his mother said, and that he murmured to himself, more of a Christian: I must be a better

When Charlie came from school at night that his dear little bird was dead. "and I took such care and I loved him sang so sweetly." little boy burst into his poor favourite.

His mother tried him. "Who gave and who took it?" asked, stroking gently.

"God," he answered his tears, "and best," and he tried himself.

A lady who was sitting in the time. She had her two children, she hoped they

ngs and gone to he heavenly land, rather have had ns back to <i>her</i> nest t when she beheld atience and sub- his Father in ; said, "I too will ike this little child.'	When Charlie laid his head on his pillow that night he thought, "I am too little to do good; but, oh! I do want to be good and to love the Saviour, who came down from heaven to die for me."—S. S. <i>Advocate.</i>
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### Through Peace to Light.

DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
 A pleasant road;  
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
 Aught of its load;

ask that flowers should always spring  
 eath my feet;  
 too well the poison and the sting  
 hings too sweet.

thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
 d me aright—  
 strength should falter, and though heart should  
 eed—  
 ough Peace to Light.

ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
 l radiance here;  
 t a ray of peace, that I may tread  
 hout a fear.

ask my cross to understand,  
 way to see—  
 n darkness just to feel Thy hand  
 I follow Thee.

ke restless day; but peace divine  
 e quiet night;  
 y, O Lord—till perfect Day shall shine—  
 ough Peace to Light.

*Selected.*



## The Disappointment.

**O**NE fine day in August, just after the clock had struck twelve, a group of girls, of various ages, assembled in the playground adjoining their schoolroom, and began to talk earnestly on what appeared from their countenances to be a pleasing and important subject. After half an hour spent in very animated conversation they left the playground, and hastened to their respective homes. I had been watching them with some amusement and curiosity, but was not long left to wonder, for my young friend Louisa, who was one of the group, informed me that they had been proposing a treat for their next half-holiday. "If our parents will give us permission," said she, "we intend to take some refreshment with us, and spend the whole afternoon and evening out of doors. We shall go through the meadow until we get to the farm house, where we mean to buy some milk; then we shall go into the wood at the back of the house and gather wild flowers; and when we are quite tired of wandering through the wood, we shall climb the steep hill (which you told us was probably raised by the Druids, nearly two thousand years ago), and rest under the shade of the oak: oh! will it not be delightful? I do hope mamma

will allow me to go dear girl's eyes shone with the joyful ant

There was not a fault in obtaining of their parents, allowing Wednesday upon for their little. How slowly the time went! But Wednesday morning at length, and as morning as ever sun shone upon. up with the lark, had been intrusted with an important matter up the sandwiches which had been prepared for the children.

As soon as the morning was over, they again returned to the playground, and schoolfellows told them they intended to go on the hill, just like the others.

"Oh, do not tell Annie," said she, "dangerous."

"Never fear," said her companion, "we shall be careful, so make no noise, Louisa; I am waiting for you."

Louisa's lip quivered, she hesitated for a few moments, and then firmly replied, "I cannot go with you."

"Cannot go!" said several of the children, "not, Louisa?"

"Because I shall be doing right. Mamma

happy if she knew we  
ing to make a

our mamma gave you  
n to go."

but she would not  
so if she had known  
to not light a fire!"

very ill-natured of  
Annie, "to wish to  
pleasure; besides,  
mamma need not know  
about it. But come

as, we cannot waste  
if Louisa won't go  
I dare say we shall  
selves very well with-

watched them until  
the road hid them  
view, and then,  
to her own room,  
into tears. Poor

was a great disap-  
; but her conscience  
she had done right,  
knelt down by her  
and thanked God for  
her to resist temp-  
e felt peaceful and

was a weekly

boarder, and as soon as she  
returned home on the Satur-  
day, her little brothers and  
sisters crowded round her, and  
began asking her a whole  
host of questions about the  
delightful holiday she had on  
Wednesday; but great was  
their surprise when she  
quietly told them she was not  
one of the party.

When the little ones were  
in bed, Mrs Morris called  
Louisa to her, and inquired  
what had occurred to disap-  
point her. Louisa told her all  
particulars; and oh! how  
amply was she repaid when  
her mother pressed an approv-  
ing kiss upon her cheek, and  
said, in a voice trembling with  
emotion, "God bless you, my  
darling."

And now, dear children, I  
will ask you one question, Do  
you act in your parents'  
absence as you would do if  
they were present? Strive  
ever to do so, and ask God to  
give you His Holy Spirit for  
the dear Saviour's sake.—*The  
Children's Friend.*

## An Indian Hurricane.

May 1833, there  
arst upon the south-  
ern districts of Ben-  
gal, the most awful  
that had been  
a hundred years.  
as usual from the  
with squalls and  
2, and with brief

bursts of lightning and thun-  
der. The wind continued to  
increase for two or three days,  
and at last its fury was inde-  
scribable. It was not steady,  
but came in gusts so fearfully  
violent that nothing could  
withstand them. Trees were  
uprooted by hundreds, and

houses blown to pieces. The most remarkable and appalling feature of the hurricane appeared in the very height of the storm, just when the heavy squalls and rain rendered it almost impracticable to stir abroad. A series of terrific rolling waves, the least of which were ten feet in height, burst upon the land from the south-east; they broke down the embankments, crossed the country like mighty walls, with steady march, sweeping everything before them; and, aided by the hurricane, did not exhaust their impetus till they had reached a distance inland of more than fifty miles over the level plains. At Khari, the peasants, Christian and Hindoo, alarmed by the distant rushing sound, saw with astonishment the foaming wall marching across the fields, and rushed for safety to the flat

roof of the brick ch highest spot in the Wild deer, wild beasts dreeds, driven from the bouring forests, a them many tigers, a stricken, came bound the plain, fleeing f resistless destroyer: the mighty waves carrying past with appall sweeping away trees dens, and destroying house over the so many many miles.

The island of Sa all its coasts swept mendous violence; centre of the island above the water, an solitary house of the where the natives fo ter, a tiger rushed in a people seeking the san

It is reckoned the thousand lives were that terrible hur Mullens.

### Missionary Exploring in the South

**L**et you know something of missionary work in that very interesting field, we extract the following from an article in the last number of *Christian Work*, contributed by the Rev. P. G. Bird.

"Atafu consists of sixty-three distinct islets, enclosing a spacious lagoon three miles long and two and a-half wide.

The islets are from ten feet above the le sea, and are densel with cocoa-nut and trees."

"The day passed I examined the se held service in the I was greatly surprised to hear six girls and ten boys Samoan New Test

He children learn-  
 their alphabet.  
 ty adults in the  
 ll can read, with  
 a few who are old  
 I can never learn.  
 e 128 were pre-  
 the sermon all  
 ear,' and, I may  
 ,' too. At the  
 essed our great  
 with what we had  
 rd, and exhorted  
 at, with purpose  
 y would cleave  
 L.'  
 afu by sun-down ;  
 help exclaiming,  
 od wrought here!"  
 the 19th Novem-  
 two teachers were  
 e overthrow of  
 never been more  
 r more speedily  
 ere, to my know-

ledge. Why, but sixteen  
 months before, the people  
 were heathens. Polygamy,  
 naked dances, and all manner  
 of heathen abominations were  
 rampant. *Now*, only one  
 polygamist remained on the  
 island. All heathen practices  
 are given up. *Then*, they  
 knew not the God who made  
 them, and in whose hand is  
 their breath. *Now*, they know  
 and have embraced His wor-  
 ship, learned to read, and de-  
 light to hear and obey, and  
 have raised a house of prayer  
 and praise. Surely the pro-  
 phet's words have been  
 answered, at least in part,  
 'Who hath heard such a  
 thing? Who hath seen such  
 a thing? Shall a nation be  
 born at once?'—in the case  
 of this little coral isle of the  
 Pacific."

## Strange Deities.

revelly there is a  
 hen town called  
 ully, abounding  
 pey-coils, or  
 the largest of  
 edicated to a pey  
 ), called Pooley,  
 is the favourite,  
 t dreaded deity of  
 s hymned in a  
 of some merit,  
 ted to be appeas-  
 ngs of mutton,  
 cheroots. And  
 ou imagine this  
 rsonage to be?

You may well be astonished to  
 learn that he is nothing more  
 nor less than the spirit of an  
 English officer of the name of  
 Pole, or Powell, or some simi-  
 lar name, metamorphosed by  
 the Hindoos into Pooley, who  
 was killed in battle and buried  
 near their town.

Having met with a violent  
 death, he was supposed to  
 haunt the place, and his ghost  
 was thought to be the cause of  
 all the sicknesses of man and  
 beast in the neighbourhood.  
 A man could not get a head-

ache when walking past the grave, but the Englishman's spirit was taxed as the author of it. The foolish and miserable people at length sent a deputation, invited the spirit to their town, bribing it with the offer of a larger altar than any that had been ever erected there, promised offerings such as they shrewdly imagined would be most grateful to an English officer's ghost, and provided a native poet to prepare a hymn, to be sung on peculiarly solemn occasions.

Here is the history of another *pey*. Kittavarayen was a Sudra and a votary of the goddess

Kali. He was put impalement, by a whom he had deef. But while in the death he invoked such fervency that of the goddess u with his spirit. I in some manner imr persecuted the brah for the sake of peac min raised an altar, tuted religious ri honour. And, wo say, men were blind to worship as a god wooden image of a adulterer.—*Memoir land.*



## The Little Bible Reader

“**W**HERE are you going my little girl  
With your basket on your arm  
“I am going, dear ma'am, to see  
Who lives on the Brookside farm.

"That is her house by the willow tree,  
So mossy, and brown, and old ;  
'Tis a pleasant place in the summer time,  
But in winter 'tis very cold."

"What book do you take, my little girl,  
To read to the poor old dame?"  
"I always take the Bible to her,  
Because she is poor and lame.

"She creeps to the grassplot by the tree,  
To listen to what I read,  
And she says, 'The sweet and holy words  
Are comfort to me indeed.

"Oh! of such as I the Saviour speaks  
When He says the poor are blest,  
I am glad that He bids the weary come,  
And says He'll give them rest.

"'Tis pleasant to read to poor old Jane,  
Of the world where all is light;  
There Jesus will wipe away her tears,  
And there will be no more night."

"Go on, go on, thou ministering child,  
Go on in thy task of love,  
Until thou art called from *work* below,  
To *praise* in the world above."

*Selected.*

~~~~~  
"It Doesn't Pay."

**A** YOUNG lad was walking very quickly along the street with his eyes down, and hand in his pocket, and was shaking his head and ttering to himself, "It m't pay! No, it doesn't!"

"Who is it? what is he talking about?" said one who met him. "I'll get in his path there, and make him look up. It is bad enough to have business men get lost in a brown study and talk to themselves—why, I declare, it is Charlie Reed! but I should hardly

know him. Why, Charlie, where is that frank, happy smile you always carry? What has happened to you?"

"Oh, it has cost me that too, has it? I was just saying it did not pay. Well, I am very much ashamed, but come this way and I'll tell you all about it."

They turned down a quiet cross street, and Charlie took out a nice pear from his pocket, and placing it in the hand of his companion said:—

"There I have been getting that pear and I have paid too dear for it. It is a bad bargain."

"Why, Charlie, that is a real Bartlett, worth about threepence. What did you pay for it?"

"Indeed, I paid no money at all, but I paid what is worth far more. I wonder I never thought of it in that light before, but we boys don't often have threepence that we can afford to spend for a pear, and then, besides, they all think it is something 'cute to rob Goldie, that is the fruit-man just around on the avenue there. He keeps a great deal of fruit out in front, but there is always some one on the look-out, and the boys generally get caught if they try to pick up any of it."

"But I did not think that you would stoop to such a trick as that, Charlie."

Charlie's cheek crimsoned with shame.

"I never did before, sir,"

said he, "and I did of doing it now ti passing this mornin that no one was on out. I had often one of these pears, picked it up and put my pocket; but mean and thief-like got to the corner as back to see if any after me—yes, aft stealing—that I just my mind that it do Why, sir, I have lo respect, I have b laws of God and parents would be gr it, and all my frie care most about wo me if they knew it, say, it makes a di my looks already. I'd work days and gain all I have lost. I was just thinkin met you, that se work would bring enough to buy eve pears, and here I one pear, which I to go into a corner choke it down at th just made up my m doesn't pay."

"But, Charlie, that most persons sider it only a trifl"

"Just the rea should not pay so then. I don't kno of money that woul to sell my good n peace of mind, would I part with paltry pear. So

t back to give Mr take what does not belong to  
pear, and think my- me, I shall remember that 'it  
rid of it. And if doesn't pay.'—S. S. Advo-  
tempted again to cate.

## A Word in Season.

So too bad, I declare, I cannot learn this lesson; and, besides, Mr How has speak to me in the ear." Willie Arnot great passion; he Latin Delectus im-ross the desks, and, face in his hands, ep back the burn-that would come. e, it was his first school, and he had t half so pleasant as he should.

there is Willie cry-ose he wants to go his mother," cried is, a rude, unfeel-

ad better make a of pocket-handker-med in another.

ly flashed an angry m, but deigned no last the boys went playground, and left alone. He laid ng temples on the i sobbed aloud, mamma, I do want dly, I am all alone have no one to tell be good."  
ou let me be your

friend and advise you, Willie?" said a gentle voice, and a hand was laid softly on the little boy's shoulder.

"My friend! oh no, Duncan, you are too big for that, and I am such a very little boy."

"Not a bit of it," said his new friend, kindly sitting down, and drawing the child towards him. "Come now, tell me what it is that troubles you."

"It's every thing," exclaimed Willie, sorrowfully. "I am so miserable here all alone, and Mr How is so angry because I did not know this lesson; and—and—I hate him, and the boys, and the place." Willie was getting angry again.

"Hush, hush, Willie," said Duncan, softly. He waited a minute until Arnot grew calmer, and then continued, in a low tone, "Willie, you love your mother?"

"Oh yes, yes, indeed I do, more than any one in the world."

"Then I am sure you will try to do every thing to please her. Do you think she would like to see you now?"



"No," murmured Willie in a low voice.

"Then, will you not try to be good for her sake?"

"But I am so miserable, and nobody cares for me here."

"Dear Willie, you surely forget; for you know there is a verse in the Bible that says that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered, and that God, who takes care of the sparrows, will much more take care of us. You believe this?"

"Yes, oh yes, and it is just what mamma would have said," and Willie smiled through his tears, and clung closer to his friend.

"Shall we pray, dear Arnot, that God will be with you and take care of you?" And the two boys knelt and prayed, whilst angels hovered near and wafted their prayers on high; and who shall say that they were unaccepted at the throne of grace? When they arose, Duncan said, "And you don't hate Mr How and the boys now?"

"Not at all, you have made me so happy, Duncan."

It would be hard to say whose face was the brighter at that moment,—Duncan's, with the pleasure of feeling that he had assisted a little one on his heavenly way, or Willie's, with gratitude for that assistance. Oh, did we but know the happiness which those experience who thus endeavour to fulfil our Saviour's commandments, surely

we should often pray for each other.

At length Duncan said, "Shall we try and learn this difficult lesson?"

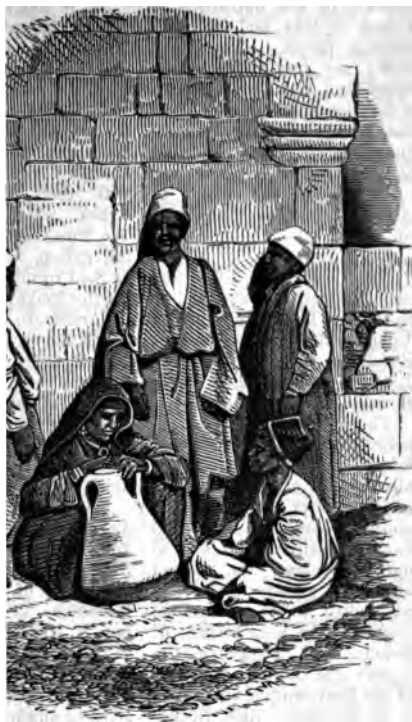
"Oh, if you will be good, I will try," cried Arnot, joyfully.

At the expiration of the hour the lesson was perfectly learned.

"Thank you so much," said Willie, as he prepared to go, "I will be good for my companions in the ground."

Duncan smiled, and said, "You may say that to me when you are as good as I am; but you are dearer to me than a brother," and he turned to his own studies.

Little did Willie know that it would cost him many hours' extra study to make up for his lost time—yet Duncan felt that he had repaid, even if only by the smiling smile of his heavenly Master! readers, a word in season how good is it in this world you meet with a reward, certainly you will in the next, and, oh, who can tell the happiness of those who follow the Good Shepherd? "Inasmuch as ye have loved one of the least of my brethren, ye have loved me?"—*The Friend.*



### From the East.

pring of 1862, Palestine, and of the incidents  
led myself of of travel there, would be inter-  
orable oppor- esting to the little readers of  
which oc- this Magazine; and I gladly  
ng the lands of contribute a few sketches, in  
has lately been the hope that what I shall tell  
ne that some them of that holy and beauti-  
the scenery of ful land, will increase their

interest in the narratives of sacred history and in God's ancient people. The Jews, alas! are now dispersed in every land, but they are still a distinct people, and we know that God will, in His own good time, restore them to what they yet regard as their own land, which was given to Abraham and to "his seed for ever."

But before telling you about Palestine, I should like to let you have a glimpse of Egypt. Most travellers visit it on the way to the Holy Land, by which alone it is surpassed in sacred interest.

Those only who have experienced the discomforts of a long voyage can realize our pleasure on arriving at Alexandria, after a somewhat stormy passage of nine days from Marseilles. To add to our enjoyment, we seemed almost in a new world. As we pulled to the shore we could see the long strings of camels, and recognize the picturesque Oriental costumes of the busy crowds assembled in the harbour. Still, the aspect of Alexandria is not entirely oriental, as there are many Europeans settled there. It is a sort of link between Europe and Asia. Cairo, which is only distant seven hours by railway, is comparatively free from the European element; and I now ask you to accompany me on a tour of inspection in that city.

It is too hot to let us mount on these handsome little animals—s from the poor ill-see at home—supp the place of carriage are always numbe standing round with their little Arabs, waiting to We immediately full gallop, with or Said running being the donkeys, an in Arabic, to clear—"Make way, O n the left, O girl!" & cautions there is n for the streets of very narrow—so n in some, the upper houses on the opp touch.

Now, where she As it is Friday— know is the Ma Sabbath—I think you to one of the Derwishes or Ma monks, situated on of the Nile, a sho from Cairo. On e the road after l city, we admire th acacias and grace When we arrive a of the college we off our shoes, and l at the entrance. O we find ourselves room paved with st centre of which twenty derwishes a circle. Those wit black hair han

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

hevelled about their shoulders are Persians. They are all swaying back and forward rapidly, breathless, and gasping, "Illa Allah! Illa Allah!" that is, "There is no God but God." Their excitement gets greater and their motions faster, until one is seized with a fit, and, staggering about, dashes his head against the wall of the room, and falls insensible. Another of the derwishes steps forward and lays him out as if he was dead. During the time he lies here he is supposed to have a vision. Bye and bye he recovers and leaves the room. Now these are the holy men of the Mahommedans, and this is a religious ceremony. You see to what folly and degradation a false religion leads its victims.

By the time we get back to the city the sun is just setting, and we shall have to hurry, as there is scarcely any twilight in these southern climes, and there are no lamps in the streets. As we pass the bazaars our little guides purchase sugar cane and bread, to satisfy their hunger, for it is Ramadan, the great Mahommedan fast, during which the followers of the false prophet must neither eat

nor drink between sunrise and sunset. Most probably the boy, whose special charge your donkey is, will offer you a piece of sugar cane, and you must not hurt him by refusing. At the beginning of this paper you have a picture of some of these little Egyptians, taken from a photograph. They are bright little things, with beautiful expressive eyes. I am afraid they do not always learn good from their contact with our countrymen. I read the other day of one who was reproved for using profane language. "That *English*, sir," he replied, evidently proud of his acquirements in that language. Oh, should we not try to do something for the enlightenment of Egypt, where so many of our countrymen go in pursuit of health, or pass through on their way to our Indian Empire? This field of labour is at present unoccupied by Scotland, so far as Mahommedans are concerned. Let us pray that the time may soon come when "princes shall come out of Egypt, and Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God."

In my next paper I shall tell you something about Joppa and Jerusalem.

E. E. S.

## The Mission Field.

## OUR JEWISH MISSION.

**T**HE Report of the Committee for the Conversion of the Jews was given in to the General Assembly, by Professor Mitchell, the convener. We can afford room for only a brief summary of it:—

*Germany.*—The Rev. Mr Sutter continues to prosecute, with his wonted energy, his labours among the Jews in Baden.

*Constantinople.*—This important station has, in the course of the past year, been visited by several ministers of the Church, all of whom have spoken most favourably of the openings that exist at it for missionary work, and of the earnest, devoted, self-denying labours of Messrs Christie and Robertson, who have been appointed to occupy it.

*Salonica.*—The various departments of the Mission work, namely, meetings for conversation and prayer with Jewish inquirers, services in English for the benefit of British residents and sailors, and schools for the education of Jewish and Greek children, have been carried on at this station by the Rev. P. Crosbie and Mr Hofheinz.

*Cassandra.*—Mr and Mrs Braendli continue to occupy this out-station usefully and acceptably.

*Monastir.*—This station has, during the year, been under the care of Mr and Mrs Stober, who have laboured with rare energy and devotedness.

*Smyna.*—In the last year, Mr Coull was turned to his station, and his own letters, and many of those who visited the station since his return, he appears to have resumed his labours in a thorough manner.

*Alexandria.*—The Mission at this station has, during the year, been carried on in its departments with energy and success. The Rev. Mr Yule has, during the year, spent years and a-half, in his ability and earnestness, superintending the Mission work at this station. The Rev. G. Brown has, during the year, taken the boys' school in charge, and to engage in this work, he has been visiting among the Jews of that city and neighbourhood. He has been chiefly engaged in re-organizing the school, and already an increase in attendance has taken place—most of the pupils are the children of Jewish parents. The girls' school, under the care of Miss Ashley, and supported by the Glasgow Ladies' Association, has, during the year, been carried on with the assistance of the General Assembly. The committee, has, during

season of un-  
 prosperity. The  
 attendance are  
 number, eight  
 Jewesses, as  
 a, thirty-two  
 ics, and the rest  
 The fees paid  
 g the past six  
 upwards of

-Messrs Steiger  
 ave continued,  
 scouragements,  
 their labours  
 ater part of the  
 ey had opened

eight schools under native  
 teachers, in addition to the  
 two held in their own houses,  
 and had prepared twenty-three  
 candidates for baptism, and  
 were cherishing hopes of a  
 bright future for Abyssinia.  
 Further tidings are anxiously  
 expected, as information has  
 reached this country that the  
 missionary agents of another  
 Society have been treated with  
 great cruelty by the king ;  
 and there is reason to fear  
 that his displeasure may have  
 extended to all the Protestant  
 missionaries in his dominions.

## Bombay Mission.

CONVERTS.  
 urday, the 7th  
 ay, two youths  
 the Camathi  
 e left their  
 took up their  
 he General As-  
 titution. As is  
 ases, there was  
 n among the  
 aste people of  
 and the court-  
 Institution was  
 excited crowd.  
 ng Monday the  
 younger of the  
 re assistance of  
 ourt to procure  
 his son, in order  
 it exercise pa-  
 y over him.  
 . Forbes, of the  
 land's Mission,  
 stated that the  
 Wittoo Dummoo,

had been a pupil in the Church  
 of Scotland's Institution for  
 nearly three years ; that he had  
 privately received instruction  
 in Christian truth during the  
 greater part of the last six  
 months ; that he had sought  
 admission to the Mission  
 house of his own accord, and  
 had given as his reason for  
 quitting his father's house, that  
 he was there compelled to  
 practise idolatry, which was  
 contrary to his convictions of  
 duty ; and that he desired to  
 learn more of Christianity,  
 and to receive baptism.  
 Mr Forbes added, that Wittoo's  
 parents, and other relatives  
 had had free access to him,  
 and every opportunity of per-  
 suading him to return to his  
 home ; that he did not employ  
 any restraint or claim to ex-  
 ercise any authority over the

youth, but merely received him as a guest.

It was alleged that Wittoo was between fourteen and fifteen years of age; but at last it was established that his age was fifteen years and seven months. It therefore remained for the judge to determine whether the circumstance, that Wittoo had not completed his sixteenth year (the age of majority in Hindoo law), entitled the father to claim his custody, and to request the Court to make an order for him to be given into his charge, by force if necessary. Against a finding to that effect, Mr Connon, on behalf of the youth, made an eloquent and impressive appeal to his Lordship.

Sir Joseph Arnould, in giving judgment, said, that according to English law the age of majority was fixed at twenty-one, and the age of discretion at fourteen; that in India, the age of majority was sixteen, and that at which the responsibility for crime commenced, was twelve, thus recognizing the greater precocity of Indian youths. He therefore should order that Wittoo Dummoo be allowed to choose the place of his domicile. Sir Joseph then asked the question, "Do you desire to reside with the Rev. Mr Forbes, or your father?" when he distinctly expressed a desire to stay with Mr Forbes. The learned judge then said he would, for his

own satisfaction, Wittoo did not choose with his father. Wittoo replied that he desired more of Christianity, his parents would him to become a Ch

On the following evening, the two young men returning from an excursion to the island of Elephanta, with five converts and Mr Forbes when they arrived at the gate of the Institution of Sumboo N other youth, came upon and, assisted by two others, seized upon him. He was also seized; and they were beaten along the road; the assailants being seized, and carried away from the Mission. Happily the youths were on the spot, who assisted; and great due to Mr Forbes Poyntz, who, with two constables, put the assailants to flight, the two Afghans prisoners having been brought to the magistrate next day, fined forty shillings.

We earnestly trust these two young men will receive the sympathy of our friends and ask their prayers; those persecuted one guided and strengthened by the Spirit of God, they may be enabled to make a good confession.

devoted followers  
sed Lord.

OF ANOTHER MIS-  
SIONARY.

all band of mission-  
rs in the Punjaub,  
ned another severe  
he Rev. Isidor  
l has been mur-  
ne of his own ser-  
Born in Prussian  
f Jewish parents,  
year 1828, he was  
flee from his native  
nsequence of being  
in some political  
while attending  
Ie landed in New  
endless lad of nine-  
of age, and began  
' a pedlar. While  
his mode of life, he  
Presbyterian min-  
proposed to him to  
of the American  
After finishing his  
the ministry, he  
services to the  
in Board of Foreign  
About the same  
fer of a professor-  
ade to him, but he  
he more laborious  
nying work of the  
sionary.  
ed for India in  
ing to have the  
of seeing his  
his way; but he  
l this pleasure by  
f Prussia, and by  
of his parents, who  
see him in conse-  
his having become

Mr Loewenthal went to  
Peshawur in 1857, to begin  
preparation for the great work  
of his life, the translation of  
the New Testament into  
Pushtoo, the language of the  
Afghans.

It appears that he was  
accustomed to rise in the  
night and walk in his garden  
when unable to sleep. Late  
on the night previous to his  
death, he wrote in his diary  
that he had got a curious head-  
ache. About three o'clock on  
the following morning, the  
report of a gun was heard;  
but as this is not an unfre-  
quent occurrence, it excited no  
feelings of uneasiness or  
alarm. Mr Loewenthal's  
groom, however, went out,  
met the chowkedar (private  
watchman), and asked why  
he had fired. In reply, the  
man said his gun had gone off  
accidentally; but the servant,  
on proceeding towards the  
house, found his master lying  
on the ground, bleeding.

The chowkedar immediately  
fled from Peshawur, but was  
caught eight miles from the  
city. When examined, he  
affirmed that he mistook his  
master for a thief, and shot  
him accordingly. This ap-  
pears very strange, for it was a  
bright moonlight night, and  
he was so near that the pow-  
der blackened the face of his  
victim. He has been tried,  
and acquitted of the crime of  
murder, but sentenced to two  
years' imprisonment for  
"causing death."



## “Not afraid to Die.”

**M**Y young readers, did you ever think of having to die?

You may be young and strong, beloved of your friends, and revelling in the enjoyments with which this beautiful world of ours is filled; you may be free from care, and full of bright hopes of a long and happy life; but were you to be told that all this would speedily come to an end, that the colour would fade from your cheeks, and the strength leave your bones, that you would soon be laid on a sick-bed, and have wearisome days and sleepless nights, that you would have to bid farewell to your dear friends, and look for the last time on your loved acquaintances, and at last find yourselves face to face with the king of terrors—would you be afraid?

If you will listen to me for a little, I will tell you of one who had to come through all this, and yet was *not* afraid.

In a little village a few miles from Paisley lived Elizabeth L—. She was the daughter of respectable parents, and had received a good education; she was naturally clever, and of a quiet and reserved disposition. In the village where she lived was a Sabbath school, at which she was a regular attender; she was in the superintendent's class, and for four years never

was absent a sing Her teacher was we with her, as she always her lessons conducted herself in ing manner; so mu when, last autumn, little girls became v at his request, bec teacher, and perfe duties in a way : gained for her their endeared her in thei

She was just bu a fine young woman consumption—that sidious disease—ha her for its prey. He gradually left her, the middle of June the woods near her decked in all their beauty, when the l sang merrily au branches, and when wore its brightest ga laid down on the which she never wa

The disease n rapid progress, and after this, one Sat last she spent on ea she saw her sorrowi and weeping sister around her, she f “not to grieve for h was not afraid to c

On the following day evening her tea her; she was oppr weakness; as he w leave he said to h beth, I am afraid see you here agai

aid to die, you are Jesus." With her strength she re-  
sponded, "yes!" These were words, and next morning she went to Jesus.

Her friends, you see, were not to contemplate death. They blessed her to do so? They prayed to Jesus to forgive her sins; she believed in His power to save; she remembered His precious promises, and trusted to His divine help. This is the lesson from her story.

Sunday scholars? Give heed to the example; give heed to what your teachers tell you; be diligent in your attendance; do not repeat your lessons carelessly.

Remember, strive to learn of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life—love Him with all your hearts, and pray that He would pardon

your many sins, and lead you in the paths of righteousness; in a word, strive to become His children. Then if God in His providence should lay you down on a dying bed, you will be enabled to say, "you are not afraid to die, you are going to Jesus."

And how comforting will this be to your friends, when, in after years, they think that you have gone to glory, have left all pains, sorrows, and tears, for ever behind, and are now members of that bright multitude of the redeemed who surround the throne of God, for ever singing their Saviour's praise.

"Oh, may He who, meek and lowly,  
Trode himself this vale of woe.  
Make us His, and make us holy,  
Guard and guide us while we go.

"Soon we part;—it may be never,  
Never here, to meet again;  
Oh, to meet in heaven for ever!  
Oh, the crown of life to gain!"

## Our Sabbath Schools.

submitting to the General Assembly the Annual Report of the Committee on Sabbath Schools, Mr Young, said, in substance,—"There are 1773 Sabbath schools right on an average each year. There are 166,000 scholars on the rolls; of these there is an attendance of 110,062. There are 1778 ministers who superintend Sabbath schools, 142 who do not.

607 parishes have libraries, and 389 have none, while there are 76 parishes from which reports have not been received, and there are 33 where there are no Sabbath schools. £60, 17s. 1d. had been received of contributions, and £552, 2s. 3d. had been collected in the schools for missionary purposes. These returns shew an increase for last year of 23 schools, 25 teachers, 55 ministers who superintend the schools, 8 libraries, and £73,

3s. on the sum collected for missionary purposes.

There are two very important points to which Mr Young referred. "The first is the amount collected in schools for missionary purposes. It has been already pointed out that this year the amount reported is considerably in excess of last year's return; but I think that such contributions represent a value which the future only can disclose. To speak of missionary enterprise to children, to interest them in it, to teach them to give even the smallest sum for its support, this is nothing less than preparing the soil, and sowing the seed of a future and glorious harvest, which others may reap with gratitude and joy, when our places are vacant, and our voices are heard no more on earth. The sums collected for our Schemes are already considerable, no one can speak of them without respect; but I believe that liberality of this kind is yet in its infancy, and I could imagine many hereafter accounting for the superior resources of the Church of their times, by saying, 'We learned to give in the Sabbath school; we got the habit there—it grew with our growth.'

"The other point on which I wish to touch, is the deep debt of gratitude which the Church owes to her Sabbath school teachers—twelve thousand every Sabbath engaged in this work of faith

and labour of love.

Assembly will say to encourage I strengthen their ha Assembly has withi great power of i the services of t silently and unc but most surely, deep the foundatio future strength a nness; and I trust forth to-day that o does justice to the i value of the servic by her Sabbath sci ers, and regards Christian agency wi admiration and gra

THE SUNDAY SCHO

In looking aro society, it is imp help being struck existence of numerc tions admirably ca promote the ment and spiritual w humanity. Amo there is not one : stronger claim on tian philanthropist day schools. Educ ducted on the prin in the spirit of the essential to the prosperity of a na Sunday schools c these heavenly prin embody their spiri grand text-book is volume; and their cient teachers a Christians. The planted in weakne hand of Robert Rai

ity of Gloucester, and water-  
d by his tears, has struck its  
oots deep into our soil, raised  
is top to heaven, and spread  
s branches from Europe to  
sia, Africa, America, and the  
lands of the Sea.

The Sunday School Union  
is formed in Surrey chapel  
ool-rooms, on 18th July  
03. And what has the

Union done? It has done  
so much that the half cannot  
be told. It may suffice to say  
that now it has a glorious  
band of four hundred thou-  
sand teachers, and three mil-  
lions of scholars "Not unto  
us, O Lord, not unto us, but  
unto Thine own name be all  
the glory!" — *Abridged from  
the Christian World.*

## Foul Weather.

A SEASIDE SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

**T**HE women weep, the children wail,  
Scarce knowing why;  
And men are watching (fixed and pale)  
A fishing-smack, with dripping sail,  
Just rolling nigh.

The surf leaps high upon the shore  
In cruel sport;  
The wild winds in the caverns roar,  
The weary fishers ply the oar,  
To gain the port.

The breakers crash, the seagulls screech;  
No hope! No hope!  
How is that fragile boat to reach  
Across such surf the shingly beach?  
O for a rope!

'Tis vain. The boldest and the best  
Turn back in fear:  
The strongest swimmer dare not breast  
Those breakers with the foamy crest,  
*For life is dear.*

very interesting to study. Although it is the privilege of few to visit it, still every Christian ought to know the local features of that land where the most momentous events of the world's history have occurred.

We sailed from Alexandria early on the morning of the 11th of March. On the following morning we were awake with the intelligence that Joppa was in sight, and almost immediately we dropped anchor. Vessels are obliged to anchor at a considerable distance from the shore, as there is no harbour and the coast is rocky. We all hurried on deck, and landed about nine A.M. After satisfying the custom-house authorities that there was nothing contraband among our luggage, we proceeded to the little inn dignified by the name of the "Palestine Hotel." After breakfast, a gentleman to whom we had a letter of introduction, called and invited us to visit his country house, situated about two miles from Joppa. As we found we could not get horses for our journey to Jerusalem till the morrow, we availed ourselves of his kindness. The road to his house lay mostly between hedges of immense cactuses, or prickly pears, over which hung branches of orange trees, richly laden with fruit, and which filled the air with their delicious perfume. There is a succession of blossoms on the orange tree, so that it is covered

at the same time golden fruit and snow.

In the afternoon took us to his orange grove and from it we fired up the mountains of Judea, the distance, and with the rays of sun. It was a beautiful and one suggestive memories.

In the cool of the evening we walked back to the grove. The frogs were in full concert, so loud that we were obliged to raise our voices to hear each other. We could never have imagined that little creatures would make so much noise. The sun had set when we returned to the town, and there was lighting up the hills of the Mediterranean stream of silver.

Joppa is a prettily situated at a distance; but, like other Eastern towns, lacks in beauty on account of its narrow, steep, and crowded houses. The houses mean that the town is, however, built on a little hill; and, as seen from the sea, the houses are one on the top of another, picturesque confusion. To the west, the walls are built by the tideless Mediterranean. A distance off from the shore, some large flat rocks on a level with the sea, over which the waves foam.

13.—This morning, of early spring, and breathing  
awoke about half- out fragrance from innumer-  
; and, expecting an- able lovely flowers.

rt, at once got up. Towards evening we passed  
preparations for our Amwás. This was believed  
were not completed by St Jerome, and others of  
ten o'clock. Saddles the early Christians, to be the  
e unpacked, and the Emmaus to which Jesus ac-  
mixture to be divided companied the two disciples  
the baggage mules. on the day of His resurrection.  
he interval we went This view is supported by Dr  
e traditional site of Robinson and other Biblical  
e of Simon the tan- scholars. If it be Emmaus,  
grees with the Scrip- the disciples must have walked  
ative in being by the more than forty miles that  
and probably is the day, for Amwás is distant  
At all events, it more than twenty miles from  
far distant, and the Jerusalem.

h here met our eyes Shortly after passing Am-  
ame that St Peter wás we saw our tents pleas-  
e seen when he went antly pitched in Wady Ali.  
house-top to pray. We were somewhat fatigued,  
st everything was and glad of the prospect of re-  
nd, mounted on a pose.

t spirited little Arab, *March 14.*—This morning  
d along the shady the first objects which met my  
at surround Joppa. eyes were some lovely scarlet  
passed the little anemones growing among the  
Lydda on the left, soft green turf which formed the  
ped for lunch at carpet of our tent. These  
This has not been pretty flowers have been some-  
with any ancient what fancifully called by the  
ugh monkish tradi- pilgrims "the blood drops of  
tttempted to identify Christ." At this season the  
rimathea. Its chief ground is covered with them,  
is a beautiful and indeed I never saw any  
ower, of Saracenic place to be compared to the  
re, which seems to Holy Land for the variety and  
the minaret of a beauty of its wild flowers.

hich once stood here, The tents were soon  
now disappeared. taken down, and then there  
ded to the top by a was nothing but a heap of  
inding staircase, and ashes to mark the spot which  
rded by an extensive had been our home for the  
he plain of Sharon. night. How apt is the Scrip-  
with the fresh green ture illustration—"Nine age

is departed, and removed from me as a shepherd's tent."

Our ride to-day presented a marked contrast to that of yesterday. Yesterday it was across the rich and fertile plain of Sharon—to-day through the wild and barren glens and mountains of Judea. The path was steep and rocky, and in some places was lost altogether in the dried-up bed of a winter torrent. The only locality of Bible note we passed was Kirjath-jearim, about nine miles from Jerusalem.


About two o'clock we came in sight of the Holy City. I was disappointed at first view, as I think every one who approaches from the Jaffa side must be. Little is to be seen, except a portion of the city wall, and a large factory-looking building, which has recently been erected for the ac-

commodation of I grims.

We found our te not far from the Je the top of a rising slope extended in near the city wall. beyond that a grov olives. Behind us campment of Otton Owing, I suppose, bub caused by our situation did not i first, and we thoug ing to a more r but when everythi again, it was inde Looking eastward the city, we cov mount of Olives.

Shortly after ou set out to walk ro But I must defer about our walks i to another paper.

## Chinese Children.

 HINESE parents are very fond of their children. You may often see a father nursing his little son after the day's work is done, and a mother bending over her babe. Is she kissing it? No. She is smelling its little face, and whispering, in loving tones, "It is very fragrant;"—"it is very sweet." In some parts of China, sad to say, little girls are sometimes put to death soon after they are born. This is generally because their

parents are so po they shall not be food for their l This is no excuse wicked action. people do not kn they would not n babies, but trust I vide for them. M hear of God; and hear of Him, ma Him, trust Him, Him!

There are few missionaries in there are very,

re. More heathen  
ina than in any

these children are  
and clever. In  
the mission schools  
be found children  
only good scholars,  
read, and write, and  
but who have been  
God to love and

of little girls was  
"Were you *sure*  
to-morrow what  
do to-day?" One  
would be getting  
ready." This the  
ink a very import-  
ant. Another girl  
"I would believe  
in Jesus." Dear  
t a happy resolu-  
tion the same school  
girl asked for some  
to go home. She par-  
asked for a book  
of the Saviour,"

a good book about the things  
that Christ said, and did, and  
suffered here on earth. Why  
did she want this book? Not  
only to read it for her own  
pleasure and profit. "I want,"  
she said, "to read to my  
mother about Jesus, for I  
want her to believe in Jesus,  
that she may go to heaven  
with me."

How delightful it is to think  
that mission schools thus send  
the gospel, by the children, to  
many heathen homes. May  
God bless and prosper the  
work of the children into  
whose hearts He puts it to care  
for the good of others, and to  
hope to meet them in heaven.  
God bless and prosper you in  
your missionary work—you  
who pray, and collect, and  
subscribe, and work, to help to  
make known the way to heaven  
to those who "sit in darkness  
and in the shadow of death."  
—C. M. J. *Instructor*.

## Blessed are they that Hunger.

One night a poor Jew  
had been waiting  
outside the tent of  
a missionary in  
the land had come to beg  
the Hebrew Testa-  
ment. The night was dark,  
and the hour was very late;  
the poor Jew waited on,  
hungering for the  
book.  
The missionary presented

him with a Hebrew Gospel.  
Joy filled the Jew's heart, and  
he fell at the feet of the mis-  
sionary, and first kissed his  
boots, and then the precious  
volume.

On going away he clasped  
the book to his breast, and,  
with his eyes raised to heaven,  
blessed the missionary who  
had given him the book.



## In Memoriam.

## MISSION UNION.

**I**T will, we dare say, be pleasing to not a few of our readers, to know what is doing to aid the keeping up of the remembrance of our late mission friend, Mr Ross; and, at the same time, and especially, to advance the *great work* to which he devoted his life. Episcopalians and Independents, United Presbyterians and Baptists, members of the Free Church as well as members of the Church of Scotland, are most kindly contributing for these purposes. During his toils, their donations were most encouraging to the missionary and his people; so now, it is hoped, that good may be done by erecting a chaste tablet at Likatlong, where his body reposes; and also by engraving a suitable inscription on a tombstone at Abernyte,\* where the dust of his parents sleeps; and presenting small useful gifts to the chiefs, the teachers, and scholars, at his late stations; and also a memorial to his grieving widow, who, for fifteen years, was the partner of his labours, his perils, and successes. All will tend, we trust, to stir up others, male and female, to engage in this work. It may also induce some who have

\* A lovely spot on the Braes of the Carse of Gowrie, Perthshire.

not themselves gone to heathen lands, to "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and "to do what in us to strengthen the heart to encourage the heart who, in foreign countries, bearing the burden of the day." How it is to find that indeed an undercurrent of true mission feeling burst forth, and sprang its blissful influence ever any outlet occurred greatly cheered was by the evidence of abundantly shewn to his family, and charged and again did he, in gratitude, write to me "Most of these kind I know not except I and I don't expect many of them 'TILL' How beautifully his e harmonized with the not long ago was expressed his

## LONGING DESIRE

"I hope that the day far distant when the Established, Free, Presbyterian, Independent &c., shall be swallowed up in the Universal Church of Christ. Then its thousands of missionaries proclaim through the whole habitable globe free and full salvation

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TREASURY.

1." Who does of Abernyte, the following inscription be engraved. It was in this parish, when a stripling, he first embraced the offers of salvation; and he could say of the blessed Jesus, like Thomas of old, "My Lord, and my God." And henceforth he burned with the desire to tell to others the wonders of redeeming love, and gloried in nothing but *the cross of Christ.*

wilderness afar  
lonely voice;  
mantle of the rock  
its rude rejoice;  
he streams of dis-  
sords,  
sound His praise;  
bined with one ac-  
S glories raise.

MONUMENT.  
said that on the  
the church-yard

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

And of their Eldest Son,  
**REVEREND WILLIAM ROSS,**  
AGENT OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,  
**IN CENTRAL SOUTH AFRICA.**

Plough Boy, first class;—then a JOINER.—At  
eighteen, after a full course at College, he was  
MINISTER, and entered the foreign service.<sup>1</sup> Ere  
some tools with which he did the finest of the  
the parish church of Errol, he used at TAUNG,  
of the prince of darkness, in building a temple  
God, and filled it with worshippers. He laboured  
ding perils in the vast desert for nearly twenty-  
without rest; and died at LIKATLONG, July 30,  
regretted by the BECUANAS,<sup>2</sup> the Society, and  
missions. He left 731 church members, 85 in-  
salvation, 9 day schools, with 370 scholars and  
own teachers.

*O me, O God, not unto me, but unto Thy name,*

Livingstone, the celebrated African explorer, was ordained  
on November 20, 1840, in Albion Chapel, London. They  
went together for the same mission-field, the head quar-  
ter, now named Kuruman, the station of the distinguished  
nary Rev. Robert Moffat.  
nans, pronounced *Betchuanas*, their language is Secuana

allusion from the 115th Psalm was frequently employed by  
him on special occasions to do so, after describing the great  
the Gospel message among the heathen; as also at the  
people at his various stations, he was so often and in so  
privileged to witness.

R. F. F.

## The Wasted Flowers.

**O**N the green bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rose-buds was twined round her head. Her face was radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it, and her voice was as clear as that of the birds which warbled at her side.

The little stream went singing on, and with every gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand, and with a merry laugh threw it upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motion of childhood she flung them to the sparkling tide until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then, seeing her loss, she sprang to her feet, and bursting into tears, called aloud to the stream, "Bring me back my flowers!"

But the stream danced along regardless of her tears, and as it bore the blooming

burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo from its reedy margin; and after, amid the wailing breeze and the fitful but childish grief, was heard a fruitless cry, "Bring me my flowers!"

Merry maiden, who art so wastefully bestowing thy treasures, see in the thoughtless impulsive child an emblem of thyself. Each moment thou art a perfumed flower. Let thy fragrance be dispensed as blessings to all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its beneficent Giver. When thou hast cast away thy flowers, when thou hast cast them from thee, when thou seest them receding in the swift waters of time, wilt thou cry in tones of sorrowful reproach, "Bring me back my flowers!" An only answer will be given from the shadowy realms of the spirit world, "Bring me back my flowers!"  
—*S. S. Advocate.*

## God is Light.

**G**OD SAID a little child to me,  
"If God lives so very far  
Up above the highest heaven,  
Far beyond the brightest star,



“ How can He be always near me,  
Caring for me night and day ?  
Are you sure that God can hear me  
When I lift my hands and pray ? ”

And I answered, “ God has spoken  
Holy words that we receive ;  
And He gives us many a token  
To persuade us to believe.

“ Like the sun that shines around us,  
Making all things bright and fair  
By the wayside, in the chamber,  
God is with us everywhere.

“ Trust Him, darling, when He tells you  
He is near by day and night ;  
Distance cannot part you from Him,  
Darkness hides not—‘ God is light.’ ”

Selected.

## "Faith."

**W**HILE Luther was looking out of his window one summer evening, he saw, on a tree at hand, a little bird, making his brief and easy arrangement for a night's rest.

"Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all! He takes hold of his twig, puts his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, 'leaving God to think for him.'"

Carrie's father and uncle had gone one afternoon to a part of the farm with the horses and waggon, a mile or more distant from home. Before it was time for them to return, the horses came home alone. Alarmed lest some accident had befallen them, Carrie's mother asked her if she would be willing to go all that long distance alone, and tell them of the horses' return? It was then nearly dark; but she had often ridden there with her father, and knew that he would return with her, so she was not afraid to go; but when she reached the place, her father and uncle were nowhere to be found. Carrie waited and looked a while, then climbed into the waggon, and seated herself quietly till they should come. It was a long time for a little girl of seven years to wait in a strange place—in the dark, too; and you may imagine the

relief and joy she at last she heard voice, calling, "Come here, father: waggon," she cried soon in her father inquired, "Were you afraid, my child, alone so long? How much," she replied, "I knew you would find me here; and I thought to find you, perhaps get lost." "But

father, "we have another way to find horses, and how do I should come back." "Oh, I knew you." "And were you lonesome here, in?" "I was a little; but my mother wished me and I could not go alone, it was dark. God would take care till you came; and my hymns and I and then you came.

Precious child! dence in her faith misplaced. He has received her, and she would come. And so with you? He is a kind, heavenly Father; does for you far more than earthly father can. Will you not trust Him? Carrie did her errand. Will you not obey His command, and await with the same child—  
—Children's Friend.

## Startling and Suggestive Thought.

the present day, many persons have photographs of their persons taken, y present to their

But if it were have an album of is taken of our sin-revealing all the they had each done, il words they had n, and all the evil ey had ever formed, ous and terrible ich pictures be! y one dare to give soul-photograph to creature? I think ar less to a friend. hings and thoughts eek to conceal from d even from our- all known to God. l and faithful souls of all, for He is ognizant of every of our evil deeds, and imaginations.

possible that we ly carry about with te photographs of souls. At least cts seem to shew is left engraven on

the tablets of our own mem-ories (though we are not conscious of it) full records of our whole past lives. It is only thus, perhaps, that physicians can explain various phenomena; as, for example, the striking fact that occasion-ally, when persons have been placed in circumstances of mortal danger—such as when almost drowned—a swift and startling vision of the whole of their past life has suddenly sprung up, and deeds long forgotten have stood forward in appalling distinctness. May not, at death, the un-saved soul carry off with it this record? What can wipe out this fearful photograph and record of one's unconverted existence? Nothing except "the blood of Christ;" but that blood "cleanseth us from all sin." It alone can blot and wash out the record of our iniquities, and prepare the soul, by the grace of God, to receive "the image of His Son."—*Abridged and adapted from an Address by Professor J. Y. Simpson.*

## ewish Testimony to Christianity.

E months ago a Jew was passing through the streets of Jaffa, and he met

a friend, who kept a small shop in the town. After talking a while, they sat down to read. As some Jews passed by

and saw them reading, they stopped, and came into the shop to know what they were reading.

"Moses and the prophets," said the Jew.

"What!" cried one of these men, "do you intend to become a Christian?"

"We are reading our own Bible, and not the Christian's Bible."

"Yes," replied the man, "and this always leads to Christianity."

Some of the other Jews joined in this cry.

They said that a Jew ought not to read any part of the Old Testament but those which are used in their services, and that Jews who read much of the Bible were sure to become Christians.

What a testimony was this to the truth of Christianity. Jews who did not themselves believe, were obliged to own that Christianity is to be found in Moses and the Prophets.

~~~~~  
*Happy Lucy.*



UNCLE-deep in grass and clover,  
 Lucy lightly trips along,  
 With her merry heart all sunshine,  
 And her joyous heart all song.

Plucking buttercups and daisies,  
 Violets sweet and vetches gay,  
 With the wild bees round her humming,  
 All along the pleasant way.

Now a little gate she opens,  
 And, with happiness complete,  
 Sees her pet-lamb lightly bounding,  
 O'er the long grass to her feet.

Now she weaves sweet garlands for him,  
 Lovely chains of blossoms bright,  
 With her gentle favourite frisking,  
 Round in innocent delight.

When they both were tired of playing.  
 "Come," said Lucy, "let us rest;"  
 As she drew from out her bosom,  
 One dear Book, of all the best.

Happy, kindly-hearted Lucy  
 Well might she be blithe and gay,  
 For she loved one Lamb, most precious,  
 Who had borne her sins away.

JOSEPHINE.







**"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."—JESUS.**

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DEATH OF ANANIAS.

## DEATH OF ANANIAS.

*Acts v. 1—11.*

WHAT a solemn thing it is to die! Oh, how awful to die unprepared! How awful to die in the act of committing some dreadful sin! We have heard of swearers dying while blaspheming; of robbers, committing robbery; and of liars, while pouring falsehoods from their lips. Such was the death of Ananias and his wife Sapphira. These two among the earliest professors of Christianity at salem, after our Lord ascended to heaven. They said to many others, sold their estates. They said to the Apostles that they gave them the whole price. They lied, for they kept back a considerable part of the price. Ananias the husband, in the absence of his wife, first told the lie. The vengeance of God instantly struck him dead, and young men carried him to his grave! Let each of us pray, "Lord, preserve me from lying lips!"

About three hours after, his wife Sapphira came to the Apostles. She knew not that her husband was dead. Infatuated, wicked woman, she repeated the same lie. Instantly, she was struck dead! She fell down at the Apostles' feet. The young men buried her husband three hours before were called to carry her to her grave, and laid her beside her husband. Sad sight! Two liars struck dead beside each other in the dust, and sent unprepared to the world of spirits! Resolve, my young friends, to receive the strength of Divine grace, and say,—

"Then let me always watch my lips,  
Lest I be struck to death and hell;  
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps,  
For every lie that children tell!" A. F.

## SERMON VI.

THE STREAMS, BANKS, AND WALKS OF THE RIVER  
OF SALVATION.

*A river that could not be passed over.*—Ezek. xlvii. 5.

THERE are some rivers in America so wide as they approach the sea, that when you stand upon the banks you cannot see across. But the largest rivers on earth may and can be crossed over. The prophet Ezekiel saw a vision of the river of salvation, 574 years before Christ appeared on earth, to finish salvation on the cross. Oh, he was surprised when he looked upon the river! and he had good reason to be surprised. He wondered, I have no doubt, at the crystal clearness and brightness of the river. He wondered that even little children could safely wade and walk in the river at its lovely brink. He wondered at the depth of the river: it could not be fathomed. He wondered at the width, or breadth of the river: it could not be passed over. My beloved young friends, may such holy wonder fill your youthful hearts!

By the assistance of the Holy Spirit I will now speak to you of the *streams* and *banks* of this river; and also of the beautiful *walks* on the side of this river, which holy children frequent, where they converse with angels, and where they think of heaven.

I. *The streams of the river of salvation.*

In many parts of the earth, rivers divide themselves into various streams. Have you not all heard of the river Nile, which runs through the whole of Egypt, from south to north, where it pours its waters into the Mediterranean Sea? It is there divided into seven streams. In Isaiah xi. 15, it is prophesied that God will smite this river in its "seven streams, and make them go over *dry-shod*." As the river of salvation, we are informed that it has streams, Psalm xlv. 4:

"There is a river, the *streams* whereof shall make glad the city of God." This river has many streams of mercy. Now I invite your attention to *seven*.

1st. There is the stream of *converting mercy*. The moment a child drinks by faith of this stream he is converted to Christ. His very nature is changed; his hard heart is softened; his vile, polluted heart is sanctified, washed, purified, and made holy. His heart which was full of enmity, full of hatred against God and Christ, is filled with love. Beloved children, may you be persuaded to drink of this stream of converting mercy—then you shall feel this change, this blessed change.

2d. There is the stream of *justifying mercy*. Every little child who is saved is justified. Justification is part of salvation; therefore it is said, (Rom. viii. 33) "It is God that justifieth." Do you know what it is to be justified? Do you wish to know? I hope you do. Then I will tell you. When God justifies a little child he does two things: he pardons his sins; that is the first: he receives him into his favour; that is the second. He does this on account of the righteousness of Christ; that is, on account of what Jesus became, did, and suffered for the salvation of poor sinners. May God enable you to drink of the stream of justifying mercy! Then your sins will be forgiven, and God will look upon you with smiles of love.

3d. There is the stream of *adopting mercy*. What is it to be adopted? It is to be taken out of the family of Satan, and to be put into the family of God. Dear children, have you no wish to be put into this blessed family? Ask Jesus, pray to Jesus, and he will take you into his family, and make you his own sons, his own daughters. When you are made the children of God, how sweetly you will sing,—

"Behold, what wondrous grace  
The Father hath bestow'd  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To make them sons of God!"

4th. There is the stream of *sanctifying mercy*. You have often heard that sin pollutes the soul. A sinful soul is a filthy soul. When a dear child drinks of the stream of sanctifying mercy, he is made clean, and holy, and lovely. Believe it, true holiness is true loveliness. Blessed loveliness, neither disease nor death shall destroy it! How short the loveliness of youth!—but the loveliness of holiness will last for ever; yes, for ever! Oh, plead, oh, pray for the fulfilment of this promise, (Ezek. xxxvi. 25,) “I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean.”

5th. There is the stream of *healing mercy*. Do you now, my young friends, that your souls are diseased? Assure you, they are. And the diseases of your souls never can be healed unless you drink of the stream of healing mercy. Pride, unbelief, enmity, and carelessness, are the diseases of the soul. There are many more beside. If you drink of the stream of healing mercy, every disease will be cured. When the thief drinks of this stream, he becomes honest. When the liar drinks of it, he speaks the truth. When the swearer drinks of it, he fears God. Oh, what a stream!—what a wondrous stream! This stream flows from Jesus. Then let us sing,—

“ ’Tis He forgives thy sins;  
 ’Tis He relieves thy pain;  
 ’Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,  
 And makes thee young again.”

6th. There is the stream of *comforting mercy*. Some of you know little or nothing of sorrow, and therefore you may see no need of this stream of comforting mercy. You are in a great mistake: your day of sorrow, of mourning, and grief, may be near at hand; then, nothing can comfort you but this stream. But some of you, now, may be sorrowful. Perhaps you are poor, or diseased; or you may have lately lost a father or a mother, a brother or a sister. Does any of these make you sad, or sorrowful? Oh, come



and drink of the stream of comforting mercy ! Then joy will fill your soul. Oh, taste and see that God is good ! Jesus will be to you better than a father, a mother, a sister, or a brother !

7th. There is the stream of *glorifying mercy*. The holy Apostle John saw a vision of that stream in heaven. It is clear as crystal ; and on either side of it grows the Tree of Life. Even here, that stream flows. Often, dying children who love Jesus drink of it, and they feel as if they saw the glory of heaven, as if they tasted the joys of heaven, and as if they heard the songs of heaven. Oh, come, my beloved young friends, and drink of the waters of salvation ! As soon as you drink by faith, you will be able to sing like the holy dying children of whom I have been speaking ;

“ The hill of Sion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.”

II. We proceed to speak of *the banks of the river of salvation*. Observe the *name* of the banks, and the *description* of the banks.

1st. Observe the *name* of the banks. The name of one is the Old Testament, and the name of the other is the New Testament. You know it is from the banks you have the best view of a river. From the tops of hills, at a great distance, you may see the river flowing through green meadows and rich plains. But it is from the banks you have the best view of the crystal waters of the river, as it flows along. So it is with the river of salvation. You have the best and clearest view of the river of salvation, and of the streams of mercy, from the sacred banks of the Old and New Testament. May the Holy Spirit enable you to know, and love, and frequent these banks !

2d. I will now give you some *description* of these banks.

*They are green.* That is, they are fresh and lovely.

The ordinances are called, in Psa. xxiii. 2, "green pastures," because they are spiritually fresh and lovely. For the same reason, the Old and New Testaments deserve to be called the green banks of the river of salvation.

They are *fruitful*. There you may see vast numbers of fruitful trees bearing the richest fruits. There are trees of doctrines, trees of promises, and trees of precepts. Blessed are those children who love these trees, and who pluck the delicious fruit.

These banks are most *pleasant*. The air is fragrant, cooling, and refreshing. Holy children, who are found on these banks, show in their countenances the lovely smiles of joy and peace.

These banks are *lofty*. From the noble heights, and with the telescope of faith in your hand, you can catch a view of heaven.

These banks are *rich*. Yes, rich with springs of comfort, and rich with mines of wisdom.

" 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies."

III. I wish now to give you some account of the WALKS which are seen on the banks of the river of salvation. Jesus the King has made all these walks; and in these walks, holy children often meet King Jesus. The walks are the *ordinances* of religion.

1st. One of these walks is, the *reading of the word*. Here holy children take their morning and their evening walk. This walk is most profitable and pleasant.

2d. *Prayer* is another walk. In this walk, holy children speak and converse with God, and ask from him every blessing which their souls need. Blessed are they who are often found in this walk.

" By prayer they learn the holy fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The youngest saint upon his knees."

3d. *Praise* is another walk. What sweet songs are sung in this walk! Here, small companies of saints are heard singing the songs of Zion. And also large assemblies of saints are heard, raising their hallelujahs of praise to the throne of God.

4th. *Meditation* is another walk. There young saints are generally found alone; by themselves, thinking of salvation, Christ, and heaven.

5. *Self-examination* is another walk. In this walk, the young Christian asks himself, Do I love Jesus? Have I the marks of God's children? What can I do for my Saviour, who has done so much for me?

6th. *Public worship* is another walk. Great multitudes are found here. In this walk they often say, "It is good to be here; it is the house of God, it is the gate of heaven."

IN THE CONCLUSION :—I call on you affectionately to frequent these paths. They are "wisdom's ways." And "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." There are seven things which make these walks pleasant. These are seven strong reasons why you should walk in them.

1st. There are in these walks *pleasant seats* for young saints. These seats or arbours are the promises. The moment you sit down, you will find yourselves become lively, strong, and cheerful.

2d. Here are *fruit trees* of great beauty and richness. These trees are the graces of the Spirit. Of these, faith and love are peculiarly noble, fruitful, and lofty.

3d. Here are *flowing fountains*, sending forth streams of consolation, peace, and joy. These flow night and day. One drop lifts the soul to heaven.

4th. Here are *refreshing breezes*. These are the influences of the Holy Spirit. May you know and love these breezes!

5th. Here is *cheering light*. Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, ever shines on those blessed walks, *Mal. iv. 2.*

6th. Here you meet the *best of company*. In these walks you meet with saints, the children of the King. Here you meet with Jesus, the King himself. What an honour, to walk with Christ the King!

7th. Here, there is the *sweetest music*. How joyfully holy children sing to the honour of Jesus in these walks. Come, come to join their company, and sing:—

“ Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine,  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.”—Amen.

A. F.



STAG OR DEER.

## SACRED ZOOLOGY.

## STAG OR DEER.

THE Hebrew name given to this noble animal in the Old Testament, is, **אֵיל**, AIL, and it signifies *protection*, and also, a *horned animal*. Deer, in the science of Zoology, belong to the *genus* or *order* called *pecora*; a Latin word which signifies *cattle*. Their horns are branched and peculiarly becoming. They are at first soft, and covered with downy hair. Afterwards, they become smooth and hard. They fall off yearly, and are yearly renewed. Horns belong only to the males. These comely creatures live to a great age, are timorous, and swift. In their rapid course, they seem as if they were flying on the wings of the wind.

The following are some of the kinds of this numerous family of God's creatures, namely, the **Hart**, the **Roe-buck**, the **Rein-deer**, the **Elk**, the **Goat-deer**, the **Horse-deer**, the **Camelopardalis**, or **Giraffe**, &c. The Rein-deer is an inhabitant of Lapland, and other northern countries of Europe. It is to the **Laplanders** invaluable. It supplies for them the place of a horse, a cow, a goat, and a sheep.

The **Fallow deer** is the species mentioned by Moses, in Deut. xiv. 5:—"Ye shall eat the fallow-deer." It is a native of **Crete**, the **Holy Land**, and **China**. They are found in great abundance in the parks and domains of the rich landed proprietors of England and Scotland. Vast flocks of **Roe-deer**, of the size of considerably grown heifers, adorn the splendid mountainous forests of the **Scottish Highlands**.

Jesus, on account of his loveliness and love, and his speed in coming to deliver and save us, is compared to the **Roe**, the **Hart**, and the **Hind**. Song ii. 17:—"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved; and be thou like a roe, or a young hart, upon the mountains of Bether." Chap. viii. 14:—"Make

, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices."

Young friends, may your youthful bosoms glow with love to Jesus! May you admire his loveliness, and may you long after his fellowship! I pray God that you may be enabled to say with the heart:

"Till thou hast brought me to thy home,  
Where fears and doubts can never come,  
Thy countenance let me often see,  
And often thou shalt hear from me.

Come, my beloved, haste away,  
Cut short the hours of thy delay,  
Fly like a youthful hart, or roe,  
Over the hills where spices grow."

These are compared to Deer panting for water-brooks, showing the earnestness of their desires after Christ, holiness, and heaven. May we feel these desires! "I would, grant we may!" And may the following lines express the language of our hearts:

"With earnest longings of the mind,  
My God, to thee I look;  
So pants the hunted hart to find  
And taste the cooling brook." A. F.

## VERBAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

### SIN.

"Stand in awe, and sin not."

My dear young friends, you may have heard of a little girl, who as she lay on her death-bed asked her fatherless father if he could spell the word, Repentance! This caused the father to think of the word, and the death of the dear child, and by the blessing of God, he was led to understand its meaning, and to bring forth fruit worthy of repentance.

We ask you not to spell the little word Sin, but we ask *one and all of you*, Do you understand what it

meaneth? We will tell you. It means something that *hurts*; because of all things sin is the most hurtful. There are many things which will hurt the body, and many things which will hurt the mind, but sin hurts both body and soul; it hurts them in time, and unless removed and destroyed by Him who came to save his people from their sins, will destroy both soul and body, in hell fire, for ever and ever.

"Sin," say the Rabbins, very strikingly, "comes to us first as a *traveller*; if admitted, it will soon become a *guest*, impatient to reside; and if allowed so far will soon and finally become *master* of the house!"

It may be said of sin, as of the beginning of strife, it is "as the letting out of water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with." Sin is strife with God; it is contention with our Maker; and the Bible says, "Woe to the man that striveth with his Maker." Strive, then, against sin, and pray to God that you may be enabled to stop it at the very beginning; admit it not into your hearts; give no encouragement to it there, lest it get the mastery over you, and lead you captive at its will.

Stand in awe, and fear *little* sins. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. Behold how great a matter a small spark kindleth." If the serpent get in his head, he will drag in his whole body after it. "A scorpion is little, yet is able," says an old author, "to sting a Lion to death." A small wound or a little sickness may carry you to the grave; and little sins (as many call them), without the great mercy of God, will ruin your souls for ever.

Stand in awe, and beware of *single* sins. Remember, one sin ruined Adam in Paradise, and Adam's one sin spread over all mankind. It became a "spreading leprosy." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Sin is a plague, one touch of which ruined the whole world, and yet how few

are who stand in awe and sin not. You would hate, I am sure, to eat the smallest morsel of poison, you should endanger your body ; fear, then, to commit the smallest sin, for you thereby endanger your precious

stand in awe of the *power* of Sin. Sin is "the strong man armed, that keepeth the house." What Solomon says of the wicked woman, may truly be said of sin. "She hath cast down many wounded ; yea, many strong men have been slain by her." "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chamber of death." David, the best of kings, was overcome by sin, which caused God to break his bones, and to turn his day into night, and to leave his soul in great darkness. Samson, strongest among men, was too weak to grapple with his enemy ; he was cast down, and made to grind in the mill-house, with his eyes put out. Sin caused Moses, meekest of men, to give way to unseemly anger, which so offended God, that he was not permitted to enter into the Holy Land.

Job, so remarkable for patience in suffering and afflictions, under the influence of sin cursed the day of his death, and wished that he had never been born. Even the wisest men are not secure from its influence. Solomon himself, through the deceitfulness of sin, was away after strange gods. These are given us for examples ; "Let us not be high-minded, but fear. Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Think of the *wages* of sin. "The wages of sin is death," eternal death,—of all sins, whether you account them great or small. Think how a holy God hates sin. He calls it "that abominable thing which I hate." We, my young friends, hate what God hates, and love what God loves ! His hatred to sin caused him to give his beloved Son to this death for us all. Sin is of the devil ; it is the devil's work : and all those who love to practice sin "are of their father the devil," for *works they do*.

*The Rabbins, to deter their scholars from sin, were*



wont to tell them, " *that sin made God's head to ache*." Many have found by woeful experience, that sin makes not only the head but their hearts to ache ! " Stand in awe," then, my dear young friends, " and sin not."

SPITAL, BERWICK.

R.

## SACRED BOTANY.

### THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Matt. vi. 28.

THERE are no objects in nature from which we may not derive instruction. " The heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament sheweth his handywork." But we do not need to go so high, in order to learn lessons of piety. We have only to look around us on the earth we inhabit, to find matter for admiring contemplation, and adoring praise.

" There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes God's glories known."

We would invite then, for a few moments, our young friends to learn some important lessons of instruction from one of these " flowers below," and not the least delightful of them—the lily of the field : Jesus Christ when he was on earth said to his disciples, " Consider the lilies of the field ;" and we would now, along with you, do as he bid *them* do.

1st. Consider the lilies of the field, and learn the *greatness of Divine wisdom*. It has been often said that there are mysteries in a blade of grass, which the wisest philosophers cannot unravel; and so there are. But if a blade of grass is such an illustration of the Divine wisdom, much more a flower, and such a beautiful flower as the lily. What wisdom appears in the elegant form, in the exquisite texture, in the delicate colour of the lily ! None indeed can paint, none can weave, none can fabricate like nature, or rather, like the God of nature. And then, from what is it all produced ? From absolutely nothing, save the

earth and air. How marvellous ! Well might a pious individual exclaim, as he looked at a lily or primrose which he held in one hand, and a clod of earth, which he had in the other, What wisdom, what power, to produce *this* from *that* !

2d. Consider the lilies of the field, and learn *trust in God*. We are sometimes ready to fear, that we may not get necessary food and suitable raiment. Ah ! there are times when even the labouring, industrious, but pious poor have sore raisings in reference to this. But why should any of God's children fear, while they are in the use of the means of honest industry ? Let them only go into the fields, and look at the lilies, and they will find their fears rebuked and their doubts dispelled. " Why," said Christ, " take ye thought for raiment ? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith ?" Should we not then trust ? Matthew Henry says, Will God that feeds the ravens starve his babes ? and we may say, Will God that clothes the flowers allow his children to be naked ? No, verily.

3d. Consider the lilies of the field, and learn *a lesson of humility*. Young people, ay, and older people too, are exceedingly apt to be proud of dress. What expense, what care are lavished upon the outward adorning of the body ! And when you get something on, which is finer, or richer, or gayer than others have, how apt are you to be vain and value yourself upon it ! But how weak, and even silly the passion for dress ! Be adorned as you may, are you any better, or any wiser, or any happier ? How gorgeously apparelled was Solomon ! You can never expect to be dressed so magnificently as he was. Yet he was outdone by the very lilies. " Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Dress yourself then as richly as you can, be as fine as art can make you, and then look

into the glass of nature, compare yourself v  
meanest flower that adorns the field, and wha  
will you find to be clothed with humility !

4th. Consider the lilies of the field, and b  
*frailty of your frame.* How frail is the lily  
beautiful it is, but as fragile as it is beautiful  
easily, how quickly does it fade ! “ In the mo  
groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and wi  
And what is man ? what art thou ? a rock  
mountain, an oak of the forest ? No : a mere  
lily of the field, easily crushed by the foot  
nipped by the frost, easily scorched by the heat

It was a remarkable prayer which the Psal  
up : “ Make me to know mine end, and the me  
my days, what it is, that I may know how frail  
We need, very much need, to be taught this im  
lesson ; and we can hardly be taught it bett  
by going into the field, and looking at the fadir  
and withering flowers. “ All flesh is grass,  
the glory of man as the flowers of the grass.”

In a word, consider the lilies of the field, an  
*the loveliness and beauty of the Saviour.* He  
only the rose of Sharon, but the lily of the  
So he denominates himself. “ I am,” said he, “  
of the valleys.”

The character of the Saviour is made up of  
ness and beauty. In comparison of him the  
lovely objects are not lovely, and the most be  
objects not beautiful. “ My beloved,” say  
spouse in the Song of Soloman, “ is white and  
the chief among ten thousand, and altogether b  
And shall we not then love and admire one so sup  
excellent ? shall we not make him the subject  
praises, and the object of our trust ? Oh yes ;  
place this flower of paradise, the lily of the  
which is the admiration of heaven, near our he  
make it at once our joy and crown. D

BIGGAR, LANARKSHIRE. :



PAUL AND BARNABAS AT LYSTRA.

## PAUL AND BARNABAS AT LYSTRA.

PAUL was an apostle of Jesus Christ. Once he was an enemy of the Gospel. By converting grace he was made the most remarkable preacher of the gospel that ever lived. He was eminently an *itinerant* minister that is, a minister going from place to place, preaching the Gospel wherever he had opportunity. He travelled on foot over a great part of Lesser Asia, and preached the Word in almost every city. The country was anciently divided into large provinces. The name of one of these provinces was Lycaonia. Lystra and Derbe were two celebrated cities in the province. Barnabas, a holy evangelist, accompanied Paul in his important journeys. They preached in both these cities.

While Paul was preaching at Lystra, a poor man, cripple, was sitting near him. He had never walked from his birth. God gave this poor cripple faith, when he listened to Paul, that the apostle was able to cure him, in the name of Jesus. While the poor man was looking very stedfastly on the apostle, Paul said to the man with a loud voice, "Stand upright upon thy feet." And did he stand up? Yes, in a moment he leaped and walked. And, oh, how the heart of the man leaped for joy! Paul and Barnabas were surrounded by a great multitude of people. They saw what was done, and wondered! And, so they might for they never saw such a sight before. Those who saw this sight were heathen. They were idolatrous pagans. They knew nothing of Jesus, and of his great power, and his great salvation. They were ignorant of God, the only, the living, and the true God. They believed in false gods and foolish idols. When they saw what was done, they thought Paul and Barnabas were two gods in the shape of men. Barnabas was thought was Jupiter, and Paul, Mercurius. The image of Jupiter was present among the multitude, and

the miracle. He made haste to do honour to the gods, as he supposed. He proceeded to present sacrifices of oxen to Paul and Barnabas. But these holy men prevented them. They showed them the vanity of false gods and dumb idols. They made known to them the TRUE GOD. They preached to them Jesus, through whose power alone the lame man was healed. Let us earnestly pray, that the promised day may soon arrive, when the knowledge of Jesus 'shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea;' and when idolatry 'shall pass away, and be known no more for ever.' A. F.

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## SERMON VII.

### THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

"*They were Pilgrims.*"—Heb. xi. 13.

WHO is a Pilgrim?—A traveller may be called a pilgrim. Those who travel on a religious account are called pilgrims. Many Mahomedans go thousands of miles to Mecca, the place where the false prophet Mahomet was born. And many travel thousands of miles to see Medina, the place where he was buried. Those persons are called pilgrims.

Multitudes travel very great distances every year to see Bethlehem, where Jesus was born. And great numbers come from the most distant parts of the earth to see Jerusalem, where Jesus died, and to see Mount Olivet, whence Jesus ascended to heaven. These are called pilgrims. And they travel for a religious purpose.

Abraham was a pilgrim, both literally and spiritually. At the command of God he left Mesopotamia, his native land, and travelled from place to place, all his life, without a settled home. On this account he was *literally* a pilgrim. And he was *spiritually* a pilgrim. He travelled through the wilderness of this world on *his way to a heavenly home*. When he died, he finished *his pilgrimage*, and he reached his home. There he

has lived in happiness and glory ever since ; he shall live for ever.

As Abraham was a spiritual pilgrim, a pious praying child. The best, the happiest most useful of all pilgrims are those who spiritual pilgrims when they are young. Friends, may God make you young pilgrims.

Every child is on a journey to an eternal world. There is a world of eternal joy. And there is a world of eternal misery. There are, therefore, two ways leading through this world. The one is narrow and straight. The other is broad and crooked. The first leads to heaven. The second leads to hell. Every child is walking on one or the other of these ways. Believe it, my young friends, you *are* walking on the one or on the other. It is my earnest prayer that you may enter upon the first, and not the second. Oh, may the Holy Spirit make you pilgrims to heaven ! Blessed pilgrimage ! He has provided a heaven for his own words. He has provided a heaven for his pilgrims. Oh, hear what he says. And in the power of Divine grace do what he requires. What say ? Matt. vii. 13, 14. " Enter ye in at the narrow gate ; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go therein : but strait is the gate, and narrow the way, which leadeth unto life ; and few there be that find it."

As there are two roads, there are two companies. Very much they differ from each other here ; but they shall differ far more in the world to come. In every company of travellers has a leader. Jesus is the leader of the first company ; Satan is the leader of the second. The first Leader leads the company of young pilgrims to heaven. The second leader leads the company of travellers to hell.

Pray fervently, my young friends, that you may be blessed. While you are reading this, *wish* to be made young pilgrims. Before

may you become, by divine grace, young pilgrims!  
Amen!

By the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I will endeavour to describe the **YOUNG PILGRIM**.

### I. *His heart.*

By the heart we are to understand the soul. The prophet Jeremiah tells us that "the *heart* is deceitful above all things," Jer. xvii. 9. That is, "the *soul* is deceitful above all things." Solomon says, (Prov. iv. 23,) "Keep thine heart with all diligence." That is, "keep thy *soul* with all diligence."

In attempting to describe the young pilgrim's heart, I must endeavour to show you what his heart once was, and what it now is.

1st. Consider what it once was. It was bad, very bad. It was evil, wholly evil. Whenever we look upon his heart before he became a young pilgrim, we see that every part was corrupted by sin. We see that he was wicked. Yes, 'desperately wicked.' Do we look upon the *understanding*? It was blinded with ignorance and folly. Do we look upon the *will*? It was obstinate and rebellious. Do we look upon the *memory*? We see that it quickly remembered what was evil, and quickly forgot what was good. Do we look upon the *science*? We see that it was slumbering and unprofitable. Do we look upon the *affections*? We see they were set on things earthly and sinful, and not on things spiritual and heavenly. Dear young pilgrim, was not this a sad state of things? And this is the true picture of the young pilgrim's heart, before he became a young pilgrim; before he gave his heart to God; before he began his pilgrimage to the heavenly Canaan.

"Sin, like a venomous disease,  
Infects our vital blood;  
The only balm is sovereign grace,  
And the Physician, God."

Consider what his heart, or soul, now is.  
What a change has taken place! The change is  
great and wonderful as if you saw a serpent changed



into a dove, or a ruin changed into a marble palace; or an old man with wrinkled face, stooping down to meet the dust, changed into a lovely youth. His heart is actually called a *new heart*. Ezek. xxxvi. 26. "A *new heart* also will I give you, and a *new spirit* will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you an heart of flesh." Divine wisdom and knowledge shine in his understanding, as the sun shines in the firmament. Blessed change! His will is obedient to the will of God. His conscience speaks for God. Blessed change! His memory is the rich treasury of divine truth; and his affections and love are placed on Jesus the loving Saviour. Blessed change!—blessed youth!—blessed child, who has this new heart! He is a young pilgrim. Heaven is his home. Jesus is his guide, and he shall at last reach in safety the celestial city.

## II. Consider the young pilgrim's *eye*.

The young pilgrim has a lovely eye. It is bright and strong. He can see with this eye what no man can see with the bodily eye. The name given to it in the Bible is, the "eye of the understanding." Eph. i. 18. "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened." That eye, before he became a young pilgrim, was a *shut* eye; and, what is worse, a blind eye. But the moment he began to enter upon his blessed journey to heaven, Jesus, his Leader, opened his eye, enlightened his eye. Then that beautiful promise was fulfilled, (Isa. xlii. 6, 7.) "I will give thee for a light of the Gentiles to open the blind eyes." What does he see with this eye? He sees God. Wonderful! Yes, he sees God the Father, as his loving Father. He sees God the Son, as his loving Saviour. He sees God the Spirit, as his loving Sanctifier. What a blessed eye! What a blessed sight! He can see heaven with this eye. He can see heaven, as his home. And he can see Jesus, the Lamb of God, in the midst of heaven's loftiest throne. Oh, may God the Holy Ghost give to each of you the young pilgrim's eye!

### III. The young pilgrim's *hand*.

What is the name of his hand? It is the hand of *faith*. *Believing* in Jesus as our Saviour, is *faith*. And what the hand does for the body, *faith*, or believing in Christ, does for the soul. Come and see what the young pilgrim does with the hand of faith. He makes good use of it, great use of it, constant use of it.

What use does he make of it? He leans with it, on the great arm of Christ's almighty power. Thus he is helped on in his pilgrimage. What more does the young pilgrim with his hand of faith? He grasps the promises. And he takes so firm a hold, that the most powerful enemy cannot take them out of his hand. What else does he do with this hand? He wrestles. Yes, with his corruptions, and with his spiritual enemies. Paul wrestled with this hand of faith. Eph. vi. 12. "We wrestle against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." Beloved young friends, may God by his Spirit make you spiritual wrestlers? And what beside does he do with this hand? He fights and conquers. The moment the young pilgrim begins his journey to heaven, he begins to fight the good fight of faith. He takes into the hand of faith the sword of the Spirit. And with such a sword, in such a hand, no spiritual enemy can stand before him. Pray fervently, my young friends, for the hand of faith. Then you shall not only be young pilgrims, but young warriors.

### IV. The young pilgrim's *garments*.

1st. Though he is a pilgrim, he wears a *robe*. It is the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness. This righteousness consists of what Jesus became, did, and suffered for our salvation. The instant a little child receives Christ as his Saviour, this righteousness becomes his. And he wears it as his robe. How beautiful the *young pilgrim* looks in this robe!

2d. The *young pilgrim* is clothed with the garments of *salvation*. *Young friends*, do you know what these

garments are? If you do not, I will tell you. They are the graces of the Spirit. Humility and love are two of these garments. Faith and hope are two others of these garments. Zeal and patience are two others of these garments. Meekness and gentleness are two others of these garments. This dress, in which the young pilgrim appears, is not of earthly manufacture. Neither angels nor men could make it. It is manufactured in heaven. It is made by the Holy Spirit. When the young pilgrim begins his journey to the heavenly city, this dress is taken from Christ's royal wardrobe, and put upon him. Oh, how well he looks in this royal heavenly dress! and Oh, how happy! The young pilgrim sings the following song (Isa. lxi. 10) "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God: for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

"How far the heavenly robe exceeds,  
What earthly princes wear!  
These ornaments, how bright they shine!  
How white the garments are!  
Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd  
By the great sacred Three:  
In sweetest harmony of praise  
Let all thy powers agree."

My dear young children, may the robe, the raiment of the happiness, and the blessedness of the young pilgrim be yours!

#### V. The young pilgrim's *armour*.

St. Paul gives a very striking description of the armour, in which the young pilgrim appears, and by which he defends himself from his enemies; and by which he wounds them, and by which he conquers them. The account is in Eph. vi. 14—17. The apostle mentions six things of which this armour consists. Come and see the young pilgrim in armour ready for the fight.

See upon his head the *Helmet of Salvation*. &  
upon his bosom the *Breastplate of Righteousness*.

round his loins the sash, or *Girdle of Truth*. See upon his feet his spiritual shoes, the *Preparation of the Gospel of Peace*. See in his right hand the *Sword of the Spirit*. See upon his left arm the *Shield of Faith*.

The helmet is provided for the defence of the soldier's head. Salvation is the defence of the young pilgrim's soul. The breastplate is provided for the defence of the soldier's bosom. The righteousness of Christ defends the young pilgrim's heart from the flaming sword of offended justice. Divine truth is the young pilgrim's girdle, by which he is fitted to fight with activity, and run with swiftness, his Christian race. He is fortified and protected by Gospel doctrines, and prepared for walking over paths the most rugged, stormy, and difficult. The Bible is his sharp and two-edged sword, by which he makes even Satan stagger and fall. Faith is his shield of defence, which even the fiery darts of the wicked one cannot pierce.

Now, in conclusion, what do you think of the young pilgrim arrayed in armour? Does he not look lovely, and noble, and invincible? He does. Oh, pray that you may belong to the company of young pilgrims! Then, at last, you will reach a glorious heaven, the pilgrim's home! Amen. A. F.

(To be continued in our next.)

## SACRED ZOOLOGY.

### THE EAGLE.

"Thy youth is renewed as the Eagle's.—*Psalms* ciii. 5.

THE Eagle is a bird of prey, often mentioned in scripture. As the lion is the king of beasts, the eagle the king of birds. I shall first give you a short description of the eagle, and then show the spiritual eagle which is made of this bird in the Word of God.

I. I will endeavour to give you a short description of the eagle. There are many kinds of eagles, differing in size and plumage. They all belong to that genus of



**THE EAGLE.**

birds of prey called the *Falcon genus*. All eagles have a strong beak, considerably long, straight at the base or root, and bent towards the point. The legs are strong and covered with feathers even to the toes, and these are armed with very powerful claws.

The Great Eagle is a name which includes the six following: the common eagle, the royal eagle, the golden eagle, the ring-tailed eagle, the white-tailed eagle, and the black eagle. The male eagle is about three feet long, and the female about three feet and a half. The wings at their full stretch, extend between six and eight feet. The female is larger, and is even more courageous and cunning than the male. In clear weather, the eagle rises to an astonishing height, and at times, notwithstanding its great size, becomes invisible to the human eye. Even then its cry is heard, resembling the barking of a small dog. So amazing is the sharpness of its sight, that when it is too high to be visible to man, it can see a hare, or even a smaller animal, upon the ground; when it darts upon it with certain and unerring aim. The eagle very seldom leaves the mountains. When he visits the plains, it is generally in the winter season. He is so strong that he can cut through the air in opposition to the most furious winds. Ramond, a celebrated writer, and observer of nature, says, that when he stood upon mount Perdu, the loftiest mountain of the Pyrenees, he saw no living creature but an eagle. It was flying over his head with immense rapidity, in direct opposition to a furious south-west wind.

The female lays two, and very seldom three eggs annually. She sits upon them thirty days. The nest is called an "eyrie," and is usually placed in the hollow or fissure of some very high and abrupt rock. It is formed with long sticks, twined together with small twigs, and covered over with layers of rushes, heath, or moss. It is not hollow like other nests; but it is level, and may be properly called a raised platform. Some of the nests which have been measured, have

been two yards square. Eagles are found in the mountainous regions of all the quarters of the globe. They likewise appear in the mountains of Great Britain and Ireland.

II. We will now consider the spiritual use which is made of this remarkable bird in the Word of God—

In Exod. xix. 4., God says to Israel; "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings." Moses said to Israel, a short time before his death, speaking of God's watchful care over them; Deut. xxxii. 11, 12, "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him." It is said, Psalm. ciii. 6, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." We are told, that periodically the eagle renews its youth and vigour. In allusion to this fact, there is a promise made to the people of God, that their bodily health and strength, but more especially, that their spiritual health and strength would be renewed, increased, and continued.

The flight of time, and the rapid course of human life, are illustrated by the eagle's rapid flight. Job. ix. 25, 26, "My days are passed away as the eagle that hasteth for his prey." The very quick removal of riches from their possessors is compared to the eagle flying to the heavens, which can neither be taken nor reached. Prov. xxiii. 5, "Wilt thou set thine eyes on that which is not? for riches make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven."

Believers, in the liveliness of their hope and in the vigour of their faith, are compared to the eagle ascending to the sky. Isa. xl. 31, "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles." These words are beautifully rendered by Watts:—

"The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
And taste the promised bliss,  
Till their unwearied feet arrive  
Where perfect pleasure is."—Book I. H. xxxii. ver. 1

### NAMES OF JESUS ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

The following names are given in Scripture to our Lord and Saviour, beginning with the letter A:—

|                           |                                   |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| ADAM, 1 Cor. xv. 45.      | ANCHOR, Heb. vi. 19.              |
| ADVOCATE, 1 John ii. 1.   | ANCIENT OF DAYS, Dan. vii. 9, 10. |
| ALIEN, Psal. lxxix. 8.    | ANGEL, Gen. xlviii. 16.           |
| ALL IN ALL, Col. iii. 11. | ANointed, Psalm. ii. 2.           |
| ALMIGHTY, Rev. i. 8.      | APostLE, Heb. iii. 1.             |
| ALPHA, Rev. i. 8.         | ARm OF THE LORD, Isa. liii. 1.    |
| ALFAR, Heb. xiii. 10.     | AUthOR OF ETERNAL SALVATION,      |
| AMEN, Rev. iii. 14.       | Heb. v. 9.                        |

It is my design, by the help of God, to give in this juvenile work all Christ's names and titles in alphabetical order. And I shall endeavour to give the literal meaning of the names, to show what a Saviour is Jesus, and that our youthful readers may be thus taught by the Spirit to love Jesus. When you read his wonderful names, and think of the meaning of his blessed and wonderful names, may you be taught to sing in sweet and holy strains—

“ Jesus ! I love thy charming name,  
 ’Tis music to my ear ;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
 That heaven and earth might hear.”

#### ADAM.

The name *Adam* is given to Jesus in 1 Cor. xv. 45. ‘The first man Adam was made a living soul ; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.’ Why is Christ called *Adam*, and the *Last Adam*? It is this, because the first Adam was a type or figure of Christ. Attend, my young friends, to the following particulars, and then, you will clearly see how Adam was a type of Christ.

Adam was our covenant head, and Jesus is the Covenant Head of all his people. A covenant head is one who engages to do something for others. Now, Adam engaged *not to eat the forbidden fruit*. He engaged *is for himself, and for all his descendants*. If he kept *covenant, God engaged to make him, and all his*



descendants, blessed for ever and ever. But he broke the covenant. And what was the painful and dreadful consequence? He brought ruin upon himself and all his posterity. And you and I feel we have lost an earthly paradise, and he lost the hope of a heavenly paradise. More than this, he exposed himself, and all his race, to hell, and endless woe! For as an apostle says, (Rom. v. 12,) "As by one man's sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

Having given you an account of what the first Adam has done, let us now consider what Christ the second Adam engaged to do, and what he has done as our Covenant Head. Unless you know, and understand this, you can never know and understand the plan of salvation, which the Gospel makes known. Deavour then, to pay the strictest attention.

From all eternity, God the Father and God the Son entered into covenant. In this covenant, Christ engaged to come into our world, to become man, to suffer, and to die. He engaged in covenant all this for our salvation. Oh, never forget this *our salvation!*" He kept the covenant. He was faithful. He became man. He obeyed the law. He suffered and died for our salvation. Thus he is the second Adam." He is our Covenant Head. Therefore said, (1 Cor. xv. 22,) "For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." How very precious are the following lines on this covenant introduced by Jesus the last Adam entered for us—

"Thus to his Son the Father said,  
With thee a covenant I have made;  
In thee shall dying sinners live,  
Glory and grace are thine to give."

WATTS, Psalm lxxxix. v.

#### ADVOCATE.

Our blessed Lord is called an Advocate, in 1 John 2. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

our to explain what an advocate is. An counsellor, or a barrister; that is, a pleads and delivers speeches in courts and stands up before the judge, and when he pleads, it is for another, and not for himself, questions which you may wish me to ask. Where does Jesus the Advocate plead? Before what judge does he plead? Thirdly, Before whom does he plead? and Fourthly, In what court does he plead?

Jesus plead? It is in the court of heaven. In that city, the noblest buildings are Genesis where courts of law are held. The court where Jesus pleads, is the most glorious place

It is the third heaven, it is the "Heaven of heavens"—

"High the heavenly temple stands,  
The throne of God not made with hands,  
The robe of glory which the Advocate our nature wears,  
The countenance of mankind appears."

Question is, Before whom does Jesus plead? Before whom does he appear is God. There never was such Judge, there never was such Advocate. Oh, how the Judge loves the Advocate! How the Advocate loves the Judge!

"For Jesus lives to intercede  
Before his Father's face;  
I pray, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
That I may doubt the Father's grace."

Question is, For whom does Jesus plead? For his children, his friends. Perhaps, you are saying, Oh, I wish Jesus would plead for me in earnest? Do you really wish it? Yes, I wish to become *your* advocate, to plead for me. He will do it, without money and

Question is, How does he plead? He pleads for his wisdom is infinite. He pleads for his love is boundless. He pleads

most eloquently and earnestly: and he pleads most *successfully*. He shows before the throne the marks on his hands, and feet, and bosom, the memorials the wounds he received on Calvary's cross. And thus he says, (John xvii. 24,) "Father, I *will* that they who thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Happy, happy are they who have such an advocate! Dear children, commit your soul into Jesus' hand. Then he will plead your case in heaven. Then you will be able to sing with the holy apostle:

"Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour."—Watts, Book I. H. cd

(To be continued).

POETIC GEMS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GRACES, AND THEIR EXERCISE IN THE  
PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

I.

"Says FAITH, Look yonder,—see the crown  
Laid up in heaven above!  
Says HOPE, Anon it shall be mine;  
I'll wear it soon, says LOVE.

II.

"DESIRE doth say, What's there? my crown!  
Then to that place I'll flee;  
I cannot bear a longer stay,  
My rest I fain would see.

III.

"But stay, says PATIENCE, wait awhile,  
The crown's for those who fight;  
The prize for those who run the race,  
By faith, and not by sight.

IV.

"Thus FAITH doth take a pleasing view;  
HOPE waits, LOVE sits and sings;  
DESIRE—she flutters to be gone,  
But PATIENCE clips her wings."

From an Old Author



PETER'S CONFESSION, AND THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

## PETER'S CONFESSION, AND THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

JESUS instructed his disciples by asking them questions. In this way he directed their attention to divine truth. In this way he impressed divine truth upon their memory. And in this way he fixed divine truth upon their hearts.

One day, he asked them, (Matt. xvi. 13,) saying, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" They answered, that some thought he was John the Baptist, raised from the dead; some thought he was the prophet Elijah; and others, that he was Jeremiah, or one of the prophets. It is affecting that none of these said, or thought, he was the Christ. Alas! how blind and slow men were to believe that Jesus was the Christ, even though his miracles were most merciful, powerful, stupendous, and glorious!

Then Jesus put the question direct to his disciples, "Whom say ye that I am?" The Apostle Peter was the most forward of all the disciples. He answered the question for himself, and the rest of his brethren. And what a blessed answer it is! He said, and angels listened with holy delight while he said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Our Saviour was well pleased with this noble confession. He pronounced Peter blessed; and those he blesses, and only they, are blessed, for ever blessed. He said, "Blessed art thou Simon, Bar-Jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church." The name PETER signifies a rock; but Peter was not the rock on which the Saviour built his church. He built it upon HIMSELF, whom Peter confessed, and whose Messiahship Peter acknowledged. He could never mean that Peter was the rock; that was impossible. All the angels in heaven—far less Peter—are not sufficient to

be a rock on which to build the church of the living God. Jesus, in his Messiahship, is the rock, the only rock. "Other foundation can no man lay, than that which is laid, even Jesus." He alone laid in Zion "a foundation, a stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation."

When Peter made the noble confession, his Lord openly declared that he gave him the full power of an apostle. He said, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." By *keys*, we are to understand apostolical authority, wisdom, and discernment; therefore, whatever the disciples would do under Divine direction, would receive Divine sanction. This honour was not conferred on Peter alone; it was given to all the apostles, John xx. 22, 23: "And he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained."

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## SERMON VIII.

### THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

*"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."*—Ps. cxix. 54.

WHAT a lovely sight is a young Christian pilgrim! A young pilgrim on his way to heaven is a sight on which angels look with joy and admiration. But what a painful, affecting sight, a child travelling the downward road to hell! Oh, how I pity that child! If any of you belong to the number of such travellers, may God change your hearts! May he persuade you to place yourselves under the care of Jesus; then he will make you young Christian pilgrims; then he will make you joyful even in the wilderness of this world; then, like David, his "statutes will be your songs in the house of your pilgrimage."

*In a former discourse we spoke of the young pil-*

grim's *Heart*, his *Eye*, his *Hand*, his *Garments*, and his *Armour*. In this discourse, and in humble dependence on the Holy Spirit, we will consider—

I. The young pilgrim's STAFF.

I will endeavour to show what is his staff, and then point out some beautiful inscriptions written on this staff. These inscriptions the young pilgrim often reads, and, I assure you, with these he is much comforted.

1st. What is his staff? God's power and truth form his staff. God is a promising God, a powerful God, and the true God. He is a promising God; he gives the young pilgrim promises of every blessing he needs in his pilgrimage to heaven. He is a powerful God; he is therefore *able* to fulfil every promise he has made. And he is a true God, and never fails to fulfil every promise on which he encourages the young pilgrim to depend. From the days of Adam to the present time, all heaven-bound pilgrims have used this staff. It is by faith they use it, and it is by faith they lean upon it. There is no staff like it. This staff does what no other staff can do. The young pilgrim not only leans upon it, and rests upon it, but he derives strength from it. This staff makes him vigorous. It makes him lively. It makes him courageous. And it drives away all his fears. Hear how sweetly the young pilgrim sings, while he leans on this wonderful staff.

“Amidst the darkness and the deeps,  
Thou art my comfort, and my stay;  
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,  
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.”

2d. There are most striking *Inscriptions* written upon this staff by the finger of God. Oh, with what delight the young pilgrim reads them! Come, my young friends, and look at them, and examine them. Then see how desirable it is to become a young pilgrim, and to have and use the young pilgrim's staff.

Look at the first inscription; it is, (Exod. xx. 2.) “I am the Lord thy God.” What does the young pilgrim say when he reads this inscription? He says,

Oh, how blest am I! Jesus is my Lord and my  
 life; Christ is mine, and I am his!"

Look at the second inscription; it is, (Gen. xv. 1,)  
 "Fear not, I am thy shield, and thine exceeding great  
 reward." What does the young pilgrim say when he  
 reads this? He says, "I am safe, for ever safe; with  
 God for a shield, what can I fear? I defy Satan, and all  
 his hosts!"

Look at the third inscription; it is, (Heb. xiii. 5,)  
 "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." What  
 does he say when he sees this animating inscription?  
 He says, "I can fear no evil, for my God is with me;  
 His guiding wisdom is my guide, and almighty power is  
 my defence."

Look at the fourth inscription; it is this, (Isa. xliii. 2,)  
 "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with  
 thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow  
 thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt  
 not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee,  
 nor shall any heat be unto thee." What does the young pilgrim say  
 when he reads this lovely inscription? He says, and  
 with confidence, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and  
 not be afraid! for the Lord Jehovah is my strength  
 and my song, he also is become my salvation."

My dear young friends, rest not day or night, till  
 ye are the possessors of this staff. Seek it from  
 the Lord. Oh! seek it as silver, and search for it as for  
 hidden treasures. Seek, and you shall receive.

I. Let us now consider the young pilgrim's LAMP.  
 What do I see in his hand, as he is bending his course  
 towards to the heavenly city? It is a lamp; yes, a  
 precious object of exquisite value, workmanship, and beauty.  
 Will you now tell me *what* the lamp is, and point out its  
 excellences and uses.

1st. This lamp is the word of God. Psal. cxix. 105.  
 "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto  
 my path." *God made this lamp, and it is worthy of  
 praise who made it. In its light and purity it bears a  
 resemblance to God, who is the perfection of wisdom,*



and the perfection of holiness. Hear how sweetly the young pilgrim sings of this lamp of lovely form, and of heavenly brightness;—

“ ’Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides me all the day;  
And, through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead my way.”

2d. Great are the excellences and uses of this lam

It is *divine*. Its materials are divine; and it is divine workmanship. God made the lamp, and it worthy of its Maker. As really as the sun is worth of God who made it, this lamp is worthy of God who made it. Its excellences proclaim, “Its Maker divine.”

It is very *bright*. It is full of light, and it gives great light. It shows things distant, and objects near. It shows present dangers, and present duties; and its light is so great, and so bright, and so powerful, that it shows things and objects far, very far distant. That is astonishing! It shows heaven, which is far, far away. It shows Jesus on the throne of heaven; and it shows saints and angels worshipping before heaven’s glorious throne. Oh, what a wonderful lamp is this!

This lamp *never leads astray*. It can never be broken, and it can never be put out. Its light is from heaven; and this light shall shine brighter than the stars, for ever and ever.

III. We may now consider the young pilgrim’s **GUIDE**.

His Guide is Jesus. God the Father has kindly given his Son to be the young pilgrim’s guide. I say, (Isa. lv. 4,) “Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and a commander to the people.” My young friends, how infinitely kind it is in God to give you such a guide! Take Jesus as your guide; he alone can guide you to heaven. None else can; no, not even the angels. Do you not wish to reach heaven when you die? Oh, then, I beseech you to **take Jesus to be your guide while you live!**

o recommend you to take Jesus as your guide, I tell you some of his excellences, that you may be urged to place yourselves at once under his watch-guidance and gracious care. Carefully attend to following account of his excellences as a guide.

e is a *wise* guide. Amid the greatest dangers, and greatest perplexities, and in the darkest night, he ble to guide you with the utmost safety. This he lo, for he is the "only wise God our Saviour." : 25.

e is a *powerful* guide. He is the "Mighty God," x. 6. He will beat down all your spiritual enemies the dust. "He is the Lord strong and mighty, the mighty in battle," Psalm xxiv. 8. Oh, place selves under his *powerful* care!

e is a *merciful* and *faithful* guide. He is full of y. He is more merciful than the most tender- ed mother that ever lived; and many of you have r-hearted compassionate mothers. Come, and see kind he is to the little delicate feeble lambs he es to heaven:—

" See, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,  
With all engaging charms;  
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms."

place yourselves under his *merciful, faithful* !

e is a *constant* guide. He never gives up, he never es those who commit themselves to his care. Hear the young pilgrim says, (Ps. xlviii. 14;) "For God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our e even unto death." Be persuaded, my young ds, to place yourselves under this *constant* guide, he will lead you at last to your heavenly home.

7. Let us consider the young pilgrim's Food. e *word* of God is the food of his soul. As really is body is *fed, and nourished, and comforted by al food, so his soul is fed, and nourished, and rted by the word of God.* What does the young.

mises, and feeds upon them. Then his soul  
within him, and he is filled with heavenly joy

Divine *precepts* are his food. The young  
says that these precepts are sweeter to his  
honey, yea, even than the honey-comb. You  
dren, may you feed upon the divine precepts  
may you think upon them, admire them, and  
them. Then you will "run in the way of God's  
mandments," with liveliness and vigour.

What is the most wonderful of all, the young  
man feeds on *Jesus*. Have you not read that  
the "bread of life?" Jesus calls himself the  
life, John vi. 48: "I am that bread of life;  
"I am the living bread which came down from  
heaven: if any man eat of this bread he shall live for  
ever: the bread which I will give is my flesh, which  
I will give for the life of the world." Now, is not  
wonderful, that a young pilgrim should feed on  
Christ? But what is it to feed on Christ? It is to  
trust in him as our Saviour. It is to trust in him; it

arm of Jesus; therefore he is not afraid. Hear he sings in the valley :—

“ Though I walk through the gloomy vale,  
Where death and all its terrors are,  
My heart and hope shall never fail,  
For Christ my Shepherd 's with me there.”

. At the farther end of the valley is the *pearly gate* *aven*. When the young pilgrim enters the valley e shadow of death, Jesus says to him, “ Behold er lovely pearly gate.” The young pilgrim looks, at the end of the valley he sees a gate more glo- than the starry sky. He sees angels standing at ate. Then he says, in holy rapture, “ Soon I shall through that pearly gate. Soon I shall enter the ial city. Soon I shall be ever with the Lord.” st, he reaches the end of the valley; angels lead through the gate; they conduct him to the throne the hallelujahs of the blest.

[. Lastly, consider the young pilgrim's HOME. eaven is his home. Jesus has prepared this home. ys, (John xiv. 2,) “ I go to *prepare* a place for you.” a *holy* home; there is no sin there. It is a *safe* ; there is no enemy there. It is a *happy* home; is no sorrow there. It is an *eternal* home. You leave your earthly home, my dear young friends; f you become young pilgrims, you shall reach a nly home, which you shall never leave. 1! seek grace, that you may do two things, then en will be your holy, happy, and eternal home. ive Jesus as yours; give yourselves to Jesus as his, in the hopes of heaven, you will sweetly sing :—

“ Up to my home, beyond the skies,  
My hasty feet would go,  
There everlasting flowers arise,  
And joys unwith'ring grow.”



GRAPES.

## SACRED BOTANY.

### GRAPES.

“And they came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut do  
thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they be  
tween two upon a staff.”—*Numb.* xiii. 23.

GRAPES are the fruit of the *vine*, a very ]  
tree, and frequently mentioned in the Holy Scr  
At present, I shall say little about the vine it  
on some future occasion, I may furnish a full  
of the history of this remarkable tree. Grapes  
clusters. As to many trees, their fruit grows in a  
detached, scattered state upon the branches,—  
cherries, pears; and apples,—but grapes grow un  
in clusters, rich, pleasing, and alluring to the e  
can scarcely imagine anything in the vegeti

agreeable to the eye as bunches or clusters of  
 upended from the branches of the wide-spread-

is contain that rich, delicious, and generous  
 rich in a fermented state constitutes wine.  
 as fruit so honoured; for it is employed, ac-  
 to the example of our Lord, as an element in  
 ament of the Supper, to represent that blood  
 ur Saviour shed, to make atonement for the  
 men.

and Judæa are those portions of the globe  
 raps have been produced in the greatest excel-  
 abundance. At Damascus, the capital of  
 unches are often found to weigh each from  
 to thirty pounds. Modern travellers relate  
 seen bunches of grapes in the mountains of  
 which measured half an ell in length.

most remarkable example of the largest clusters  
 s is that recorded in the book of Numbers, and  
 rly stated in the passage of Scripture at the  
 cement of this article. One bunch was gathered  
 valley of Eshcol, and so rich and heavy, that  
 were employed to carry *it*, and the branch to  
 was suspended, upon a staff, to the camp of  
 t Kadesh-barnea. Travellers affirm, that in the  
 of Eshcol there are bunches of grapes to be  
 ill, of ten and twelve pounds weight.

ription, an almost total destruction is described  
 re completely stripped of its grapes, so that  
 re left for the gleaner. Isa. xxiv. 13: "Thus  
 be in the midst of the land among the people;  
 all be as the gleaned grapes, when the vintage  
 " And Jer. vi. 9: "They shall thoroughly  
 e remnant of Israel as a vine."

is prosperity is thus described by Jacob, when  
 ed his sons before his death, Gen. xlix. 11:  
 ag his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt  
 choice vine; he washed his garments in wine,  
 'othes in the blood," or juice, "of grapes."

most diligent and spiritual in the observance of the ordinances of religion. Then young saints fruitful vines, bearing goodly clusters of grapes.

In Rev. xiv. 18—20, the gathering of the ripe clusters of the vine, is employed to point out the awful and overwhelming judgments which God will bring upon the heads of those, who have attempted to corrupt the Church, and to ensnare the souls of men by destroying errors; and who have persecuted those, who would not be carried away by their doctrines and idolatrous superstitions. "An angel cried with a loud voice to him that had the sharp sickle, saying, Thrust in thy sharp sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth; for they are fully ripe. And the angel thrust in his sickle to the earth, and gathered the vine of the earth, and cast it into the great wine-press of the wrath of God. And the wine-press was trodden without the city,

comforting mercy, and then sings, in ecstasies of joy—

“Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue,  
 Prepare a tuneful voice,  
 In Christ, the life of all my joys,  
 Aloud will I rejoice.”—WATTS, Book I. H. xx. ver. 1.

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## FIGURATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

It is my intention, from time to time, to present in work the excellences of the Bible. These excellences are numerous, various, and striking. I shall produce them in alphabetical order. Young friends, when you read them with the eye of your body, may see them with the eye of your mind! May you prize them, believe them, and enjoy them! Oh! may you be able to say, with pious Cowper,

“A glory gilds the sacred page,  
 Majestic, like the sun;  
 It gives a light to every age—  
 It gives, but borrows none.”

### A.

Under words beginning with the letter A, the Bible may be described as an Adamantine Rock, as Apparel, as an Appeal from God to man, as an Apple Tree, as Armoury, as an Arrow, as Artillery, and as our Assurance of God's mercy and truth.

**DAMANTINE ROCK.**—The adamant is the diamond, hardest, the brightest, and the most valuable of precious stones. The word *adamantine* is taken from the word *adamant*. The Bible is a *hard* rock, which power can break. It is an adamantine rock, which earthquake can tear asunder. Satan, and infidels, *vicked men, have long tried to shake and overturn the rock. But all in vain.* It is firm, and sure as



God's throne. Dear young friends, build your hopes on this glorious adamant Rock of truth divine. Isa. xlv. 8: "The word of our God shall stand for ever."

"Pass away this earth and heaven!  
This WORD can ne'er be overthrown;  
Stands the TRUTH by Jesus given  
Firm as his eternal throne."—C. WESLEY.

APPAREL.—The soul needs apparel as well as the body. Clothing, or apparel, is found in the word of God suited for the soul. The apparel of the body does three things. It protects, it comforts, it adorns. So does spiritual apparel to the soul. But what apparel is found in God's word suited to the soul? When the word of God is blessed by the Spirit of God, it furnishes the following beautiful garments—Divine knowledge, wisdom, and grace. Oh, what comely apparel is this! When the soul receives this apparel, it is defended, it is comforted, it is adorned. Dear young friends, may this comely apparel be yours! This apparel is white and glorious. If it is yours, you "shall shine like the stars for ever and ever." Dan. xii. 3.

APPEAL.—What is an *appeal*? It is this: when you call upon a person's judgment or conscience to witness to the truth of what you say. Now, the Bible is God's *appeal* to our judgment, our heart, and our conscience, as to the truth of what he says. The Bible is full of God's solemn, just, and merciful appeals. Observe the following:—

He appeals to us, as to our disobedience and rebellion. He says, (Isa. i. 2,) "I have brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." He appeals to us, as to his willingness to save, and wash away the sins of repenting sinners. He says, (Isa. i. 18,) "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your *sins be as scarlet*, they shall be white as snow; though *they be red like crimson*, they shall be as wool." My young friends, offer up to Jesus the following prayer:

“ Jesus, to thy wounds I fly,  
 Purge my sins of *scarlet* dye ;  
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
 Wash away my *crimson* stain ! ”—C. WESLEY.

APPLE TREE.—What precious apples ! what delicious fruits grow on this majestic tree, the Word of God ! Here are to be gathered the fruits of knowledge, and wisdom, and hope, and purity, and consolation, and peace. What goodly, what precious apples are these ! Long this stately tree has stood. It has never shown one withered branch ; no, nor one withered leaf. Many hundreds of years it has stood the storms of time, and it is as fruitful as ever. My young friends, love this tree. Rest under its shady branches. Oh, pluck its precious fruit ! Happy, happy is that youth, who can say respecting this stately, this noble tree, “ I have often sat down under its shadow with great delight, and its fruit was sweet to my taste.” Song ii. 3.

“ See, how this tree of knowledge grows,  
 And yields a free repast !  
 Sublimier sweets than nature knows  
 Invite the longing taste.”—STEELE.

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## MISSIONARY FACTS.

### MADAGASCAR.

It is only a few years since many native Christians in Madagascar were cruelly put to death by the order of the idolatrous king. Others were successful in escaping from the island, and sitting Great Britain. Blessed changes have taken place since the martyrs' blood has been shed. The queen's son, and the heir apparent to the throne, has shown evidence that divine grace has reached his heart. He worships with the Christians of the island ; and he has been instrumental in preserving their lives, when idolatrous priests wished the queen to give orders for putting them to death. Soon we may learn, that those who left the island are *active missionaries* in their native land. We may *in* hear of the banners of salvation waving on the summit of mountains, and on the pinnacles of the palaces and temples.

Oh, may we live to hear that the pagan queen has  
 follower of Jesus, the King of kings, and Lord of  
 young friends, unite with me in uttering your hearty

“Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,  
 Win and conquer, never cease!”

#### NEW CHAPEL AT HONG-KONG.

HONG-KONG is a small island, given by treaty to  
 Government by the Emperor of China. It is situated  
 the main land, and it is most admirably fitted for a  
 station. The best Missionary Societies, of this and  
 tries, have sent missionaries to that island. These  
 Missionary Society have a college, in which natives  
 trained for preaching the Gospel in that vast empire  
 they belong. Lately, the missionaries of this  
 Society have erected, and opened a chapel, in the  
 toria, in this island. It was opened on the first  
 last May. It seats about 300 persons. It was crowded  
 opening to excess, and multitudes assembled on  
 What is considered not only wonderful, but hopeful,  
*twenty Chinese women* were present. Such a circum-  
 never witnessed before in any Christian assembly in  
 great part of the service was conducted by native Ch-  
 tians. How encouraging! CHIN SEEN delivered a  
 mating, scriptural, and striking address. May we  
 this, as the *first fruits* of a glorious harvest? Oh, what  
 prospects open to our view! The time will come  
 hundreds of millions of China's inhabitants shall  
 homage at Immanuel's feet!

#### INDIA AND ORPHANS.

THERE is a town in our East Indian dominions  
 One of the most interesting spectacles in this town is  
 Orphan School. This has been formed for the benefit  
 pagan orphans. Both male and female orphans  
 under the roof of this building of mercy. They receive  
 education, and they are taught trades and useful employ-  
 More especially they are trained up in the knowledge  
 and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. There  
 there are ten hopeful youths in a course of preparatory  
 Christian missionaries, to preach in these heathen  
 unsearchable riches of Christ.” Such an institution  
 sun shining in the dark firmament of heathenism  
 blessing of God, this sun will be instrumental in dis-  
 pelling the gloomy clouds of pagan ignorance, and  
 wretchedness. “God of salvation, bless the dear or-  
 them thy children, and out of their mouths do  
 praise! Amen.”



THE PEACOCK.

## SACRED ZOOLOGY.

### THE PEACOCK.

" Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the Peacocks?"  
*Job xxxix. 13.*

PHILOSOPHERS have divided birds of all kinds into species, or families. The order, genus, or class, to which the Peacock belongs, is called *Gallinæ*. As to the head of this bird, it is adorned with a crown, which greatly adds to the nobleness of its appearance. This crown consists of feathers in the form of a plume, most elegantly arranged. The plumage of this bird is most gorgeous: we see in it a combination of the most richly and glowing colours. There is the bright

emerald, the sapphire or sky-blue, the purple, and the burnished gold. The tail is long, showing all the varieties of the richest colours; and these are so arranged, that they have the appearance of living eyes. This reminds us of the description given of the Cherubim, in Rev. iv. 8: "And the four living creatures had each of them six wings about him; and they were full of eyes within." The wings of the Peacock are mixed with the colours of azure and of gold. Such is the beauty of this bird, that no adequate description can be given by the pen of the poet, or the pencil of the artist. "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Still it has not every accomplishment. Its voice is most harsh and unmusical. It is described by some, as "having the head of a serpent, the train of an angel, and the voice of a demon."

Peacocks are very numerous in the East Indies, and are found wild in immense flocks in Java and Ceylon. When Alexander the Great was in the East, he was so delighted with these birds, that he gave to his army strict charges not to kill them.

Many resemble the Peacock. All their ornaments are outward; they have comely looks, rich and gaudy apparel. The moment they speak, they display their ignorance, conceit, pride, and folly. Young friends, commit your souls to Jesus, and he will beautify them with comely graces. The glowing loveliness of youth shall fade and perish, but these graces which Christ bestows shall shine brighter than the stars, for ever and ever.

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### SERMON IX.

THE CHURCH THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING.

"The city of the great king."—*Psal. xlviii. 2.*

THE City mentioned in our text is the Church, and the Great King is Jesus. Truly, Jesus is the Great King of a Great City. There never was such a King, and there never was such a City. Jesus is a man

is King, "He is the Lord of hosts, he is the king  
ry," Psal. xxiv. 10. The Church is a most  
is City, "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O  
God. Selah." Psal. lxxxvii. 3.

read of many remarkable cities in the word of  
Babylon, the capital of Chaldea, was a remark-  
ty. It was surrounded by a wall sixty miles in  
, and from the foundation four hundred feet high.  
eh, the capital of Assyria, was a remarkable city.  
a city of seven days' journey. Tyre and Sidon  
remarkable cities; remarkable for trade, for  
, and for power. These cities in their greatest  
ur, power, and wealth, were nothing, less than  
g and vanity, compared with the Church, the  
f the Great King. The wealth of these cities  
more, but the wealth of this Great City shall  
fade away. The glory of these cities is no more,  
e glory of this Great City shall shine brighter  
he stars for ever and ever. These cities them-  
are no more, but this Great City shall stand  
er. Oh what a wonderful city is this! May you,  
ung friends, belong to this city. Then you shall  
for ever the blessedness of heaven. Come and  
with me on this wonderful City.

"Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Compass and view the holy ground,  
And mark the buildings well."—*Psal. xlviii.*

iy of you know what we mean by the CHURCH.  
I to ask you what is the CHURCH, some of you  
give me the following answer,—The Church  
as all God's people on the face of the earth, con-  
of holy men, holy women, holy youths, and holy  
n. The word city has two meanings, it signifies  
buildings of a city,—thus all the buildings of  
London consists, are called the city of London,—  
ose who *inhabit* a city are called a city. We  
*city of London sends* four members to parlia-  
*that is, the inhabitants or citizens.*

In speaking of the Church, as the City of the Great King, there are *two* things I wish you to consider. The buildings of the City of the Great King, these form the first. Now by the buildings we are to understand its walls, its gates, and its ordinances. The second thing to be considered consists of the citizens or saints. Sometimes the first is called the city, as in Isa. xxvi. 1: "We have a strong city: salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." And often all the people of God are called by this name. Thus we find it in the following very beautiful passage, (Isa. lx. 14,) "And they shall call Thee the CITY OF THE LORD, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel."

In speaking in this sermon of the City of the Great King, I shall keep both these meanings in view.

By the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I will now direct your attention, 1st, to the *Builder* of the City; 2d, to the *Inhabitants* of the City; and 3d, to the *Road* leading to the City. Other particulars will be considered in a following discourse.

*First*,—Consider the *Builder* of the City. Heb. xi. 10: Its "Builder and Maker is God." It was God who contrived the plan of the building. As he contrived the plan of the tabernacle, and gave it to Moses, and as he contrived the plan of the temple, and gave it to David, so he contrived and made the plan of this Great City the Church. Men who contrive the plan of great buildings, such as St. Paul's Cathedral, they do not, they cannot build them with their own hands. But God is both the contriver and the builder of the City of the Great King. Let us admire Jesus as the contriver of the City, and let us admire him as the builder of the City. Let us admire the wisdom which laid the plan, and let us admire the gracious and almighty power which completed the plan.

*Secondly*,—Let us consider the *Inhabitants* of the city. All believers are citizens of this city. There *is not a single* unbeliever within the walls. Thus ~~the~~ apostle speaks of them, (Eph. ii. 19.) "Now,

therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

There is a large town very near the walls of the city, called *Profession Town*. The inhabitants bear some outward resemblance to the inhabitants of the King's Great City; they dress like them, and talk like them, and sing like them, and walk like them; they very much resemble the citizens, but in their heart and affections they bear no resemblance. They are very fond of *Profession Town*. Often the saints ask them to leave it, and come and live with them, within the walls of the Great City. But they never will consent, until *grace* changes their hearts. When *grace* does change their hearts, then they leave *Profession Town*, and all their old, proud, self-conceited acquaintances, and enter into the City of the Great King, the Church of the Living God. Blessed change! They are no more strangers and foreigners, but become fellow-citizens with the saints. Beloved young friends, may the Holy Spirit persuade you to enter the city—to become its citizens. Then a sun of spiritual prosperity shall rise upon you, which will never set.

*Thirdly*,—Let us look on the *Road* which leads to this city. *Repentance* is the name of the road. The one end of the road leads from the City of Destruction, and the other to the City of Salvation. By the City of Destruction we mean a *state of nature*, that deplorable state in which Adam by his fall left himself and all his posterity. They who walk on the road of Repentance appear sad, sorrowful, and thoughtful. Why are they so sad? Because they are convinced of sin; because they see they have offended a holy, a just, and a merciful God. Listen, and you will hear some of them say, like the prodigal son, "Father, we have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and are no more worthy to be called thy sons." Luke xv. 21. Listen, and you will hear another say, with downcast eyes and with a heavy heart, "Lord, have mercy on me a sinner."



Luke xviii. 13. Listen, and you will hear another say, "What must I do to be saved?" Acts xvi. 30. As they are travelling along the road of repentance, they see the City of the Great King at a distance, and they say, with longing, anxious hearts, "Shall we ever enter that noble city, the City of Salvation?" Then they hear the sweet voice, the kind invitations of mercy saying to them, "Enter in, ye humble, penitent souls; there is room for you: stand no longer without; escape for your lives."

"Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling,  
Enter, ye sinners, and obey  
The statutes of your King."

WATTS, Hymn 8, pt. 1.

Speaking in the language of figure, this road of gospel repentance leads through a very lowly valley. Its name is, the Valley of Humility. None ever entered the City of the Great King without passing through that valley. Young convinced sinners, while walking through this valley towards the City of Salvation, see sin as they never saw it before; and see themselves as they never saw before. They see *sin* as vile, abominable, dangerous, destructive. They see that it is an evil thing, and a bitter thing. They see that it is a most loathsome disease, that it is a spreading leprosy. They see that it is hateful, most hateful and offensive to God. They see that it shuts the gates of heaven, that it opens the gates of hell, and that it kindles the flames of Tophet. O my young friends, have you obtained this sight?

Young convinced sinners, travelling through the Valley of Humiliation, see *themselves* as they never saw before. Once they thought highly of themselves; now, they look upon themselves as altogether an unclean thing. Once they admired their own righteousness, and supposed it would be sufficient passport to heaven. But hear how they now speak! They say with unfeigned sincerity of soul, (Isa. lxiv. 6,) "But we are all

as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." When these thoughts fill their minds, and when these words fall from their lips, they are drawing very near the gates of the City of the Great King.

Passing through the Valley of Humiliation, along the road of Repentance, the young penitent travellers sometimes hear tremendous peals of thunder, and they sometimes see alarming flashes of lightning. At times they are so afraid, that they are heard crying out, "Lord, come to our help. Jesus, save; else we perish!" The thunders are the thunders of God's broken law. They are the thunders of the law as a broken covenant of works. They hear the thunders from a neighbouring mountain. The name is Mount Sinai. The thunder speaks! What is its voice? It is this, (Gal. iii. 10,) "For as many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse." That is, "as many as are seeking salvation by the works of the law, are under the curse." The thunder says more; it says this, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." The young convinced penitent says, "This I cannot do; if there is no other way of being saved but this, I am ruined for ever; if there is no other way of getting into the City of the Great King but this, I must perish for ever." Then one of the ministers of the King of the city comes unto him in this state of perplexity and fear, and says to him, "Cheer up, young penitent; what you cannot do, Jesus has done for you. Cheer up; Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Do you see yonder gate which leads into the city? That is the strait gate of Conversion. Look to the Holy Spirit for grace, that you may strive to reach the gate. Look to him, and he will lead you *to* the gate; yes, and he will lead you *through* the gate into the City of the Great King; and *there you shall be safe, for ever safe. Be not discouraged. Strive—strive, and assuredly you shall enter in.*"



THE MIRACULOUS DRAGNET.

I see some on the road of Repentance, who have just lately escaped from the City of Destruction. Satan has sent some of his servants after them to advise them to return. They tell them, that if they will only return, they shall receive wealth, and pleasures, and honours. Oh, how earnestly they are entreating them to return! and besides, they are pouring into their ears such falsehoods about the City of the Great King. They say that there is no pleasure, no happiness, in that city. They say that all the inhabitants are gloomy, and morose, and melancholy. And were it not for God's great mercy, they would be in danger of believing these falsehoods, and returning to their old quarters in the City of Destruction. But the King of the City of Salvation sends his servants, to warn them against the lies of Satan's servants. These servants come out in time for their deliverance, and say, (Prov. 10, 13, 15), "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. If they say, We shall find all precious substance; we shall fill our houses with spoil: My son, walk not in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path." Thus they are encouraged to proceed onward to the City of the Great King.

(To be continued.)

## MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

THERE were two occasions when there was a miraculous draught of fishes. The first was at the beginning of our Saviour's public ministry; the second was after our Lord's resurrection, and a few days before his glorious ascension to heaven. The former is related by Luke (v. 4—10); the latter is recorded by John, (xxi. 1—11.) In both the narratives, Peter occupies a conspicuous place. In the first miracle, two small fishing boats were so full that they began to sink: in the second miracle, the fishes were dragged ashore in a net.

John informs us, that he and other six of th  
seven in all, were compelled by their neces  
a-fishing for the supply of their temporal v  
we find to be the case with fishermen all  
English and Scottish coasts, they were e  
night in fishing. After toiling all night  
morning light appeared in the sky, they caug  
They saw Jesus standing on the shore, but  
not it was Jesus. He asked them if they ha  
cessful. They answered, that they had caug  
He told them to cast the net on the right  
boat. They did so, and the net was ins  
with great fishes. John was the first who l  
Jesus. The moment he mentioned it, Pet  
self into the sea, to swim on shore to see Je  
the net was drawn to the shore, it containe  
dred and fifty-three large fishes. The dis  
a fire prepared to warm them, a breakfas  
them, and a blessed Saviour to comfort t  
we seek Christ's visits, and live and die e  
fellowship! Amen.

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#### NAMES OF JESUS ALPHABETICALLY A

In the seventh number of this work,  
month of November, we considered two nam  
beginning with the letter A—namely,  
**ADVOCATE**. By Divine aid, we will con  
blessed names, beginning with the same let

**ALIEN**.—In Psal. lxxix. 8, we find this n  
Jesus. He says here in the language of p  
am become a stranger unto my brethren, an  
unto my mother's children." Who is an *al*  
a stranger, one who belongs to another  
country. When our blessed Saviour can  
world, he was treated as a foreigner, and a  
He came to his own, and they owned b  
received him not. His own people, his

not only rejected him, but hated him and despised him. My young friends, there are multitudes in our land to whom Jesus is an *alien*. They know him not, they have no wish to know him. He is willing to be their best friend, but they say to him, "Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy name." They who live and die treating Jesus as an *alien*, he will treat them as *aliens* at the Judgment day! Oh, may each one of us be enabled to say, "Blessed Jesus, we receive thee as our friend!" Why did Jesus become an *alien*?

" Amongst his brethren and the Jews,  
He like a stranger stood,  
And bore their vile reproach to bring  
Young sinners home to God."

**ALL IN ALL.**—"But Christ is ALL and IN ALL." Col. iii. 11. First, He is *all*. He is all, he is every thing, to pious, holy children. He is their *Saviour*, and their *salvation*. He is their *life*, he is their *gift*, their *righteousness*, their *guide*, their *comfort*, their ALL.

He is *in all*. He is in the heart of pious children by His grace. He is graciously present with His people, wherever they are found. He is in the closet, where the pious child prays. He is in the sanctuary, where the out child hears the everlasting gospel. He is in the Bible, and His glory shines in every page. My young friends, take Jesus as your ALL. Let each one say;

"Jesus is ALL my soul desires,  
A fountain rich and free;  
My life, my light, my health, my strength,  
In war, my victory."

**ALMIGHTY.**—"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the ALMIGHTY."—Rev. i. 8. Jesus is an mighty Creator. Who made the heavens and the earth, angels and men? Jesus the Almighty. Who serves all things? who upholds all things by the word of His power? Jesus the Almighty. Who is

the mighty Saviour? who provided salvation for a lost, a ruined world? Jesus the Almighty.

Young friends, flee to him, and he will deliver you from sin, from the world, from Satan, from hell; for he is the Almighty, willing and able to save to the uttermost! Hallelujah!

#### EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1848.

"THE Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."—*Psal. xvii. 1, 2.*

"I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him."—*Ezek. xxi. 27.*

Few years during the last century can be compared with the year 1848, for the thrilling importance of its events. The kingdoms, and states of Europe, have presented the appearance of a vast sea, agitated by tremendous storms. No man with the Bible in his hand, and believing in the providential government of God, can forbear exclaiming, "He who rules the universe, shaking the nations; and he who fills the throne of Zion, saying to its rulers, Be wise, now, therefore, O ye kings, be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with awe and rejoice with trembling. Be still, and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth."—*Psal. ii. 10, 11, and xlvi. 10.*

FRANCE.—Many said, and many thought, that the throne of France was the most firmly established in Europe, that she was the Solomon of the age, and most secure in the exercise of her regal power. Where is his throne? It was broken to pieces in the streets of Paris early in the last spring. Where is his government? It is annihilated, as if it had never been. Where is he who wore the diadem? He fled as a fugitive from his dominions, and is now, borne down with advanced years, an exile in a foreign land. The kingly government of France has been considered by many of the most judicious divines to be represented in the sixth vial, as the *Sux* on which the angel should pour out his vial upon the earth. "And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the earth, and power was given unto him," that is, the angel, "to smite men with fire." During the past year a vial of divine judgment has been poured out on the throne of France, since the days of their king *PHILIP*, in the year 755, and his chief stay of papal priestcraft, superstition, and delusion.

**GERMANY.**—The states and kingdoms of Germany have made a mad struggle to burst asunder the chains of political, civil, and social bondage. Look to Berlin and Vienna, and the streams of human blood which have been shed in attempt to obtain that freedom which is the harbinger of the epochs of the Gospel, when the Mediatorial reign of Jesus extend over the earth, and of which we have often sung :

“ Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The pris'n'er leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.”

**AUSTRIA.**—Twice the Emperor of Austria has fled from his throne; and, wearied and exhausted with the cares of government, he has abdicated his throne, and committed the sceptre into the hands of his nephew, only eighteen years of age.

**ITALY.**—This lovely portion of Europe has been convulsed from extremity to the other. The inhabitants are endeavouring to shake off the yoke of tyranny; they are panting after liberty and institutions, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks. O God, teach them to pant after that spiritual liberty which thou art able to bestow !

**ROME.**—This ancient city has been the theatre of the most remarkable events. Pope Pius IX., one of the most liberal and tolerant who has ever filled the papal throne, who went beyond all who preceded him in giving his subjects liberal institutions, who was the very idol of his people, has been made a prisoner in his own palace, has escaped from it in the disguise of a peasant, and has left behind him all the trappings and badges of royalty, glad to flee for his safety and his life.

Does not this look something like the pouring out of the vial, of which the inspired John thus writes, Rev. xvi. 10 : “ I saw the fifth angel poured out his vial on the seat of the beast; and his kingdom was full of darkness, and they gnawed their tongues for pain ?”

In the year 1701, the Rev. Robert Fleming published a discourse on the rise and fall of Papacy. This eminent divine was remarkable for his piety, learning, and humility. His father was also a divine and scholar of great eminence, and was author of a well-known celebrated book entitled “ *The Fulfilling of Prophecy*.” His son Robert, in common with the most judicious interpreters of prophecy, considers that *Papacy*, or the reign of the Man of Sin, commenced in the year 606 A.D., when Emperor Phocas gave him the title of Universal Bishop. In the following passages the reign of papal delusion is said to last 260 days, that is, 1260 prophetic years : Rev. xi. 2, 3, and 14, and xiii. 5. The month of a prophetic year consists of thirty days, making the length of the year 360 days ; five



days less than the Julian year, consisting of 365 days. these remarks let us now attend to the precise words Fleming, and see how his observations accord with the statement of the Pope, the head of the Roman Church, in the year 1848. I say, "If we may suppose that Antichrist began his reign in the year 606, the additional 1260 years of his duration, were they or ordinary years, would lead us down to the year 1866 the last period of the seven-headed monster. But seeing that prophetic years only, we must cast away eighteen years, to bring them to the exact measure of time that the Lord designs in this Book. And thus the final period of the usurpations, (supposing that he did indeed rise in the year 606) must conclude with the year 1848."

Such have been the astonishing events of the past year, we rejoice in the wisdom and power of Christ, by whom all events shall be overruled for hastening the coming of his kingdom. As to the future, let us repose the fullest confidence in Jesus who does all things well, and who in his own time will send down the sceptre of his love over all the kingdoms of the world. Let us sing "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

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The following Hymn, by COWPER, is so suitable to the present events, that we cannot refrain from placing it before the eyes of our youthful readers, even though it is so generally known.

MYSTERY, WISDOM, AND GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
With blessings on your head.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

“ His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour ;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

“ Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain ;  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.”

## MISSIONARY FACTS.

## SATANIC FETTERS.

Satan binds the inhabitants of heathen lands with strong fetters. God sends missionaries to preach among them the Gospel. This Gospel, accompanied by the Divine Spirit, breaks the fetters in pieces. Thus Satan's prisoners are set free. There is a great resemblance betwixt the heathen of all ages and of all colours, and of all languages : they are bound with fetters of superstition and witchcraft. This we find to be the case with the North American Indians. And do they pray ? They pray to serpents, bears, and to many other animals. British youths ! pity, oh, pity the children of heathen lands, who are taught to pray to vile reptiles, and who know nothing of the true God ! Let us rejoice that Satan's empire shall cease, and that the time shall come when his captives shall be set free. “ Come quickly, Lord Jesus, with thy Gospel, and with thy strength, and give liberty to the captives, and open the prison doors of those who are bound !”

## PAGAN CONJUROR.

Among the North American pagan Indians, the *Conjuror* is of great influence. When one of them is sick, they send for the conjuror, whom they call the doctor. How, think you, does he proceed ? I will tell you. He orders a bear or another animal to be killed, and to be singed with fire till the animal is consumed. Then the sick or dying man is laid in the middle of the house. One beats a drum, sings, and screams, and calls out the names of various animals, while others dance round the poor and afflicted sufferer. This most horrible practice is continued till the person recovers, loses his senses, or dies. When the conjuror builds a small hut of the bark of trees, he sits screaming, and crying to flying birds, to bring the soul which has flown away. When he pretends he has the departed soul, he puts it in a small box, and places it on the head of the lifeless corpse. See what men are without religion ! See how important it is, and how humane, to send

the heralds of salvation to preach that Gospel, which by the Spirit will raise men from the disgusting depths of heathenism, and make them the sons of God. "Blessed hope! Holy Saviour, we long for the day!"

#### THE PAGAN AND THE CHRISTIAN CONTRASTED.

I LATELY presided at a Juvenile Missionary Meeting in Jewia Street. The Rev. A. Buzacott, late missionary from the South-sea Islands, was present, with KIRO, a young Christian convert, from Baratonga. During the meeting, Mr. Buzacott informed us that Kiro's grandfather, in a time of war, was killed by a man of their own party, who had joined the ranks of their enemies. His father was filled with revenge, and succeeded with some friends in coming upon him while gathering chestnuts. They soon killed him by their clubs and spears, and literally tore him to pieces. Each of these poor pagans took a piece of the man's body, and ate it raw, as they walked along. But Kiro's father would be satisfied with nothing less than *the man's heart*. That, raw as it was, and torn from his bosom, before it was cold, he devoured with the greediness of a wolf. This happened before the Gospel visited Baratonga. Such practices have passed away, as if they had never been. Kiro's father became humanized, his mother became an eminent saint, and he himself is an humble disciple at Jesus' feet! "What has God wrought!"

#### LIBERALITY OF SAMOAN CHILDREN.

THE liberality of Samoan children to the cause of Missions, which is the cause of Christ, is a most pleasing illustration of these words of inspiration: "Freely ye have received; freely give."—Matt. x. 8.

The Rev. W. Mills, of the Samoan Mission, with Mr. Pritchard, and a large collection of children, met under a grove of bread fruit trees. After an appropriate address by Mr. Pritchard, the dear children from the farthest village in Mr. Mills' district came forward, and presented their several offerings for the benefit of the cause of Missions.

1st. Four hundred yards of English cloth; 2d. Eighty-seven fine mats; 3d. Three hundred and sixty-nine pieces of native cloth; 4th. Eight axes; 5th. Twelve pairs of scissors; 6th. Three razors, five knives, &c.; in all upwards of seven hundred articles; 7th. Fifty-seven dollars in money; and, 8th. Twenty-nine canoes for the use of the native teachers, at the various islands to the westward. The whole amount collected in these different districts could not be less than 300*l.* or 400*l.*

THE MISSIONARY SHIP, the JOHN WILLIAMS, was in view, in the outside of the coral reef. And a lovely sight it was to see that SHIP, purchased by the contributions of British children, laden with the canoes and offerings of Samoan children to extend the Gospel to distant lands.



THE OSTRICH.

## SACRED ZOOLOGY.

### THE OSTRICH.

Take thou wings and feathers unto the Ostrich? which  
laid her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust."—  
Leviticus, cxxix. 13, 14.

THE Hebrew name of this remarkable bird is *תנין*  
*th*, and signifies *loud crying*. Thus the bird is  
named from its voice. It is an inhabitant of Arabia  
Africa. It is the tallest of birds. When it  
stands erect it is from seven to eight feet in height.  
Its neck is four or five spans in length. Its legs are  
*and naked*. Its feet consist only of two toes each,  
*hard, and turned forward*. Its wings are short;  
*are unfit for flying*, and are only given it to assist

*deceived*; if a man put on an Ostrich's skin hold out fruits to it, without suspecting it will take them, and so be taken. Fit emblem of careless youths who are so easily deceived, and so soon caught by Satan's wiles!

Ostriches make a most doleful noise, they are careless of their young, lay their eggs in the open, and leave them to be hatched by the sun, and often in places where they are laid. Job xxxix. 17, "God has deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding." This bird is singularly voracious; it will devour leather, herbs, stones, metals, and hair, it will devour. Thus it is a disgusting emblem of youths who indulge in vile lusts, which degenerate their nature, and ruin their souls.

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## SERMON X.

THE CHURCH THE STRONG CITY

urch of Christ. For instance, it is called a *flock*. Fear not, little *flock*, it is your Father's good pleasure give you the kingdom," Luke xii. 32. Christ's church is called a *family*. Paul says, "I bow myself unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole *family* in heaven and earth is named." Christ's Church is called a *garden*. "A *garden* enclosed my sister, my spouse," Song iii. 12. Many of you know the following lines of Watts, in which this name is mentioned.

" We are a *garden* wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground ;  
A little spot enclosed by grace,  
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

WATTS, Book I. H. 74.

And in our text the Church of Christ is called a *City*, and a *Strong City*. " We have a strong city: salvation shall God appoint for walls and bulwarks."

By the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I shall direct your attention, in this discourse, to the *Gates*, the *alls*, and the *Towers* of the City.

*First*,—Let us take a view of the GATES of the city. This city has two Gates. One is the gate by which the penitent youthful saint enters the city; the other is the gate by which he enters heaven.

The first gate is the *Gate of Conversion*. That is it we mean. Our Saviour made this gate. And thus he speaks of this gate: "Enter ye in at the strait gate; because strait is the gate: and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it," Matt. vii. 14. This gate is called *strait*, because no one can pass through the gate with any reigning lust. Every one who passes is delivered from the reign of sin, the reign of passion, and the reign of lust. Then he enters. If he attempts to enter before he is delivered from reigning lusts, he shall find it impossible. He may enter, even though *sin* is not completely washed away. *But he cannot enter unless the reigning power of sin is completely taken away.*

Though this gate is *strait*, the chief of sinners may enter when repentance is given, and when the reign of sin and lust is destroyed. It is at this gate the guilt of sin is taken away; that is, sin is pardoned through the righteousness of Christ. Then the righteousness of Jesus is made his. By faith he receives it as a comely robe. Then he instantly passes through the gate. As he passes through the gate, angels in heaven raise songs of loudest, sweetest melody of praise. Then the young citizen sings in joyful strains—

“Christ has adorned my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine :  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.

“And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
My Saviour took the robe he wrought,  
And cast it all around.”—WATTS, Book I. H. 20.

When the young penitent draws near this gate, he sees inscriptions written over it, in letters shining brighter than burnished gold; and then he knocks at the gate, and seeks admission. He reads this inscription, “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you,” Matt. vii. 7. He reads another inscription, “And yet there is room,” Luke xiv. 22. Then he reads a third inscription, “Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out,” John vi. 37. He is so encouraged by these inscriptions, that he says within himself, “Now I will venture to knock at the gate.” He approaches the gate. He lifts up his heart in earnest prayer to the King of the City for mercy. With the hand of faith he knocks at the gate. A voice from within says, “Who is there?” The young penitent replies, “A poor young sinner crying for mercy, through the blood which Jesus the king of the city shed, and through the atonement he made.” Instantly the gate flies wide open. He enters in; Mercy takes him by the hand, presents him to the King of the strong city, and

in words the most affectionate, "Come in, come in, you blessed of the Lord; stand no more without!" There is not only the Gate of Conversion, by which the young penitent enters the city, but there is another gate by which he enters heaven. That gate is the Gate of Death. There is a valley through which the young saint passes, as he approaches the gate. It is called the valley and shadow of death," Ps. xxiii. 4. To the eye of nature this valley appears dark and dreary: to the eye of faith it appears bright and glorious. Jesus takes the young saint by the hand as he enters the valley, and says to him, "Death is yours; fear not—fear not; for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am thy strength." Then he puts into his hand a remarkable staff, a staff of inimitable beauty: He says to him, "Lean on my staff. Hold it fast by the hand of faith. It is the staff of my power, and of my truth. Lean on it; then your fears will flee away like a cloud before the sun." He takes the staff in the one hand, with the other he leans on Christ's arm, and then begins to sing while he looks along the valley, and sees, at the end of the valley, the Gate of Death:

"While Christ affords his aid  
I cannot yield to fear:  
Though I should walk through death's dark vale,  
My Shepherd's with me there."

At last he comes to the Gate of Death, and sees the Angel of Terrors standing by. Oh how wonderful, how thoughtful! he looks the king of terrors full in the face that king who has struck with terror the hearts of ten thousand kings—and while he looks upon him without fear; he sings the following triumphant song in sounds of joyful praise:—

"The world recedes!—it disappears.  
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring!  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!—  
O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting!"



Then the gate opens, and immediately on the other side is the pearly Gate of Heaven, shining brighter than ten thousand suns. Through that glorious gate the young saint passes. He enters into the palace of the Great King. His Saviour says to him, in the presence of all the inhabitants of heaven, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" Matt. xxv. 21.

My young friends, may you by Divine grace thus pass through the valley of death. Thus may you enter through the pearly gate, and obtain the joys of heaven, and the blessedness of immortality.

*Secondly*,—We invite your attention to the WALLS of the City. Isa. xxvi. 1, "Salvation will God appoint for walls;" Isa. lx. 18, "Thou shalt call thy walls salvation and thy gates praise." My dear young friends, if you had seen the walls of Babylon, you would have lifted up your hands with astonishment, and you would have said, What wonderful walls! If you had seen the walls of ancient Jerusalem, with the noble towers built upon the walls, you would have lifted up your hands with astonishment and have said, Oh what wonderful walls! A great army came from a far country to besiege Jerusalem. When they came the length of the walls and looked up, they were struck with terror, and fled, and hasted away. Psal. xlviii. 4, 5.

The walls of Babylon, the walls of Jerusalem, were nothing compared with the Walls of Salvation which surround the church, the strong city, the city of the Great King. Come with me and behold—come with me and admire the walls of the church, the city of God. Oh how lofty! they are as high as the heavens; therefore no enemy can ever climb over or scale these walls. Behold the walls, and see how wonderful for strength. No earthquake can shake them. If all the powers of hell were to attack these walls for a million of years, they would do them no more harm than a fly lighting upon them.

Behold how glorious are these walls. They are f

more glorious than the firmament, with all its stars of glory and of brightness. These walls shine in all the glory of the Divine perfections. These perfections strike the hearts of the enemies of the city with terror. These perfections fill the hearts of the inhabitants of the city with joy unspeakable. The inhabitants see a glorious prospect from these walls. With the telescope of faith, they see the heavenly Canaan, and even obtain glimpses of heaven's glory. Oh, how infinitely safe are the inhabitants of the strong city within these walls, which shall stand for ever! Oh, with what joyful confidence they sing;

"Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell;  
The walls of strong salvation made,  
Defy the assaults of hell."—WATTS, Book I. H. 8.

*Thirdly*,—Let us consider attentively the TOWERS of the City. Psal. xlviii. 12, "Walk about Zion;" (that is, the church, the strong city,) "and go round about her; tell the *towers* thereof," that is, *number* them. Come with me, my young friends, and look at the walls of the city, and we shall see placed upon them *six* glorious towers, which have stood there ever since the wonderful walls were built. May God the Spirit bless the sight to all our hearts.

On these noble, glorious walls, I see first, the tower of DIVINE WISDOM. This tower contains all the purposes, and laws of the King of the city. It is so bright, that it sheds its glory over the whole city.

Near this tower is the tower of OMNIPOTENCE. When the enemies of the city rage, and threaten to destroy it, the inhabitants look on this noble tower, and then laugh their enemies to scorn.

Near this tower is the tower of HOLINESS. The inhabitants of the city are greatly comforted when they look upon the following inscription written on this tower; "*Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory.*" Isa. vi. 3.

Near this tower is the tower of JUSTICE. This



ELYMAS STRUCK BLIND.

tower contains the vials of God's wrath, and the thunderbolts of his vengeance. With these God has awfully punished the enemies of the city.

Near the tower of Justice stands the tower of LOVE. On the summit of this tower there is an inscription shining brighter than the sun in his strength. It is this, "*God is love.*" John iv. 8.

Near this tower is the tower of DIVINE TRUTH. This tower contains an immense treasure of great and precious promises; and the following inscription encircles this tower with glory: "*His truth is thy shield and buckler.*" Let us unite in praising Jesus, the King of the strong city:

"For ever shall thy throne endure;  
Thy promise stands for ever sure;  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace."—WATTS, *Psalm* 93.

(*To be continued.*)

## ELYMAS STRUCK BLIND.

IN Acts xiii. 4—12, we have an account of the opposition which Elymas the sorcerer made to the preaching of Paul. For this daring opposition to the Gospel of Christ, he was punished with blindness.

The Gospel is the mean which God has appointed for opening the eyes of the blinded understandings of men. Elymas tried to prevent this blessed Gospel from giving men spiritual eyesight. Therefore, God justly punished him by depriving him of his natural eyesight.

Let us look at the particulars of this remarkable story. Paul went from Selucia, a sea-port town on the north of the Holy Land, and, in company with Barnabas, sailed to the island of Cyprus, situated in the eastern portion of the Mediterranean Sea, and not far from Asia Minor, or Lesser Asia. Immediately on entering the island, they commenced preaching the Gospel. They

went from one place to another, until they reached a town called Paphos. There they met with the chief ruler of the island, a prudent man, called Sergius Paulus; and in company with him, Elymas the sorcerer, a false prophet and a Jew. The deputy was very desirous to hear the Gospel. Elymas used all his vile malicious influence to prevent it, and to turn away the deputy from the faith. Then Paul, filled with the Holy Ghost, pronounced upon him the following awful sentence: "And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind. And immediately there fell upon him a mist, and a darkness; and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand."

#### FIGURATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

IN our December Number we considered four excellences of the Bible, beginning with the letter A. By the aid of the Divine Spirit, we will now consider the word of God as an Armoury, an Arrow, as Artillery, and as our Assurance of God's mercy and truth.

**AN ARMOURY.**—"And Apollos was mighty in the Scriptures." Acts xviii. 24. An armoury is a place which contains arms, or weapons for defending from an enemy, or for wounding and slaying an enemy. I had seen the late armoury of the Tower of London, before it was destroyed by fire. It was 300 feet in length, and contained muskets for hundreds of thousands of men. The Bible is an armoury which contains weapons of defence for countless millions of precious souls. And this armoury never can be destroyed. What weapons of defence are to be found in this armoury? We answer, Divine knowledge, Divine wisdom, and Divine grace. By the blessing of the Spirit, they who visit this armoury find all these. Apollos had this precious armour. He was mighty in the Scriptures. Dear young friends, may you be mighty in the Scriptures; then you shall conquer all your spiritual foes.

**AN ARROW.**—An arrow inflicts a wound. The rod of God, by his Spirit, wounds the slumbering conscience. Then in one moment it awakes. When an arrow wounds the flesh, it produces pain. When the divine arrow of the word wounds and awakes the slumbering conscience, it produces conviction. This arrow wounded three thousand under the preaching of Peter, and they were all convinced, and all converted. Youthful reader, have you felt the arrow of divine truth? Oh, may it reach your conscience, and your heart!

**ARTILLERY.**—In war, cannons prepared for defence and destruction, are called artillery. By cannon, walls and castles are levelled with the dust. By the artillery of divine truth, the walls of error, and infidelity, and corruption, are levelled with the ground. When God directs this holy and powerful artillery, nothing can stand before it. Superstition, Idolatry, Mahomedanism and Paganism shall be destroyed by this artillery of heaven, and cease for ever. “Lord, hasten the day, O blessed day!”

**ASSURANCE OF GOD'S MERCY AND TRUTH.**—God's word is sure, and gives assurance. It is so sure, that though the very heavens and the earth should pass away, his word can never pass away. When the word is brought home with power even to the heart of a little child, he is assured that Jesus is his, and that heaven is his home. Many children I have seen in the valley and shadow of death with this assurance. They could say in the valley, “We will fear no evil, for thou art with us; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort us.”

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## MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

ALEXANDER FLETCHER, NATIVE TEACHER IN INDIA.

Mission House, Blomfield Street, Nov. 18, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to transmit an account received this day from our esteemed missionary, Mr. Lewis, of Nagercoil, of the native teacher sup-

ported by the Christian liberality of your friends. They will observe a peculiarity in the style, characteristic of the natives of India, in their epistolary communications; but Mr. Lewis, who translated the charge from the Tamil, observes, that he "thinks it best to send the teacher's own thoughts, expressed in his own way."

Hoping that the account will gratify the hopes of his kind supporters, and tend to sustain their interest on behalf of native agency in India, *generous*

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

A. TIDMAN,

*Foreign Secretary, London Missionary Society.*

THE HISTORY OF A. FLETCHER, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

The following statement is submitted by me, A. Fletcher, a native teacher, to the charitable Christians and supporters of missions, living in England.

My native village is Puttalam, about ten miles from Cape Comorin, and one mile inland from the Malabar Coast. At the time of my birth both my parents were heathen; but when I was about eight years of age, they removed to a village called Mayiladi, where they heard the Gospel preached and became Christians. Though I was in the habit of attending public worship with them, and of learning in the mission-school, yet I felt no delight in the knowledge of Christ, but found great pleasure, as I thought, in every kind of wickedness in which I indulged. I was, however, very diligent at my lessons in school; as the reward for which, the Rev. Mr. Ringletaube would frequently give me small sums of money. When about fifteen years of age I received Christian baptism, at the same time with my father and mother; and afterwards, being further instructed by the Rev. Mr. Ruill, I was placed by him as a schoolmaster at Myiladi. Afterwards, being transferred to the charge of the Rev. Mr. Mault, I continued to attend once a week on his instructions and reproofs, by which means I gradually became concerned about the salvation of my soul. I continued schoolmaster for about four years. Of those whom I taught during that time, some are now native teachers, placed over congregations in different parts of the missions. Messrs. Mault and Mead having consulted together on my case, sent me as a native teacher to the village of Etamory. To both the Christians of that place and the heathen around, I diligently preached the Gospel of Christ, who had shown his salvation to my soul. Seeing that by my effort

sinner were not converted to God, I prayed the more earnestly for them and for myself, at the same time continuing to distribute Christian books among them, and explaining to them their meaning. Afterwards, I had the pleasure of seeing some heathen people become Christians. During the eleven years I was there, seven persons were baptized and united to the Church of God. At the close of this period the congregation at Atticadu, Kulattivillay, Managoody, and Santhaiadie, were greatly annoyed by the heathen; and to render them assistance I was appointed to reside among them, which I did for the space of two years. During that short period several persons forsook their idolatry, and made a profession of the Gospel. After this I was removed to the village of Nangoorampillarvillay, where I remained one year, and was the means of bringing some to the Christian religion. The village in which I have now been upwards of nine years is called Puthoor, and the congregation attend at Amelia Johnson chapel. Since my first location here, the forty inmates of ten houses have made a profession of Christ. By the grace of God, five adults and their children have received baptism. Of the former, four have joined the church; a few more are, at present, candidates for baptism. I continue, as far as my strength permits, to instruct the congregation, both in public and in private, teaching them the word of God, hymns, and Christian catechisms. I also read and explain tracts and other books to the heathen around. Aware that my own efforts will be unavailing if not accompanied with the blessing of the Most High, my earnest and constant prayer is, that the Lord would send His Spirit, to cause the means used to be effectual to the salvation of my own soul and the souls of others around me. May the Spirit of God be praised for having given you and the missionaries the mind to be instrumental in effecting so much good among us!

May the love of the Father, the grace of the Son, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you for ever. *Amen.*

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### HAPPY DEATH OF LITTLE MARY.

She died, aged 10 years.

SHE greatly loved her Bible, and never rested till she obtained one.

#### HER DYING SAYINGS.

1st. Her *happiness and hopes.*

She said to her mother, "I am very happy; I have been thinking how light heaven is. I shall see God when I get there!"

2d. *On seeing her mother weep:* she said,—“What makes you cry, mother? Oh, I know why I you want



he will come *very soon*."

4th. On being asked if she wanted any little water, she said, "No, I only want to be to Jesus."

Then, soon after, she was taken to JESUS.

How true! "Out of the mouth of babes: things, God perfects praise!"

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## MISSIONARY FACTS.

### INDIA.

#### CONVERSION OF GOOROO.

THIS good man is a merchant from the district of Some native preachers met with him, and learned from him that he had never heard the Gospel from any and that he had never seen one. He told them, that and a copy of the Gospels had found their way to him them attentively. By the blessing of the Spirit, things: First, he saw the error and sin of idolatry; as he saw and believed the truth of Christianity. He gave up his idols, and began to tell his neighbours

ath of the chief MATATAN. A few years ago he was sur-  
 ed by the thick clouds of heathen and idolatrous darkness.  
 the preaching of the word, his pagan fetters were burst  
 r, and he was made, by Divine grace, a child of God, and  
 r of heaven. When baptized he took the name *Hezekiah*,  
 signifies "the strength and support of the Lord." In  
 he became a member of a Christian church, and soon after-  
 a deacon. Last January, he was seized with influenza.  
 sease made rapid progress. He told the missionary freely  
 rt remaining time and declining strength in prayer, and  
 d Christian counsels to his family and friends. He ex-  
 l great concern for the prosperity of the cause of Christ;  
 ree times, especially, before he expired, he prayed for  
 f, for all around him, for the salvation of his people, and  
 prosperity of the kingdom of Jesus. Then he fell asleep  
 ist, and exchanged his earthly honours and power for the  
 of heaven, and for a place beside Jesus on his throne.  
 his coffin was lowered into the grave, the friends sang, in  
 noan language:—

" Those who are buried  
 Shall rise again;  
 The graves shall be open'd  
 When the trumpet shall sound." A. F.

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 POETIC GEMS.

## THE PARENT, ON HEARING HIS CHILD PRAYING,

My little boy ! thy voice is sweet  
 As sound of angels' harps to me,  
 When I thy silver tones now greet,  
 And see thee on the bended knee ;  
 I love to view thy folded hands,  
 And fondly mark thy close shut eye,  
 I'm drawn to thee in tenderest bands,  
 While praise, at once, ascends on high !

My little boy ! this world abounds  
 In stratagems and wily snares ;  
 Danger our every path surrounds ;  
 The tender'st age it never spares.  
 Then pray, my child, to God above,  
 That every shaft may miss its aim ;—  
*His is a Father's heart of love ;*  
 Your cry will not be put to shame !

“ My little boy ! as years march on,  
 And childhood ripens into man,  
 And friends and parents may be gone,  
 You'll have to struggle while you can ;  
 For Life's a fight, a conflict sore,  
 A battle all along the way ;  
 Courage you'll need yet more and more ;  
 Then pray, my child ; yea, ever pray !

“ My little boy ! we soon may part ;—  
 The silver chain be sever'd wide ;  
 I want to dwell within your heart,  
 Whatever lot may you betide.  
 Though thousand miles may be between,  
 God's hand shall keep you, day by day,  
 His eye on you shall rest unseen,  
 Because to him you *early* pray !

“ My little boy ! my journey here,  
 With all its toils, and fears, and woes,  
 And mercies too, how rich and dear !  
 Is hastening to its certain close :  
 I want to meet you in the sky,  
 When left behind this form of clay,  
 And taste the bliss that cannot die :  
 Then pray, my child, yea, *always* pray !

“ My little boy ! that God, who beams  
 His love and pity all around—  
 Whose mercy on us ever streams,  
 Will not despise your simple sound.  
 Forget Him not, my dearest boy !  
 As on in life you speed your way,  
 It will inspire my highest joy,  
 To know that you *unceasing* pray !”

REV. T. WALL

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UNBELIEF.—“ God draweth straight lines, but unbeli  
 them crooked lines.”—*Rutherford.*

THE GOOD MAN.—“ A good man suffers evil and does ;  
 natural man receives good and does evil. Let each o  
 ‘ Lord, what am I ?’”—*Dr. Sibb.*

“ A GODLY man has sorrows which the world sees n  
 comforts which the world knows not.”—*Dr. Sibb.*

“ If there were no enemies *without* us, we have those  
*within* us, which, if let loose, would trouble us more th  
 world beside.”—*Dr. Sibb.*



THE LION.

## SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY.

## THE LION.

THE Lion is called the king of beasts. The largest Lions are from eight to nine feet in length, and from four to six feet in height. His head is large, and of a most majestic appearance; his breast is broad; he is of a yellowish tawny colour, and he has a large mane upon his neck. Lions sleep little; their roaring is terrible, resembling the distant thunder. When provoked, scarcely can anything withstand them. The body of the Lion appears the best model of strength, joined to agility. Such is the strength of his muscles that he can leap twenty feet at one bound. He can throw a strong man to the ground by one sweep of his tail. He has the power of moving the skin of his face and forehead, and when angry can erect and agitate the hair of his mane.

Lions abound in many parts of Asia and Africa. From Scripture we learn that there were many Lions in Lebanon, and in the thickets in the vicinity of Jordan. Samson tore a Lion to pieces. David killed a Lion and a Bear; and Daniel was cast into a den of Lions, but miraculously and mercifully preserved.

God is compared to a Lion on account of his judgments to his enemies, Hos. v. 14, "For I will be unto Ephraim as a Lion, and as a young Lion to the house of Judah." Jesus, as the avenger and defender of his people, is called (Rev. v. 5) "The Lion of the tribe of Judah." Saints are compared to Lions, Prov. xxviii. 1, "The righteous are bold as a Lion." In 1 Pet. v. 8, Satan is said to be "going about like a roaring Lion, seeking whom he may devour." From this Lion may God preserve the rising race! Amen.

## SERMON XI.

## THE CHURCH THE STRONG CITY.

“Walk about Zion, and go round about her.”—*Psal.* xlvi. 12.

EVERY child in a Gospel land should be able to answer the question—“What is the Church of God?” The answer is very plain, and easy to be understood. The Church of God is the “people of God.” Many striking names are given to Christ’s Church in the Word of God. One of them is “a CITY.” It is called the City of God, the City of the Great King, a strong City which is compact together; and in our text it is called ZION, Mount Zion, or the City of Zion. There was within the walls of Jerusalem a *mount*: it was called Mount Zion. There was a city built on that mount, very strong, very high, and very noble. It was called the City of Zion. The magnificent Temple of Solomon was built on that mount, and in that city. And in Scripture, God employs Zion, Mount Zion, and the City of Zion, as a figure of his Church.

My young friends, I have already addressed you twice on the Church as a CITY. In the month of January last we considered the *Builder* of the City, namely, *Christ*; the *Inhabitants*, or *Citizens* of the City, namely, *true believers*; and the *Road* leading to the City, namely, *Repentance*. In February last we considered the *Gate* of the City, namely, the *Gate of Conversion*; the *Walls* of the City, namely, *Salvation*; and the *Towers* of the City, namely, the *Divine Perfections*—Wisdom, Power, Holiness, Justice, Goodness, and Truth.

I now invite you a *third* time to come and look at this most wonderful City; and would say, in the words of our text, “Walk about Zion, and go round about her.”

*In our pleasing walk around and within this City, may the Holy Spirit assist us in considering the King.*

the Guards, the Watchmen, the Streets, the Palaces, the Schools, the Bank, the Armoury, the Walks, and the Light of this City of God,—the City of Zion. Let us now earnestly pray: “Holy Spirit, give us thy gracious aid; O give us thy rich, thine effectual blessing!”—*Amen.*

#### THE KING OF THE CITY.

The King is the Lord Jesus Christ. The King is Jesus. God in our nature, God and man in One Person. He could not be the King of the City unless he had died for it. And he *did* die for the City, and he now reigns over it, and shall reign for ever. And when you, my dear children, take Jesus for your King, “O how happy you shall be!” Ask a pious child, “What kind of a King is Jesus?” and the child will give you the following answer: Jesus is a *wise* King, “all the treasures of wisdom are laid up in him.” Jesus is a *powerful* King, his arm is almighty. Jesus is a *holy* King, he is glorious in holiness. Jesus is a *just* King, “justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne.” Jesus is a *merciful* and *faithful* King, “mercy and truth go before his face.” O what a blessed King! and what a blessed City to have such a blessed King! Let each child now pray, “O Jesus, come and reign over me; O come, and reign over me for ever!”

#### GUARDS OF THE CITY.

Jesus is the Chief Guard of the City. Psal. cxxi. 4, 5, “Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.”

“Just as a hen protects her brood,  
From birds of prey that seek their blood,  
Under her feathers, so the Lord  
Makes his own arm his people’s guard.”

Angels, too, are employed to guard the City. Oh what a blessed child is a pious child, for he has angels for his guards. Though he cannot see them with the eyes of

his body, they are near him, ready to defend him. Pious children are often carried in the arms of angels when they do not know it. Psal. xci. 11, 12, "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

"He gives his angels charge to keep  
Your feet in holy ways;  
To watch your pillow while you sleep,  
And guard your youthful days."

#### THE WATCHMEN OF THE CITY.

There are *ministerial watchmen*, namely, the ministers of Christ, whom he has qualified, and sent to preach his glorious Gospel. Thus he speaks of them in Isaiah lxii. 6: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night." Dear children, thank Jesus for such watchmen!

There are *parental watchmen*, namely, pious parents. Jesus gives them the following solemn charge, Eph. vi. 4, "Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Dear children, thank Jesus for such watchmen!

There are *teaching watchmen*, Eph. iv. 11, 12, "And he gave some, teachers; for the edifying of the body of Christ." Dear children, thank Jesus for such watchmen!

#### THE STREETS OF THE CITY.

In Song iii. 2, Christ's *beloved*, namely, his Church, is represented as saying, "I will rise now, and go about the city: in the STREETS, and in the broad ways, I will seek him whom my soul loveth." Now look, in your walk within this city, and observe *three* of the principal streets.

*First*,—There is the *High Street* of faith. From this lofty street are seen blessed views of the glory of the Church in future days, and blessed views of heaven.

*Secondly*,—There is the *Low Street* of humility. This



street is much frequented. And when holy children walk in this street they appear most lovely, though they consider themselves altogether an unclean thing.

*Thirdly*,—There is the *Broad Street* of obedience. There are ten parts in this street. The first division is the first commandment, and the last division the tenth. The Psalmist, speaking of this street, says, it is “exceeding broad,” Psal. cxix. 96. This street is remarkably straight, clean, and cheerful. Pious children walking in it are often heard to chaunt and sing,

“ Oh, how I love thy holy law :  
 ’Tis daily my delight ;  
 And thence my meditations draw  
 Divine advice by night.”

#### THE SCHOOLS OF THE CITY.

There is the *School of the Law*, which the Apostle calls “ a *schoolmaster* to bring us to Christ,” Gal. iii. 24. There is the *School of the Gospel*. There, the young scholar studies “ the unsearchable riches of Christ,” and the glories of heaven. There is the *School of Affliction*, where the young scholar makes great progress in humility, heavenly-mindedness, and faith. Oh, what a difference there is upon the scholar when he comes out of this school, from what he was when he went in !

#### THE PALACES OF THE CITY.

David makes mention of the palaces in Psal. xlviii. 3. “ God is known in her palaces for a refuge.” By the *Palaces*, we are to understand the ordinances of religion. What are the ordinances ? We answer, Prayer, praise, the reading, preaching, and hearing the word of God, are ordinances. These are the palaces of the city. It is there King Jesus is seen : it is there petitions are presented to him : it is there they are answered : it is there spiritual wealth and honours are received from King Jesus ; and it is there fellowship with King Jesus is enjoyed. Dear children, may you greatly love, and daily visit these palaces ! The

doors of these palaces are ever open. They are free all.

#### THE PLEASURE WALKS OF THE CITY.

There is the private retired walk of *Holy Meditation*. Here, what happy moments the pious child has in this walk, thinking of Christ and heaven!

There is the more public walk of *Holy Fellowship*. Here, pious children hold fellowship together in prayer, praise, and holy converse. There is a lovely inscription over the beautiful gate at the entrance of this walk. Mal. iii. 16, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it." Those dear children who frequent these walks often say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." 1 John i. 3.

#### THE BANK OF THE CITY.

The bank of the city is the *Covenant of Grace*. Here, it is a rich bank, for it contains all the blessings of salvation. Oh, how rich, for it contains grace here, and glory hereafter. It is a *sure* bank. Its treasures are called, (Isa. lv. 3,) "the sure mercies of David." It is a strong bank; it can never be robbed; it can never fail. Dear children, it is a free bank,—yes, a *free* grace bank. Every child is welcome to apply, and as often as he pleases; the oftener he comes he is the more welcome to come and receive of its boundless treasures.

#### THE ARMOURY OF THE CITY.

All pious children are soldiers; they are the soldiers of Christ, the Captain of salvation. The young spiritual soldier needs something with which to defend himself from his spiritual enemies. He needs something with which to attack them. What he needs for defence, and for attack, is called *armour*. An armoury is the house which contains the armour. Now this

city, the Church, has an armoury filled with armour for the young soldiers. The Apostle gives the following account of it, Eph. vi. 14—17. There is the *helmet* of salvation; the *breastplate* of righteousness; the *sword* of the Spirit; the *girdle* of truth. The *shoes* are the preparation of the Gospel of peace; and for the complete defence of the soul, there is the *shield* of faith. We must reserve the consideration of this armour to some future time. Young friends, become Christ's young soldiers, and he will lead you to victory and heaven. He will! "Be faithful unto death, and he will give you a crown of life." Rev. ii. 10.

#### THE LIGHT OF THE CITY.

Jesus is the *Sun of Righteousness*, who has risen on this city, who shines upon it, and who shall shine upon it for ever. Mal. iv. 2.

The *Bible* is the moon which reflects the light of Jesus, the bright beams of Christ's light, and which guide the heaven-bound traveller to his glorious home.

Good books, displaying and illustrating gospel truth, are stars which shine in the firmament of the Church.

Oh may each one of us belong to that blessed city, of which it is said, (Isa. lx. 20,) "Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

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## SACRED ZOOLOGY.

### THE DEER.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of spices."—*Song* ii. 17.

DEER belong to the flock kind, and are clean animals, dividing the hoof, and chewing the cud. The males are adorned with stately branching horns, which fall yearly. At first they are soft, covered with hair

wards they become smooth, and hard almost

of the Deer genus there are *seven* distinct kinds or differing from each other in most material



THE DEER.

but in others bearing a general resemblance. *First*, the Camelopardis, or Giraffe, a native of Africa, about fourteen feet high. The Elk is very common, and runs wild in the forests of Red Russia. The Stag, or Stag, has long branching horns bent back. The Tarandus, or Rein-deer, is a native of Lapland. To the Laplanders this animal is the substitute for the horse, the cow, the goat, and the sheep. It is the chief wealth. The Dama, also called the Fallow-

deer, Buck, and Doe, is found in Greece, the Holy Land, and in the north of China. They abound much in Britain, in the parks of the noble and opulent. The Capreolus, or Roe-buck, has erect beautiful branched horns. It is the least of the deer kind. It is remarkable for its elegance and agility. They were once numerous in the beautiful forests of Invercauld, in the midst of the Grampian hills. It is said, there is a *seventh* species found in Guinea, called the Guine-ensis, about the size of a cat.

It is, I have reason to believe, the peculiarity of every species of the Deer, that they are timorous and swift. Their thirst is often intense and painful. Hence David says, Psalm xlii. 1, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

"With earnest longings of the mind,  
My God, to thee I look;  
So pants the hunted hart to find  
And taste the cooling brook."

In moving among rocks, the Deer have great sureness and firmness of foot. This is employed in Scripture as a figurative illustration of the firmness and security of the believer's faith. Psalm xviii. 33, "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places." And in Hab. iii. 19, "He will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk upon my high places."

Jacob, on his death-bed, blessed his sons. There is something peculiar in the blessing which he pronounced on his son Naphtali. It runs in the following terms:—Gen. xlix. 21, "Naphtali is a hind let loose; he giveth goodly words." In some versions, the expression *goodly words* is rendered *beautiful branches*. If this be correct, the figure is most complete and striking. The blessing would read thus: "Naphtali is a hind let loose; shooting forth goodly branches." The *goodly branches*, in this case, denote the noble, the majestic antlers. This blessing was a prediction

literally accomplished in the future history of the descendants of Naphtali. What Jacob meant and foresaw was this : " Naphtali shall inhabit a country so rich, so fertile, so quiet, so unmolested, that, after having fed to the full, on the most nutritious pasturage, he shall shoot out branches ; that is, antlers of the most majestic magnitude." The lot, or division, which fell to this tribe, was rich in pasture, and his soil was fruitful in corn and oil. It was a beautiful wood-land country, extending to Mount Lebanon, and producing fruit of the greatest variety, and of the most delicious quality.

Our Lord is likened to a Roe, a Hart, and a Hind, to denote his loveliness, and his speed in coming for our deliverance. Hence the Church prays with longing expectation, (Song viii. 14,) " Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices."

The pious child, lying upon the bed of sickness and of pain, earnestly longs to depart, to reach his heavenly home, and to be with Christ, which is far better. How delightful it is to hear the young dying saint uttering the following prayer :—

" Come, my Jesus, haste away,  
Cut short the hours of thy delay ;  
Fly like a youthful hart or roe,  
Over the hills where spices grow."

Watts, Book I. H. 28.

" Blessed Jesus, may the heavenly Canaan be our inheritance ! Amen."

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#### NAMES AND TITLES OF JESUS, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

IN our January Number we considered three names of Jesus, beginning with the letter A ; namely, ALIEN, ALL IN ALL, and ALMIGHTY. Beloved young friends, may the *names* of Jesus be precious to your souls. Pray, oh pray fervently with the heart, that you may be enabled to say and sing—

" O how I love his charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear !"

We now invite your attention to the following names an *Altar*, the *Altogether lovely*, the *Alpha*, and the *A*.

**ALTAR.**—Heb. xiii. 10, "We have an Altar, whereof no right to eat which serve the Tabernacle." That on Jewish sacrifices were presented in the Temple was Jesus presented a sacrifice to satisfy offended justice for. The sacrifice was his human nature—his soul and body what was the Altar on which the sacrifice was presented his DIVINE NATURE! That was the Altar. It was that glorious Divine Nature, which gave the sacrifice less worth. And it is through Christ that the prayers and the praises we sing, are acceptable to God. Dear you say, Jesus is *my Altar*? Then, you are blessed!

**ALTOGETHER LOVELY.**—Song v. 10—16, "My beloved and ruddy, he is the chiefest among ten thousands. *Altogether lovely.*" The most excellent of saints on earth spots and blemishes. We cannot say of any believer even the holiest and the best, "He is altogether lovely;" only be said of Jesus. In the graces of his humanity *altogether lovely.*" In the perfections of his Divinity *altogether lovely.*" In his offices and relations, "He is *altogether lovely.*" Let each child now pray, "O Jesus, be *ALTOGETHER LOVELY* of my heart!"

**ALPHA.**—Rev. i. 8, "I am ALPHA and Omega, the beginning and the Ending." The first letter in the Greek alphabet. It is the same in sound as the letter "A," the first in our alphabet. Why is Jesus called ALPHA? Because *FIRST*. He is *first* as to *being*, he is from eternity, for he gave all things their *being*. He is *first*, as to *being*. He is infinitely above all kings, and above all angels; in humanity he is *first*. He is the "First-born among brethren," Rom. viii. 29. Young friends, may Jesus be *ALPHA*! Every morning may he have your *first* thought; may he have your *first*, your early days!

**AMEN.**—Rev. iii. 14. "These things saith the AMEN, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation: "AMEN" is a Hebrew word. It signifies *truth* and *truth* added to a prayer it means this, "May the prayer now be *really* and *truly* answered." Why is Jesus called AMEN? Because, *first*, he is the true God; *secondly*, he is the Saviour; *thirdly*, he is the substance of all divine truth; he teaches little children the truth by his Spirit; *fourthly*, the true Prophet; *sixthly*, he is the true Witness; and the promises are in Him, and shall be truly fulfilled.

**ANCHOR.**—Heb. vi. 19, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast." An anchor of a ship is a heavy piece of iron, lengthened out. It has on one end a ring, to which a great rope is fastened, called a cable.

piece of iron crosses the other end of the anchor, like two large  
 . When the anchor is let down these powerful claws lay  
 of the ground; thus the ship is kept safe in one place, and  
 nted from being dashed to pieces on the shore. Now, apply  
 o Jesus. The soul resembles a *ship*. The ANCHOR is Jesus,  
 aviour. Faith is the strong *rope*, which is fastened to  
 , the ANCHOR. Thus, the soul is safe; yes, safe from every  
 er, and safe in every storm. Oh, may you sing these lines  
 the heart:—

“ Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
 My soul to my dear Jesus flies;  
 He is my ANCHOR, firm and strong,  
 While tempests blow and billows rise.”

CIENT OF DAYS.—Dan. vii. 9, “ I beheld till the thrones  
 cast down, and the ANCIENT OF DAYS did sit, whose garment  
 white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool.”  
 ave in our land ancient buildings. We have ancient moun-  
 , which have stood in their majesty since the world was  
 ; but there is nothing so ancient as Christ. As God, he is  
 the beginning: Oh, how ancient! As God, he is from eter-  
 : Oh, how ancient! Oh, join with me in thus addressing  
 :—

“ Thy names, how infinite they be,  
 Thou great Eternal One!  
 From everlasting, thou art He  
 Who fills the heavenly throne!”

NGEL.—Gen. xviii. 16, “ The ANGEL which redeemed me  
 all evil, bless the lads.” Isa. lxiii. 9, “ In all their afflic-  
 he was afflicted, and the ANGEL of his presence saved them.”  
 el signifies messenger: and Jesus is called an “ Angel,”  
 use he is his Father’s messenger. His Father sent him from  
 en to earth, with a message of mercy and of grace to ruined  
 . And he now speaks to little children in the Gospel of  
 ove.

“ The Angel of the Cov’nant stands,  
 With his commission in his hands,  
 Sent from his Father’s milder throne,  
 To make his great salvation known.”

THOR OF FAITH.—Heb. xii. 2, “ Looking unto Jesus, the  
 FOR and Finisher of our faith.” Whatever a man *makes*, he  
 e *author* of it. *Faith* is a divine grace. It is by *faith* the  
 child sees Christ, receives Christ, leans on Christ. Who  
 e faith? Who gives faith? Who preserves faith? Christ.  
 s the “ AUTHOR and the Finisher of faith.”

H AUTHOR OF ETERNAL SALVATION.—Heb. v. 9, “ He became  
 VTHOR of eternal salvation to all them that obey him.”



By his divinity he contrived the plan of salvation: he is therefor its Author. He became man, obeyed, suffered, and died to obtain salvation: he is therefore its Author. He bestows salvation on all who obey him; on all who hear his calls of mercy, and come to him.

Dear child, flee to Him, accept his invitations of love, receive Him, and He will be the AUTHOR of *your* salvation, and give you at death a place beside Him on his throne.

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### THE BIBLE.

REMARKABLE EFFECT OF THE ELOQUENCE OF THE LATE REV. J. ROGERS,  
OF DEDHAM, ESSEX.

I HAVE read the following remarkable narrative in a sermon of the learned and pious, the Rev. John Howe's. The sermon is on the Principles of the Oracles of God. He says, "It was related to me by the Rev. Thos. Godwin, when he was president of Magdalen College, Oxford. He told me, that being himself, in the time of his youth, a student at Cambridge, and having heard much of Mr. Rogers, of Dedham, in Essex, he purposely took a journey from Cambridge to Dedham, to hear him preach on his lecture day; the lecture then so strangely thronged and frequented, that to those who came not very early, there was no possibility of getting room in that very spacious church. Mr. Rogers, as he told me, at the time he heard him, was preaching on the subject of discourse, which hath been for some time the subject of mine—the *Scriptures*. And in that sermon he falls upon an expostulation with the people on their neglect of the Bible. He personates God to the people, telling them, 'Well, I have so long trusted you with my Bible! You have slighted it. It lies in such and such houses, all covered with dust and cobwebs; you care not to look into it. Do you use my Bible so? You shall have my Bible no longer.' And he takes the Bible from his cushion, and seems as if he were going away with it, and carrying it from them; but immediately turns again, and personating the people to God, falls on his knees, cries, and pleads most earnestly; 'Lord, whatsoever thou dost to us, take not thy Bible from us; kill our children, burn our houses, destroy our goods, only spare us thy Bible! only take not away thy Bible!'

"Then he personates God again to the people: 'Say you so! Well, I will try you a little longer, and here is my Bible for you, and I will see how you use it; whether you will love it more; whether you will value it more; whether you will observe it more; whether you will practise it more, and live more according to it.'

"By these means, (as the Doctor told me,) he put all the con-

ion into so strange a posture, that he never saw any gation in his life. The place was a mere Bochim, the generally deluged, as it were, with their own tears ! e told me, that he himself, when he got out, and was to orce again to be gone, was fain to hang a quarter of an pon the neck of his horse weeping, before he had power to , so strange an impression was there on him, and generally he people, on having been thus expostulated with for the t of the Bible !”

## MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

## TORNADO.

ur is a Tornado? It is a dreadful storm of wind, more ur to countries in warm climates. The following is an t of a dreadful storm of wind and rain, which visited ia, a section of the Hervey group of islands, in the far ; Pacific Ocean. In Mangaia, the preaching of the , and schools, have been crowned with the most encourag- ccess. The following description is given of a tempest visited that island on February 10th, and which was d at intervals, with destructive violence, until March 17th, y the Rev. George Gill:—

four o'clock on Tuesday morning, March 17th, we were ed from sleep by the bursting open of all our windows reat violence. The wind was roaring like thunder, and was furiously dashing its waves upon the reef. The whole was alarmed, and in great confusion. In the darkness of ur, the foam of the billows and the waves gave us light. readful was our suspense and anxiety in waiting for the As dawn appeared, the wind and sea increased in violence, ery thing seemed to be doomed to destruction. The stones ie beach, carried by the wind like hail, fell upon us, and ur windows, and the whole house itself was rocking. Mrs. d our dear babe hurried outside, and for more than an ere supported by natives surrounding them, as it was im- e to stand without help, or to seek a shelter, in conse- of the violence of the wind. There we stood in dreadful ; drenched to the skin, and watching the falling of houses es, and the rolling of the sea. Who can describe the of that hour ! Our dwelling-house was roofless, and the nds had fallen. The house in which we kept our stores o shivered and rocking, and almost roofless. The rain ell in torrents ; we were without shelter, and trembling ld. The natives gathered round us for counsel and com- t I was unable to speak, either to direct or console. Just time there was an awful shriek ! It rent the air, and.

seemed to be louder and higher than the roar of winds and waves. The natives observed that the wind had changed, and had assumed the character of a whirlwind. Every part of the village was caught by its violence, and the tallest trees, with more than fifty houses, fell in a moment. Still all was not done. The winds again roared, and the waters thundered; trees, as they were broken, were tossed in the air, and were seen turning rapidly, like wheels. I had left the tree near to which I was standing, to take my position near to another, whence I could command a longer view of the village. I observed the sea again rushing upon the shore, and with it came a stronger gust than we had yet felt. The very land seemed to shake. Seven large houses fell, with the school-houses and the old chapel, which was more than 120 feet long and 36 feet wide. I was blown down and bruised by the gust; but, recovering, I seized a young tree to support myself, and looking around me upon the beach, I could see no house standing. I looked towards the new chapel on the top of the hill, and greatly rejoiced to see it standing, although I perceived the roof much injured. But another moment, and another gust—and it was not! The building rocked—then it was lifted up—and I saw it fall! Alas, alas! my heart was just broken. This hurricane extended around the whole island. The two inland stations are desolated; the chapels, the schools, and the dwellings of the natives, all levelled to the ground." Mercy was mingled with judgment; not one life was lost!

---

#### REVIEW.

*Rhymes worth Remembering. For the Young. By the Author of "Important Truths in Simple Verse."*

THIS little work is admirably suited to the tender and youthful mind. It is a moral and spiritual nose-gay, beaming with beauty, and exhaling the most refreshing fragrance. It is attracting, animating, and instructive; recommending itself by the piety which it breathes, and the poetical originality and affectionate simplicity which it displays. May the Holy Spirit crown the work with his blessing!

---

#### WISE SAYING.

**FEAR OF GOD.**—"What we are afraid to do before man, we should be afraid to think before God." Jer. xvii. 19.—Dr. 88a.

## SERMON XII.

DANGER OF DESPISING GOD'S WORD.

despiset the word shall be destroyed."—*Prov.* xiii. 13.

has three books. He speaks in each. All three contain his *word*. God's word is in the of *Creation*. *Psal.* xix. 4. His words in that 'have gone to the end of the world." God's s in the book of *Providence*. He speaks to us events of his providence; in the comforts or ons which his providence sends, he speaks. He 'I am merciful, and I am sovereign." God's s especially in the book of *Revelation*. That Bible, which was as really made by God, as the moon, and the stars. God's word is by way nence in this book. He speaks more clearly, plainly, more personally, and more powerfully, the other two books. This book is in a most able sense GOD'S WORD. It is his word to us, to me. If we hear it, love it, believe it, we e saved; but if we hate it, reject it, despise it, ll be destroyed. Dear children, this word must trifled with. To die despising it, it is impos- at heaven can be obtained. To die despising miseries of hell cannot be escaped. They ! For God himself, who gives us this word, and his word stands more sure than the ever-mountains,) "Whoso despiset the word shall be ed."

are they who despise God's word? Mark the to this question. Prayerless children, dis- at children, lying children, swearing children, ldren, thieving children, Sabbath-breaking child- nd Christ-rejecting children; these are children spise God's word; and if they die as they live, all be destroyed; they must perish, they cannot  
 "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon them, and  
 their hearts, and save their souls!"

By the assistance of the Holy Spirit, we will consider SEVEN WORDS of God, and show that those who despise them shall be destroyed.

I. God's *commanding word*.—It is in the Ten commandments God gives his commanding word. His commands are holy, just, and kind. He will command you, dear children, to obey, promises to enable you to obey. Oh, how kind! They are the commands of a Father, of a King, of a God. They come from love; but they come also from authority as well as love. They are given by the love of a Father, they are given by the authority of a King. O beware of this! Is it dangerous to despise the commanding word of an earthly king? How dangerous it must be to despise the commanding word of the GREAT GOD, who rules heaven, earth, and hell! I beseech you, to beware of this! Think not that you can possibly escape punishment if you live and die despising God's commanding word; it is impossible. Do not deceive yourself with false hopes! He may punish you here if you do not, he will punish you in hell. Fearful, I think! Eph. v. 6, "The wrath of God will be against the children of disobedience."

II. God's *warning word*.—How does God warn young sinners? He tells them the danger of sin. He *warns* them of the evil and danger of a bad company. He tells them that a "companion who shall be destroyed," Prov. xiii. 20. He warns them of the evil and danger of profane swearing. He tells them, Exod. xx. 7, that he "will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain." In Rev. xii. 17 he warns them of the evil and danger of lying. He tells them, he says, that "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." He goes on to warn them against despising Christ and his salvation. He tells them, Heb. ii. 3, that they cannot escape punishment if they "neglect so great salvation." My young friends,

merciful and kind it is in God to give such warnings! Oh! you need them; yes, you need them much. If you love your own souls, and if you wish to escape everlasting burnings, do not despise God's *warning word*; for they who live and die despising it, "shall be destroyed."

III. God's *threatening word*.—What does God do when he threatens? He tells the rebellious hardened sinner, that if he lives and dies in his iniquity and rebellion, he will punish him with a heavy punishment in the lowest hell. Why does God threaten? He does it in mercy, that the poor thoughtless sinner may be aroused to see his sin and danger. It is that he may be persuaded to forsake his sins and live. Let us now look at some of God's threatenings. He says, **Exod. xxxiv. 7**, "I will by no means clear the guilty;" that is, I will show no mercy to those who live and die despising my mercy. There is another threatening in **Psal. xi. 6**: "Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup." A great divine\* calls God's *threatenings* "a fence placed around the mouth of hell, to prevent poor sinners from falling in." Dear children, remember that hardened sinners who despise God's *threatening word* break through the fence; and, if mercy prevent not, they must be destroyed.

IV. God's *reproving voice*.—To *reprove*, is to tell one of his faults. It is to tell him how guilty he is on account of his sins. It is to tell him he is offending God. It is to tell him that he deserves God's wrath. God reproveth all kinds of sinners in his word. Sabbath-breakers, liars, swearers, prayerless persons, disobedient to parents, are all reproveth. Young friends, it is most dangerous to despise God's *reproving word*. Hear what God says of those who despise his *reproving word*. **Prov. xv. 10**, "He that hateth reproof shall die." *May this sink deep into your hearts.* He says farther, **Prov. xxix. 1**, "He, that being often reproveth

\* President Davies.

hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Oh, may this sink deep into your hearts!

V. God's *calling voice*.—God calls on poor sinners in his word. He calls mercifully; he calls earnestly; he calls constantly; he calls patiently. Jesus calls on young sinners to become his scholars. He says, Matt. xi. 29, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." Jesus calls upon them to obey him and serve him, and says, "Take upon you my yoke, which is easy, and my burden, which is light." Matt. xi. 29, 30. He calls upon them to escape from hell, saying, "Escape for your life." Gen. xix. 17. He calls upon them to flee to heaven. He calls on them to "lay aside every weight, and to run the race set before them;" that is, the race which leads to heaven. Heb. xii. 1, 2. How infinitely merciful are these *calls*! But remember, it is no light matter to despise them; for those who despise them, and who die despising them, must be destroyed. Think on what God says of those who despise his *calling word*, and then despise it no more for ever. Prov. i. 24—26: "Because I called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would have none of my reproof: I will also laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." Young friends, may the Holy Spirit deeply affect your hearts with the solemn truth, that "they who despise God's *calling word* must be destroyed!"


VI. God's *promising word*.—The Bible is full of precious promises. Have you not often wondered, after the sun has set, when you have looked upward to the skies, and seen the myriads of lovely twinkling stars? Indeed, they are wonderful. But I can tell you something far more wonderful, and far more delightful. What is it? It is the multitudes of precious promises, shining in all their loveliness upon the pages of Scripture. And, indeed, they well deserve to be

precious. "They are more precious than jewels, and the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to them." Let us now look at some of these promises.

The following is a most beautiful promise to children. Prov. viii. 17, "I love them that love me and those that seek me early shall find me." And are those children who believe this promise. They seek Jesus. They are saved. And they shall dwell with him for ever in heaven. But multitudes who have despised this promise have been destroyed. May this not be your doom! Let us look at another beautiful promise. It is in our dear Saviour's Sermon on the Mount. Matth. vii. 7, 8, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." Oh what a blessed, what precious promise is this. There are many dear souls in heaven who believed this promise. They opened it with the hand of faith. And, when they were conveyed to heaven, where they shall dwell for ever and ever. But, alas! alas! there are many, yes, multitudes in hell, who despised this precious promise, and now they are receiving the reward of their unbelief. They are destroyed. That is, their hopes and their happiness are destroyed; yes, they are damned for ever. God forbid that this should be your doom, to despise Christ's promising word! God forbid that this should be your doom, to be destroyed! Let us, dear children, lay hold on these precious promises. Let us believe them. Then grace will be your portion, and glory your inheritance hereafter.

*And, finally, God's inviting word.*—The blessings of salvation are compared to a feast. "Regeneration, pardon, and place in God's family, holiness, and grace," are the blessings of salvation. They are a feast, a rich banquet, and a delicious feast, provided for the soul. And he sends his ministers, and the pious instructors of the rising



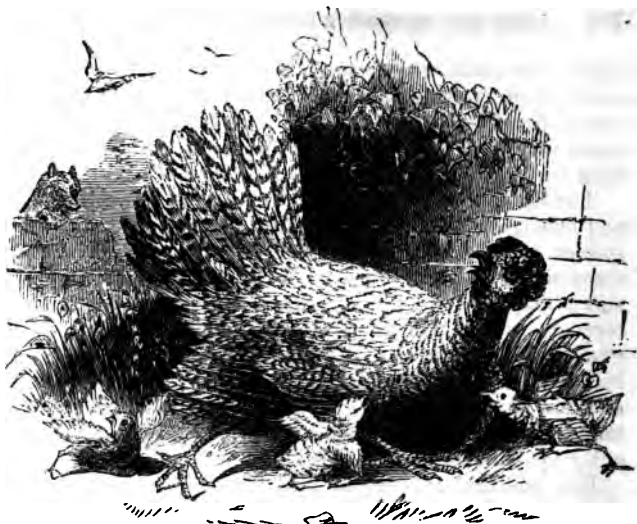


turn in hither : as for him that wanteth ~~under~~  
she saith to him, Come, eat of my bread, ~~and~~  
the wine which I have mingled. Forsake ~~it~~  
and live ; and go in the way of ~~under~~  
Blessed, blessed invitation ! To you, you,  
this invitation is most assuredly delivered. .  
ceive it, if you partake by faith of the Gosp  
that is, receive Jesus and his salvation,—you st  
at death the joys of heaven. But the truth  
told : they who die refusing and despising the  
tions of mercy, shall be destroyed ! Oh may ti  
ing lines sink deep into all your hearts !—

“ Let every mortal ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;  
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.

“ Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind.

“ Eternal Wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites



THE HEN.

## SACRED ZOOLOGY.

### THE HEN.

THIS bird is only mentioned on one occasion in Scripture by name. Both Matthew and Luke introduce it into their Gospels, but the *occasion* is the same; namely, when our Saviour looked upon Jerusalem, and wept over it. He thought on four things connected with that city—her unequalled privileges, the astonishing deliverances God had accomplished in her behalf, and the unparalleled calamities and desolations which awaited her. When he thought of all this, he wept over her, and gave vent to the following mournful exclamation: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which were sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a HEN gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! But now your house is left unto you desolate!" Matth. xxiii. 37, 38

There is an allusion made to the tender and anxious care of this bird, in the following words, illustrative of God's watchful care of his people. Psal. xci. 4, "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

The HEN, in Ornithology, is of the genus *Phasianus*, and belonging to the order of *Gallinæ*. There are six species in this order, and the *Gallus*, or common domesticated cock and hen, form the first species of the six. They are worthy of this place, for, of all the myriads of the winged tribes, this bird renders the greatest service to man. It not only gives its eggs for his nourishment, but also its flesh for his food. In addition to this, the softer portion of its feathers forms the pillow on which he lays down his weary head, to enjoy his slumber and repose.

It is said that this useful bird was originally introduced from Persia. Aristophanes calls the Cock the *Persian bird*; and tells us he enjoyed that kingdom before some of its earliest monarchs.

The Hen seldom rears more than one brood of chickens in a season. She produces sometimes 200 eggs in a year—much more than she can possibly hatch. This superabundant quantity is evidently a provision made for man, and illustrative of the wisdom and goodness of God. The Hen is not particular in preparing a nest for her eggs, or for hatching her young. She is perfectly satisfied with a hole scratched into the ground among a few bushes. When she begins to sit upon her eggs, nothing can equal her perseverance and patience. For days she continues immovable; and when forced away by hunger, she speedily returns. When the eggs are all hatched, she leads forth her offspring to provide for their support. She undergoes herself a complete change. She is no longer voracious and cowardly. She abstains from all food which her young can swallow, and flies boldly at every creature that she thinks is likely to do them harm. Whatever the invading enemy is, whether horse or mastiff, she boldly attacks him

e utters a variety of notes, which her brood pertly understand. By these she calls them to their aid, or warns them of approaching dangers. It is peculiarly interesting to see the Hen covering her brood with her wings. "So may God cover us with his feathers, and under his wings may we trust!"

FIGURATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE,  
IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

**N**umber X. we considered four excellences of the Bible, beginning with the letters A, B, and C. In humble dependence on the aid of the Divine Spirit, we will now consider the Word of God as a Box of Jewels, Bread, a Broad Land, a Bunch of Flowers, a Chamber of a King, Comforter, Compass, Cordial, Counsellor, Crown, and Dainty Food.

**Box of Jewels.**—There was a precious box, first in the Tabernacle, and afterwards in the Temple; namely, the Ark of the Covenant. It was covered with gold. It contained ten precious jewels, namely, the Ten Commandments. The Bible is a more valuable box, having a greater quantity of precious jewels. There is in this box the whole will of God. Here there are jewels of promises, jewels of precepts, jewels of doctrines, jewels of prophecies, jewels of histories, jewels of songs, jewels of proverbs, jewels of parables, and jewels of prayers. But I see in it a JEWEL more precious than them all—JESUS, the PEARL OF GREAT PRICE!

**BREAD.**—In Scripture, *bread* is taken to mean all that forms the food of man, or all that is necessary for his nourishment and maintenance of his life. Amazing is the difference betwixt the soul and the body. But in this thing they resemble each other—they both need food, or bread, for their nourishment and comfort. Man cannot live by bread alone; that is, by the bread that perisheth. The regenerated soul lives "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Matt. iv. 4. They who read the Bible with understanding, faith, love, and personal application, depending upon the Holy Spirit, feed upon it as the bread of life, and assuredly shall live for ever.

**A BROAD LAND.**—From the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation it evidently appears a land both long and wide. As the Psalmist says, Psal. cxix. 96, "Thy commandment," that is, the Bible, thy Word, "is exceeding broad." Oh, how long! it reaches back into eternity past, and it reaches forward into eternity to come. Oh, how broad! for it spreads over the vast extent of creation, providence, and grace.

*"Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies."*

**A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.**—The Bible is a garden filled with choicest flowers. The chief flower we see in Scripture is **JESUS**. He is the Rose of Sharon; he is the Lily of the valleys. Song ii. 1. The promises are flowers. They are flowers of great beauty, great variety, and great fragrance. The believing child takes these flowers in the hand of faith, and the refreshing perfume revives his fainting soul.

**A CHAMBER OF A KING.**—What king is found in this magnificent chamber? It is **KING JESUS**. The young saint comes to this lovely royal chamber, here to see King Jesus. Here he sees the King in his beauty, his mercy, his grace, his fulness, his compassion, and his love. As the sun fills the firmament with his brightness, Jesus fills this noble apartment with his glory.

**A COMFORTER.**—What does the holy Psalmist say of the Word of God as a *Comforter*? Psal. cxix. 50, "This," that is, thy word, "is my *comfort* in my affliction; for thy word hath quickened me." So great a *Comforter* is God's word, that it enables this holy man to sing in the wilderness songs of triumph and of praise. Ver. 54, "Thy statutes," that is, thy word, "have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

**A COMPASS.**—What a blessing is a *compass*! What an infinitely greater blessing is the Bible! The compass guides the mariner through the briny ocean; the Bible is the spiritual compass, which safely guides through all the stormy billows of human life. The compass points to the polar star: this spiritual compass points to Jesus, the Bright and Morning Star. This compass points to heaven.

**A CORDIAL.**—Those who are ready to faint, need a cordial to revive their sinking spirits. The believer is in himself weak, but when by faith he drinks the cordial of the Word of God, his soul is restored, his weak graces become strong and active. Then he sings, "I will go forward in the strength of God the Lord, making mention of his righteousness, even of his only." Psal. lxxi. 16. And it is this cordial which makes the soul of the pious child triumphant in death, and saying, when the last enemy draws near, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. xv. 55, 57.

**A COUNSELLOR.**—To counsel, is to give good advice. No counsellor ever gave such wise, such needful, such loving counsel, as the Word of God. In every sense of the word it is a *wonderful Counsellor*. It is the counsellor of kings, and nobles, and judges, and philosophers, and ministers, and merchants, masters and servants, parents and children. Oh, may every youthful reader of these lines be enabled to look upon the Bible and say with the heart, Psal. cxix. 24, "Thy testimonies also are my delight and my counsellors."

**A CROWN.**—Kings on great occasions appear with crowns on their heads. These are formed of gold, and sparkle with jewels.

Do crowns give dignity to kings? Oh, see what dignity and honour the Word of God gives to those who know it, who believe it, and who feel its power! What is the sparkling lustre of the jewels of a crown, compared with that moral brightness and spiritual glory, with which the Bible irradiates those holy children, who are enlightened by its wisdom, and purified by its influence?

**DAINTY FOOD.**—It is said, Gen. xlix. 20, “Asher shall yield royal dainties;” that is, delicious food, worthy to be placed on the tables of kings. And what does the Bible do? It presents spiritual food, prepared in heaven, fit for the enjoyment of angels. Look to the gospel table, and to the gospel feast. There you see the doctrines of the gospel. These are dainty food. There you see the promises of eternal truth; there you see Jesus, and all the blessings of salvation. These are dainty food, and the Holy Bible furnishes them all.

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#### TWO REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF CONVERSION.

THE memory of the REV. JOHN ROGERS is still fresh in the minds of the pious inhabitants of DEBHAM, in Essex, though he finished his life and labours in the year 1636, more than two centuries ago. He was a minister of the Church of England, remarkable for his piety, his eloquence, and his zeal. He preached in that parish for thirty-one years. Then gospel ministers in the Establishment were comparatively few in number; he was therefore held in great estimation by the people of God far and near. For thirty-one years his church was crowded to the door, not only on Sabbaths, but during his Tuesday mornings' lectures. He was the instrument of the conversion of multitudes.

One day, on the other side of a hedge, he observed two men, and heard the one saying to the other, “Let us go next Sabbath to church, and make fun of *old roaring Rogers*.” He was not seen by them; but he was enabled so minutely to observe them, that he felt sure he should remember them if he saw them in church next Sabbath. Before reading his text, he looked round, and at last saw these two hardened sinners standing in the porch. No doubt he had prayed fervently in his closet that the truth might reach their conscience, and by the Spirit save their souls.

He gave out the following text, Matt. iii. 10: “And now the axe is laid to the root of the tree.” Then fixing his eyes on the two men, he said, “I am determined that some of the *chips shall reach the church porch*.” The men were struck with astonishment. They were riveted to the spot. Conviction reached their hearts. They became eminent converts, and lived and died the ornaments of that gospel which was made

the power of God for their salvation. Of such hardened re! God raised up children to Abraham, to sing their Savio praise.

This interesting circumstance was related to me by my frie the Rev. John Trew, pastor of the Independent Church Dedham. A. F.

---

 P O E T R Y .

“ ZION, WHOM NO MAN SEEKETH AFTER.”—*Jer.* xxx. 17.

“ SCATTER'D by God's avenging hand,  
 Afflicted and forlorn,  
 Sad wanderers from their pleasant land,  
 Do Judah's children mourn ;  
 And e'en in Christian countries, few  
 Breathe thoughts of pity towards the Jew.

“ Yet listen, Christian, do you love  
 The Bible's precious page ?  
 Then let your hearts with kindness move  
 To Israel's heritage.  
 Who traced those lines of love for you ?  
 Each sacred writer was a Jew.

“ And then, as years and ages pass'd,  
 And nations rose and fell,—  
 Though clouds and darkness oft were cast  
 O'er captive Israel,—  
 The oracles of God, for you,  
 Were kept in safety by the Jew.

“ And though His own received Him not,  
 And turn'd in pride away,  
 Whence is the Gentile's happier lot ?  
 Are you more just than they ?  
 No ! God in pity turn'd to you,—  
 Have you no pity for the Jew ?

“ Go, then, and bend your knee to pray  
 For Israel's ancient race ;  
 Ask the Redeemer every day  
 To call them by his grace ;  
 Go,—for a debt of love is due  
 From Christians to the suffering Jew !”

**SABBATH SCHOOL PREACHER,**  
AND  
**Jubilee Miscellany.**  
VOL. II.  
BY THE  
**REV. ALEX. FLETCHER, D.D.**

OF FINSBURY CHAPEL, LONDON.



“SAMUEL ANSWERED, SPEAK; FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.”—  
1 Sam. iii. 10.

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“Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.”

MONTGOMERY.

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LONDON:—1849.

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ANTELOPE, OR GAZELLE.

## SACRED ZOOLOGY.

### ANTELOPE, OR GAZELLE.

THE Antelope, or Gazelle, is the most lovely of the er tribe. The Hebrew name is צִבִּי, TZEBI, which signifies *to collect*. Gazelles live together in troops, e numbers sometimes amounting to thousands. These eatures are universally admired for their beauty. ey are lively and brilliant. Their eyes are so bright, t at the same time presenting such an expression of ftness, gentleness, and meekness, that eastern poets mpare the eyes of the most beautiful of women to ose of the gazelle. The writers of the Septuagint nslation of the Old Testament translate the Hebrew ve TZEBI by *δορκας*, DORCAS, which signifies *beauty*. iel, in his lamentation over Saul and Jonathan

(2 Sam. i. 19), compares them to the gazelle. He says, "The *beauty* of Israel is slain upon thy high places." In the original Hebrew it is "the *tzebi* of Israel." In the Septuagint Greek translation it is "the *dorcas* of Israel." And in our language the words may be rendered, in reference to the loveliest of quadrupeds, as a figure, "The *gazelle* of Israel is slain upon thy high places."

There are two kinds of gazelles, or antelopes—the gazelle of the mountain, and that of the plain. The former is the most beautiful, and it bounds with such astonishing swiftness, that it seems as if possessed of the power of flying. Some of David's heroes are thus described, 1 Chron. xii. 8: "Whose faces were like the faces of lions, and were as swift as roes," or gazelles.

---

## SERMON I.

MURDERS, SHOWING THE HEART TO BE DESPERATELY  
WICKED.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked!"  
*Jer. xvii. 9.*

DEAR young friends, what is the greatest crime that man can commit against man? It is the crime of *murder*. Many murders have been lately committed in England. This country is called a *Christian* country; but, alas! many of the foulest murders have lately stained England's fair fame and lofty name. Nothing has exceeded them, even in Ireland, or in the land of barbarians and cannibals. Oh! it is painful to preach or write on such a subject. I have done the first,\* and I now proceed to do the second.

\* On the evening of Sabbath, April 15th, last, I preached on the subject of the Stanfield Hall murders, to a large and attentive assembly, in Finsbury Chapel.—A. F.

do not know the temptations which await you. If you may be tempted to commit the sin of rebellion! If this sermon shall be the means of preventing you from committing a crime so great and so awful, I shall be well rewarded, however painful the exertion may be to the feelings of my heart.

What does our text say? It tells us that the heart is *desperately wicked*. Murder, more than any other crime, shows that the heart is desperately wicked. The *heart* is very generally taken in Scripture to signify the *soul*. As the heart placed in our body is the principal and most important part of our body, the

heart, by a figure, is very often called by that name. What are the actions of a child? They are issues, or veins, which flow from the heart. Prov. iv. 23: "Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are issues of life." We know the nature of the tree by its fruit. We know the nature of a fountain by its issues. And we know the heart, even of a child, by the words he speaks, and by the actions he performs. If his words are profane, his heart is profane. If his actions are cruel, his heart is cruel. Dear children, observe what Jesus says about the heart. Matt. xv. 19: "For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, false witness, blasphemy." These were the actions of the convicted murderer, who, at Tanfield Hall, deprived a father and a son of life, wounded and endangered the life of two helpless children! When we think of this dreadful deed, we are compelled to say that "the heart is desperately wicked."

Let us now turn for a little to the murder of Calvary. Here, and on a cross, Jesus, the incarnate Jehovah, was murdered; by wicked hands he was crucified and slain. Among all murders *this* stands without an equal. *And it shall continue without an equal till the end of the world shall be no more.* A voice is heard from Calvary: *what is it?* "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked!"

## THE SIN OF MURDER.

May the following remarks on the sin of murder be accompanied with the Divine blessing !

1st. To murder is to usurp God's prerogative. What is a *prerogative*? It is something belonging to one by right. And if any one dares to take it from him, he is guilty of an act of sin and injustice. Strictly speaking, no one *can* take from God his prerogative. But the murderer attempts it. God gave life, and he only has the right to take life away. What does the murderer do? He attempts to take God's right out of his hand. The murderer's heart leads him to this dreadful act. Then his "heart is desperately wicked."

2d. To murder, is to lay waste and desolate one of the noblest works of God. A living body, containing a living soul, is a more wonderful work than the temple of Solomon in all its glory. What, then, is a palace or a temple laid in ruins, compared with the human body laid in ruins, and levelled with the dust by a murderer's hand? Surely "the heart is desperately wicked."

3d. To murder, is to commit the most atrocious robbery. All that a man possesses is nothing compared with his life. Job ii. 4: "Skin for skin, all that a man hath, will he give for his life." Gold, silver, jewels, houses, and lands, he will part with in a moment if his life be spared. A murderer, therefore, deprives another of his greatest, richest, and most valuable inheritance. The heart which prompts to such a robbery as this "is desperately wicked."

4th. To murder, is to inflict an injury which never can be repaired. It is to inflict a wound which never can be healed. It is doing what never can be undone. It is laying a house in ruins which never can be restored or rebuilt. How many die by a murderer's hand who are not prepared to die! Oh, how frightful the thought, to send a soul into eternity unprepared! What is it? I must answer the question, though it

is most painful and distressing to the heart. It is forcibly, unjustly, and cruelly to send a soul to hell! It is to send it to misery, from which it never can be relieved. It is to send it into a prison, from which it never can escape. Murder, then, is an irreparable evil; and the heart of the murderer "is desperately wicked."

#### THE MURDERER.

We have considered the sin of murder; let us now look at the murderer. Let us see *what* he is.

1st. He is under the power of the *vilest passions*. Look into his heart, and what do you see? You see such vile passions as covetousness, envy, revenge, enmity, and selfishness. One, or all of these, made him a murderer. His heart is a "burning volcano, a little hell!"

2d. The murderer is a most *selfish* being. To please *self* he robs one of his most valuable inheritance; he despises the laws of men, he scorns the threatened judgments of heaven, he drives a soul into eternity, and plunges whole families into the depths of unutterable woe.

3d. A murderer is the most *dangerous* of beings. He is more dangerous than the crocodile, the rattlesnake, or the devouring tiger which has escaped from his cage.

4th. A murderer is peculiarly a child of Satan. Most striking is the resemblance. Satan is "a murderer, and was so from the beginning," John viii. 44. He is the most malicious of beings, and it is malice which makes the murderer.

5th. A murderer is the most *degraded* of beings. He is in the lowest scale of the most degraded of creatures. Why? Because he is under the worst passions, and has been guilty of the greatest crime.

6th. He is therefore the most *abhorred* of beings. *He is abhorred as a common enemy, as a monster in human shape, and as fixing on human nature the*



fooulest blot. He is more abhorred than the wolf or the hyena thirsting for blood.

7th. He especially *exposes* himself to *Divine wrath*. He deserves to die, he deserves God's wrath, he deserves hell! He is preparing for hell, Rev. xxi. 8: "Murderers shall have their portion in the lake of fire and brimstone."

8th. God *can save* a murderer's soul. He can give him repentance. He *can* change the monster's heart. He *can* forgive the penitent murderer's sin. He converted, he forgave, the murderer Manasseh. 2 Chron. xxxiii. 18, 19.

#### STANFIELD HALL MURDERS.

There was a heart-rending tragedy of blood, literally and lately acted at Stanfield Hall, in the neighbourhood of the city of Norwich, by James Blomfield Rush, who was a farmer in Potash, close to the dwelling of the murdered victims. This appalling tragedy furnishes a most melancholy illustration of what we have said of murder and of the murderer.

1st. The passions of envy, malice and revenge were long indulged in the murderer's bosom, which at last burst forth like a torrent of burning lava from a volcano.

2d. The indulgence of these passions led to the contrivance of a most extraordinary plan of death. Satan sat at the right hand of the plotting murderer.

3d. There was cool preparation for the deed—the preparation of his own mind; providing fire-arms and practising their use; also the preparing a disguise to conceal his person, and the laying of straw on a pathway to prevent the marks of his footsteps.

4th. Some tears were seen falling down his cheeks before he left his home to commit the deed. Then he resumed his firmness of purpose, and said, "Like the spider Robert the Bruce saw, which, suspended from the ceiling, six times attempted to gain a beam, and

gained it the seventh, I have attempted six times, but will succeed the seventh."

5th. Now see him leaving his home, and under the covert of night walking through his fields, armed, and Satan by his side, proceeding to the scene of blood.

6th. Oh! think of the family of Jermys, enjoying in imaginary security all the comforts of domestic life, and two of them within a few minutes of the eternal world.

7th. The father leaves the dining-room, and is instantly shot through the heart; the son hears the report of the pistol, follows his father, and is in a moment shot dead; Mrs. Jermy, the wife of the son, she also proceeds to the scene of murder, and the assassin, aiming at her life, greatly wounds her; a faithful servant flees to her help, and she also is wounded by the assassin's hand. Sad—sad catastrophe of blood, and wounds, and death!

8th. The murderer returns to his abode under the frowns of heaven. On his return, he says to a young woman with whom he sinfully and unlawfully lived, "If any one asks how long I have been out, say I have been only out ten minutes." Early in the morning he rose, went into her bed-room: trembling with horror, he said a second time, "Be firm; if any one asks, say I have only been out ten minutes."

9th. J. B. Rush was universally suspected. The officers of justice entered his dwelling early on the following day, made him prisoner, and bound with handcuffs of iron those hands which sent two human beings a few hours before into eternity, and which attempted the life of a third and a fourth. They took him from that home to which he should never return.

10th. The trial is over; the verdict of *guilty* is given; the sentence is pronounced. It is now executed. The murderer has been brought from his cell, has suffered the penalty of the law, and has appeared before *the Judge of the whole earth*. How true, "the heart is *deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked!*"

## CONCLUSION.

1st. Beloved children, seek grace to lay restraints on every sinful passion. If J. B. Rush, who was once a child like you, had restrained his passions, what guilt he would have escaped, and what misery prevented!

2d. Beware of stirring up the sinful passions of others. It is said, but I hope it is not true, that the elder Mr. Jermy had been *severe* to Rush. If so, how frightful the consequences! There is a wise and striking advice in the Apocrypha, Ecclus. viii. 10: "Kindle not the coals of a sinner, lest thou be burnt with the flame of his fire."

3d. Beware of three murderers who are abroad in the earth, murdering souls. Their names are, the devil, the world, and the flesh. From these murderers may Jesus mercifully preserve you.

Lastly. Oh! receive Christ, and submit to his grace, his government, and laws. Commit your souls to his care, and embrace him as your Saviour. May the Holy Spirit enable you to receive Jesus as yours, and to surrender yourselves to him as his. Then he will subdue all your sinful passions, renew your hearts, forgive your sins, and at last he will make you the possessors of heaven. Amen.

## ANTS.

THE Hebrew name of *ants* is very descriptive of their nature, character, and habits. It is נמלה, *nemala*. The word *nemala* signifies a *cropper*, or one that *cuts off*. Ants collect corn in harvest for their support in winter. They lay it up underground in stores. They are guided by a remarkable instinct to crop off the germs from the seeds of corn, to prevent their growth. Without this precaution, the industry of the ants would be in vain, and all their labour lost.

the seeds of corn would vegetate and grow, and the hoarded treasures would become useless. Come, my young friends, and admire the wisdom, goodness, and condescension of God in the lesson he teaches the industrious ants. This is one of the innumerable instances of God's wisdom and goodness, as displayed by those marvellous instincts with which all tribes of



ANTS.

irrational creatures are endowed, and without which their existence would most speedily come to a close.

Ants live together in companies, like bees, and they maintain a kind of republic, most perfect in its arrangement, and the administration so well regulated as to require no reform. We cannot say of human governments what can be said of the government maintained and enjoyed by these humble insects. In

Scripture *ants* are presented as instructors. Prov. vi. 6: "Go to the *ant*, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." Ver. 8: "Which provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

---

MURDERERS MENTIONED IN SCRIPTURE.

**CAIN.**—His victim was his *brother Abel*. Gen. iv. 8: "And it came to pass when they were in the field, that *Cain* rose up against *Abel* his brother, and slew him."

**ABIMELECH.**—His victims were his own brothers. Judg. ix. 5: "And he went unto his father's house, and slew his brethren, being three score and ten persons, on one stone."

**DOEG AND SAUL.**—The *priests* of God were their victims. 1 Sam. xxii. 18: "And *Doeg* turned, and he fell upon the *priests*, and slew on that day fourscore and five persons that did wear a linen ephod."

**DAVID.**—His victim was *Uriah*. 2 Sam. xi. 15: "Set ye *Uriah* in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he be smitten and die."

**ABSALOM.**—His victim was *Amnon* his brother. 2 Sam. xiii. 28: "When I say unto you, smite *Amnon*, then kill him, fear not: have not I commanded you?"

**ATHALIAH.**—Her victims were all the *seed royal*. 2 Kings xi. 1: "And when *Athaliah* saw that her son was dead, she arose, and destroyed all the *seed royal*."

**JEZEBEL.**—Her victims were the *priests* and *Naboth*. 1 Kings xviii. 13: "Was it not told my Lord what I did when *Jezabel* slew the prophets of the Lord?" 1 Kings xxi. 10—15.

**HEROD.**—His victims were the *babes of Bethlehem*. *Matt.* ii. 16: "Then *Herod* slew all the children that were in *Bethlehem*, from two years old and under."

**JEWS.**—Their victim was *JESUS*. *Acts* ii. 23: "Him

ve taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and  
 "   
 ow true ! " The heart is desperately wicked."

---

 OBITUARY.

JOHN PRESTON FLEMING, STUDENT IN HIGHBURY COLLEGE, AND  
 MEMBER OF THE CHURCH IN FINSBURY CHAPEL.

*Written by the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, Tutor.*

FLEMING's state of health had been for some time such as occasioned anxiety to his friends, though they cherished the hope of recovery and future usefulness in the Church of Christ. Inflammation of the lungs, which terminated in his death, was only evident for about two days. When, on Saturday evening, the distressing symptoms of his disorder became manifest, he intimated his own conviction of what might be the end, and inquisitively giving some directions, which he wished should be attended to if he should soon be removed. Medical attendance was promptly secured for him, and for a while some hope was maintained that his life might be spared. The disease, however, proceeded to advance, attended with much pain, increasing weakness, and difficulty in breathing.

While desiring life for the prospect of serving Christ in the way of the Gospel, he showed no apprehension of death, but trusted frequently his entire resignation to the will of God. The severe nature of the attack rendered it impossible for him to speak much; but his kind disposition towards others, his submission to the will of his heavenly Father, and his simple confidence in the mercy of his Saviour, were ever manifest. While there was still a little hope of his restoration, he said with much earnestness, "What an awful thing is affliction, if it be not intended! but what a blessed thing if sanctified for our improvement!"

He listened with great interest to the portions of Scripture and the hymns which were read or repeated to him, and joined in the prayers which were offered at his bed-side, retaining his consciousness almost to the end. When informed that his medical attendant considered his life near to its close on earth, he did not appear surprised. On two or three occasions he had said, "It is a solemn thing to die;" and when it was said that "to the Christian the terrors of death were taken," he replied, "It is so." He desired that his friends should be told "that he felt that his guilt as a sinner would deprive him of every hope but for the gospel of Christ; and that the peace which he had sought and found in Christ remained with him. As his strength failed, he found much difficulty in speak-

ing at all ; but two or three times, he, by a great effort himself in the bed, addressed those who stood around him said with deep feeling, " Oh, when I look back on the my past life ! " then, with peculiar solemnity and earnest slowly repeated the words, " All things work together for to those who love God." After a little pause he added blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin. broken all the laws of God, but I have one thing to do. Then he again repeated, " The blood of Jesus Christ cleans us from all sin ; " and turning to those who were at his exclaimed with all the energy of which he was capable, that a joyous truth ? " He said two or three times, " the Lord will spare me through this night." When remarked to him that it might not be so, he replied, " shall go to sleep." Thus he finished his course. He fell in Jesus, and before his Sabbath-day on earth had run close, he entered on the Sabbath of heaven. He was the son of a pious widowed mother.

Copied by me, ALEXANDER FLETCHER,  
April 6th,

---

### BEAUTY OF COLOURS.

THE light of the sun contains every colour. The colours which we see and admire are the reflection of light of the sun, which contain them all. It is by a *prism*, the lengthened piece of triangular crystal, the rays of light divided, and by which we see these rays shining before colours of glowing beauty and dazzling splendour.

The following account is an extract from the *Harm Nature* :—

" Nothing in nature is more beautiful than her colours flower is compounded of different shades ; almost every man is clothed with herbs different from the one opposed to every field has its peculiar hue. Colour is to scenery, what blature is to architecture, and harmony to language. are, indeed, so fascinating, that in the East there has prevailed a method of signifying the passions, which is called love language of colours. This rhetoric was introduced Spain by the Arabians. Yellow expressed doubt ; black row ; green, hope ; purple, constancy ; blue, jealousy ; content ; and red, the greatest possible satisfaction. In to mourning, it may not be irrelevant to remark, that most Europeans mourn in black, the ancient Spartans, Persians and Chinese, mourned in white ; the Egyptians, in yellow Ethiopians in brown ; the Turks, in violet ; while the Cardinals indicate their grief in purple."

It is impossible to look upon the rainbow without being astonished at the glorious colours which that mysterious arch displays. When the believer beholds it, he sees a beauty which the unconverted philosopher can never discern. He sees the ~~token~~ from God of his covenant with man, that there shall never more be a flood to destroy all flesh from the face of the earth. Gen. ix. 16: "And the bow shall be in the cloud, and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."

COLOUR is even figuratively employed to set forth the loveliness of Christ. Hence the Church says, speaking of Christ's excellence, in Song v. 10, 16, "My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. He is altogether lovely."

#### YOUNG PEOPLE SOLD IN ENGLAND.

IN the Life of Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, who died in the year 1095, it is stated that in a town called Brickston (now called Bristol) there was a mart for slaves, who were collected from all parts of England, and particularly young women; that it was a most moving sight to see in the public markets rows of young people of both sexes, of great beauty, and in the flower of their youth, tied together with ropes, and sold; men, unmindful of their obligations, delivering into slavery their relations, and even their own children. Wulfstan by his exertions put an end to this barbarous custom. What cause of thankfulness have our young readers for the light of the Gospel, which has shined upon our land, and put an end to all danger of their being sold into bondage!

#### MISSIONARY COMMUNICATIONS.

Young friends, it is my intention to give regularly, in each succeeding number of this work, written expressly for your benefit, some Missionary communications. These will be gathered from the accounts given by the different Missionary Societies in our land, without any respect to party or denomination.

##### BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*THIS Society has been of long standing. Jesus has greatly blessed it. Many of its Missionaries have translated the Word of God into various languages, particularly in India, that vast gion teeming with idolatrous inhabitants.*



## CONVERSIONS IN INDIA.

AGRA.—One European female was baptized by Mr. Williams, December last. In a country far, far from her native home, she was born again.

CHITAURA, near Agra.—Two Hindoos were baptized by Mr. Smith, 10th of December last.

NARSIGDERCHOK, near Calcutta.—Three native converts were baptized by Mr. Lewis on the 24th of December last, after a profession of their faith in Christ.

JESSONE.—Mr. Parry, under date of the 21st December last, says, "You will rejoice with us that last Sabbath fourteen converts were baptized in two villages, and on the following day three more made a public profession of their faith in Christ. Most of these converts have been hearing the Gospel for years; others for some months; and have been for a long time under serious impressions."

## CONVERSION OF KOTHAH-BYU.

THERE has been established a Mission in Karen, in the Burman empire, lying between India and China. KOTHAH-BYU had been a slave, a robber, and a murderer. In his unconverted pagan state he had killed altogether thirty men at different times in his life. The sermons of Mr. Judson were the means of his conversion. He became most active and useful in the cause of Christ. Many hundreds of blinded heathen were converted by means of his preaching, and saved from Satan, the murderer of souls. A few years ago he died in Jesus, and has now received his celestial crown. 2 Tim. iv. 8.

## MISSIONARIES' FAREWELL.

BY W. L. JUDD, WHEN LEAVING AMERICA FOR HAITI.

Air—"Long ago."

WEEP not for us when you know we are gone  
Far, far away—far, far away.  
Pray for us there while we labour alone,  
Far, far away—far, far away.

While to the heathen who 're sinking to woe  
We 're leaving country and kindred to go,  
Let us your friendship and kindness still know,  
Far, far away—far, far away.

There shall we witness the shame of our race,  
Far, far away—far, far away.  
There shall we offer salvation by grace,  
Far, far away—far, far away.  
There will the Spirit, the heavenly Dove,  
Open hard hearts to the message of love,  
Mercy in showers descend from above,  
Far, far away—far, far away.

Hinder us not from the field of our choice,  
Far, far away—far, far away.  
Glad would we teach them in Christ to rejoice,  
Far, far away—far, far away.  
Cheerfully send us with music and song,  
Pray that the ocean may bear us along,  
Jesus shall share a rich spoil with the strong,  
Far, far away—far, far away.

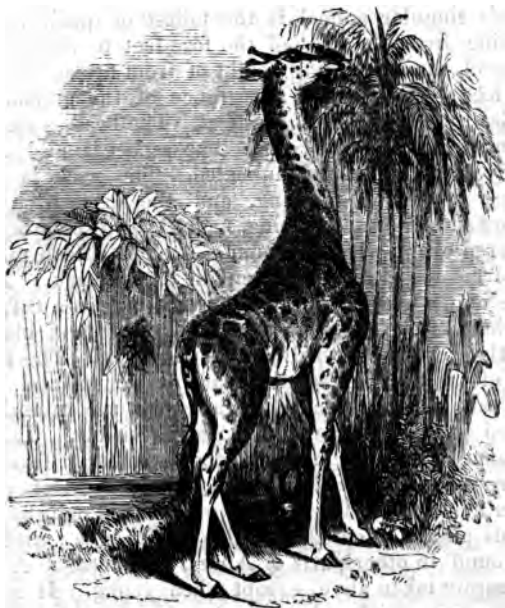
Why should you weep while the Saviour says, Go  
Far, far away—far, far away?  
His presence and grace all his servants shall know,  
Far, far away—far, far away.  
Send us with alms, and forget not to pray;  
Share in our labours and toils by the way;  
Hasten us forward, they 're dying to-day  
Far, far away—far, far away!

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## THE CRIMINAL.

'Tis silence in that cell, and dim the light  
 Gleaming from the sunk lamp. There is one stands  
 Fetter'd, and motionless, so very pale,  
 That were he laid within his winding-sheet,  
 And death were on him, yet his cheek could not  
 Wear ghastlier hues ! Cold damps are on his brow ;  
 With intense passions the red veins are swell'd ;  
 The white lip quivers with suspended sobs,  
 And his dark eyes are glazed with tears, which still  
 He is too stern to shed. His countenance bears  
 Wild and fearful traces of the years  
 Which have passed on in guilt. Pride, headstrong ire,  
 Have left their marks behind. Yet, mid this war  
 Of evil elements, some glimpses shine  
 Of better feelings, which the clouded stars  
 Soon set in night. A sullen sound awakes  
 The silence of the cell,—and up he starts,  
 Roused from the dizzy trance of wretchedness,  
 And gasps for breath, as that deep solemn toll  
 Sinks on his spirit like a warning voice  
 Sent from Eternity ! Again, it rolls !  
 Thy awful bell, St. Sepulchre, which tells  
 The criminal of death ! His life-pulse stops  
 As if in awe, and then beats rapidly.  
 Flushes a sudden crimson on his face,  
 And leaves it deadlier than before.

The door was open'd, and the chains were struck  
 From off his shackled limbs. They led him forth—  
 They led him on. His step was firm, although  
 His face was deadly pale. And when he reach'd  
 The scaffold, he knelt meekly down, and pray'd.  
 Silence was all around. His eyes were closed.  
 This world one gasp concluded, and to him  
 Open'd eternity !



CAMELO-PARDUS.

## SACRED ZOOLOGY.

### CAMELO-PARDUS.

THE description which Moses gives of clean animals, which might be eaten according to the Levitical law, exactly corresponds with the Giraffe, or Camelo-pardus. It is likely one of those clean beasts mentioned in Deut. xiv. 5, 6,—“The hart, and the roebuck, and the fallow deer, and the wild goat, and the pygarg, and the wild ox, and the chamois. And every beast that teth the hoof, and cleaveth the cleft into two claws,

and cheweth the cud amongst the beasts, that shall ye eat."

This singular animal is the tallest of quadrupeds, reaching, from the soles of the fore-feet to the top of the head, the astonishing height of from fifteen to sixteen feet. The general appearance of the animal is not destitute of picturesque effect. The head is small, resembling that of the Stag. The aspect is mild, and the eyes are large and animated. The neck is extremely long and tapering, and the disposition of colours singular and pleasing, many brown spots being scattered over a whitish ground. A short stiffish mane runs from the head to the middle of the back. The tail is of moderate length, and terminating in a tuft of long hair. The hoofs are moderately large and black, and the horns about half a foot in length. The fore part of the body is very thick and muscular, and the hind part thin and meagre, so that when the animal is viewed in front, none of the rest is visible. There are some noble specimens of this peculiarly formed quadruped in the Zoological Gardens of London, and which I have looked upon with wonder and delight!

This animal is chiefly a native of Ethiopia; and is also found in other parts of Africa, and even of Asia. It is rarely taken alive, except when young. It is in its disposition mild and timid; but when put upon its defence, it is capable of repelling its enemies by severe and repeated kicks. It feeds principally on the leaves and tender twigs of trees. Small groups, consisting of six or seven individuals, are sometimes observed together; but when disturbed, they run off and disappear with wonderful expedition. The female goes twelve months with young, and has never two at a birth. What reason have we to exclaim, (Psal. xl. 5,) "Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done!"

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## SERMON II.

## CUP OF SALVATION.\*

## PART I.

"I will take the CUP OF SALVATION."—*Psal.* cxvi. 13.

**MAY** God the Holy Spirit bless this sermon on the Cup of Salvation! By his gracious influence may it be the means of persuading many young immortals to take, and drink the Cup of Salvation. While you are reading this sermon, send up your supplications to Heaven's throne, and pray that the God of Salvation may enable you to take, and drink the Cup of Salvation!

CUP in Scripture has different meanings. In the following passage it is taken in its literal sense. It contains a counsel which particularly applies to drinkers of wine; or, as they are commonly called, *wine bibbers*. *Prov.* xxiii. 31, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

God, as a gracious God, and as the God of Salvation, is called a CUP,—the believer's Cup. *Psal.* xvi. 5, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my CUP." Blessed is that child who can say, "Jesus is my Cup!"

The abundant blessings of Providence are called a Cup. *Psal.* xxiii. 5, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my head with oil, and my cup runneth over." Does the cup of our lot run over with the blessings of Providence? Oh, may our hearts o'erflow with feelings of thankfulness and love!

*Erroneous doctrines* are called a Cup. In speaking of these, the Apostle uses very strong language. He says, (*1 Cor.* x. 21,) "Ye cannot drink the cup of

\* This Sermon was preached to children in Glasgow, 10th May 1811, in the City Hall.

the Lord, and the *cup of devils.*" Satan is the father of errors, as well as the father of liars. He fills the cup with the deadly poison of error; and woe will be to those who drink the deadly cup!

A *wicked city* is called a cup. Such was Babylon, because she corrupted cities and nations. Jer. li. 7, "Babylon hath been a golden cup in the Lord's hand, and made all the earth drunken: the nations have drunken of her wine; therefore the nations are mad."

An afflicted city is called a cup, and a cup of trembling. Zech. xii. 2, "Behold, I will make Jerusalem a cup of trembling to all the people round about, when they shall be in the siege, both against Judah, and against Jerusalem." This intimates the strong judgments which made them tremble with fear, and anguish, and horror. A short while ago, the cities of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, were cups of trembling. By some dreadful riots, it is not long since Glasgow was likely to have been a cup of trembling; but God most graciously heard his people's prayers, and disappointed their fears.

*God's wrath* is called a Cup. Psal. lxxv. 8, "For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full of mixture, and he poureth out of the same: but the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out, and drink them."

Christ's *sufferings* are called a Cup. Matt. xxvi. 39, "He prayed, saying, If it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

*Salvation*, with all its blessings, is called a Cup. As we find in the words of our text, David says, with holy devotion, thankfulness, and joy, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

By the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I shall endeavour to show, 1st, What the Cup of Salvation is; 2d, Mention some properties of this remarkable cup; 3d, Point out some strong reasons why you should take, and drink this cup; and, 4th, Introduce to your

notice several persons mentioned in Scripture who took, and drank this Cup of Salvation.

And may God the Holy Spirit bless this sermon, for the conviction and conversion of many youthful immortals !

I. I shall show what the Cup of Salvation is.

There is, first, the *Cup*; and, secondly, *what* the Cup contains—*Salvation*.

First, there is the *CUP*.

After thinking seriously on this Cup, I conclude that it must mean the *Gospel*. There are some very remarkable cups. If I showed you one of them, and asked you the following question, "What is this cup made of?" you would answer, "It is made of silver, and gold, and precious stones." The chief part of the cup is formed of silver, the beautiful mouth, or edge of the cup, is made of gold, and on the sides of the cup there are precious stones, and jewels of sparkling beauty. Then you would say, "What a lovely, costly cup!" Come, now, and see what this Cup of Salvation is made of,—this Gospel cup. As to the word *Gospel* itself, it means good news, or good tidings; as the angel said to the shepherds at Bethlehem, (Luke ii. 10,) "Behold, I bring you *good tidings* of great joy." I have mentioned a literal cup, consisting of three things,—gold, silver, and precious stones. Now, this gospel cup consists of *four* things more precious than gold, and silver, and rubies. Beloved young friends, particularly observe these *four*. This gospel cup consists of precious doctrines, precious invitations of mercy, precious offers of grace, and precious promises of truth. Oh, what a cup! what a wonderful cup!

This gospel cup consists of precious *doctrines*. What is a *doctrine*? It is something taught, whether good or bad. A bad book, an infidel book, teaches bad, *infidel doctrines*, or opinions. But what the gospel teaches are good doctrines,—holy, divine truths. The following is a specimen. The gospel teaches the



doctrine of One Jehovah, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God. It teaches another doctrine, namely, God's plans and purposes of wisdom and of mercy. It teaches the doctrine of the covenant of grace, in which the Father and the Son agreed from all eternity on the great subject of the salvation of men. It teaches the doctrine of redemption through the person and righteousness of Christ alone. And it teaches the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and the eternal blessedness of heaven. A minister who faithfully preaches these doctrines is called "a doctrinal preacher." Thus, I have told you that the first thing of which the gospel cup consists is doctrines.

This cup consists, secondly, of "precious invitations of mercy." You know what an *invitation* is. If a friend ask you to his house to come and dine with him, that is an invitation. There are many invitations of mercy found in the gospel; and these add very much to the richness and beauty of the cup. Take the following as a specimen. Matt. xi. 28—30. Jesus says in his kind inviting voice, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Young friends, seek grace, that you may hear and accept these merciful invitations!

This gospel cup also consists of precious *offers of grace*. In the gospel, Jesus comes to young sinners with all the blessings of salvation in his hand. He holds up these great blessings before their eyes, and he offers them most kindly for their acceptance. Jesus is called *Wisdom*. And what does Wisdom say? and what does Wisdom offer? Thus Wisdom speaks, and thus Wisdom offers, Prov. viii. 10, 11, "Receive my *instruction* and not silver; and knowledge rather than *choice gold*. For wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be ~~com~~

pared unto it." May the Holy Spirit enable my young friends to accept the *offers of grace!*

This gospel cup consists, fourthly, of *precious promises*. If we compare the Bible to the sky, the promises are the stars which sparkle and shine with great brightness in that sacred sky. Have you not been often astonished, when you have looked up to the sky after the sun was set, and beheld the vast multitude of beautiful stars in all their glory, shining in the firmament? But the promises which shine in such vast numbers in the firmament of the Bible are stars of far greater brightness, and far greater loveliness. Come, and see, and admire, the two following promises. The first is especially the promise for the young. Prov. viii. 17. "I love them that love me: and those that seek me early shall find me." May this promise rejoice your heart! The following precious promise has rejoiced the hearts of myriads, and may it gladden yours. Isa. lv. 3. "Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

I have thus endeavoured, with great plainness, to describe the gospel cup as consisting of doctrines, invitations, offers, and promises. And no cup in the palaces of kings, though consisting of silver, and gold, and precious stones, was ever worthy to be compared with this.

Secondly, we are to show what this wonderful cup contains. It contains SALVATION. And because it contains salvation, it is called the *Cup of Salvation*. One cup may contain honey and milk. Another may contain refreshing water from the fountain. And another may contain delicious wine. But what these cups contain is nothing, compared with what this cup contains. These cups contain what is useful for the *body; this cup that which is useful for the never dying soul. What these cups contain must perish: what this cup contains shall endure for ever. What these cups*

contain is useful for the life that now is : what this contains, prepares for a life of glory and immortality in heaven.

This cup contains Salvation. Some think that salvation only consists in deliverance from the miseries of hell, or in having their sins forgiven. But they are in a great mistake. Salvation certainly contains these two, but it contains *much more*.

Endeavour, young friends, seriously to attend, while I attempt to show you, of what salvation consists, or, what it contains. The loveliest jewels of the diadems of kings, are despicable when compared with the precious blessings which salvation contains. The following are among the rich collection, namely, conversion, the pardon of sin, acceptance with God, admission into the family of God, the graces of the spirit, fellowship with God, a happy death, a glorious resurrection, and a blessed heaven. I think I hear a pious child exclaim, "Oh, how lovely, oh, how precious these blessings of a great salvation are!"

Look at the *first*, namely, "conversion." May this be yours! Then your hard heart will be softened, your black heart be made as white as snow, and your heart of enmity be changed into a heart of love. Then "old things shall pass away, and all things shall become new." 2 Cor. v. 17.

Look at the *second*, namely "the pardon of sin." Oh! seek pardon with penitent hearts, looking to Jesus, and God *will* forgive you. He will say, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Isa. xliii. 25.

Look at the *third* blessing, namely, "acceptance with God." If a son greatly offends his father, he may for some time not allow him to come into his presence. Some days after, the offending son is penitent, comes to his father, bathed in tears, and says, "Father, I have sinned against thee!" The kind father throws his arms around his son's neck, receives him into his favour, and changes his frowns into smiles. This is *acceptance*

Thus, God accepts penitent children, who cry to him for mercy through a Saviour's death. And then they sing with joyful hearts "to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved." Eph. i. 6.

Look at the *fourth* blessing, namely, "adoption." To be adopted, is to be made a child of God—to be made one of his family. A rich man takes pity upon the child of a poor beggar woman, puts him among the number of his children, and makes him his son. You see him playing with the other children, on a bright summer's day on the soft green lawn, before the rich man's noble dwelling, attended by a kind maid-servant. Oh, what a change on that child! He is adopted! It is this which God does to little children who seek his grace. He adopts them. He takes them from Satan's family and makes them his sons. He says then, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My father, thou art the guide of my youth?" Jer. iii. 4.

Look at the *fifth* blessing, "The graces of the Spirit." Do you wish me to name some of these graces? I will do it with pleasure. Repentance, faith, love, hope, joy, patience, zeal, meekness, gentleness, and heavenly-mindedness. These are the graces of the Spirit. Pray that they may be yours. Then you shall be "like the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Psal. lxxviii. 13.

Look at the *sixth* blessing, "Fellowship with God." To speak with God in prayer, and to converse with God in the ordinances of religion—what a privilege! what an enjoyment! Then the pious child can say, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." Song ii. 3.

Look at the *seventh* blessing, "a happy, an unstinged death." Oh, may that blessing be yours. When you die, may you fall asleep in the bosom of Jesus. For "*blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.*" Rev. xiv. 13.

Look at the *eighth* blessing, "a glorious resurrection." May that blessing be yours. Then, though

your bodies may slumber for many centuries in the tomb, you shall at last awake, come forth, and shine brighter than the stars, for ever and ever. Dan. xii. 3.

Look at the *last* blessing, "a happy heaven." Oh, may this blessing be yours! At last, may you land on the heavenly Canaan's blessed, peaceful shores! In the prospect, may you and I sing, in holy expectation of that blessed land, "Far—far away,—"

"When I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes!"

(To be continued in the next Number.)

#### NAMES AND TITLES OF JESUS ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

WE have considered the blessed names and titles of Christ commencing with the letter A; we now proceed to consider those beginning with the letter B.

*First*.—Our Saviour was called a **BABE**. And he *was* a Babe. Luke ii. 16, "They came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger." How interesting it is to see a little lovely, helpless babe! How beautiful are its smiling eyes, its rosy cheeks, its ruby lips! How wonderful! Jesus was once a babe. Not only a soul, but the Divinity, the great God, dwelt in that babe, and still dwells in his humanity in heaven. In the feeble Babe of Bethlehem "God was manifested in the flesh." What a great, what a glorious mystery is this! Say, with wonder and with love, while you think of Jesus as the little Babe of Bethlehem:—

"Soft and easy was our cradle;  
Coarse and hard the Saviour lay;  
For his birth-place was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay."

*Secondly*.—Our blessed Jesus is called **BALM**, Jer. viii. 22, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" What is *balm*? It is a substance which comes out of trees, like resin. The smell is most delicious and refreshing. There is in the land of Gilead a tree called the *balm-tree*, which is trained like our ivy. Now, spiritually considered, Jesus is the **GREAT BALM TREE**. His healing, refreshing, saving Balm is his Righteousness, his Intercession, and his

of his Holy Spirit. They who receive by faith this balm, made whole, whatever be the spiritual diseases of their soul. O my dear young friends, and receive this balm, and your souls shall be healed. If you have the swearing disease, or the lying disease, or the stealing disease, or the prayerless disease, the balm will take all these diseases away. Oh, seek and receive the balm. Remember what it did to wicked King Manasseh; it did to the thief upon the cross; and what it did to Saul of Tarsus. Oh, remember this, and be encouraged to seek and receive this balm, this precious, this healing balm of grace.

“ This blessed *balm* did Wisdom find,  
To heal diseases of the mind;  
This remedy, whose virtues can  
Restore the ruined creature man.”

*Firstly*,—Our Saviour is called the BEGINNING. Col. i. 18. “ He is the beginning, the first-born from the dead.” Why is he called the Beginning? He is called so for four reasons. First, He is the beginning of creation—he made all things. Second, He is the Beginning of the Church. The first convert was regenerated, and all have ever since been saved by his grace. Third, He is the beginning of grace. He is its original fountain. Fourth, He is the beginning of Glory. He alone will give and glory.

*Secondly*,—He is called BELOVED. Song. v. 10. “ My Beloved is white and ruddy.” Some can say, Houses and lands, gold and silver are ours. But that child who can say, “ Jesus is mine, he is beloved of my heart,” has more real wealth than all the gold and silver which the mines of the earth contain. Holy Spirit, enable all of us to say—

“ Jesus, in thee our eyes behold  
A thousand glories more,  
Than the rich gems of polished gold  
The sons of Aaron wore.”

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### PRACTICAL WISDOM.

Who that would be wise must read God's book; and he that would be holy, must approach God's throne. He that would be rich, must remember God's mercies. He that would be content, must trust God's providence. He that would be meek, must imitate his forbearance. He that would be merciful, must imitate his love. He that would be happy, must enjoy his smiles. He that would be saved, must believe God's Son, and live to his glory.—*From my friend, the Rev. John Sibree, of Coventry.*

## PRACTICAL FOLLY.

IN order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be in the present. To be doing one thing, and thinking of another is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some are always wishing themselves somewhere else than where they are; are thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are speaking. To be the way to enjoy nothing, to do nothing well, and to do nothing for anybody. This is practical folly.—*From the same.*

## WISE SAYINGS.

SINFUL FEARS.—“*False fears bring true vexations, and many grievances produce real sorrows.*” Psal. iv. 3, 5.—1

SIN.—“*He that hath slight thoughts of sin, had new thoughts of God.*” Psal. l. 21.—*Dr. Owen.*

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST.—“*He wants no company with Christ for his companion.*” Psal. lxxiii. 25.—*Dr. Sibbs.*

SIN AND REPENTANCE.—“*Sin is a Christian's greatest sorrow, and repentance his surest salve.*”—*Calamy.*

A BOY OF TEN YEARS OF AGE, INSTRUCTING  
A POOR MAN AGED SEVENTY!

THERE is a preaching station, and also an infant and Sunday school, in Milton-street, formerly Grub-street, connecting Finsbury Chapel, of which I am pastor. From a friend who takes a deep interest in the above sacred object, I have received the following interesting communication:—

“MY DEAR DOCTOR,—An old man, upwards of seventy years of age, who occasionally attends our prayer-meeting at the preaching station, and whose heart is deeply affected by Divine truths, related the following on Sabbath morning last:—A poor man, who had been long a stranger to the word of God, and who had been so long a stranger to the word of God, was a few days ago impressed upon his mind and heart so forcibly that he could not help thinking about it; nor did he know where to find it. He at last mentioned the circumstances to the family where he is lodging. When a little boy, ten years of age, heard it, he said, ‘Oh, sir, I will find it for you!’ and immediately took his Bible and turned to the portion where it is written, *Prov. iii. 33.* Thus, you see, the babe became a father.”

*an old man*; to one who had spent many years in sin and iniquity, but who, by God's free unmerited mercy, is now a subject of grace. The little fellow has been brought up in our infant school, and is also in the Sabbath school. The good old man was deeply affected when relating it; so much so, that he could scarcely give utterance to what he wished to express. How it humbled him when he thought of God's sparing mercy in not cutting him down when in the midst of his iniquities, in his neglect of *God's word and commandments*. Oh! if he had but minded religion when young, &c. &c.

"This is fact, and you may safely use it as you think best.

"I am, my dear Pastor,

"Yours ever faithfully, &c."

"To Rev. Dr. Fletcher."

## WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

### MISSION HOUSE AT KAWHIA, NEW ZEALAND.

MR. ANGUS, in his very interesting book about New Zealand, has given an account of a visit which he paid to the Mission-house at Kawhia. He says, "The Mission-house is prettily situated on a point of land jutting into the harbour; a glassy sheet of water extends in front of the house, and beyond it rises the bold and rugged outline of the mountain of Peronquia.

"To the left of the house is a steep cliff, where the goats belonging to the Mission Station generally browse; and from this elevation a fine commanding view may be obtained of Kawhia harbour, with the ocean breaking with foam beyond. The chapel stands on an elevated terrace behind the house. The morning service, which we attended, was conducted both in the Maori (or New Zealand) and English languages; about fifteen Europeans, including the Missionary's family, were present, and the number of natives congregated together could not be less than two hundred. They all sat grouped about on the floor in their customary attitudes; and nothing could exceed their attention and decorous behaviour.

"In the afternoon the chapel presented a lively and interesting scene; the children were gathering for school, and it was a striking sight to observe the old chief Kiwi, who had arrived in state on the previous day, now sitting quietly in the midst of them, teaching the little ones to read!

"The bright and sunny faces of the pupils showed the interest they took in their learning, and this delight was equally manifested in the countenance of the deeply-tattooed warrior."



## AN EPITAPH

*Inscribed on the Tombstone of the Rev. John Berridge, late  
Vicar of Everton, near Pottou in Bedfordshire, written by  
himself, except the last line.*

HERE LIE  
THE EARTHLY REMAINS OF  
JOHN BERRIDGE,  
LATE VICAR OF EVERTON,  
AND AN ITINERANT SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST,  
WHO LOVED HIS MASTER AND HIS WORK,  
AND, AFTER RUNNING ON HIS ERRANDS MANY YEARS  
WAS CAUGHT UP TO WAIT ON HIM ABOVE.

READER,  
ART THOU BORN AGAIN?  
NO SALVATION WITHOUT A NEW BIRTH.  
I WAS BORN IN SIN, FEBRUARY 1716,  
I REMAINED IGNORANT OF MY FALLEN STATE TILL 1736.  
LIVED IN FAITH AND WORKS FOR SALVATION  
TILL 1754.

ADMITTED TO EVERTON VICARAGE 1755.  
FLED TO JESUS ALONE FOR REFUGE 1766.  
FELL ASLEEP IN CHRIST JAN. 22, 1793.  
BEHOLD AN ISRAELITE INDEED!—*John i. 47.*

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 LINES

*On the Tombstone of Mrs. Mary Margaret Randall, in the Cemetery of Abney Park, who died September 3, 1843, aged 72 years.*

“Great was thy conflict here, and long thy pain,  
The Tempter tried thy faith, but all in vain;  
Strong in thy Saviour’s love, the Spirit wrought in thee,  
Thou through that love didst make the Tempter flee;  
And never did he get thee once to yield,  
For grace was always thy defence and shield;  
The only theme, while thou wast here below,  
Christ and his cross, was thy chief aim to know;  
And now thy spirit’s with his ransom’d saints above,  
Praising thy Saviour God, for his redeeming love.”

T. R.

This eminent saint of God was many years under my pastoral care, and left a rich testimony of her interest in Christ, whom she knew, and loved, from the days of her tender childhood.

ALEXANDER FLETCHER



## SACRED ZOOLOGY.

### THE HIND.

THE HIND is the female deer. In the first volume of this work, we have already considered the *Stag* and the *Deer*. In our remarks on the *Hind*, we shall more particularly attend to the figurative use which the Holy Spirit makes of this interesting animal in the Holy Scriptures. The Hind is peculiarly lovely and elegant; she is more feeble than the Hart, and is destitute of horns. It properly receives the name *Hind* at three years of age.

The first mention of the *Hind* in Scripture is by young Jacob, when he assembled his twelve sons around his bed, to hear what should befall their descendants in the latter days. Gen. xlix. 21, "Naphtali is a Hind; he is a Hind; he giveth goodly words." The "Hind let

loose," may express the *activity* of that tribe; and "he giveth goodly words," may express their *courtesy*. Jesus and his Apostles resided much in the territory of that tribe, and the figure may denote the activity of Christ and his disciples, in the performance of miracles of mercy, and in their preaching the glad tidings of salvation to lost sinners.

In 2 Sam. xxii. 34, David says, "He maketh my feet like *Hinds'* feet." In Hab. iii. 19, the Prophet says, "He will make my feet like *Hinds'* feet, and will make me to walk upon my high places." As the Psalmist, he uses this figure to show the security of his position under the Divine protection. And the Prophet, in using a similar expression, shows that he placed implicit confidence in God's gracious power that he believed he should be delivered from all his troubles, and that he should completely escape from every impending and surrounding danger.

God himself, in his address to Job out of the whirlwind, condescendingly puts to his servant the following questions, Job xxxix. 1—3: "Canst thou mark when the Hinds do calve? Canst thou number the months that they fulfil? or knowest thou the time when they bring forth? They bow themselves, they bring forth their young ones, they cast out their sorrows." It is well known that Hinds calve with great difficulty and pain. Why this is the case, is one of the mysteries of Providence, but doubtless some wise though unknown purpose is served by it. It would seem that the agitation of thunder assists the Hind in bringing forth her young. Therefore we read, Psal. xxix. "The voice of the Lord maketh the Hinds to calve and discovereth the forests."

Solomon employs the *Hind*, in its fidelity and attachment to its mate, as a beautiful figure, to enforce upon the young man chastity and affection to the wife of his bosom. Prov. v. 18, 19, "Rejoice with the wife of thy youth. Let her be as the loving Hind and pleasant roe."

The Church is represented in Song ii. 7, and iii. 5, as thus addressing nominal professors, and calling upon them not to disturb her fellowship with Christ: "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the Hinds of the field, that ye stir not up nor awake my love till he please." As if the Church had said, "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as you would be cautious and careful how you disturb the roes and Hinds of the field, those lovely timorous creatures, so I would have you be as cautious how you would disturb my fellowship with Jesus, the object of my affection, and the fountain of my happiness."

May your hearts, my young friends, be fired and filled with love to Christ. Though you are young, may you know what it is to enjoy Christ's fellowship, in the exercise of grace, and in the diligent and delightful observance of the ordinances of religion! Then you shall be able to say with the heart,—

"I charge you all, ye earthly toys,  
Approach not to disturb my joys;  
Nor sin nor hell come near my heart,  
Nor cause my Saviour to depart."

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## SERMON III.

### CUP OF SALVATION.

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#### PART II.

"I will take the CUP OF SALVATION."—*Psal.* cxvi. 13.

My young friends, I have addressed to you one sermon, in the preceding Number of this work, on the Cup of Salvation. In humble dependence on Divine grace, I now proceed to address to you a second. May each one of you read it with profit! Pray for the blessing. Pray fervently, for Christ's sake, and you shall obtain the blessing. Men may lend a deaf ear

to the petitions of fellow-men ; but God never lends a deaf ear to the earnest prayers of little children. No, never. Before you finish the reading of this sermon, may you be taught and enabled by the Holy Spirit to say, "I will take the Cup of Salvation!" With all my heart I say, "Amen, amen."

Already I have shown you that the Cup spoken of in the text is the GOSPEL, consisting of Doctrines, Invitations of Mercy, Offers of Grace, and Promises of Truth. I have also shown what that Salvation is which the Cup contains ; namely, Conversion, Pardon, Acceptance, Adoption, the Graces of the Holy Spirit, a Happy Death, a Blessed Resurrection, and a Glorious Heaven.

THE PROPERTIES AND EXCELLENCES OF THE CUP OF SALVATION. May your young hearts be deeply, seriously, and delightfully impressed while I tell you some remarkable things about this Cup.

1st. God made the Cup. No angel, with all his wisdom, could contrive this wonderful Cup ; and no archangel, with all his power, could make this wonderful Cup. God alone is the Contriver of the Cup. God alone is the Maker of the Cup. Boundless love moved him to contrive the Cup ; and boundless love to our ruined race, and to ruined children, moved him to make the Cup. As God our Saviour contrived and made the Cup of Salvation, oh, how well does he deserve to be called "The God of Salvation!" May every child who reads these lines be taught to say, "Behold, God is my Salvation." Isa. xii. 2.

2d. It is a very *precious* Cup. It is so precious, that we cannot tell, we cannot conceive *how* precious, how valuable it is. A diamond as large as the world would be nothing, yes, nothing, less than nothing, and vanity, compared with it. How rich are they who can say, "This Cup is mine!" And the poorest child among you is welcome to receive this Cup—yes, to call this Cup your own. And when you can call this Cup your own, you are more wealthy than if you could

call the whole world your own. So precious is this Cup, that it cost Jesus his *blood*, his *life* !

3d. It is a very *ancient* Cup. There are some few golden cups, in the palaces of kings, several hundred years old. But this Cup is nearly six thousand years old. It is as ancient as the days of Adam. He, and Eve, and Abel, their pious son, were the first who put this Cup to their lips, and drank the refreshing water of salvation which it contains. This Cup suffers nothing by age. It looks as well as it did at the beginning. It is as bright, and beautiful, and glorious as ever. The sun loses nothing by age, neither does this Cup, this wonderful Cup.

4th. It is very *large*. The bed of the great ocean may be called an immense cup. It is filled with briny waters. But the bed of the Atlantic, or the bed of the Pacific Ocean, which is much larger, is nothing like this great Cup of Salvation, provided for all the kingdoms of the world, and for all the generations of men that shall ever live upon the face of the earth.

5th. It is a *full* Cup. It is not only full, but overflowing, and ever flowing over. Oh, what multitudes have drunk of this Cup since the days of Adam till the present day ! and the Cup has never diminished. The blessings which it contains are as abundant as ever, and these blessings shall overflow for ever and ever. Young friends, drink of this overflowing Cup !

6th. It is a *free* Cup. Blessed, blessed truth ! You are required to pay nothing to drink. And it is well ; for you have nothing to pay. What *could* you pay ? Come and drink, without money, and without price. This Cup is as free to the beggar as to the prince ; as free to the poor as to the rich ; as free to murderers as to saints ; as free to the worst of men as to the best of men. Wonderful truth !

7th. It is a *very beautiful* Cup. It is beautified by the *perfections* of God. These are, his wisdom, his power, his holiness, his justice, his love, and his truth.

These are glorious perfections. And they all add to the beauty of this beautiful Cup.

I see some beautiful figures or pictures on this Cup. There are many silver and gold cups with flowers and figures upon the outside, and around the mouth, which add greatly to their beauty. But, what do I see on this beautiful Cup? I see the figure of a *Lamb*. That is the emblem of Jesus, the Lamb of God, who was slain for us. I see the figure of a *Dove*. That is the emblem of the Holy Spirit, who descended on the head of Jesus at his baptism, in the form of a dove. I see a *billy*. That is the emblem of the Church, or people of Christ. I see the figure of the *rose of Sharon*, and of the *apple-tree*. These are the emblems of Jesus. Oh, what a lovely cup is the Cup of Salvation! Beloved young friends, drink of this lovely Cup!

8th. This Cup has remarkable *inscriptions*. Many costly silver cups are given in presents, and as marks of friendship and esteem. All these cups have inscriptions. These inscriptions show *to whom*, *by whom*, and for what *reason*, these costly cups were given. Look at some of the inscriptions on the Cup of Salvation. I mention four. First: "God is love." 1 John iv. 8. Second inscription: "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. 16. Third inscription: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. i. 15. Fourth inscription: "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. xxii. 17. Young friends, can you read these loving inscriptions, and refuse to drink this precious Cup? May Divine grace employ them in persuading you *now* to drink of the Cup of Salvation!

9th. This Cup will last for ever. It is a Cup of everlasting Salvation. "But Israel shall be saved to

the Lord with an *everlasting* salvation," Isa. xlv. 17. This cup is filled with joy, which is "everlasting joy," Isa. xxxv. 10. It is filled with pleasures, but "pleasures for evermore," Psal. xvi. 11. The cup of carnal pleasure shall soon cease. The cup of the drunkard shall soon be no more. But the Cup of Salvation shall continue to fill the minds of the inhabitants of heaven with blessedness, felicity, and joy, for ever and ever.

" There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours."

WATTS.

I now proceed to mention some persons spoken of in Scripture, who drank this precious Cup. Oh, may you, my young friends, be taught to follow their good example! First, I shall mention some who were very *wicked*; and secondly, some who were very young.

First, I shall mention some who were very *wicked*, who drank of this cup.

1st. *King Manasseh* was very wicked. He was a shocking idolater, and a most cruel murderer. He was taken prisoner, and cast into a dungeon in Babylon. 2 Chron. xxxiii. 11. God met with him in the dungeon. He cried to God for mercy. His prayer was heard. The Cup of Salvation was presented to him. He took it, and drank it. Oh, what a trophy of regenerating and redeeming grace! 2 Chron. xxxiii. 12—16.

2d. *Mary Magdalene* was very wicked. Unclean-ness was her reigning sin. On one occasion, she heard our Saviour preach. She was convinced. She was converted. Jesus by his power expelled from her heart seven unclean spirits. Oh, what a change! The Cup of Salvation was presented; she put it to her lips. She drank *with thankfulness*, joy, and praise. Mark xvi. 9; Luke viii. 2.

3d. *The thief on the cross* was very wicked. He



was nailed to the cross because of his wickedness and crimes. In the agonies of death he cried to Jesus for mercy. Jesus heard his penitential prayer. Jesus presented the Cup of Salvation to the dying penitent. He put it to his parched, quivering, thirsty lips. With ecstasies of joy he drank the Cup. He is now in the paradise of the blessed.

4th. *Christ's murderers*, who not only consented to the Saviour's death, but who nailed him to the cross, were very wicked. Some of them heard Peter preach on the day of Pentecost, in the temple. They were cut to the heart! They cried out, in the midst of the faithful sermon, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter preached salvation to them through the very death of the Saviour they murdered. How astonishing! By grace, they believed. The Cup of Salvation was presented. They received it. They drank of it, and were saved. Oh, what grace, what wondrous grace!

5th. *Saul of Tarsus* was very wicked. When the cruel Jews were stoning the holy Stephen to death, Saul was present watching the garments of the murderers. Acts vii. 58. He assisted in dragging men and women to prison, and rejoiced when the followers of Jesus were put to death. He was sent to Damascus with a commission of death in his bosom, against all who professed Christ. But under the walls of Damascus, and before he entered the city, Jesus spoke to him with a voice from heaven. Conviction reached his conscience. Conversion reached his heart. The Cup of Salvation was put into his hand. He drank it. The persecutor became a preacher of Christ. The child of Satan became a son of God. Acts ix. 6. Oh, what a prodigy of grace!

Secondly, some very young persons who drank this Cup are mentioned in Scripture.

1st. *Abel* was most probably of this number. After our first parents, he was the first convert. For his piety, he was the first martyr. He fell by the hand of

his brother Cain ; and he was the first saint that entered heaven.

2d. *Joseph*, when he was a child, drank of this cup. He was the most pious of Jacob's sons. Jacob loved him more than all his sons; for, amidst them all, his youthful piety shone forth with peculiar brightness.

3d. *Samuel* when a child drank the Cup of Salvation. 1 Sam. iii. 1, &c. When he was yet a child he ministered unto the Lord before Eli the high priest. Great was the delight which Hannah the pious mother had in Samuel her pious child. Every year she made a little coat for him with her own hands, and brought it up to him every year, when she came up to the yearly sacrifice. 1 Sam. ii. 19.

4th. *Obadiah*, when he was a youth, drank the Cup of Salvation. 1 Kings xviii. 12. This good man said to Elijah, with much humility and thankfulness, "But I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth up." When he became a man, his piety shone like a sun. He saved the lives of a hundred prophets from the murdering hands of Queen Jezebel.

5th. *King Josiah*, when he was a child, drank the Cup of Salvation. What an interesting account is given of the early piety of this lovely, holy prince, in 2 Kings xxii.

6th. *Timothy*, when he was a child, drank of this Cup of Salvation. My young friends, how blessed, how honoured you would be, if we could say of you what was said of Timothy, (2 Tim. iii. 15), "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." What a comfort Timothy was to his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice!

#### CONCLUSION.

*Allow me, in the name of Christ, earnestly and affectionately to call upon you to take, and drink the Cup of Salvation. But what is it "to take, and drink*

the Cup of Salvation?" It is to receive Christ as your Saviour. Beloved young friends, when you can say with the heart and in faith, "Blessed Jesus, I receive thee as my Saviour. As my Prophet I receive thee, to give me wisdom. As my Priest I receive thee, to take away my guilt and intercede for me. I receive thee as my King, to reign over me and to deliver me from all my enemies." When you can say this with the heart, you *have* taken the Cup of Salvation, and have drank its refreshing waters.

Believe it, and may the Holy Spirit enable you to believe it! Jesus, who died on Calvary to prepare the Cup of Salvation, calls upon you, earnestly invites you, to drink of the Cup of Salvation. He says to you, in language the most affectionate—oh, hear his voice—He says, "Drink abundantly, O beloved!" He is the Fountain from which the cup is filled, and he says to every little child—

1.

"Ho ye that thirst, approach the Spring  
Where living waters flow;  
Free to that sacred Fountain all  
Without a price may go.

2.

"Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear  
Is open to your call;  
While offered mercy still is near,  
Before his footstool fall."

AMEN.

## LINES

*Suggested on hearing the Sermon on the Cup of Salvation.*

Lord, write thy Gospel on my heart,  
In all its blessings give me part;  
And when in heaven I see thy face,  
I'll sing, I'm saved by Gospel grace.  
Whilst here, I'll drink Salvation's Cup,  
Till time and death are swallow'd up.

R. 1831.



## EXCELLENCES OF THE BIBLE,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED, AND BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER D.

(Continued from Vol. I. p. 187.)

DELIGHT is a name which every pious child most readily gives to the Word of God. Why does he call it his delight? Because it gives him delight, great delight; delight which will attend him all his life; and delight which will accompany him to heaven, and endure for ever. He can say with the Psalmist, Psal. cxix. 24, "Thy testimonies also are my delight and my counsellors." Ver. 77, "Let thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live; for thy law is my delight." Ver. 174, "I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord; and thy law is my delight." Many of God's beloved children have sung with the heart the following lines:—

"Had not thy Word been my DELIGHT,  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk among the dead."

DELIVERER.—Oh, how worthy the Bible is of this name! As an instrument in the hand of God the Spirit, what multitudes the Bible has delivered from sin, from Satan, from the world, from unholy company, from vile lusts, from hateful temptations, and finally from hell. Dear children, may you read, and love, and believe, and feel, and enjoy the Word of God, and it will prove to you a mighty *deliverer*. Of many books it may be justly said, "They are the *murderers* of souls;" but with truth it may be said of this, "It is the *deliverer* of souls."

DWELLING.—If we compare the Word of God to a *dwelling*, it is a house of immense magnitude. There the holy pious child receives the most delightful accommodation. There, he is fed on the richest, most wholesome, most delicious, and most nourishing provision. There he enjoys fellowship with his Saviour and his God. There he finds protection from numerous storms, and defence from numerous foes. And what a wonderful dwelling the holy child finds this Bible to be, when enlightened by the bright beams of the influences of the Holy Spirit. Without this light, the glories of this *dwelling* are unknown. With this divine light, they shine forth in all their loveliness, and in all their influence. As the glory of the ancient temple was seen by the *shining of the golden candlesticks*, so the glory of this spiritual *dwelling-place* is seen by the shining of the influences of the Holy Spirit. Young friends, may you delight to make the

Bible your dwelling-place! May you say, *Psal. cxxxii. 14.* "This is my rest; here will I dwell, for I have desired it." Then let us sing with the heart:

"I love the Volume of thy word;  
 What light and joy those leaves afford,  
 To souls benighted and distress'd!  
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest."  
 (*To be continued.*)

#### INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS.

THESE wonderfully illustrate the wisdom, power, and goodness of God. What are the *instincts* of inferior irrational creatures—of birds, and beasts, and fishes, and creeping-things, and insects! We answer, Those lessons which God teaches them, and which are necessary for their sustenance, their protection, their happiness, and their continuance in succeeding races and generations. Who teaches the sparrows to build their nest? *God. Pa. lxxxiv. 3.* "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young." The stork, the crane, and the swallow are migratory birds, and when the season of winter draws near, they move off to warm southern regions. And who taught these birds this lesson, without which their whole races would soon become extinct? *God. Jer. viii. 7.* "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming." In reading the following short account, may your heart be filled with the admiration of God, who taketh under his care, and condescends to be the Teacher of the meanest of his creatures!

The young bee, on the day that it first leaves the cell, without teaching and without experience, begins to collect honey, form wax, and build up its hexagonal\* cell, according to the form which its progenitors have used from the earliest generations. Birds build nests of a certain structure after their kinds, and many species at certain seasons, excited by some internal impulse, take their migratory flights to other countries. The insect, which never experienced a parent's care or a mother's example, labours assiduously and effectively for the future development and sustenance of an offspring which it, in its turn, is doomed never to behold. Others toil all summer, and lay up stores for winter, without ever having experienced the severity of such a season, or being in any sensible way aware of its approach. A common quail was kept in a cage, and became quite tamed and reconciled to its food. At the period of its

\* *Hexagonal*, means "six sided."

migration it became exceedingly restless; it beat its fist the cage in many efforts to escape; and, on examing its skin was found several degrees above its usual temperature. We often observe a dog, when going to sleep on the mat, to turn himself several times round before he lies down, and to wag one of the lingering instincts which he has retained; in his wild state, he is accustomed thus to prepare his bed with dry tall grass or rushes.

My friends, unite with me in the following exclamation of the Psalmist, Ps. civ. 24, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

### JONAH AND JESUS.

*Hints for Little Children on Matt. xii. 41.—"The men here shall rise in judgment with this generation, and condemn it: because they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here."*

This is a book of sublime comparisons, elevating ideas, and high principles, exalted and illustrious achievements. Its lessons show the difference between evil and good, darkness and light, holiness and sinfulness, righteousness and depravity, the works of God and the works of men. The above verse presents a forcible illustration of this fact, and shows the infinitude of the teaching of Him who taught as man never before or ever could teach; and it opens up to the mind three degrees of instruction, which, by the powerful teaching of God's Son may savingly affect the soul: *first*, two preachers are present; *secondly*, two sermons preached; and *thirdly*, two convocations assembled; and the effects produced on them.

The two preachers. They were Jonah and the Lord Jesus Christ; the one a man, the other the glorious God and Redeemer; the one was the fugitive prophet, who went down to Joppa and shipped himself for Tarshish, to avoid delivering God's message to the Ninevites; the other came on the ark of love, yearning over the miseries of our lost nature, and to proclaim to the perishing and rebellious multitudes the message of mercy and grace: the one was Jonah, and the other Jesus.

*Secondly*. The two sermons. Jonah's was a message without love, without one promise in it; it was a sermon of threat-ening of warning, of destruction, and of vengeance. The sermon of Jesus were full of love, of grace, of rich promises, of consolation, of tender rebuke, of heart-searching and soul-persuasion. They set forth man's state as a sinner, and the love of a Saviour; the riches of Divine Love; the infinitude of Mercy; the heights and depths of saving grace, as revealed from the eternal mind of the great Jehovah, through

the intercession of a crucified Saviour. Jesus is well called the PRINCE of Preachers.

*Thirdly.* The two congregations, and the effects produced on them. The one consisted of idolatrous ignorant pagans, and the other of educated self-righteous Jews, possessed of the oracles of God, and rich in privileges. The one heard and believed; the other heard and despised. The one escaped threatened vengeance; but, alas! the other perished in unbelief, heaping up to themselves wrath against the day of wrath.

Dear young friends, may God enable you to accept the following invitation of love!

“Come, ye children, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, join'd with power;  
He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more.”

### MISSIONS.

#### SCOTTISH MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH CALABAR MISSIONS.

THE Old Calabar mission is a stupendous enterprise, as it may be said to be the first station in a heathen country peopled by numerous millions. It is the door of entrance to the vast, fertile, and thickly-inhabited regions drained by the waters of the Niger, the Schadda, and the Cross rivers. Till recent times, but little comparatively was known of this part of Central Africa—the land of the negroes, the most important and interesting portion of that great continent; but the travels of Mungo Park, Clapperton, and the Landers, and the various expeditions that have been sent up the Niger, the Schadda, and the Cross rivers, have to a certain extent unfolded it to the knowledge of Europeans. When we ascend beyond the tribes living on the coast, who are debased and brutalised by the slave trade, we find not only more interesting and healthy countries, but a population somewhat advanced in the arts of civilised life, and with whom there is reason to believe that a great and profitable commerce will yet be carried on. There are in those extensive districts unwrought but ample materials, which the merchant, the schoolmaster, and the missionary are yet to turn to noble purposes. From thirty to fifty millions of people, with good talents and disposed to industry, inhabiting a land rich in the varied bounties of the beneficent Creator, are yet to be influenced by European merchandise, civilisation, and religion. To lift this people to their due place among the nations that walk amid the light of the Gospel, will be the grandest achievement of New Testament benevolence. The mind, animated by those notices of

mercy and love which the Bible holds out to the children of Africa—*notices which tell us that the despised negro race shall soon stretch out their hands to God in confiding trust—that they shall be numbered among his living and favoured sons, and that from the most distant and hitherto unexplored parts of that continent God's suppliants shall come, bringing his offering—dwells in fond, earnest, and yearning contemplation over those fine regions, now filled with spiritual darkness, cruel superstitions, and bloody customs; "desolate heritages,"—but still a part of Christ's promised kingdom, a land on which light, mercy, and love shall yet rest, and which, throughout all its broad plains, along its mighty rivers, and up its green mountain-sides, shall re-echo with the glad songs of salvation and of praise.*

Now, it is a remarkable fact that to these regions, so full of interest and of hope, containing the elements of prosperous kingdoms and of multitudes of Christian churches, Old Calabar is the natural entrance. The great desert on the north, the lofty chain of mountains on the east, the Kong ridge and the pestilential Delta on the west, and the Cameroon mountains and the absence of navigable rivers on the south, forbid frequent intercourse. But the open Calabar firth, navigable at all seasons for ships of any burden—the fact that the Cross river is within forty miles of the Schadda, and the high grounds at no great distance from Old Calabar, offering a salubrious residence,—all combine in pointing out Old Calabar as the door by which white men should enter Central Africa, in order to spread there the benefits of knowledge and Christianity. This is an advantage which our missionaries did not foresee. The Lord led them in a way that they knew not, and conducted them to the spot which recent information assures us is the best that could have been chosen along the whole coast, as the place where a mission destined to evangelize Central Africa should land and erect its first station. This view invests our mission with a peculiar interest, and with a momentous responsibility. We have taken possession of this entrance—this key of the interior, and we must be prepared for the results. Vast multitudes are waiting beyond Old Calabar for the Gospel. Already an urgent cry, thrice repeated, has come to us from Bonny, asking teachers and missionaries; and there can be no doubt that the calls from other places will, ere long, be many, earnest, and imploring. The mission is great in itself; but in its consequences it is immense. Should our missionaries be sustained in health, should the cause be firmly established in Old Calabar, and should well-educated native converts, fit for acting the part of missionaries, be raised up there, those who have contributed to the mission ship may yet be delighted to hear that those regions of which we have spoken, *now the most destitute in the world, have had the Gospel preached to them, and that their inhabitants have turned from all their superstitions to serve the living and the true God.*



## LINES

*Penned on hearing the Passing-Bell toll for an Infant.*

DEAR little creature ! thou hast fled  
 Far from our aching, groaning sight ;—  
 The mother's tears are now in vain,—  
 The beauteous bud is struck with blight.  
 The gaze of love no more thou'lt see,  
 Nor hear the words, so sweet, so mild,  
 Flowing from a mother's fondness,  
 When she beheld her darling boy—  
 Her first-born, lovely, cherub child !

Dear little creature ! thou art now  
 Cold and stiff ;—thy beauteous head  
 Is void of life and warmth—thy frame  
 Lies motionless on snow-white bed,  
 Which mother spread for thee :—how changed  
 The virgin, sweetly-budding flower,  
 Which seem'd so fair—so fresh—so bright—  
 Within the compass of an hour !

Dear little creature ! thou hast gone  
 Where *we*, and *all*, expect to go,  
 When, resting in the narrow house,  
 We flee from worlds of sin and woe.  
 With Jesus now thou'lt ever dwell,  
 In regions of unclouded light,  
 Beaming like a beauteous star,  
 And shining always clear and bright.

Dear little creature ! thee we'll take  
 Down to the realm of death with smiles,  
 Thinking how vast the sum of woe  
 Thou'st 'scaped, and all the serpent wiles.  
 And while we feel, when thy sweet frame  
 With clayey earth is cover'd o'er,  
 Still, we will not despairing cry,  
 But go and *try* to weep no more.

Dear little creature ! oft we'll seek  
 Thy quiet, sunny, resting ground ;  
 And flowers of every form and hue,  
 We'll plant above the little mound ;  
 And then we'll think, when so employ'd,  
 Or slowly as to home we go,  
 How soon *our* sleep shall be like thine,  
 How soon *our* heads may lie as low.

REV. T. WALLS



## SACRED BOTANY.

### WHEAT.

THE name given in the Sacred Volume to this most valuable and nutritious description of corn, is *חֵטֶה*, (*Theteh*.) This name signifies to push forth. It is so called on account of the great number of its stems; more especially because of the very great number

of grains produced by each seed. The remarks of Pliny, a heathen naturalist, on this seed, are truly striking, and even worthy of one who possesses, knows, and believes in Divine Revelation. He says,—“ Nothing is more fertile than wheat. Nature (*that is God*), has given it this quality, because by it chiefly she feeds mankind ; for, from one bushel, if the soil be suitable, as in Byzacium, a country of Africa, a hundred and fifty bushels will be returned.”

As some of my youthful readers may be students of Botany, the following description of *wheat* may be acceptable. It is a genus of plants of the class *tri-andria*, and order *di-gynia*. In the natural system, it ranges under the fourth order *gramina*. The calyx is bi-valve, and generally contains three florets. The corolla also is bi-valve, one valve being bluntish, and the other acute. Of this most remarkable, nutritious, hardy, and useful plant, there are no less than nineteen species.

It is very interesting to observe, and contemplate the peculiarities of this grain. It is that on which human beings depend for sustenance in almost all the civilized portions of the globe. Its prolific qualities are most powerful and abundant. More than any other grain does it possess farinaceous richness. It grows luxuriantly in a great variety of climates ; and it can withstand, to an astonishing degree, the most violent and piercing cold of winter. When we think of these valuable peculiarities, we may say in the language of the prophet, Zech. ix. 17 : “ O Lord, how great is thy goodness ! corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids.”

Let us now notice the figurative and spiritual use made of *wheat* in the word of God. Jesus is called a *Corn of Wheat*. Why ? Because of those rich, nourishing, and lasting blessings, of which he is the author. And also, because of the fruitfulness of his gospel when accompanied by the power of his Spirit. John xii. 24, “ Verily, verily, I say unto you,

Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone : but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Here our Saviour evidently alludes to himself, to his death, and to the rich blessings of salvation, the glorious fruits of his death and atonement. Saints are compared to *wheat*. Why ? Because of their usefulness, and their fruitfulness in good works. Matt. iii. 12. "He will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into his garner." The word is likened unto *wheat*, because it is the rich and nourishing food of believing souls. Jer. xxiii. 28. "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the *wheat* ? saith the Lord." Those who hear, believe, and enjoy the gospel purely dispensed, are *fed upon the finest of the wheat*. Ps. lxxxi. 16.

In conclusion, we may observe, that the inspired Apostle employs *wheat* in its sowing, its death, its vegetation, and its fruitfulness, as illustrative of the blessed resurrection of the bodies of the saints at the last day. 1 Cor. xv. 35—38, 42—44. "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up ? and with what body do they come ? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die : and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of WHEAT, or of some other grain : but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. It is sown in corruption ; it is raised in incorruption : it is sown in dishonour ; it is raised in glory : it is sown a natural body ; it is raised a spiritual body."

May the Holy Spirit teach us in faith, to give utterance to the following delightful expressions :—

" We sing his love who once was slain,  
 Who soon o'er death revived again,  
 That all his saints through him might have  
 Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

*Chorus.* Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
 Shall rise to immortality !"

## SERMON IV.

GOD IS LOVE.

*"God is love."—John iv. 8.*

BELOVED young friends, this sentence "love," is the most delightful and wonderful the man or angels ever saw. Search, if you had the all the books in the universe, and such another s cannot be found. It consists only of *three* words these three words contain more than the bed ocean. All the water of the ocean is no more *drop*, when compared with what these three words contain, "God is love." They contain the boundness of Jehovah. And when millions of years, ages, and centuries, have passed away, we shall be able *fully* to comprehend this wonderful s "God is love."

By the aid of the Holy Spirit, I propose, make some general observations on our text to your wonder ; and secondly, show wherein ( appears as the God of love, namely, in Creation, dence, and Redemption.

Before I enter upon this sacred and delightful allow me to present the following prayer to the Spirit in your behalf. Oh, unite with me while sent it !

"Come, Holy Spirit, from above,  
And fill these children's heart with love ;  
Soften to flesh their hearts of stone,  
And let the God of love be known !"

I. I now proceed to make some general observations on our text, to excite your wonder.

1st. If you compare the Bible to a cabinet of jewels, "God is love," is the most precious

hole collection. And it is so precious, that all changels in heaven cannot conceive its worth.

If you compare the Bible to the firmament, its bright and glorious stars, "God is love," is the brightest star shining in the firmament of the world. It surpasses all the rest in glory. Behold! the glorious star.

Suppose a company of angels were sent down to heaven, to appear in the midst of us, to deliver the most important message which even God himself sends to sinful man; what, think you, would this message be? I will tell you. It would be this, "God is love." Oh, what a message from a Holy God, to a sinful world! and from a just God, to a guilty world! If you had an opportunity of asking the angels in heaven the noblest, the sweetest, the loftiest song they sing in heaven, they would answer thus: The noblest, the sweetest, loftiest, song we sing in heaven, is this—"God is love."

A host of angels was sent from heaven to tell the humble shepherds of the birth of Christ. When they delivered the tidings, they sang a lovely song. What was the subject of the song? It was the love of God, and a God of love. It was this—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will to all men." What is the meaning of this song? It is—"God is love." It was on a most loving occasion the angels sang this song. It was when God made a most marvellous display of his love. When the infant Jesus was born—when God sent forth his only-begotten Son, made of a woman, made under the law, the angels sang this song. Beloved children, was it not amazing to see Jesus to become a little babe, a little child, to be called a little child? When you think of this, may I not feel a desire to sing the same song which the dear angels sang when they followed Jesus in the Temple; *Hosanna to the son of David; blessed is he that comes in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest!*" *Matt. xxi. 9.*

6th. God the Father is love. God the Son is love. God the Holy Ghost is love. These three Divine Persons are not three Gods. They are **ONE GOD!** And of *these three Persons* it is said in the singular number, "God is love." But there is a peculiar glory in each person of the Divinity, as a "God of love." This threefold glory forming *one* divine glory, fills heaven with brightness, blessedness and peace.

7th. Young friends, my affectionate desire, and my earnest prayer is, that you may honour God as the God of love, and that you may be taught to love God as the God of love. Allow me to express my wish, and to utter my prayer in the following lines:—

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that will kindle ours!"

II. Let us now, in humble dependence upon the Holy Spirit, show, that as the God of Creation, the God of Providence, and the God of Redemption, he is the God of love. Divine love shines in Creation; Divine love shines in providence. But Divine love shines with greatest brightness, and greatest glory in redemption.

First, in creation, "God is love."

1st. "God is love" if you look upon him as the Creator of angels. God made angels long before he made man. They are called "Morning Stars," and "Sons of God," because they were *first* created. And they are represented as singing the most joyful anthems of praise when God finished the creation of the heavens and the earth; God said to his servant Job, xxxviii. 4, 7, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

God made the angels in immense multitudes. Millions of them fell, and followed Satan the rebel. But countless millions of holy happy angels still remain. Stand on an eminence and look upon a vast forest!

You cannot count the trees of that great forest. Neither can you count the multitude of spotless, happy angels. Look up to a clear sky when the sun is set, and you see a multitude of stars you cannot number. Lift up your eyes to heaven, and you behold a multitude of angels which no man can number. The Apostle calls them "an innumerable company of angels." Heb. xii. 22. God has created all these angels perfectly holy, perfectly happy, perfectly glorious, and perfectly blessed. He infinitely delights in their holiness, in their happiness, in their glory, and in their blessedness. Think of this, and then exclaim with joyful hearts, "God is love!"

2d. "God is love," as the Creator of man. What does the Bible say of the creation of man? Gen. i. 37, "God created man in his own image." He made man like to himself in knowledge, wisdom, understanding, holiness, and happiness. What does this show? What does this prove? That "God is love."

God made man lovely in his body; and not only lovely but perfect. He made him so perfect, that if he had never sinned he had never died. His body was the perfection of loveliness. But, oh, how loathsome has sin made the body of man! See the human body covered with disease! see the human body corrupting in the grave; oh, what has done this? Sin, the enemy—sin, the murderer, has done this!

When God made man, while his body was the perfection of loveliness, his soul was the perfection of holiness. What renders God so glorious? It is his holiness; "He is glorious in holiness." Exod. xv. 11. And what made the soul of man in his creation the perfection of loveliness? It was the perfect holiness in which he shone; yes, *shone*, brighter than the burnished gold, brighter than the lustre of the sky. Thus, he resembled God. As there is no blackness in the pure snow, so there was no blackness of sin in the *spiritually snow-white*, spotless soul of man. As the *water flowing from the fountain* is clear without



pollution, so the soul of man was a pure, clean, unpol-  
luted stream, flowing from the fountain of Jehovah.  
What does this proclaim? That "God is love."

Such was the love of God, that he made man like  
to himself in knowledge, wisdom, and understanding.  
These three, knowledge, wisdom, and understanding,  
are the light of the soul. Is the soul a temple? Those  
are the divine lights which filled the temple with glorious  
brightness. Does the soul resemble the lofty and far  
extended firmament? These three were the glorious  
luminaries, kindled by the breath of God, which filled  
the firmament of the mind of man with the splendours  
of divine light. What does this proclaim? That "God  
is love."

When God made man, he made him male and  
female. His happiness could not have been complete  
if he had been made *alone*, and if he had remained  
*alone*. Gen. i. 27, "So God created man in his  
own image: male and female created he them." Eve  
was also the perfection of loveliness, of wisdom, and  
of holiness. In addition to this, God placed our first  
parents in Eden, the most beautiful spot on the face  
of the earth, and this Eden was a paradise of perfect  
bliss. He was also made king of the whole earth.  
What does the Psalmist say? Psal. viii. 5, 6,  
"Thou madest man a little lower than the angels,  
and crowned him with glory and honour. Thou  
madest him to have dominion over the works of thy  
hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: all  
sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the  
fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever  
passeth through the paths of the seas." What does  
this proclaim? That "God is love."

To crown all, God allowed man to enjoy fellowship  
with himself. He spoke with God as his friend. God  
conversed with him as his Father and his Creator.  
*Oh, what blessedness!* He saw the face of God; he  
heard the voice of God. Thus, his happiness was  
complete. His soul was as full of purest bliss, as the

ocean's bed is full of water, and as the sky is full of light at noon day. What does this proclaim? "God is love."

Secondly, as the God of Providence, "God is love."

What is the Providence of God? It is his continual care and management of his creatures. Thus the Psalmist speaks and sings of the Providence of God: (Psal. cxlv. 15, 16,) "The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." How true the following lines:—

"God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies."

My young friends, the Providence of God gives you six things in particular. God gives you, as the God of Providence, food, raiment, health, a home, friends, and instructors. Does the Providence of God give you all these? Then, how clear, how evident, "God is love." There are six streams, and they all flow from one fountain. And that fountain is the love of God. What a fountain! It flows abundantly, it flows freely, it flows for ever.

1st. God gives you your *daily bread*. You cannot live without food. Without food you can neither possess health, nor strength, nor comfort. Without food your eyes would soon close in death. For the purpose of possessing and enjoying all these blessings, God covers the table of his Providence with your daily bread.

God's goodness and love appear in the variety of things he has provided for your food. It would have been kind, if he had only provided *one thing*. But the variety is wonderful. Fish, fowl, and beasts; corn of various kinds, wholesome roots, and delicious fruits;—all these *in rich variety* he has provided for our *nourishment, life, and comfort*. Observe, also, *this rovision is constant, day after day, year after year.*

This is not all. God does it with delight. No mother has such delight in feeding her smiling babe, as God has in feeding you at the table of his Providence, and with the bounties of his goodness. All this proclaims, "God is love."

2d. God gives you *raiment*. No creature is so helpless as the new-born babe. If there were no raiment provided for its clothing and defence, it would die and perish in a few moments. But when you were born, there was raiment ready to clothe your little, feeble, delicate, helpless bodies. Who made the wool, the cotton, the flax, and the silk for our clothing? It was God. Thus, you are defended from the rain, the snow, the hail, and the winter's cold. Your very clothing may be said to speak. And what does it say? It says, "God is love."

3d. God, as the God of Providence, gives *health*. We cannot calculate the value of health. A youth enjoying health is not only free from disease, but vigorous, and lively, and active. This is more precious than gold, and silver, and jewels. No earthly possession can be enjoyed without health. If a man has houses, and lands, without health, he is wretched and miserable. And when health is connected with true piety, with love to Christ, we cannot conceive its worth. What does this blessing proclaim? "God is love."

4th. God provides you with a *home*. Your home may be small, and mean; still, it is a home. And there you have comforts that you can have nowhere else. If you love Jesus, oh what a blessed home is prepared for you beyond the skies! And what does this proclaim? "God is love."

5th. God gives you *friends*. The most of you have fathers and mothers, who provide for you, and watch over you. And you cannot tell the value of a kind father, and of a tender-hearted mother. But how exceedingly valuable are fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, when adorned with grace

Better it is to have such friends, however poor, than to have graceless nobles and princes for your friends. Such friends are a precious possession. Who gave them? God, who is the God of love.

6th. God, as the God of Providence, gives you *ministers* and *teachers*. You have sanctuaries where you hear the glorious Gospel from the lips of your ministers, and you have schools where you may learn many lessons of wisdom and holiness from the lips of your teachers. These sanctuaries are more valuable than palaces; and these schools are more valuable than banks full of silver and gold. The God of Providence gave you these blessings. And these blessings in accents loud and sweet proclaim, "God is love."

In the next Sermon of the next month, by Divine permission, we shall show that, as the God of Grace, "God is love."

In conclusion, let us sing to the Providence which proclaims Divine love :—

## 1.

"I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food;  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.

## 2.

"Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,  
Where'er I turn mine eyes;  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the skies.

## 3.

"There's not a plant or flow'r below,  
But makes thy glory known;  
And clouds arise and tempests blow  
By order from thy throne.

## 4.

"Creatures as num'rous as they be,  
Are subject to thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

## 5.

"In heaven he shines with beams of love,  
With wrath in hell beneath ;  
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
And 'tis his air I breathe.

## 6.

"His hand is my perpetual guard,  
He keeps me with his eye :  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?"

### NAMES AND TITLES OF JESUS, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

IN No. 14 we considered four names of Jesus, beginning with the letter B. These were, Babe, Balm, Beginning, and Beloved. We now proceed to consider the following five names commencing with the same letter—Bishop, Blessed, Bread, Breaker, and Bridegroom.

*First*,—Our Saviour is called a BISHOP, 1 Pet. ii. 25: "Ye were as sheep going astray; but have now returned to the Shepherd and BISHOP of your souls." The Bishop of souls is the Lord Jesus Christ. The word *Bishop* signifies one who looks after and who carefully watches, as a shepherd looks after and carefully watches his flock. A minister is appointed by Jesus to look after and carefully to watch his people or flock. In this sense he is a shepherd or bishop.

What kind of a *Bishop* is Christ?

1st. He is a *great* Bishop, greater than kings, greater than all the Archangels of heaven.

2d. He is *Lord* Bishop. He is Lord of lords. He is the Lord Bishop of heaven and earth; of the Church militant below, and of the Church triumphant above.

3d. He is a *rich* Bishop. In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Col. ii. 9.

4th. He is a *kind* Bishop. When on earth, he took up little children in his arms, laid them in his bosom, pressed them to his heart, and blessed them. Oh how kind!

He is as kind now as he was then. If you flee to him in prayer, he will take you up into the arms of his love and bless you.

“ Lo! Jesus the kind Bishop stands,  
To court you to his arms;  
Do not resist his wondrous grace,  
Nor slight his powerful charms.”

*Secondly*,—Our Saviour is called by the name *Blessed*. Ps. lxxii. 17: “ All nations shall call him *blessed*.” England, Scotland, and Ireland, shall call him *blessed*. France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Germany, Prussia, Holland, and Russia, shall call him *blessed*. He shall bless *all* nations, and therefore *all* nations shall call him *blessed*. In every respect Jesus is blessed. But let us consider him for a little as a *Blessed Fountain*. Zech. xiii. 1, “ And in that day there shall be a Fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.” Jesus is that *Fountain*. Oh, what wonderful streams flow from this blessed Fountain. I mention four:—

1st. A blessed stream of *life* flows from it. You remember, Jesus told the woman of Samaria, that he was willing to give her of this stream of living water, and also, if she drank, that it would be in her a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.

2d. A blessed stream of *pardon* flows from Christ the fountain. Young friends, drink of this stream, and your sins shall be forgiven, and remembered no more.

3d. A blessed stream of *holiness* flows from this fountain. Drink of this stream, and your spiritual *beauty will surpass the loveliness of the rose, and the ustre of the sky.*

4th. A blessed stream of *happiness* flows from this Fountain. When you begin to drink of this happiness, your happiness will begin. What a lesson you shall learn! You will "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." A blessed day is fast approaching, when—

" People and realms of every tongue,  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And youthful voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name."

*Thirdly*,—Our blessed Saviour is called BREAD. He calls himself *Bread*. John vi. 48, "I am the *Bread of life*." Why is Jesus called *Bread*?

1st. As bread *nourishes* the body, Jesus the Bread of life nourishes the soul. When we are loving Christ, and believing in him, then we are feeding *on* him, and then we are nourished *by* him.

2d. As bread keeps the body *alive* with natural life, Jesus keeps the soul *alive* with spiritual life.

3d. As food *strengthens* the body, so Jesus strengthens the soul. Oh, how strong, even in dying, is the pious child! Strengthened by the Bread of life, he longs to depart.

4th. As bread *comforts* the body, so Jesus, the Bread of life, *comforts* the soul. He gives it comforts which neither sufferings nor death can destroy—comforts which will endure for ever.

May you and I be enabled with the heart to sing—

" Is Christ compared to living Bread ?  
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed :  
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,  
Is Bread of life—is heavenly wine."

*Fourthly*,—Our Saviour is called the BREAKER. Micah ii. 13, "The *Breaker* is gone up before them." This is a very surprising name; but uncommon and surprising as it is, it is most justly applicable to Christ.

1st. Jesus breaks hearts. He breaks the pride of the heart, and the enmity of the heart, and the unbelief

e heart, and the *carnality* of the heart, and the *iniquity* of the heart.

.. He breaks up *the way*. Jesus goes before holy men on their journey to heaven; and he removes of their way temptations and enemies. Every thing that would hinder them, he breaks and removes.

.. He breaks *weapons of war*. Ps. xli. 9, "He shall break the bow, and shall cutteth the spear in sunder; he shall burn the chariot in the fire." The time, therefore, is coming, when there will be no soldiers, no muskets, no swords, no spears, no armies, no war. Oh! join me in the following beautiful lines:—

" He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,  
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;  
Keep silence all the earth, and hear  
The sound and glory of his name."

*fitly*,—Jesus is called a BRIDEGROOM. John iii. "He that hath the bride is the *Bridegroom*." The Church is Christ's *bride*, and Christ is the Church's *bridegroom*. See how kind Jesus is, as the Church's *bridegroom*.

.. He *loves* his Church. Jer. xxxi. 3. He says to his bride, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." May we hear Jesus say so to us!

.. He *clothes* his bride. Isa. lxi. 10, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be very glad in my God." Why does the Church speak thus? It adds, "For he has clothed me with the garments of salvation, and covered me with the robe of righteousness."

.. He *enriches* his bride. Ps. lxxxiv. 11, "The Lord will give grace and glory: and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

.. He *defends* his bride. Ps. xci. 4, "He will cover thee with his feathers, under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

.. He *for ever lives* with his bride. Matt. xxviii. 20.



“Lo, I am with you alway.” His bride shall never  
be a widow, for both live for ever.

6th. He will *take his bride to heaven*. John xiv. 3,  
“I will come again unto you to receive you to myself,  
that where I am, there ye may be also.” Let us, then,  
sing :—

“All over glorious is our Lord,  
Must be beloved, and yet adored ;  
His worth, if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love him too.”

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THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

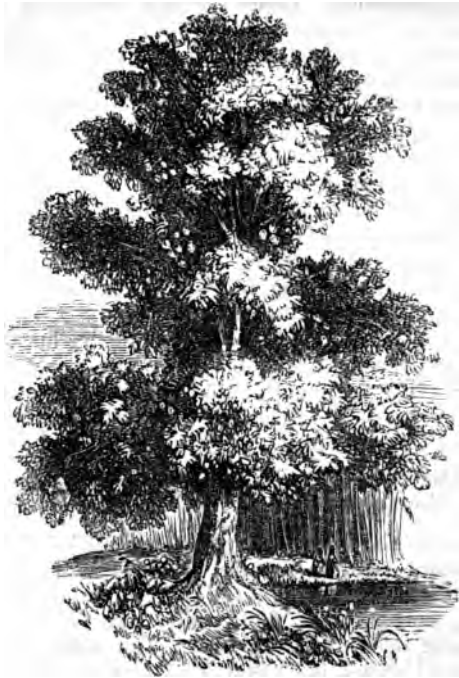
ALONG life's road no parent's hand  
My homeless footsteps led ;  
No mother's arms in sickness soothed,  
And raised my throbbing head.

But other hearts, Lord, thou hast warm'd,  
With tenderness benign ;  
For in the stranger's eye I mark  
The tear of pity shine.

The stranger's hand by Thee is moved  
To be the Orphan's stay ;  
And, better far, the stranger's voice  
Hath taught me how to pray.

To God let every creature join  
In prayer, and thanks, and praise ;  
Infants their little anthems lisp,  
Age, hallelujahs raise !

*Communicated by* EDWARD B. COOPER, *Donnybrook-road, Dublin.*



## SACRED BOTANY

### APPLE-TREE, OR CITRON.

It is well known, that the apple-tree which grows so many parts of Europe, and which exhibits such luxuriance, and shows such fruitful luxuriance in Great Britain, is not found in Palestine. What is translated in our *English* version of the Scriptures, is not, *actly speaking, the Apple-tree*, but the CITRON. The fruit of this tree, when fully ripe, has a beautiful

golden appearance. Hence the appropriateness of the following poetical and glowing figure, Prov. xxv. 11: "A word fitly spoken is like *apples (citrons)* of gold in pictures of silver."

Citron-trees are of a very noble appearance; their size is magnificent; the leaves are peculiarly beautiful, continuing in constant succession; the branches are never denuded, as many of the trees are in our country, and in other northern climes. Their fragrance is most exquisite and refreshing; furnishing a most delightful and cooling shade. Hence, the Church is represented as saying, in Song ii. 3, "As the apple (citron) tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." The fragrance of the aromatic leaves may be considered a fit and figurative illustration of the influences of Christ's Spirit:

"More sweet the fragrance which thy breath exhales.  
Than Citron-groves refreshed by morning gales."

The original Hebrew name is תפנה, *Taphnah*. This word signifies literally to *breathe*. This is exceedingly characteristic of the citron-tree, both as to its leaves, blossoms, and fruit, which *breathe* or exhale the most delightful fragrance. The word which is translated apples, is תפנים, *Taphnim*, intimating that which exhales the most agreeable and refreshing odour.

Ancient authors make mention of the Citron as known to the Jews, and being abundant in Palestine. Josephus records, that at the Feast of Tabernacles the Jews actually pelted King Alexander Jannæus with *citrons*, which they had then in their hands; probably, because he had not a branch of the citron in *his* hand; which was particularly required by the law at that feast. From this fact being mentioned by the ancient Jewish historian, it is evident, the citron-tree was well known before the days of Alexander Jannæus. It also

intimates, that Josephus and the Jewish writers generally understood the citron-tree to be signified by the "boughs of the goodly tree," mentioned in Levit. xxiii. 40; which were used at the Feast of Tabernacles, "when the Jews rejoiced before the Lord seven days."

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S E R M O N V.

GOD IS LOVE.

---

SECOND PART.

"God is love."—John iv. 8.

IN our first Sermon on this text, I endeavoured, my young friends, to show, that "God is love," if we consider him as the God of Creation, and as the God of Providence. By the aid of the Holy Spirit I will now endeavour to show, that

"God is love," as the God of *Salvation*. There are three things belonging to salvation, which very remarkably show that "God is love." The first, is the *Contrivance* of Salvation. The second, is the *Accomplishment* of Salvation. The third, is the *Application* of Salvation. Endeavour to fix your attention on these three. Study them most carefully. Moses called the bush on flames and not consumed, a wonderful sight. Exod. iii. 3. And he said, "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." Those three things which I have mentioned, namely, the Contrivance, the Accomplishment, and the Application of Salvation, are three great sights. Let each one of you now say, as Moses did, "I will turn aside, and see these three great sights!" Oh, may *God the Spirit* enable you to look and understand.

to look and believe, to look and admire, to look and adore !

I. In the *Contrivance* of the plan of Salvation we see that " God is love."

We generally speak of God the Father as *contriving* the great plan of Salvation ; of God the Son as *accomplishing* the plan ; and of God the Spirit as *applying* Salvation to the souls of those who believe. In all this, there is a matchless display of love. There is here a threefold display of love, all uniting in one glorious sun of brightness, surpassing all the glory of the universe beside.

1st. LOVE moved God the Father to *contrive* the plan of Salvation. It was the *wisdom* of God which contrived the plan, but it was the *love* of God which moved his *wisdom* to contrive it. Oh what a wonderful plan is this plan of salvation ! All good men agree, that this is the most wonderful plan that ever Divine wisdom contrived. This appears plain when we consider that this plan makes known the most wonderful love that men or angels ever heard, or ever knew. How delightful to think, that in contriving the plan of salvation Divine wisdom was the *servant* of Divine love. Never was Divine wisdom *more* honoured ; never was Divine wisdom *so much* honoured. What do we read in the *contrivance* of the plan of Salvation ? We read this : " God is love."

2d. The *immense multitude* for whom the plan of Salvation was contrived shows the greatness of this love. Yes, it shows that the tongues of angels cannot describe its greatness. It shows that the very minds of angels cannot conceive its greatness. We admire mercy shown to *one* individual. To contrive a plan to deliver one little child from the hand of cruel robbers, who tore it from a mother's bosom, we cannot but admire. To contrive a plan for delivering a *thousand* captive slaves bound with iron, and perishing in *dungeons*, we admire this mercy still more. But, *beloved young* friends, how wonderful must that love be

contrived a plan for the salvation of millions, multitudes which no man can number, out of all is, and tongues, and people, and languages! How he following lines :—

“ Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man,  
And all its wondrous steps display  
That love which drew the plan.”

In the *Accomplishment* of Salvation we see  
“ God is love.”

young friends, it was CHRIST, the Second Person  
of the Trinity, who accomplished the great plan of  
redemption. What does St. Paul call Christ? In Heb.  
he calls him “ the AUTHOR of eternal salvation to  
them that obey him.” Oh may the following re-  
minder saying be engraven on your young hearts!  
1. i. 15, “ This is a faithful saying, and worthy  
of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the  
world to *save* sinners; of whom I am chief.”

Christ willingly engaged from all eternity to  
purchase Salvation. It was long before the world,  
before the sun, moon, and stars were made, that Jesus  
came to become the Saviour of men, women, and  
children. Was not this surprising love? The  
Father wished to send his Son into our world to save.  
The Son was willing to come and save. The Father  
sent the Son. The Son consented. The Father said,  
“ How will you go to obtain salvation for guilty, lost,  
and rebellious man?” The Son answered, “ I will go;  
I will die.” Ps. xl. 7, 8, “ Then said I, Lo, I come: in  
the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight  
in thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my  
heart.”

“ ‘ Behold, I come,’ the Saviour cries,  
With love and pity in his eyes;  
‘ I come to bear the heavy load  
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.’ ”

*never heard of an earthly king willingly con-  
to save rebellious subjects, by laying down his*

life ; but we know something infinitely more wonderful. We know that Jesus, the King of kings, the Son of the Eternal Father, entered into a covenant, and engaged to come from heaven to earth, and by his death, to save rebellious men. "There never was love like this !" How loudly this proclaims, "God is love."

2d. Christ became *man* to accomplish salvation. He could not save man, without taking upon him the nature of man. He could not save man without three things. The three are, obeying, suffering, dying. You know, my beloved young friends, that as God, he could not obey ; as God, he could not suffer ; as God, he could not die. To be able to do these *three*, he took upon him our nature. And in that nature he did the *three*. He obeyed, he suffered, he died. Therefore we read, Heb. x. 5, "A body hast thou prepared me." I will tell you what the angels sung when he appeared on earth, arrayed in human form. (Luke ii. 14.) They sung, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." They sung this song with wonder and delight.

When the holy Apostle thought of Christ taking upon him a human body, and appearing in the likeness of sinful flesh, he said, 1 Tim. i. 15, "Great is the mystery of godliness, God made manifest in the flesh!" Young friends, observe the words, "GOD MANIFEST!" These words show, and prove, that Christ *is* God ; that he is *both* God and man. Yes, God and man in one Person. Oh what wonderful love is this ! How loudly this proclaims, "God is love !" Let us then exclaim with wonder :

"But lo ! he leaves those heavenly forms—  
Our LORD descends and dwells in clay,  
That he may save polluted worms,  
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they !"

3d. Consider what Christ *did* to save. He yielded *obedience* to the Divine law. Without yielding *this* obedience he never could be the Saviour of man. Try and remember the following excellences of his *obedi-*

ence. It was most *willing*, it was *universal*, obedience to every command. It was *constant*, throughout all his life. It was *perfect*, without a flaw. And it was infinitely *meritorious*. Why? Because of his Divine nature connected with his human. THIS stamped merit,—yes, boundless worth on all he did. It was foretold, Isa. xl. 21, that he should “magnify the law and make it honourable.” By his obedience to the law, the promise was fulfilled. God in human form obeyed the law, and magnified it, and honoured it, as it never was before, and never can be since. What does Christ’s obedience proclaim? It proclaims this, “God is love.”

4th. Consider what Christ *suffered* to accomplish salvation.

From *whom* did he suffer? From the hand of *men*, from the hand of *evil spirits*, and from the hand of *offended Justice*.

In *what* did he suffer? In his soul, in his body, in his character and estate. Wherever he could suffer, *there* he suffered.

And *what* did he suffer? Oh, hear it with amazement! He suffered poverty, toil, sickness, hunger, watchings, shame, temptations, reproachings, the hiding of his Father’s countenance, crucifixion, and death! There never were sufferings like his sufferings. There never was sorrow like his sorrow. There never was death like his death. All these he bore to satisfy offended justice; all these he bore to obtain for us an everlasting salvation. What do we read in his sufferings? “God is love.” What do we read on his cross? “God is love.” What do we read on his tomb? “God is love!”

“How condescending and how kind  
Was God’s eternal Son;  
Our misery reach’d his heavenly mind,  
And pity brought him down.

“This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne’er withdrew.”



III. The *Application* of Salvation shows that "God is love." To *apply* salvation is the great, the peculiar work of the Holy Spirit. In the *application* of salvation to the soul, there are two things especially which the Spirit does : first, he convinces; and secondly, he converts. And both these show that "God is love."

1st. The Holy Spirit *convinces* the poor sinner. What does Christ say of the Spirit on this subject? He says, John xvi. 8, "And when he is come, he will convince the world of sin." No sinner can be converted without being convinced of sin. When, therefore, he is about to be converted by the Spirit, and all the blessings of salvation are about to become his own, the Holy Spirit convinces him of sin. He opens the eyes of his mind, and enables him to see his sinfulness and his danger; and, also, that without the salvation of Christ, he must be for ever lost and undone. When he shows him this sight, this humbling, this affecting sight, he teaches him to cry out in earnestness of soul, like the gaoler of Philippi, Acts xvi. 30, "What must I do to be saved?" My young friends, may you be taught to say with sincere hearts—  
"Eternal Spirit,

Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too."

2d. The Holy Spirit *converts* the sinner. Then, in one moment, all the blessings of salvation become his. They are applied to him by the almighty, gracious power of the Divine Spirit. What a moment! What a blessed moment! A moment to be remembered with interest, thankfulness, and joy for ever and ever!

To be converted is to be born again. And the Spirit is the Author of this birth. Jesus said to Nicodemus, John iii. 6, "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit." What does the Spirit do, when he *converts* a sinner?

*First*, He gives him a new nature. This is called

*regeneration*, or being "born again." Secondly, He enables him to receive Christ, and all the blessings of salvation. *This* is, in truth, the *Application* of salvation to the soul. Thirdly, He teaches him to cry "Abba, Father." Fourthly, He keeps him in a state of grace, and preserves in his soul all the graces he has given him. Fifthly, He makes perfect, at the death of the body, all the graces, and thus *prepares* him for taking his place among the saints in heaven.

## CONCLUSION.

Beloved young friends, never cease seeking salvation in earnest prayer, until you are able to say in holy triumph, "I have found it, I have found it!"

"Grace drew my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
Thence new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing home to God.

"Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise."

## CONTENTMENT.

SOCRATES, in going through the market-place, said, "How many things are here that I do not want!"

A good old dissenting minister at Frome, who had but a small salary, used to say playfully to his friends: "I owe nothing; I am owed nothing; I have nothing; and I want nothing."

"A contented mind is a continual feast." "All trouble to such a man," says Leighton, "is only like the rattling of the hailstones on the roof of the house to him who sits at a sumptuous feast within."

"Turn, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,  
All earth-born cares are wrong;  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."



## EXCELLENCES OF THE BIBLE,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

(Continued from Vol. II. p. 44.)

**DAINTY FOOD.**—Does *dainty* mean *precious*? How precious is the word of God! “It is more precious than rubies.” Does *dainty* mean *rare*? The Bible is in one sense *rare*. For among the millions of books on the face of the earth, there is only *one word of God*. Does *dainty* mean *pleasant* or *delicious* to the taste? Oh, how sweet, how delicious is the Bible to the spiritual taste of the pious child. “It is sweeter than honey; yea, even than the honeycomb.” Ps. xix. 10. That is a blessed, happy child, who can say with the heart, “The Bible is the *dainty food*, the savoury meat, which my soul loves.”

“Not honey to the taste  
Affords so much delight,  
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd  
So much allures my sight.”

**EPISTLE.**—The Bible is indeed an *Epistle*, or *Letter*. God is the *Writer* of the Epistle. 2 Tim. iii. 16, “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.” What an useful Epistle it is; it “is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness.” *May* it be profitable to you and to me. The Bible is a *loving* Epistle. It is written by *love*, and it makes known the wonderful *love* of God to sinful men. It is full of *love*. And it makes known the wonderful truth, “God is love.” It is a Father’s letter to his sons and daughters. In every part of the Epistle we see a Father’s wisdom, a Father’s love, a Father’s care. May we find this Epistle addressed by the Holy Spirit to our hearts; then we will sing:—

“Thy word is everlasting truth;  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.”

**EVERGREEN.**—What a wonderful tree is the Bible. The *verses* of the Bible may be considered as the *leaves* of the tree. *None of them* have ever fallen off. *None of them* have been withered. *Neither the winds, nor the storms, nor the furious flames* have ever been able to blast, to injure, or consume those green, *these*

lovely fragrant leaves. For many, many hundreds of years this tree has stood, and it is as verdant as ever, and as fruitful as ever. Oh, what delight pious children enjoy, sitting under the wide-spreading branches of this noble *Evergreen*, the planting of God's right hand! They can say with thankfulness and joy:—"We sat down under its shadow with great delight, and its fruit was sweet to our taste."

(To be continued.)

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## MARTYROLOGY.

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### ENGLISH MARTYRS.

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#### REV. JOHN ROGERS.

MARY, daughter of Henry VIII. and sister of Queen Elizabeth, filled the throne of England after her brother's death, namely, Edward VI. She was a Roman Catholic of the most bigoted description. She believed that all Protestants were heretics, and therefore considered that she pleased, and did God service, when she delivered up godly ministers to be consumed at the stake. Such numbers were destroyed in her reign, that she has received ever since the merited name of *Bloody Mary*, which will be handed down to the remotest posterity, accompanied with execration and horror.

The Rev. John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, and Reader of St. Paul's in London, was the first martyr for the truth during the execrable reign of Mary, the English Jezebel, the merciless destroyer of the Lord's prophets and saints. This good and blessed man was educated at Cambridge, and was some time Chaplain to the English merchants in Antwerp. There he met and formed an acquaintance with William Tindal, and with Miles Coverdale, the celebrated translators of the Scriptures into the English language. When Edward VI. was raised to the throne, he returned to London. Bishop Ridley gave him a prebend in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's. When Mary ascended the throne, she brought in, with a high hand, all the idolatry and superstitions of Popery. So faithful was the preaching of this eminent minister of Christ, that he was soon silenced. For some time he was a prisoner in his own house. By the cruelty of Bishop Bonner, he was afterwards removed to Newgate, where he was lodged for a great while with thieves and murderers. He was tried, and sentence of death and degradation was pronounced upon him. On the 4th day of February, 1555, being Monday morning, he was suddenly warned by the

wife of the Governor of Newgate to prepare himself for the fire. He was so sound asleep, that he could with difficulty be awaked. He was brought before Bishop Bonner with all haste, and degraded. He requested of the Bishop to speak a few words to his beloved wife before going to the flames. This favour was cruelly refused. He was then brought into Smithfield by the Sheriffs of London to be burnt. He manifested great patience, and exhorted the people to remain constant to the faith he had taught, and for the confirmation of which he was willingly laying down his life. One of the Sheriffs asked him if he would revoke his doctrine. He replied, "That which I have preached, I will seal with my blood." The Sheriff said, "Thou art an heretic." He answered, "That will be known at the judgment-day." A little before his burning, his pardon was offered if he would recant; but he firmly refused. The fagots were kindled around him. He washed his hands in the flames. In a few minutes he was relieved by death from the hand of his persecutors, and his happy spirit received the martyr's crown.

• REV. LAWRENCE SAUNDERS.

Mr. Saunders was one of a highly respectable family. He was educated in the school of Eton, of ancient as well as modern celebrity. He was chosen to be a scholar of King's College, in Cambridge, where he continued three years. For some time, at the earnest entreaty of his rich relatives, he followed a mercantile employment, which he afterwards abandoned for the holy ministry, which he loved above all other professions. He began to preach in the beginning of the reign of the good and youthful King Edward VI. He continued preaching the pure Gospel in opposition to Popish errors, until he was made prisoner according to the command of the notorious and cruel Bishop Bonner. After he was degraded by this Bishop, he was conveyed to Coventry by the Queen's guard, to be burned. On reaching that city he was thrust into the common gaol among other prisoners. He slept but little. He spent the night in prayer, and in the instructing of his fellow-prisoners. The next day, Feb. 8, 1555, he was led to the place of execution, to a park *without the city*, as his dear Saviour was led *without the gate*. He went in an old gown and a shirt, barefooted, and often fell flat on the ground and prayed. When he came to the fatal spot, the officer appointed to preside at the execution, poured out on the good man the most bitter and acrimonious reproaches, charging him with false doctrines and heresies. He meekly replied, "I hold nothing but the doctrine of God, and the Gospel of Christ." The officer, imitating Christ's murderers, said, "Away with him!" Mr. Saunders went with courage to the devouring flames, which were prepared as a fiery chariot to convey his soul to heaven. He fell on the ground and prayed

He rose up, took the stake in his arms, kissed it, and said, "Welcome the cross of Christ! welcome everlasting life!" He was then fastened to the stake. The fagots were kindled, and he fell sweetly asleep in Jesus!

My young friends, you and I may never be called to suffer martyrdom, but may God graciously give us martyrs' hearts!

QUESTION.

"What happy men, or angels, these,  
That all their robes are spotless white?  
Whence did this glorious troop arrive  
At the pure realms of heavenly light?"

ANSWER.

"From torturing racks and burning fires,  
And seas of their own blood they came;  
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,  
Flowing from Christ, the dying Lamb."

(*To be continued.*)

TWELVE MAXIMS FOR THE YOUNG,

BY THE REV. T. WALLACE.

1. VALUE and revere your parents most highly. You cannot love them too warmly—serve them too vigorously—obey them too cheerfully or implicitly, when you consider what they have done for you.

2. Cultivate your minds with the utmost care. Nothing will be a greater blessing to you than sound and superior intellectual culture. It will embellish, enrich, recommend, elevate, and animate you.

3. In early life, give your hearts to the Saviour. Let him have the best of your days—your talents—your energies. Let him have all the warmth and purity of your early affections.

4. While young, never be indifferent to prayer; it will prepare for every duty—guide in every difficulty—sustain under every trial—fit you for every change. There is no safety without early attention to closet prayer; and, sure we are, there is no happiness.

5. Consecrate the Sabbath to God. Do it freely, heartily, uniformly. If young persons neglect or dishonour the Sabbath, they have nothing but a moral blight, a withering curse, as they advance in life.

6. *Love the ministers of Christ.* We never knew a youth who realized a blessing, if he disesteemed, or despised them. Honour God's servants, and he will honour you.

7. Be very wary in choosing your companions. *Master the main thing—the fear of God ; else, you may be for ever.*

8. Do not plunge into the dissipations and pleasure world. They are as degrading as empty ; as sinful as as soon as later, with misery.

9. Secure the blessing of God when young ; and re that the way to gain that blessing is, to be earnest in i tation. Ask it in this manner, and it will not be with

10. Make the most of your time. It is very short, a escent. Your early years will glide away very rapidly, few remaining years will seem to pass more swiftly th which preceded.

11. Beware of indecision. Nothing is more unwi pernicious, more ruinous. Halt not between two opini decided to serve God *now*, and serve him *for ever*.

12. Prepare for Eternity ; always be thinking of it may soon be called to die, and enter eternity. Let, t question be most seriously proposed by every young “ Am I ready to go into Eternity ? ”

#### THE JEWS : GOOD HOPES OF THEM.

THE Great King, and Head of the Church, is crown success the efforts of the Missionaries of the British So Promoting Christianity among the descendants of Ja Children of Israel.

The operations abroad are encouraging. In *JAFFA*, s called *Joppa*, the Missionary is kindly received and listened to by Jewish families. Here, a young Jew, a the island of Cyprus, who can speak fluently many la is under the training of Mr. Manning the missionary, writes : “ I have been reading, every day since he came Scriptures with him, of which he has but a very partial ; ance ; but his increasing interest in them is daily ma itself. I scarcely pass his room, when he is alone, b him reading an Italian Bible that I gave him.”

GIBRALTAR.—Mr. Ben Oliel, the missionary at Gibra *converted Jew*, said in his valedictory address in the C Hall, London, 19th July, 1848 : “ The desire to carry t tidings of salvation to my benighted brethren was first a within me twelve months ago, by reading the *conver our Lord with the woman of Samaria. On reading the the woman, ‘ Come, see a man who told me all things I did ; is not this the Christ ? ’ I could not but pat*

the question : Why hath the Lord left this on record? Is it not for an example? And if so, is it not also my duty to go to my brethren, and put to them the same question, 'Is not this the Christ?' .... My brethren, the very thought, that there are on the northern coast of Africa some 300,000 of the seed of Abraham according to the flesh; among whom there are 200 souls of my own family, living and dying without hearing of the love of God to this sinful world, in giving his own beloved Son a ransom for many,—I say, that this very thought is sufficient to make me desire the missionary work, whatever difficulties may be in the way."

This good man has commenced his labours in Gibraltar, and Jews are induced to listen to his voice, while he endeavours to place before them the unsearchable riches of Christ. The prospects of good among the Jews in Gibraltar are very encouraging; and the disposition to learn the Gospel most favourable.

In FRANKFORT, several members of Mr. Stern's family have professed their faith in Jesus. A nephew of Mr. Stern thus writes to a friend: "The ways of the Lord are not our ways, and his thoughts are not our thoughts. If any one had told us seventeen years ago, that we should now be united in the bonds of the faith in Christ, we should not have believed him; and see, by our own experience we have found, through mercy, that nothing is too hard for the Lord."

The following is very encouraging. The missionary writes: "June 3.—On the festival of the Ascension, three Jews confessed their faith in Christ, and were received into the German Reformed Church. The Rev. Mr. Zimmer, the venerable grey-headed pastor, administered the sacred rite after the usual morning service; the Rev. Mr. Schruder having first preached an instructive sermon from Mark xvi. 19, 20, 'So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen.'

"A great number of Jews were present. They afterwards acknowledged that the service had convinced them that their opinion, that every proselyte to the Christian faith is obliged on his baptism to curse his relations, *is false*."

Feb. 5—10.—The missionary also writes, "I saw the Jewish merchant Mr. H—, at Temeswar, who has been some time baptized. After a little while, his father, sixty years old, together with his two brothers and two sisters, were baptized; and they are now all members of the Reformed Church."

"Another fair example of the advancement of the truth in Christ is the following fact: About eight years ago, the children and grand-children of Rabbi C—, confessed before the world their faith in Jesus Christ, and were baptized. They all live in peace with the aged Rabbi."



BARUCH LEON EPSTEIN, who was baptized on the 11th, thus expresses himself: "When my brother told me a Christian, I was stricken with horror, not knowing any tion between a Christian and a heathen. At last I saw although he was a Christian, he still took the Bible standard of his faith, (in my country no one ever dream Christianity has anything to do with the Bible,) and I deduced to compare several passages together, to which he me in the Old and New Testament. The Lord opened my eyes and I began to see the light shining in the darkness; and brother's advice, I engaged constantly in secret prayer now with all my heart, I am prepared publicly to embrace faith of the Son of God, who is our Propitiator and Redeemer. For his sake I am ready to sacrifice all my worldly pleasures, even to lay down my life.

"Oh! who would ever have expected, that I with my family from so remote a country, and where darkness reigns, should be brought to the true light! But the Lord knows how to draw his children from all the ends of the earth. O God! grant my dear relatives and friends, who are yet far from thee, to be brought to the knowledge of the truth, which is life eternal."

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HEAVEN.

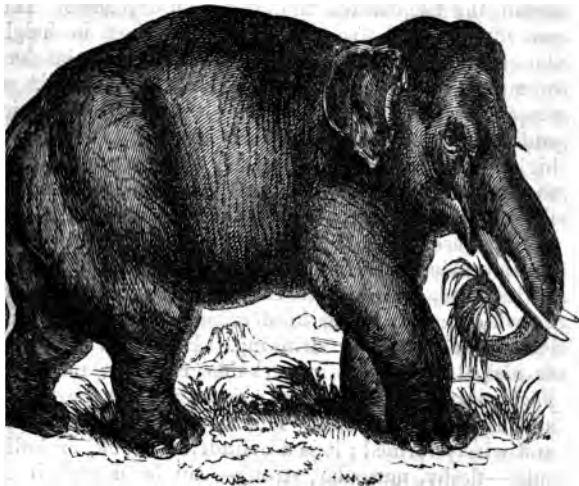
"We sing of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair!  
And oft are its glories confess'd—  
But what must it be to be there?"

"We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare;  
Its wonders and pleasures untold—  
But what must it be to be there?"

"We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care;  
From trials, without and within—  
But what must it be to be there?"

"We speak of its service of love;  
The robes which the glorified wear;  
The church of the first-born above—  
But what must it be to be there?"

"Dear Lord, amidst pleasure or woe,  
For heaven our spirits prepare;  
Then, soon we shall joyfully know—  
And feel what it is to be there."



## SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY.

### ELEPHANT.

WE do not meet with the name *Elephant* in Scripture. Some think that *Behemoth*, mentioned in Job . 15, is the Elephant. Others are of opinion, that the description given in this chapter is more applicable to the *Sea-horse*, or the *Rhinoceros*, than to the elephant. Though the name *Elephant* is not mentioned

*Scripture, yet ivory, the production of this astonishing animal, is often introduced to our notice by the sacred writers.*

The Elephant is a native of Africa and Asia, and is only found in other quarters of the globe by importation. As the whale is the largest animal in the ocean, the Elephant is the largest on dry land. They are often from seventeen to twenty feet in height. The head is large, and somewhat resembling the shape of an egg ; it is without fore-teeth. Two tusks are projected from the upper jaw ; they are long, thick, and curved. These tusks form the ivory, which is so highly valued, and so extensively used in works of art throughout the civilized world. In each jaw there are four grinders of great size. For an animal so large the eyes are exceedingly small ; while the ears are of considerable magnitude, hanging down upon the side of its head. This huge creature has scarcely a neck ; on which account the head cannot reach the ground either for eating or drinking. But Providence has furnished it with a remarkable member, namely, a *proboscis*, and which serves a variety of the most useful and necessary purposes. This member is very curiously and wisely formed ; it is a cylindrical trunk, or hollow tube—fleshy, muscular, strong—can be moved in any direction, like a hand ; it is exceedingly flexible, can bend in any direction, and it can be stretched out from one to five feet. By means of this trunk it fetches water and food, which it deposits in the mouth with amazing accuracy and dexterity ; it can lift by it from the ground the smallest object, and with the utmost ease can break branches of trees to pieces. It is also employed as a means of defence, and of severely punishing whomsoever it considers an enemy. The female bears a resemblance to the human species, as it has two *mammæ* on its breast, by which it suckles its young. The skin of the Elephant is wrinkled, hairless, and of a mouse-like colour. The tail is short, and the feet thick and strong, each having five hoofs. It is remarkable for longevity, strength, sagacity, affection, fidelity, gratitude, sociality, and even modesty.

Elephants in Eastern countries are still educated for useful purposes—for carrying commodities with its trunk from one place to another, and even for lading and unlading ships. When treated with kindness they are gentle ; but when provoked, awfully formidable. With one blow of their trunk they can strike a horse dead. Anciently, they were much used in war, and towers were placed on their backs, each one of which, it is said, was capable of containing forty warriors.

They prefer for their abode and haunts, plains, forests, gently rising hills, and the shady banks of rivers.

When they find death approaching, in their wild and natural state, they bend their course, if possible, to a retired valley, shaded with magnificent trees, near a peaceful river, where numerous generations of their ancestors have expired ! “ O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all ! ”

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## SERMON VI.

### NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

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*“ And there shall be no night there.”—Rev. xxii. 5.*

WHEN a little boy was dying, his mother was weeping by his bed-side. He said, “ Mother, weep not for me, for I am going to heaven, and I shall soon be there.” He was on the very brink of heaven, and soon reached that

*“ Happy land,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day.”*

Yes, he soon reached that blessed land, of which it is said in our text, "There shall be no night there." If we speak of heaven in the *past*, there never was night there. If we speak of heaven in the *present*, there is no night there. If we speak of heaven in the *future*, "There shall be no night there."

The word *night* has the following meanings, or significations. When the sun sets and leaves the sky, it is night, literal night. That is, a time of darkness and gloom. That is the time when human beings retire to sleep and rest. That is the time when hawks, and owls, and eagles, and lions, and tigers, and leopards, seek, fall upon, and devour their prey.

But night, in Scripture, has a *figurative*, as well as a literal meaning. A time of *ignorance* and *unbelief* is called night, Rom. xiii. 12: "The night is far spent." That is, the night of ignorance and unbelief is fast passing away, by means of the increasing brightness of the Gospel day. Therefore the Apostle says, in the latter part of the verse, "Let us cast off the works of darkness." That is, "let us put off ignorance and unbelief." And he adds, "let us put on the armour of light." That is, "let us put on the bright raiment of Divine knowledge and faith."

Night often means a time of adversity, affliction, and sorrow. Isa. xxi. 12: "The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night." That is, the night of affliction and sorrow.

And night signifies *death*. Our Saviour says, John ix. 4: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." That is, the night of *death*!

By the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I now proceed to show that in heaven there shall be no night of *sin*, no night of *ignorance*, no night of *temptation*, no night of *disease*, no night of *desertion*, and no night of *death*.

I. In heaven there shall be no night of *sin*. My young friends, pay particular attention to the following description of *sin*. What is *sin*? I answer, Sin in

the *heart*; is the hatred of all that is good, and the love of all that is evil. Sin in the *life* consists of all kind of bad actions committed against God and man; but the very essence of sin is *enmity* against God. Every sinful thought flows from this; and every sinful action proceeds from this enmity against God. All graceless children are in the dark night of sin. Oh, it is a dark night! Satan, the prince of darkness and sin, sits on the face of the dark and gloomy sky of sin; and he employs all his power to prevent one single ray of light from visiting that dark firmament of sin.

As there is no darkness in the unclouded sky at noon-day, so there is no darkness of sin in the bright sky of spotless holiness in heaven. There are no sinful thoughts in heaven. There are no sinful affections and desires in heaven. There are no sinful passions and polluted lusts in heaven. There are no sinful actions in heaven. There are no sinful beings in heaven.

“Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace;  
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
Can see or taste the bliss.

“Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame;  
None shall obtain admittance there,  
But followers of the Lamb.”

Ask the dying, pious child, why he longs to enter heaven. He will answer, “I long to enter heaven, not only because it is a happy place, but because it is a holy place; because there is no night of sin there!” Blessed Spirit, grant that this may be the desire of our heart!

II. In heaven there shall be no night of *ignorance*. There are various kinds of darkness. There is darkness which belongs to the body, and darkness which belongs to the soul. Knowledge is the light of the soul; *ignorance* is the dark night of the soul. *Igno-*

rance of God, of the soul, of Christ, of salvation, is indeed a dark, gloomy night. But there is no night of ignorance in heaven. All heaven is filled with the bright, the glorious rays of Divine knowledge. When the soul of a child is admitted into heaven, it is surrounded with the light, and it is filled with the light of Divine knowledge. In one moment that child has more knowledge, more light, than the greatest philosopher—than the holiest and most learned minister on the face of the earth. There are four books which the glorified child can read in heaven, in a way which the most learned saint is not able to read them on earth. Do you ask me, What are these books? The first is the book of God's *purposes*; the second is the book of *creation*; the third is the book of *providence*; the fourth is the book of *redemption*. In this world there is so much darkness of ignorance, that the most learned can read but very little of these four wonderful books; they can only, as it were, read a few lines; but in heaven, surrounded with glorious light, the youngest child shall extensively read and understand these glorious books.

In the prospect of heaven, where there is no night of ignorance, may we be enabled to pray—

“Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!  
 Ye mortal powers, decay!  
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
 Ye bring eternal day.”

III. There shall be no night of *temptation* in heaven. This life is full of temptations to sin. As there are many temptations, there are many *tempters*. The corrupt heart is a tempter; corrupt speech is a tempter; corrupt companions are tempters; the world is a tempter; and Satan is the prince of tempters. See then what a dark night of temptation is this life, in which there are so many tempters and so many temptations.

There are no tempters in heaven, and therefore

there are no temptations. There is no corrupt heart in heaven. Oh blessed place ! There is no corrupting speech, there is no corrupting world in heaven. Oh blessed place ! There is no tempting Satan in heaven. Oh blessed place ! If the clouds of temptation here are thick and dark, they are never seen in heaven. There are none of these clouds to fill the heavenly sky with gloom, or the minds of the blessed inhabitants with pain. Young friends, endeavour to sing in the prospect of such blessedness :—

“ Thus will we mount on sacred wings,  
 And tread the courts above ;  
 Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,  
 Shall tempt our meanest love.”

IV. There shall be no night of *disease* in heaven. This world, indeed, presents a dark night of disease ; and it has been a long night ; it has lasted nearly six thousand years. Have you not often observed, my young friends, the effects of disease ? Have you not often observed what disease has done to the bodies of men ? It takes away the sight of the eyes, the hearing of the ear, the beauty of the countenance. Oh how affecting it is to see a little boy blind, and another deaf and dumb ! How affecting to see another deformed and lame, scarcely able to walk along ! How affecting to see one child dying of the scarlet fever, another of the small pox, another of consumption, and another of measles ! Do you ask me, Where came these frightful diseases ? I answer, *Sin* has brought them. It is *sin* which has made this world a dark night of disease. But there is no sin in heaven, and therefore there is no night of disease, or sickness, or pain there. Disease sends holy children to heaven, but there is no disease in heaven. Holy children breathe in heaven a pure air, and it is more delicious than the fragrance of roses. *They drink the water of life in heaven—that pure water of life, which flows from the throne of God and the Lamb.* What is heaven ? It is a place of eternal



health, and of immortal life. May you and I enjoy the following lovely lines :—

“ No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,  
In that blest country can admission gain !  
Here the fair tree of life majestic rears  
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears.”

V. There shall be no night of *sorrow* in heaven. What does holy David call the present life? He calls it a “*night of weeping*,” Psal. xxx. 5. He says, “*Weeping may endure for a night*.” Weeping means *sorrow*. Weeping does not merely mean shedding tears. A man may weep bitterly with his soul, when he cannot shed a tear with his body.

Dear young friends, many things make this life to the believer a night of sorrow. Observe the following. A believer is made sorrowful by the sins of his own heart, and by the blemishes of his own life. In heaven, the heart has no corruption, and the life has no blemishes. Here, a believer is made sorrowful by the temptations of Satan, and by the language and sinful actions of wicked men. In heaven there is no tempting Satan, and no wicked men are found there. Here, believers are often sorrowful on account of ungodly relatives, who cause the briny tears of grief to run down their cheeks. In heaven all its inhabitants are pure and spotless, blessed and glorious.

Ye little children who have given your hearts to Jesus, where are you going? You are going to heaven, the holy and the happy land. There, your robes shall be whiter than the mountain's snow. There, your golden harps shall be for ever tuned to celebrate Jehovah's praise. Because there is no night of sorrow *there*, but a day of endless blessedness and joy, you shall sing in sweetest strains the praises of your Saviour and your God :—

“ Before the throne a crystal river glides,  
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides,  
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,  
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear.”

VI. There is no night of *death* in heaven. The following verse is peculiarly lovely and delightful. If you compare the pages of the Bible to the *sky*, this verse shines in the sacred *sky* of the Bible like a bright sun. It is, Rev. xxi. 4: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be NO MORE DEATH, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." May this blessed verse be engraven on our hearts! When we read it, may we believe it, and enjoy it. May we so feel its influence and power, that we shall long to enter that holy, happy land, where the dark night of death is unknown for ever.

This world is the land of the dying! The moment a babe begins to live, it begins to die. How often do we meet upon the streets young and old, whose pale countenances, and emaciated cheeks, and slow, feeble, tottering steps, show that they are dying, and hastening to the grave. But no such sights are seen in heaven. For in heaven there is no night of death. It is very solemn and touching to the feelings of the heart to see the funeral procession passing along the streets, moving onward to the burying-places of the dead. At one time, we see the funeral of a little babe. It lived only a few weeks, and then died! At another time we see the funeral of a youth about sixteen years of age. Oh how his parents loved him! He was their only son. But death came, and in a moment cut down the hopeful flower. Now it lies withered in the grave! And at another time we see the funeral of a father. He died in the very prime of life. He has left behind him a widow, with her fatherless children. Oh how they wept, when he closed his eyes in death! But no such sights are seen in heaven. The dark night of death is there for ever unknown.

"Holy Spirit, inspire our hearts with faith in Jesus as our Saviour, and in heaven as our home." Thus may we express the wishes and expectations of our souls:—

“ How long, dear Saviour, oh how long,  
 Shall this bright hour delay?  
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
 And bring the welcome day !”

## CONCLUSION.

1st. Have you begun your journey to heaven ? Some children have begun this blessed journey very soon. And these children are peculiarly blessed. The journey of many of them has been very short, and before they have been six years of age, they have entered their heavenly home. They have taken their place with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God. Have *you* begun your journey to heaven ? If not, *why* have you delayed ? I can tell you. You have listened to Satan's counsels. You have listened to the corruptions of your own heart. And if you continue listening to these counsellors, and die listening to them, you never can enter heaven, you never can escape hell.

2d. Jesus is given as a leader and a commander, to guide the young to heaven. Isa. lv. 4 : “ Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.” May the Holy Spirit persuade and enable you to commit yourself to Jesus' care ; and as a shepherd leads his flock, he will lead you, and never leave you, till he conduct you into the heaven of heavens, to be for ever with the Lord.

“ Behold, he comes ! your *Leader* comes,  
 With might and honour crown'd ;  
 A witness who shall spread my name  
 To earth's remotest bound.

“ See ! nations hasten to his call,  
 From every distant shore ;  
 Isles, yet unknown, shall bow to him,  
 And Israel's God adore.”

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NAMES AND TITLES OF JESUS, ALPHABETICALLY  
ARRANGED.

In Number 16 of this Work, we considered the following names of Christ, beginning with the letter B,—Bishop, Blessed, Head, Breaker, and Bridegroom. We will now consider the following names beginning with the same letter—Brightness, Brother, Buckler, Builder, and Burden-bearer. May our exercise be blessed! May the names of Christ be more fragrant to our souls than the most odoriferous flowers to the weary pilgrim, travelling through the parched desert. May his names be us “as ointment poured forth.” Song i. 3.

*Brightness* is one of our Saviour’s names. Heb. i. 3: “Who **ing** the *Brightness* of his Father’s glory, and the express image **his Person.**” Do you ask me, How is this the case? I answer, **l** the glory the Father has, Jesus has. The Father has glorious **dom**, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth. The Son **s** the same, precisely the same. Besides, the bright glory of **, Father** is shown and displayed by the Son.

So bright is Christ, that he is compared to a star. Rev. xxii. 16: **am** the bright and Morning Star.” So great and glorious is **rist’s** brightness, that he is called a Sun. Mal. iv. 2: “But to you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise **th** healing in his wings.” Let us look on Christ’s brightness, **d** then say with the heart,—

“Brightness of the Father’s glory,  
Shall thy praise unutter’d lie?  
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,  
Sing the Lord that came to die.  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Amen!”

*Brother* is one of our Saviour’s names. Prov. xvii. 17: “A **end** loveth at all times, and a *Brother* is born for adversity.” **ow** can Jesus be our Brother? He took upon him our nature, **id** thus became our Brother. Thus he became “the First-born **ong** many brethren.” Some of us have no earthly brother; **it** blessed are we if we can say, “Our Brother is Christ.”

Jesus has a brother’s *heart*. His heart is full of love. The **id** of the ocean is full of water; the firmament is full of stars: **it**, what is infinitely more wonderful, the heart of Jesus is full of **ve**.

Jesus has a brother’s *eye*. It is delightful to see an elder **other** looking with tenderness and affection on his younger **others** and *sisters*: and more particularly if their father is **eping** in the grave! Oh, what a loving eye is the eye of **ist**! Dear children, behold and admire Christ’s lovely, loving

Jesus has a brother's *hand*. What a hand! It is a leading hand, a protecting hand, a comforting hand, a helping hand.

Jesus has a brother's *friendship*. You may converse with him by night and by day. You are always welcome. Go to the Bible and meet with him. Go to the Sanctuary and meet with him. Blessed, blessed is that child who has fellowship with Christ! Such children can say and sing:—

“ Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.”

*Buckler* is another name of Jesus. Psal. xviii. 2: “ The Lord is my *Buckler*.” What is a *buckler* literally? It was a piece of armour, which in ancient times the soldier had upon his left arm for defence. It was fixed with *buckles*, and hence it was called a *buckler*. The use of a buckler is to defend. Children are in danger from sin, Satan, and the world, the enemies of the soul. When children place their dependence on Jesus, he is their *Buckler*, and he defends them from all their enemies. Let me, therefore, beseech you to ask Jesus to be your *Buckler* of defence. If you pray to him with sincerity of heart, you will not pray in vain. May you be taught to sing joyfully with your heart,—

“ He that hath made his buckler God,  
Shall find a most secure abode;  
Shall rest all day beneath his shade,  
And there at night shall rest his head.”

*Builder* is another name of Christ. Jesus is God as well as man, and therefore the following texts are strictly true of Christ. Heb. iii. 4: “ He that built all things is God.” Heb. xi. 10: “ For he looked for a city that hath foundations whose *Builder* and Maker is God.” See what a mighty, what a wonderful *Builder* is Christ. Consider what he has built. Our body is called an house, an earthly house. He built this earthly house out of the dust. What has he built? He has built the world. Oh, how powerful! He only spake, and the world appeared. He made the sun, moon, and stars. What a mighty, what a wonderful *Builder*! He hath built the heaven of heavens. This is the palace of the great King. It is the royal residence of Jehovah. How kind and gracious is Jesus, the almighty, the wonderful *Builder*. He is willing to lead little children to this glorious heavenly palace; there to live for ever and ever. May you and I meet in that palace; then we shall see Christ in his glory; then we shall shine brighter than the stars for ever and ever. In the prospect of meeting there, let us sing joyfully:—

“ There is a house not made with hands,  
 Eternal and on high ;  
 And here my spirit waiting stands,  
 Till God shall make it fly.”

us is a *Burden-bearer*. Though we do not meet with *name* in Scripture, we meet in Scripture what amounts to *me* thing. In Psal. lv. 3, it is said, “ Cast thy burden upon ord, and he shall sustain thee.” There, Christ is presented : us as a bearer of burdens. When Jesus dwelt on earth, appeared as a bearer of burdens. Oh, what tremendous ns he bore ! burdens which would have sunk the mightiest rels into the lowest hell ! He bore the burdens of sin, of of sorrow, of wrath, and of death. Isa. liii. 4 : “ Surely he orne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. The Lord hath n him the iniquity of us all.” When Jesus was led to be ied, he bore the burden of his cross. And when he was l to the cross, he bore the burden of our sins. One said ear little child who was dying, “ Are you afraid to die ?” no,” she said ; “ I am not afraid to die, because Christ ny sins !” Dear young friends, Jesus as the *Burden-bearer*, upon you to come to himself, and he will kindly bear all burdens, and give you rest. He says,—

“ Come hither, all ye weary souls,  
 Ye heavy-burden'd children, come ;  
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
 And raise you to my heavenly home.”

he Holy Spirit enable you to give the following answer :—

“ Jesus, we come at thy command,  
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal ;  
 Resign our souls into thine hand,  
 To mould and guide us at thy will.”

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY OF J. J. W. BACON, A SABBATH SCHOOL  
 TEACHER,

BY HIS BROTHER.

My dear brother was born in the City of Lincoln, June 30th,  
 . At the age of four years and a half it pleased God to  
 his father from him, after having been in London about  
 months. My dear mother endeavoured to train him up in  
 r of the Lord, and committed him to his tender care, who

never suffered him to wander from the paths of virtue. He was always of a kind and affectionate disposition, and particularly manifested that spirit to the Lord's people as he advanced in years.

At the age of seven years he entered the Sabbath School, in connexion with Pell Street Chapel, under the ministry of the Rev. R. Stodhart, where he continued until it pleased God in his providence to remove us to King Street Chapel, where the ministry of the Rev. B. Woodyard was made a blessing to his soul, and the means of bringing him to a knowledge of the truth. At that time he was an active teacher in the Sabbath School.

The cause being given up at King Street, we went to Wycliff Chapel, where the ministry of Dr. Reed was much blessed to him, after which he was enabled to offer himself as a candidate for Church fellowship, and was admitted a member. He entered the Bible class, and remained there until chosen a teacher of the Sabbath School, where he fulfilled the duties of his office with love and zeal; for from his infancy he dearly loved Sabbath Schools until his death. He was well aware of his imperfections, and often deplored them. He left his home in perfect health, at half-past nine in the morning, and at about eleven was taken to the London Hospital, having fallen a depth of nineteen feet. There he lingered a fortnight, when he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, on the 24th of October, 1847, aged twenty-four years and four months. His end was perfect peace, relying on Christ.

*A few of the Remarks which fell from the lips of my dear brother, during the short time he was permitted to lie on his death-bed in the London Hospital.*

To a friend he said, "My heavenly Father hath kindly permitted me to rest awhile on my journey; probably this will be the last inn I may stop at before He takes me to those mansions of bliss where I shall go no more out." When speaking of the mysterious dispensations of Providence relative to his temporal affairs, he said, "God moves in a mysterious way, but it is all for the best; I can leave all in the hands of my covenant God and Father, who doeth all things well." When alluding to his accident, he said, "Should I be called to suffer more acute pain than I do at present, the Lord will give me strength to endure it with patience and resignation."

When speaking of the kindness of friends and the comforts with which he was surrounded, he said, "They were all sips of the brook by the way, and that before long he hoped he should be permitted to drink at that Fountain whose streams are never dry."

On the Saturday before his death he remarked, "To-morrow

e Sabbath, and what a blessed Sabbath shall I spend in  
in ! no more sin nor suffering there !

‘Oh happy hour ! oh bless’d abode !  
I shall be there, and like my God.’”

When asked if he thought he should get better, he replied, “It  
not trouble me.” When asked, while in great agony, if he  
happy, he said, “Oh yes ! happy, happy, waiting to depart  
be with Christ, which is far better ; for He was slain, and  
redeemed me by his precious blood.” To mother he re-  
ed, “Your family circle will be small, but it will only be  
short time, for the longest life is but a span. God grant we  
all meet in heaven ; there we shall know and love each  
better than we have while here below ; that’s the blessing.”  
When asked if he was anxious to depart, he replied, “Wishing  
it the Lord’s time.” He earnestly entreated many to im-  
it on the minds of the young to work in the Lord’s vine-  
; he said, “I have done but little, and now I can do no  
than pray. ‘Behold the night cometh, when no man can  
.’” When in great agony, he said, “If I were now per-  
d to stand in Wycliffe pulpit, what a sermon should I be  
to preach to my brother teachers, and the children of the  
Is ; how I would exhort them to be up and doing, so as to  
sure work for eternity, and to see that they were building  
solid foundation. What should I now do, if I had to  
God on this bed of pain and suffering. I find Christ all and  
l to me.”

When frequently, in the agonies of death, said, “Happy, quite  
y !” and “Glory, glory !” also, “Canaan’s happy land ; I’m  
d to the land of Canaan.”

When referring to heaven, he said, “There will be no night there ;  
I have no wrinkle, spot, or blemish—all will be perfection  
L

‘A few more rolling suns at most  
Will land me on fair Canaan’s coast.’”

When a few hours before he departed he said, “Come, Lord Jesus,  
quickly ; into thy hands I commit my body, soul, and  
.” Perceiving him fix his eyes upwards, with a sweet  
on his countenance, I asked him if he saw anything ; he  
ed, “Angels beckon me away, and Jesus bids me come.”  
When he remarked to him, that she thought his mind was kept  
in perfect peace ; he replied, “Yes ; stayed on Christ ; I have  
nitted all into his keeping.” He told several of his friends  
“now he plainly saw that the Lord had been training him  
his school for some time past for this affliction, and now he  
bout to take him home.”

It was only observed to weep twice ; and while in conversa-  
tion with Mr. Savill, the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, he



told him they were not tears of sorrow, but tears of joy. On some of his class visiting him, he earnestly entreated them "to give their hearts to the Saviour, and to do more in his service than even their dying teacher had done; and to remember, that although his spirit would shortly be in heaven, still he would be speaking to them through the words he had endeavoured to impress on their minds."

When observing dear mother weep, he kissed her, and said, "Do not grieve, for, by so doing, you are murmuring at the will of the Almighty." She replied, "Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus." "Yes," he said, "that is human nature; if Jesus wept, sure his followers may; but do not give way to immoderate grief, for your loss is my eternal gain." On another occasion he said, "Perhaps my spirit may be permitted to watch over you as a guardian angel, for spirits are not far apart." The last word he distinctly uttered was—"Jesus." Dear mother asked if Christ was still precious to him; with a sweet smile on his countenance, he replied, "Yes; oh yes, precious!"

Dr. Reed improved his death on the following Sunday Evening from the words of our Saviour, Luke ix. 23: "*Follow me.*"

## A FEW MAXIMS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. T. WALLACE.

READ, that you may know. Think, that you may excel. Inquire, that errors may be corrected, and that your knowledge may be continually increasing.

Peruse the Bible much, and regularly make yourselves familiar with its contents—with its sublime doctrines—its holy precepts—its tender invitations—its admirable directions—its solemn warnings—its invaluable promises. Nothing will so feed and enrich the mind—nothing so fortify and purify the heart.

Be devoted to God while young. It will beautify your character—prepare you for life—fit you for trial—preserve you in temptation—succour you in weakness—console you in sickness—tranquillize you in death.

Go early to the Saviour, for all the knowledge you need—all the wisdom you require—all the strength you will demand—all the grace you will find necessary—all the holiness which will be essential to your happiness here, and your preparedness for immortal glory.

If you feel your need of Jesus, when young, what blessing will that conviction impart to you during the whole of life!



## SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY.

### CEDAR.

IN the vegetable kingdom, the cedar tree occupies a most distinguished place. It is the king of trees. The name given to it in Scripture is taken from its most remarkable property of duration. The Hebrew name is עֵרֶז *EREZ*, signifying *firm, stable, durable*. *There is no tree mentioned so frequently in the sublime*

poetry of Scripture as the cedar. In Isa. lx. 13, it is called "the glory of Lebanon." It is an evergreen; its branches stretch out horizontally all around, and so wide, that thousands might stand under its covering and protecting shade. By Linnæus, the eminent botanist, this tree is classed among the junipers.

The Cedar of Lebanon, when the forests of that tree were in their greatest glory, were nearly forty feet in girth, and about twelve feet in diameter, while the tree itself rose to the astonishing height of two hundred feet. The roots of the Cedar are numerous, wide-spreading, and deep, in proportion to the size of the tree. Without this it could never bear the fury of the raging tempest. Thus the amazing strength of its roots, and the deep and firm hold they take of the earth, are employed as a figurative illustration of the strength and security of the Christian's graces, and of the firm hold they take of Christ. Hos. xiv. 5: "Israel shall cast forth his roots as Lebanon."

The wood of this tree is of a beautiful brownish colour, the grain is fine and firm, and the odour is peculiarly fragrant. I shall not easily forget the delightful sensation I felt when visiting the library of Arundel Castle, in Surrey, many years ago. The cases of the library are all formed of cedar wood, and on entering the magnificent apartment the perfume is most fragrant and delicious. This is a fit emblem of the sacred perfume exhaled from the graces of the Spirit, which constitute the furniture of the regenerated soul.

There is a peculiar bitterness in the taste of this tree, to which worms are greatly averse, and therefore proves to the tree a defence from those enemies, which are the formidable foes of the most valuable productions of the vegetable kingdom. There is, therefore, no tree so durable as the Cedar; we may almost pronounce it incorruptible. Some cedar wood was found perfectly fresh in the ruins of a temple in Utica, in Barbary, where it must have remained at least more than two thousand years.

Under Divine direction it was especially used in rearing the temple of Solomon. There were first three rows of stone, and then one of cedar.

Jesus is compared to the Cedar, Song v. 15 : "His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars." Saints are likened to the Cedar. They are deeply and firmly rooted in Christ, they shall reach in heaven the lofty stature of complete perfection, and shall for ever flourish as evergreens in the paradise of the blessed. May the following be the wish of our hearts :—

"Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by thy hand ;  
Let me within thy courts be seen,  
Like a young cedar fresh and green."

A. F.

## SERMON VII.

IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD.\*

"*Is it well with the child ? And she answered, It is well.*"—  
2 Kings iv. 26.

OUR text contains a *Question* and an *Answer*. The question was put by Gehazi, the servant of the prophet Elisha. The question was addressed to a woman who was both wealthy and pious. What a blessing of wealth when it is connected with the bright jewel of piety! This excellent woman is called the *Shunammite*, because she lived in a city named *Shunem*. This city

\* This Sermon was composed on occasion of the blessed and triumphant death of Master Lydiard M——, late son of a respected minister of Christ, in the north of Scotland. This number of the Sabbath School Preacher contains his obituary, which I have read with tears of the most tender interest. The pious child died aged nine years.

belonged to the tribe of Issachar, and was situated about five miles from Tabor, Josh. xix. 18. The Shunammite greatly esteemed Elisha, the Lord's prophet. She built for him a little chamber in her house; she furnished it for his accommodation, and he was welcome at all times to come under her roof.

This holy woman had no child. Indeed, she had lived long childless. To her great surprise, the prophet told her one day, that it was the will of God she should have a son. Her heart was filled with joy. At the time appointed, her son was born. The dear child lived till he was seven or eight years of age. While in the corn-field, on a harvest-day, among the reapers, he was suddenly struck with a most violent pain in his head. He instantly cried with a loud voice, "My head, my head!" He was taken home to his mother. He sat on her knees till noon, and then died. Oh what grief, and sorrow, and anguish, must have filled the loving mother's heart! I think I hear the sighs which rose from her bosom. I think I see the big tears running down her cheeks. Her child, her only child, her son—the son of her fondest hopes, was dead! In a moment, the lovely flower withered before her eyes. The expectation that her son would have been the staff and consolation of her old age, seemed to have passed away for ever. Since the eyes of her dear, and lovely, and hopeful child were closed in death, the world seemed a dreary waste, covered with clouds of mourning and of woe.

Beloved young friends, think of the death of children. Oh, what multitudes of infants, of children, and of youths, are cut off by the hand of death. Often have I observed, in the burying-grounds, great numbers of short graves. A few days ago, walking down a retired passage betwixt St. Paul's and the river Thames, I looked up to the entrance, and read its name—"Church Passage." Proceeding onward, I saw no church. The sacred edifice, which formerly

stood in that secluded place, is no more. By the great fire of London, in the year 1666, it was, with many others, burnt to the ground. It was never rebuilt; but the very limited burying-ground remains. As I passed, I felt inclined to look at the graves, and was struck with the number of short graves. These contain the lifeless ashes of dear infants whom mothers dandled on their knees, and pressed to their bosom. Think of the millions of babes removed by death! Think of the rivers of tears which fond mothers have shed while looking on the pale corpses of their dear departed babes! What consolation to think they are all in heaven! Jesus became an infant. Jesus died for infants. He is the Saviour of departed babes. Has he not said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of *such* is the *kingdom of heaven*?" Matt. xix. 14; Mark x. 17; Luke x. 25. Dear young friends, astonishing must be the multitude of children in heaven! Yes, it must be so, when we think of the myriads of myriads of babes and little children who have been led by death's *cold* hand to heaven's gate, and who are now before the throne of Jesus, shining brighter than the sun! Are you not ready to send your prayers to HIM who hears the prayers of children, and say, "Lord Jesus, prepare me for the heavenly mansions. Lord Jesus, prepare me for joining the multitudes of children in heaven, whom no man can number. Lord Jesus, prepare me for uniting with those ransomed myriads, who are no more babes, and infants, and children, but who are wise, and holy, and powerful as the angels of light, who minister before thy throne."

Last summer, visiting a lovely burying-ground, at Horsham, in Surrey, I felt a solemn, sacred glow, while reading the following epitaph on the tomb-stone of a beloved child, removed by death from the fond embrace of tender-hearted parents. My young friends, read it to your mother, when you observe her weeping over her departed child :—

“ Rest, sweet babe, in gentle slumber,  
Till the resurrection morn;  
Then arise, to join the number  
Who its triumphs shall adorn !

“ Though thy presence was endearing,  
Though thine absence we deplore,  
At thy Saviour's bright appearing,  
We shall meet to part no more.”

Let us now return to the pious Shunammite. She wept, she mourned, but she did not murmur. Her earthly hopes were blasted; but her hope in God retained its bloom, and exhaled its fragrance. The child *was* her's, but it was *more* God's than her's. She loved her child, but she knew that God loved him more tenderly than any mother could ever love the child of her bosom. What was the language of her heart? It was the language God taught her. It was this: “The will of the Lord be done!” It was this: “The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!”

True grace teaches bereaved parents a most blessed lesson. It teaches them to believe that when God deprives them of their children, he has done justly, wisely, and well. “He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.” Even while the cheeks of the bereaved mother are bathed in tears, she can say:—

“ The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favours borrow'd now,  
To be repaid anon.

“ 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave;  
He gives, and blessed be his name,  
He takes but what he gave.”

When the only child and son of the Shunammite expired, the mourning mother took his lifeless body and laid it on Elisha's bed. She laid it upon the very bed of the prophet whom God employed to inform her

that she should have a son. When she kissed the cold lips of her departed child, she remembered the promise which filled her heart with emotions of joyful hope. Now, with emotions of grief, she saw the lovely blossoms of her liveliest hopes before her eyes blasted and withered. Does she give herself up to despair? Far from it. After pouring out her soul, and her griefs, into the bosom of a merciful and prayer-hearing God, she resolves to proceed and tell Elisha, the man and prophet of God, that her beloved child was removed by the hand of death. She told her husband she wished, without delay, to visit the prophet, that she might receive comfort from his words, and know the will of Heaven. It is not said that she had even faint hopes God might show compassion to her, and restore her child. She knew that God *could* restore him. She also knew that if God did not restore him, Divine grace would teach her complete submission to the Divine will.

So she saddled an ass, and rode onward to Carmel, a city in the south part, in the inheritance of Judah, situated near Mount Carmel, from which it took its name. There she met with the man of God. Elisha saw her afar off. He said to Gehazi his servant, "Behold, yonder is that Shunammite." He felt impressed that something very particular had befallen her. He very likely saw in her the tokens of mourning and of grief. He therefore desires him to make haste to run and meet her, and to ask her the following questions:—"Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" He went to her, and addressed the questions. To each question she answered, "It is well!" It was uttered with the voice of sorrow; but it was the voice of submission!

When the Shunammite reached Mount Carmel, she met the prophet. She fell down before him, and in the anguish of her heart she caught hold of his feet. The unfeeling and hard-hearted Gehazi wished rudely to "thrust her away." This reminds us of the con-



duct of the disciples, when mothers with holy anxiety were pressing forward to Jesus, that he might take their babes in his arms, and bless them. It is said, Mark x. 13, &c. : "And his disciples *rebuked* these that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was *much displeased*, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of God." No doubt Elisha was offended with the harshness and severity of Gehazi. "And the man of God said, Let her alone ; for her soul is vexed within her : and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me." The man of God pitied her. He saw her sorrowful, and wished to comfort her. The true ministers of Jesus wish to be the comforters of his sorrowing people. Their commission is, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people ; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem," Isa. xl. 1, 2. Like Elisha, they wish to be the comforters of sorrowing saints.

Now, the holy Shunammite pours forth the cause of her sorrow. Now, she is sowing in tears, little aware of those sheaves of joy she should soon reap, in receiving into her arms her beloved and lovely child restored to life. My dear young friends, saints in the depths of their sorrow are often ignorant of the great and joyful blessings which are near at hand. How true—

"The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night,  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight !"

And what did the bereaved Shunammite say to the prophet ? "Then she said, Did I desire a son of my lord ? did I not say, Do not deceive me ?" Her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth. She could say no more. The holy prophet saw the child was dead. He likely felt impressed that, in answer to prayer, God *might* restore the child to life. He gave *his* servant his staff, and desired him to go forward

speedily, to enter the little chamber where the child lay, and place the staff upon his lifeless, cold clay. The prophet followed Gehazi, accompanied by the mourning mother. On reaching Carmel, he entered the apartment of death. He shut the door. He prayed to the Lord. He lay upon the child till his flesh became warm. This he did seven times. Then the child opened his eyes, which death had closed. He sneezed seven times. The prophet called for the mother. He said, "Take up thy son." She fell at his feet. Then she took up her son, and went out, wondering at the power and mercy of a gracious God!

Young friends, may Divine grace reach your hearts! Then you shall live. Then you shall be to your holy parents crowns of rejoicing for ever and ever! Amen, and amen.

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SUBMISSION TO THE DIVINE WILL.

*Suggested by thinking on the Camel which always kneels down to be loaded with his burden.*

I.

" Emblem of what my soul should be  
When called the Cross to bear,  
My duty in thine *Art* I see,  
Unconscious monitor.

II.

" Resign'd like thee, oh ! could I stoop  
With unresisting will,  
Ready to take my burden up,  
And all my task fulfil !"

MRS. A. MAITLAND.



## MARTYROLOGY.

### SCOTTISH MARTYRS.

JOHN BROWN.

In the year 1603, James VI. of Scotland succeeded Elizabeth on the throne of England. It was the desire of James and his successors, until the year 1688, to have one form of religion for both nations. James, now resident in England, thought that the Scotch people should adopt the same form of worship as the English nation. The Scotch, on their part, were prepared rather to die than to change,—first, on religious grounds, and secondly, because they considered it an invasion of their national independence. During this period, no less than 18,000 persons suffered death, or the utmost extremities and hardships. All ranks, from the noble to the humble peasant, were called to suffer. The Marquis of Argyle, who placed the crown on the head of Charles II., was, by order of the same monarch, beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh; and John Brown, the subject of the following sketch, was shot before the door of his own cottage, without either jury or trial.

The first morning of May, 1685, was dark and misty. The Christian Carrier, as he was called, rose with the dawn, to follow his humble vocation. Before going out, he called his little family round the domestic altar, to offer up the morning sacrifice of praise and of prayer. The verses he sung were taken from the 27th Psalm:—

“The Lord’s my light and saving health ;  
Who shall make me dismay’d?  
My life’s strength is the Lord ; of whom,  
Then, shall I be afraid ?

“Against me though an host encamp,  
My heart yet fearless is ;  
Though war against me rise, I will  
Be confident in this.”

*After which he read the 16th chapter of John, and then finished with prayer. My dear young friends, how good it is to be low*

the Lord when called to appear (as we may be at any ore the judgment-seat of our Maker. worship, John went out to a hill at a little distance, to some ground. While thus engaged, all at once he was ed by an officer of the army, called Graham of Claver- d a party of soldiers. The good man left his spade, and h Claverhouse and his soldiers to his humble cot. His ighter Janet, who had been out, observed them approach- and told her mother. Her mother took up her young rapped him in her plaid, took Janet by the hand, and to meet them. As she went, she offered up this simple "O Lord, give me grace for this hour!" Let your w the picture of the wicked soldiers, the innocent and mily about to be broken up, standing before a house o be, by many, a shelter for the needy in the stormy Claverhouse asked Brown to change his religion, to distinctly replied that he *would not*. "If not," said use, "prepare to die; go to your prayers." John at l so, and prayed in such a manner as filled all present— ked Claverhouse himself—with astonishment. At last mpatient, and would not allow him to proceed further. eekly turned to his wife, and said, "Marion, the day is old you would come, when I first proposed marriage to e you willing that I should part from you?" She "Indeed, John, in this cause I am willing to part with e then said, "This is all I wait for." He embraced s arms, and kissed her with his little boy at her breast. Janet he said, "My sweet child, give your hand to God uide, and be your mother's comforter." He could add his heart *was too full*. Claverhouse cried out, "*No more,*" red his soldiers to fire. They did so, and poor John fell ound a lifeless *corpse*. When the deed was over, Claver- ced, "What thinkest thou of thy husband *now*, woman?" thought much of him," she replied, "and now more r." "It were but justice," said he, "to lay thee beside If you were permitted," she said, "I doubt not but your ould go that length. But how will you answer for this s work?" "To man," he said, "I can be answerable; r God, I will take him in my own hands." He and the hen rode off, and left Marion beside the body of her dead Having now none to contend with, nor to speak to, little family, the distressed widow laid the body on the gathered the shattered head in her napkin, straightened , covered it with her plaid, drew her children around sat down and wept!

w.

J. W. A.

(To be continued.)

THE MEMOIR OF LYDIARD M—, ROSS-SHIRE, WHO  
DIED AGED NINE YEARS.

THE youthful subject of the following brief sketch was the eldest son of a clergyman, born in North America, and accompanied his parents to Scotland in 1844 when about four years of age. He was a very attractive child, of a lively and engaging disposition—beloved by all who knew him. After he had been about two years in Scotland, whether from the change of climate or not is uncertain, his health began to fail, and many an anxious hour it cost his fond parents in the fruitless endeavour to ascertain the cause of his delicacy. He was a lovely and intelligent boy, of such a buoyant and engaging manner that all who came within the sphere of his influence loved and admired him as a child of extraordinary promise. But alas! we should never place our mind or affections too much on treasures lent us only to be restored. His intellectual endowments, which his parents fondly hoped were ripening for the delight and pleasure of his friends, were by his Heavenly Father made the means of fitting his mind more to receive the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit, and he gradually showed an earnest longing after spiritual things, wonderful in one of his tender age.

He was in a delicate state of health for nearly three years, and during that protracted period it was striking to observe the patience and fortitude with which he bore his sufferings, which at times were exceeding great. The Lord seemed, indeed, to be preparing him for an entrance into his everlasting kingdom. After the first few months of his illness he never suffered a repining word to escape him; and when receiving the sympathy of others he would ever reply, "My trials are sent for my good. The Lord never *willingly* afflicts." He was confined to his bed for nearly three months; and on one occasion when in great pain his nurse remarked, "Oh! my dear, you are suffering *too much*;" he quickly replied, "Jenny, don't say that. The Lord never sends more than his children are able to bear." His faith and patience were wonderful at so tender an age. Without such large communications of the grace of God as he enjoyed, it was impossible that nature could bear up under such intense bodily suffering.

His taste for reading, and reading of a good solid stamp, was remarkable. It was seldom he could be seen without some useful book to pore over; and well could he express in beautiful language his little sentiments and correct ideas of the subjects he had been studying. Latterly his studies took a decidedly religious cast; and Bible History, The Pilgrim's Progress, and Fletcher's Sermons for Children, and Doddridge's Family Expositor, were books which he delighted to read, and from

high he derived much benefit and consolation. When unable to read himself, or hold his book, it was his papa's practice to have stated reading and prayer with him, morning and night, and most anxiously did he long for the appointed hours. After a portion of the sacred Scriptures or of any other book was read to him, his mind being full of the subject, it was his constant practice to converse with his father on whatever was thus read, in which he evinced a knowledge and judgment beyond his years.

Though wishful for a time to recover, in order, as he remarked, that he might be a *missionary* to the heathen, he was quite resigned to the Divine will. His father asked, "How can one of so delicate a constitution as you think of such a thing?" He replied, "The Lord will strengthen me for the work."

Often when his mother visited him during the silent hours of the night, when all were hushed in sleep around him, she found him awake and quite composed; and on inquiring if he was lonely, or felt the night long, he would say, "Oh! no, mamma, Jesus is with me." "How do you know, my dear?" "I feel his presence." "Awoke the other night praying, and I think Jesus was speaking to me. He is ever with me." His papa asked him one day as he conversed on some religious subject, what he understood by the "Righteousness of Christ." His reply was sweetly simple and to the point. "Papa, I think it means what Christ was, what he did, and what he continues to do."

He was never so happy as when his dear papa was reading and talking to him. His mind was so wonderfully enlightened for one of his tender years, it was as easy to talk to him on any subject as it would be to one twice his age. He seemed at once to enter into the spirit of the subject, and remark upon it in a most pleasing and satisfactory manner. And it is now with feelings of unmingled delight and satisfaction that his parents look back to many sweet hours spent with their cherished one.

He never gave up the thought of an ultimate recovery until about nine days before he died; but when the conviction struck him that his last hour was approaching, he summoned all his energies, and seemed just like a little patriarch about departing for Emmanuel's land. Before consciousness left him, he turned to his mother, and with his lovely large dark eye, so full of intelligence, fixed on her countenance, he earnestly entreated forgiveness for any offence he had been guilty of towards his mamma or papa; and added, "I never, dear mamma, wished to disobey or displease you; and once when I made papa angry with me in the nursery I thought my heart would break. Do forgive me, mamma?"

With feelings which none but parents similarly circumstanced, about to part with a beloved and promising boy, can enter into, they kissed and consoled their darling child. He then called his little brothers to him, kissed them—told them he was

about to leave them, and proceeded to give them an excellent advice simplified in his own sweet and *peculiar* manner to their respective capacities. He excelled in the admirable method he had of suiting any subject he was engaged about reading or thinking of, to the capacities of his brothers or servants, and would engage their attention at once.

On this last occasion of speaking to them, he pressed on them the necessity of a strict regard to truth—to love one another—to remember the Sabbath day—to behave well in church; and above all, to live at all times in the fear of God, and to obey their parents. This he repeated two or three times.

He then divided his little library among them, charged them to be sure to read their Bibles, and a little work in two volumes, called "Line upon Line," as that would direct their attention to the truths of the Gospel, and as from that book he had derived incalculable benefit. He said he was going to heaven, and was to leave them just now, but he hoped he would see them all there; and again kissed them, and bade them farewell. When they left the room he turned to his papa and said, "I think I told them all I ought, papa. I hope the Lord will impress it on their minds and hearts." He then thanked the servants for their kindness and attention to him during his illness.

Soon after this deeply affecting interview with all the members of the household assembled around his dying couch his bodily agony and sufferings increased, and from their intensity none who saw him could expect that his physical energies could hold out much longer. During these paroxysms he would say, with all the calmness of a little Christian, "O papa, mamma, my bodily pain and agony is great, but you cannot help me: I know you would if you could. Oh! I wish to go to heaven. I am suffering much agony." But he added, with great sweetness, "Not my will, but thine be done."

Shortly afterwards he left kind and affectionate messages for some of his friends at a distance, leaving a lock of his hair as a token of remembrance. Then addressing his parents, and his little brothers and sisters, he said, "When I am buried in the churchyard mamma and you all will look at my grave, I will look down from heaven on you." Two or three times, on observing his mother's troubled looks directed towards him, he would smile and say, "Good-bye, mamma; good-bye, papa." His papa said, "I think that you are going fast, dear; your guardian angel is waiting for you." He answered, "Yes, papa; but he will require to wait awhile yet." And so, indeed, it happened; the dear patient sufferer lingered a whole week unable to speak, but perfectly conscious those he loved were around him. After speech failed, his mamma asked if he knew us, and if he did so, to smile. He looked at his mamma and attempted it, and then at his papa, and did likewise. Before he became altogether

speechless he was in great distress. His papa remarked, that he was now going through the deep waters. "Yes," he replied, "but Jesus is with me; the waves cannot overflow me." His father asked, "Do you know me, dear?" He looked at him earnestly and said, "You are my earthly father." His papa remarked that Jesus was praying to his heavenly Father on his behalf, saying, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." The dear boy concluded the sentence, "that they may behold my glory."

His mother leaned over him, and repeated the hymn, "The hour of my departure's come." He listened with delightful interest; and when she said, "Not in mine innocence I trust," "Oh! no, no," he said, and shook his head decidedly. Almost his last conscious act was to take a little affectionate notice of his baby sister, of whom he was very fond.

His fond parents watched him night and day constantly for a week, during which he suffered much without the power of complaining, save by a slight groan occasionally. It was most distressing to witness sufferings which the fondest earthly parent could not soothe or alleviate.

One night as he lay in one of those slight paroxysms which generally precede death, the weather was unusually mild, and the window of the sick-chamber half open to let in the refreshing night air, about half-past eleven o'clock, when all the domestics had retired, none were in the room but his father and mother, who were sadly contemplating his altered appearance, and pondering on the change about to take place, deep silence was all around, when suddenly their senses were ravished with strains of the sweetest and most enchanting melody. It seemed as if borne upward by the air; hovering over us for a short space of time, and gradually dying away in the distance. Instinctively the watching parents turned to their dying cherub, expecting that his little soul had left its earthly tenement, to be borne away by those ministering guardians said to surround the dying couch of the redeemed, to receive the departing spirit; but he lingered a little longer. He expired two days after; quietly and calmly he slept in Jesus.

In reviewing the short but interesting career of this dear departed child, much reason have his parents to bless God that he ever committed so valuable a treasure to their trust. He has been taken from a world where the storms that rage would have been too rough for his tender frame: he has been taken by One who loved him more tenderly even than an earthly parent. He has introduced him into the mansions of eternal joy. There he sits and sings among the redeemed of the Lord; and there shall the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne feed him, and lead him to fountains of living water; he shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for all tears are for ever wiped from his eyes.



May the surviving brothers and sisters of this dear departed boy, and all who may read or hear of what the grace of God had done in him, imitate his example—be anxious to gain as bright a crown—become the lambs of the same kind and tender Shepherd—and they may rest assured that they will at last enter into the joy of their Lord and God as he has done.

My dear young readers, do you promise yourselves a long life! Remember that you may be called away from this world, and from all that you hold dear, at a like tender age as the subject of this short sketch. Do you wish to die with the calmness of the young Christian, lean upon the bosom of Jesus, of whom he delighted to speak, and to whom he commended his departing spirit?

D. M.

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The following verses, by WATTS, furnish an interesting illustration of the holy life and triumphant death of the pious and lovely Lydiard M—:

#### ADVANTAGES OF EARLY PIETY.

- “Happy the child, whose youngest years  
Receive instruction well;  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.
- “When we devote our youth to God,  
’Tis pleasing in his eyes:  
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.
- “’Tis easier work, if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes;  
While sinners that grow old in sin,  
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- “’Twill save us from a thousand snares,  
To mind religion young;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong.
- “To thee, Almighty God, to thee,  
Our childhood we resign;  
’Twill please us to look back, and see  
That our whole lives were thine.
- “Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
Employ my youngest breath;  
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,  
Or fit for early death.”



## SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY.

### CAMEL.

WITH little variation the name *Camel* is the same in all languages. In the Hebrew it is נמל *Gamal*. The name signifies *revenge*. Though naturally gentle, docile, serviceable, and obedient, it is proverbially revengeful. There is no other irrational animal which remembers an injury so long, or revenges it with such severity: hence the Arabs, when they wish strongly and emphatically to describe determined and long deep-rooted enmity, call it by the proverbial name, "a *Camel's anger*." The Arabs greatly prize the milk of the *Camel*, and use it both for medicine and for food. Writers of eminence are of opinion that this contri-

butes to give and nourish in the minds of the Arabs that revengeful disposition for which they are distinguished.

The Camel has no horns : it has six cutting teeth in the lower jaw, but none in the upper. Like the hare, the upper lip is divided. It chews the cud, but as it does not divide the hoof, its flesh was forbidden by the Levitical law to be used for food. The bottom of its feet is tough and pliant, by which it is rendered peculiarly fit for being serviceable to man in crossing sandy and extensive deserts. Camels are covered with a fine fur, which they cast in the spring, when it is very carefully gathered up and sold as an article of commerce, to be manufactured for useful purposes. Their neck and legs are long and slender : the height to which they can lift up their heads is very considerable, and gives them a noble appearance. Their ears are short, and their feet broad, which prevents their sinking in the sand, and thus qualifies them for traversing the deserts with celerity and ease. They can live a long time without drinking water ; this, in a great measure, arises from the great quantity of water which they can take at one time. The Creator has formed them differently from other animals, in giving them an additional bag, prepared as a reservoir to contain a far larger quantity of water than is required for immediate use. We also see in this how God has wisely adapted the Camel for its peculiar life, to be useful to man in passing over extensive wastes, where a supply of water could not be found. The Camel has the singular power of shutting its nostrils so close that the smallest particle of sand is excluded. This, too, shows the wisdom of God, as furnishing the animal with so necessary a means of protection and defence amid clouds of sand, occasionally and suddenly raised by the winds of the desert. They are capable of carrying heavy burdens, but will not submit to carry them when the weight is excessive. They are taught to kneel to allow the burdens to be put on and taken off.

Job had three thousand Camels, Job i. 3. In Isa. lx. 6, we see that Camels shall be subservient to the spread of the Gospel: "The multitudes of Camels shall cover thee: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord."

A. F.

## SERMON VIII.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HOLY CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

*"It is well with the child."*—2 Kings iv. 26.

WHAT a glorious, what a blessed place is heaven! Some have called the starry sky the portico, or porch, or gate of the heavenly palace. If the gate be so glorious, what must the palace itself be! What a difference there is betwixt this world and heaven. Great is the difference betwixt a desert and a garden beautified with the loveliest flowers; far greater the difference betwixt earth and heaven. Great is the difference betwixt the sky at night, with its twinkling stars, and the sky at noon-day, filled with the brightness of the meridian sun; far greater the difference betwixt earth and heaven. Great is the difference betwixt a prison and the abodes of princes; far greater the difference betwixt earth and heaven. Heaven is so glorious, so pure, so happy, so blessed, that the most eloquent tongue cannot describe its purity, its happiness, its glory, its blessedness: even the heart cannot conceive its excellence. If the starry heavens were a million of times more glorious than they are, even then they would be unworthy to be compared with the heaven of heavens, into which holy children are taken when they die. *Once St. Paul was taken to heaven, and returned again to this world. Then he told his holy and pious friends that what he heard he could not utter, and*

what he saw he could not describe, 1 Cor. ii. 9: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them who love him." Is this the case? Then how glorious must heaven be! The same holy Apostle saith, 2 Cor. xii. 4: "How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful" (that is, *possible*,) "for a man to utter." Is this the case? Then how glorious must heaven be!

My dear little children who love Christ, who believe in Christ, who serve Christ, what good, what welcome news I have to tell you—that heaven shall be your home. It is prepared for you, and Jesus is preparing you for it.

"There is beyond the starry sky,  
A heav'n of joy and love;  
And holy children when they die  
Go to that world above."

Methinks I hear some pious child say, "Oh, I long to be there."

"Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul  
Up to thy bless'd abode:  
Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
My Saviour and my God."

By the assistance of the Holy Spirit I propose to show the blessedness of pious children in heaven. "Holy Spirit, give thy gracious aid!" In one moment, when the body draws its last breath, pious children are made perfect in holiness, in wisdom, and in happiness. They are removed from suffering, from sorrow, and from death. They are taken far beyond the reach of temptation, of sin, of Satan, and of the wicked. They enjoy in heaven the fellowship of saints, of angels, and of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God. And, to crown all, they are employed in singing the *sweetest songs* of praise to their Saviour and their God.

*L* They must be blessed, for they are perfect in *holiness*. What is it to be perfectly holy? It is to be *completely free from sin*: it is to possess in perfection

every grace. The dear child on entering heaven is made pure as angels are pure, and holy as God is holy. That holiness is the perfection of loveliness. The beauty of the morning sky is nothing compared with this loveliness :—

“ These children are beloved of God,  
Wash'd are their robes in Jesu's blood ;  
More spotless than the purest white,  
They shine in uncreated light.”

II. At death, pious children are made perfect in *knowledge* and *wisdom*. Therefore, they must be blessed. The first moment they enter heaven they know more of God, of creation, of providence, and redemption, than the whole Church of God on earth. Oh, how wonderful ! “ Here, they saw through a glass darkly ; in heaven, they see face to face. Here, they know in part ; in heaven, they know even as they are known.” 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

III. At death, pious children are made perfect in *happiness*. The more sin, there is the more misery. The more there is of holiness, there is the more of happiness. The most sinful man on earth is the most miserable man ; and the holiest man on earth is the most happy man. What, then, must the happiness of heaven be, where spotless holiness in all its glory reigns ?

“ There streams of endless pleasure flow ;  
And full discoveries of thy grace,  
Which we but tasted here below,  
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.”

IV. At death, pious children are for ever removed from *suffering*, *sorrow*, and *death*. No book could contain an account of the suffering and sorrows, which are felt at *this* moment, by young and old, on the face of the earth. And death is a mighty, terrible king, reigning over all nations. Oh, how blessed we shall be, if we enter that heaven, of which it is said, Rev. xxi. 4 : “ And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither

sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away."

"His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From ev'ry weeping eye ;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself shall die."

V. At death, pious children are taken for ever beyond the reach of *temptation* and *sin*. Here we have sin within, and sin without. As regularly as the sun rises every day, temptations are presented before us every day. In heaven there are no tempters. On earth there are three great tempters. The first is Satan ; the second is the world ; the third, our own heart. Glory to God, these are shut out of heaven, for ever shut out, and shall never enter there. These three are not only three *tempters*, but three *tormentors*. Very much pious children suffer by them on earth. But what must be their blessedness in heaven ! for they are for ever beyond their reach. At the Red Sea, Israel saw their enemies, the Egyptians, for the last time. They saw them no more for ever. The three tempters may follow pious children to the very brink of Jordan ; but when they cross the stream, they shall see them no more for ever. Happy are those children, who can say and sing in the prospect of such a day—

"Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;  
Ye mortal powers, decay ;  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day."

VI. At death, pious children are for ever removed from the presence of the wicked. The pious child on earth has sometimes a wicked, graceless, swearing, drunken, cruel father ; or he has a wicked, lying, unkind brother, neglecting the Bible, and profaning the Sabbath. We cannot tell how much the pious child suffers by such a father, or such a brother. It would grieve you to hear his sighs, and to see his tears. At death he is relieved from all this misery ; he is taken from the presence of a wicked father, or of a

wicked brother, and he is admitted to the joyful, blessed presence of his divine Father, and of his brethren and kindred in heaven. In the hopes of such a separation from wicked relatives on earth, and of being admitted into the company of such a blessed society of friends in heaven, he could say—

“My soul doth long for heaven still,  
While life or breath remains ;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
There God my Saviour reigns.”

VII. At death, pious children enjoy the *fellowship of saints*. Therefore, how happy they must be ! A person living *alone* in the loveliest part of the world, or in the noblest palace that was ever reared, or even in heaven itself, could not be happy. We cannot be happy without society ; but if society is not good, it cannot give happiness. Spotless saints in heaven are perfectly happy. Oh, how happy shall holy children be, when they mingle with such holy, spotless saints ! I feel persuaded that all the saints in heaven are known to each other. If we enter that holy, happy place, we shall not need to ask, Who is Adam, or Noah, or Moses, or Paul, or John ? otherwise, the holy child would be a stranger in the heavenly world. And how sweet must be the society of the saints in heaven, for their love is perfect ! Society, without love, can never give pleasure ; but where there is perfect love, there is perfect bliss.

VIII. In heaven, pious children enjoy the *fellowship of angels*. How blessed, then, are holy children in such fellowship ! Angels are the loveliest of beings ; they are the most loving of beings ; they are the wisest of beings ; they are the happiest of beings. On earth, in Old Testament days, angels often appeared, but it was in a human shape. The angel, personally, was never seen, no more than our soul, which was never seen by human eye. In a way we cannot conceive, the real person and loveliness of angels are seen in



heaven. What, then, must be the delight of pious children, when they gaze upon beings of such perfect loveliness and beauty! Besides, they are delighted in conversing with angels, in beholding their exalted wisdom and their amazing knowledge; and then, they are filled with overflowing kindness and affection. How delightful must be the smiles of angels. If a mother's smile imparts such joy to her loving child, what joy must be produced by angels' smiles!

IX. In heaven, pious children *enjoy* God, and therefore they are fully and for ever blessed. God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God, is the overflowing and ever flowing fountain of all happiness, joy, and bliss. Now, from that fountain, pious children, in the heavenly world, are constantly drinking the waters of the purest joy. Hence it is said, "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore," Psal. xvi. 11. Consider the astonishing knowledge of God which fills the minds of pious children in heaven. And whatever they know of God, gives to their souls the purest joy, the purest bliss. Think of the felicity they must enjoy, hearing Christ speak. Were his words so sweet on earth in his humiliation, what must the words of Christ be in his exaltation? Think also of the smiles of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. If the smiles of earthly friends are so pleasing, oh, what must the smiles of Jehovah be! Beloved young friends, may you and I possess that eye of faith, by which we shall now look within the veil and sing:—

"There I behold, with sweet delight,  
The blessed THREE IN ONE;  
And strong affections fix my heart  
On God's incarnate Son."

Lastly. The blessedness of pious children in heaven appears from the sweet songs they sing to their Saviour's praise. On earth, our hearts are not always in tune to praise our Lord; here, tears are mingled with songs, and sighs with praise. Here, we often

sing in the *minor key*, and feelings of sorrow are mingled with feelings of joy. How different the praises beyond the sky! "The ransomed of the Lord return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing have for ever fled away." Isa. xxxv. 10.

"Oh, what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing!  
And sit on every heavenly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King."

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## MARTYROLOGY.

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### ENGLISH MARTYRS.

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#### BISHOP HOOPER.

THIS excellent man, during the latter period of the reign of Henry VIII., went to Zurich, in Switzerland. There he pursued his sacred theological studies with great diligence and success. When good King Edward VI. was raised to the throne, Mr. Hooper returned to England, and was soon elevated to the Bishopric of Worcester and Gloucester.

It was customary, when Bishops were installed into their office, to have their *arms* given them by the herald. The arms assigned to him were these:—"A lamb in a fiery bush, and the sunbeams from heaven descending upon the lamb." It is very striking the resemblance betwixt the *arms*, and the manner in which he was called to suffer martyrdom. In the reign of Mary, justly sur-named by faithful history "*the bloody*," he was burnt to ashes by her command, in the city of Gloucester, in the year 1555.

On the accession of Mary to the throne, the Protestant religion was subverted, and Popery was established in its place. This was a state of things to which holy Bishops and ministers could not give their assent. Of course, they were suddenly exposed to the most cruel and barbarous persecutions that ever disgraced the history of man. At this time Dr. Sleath was restored to the *bishopric of Gloucester*, of which he had been deprived in King Edward's reign, on account of his Popery, and also Dr. Bonner was restored to the diocese of London. Bishop Hooper was one

of the first who was sent for to London, to stand his trial, and to answer charges to be brought against him by his enemies. He was thrown into Newgate. There he was degraded by Bishop Bonner, who was appointed to carry the sentence of degradation into execution. On the day following, on horseback, and closely guarded, he left London for Gloucester. In this city he was condemned to be consumed to ashes at the stake. A great multitude met him at the gates of the city; their lamentations were so loud, that his guards were afraid of a rescue, and therefore sent for additional assistance. However, no such attempt was made. When the time appointed for his execution arrived, he was led between the two sheriffs, like a lamb to the slaughter. On arriving at the place appointed, where he should suffer, smilingly he looked upon the stake. It was near a great elm tree, over against the college of priests, where he had usually preached. He kneeled down to pray. While engaged in his devotions, a box was laid upon a stool before him, containing a pardon from the Queen, on condition that he would embrace the Popish faith. On seeing the box, he said, "If you love my soul, away with it!" A short while after, three iron hoops were brought forward, one for his neck, one for his middle, and a third for his feet. The people were melted into tears; sobbing and sighing were heard on all sides! The executioner, who was appointed to kindle the fire, asked his forgiveness. The Bishop replied, "Thou dost nothing to offend me; God forgive thy sins, and do thine office, I pray thee!" There were bundles of reeds near him. He took up two bundles, embraced them, and kissed them, and put one under each arm. The fire kindled very slowly, and thus his agonies were most cruelly protracted. He said in the fire with a loud voice, "O Jesus, the Son of David, have mercy upon me, and receive my soul." The last words he was heard to utter were, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me; Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me; Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" A little after he bowed forward, and gave up the ghost. He was three-quarters of an hour in the fire, before life was extinct, and before his ransomed spirit took its flight to the heavenly mansions. It is nearly three hundred years since he received the martyr's crown in the kingdom of God, and since his enemies have appeared before God to answer for the unjust death of holy, righteous men.

When we think of the glorious army of martyrs before the throne, we have just reason to say,—

"These are the saints beloved of God,  
Wash'd are their robes in Jesu's blood;  
More spotless than the purest white,  
They shine in uncreated light."

(To be continued.)

## THOUGHTS FOR SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. T. WALLACE.

“Dear children, mark our counsels well;  
Their worth to you no tongue can tell!”

**PIETY IN CHILDREN.**—Nothing is so engaging and beautiful in children;—that piety which is seen by love to Jesus—regard for the Holy Scriptures—delight in prayer—and earnest desire to render obedience to the Saviour. It is not a high recommendation to the young, but it is their loveliest attribute; it is their beauty, their glory, their crown. Children of numerous Sabbath-schools! seek, above everything else, to receive and unfold the grace of God. Nothing will impart to you so much loveliness.

**PREPARATION FOR LIFE.**—How important it is that children be prepared for entering on life!—life, with all its duties, its anxieties, all its changes, all its temptations, all its trials, all its dangers. And what can effectually prepare the young for life, but the fear of God, the principles of the Gospel which regulate their minds, and controlling their daily and evening conduct?

Religion, dear children, will fit you for all the scenes and the various events of life so easily, so decisively, as, being under the influence of that blessed religion which equally prepares for adversity, and sustains under every trial.

**DEVELOPING LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.**—Nothing delights us so much as to perceive, on the part of the young, sincere and growing love for the Bible;—love to the doctrines which it unfolds—to the precepts which it enjoins—to histories which it furnishes—to parables which it narrates—to the great and precious promises which it makes to the youngest and weakest believer—the beautiful and striking incidents in which it abounds. It gladdens our heart to see the young perusing, with deep interest, the sacred pages—examining one part of the Bible and another, from a desire to be correctly acquainted with the word of God—making the Holy Scripture “the man of their counsel”—the New Testament as their guide through life, as “the star” by which they are directed in their course to a glorious immortality!

Children, do you love the Bible? Remember that this is a moment of *vital* moment. You cannot love Christ without love for the Bible—you cannot delight in prayer without delight in the Scriptures—you cannot value holiness unless you value the word of God—you cannot be prepared for heaven, unless you have the Gospel to your hearts. How ardently we long that every Sabbath-school child, and especially every elder scholar, should highly value, and supremely love the Bible!

CHILDREN IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—What advantages do Sabbath-school children, throughout the extent of the land, now enjoy! How valuable is the instruction imparted! How admirable is the discipline maintained! How kind, wise, and devoted, are the generality of teachers who are anxious to bring the young in our Sabbath-schools to Jesus Christ! How many prayers are presented for the children! How many plans are concerted for their benefit! How many efforts are made to do them good! What patience is exemplified by teachers! What love is displayed! What zeal is discovered! What perseverance in Christian labour is indulged!

Sabbath-school children! never was there a period when greater or higher privileges were enjoyed by the young, than those which you now realize. Value them, we beseech you. Improve them, we entreat you. Pray for a blessing on those through whom you experience these privileges, we conjure you, and express sincere gratitude to God that you are so highly favoured.

Love the Sabbath-school. Love your teachers, and evince that you do love them in reality, by prizing their instructions, honouring their character, praying that their counsels and admonitions may be *blessed to you*, and that you may meet your kind and affectionate teachers in heaven,—

“There to sing redeeming grace,  
In sweetest, purest strains;  
While myriads of the human race,  
Joy that Immanuel reigns.”

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### THE BLIND MAN.

SOME time ago, I spent a few weeks at that beautiful seaport town, Brighton. On passing through the Level, which is a field of grass surrounded by a garden, situated at the north part of the town and opened to the public, I felt fatigued, and sat down to rest on one of the seats. My attention was soon attracted to a poor man, who was reclining at a distance from me, with a book in his hand. I soon discovered he was blind, and what he was reading was the Bible; upon questioning him, I found he had lost his sight about three years, from weakness of the nerve through illness. I could not help admiring his thankfulness to God, for enabling him to read his holy word, by placing his fingers on raised letters. Surely, dear young friends, we may learn a lesson from this poor man; though he was deprived of sight, yet God had imparted to him the knowledge of his Gospel, and he felt grateful for it. Then, let us thank our heavenly Father daily, for all his mercies so plentifully showered down

pon us; that whatever trials or troubles we may be called to bear, we may bow with filial submission, remembering that,

“Kind, gentle is the hand that smites,  
 However keen the smart,  
 If sorrow’s discipline can chase  
 One evil from the heart.”

E. L. F.

## ANECDOTES, &c.

### SUBMISSION.

WHEN Tenebazus was arrested, he drew his sword and defended himself; but when they told him that they came to take him to his king, he willingly yielded. So a Saint, when he is reminded that his afflictions are to bring him nearer to God, yields and crosses the rod—he acknowledges the divine sovereignty of love.

### SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

WHEN Munster lay sick, and his friends asked him “How he lid,” he pointed to his ulcers, and said, “These are God’s *gems* and *jewels*, wherewith he decketh his best friends; and to me they are more precious than all the gold and silver in the world.”

### THE SABBATH-DAY.

THE Sabbath-day was anciently called “*Dies lucis*,” the “*day of light*,” also “*Regina dierum*,” the “*queen of days*.” Heaven’s called the Sabbath, to make those who *love Sabbaths long for heaven*.

Judge Hale says, “I have by long and sound experience found that the due observance of this day, and of the duties of it, have been of singular comfort and advantage to me. The observance of it hath even had joined to it a blessing through the week. And on the other side, when I have been negligent of these duties, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my secular employment. This,” says he, “I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound experience and observation.”

### LOVE BEGETS LOVE.

THERE is an interesting little story told of a daughter of Dr. Doddridge, a little girl, who died before she had finished her fifth year. She was a great darling with most of the friends of her parents, and often received invitations to different places at the same time. Her father asked her on one occasion what *nade every body love her so well?* She answered with great *implicity and spirit*, “Indeed, papa, I cannot think, unless it *that I love everybody.*” Poor little thing! she did not know

that she had proclaimed the true philosophy of the matter; she did not know that she had repeated the sentiment of a famous ancient sage—"Love, if you wish to be loved."—*Brown's Lambs of the Flock.*

#### LYING AWFULLY PUNISHED.

ONE day there happened a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder, as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dunblane. He was descried, when at a distance, by two men of bad character. They had not courage to rob him; but wishing to fall on some method of extorting money from him, one said, "I will lie down by the wayside, as if I were dead, and you shall inform the Archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the Archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked wretch told him the fabricated story. He sympathised with the survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion, he found him really lifeless! Immediately he began to exclaim aloud, "Oh, sir, he is dead! Oh, sir, he is dead!" On this the Archbishop, discovering the fraud, left the man with this important reflection, "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgments of God."

J. W. A.

#### OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

THE omniscience of God is a sort of pleasing reflection to a good man, under the struggle he maintains with his corruption, under the reproaches of enemies or the suspicions of friends, under trouble; and when at a throne of grace, imploring his blessing. But how useful may this reflection be as a check to sin, and as a motive to virtue! One of the heathen philosophers, therefore, recommended it to his pupils, as the best means to induce, and enable them to behave worthily, to imagine that some very distinguished character was always looking upon them. But what was the eye of a Cato to the eye of God? Who would not approve themselves unto him?

"Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there."

#### PERSEVERANCE.

"AN able seaman," says Mr. Cecil, "once said to me, 'In fierce storms, we have but one resource: we keep the ship in a certain position; we cannot act in any way but this: we fix her head to the wind, and in this way we weather the storm.'" This is a picture of the Christian; he endeavours to put himself in a certain position. He says, My hope and my help are in God; he is faithful. The man who has learnt this piece of heavenly navigation, shall weather the storms of time and of eternity.

## A FEW MAXIMS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. T. WALLACE.

teach yourselves. Exercise your minds early. Be not dependent on others. Rise, at length, above reliance on any.

Never be neglectful of prayer; it will bring light into the world—peace into the conscience—joy into the heart. Have a *place* for prayer—a *place* for prayer; and when you pray, endeavor to enter into the *spirit* of prayer. Prayer will crown you with the richest blessings.

Let your minds be early stored with what is excellent. If the minds of the young be empty of good, will they not be filled with the evil which so pressingly surrounds them in a world like this; and will not that evil be soon developed, and be very rank and pernicious in its growth and consequences?

To avoid sin, remember that God always sees you—that he knows your character—that he scrutinizes your heart. Is it not worthy of careful consideration, that you always move *in the view* of God?

Looking forward to your entrance into the world, never think that you can do anything in your own strength. This thought will never guide, never admonish, ever humble—ever cease you to rely on the Spirit of God, to teach, to invigorate, to defend, to fortify, to prepare, to mature.

Always have death before you. You may die young. Ask, *hourly*, “Am I ready for the grave? ready for the judgment? ready for eternity?” If you are not prepared to die, how fearful! Especially when you consider, that in a moment you may be *dragged* into eternity!

## POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER BLIND CHILD.

“ I FEEL for thee, my darling boy,  
 Nor can I repress my tears;  
 Thy blindness chills thy mother's joys,  
 And deepens all her fears.  
 She cannot tell to strangers round  
*How much she grieves for thee;*  
 When hearing oft thy merry sound,  
*She thinks—thou canst not see!* ”



“ I look upon thy smiling face,  
 And view thy father there ;—  
 His mirror'd every manly grace ;—  
 His death was hard to bear.  
 I should not weep, my darling boy,  
 If only thou could'st see,—  
 For thou art all thy mother's joy,  
 Now *he* has gone from me !

“ I lead thee in the garden fair,  
 And take thee by the hand ;  
 I speak of many a flower there—  
 Rich, beautiful, and grand ;  
 But how I wish, as on we walk,  
 That thou, my child, couldst see ;  
 And, yet, I hear thy happy talk,  
 And that brings joy to me !

“ Thou canst not in the meadows run,  
 Nor gather cowslips sweet ;  
 Thou canst not see the golden sun,  
 Nor stars at evening greet ;  
 Thou canst not view the lofty hill,  
 Or lovely woodland glade ;  
 Of glorious prospect take thy fill,  
 Which God in goodness made !

“ And yet, my child, though blind thou art,  
 And always thou must be,  
 Thy mind is opening, and thy heart  
 Is full of love to me.  
 Then come, my boy, and kiss me now,  
 And ever to me cling,—  
 Thy mother feels that only thou  
 Canst comfort to her bring.

“ She will be near to be thy guide,  
 To tend thee night and day ;  
 She'll never wander from thy side,  
 From morn till evening grey ;  
 And though *that* God hath form'd thee blind,  
 Who pours the radiant sun,  
 Yet we will aye look up and say—  
 Father, Thy will be done !”

REV. T. WALLACE



## SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY.

### A D D E R.

IN Great Britain there are two descriptions of reptiles. To the one is given the name *snake*, which is not venomous, and therefore quite harmless. It is of considerable length, and is adorned with glowing colours. To the other is given the name *adder*. It is of a sandy grey colour, and in its form thick and short. It has no elegance of shape, and its appearance is peculiarly repulsive. It is very venomous. Its bite, or sting, is mortal, and in any case recovery is exceedingly difficult and rare.

The Adder may be defined as a venomous animal. It is brought forth alive, and not by eggs. It is much *shorter than the snake*; its belly is blackish, and it has *black spots upon its back*.

The word "*adder*" is used five times in our translation. It is first used in Gen. xlix. 17, as a figurative and prophetic description of the tribe of Dan, by Jacob, the dying patriarch: "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an Adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." The word *adder* in this verse is in the original שֶׁפִּיפּוֹן *Shephiphon*. This Hebrew name signifies literally the *squeezer*, or *biter*. The *Shephiphon* is believed to be the *Cerastes*, a viper of a light brown colour, which lurks in the sand, and in the tracks formed by wheels in the highways. There, in its lurking-place, it watches its opportunity, like Satan, the cunning serpent, and suddenly bites the unwary traveller, and the legs of horses, or other animals, which may disturb its solitude.

In Ps. lviii. 4, 5, it is said of the wicked who despise the counsels and warnings of God, "Their poison is like the poison of a serpent: they are like the deaf Adder which stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely." On the species of Adder to which the Psalmist refers, music produces a very remarkable effect. They swell at the sound of music; they will raise up perpendicularly one half of their bodies. Some of them, under the tuition and control of the conjurers in eastern countries, will even move in time to the tune played on an instrument. An Eastern traveller once told me from her own actual observation, that they are brought out of their holes by the sound of music, when the natives lay hold of them with great expertness, and deprive them of their teeth, or fangs, by which they inflict such deadly wounds. It is also said that tame Adders have been taught to put the point of their tail to stop the ear from hearing the notes of the musician.

In Ps. xci. 13, the enemies of believers are compared to the Adder; and it is promised, "Thou shalt tread upon the Adder." In Ps. cxl. 3, the malignity of the wicked is compared to the poison of the Adder:

'Adders' poison is under their lips." How striking! Solomon compares the effect of drunkenness to the adder's sting, Prov. xxiii. 32: "At last it biteth like serpent, and stingeth like an Adder."

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SERMON IX.\*

BELIEVERS CONSIDERED UNDER THE FIGURE OF A  
TREE.

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*And he shall be like a TREE planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*—Ps. i. 3.

My young friends, if you read the Bible with care, you will see that there are *many* things to which the godly are compared in that sacred book. They are compared to things which have life. For example, they are compared to a *dove*, Song ii. 14: "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." They are also compared to *sheep* and *lambs*, Isa. xl. 11: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

Believers are compared to things without life. They are called a *temple*, Eph. ii. 21: "In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord." They are called a *house*, 1 Pet. ii. 5: "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a *spiritual house*, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices,

\* The substance of this sermon was delivered to children, in *Belbelds Church, Kirkcaldy, North Britain, in August last.*

acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." They are compared to *lilies*, Song ii. 2 : "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." They are compared to a *mountain*, Isa. ii. 2 : "And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills ; and all nations shall flow unto it." In several places in the word of God believers are compared to trees. One of the most striking of these is in our text. Here the tree is presented before us in all its grandeur ; in its roots, its stem, its branches, its leaves, its fruit, its situation, its duration, and its height. Our text contains a most lovely picture ; and it is a most just, glowing, and pleasing picture of the people of God. Oh, my young friends, by converting grace may that picture be yours ! May it be mine ! How very different the picture of the wicked ! Read it with me, and may it affect our hearts. "For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh ; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land," Jer. xvii. 6 ; "The ungodly are not so : but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away," Psal. i. 4. Dear young friends, may God prevent that *you* should be like unto the chaff ! In the Epistle of Jude, ver. 12, the wicked are described as "trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots." And to crown all, our blessed Lord describes them as "tares which are gathered together and burned in the fire,"—Matt. xiii. 40 ; and as rotten branches, only fit to be cast into the flames and consumed, John xv. 6 : "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered ; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." That will be a dreadful day when the angels shall gather the wicked like rotten branches, bind them into bundles, and cast them as vile refuse into that fire that shall never be quenched !  
**May God preserve us from such a doom !**

By the aid of the Holy Spirit, I now proceed to speak of the young believer as a TREE.

I. In his natural state—that is, before he was converted—he was a wild tree. He was one of Satan's trees, growing in the wide wilderness of sin, corruption, guilt and misery. At that time, he was a *wild vine*: “Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me?” Jer. ii. 21. This wild vine was very fruitful; it produced wild grapes, poisonous clusters. Swearing, lying, disobedience, sabbath-breaking, quarrelling, hatred, and strife, were the poisonous clusters of wild grapes which this wild vine produced.

The young Christian, before he became one of Christ's trees, was a *wild olive*. Therefore the holy Apostle says, “Thou wert cut out of the olive tree, which is wild by nature, and wert grafted contrary to nature into a good olive tree,” Rom. xi. 24. Dear children, who are *now* Christ's trees by grace, remember every day that you were *once* Satan's trees by nature. You have reason to say, and to say with wonder, thankfulness and humility,

“Sinners by nature, we belong  
To the wild olive wood;  
Grace took us from the barren tree,  
And grafts us in the good.”

WATTS, Book I. H. 114.

II. It was in the day of converting grace the young believer was *changed* into a tree of Christ. Nothing but Divine grace could have produced such a change as making a *wild olive* a *good olive*; as making a *degenerate vine* a *noble vine*. Nothing but Almighty power could change a lion into a lamb, or a serpent into a harmless dove; or the thorn into the fir tree, and the brier into the myrtle tree. And nothing but *Almighty grace* can convert the soul even of a *little child*, and make him one of Christ's righteous plants. *Have you experienced this change, this wondrous*

change? Then what reason have you to sing in joyful strains:—

“ Great God! I own thy power divine,  
That works to change this heart of mine;  
I would be form'd anew, and bless  
The wonders of creating Grace!”

WATTS, Book II. H. 160.

III. The young believer is a tree *planted* by Christ. He entered into the wilderness of sin, and plucked up the wild tree. He changed its wild nature by his saving power. Then he takes and plants it in the lovely garden of his grace.

And when he plants it there, he will for ever keep it and preserve it, until he transplant it to the paradise of glory. How very beautifully Isaiah speaks of saints as planted by Christ: and his words show how greatly Jesus delights in saints as his own spiritual plantation. May the Holy Spirit impress the words upon your youthful minds! Isa. lx. 21: “Thy people shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of *my planting*, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.” In the following chapter the prophet shows that the great end of Christ's preaching and of his visit and mission into our world was, “That they might be called trees of righteousness, the *planting of the Lord*, that he might be glorified,” Isa. lxi. 3. That was a wonderful day, a day never to be forgotten, when the plantation took place. It was the day of conversion; it was the day of the Saviour's power. When the young saint thinks of that day, oh, what reason has he to sing,

“ O blessed power! O glorious day!  
What a large harvest shall ensue,  
When converts who thy grace obey  
Exceed the drops of morning dew.”

WATTS, Ps. 110.

IV. The young believer is a tree rooted in Christ. *Eph. iii. 17, 18*: “That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints

what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height ; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." Col. ii. 6, 7 : " As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him : *rooted* and built up in him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving."

There are many wonderful things connected with the *roots* of a tree. The roots are as numerous as the branches. If the branches are very numerous, so are the roots. If a tree is very high, the roots are very deep. What a noble sight is a large oak tree or cedar tree ! I saw the largest cedar tree in Britain, in the park of the Duke of Marlborough. Never shall I forget the sight. Now I feel as if it were before my eyes. But it was small, nay insignificant, compared with the cedars of Lebanon in the days of Solomon. They reached at that period the height of two hundred feet. Such trees were striking emblems of believers, Christ's trees, his plantation. How numerous, how wide spreading, how deep the roots of such wonderful trees as the cedars of Lebanon ! Consider how necessary roots are for the growth and for the security of trees. The roots receive nourishment from the earth, and, by a remarkable law which God has fixed, these roots send up nourishment over the whole tree ; yes, to the most distant twig, or leaf, or blossom. Oh, how wonderful ! Then, also, these roots are essential to the safety of the trees. Were it not for the roots, very soon the winds of heaven would level with the ground the loftiest trees.

It is now time to ask, Where are young saints, Christ's trees, rooted ? It is in Christ himself. As the roots of a tree lay firm hold of the ground, the faculties and the graces of the believer's soul lay hold of Christ. And it is a firm hold ; so firm, so very firm, that no furious storms of temptation, or suffering, or sorrow, shall ever be able to make them let go their firm hold. What a blessing, what a comfort is



this! As roots derive nourishment from the earth, the souls of young believers derive nourishment from Christ. How strikingly the following lines describe the young righteous tree rooted in Christ, and receiving spiritual sap and nourishment :—

“ He like a tree shall thrive,  
With waters near the *root* ;  
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,  
His works are heavenly fruit.”—WATTS, Ps. 1.

V. The young believer is a tree of great spiritual *beauty*. Hosea xiv. 6 : “ His beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon.” The olive tree is very beautiful. See how green and how fresh are its leaves. It is also evergreen. It is beautiful, not merely in some months of the year ; it is verdant and beautiful all the year round. See, too, how beautiful it is in its blossoms, and in its fruit. Fit emblem of young saints, who are green olives in God’s house. In Psalm cxxviii. 3, young saints are thus described : “ Thy children shall be like *olive plants* round about thy table.” Blessed are those children who can say with the holy Psalmist, Psalm lii. 8, “ But I am like a green olive tree in the house of God : I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever.”

Pious children are beautiful plants in Christ’s garden. Their beauty is the loveliness of grace ; and this is loveliness that shall never fade ; this is beauty which shall never pass away. The beauty of the lovely youthful cheek shall pass away ; the beauty of the loveliest leaves and of the most fragrant blossoms shall pass away ; but the loveliness of grace shall remain for ever, and flourish in immortal bloom.

“ The plants of grace shall ever live ;  
Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;  
Time that doth all things else impair,  
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.”

WATTS, Ps. 92.

**CONCLUSION.**—Let me beseech you, my young friends, to present the following petitions before the

throne of grace : " O Jesus, remove me from the wilderness of a natural state. Oh, change my wild nature, and make me a righteous tree. Oh, Jesus, mercifully plant me in the garden of thy Church. And may I be rooted and grounded in thy love !" Then sing sweetly,

" Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by thy hand ;  
Let me within thy courts be seen,  
Like a *young cedar*, fresh and green."

WARTS, Ps. 92.

(To be continued.)

## EXCELLENCES OF THE BIBLE,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

(Continued from page 75.)

FRIEND, is a name which the Bible deserves, and which shows its excellence. One of the most valuable things on earth is a *friend*. And they who take the Bible as their friend, find that they are the possessors of a blessing of the most transcendent excellence. That must be a wonderful friend, the worth of whom exceeds the power of language to express. The Bible is such a friend ; for no language has been ever found sufficient to describe its worth. Do you ask what kind of a friend is God's Word ?

It is a *wise* friend. It is as full of wisdom as the firmament is full of light when the sun is shining in all the splendour of noonday. Dear children, take the Bible for your wise friend ; then, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, you shall be made wise unto salvation. Therefore Paul said to young Timothy, 2 Tim. iii. 15, " From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation."

The Bible is a *pure* friend. It is the *Holy* Bible, by way of eminence ; and it is the *great* means in the hand of the Spirit of sanctifying polluted hearts, and of making souls, vile by sin, holy, pure, and lovely. Therefore our Saviour, in his intercessory prayer for his disciples and Church, offers up the following petition, John xvii. 17 : " Sanctify them through thy truth : thy word is truth."

The Bible is a most *comforting* friend. It comforts all believers, however numerous their afflictions, however severe their sufferings, however great their bereavements, however violent their temptations, however furious their enemies, or however deep their sorrows. Hence the Psalmist says, Psalm cxix. 54, " Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." But time would fail to speak of the excellences of this friend. Unite with me in the following lines :

" The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest ;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest."

The Bible is a *FIELD*. It is a large field. It is a field of great beauty. It is a field where grow the trees of truth. It is a rich field. It is a field whence flow fountains of living water. It is a field where there are mines of precious treasures. " Blessed Spirit, teach us to dig in these mines !"

" 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies."

*(To be continued.)*

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## MARTYROLOGY.

## SCOTTISH MARTYRS.

HUGH MCKAIL.

" 'Tis not enough felonious caves to fill,  
 'Tis not enough for cords and steel to kill ;  
 But on the ancle the sharp wedge descends,  
 The bone reluctant with the iron bends,  
 Crush'd in its frame ; blood spouts from every pore,  
 And the white marrow swims in purple gore."

ON Sabbath morning, the 6th of September, 1661, Mr. Hugh McKail ascended the pulpit of the High Church in Edinburgh, and preached a beautiful sermon from Song i. 7 : "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest." He was only about twenty-one years of age, yet he felt a deep concern for the poor ministers who, because they adhered to the religion of their fathers, were to be ejected from their pulpits on the following Sabbath and not allowed to preach any more. During the sermon he took occasion to mention the severity of the Act ; for so doing, he had to leave his native country and go to Holland. In the year 1664 he came home, and lived at his father's house, in a quiet, secluded spot. One day, as he was going to Edinburgh, he was met by an officer and a dragoon, and taken prisoner. It was resolved by those in power to make this meek and gentle creature an example and victim.

After two examinations, in which he confessed all that he knew of the motives which caused the people to resist the Government in matters of religion, he was a third time brought before the council for further examination ; and, on declaring he could tell them nothing more, he was put to the torture. The instrument of torture was that horrible one called *the boot*,—a square wooden box, with movable plates inside. The leg of the person to be tortured was placed in this box, and between the frame and the plates wedges were driven in with a mallet to crush the limb, and produce the most excruciating pain ; the pain being the greater the further the wedges were driven in. Poor McKail's leg being placed in the boot, the wedges slipped in, and the executioner standing ready with his mallet to strike, he was asked again to make a further confession. As he repeated his

former assertion, that he had nothing more to confess, the torture began. Ten or eleven blows with the mallet were struck, at considerable intervals, the sufferer protesting before the last three that he "could say no more, though all the joints in his body were in as great torture as that poor leg." At the eleventh stroke the bone was splintered, and the blood and marrow spirted in the face of the judges. After this they found him guilty of treason, for which he was to be hanged in two days after. At the hearing of this sentence, he cheerfully said, "*The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*" The torture brought on a fever, which delayed his execution for four days, when he was hanged along with five others. The napkin being put over his face, he prayed a little within himself; after which, he put up the cloth, saying he had one word more to add, in order to show them the comfort he had in his death. "I hope," said he, "you have perceived no alteration or discouragement in my countenance and manner; and as it may be your wonder, so I profess it is a wonder to myself; but I will tell you the reason of it. Besides the justness of my cause, this is my comfort, which was said of Lazarus when he died, that the angels did carry his soul into Abraham's bosom. So that as there is a great solemnity here—of a confluence of people, a scaffold, a gallows, and people looking out at windows, so there is a greater and more solemn preparation in heaven of angels to carry my soul to Christ's bosom." And after speaking a little to the same purpose, he concluded thus: "And now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and turn my speech to thee, O Lord; and now I begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations; farewell the world and all delights; farewell sun, moon and stars. Welcome, God and Father; welcome, sweet Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant; welcome blessed Spirit of grace, and God of all consolation. Welcome, glory; welcome, eternal life; welcome, death!" After which, like Stephen of old, he fell asleep.

J. W. A.

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#### ANECDOTE OF THE LATE QUEEN ADELAIDE.

Soon after the death of the late King, a deputation from the Corporation of London presented an Address of Condolence to her late Majesty Queen Adelaide. On that occasion Mr. Hick presented to Her Majesty, through the Lord in Waiting, a lovely moss-rose, with a piece of paper attached, on which was bound

fully written the following lines from the well-known hymn of Cowper:—

“The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.”

Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept it, and was so touched with this instance of sympathy, that she shortly afterwards sent Mr. Hick a handsomely bound copy of the Memoir of William the Fourth.

### THE WHITE FROCK AND THE SPOT OF INK.

THERE was once a little girl called Polly. I will not now tell you what kind of a little girl she was, but you shall hear of something which happened to her. Her nurse washed and dressed her as usual; she had a clean white frock. Then she went skipping and jumping down stairs in great glee, and full of her morning joy, not coming down the stairs as grown-up people do, first one foot, and then another, but both feet together, a step at a time. She had to pass the drawing-room door before she reached the room where her mother was sitting; the door was a little open, and Polly peeped in, and then she thought she would just look at the pretty things, and round the room she went on tip-toe, till she came to a small table with an inkstand, and pens, and writing-paper upon it. There was one pen left standing in the ink, and Polly, who was very fond of scribbling, forgot that her mother had often told her not to touch the pen and ink without asking leave; so she amused herself for some time, till at last, when she was dipping her pen into the ink, a large thick piece from the bottom stuck to it, and in her hurry to shake it off, a great drop of ink fell upon her clean white frock. Oh! you would have been sorry for Polly had you seen her just then. First her face was very red, and then it was very white, and she trembled all over; and then her merry eyes looked quite sad, for they were full of tears, which rolled down her cheeks like an April shower. But what must I do? she thought. I will go and tell my mother how naughty I have been. But then she will be angry with me, because she told me not to do it, and she will punish me. Oh! I will go up stairs again, and try to wash it out, and then I can dry it at the fire, and nobody will know. So she set off up stairs again, and she found the nursery empty, for nurse was gone down. Then she went to the basin and got the soap, and dipped her ink spot in the water, and she rubbed it, and wrung it out, but still there was a mark on her frock; and, as she was not used to such work, she splashed herself all over, and her clean white frock was no longer white and clean, but wet from top to bottom. Oh! what

must Polly do? The spot will not come out, though she has rubbed it until her little hands are sore. But she hears a foot-step on the stairs: it is her mother, anxious to see what had become of her dear child. Did Polly run to meet her as usual, and throw her little arms round her neck and kiss her? No; she felt afraid of her own dear mother, for she had been doing wrong, so she ran and hid herself behind the door. Silly child, what good could that do her, for her mother was sure to find her—and then, too, she was such a kind mother, and would have forgiven her directly if she had told her all the truth. “Where is my dear little Polly?” she said, as she entered the nursery; but no one spoke, and she began to feel rather alarmed, and was leaving the room to call nurse, when she heard a sob from behind the door, and, to her great surprise, found little Polly there, her eyes red with weeping, her clean white frock wet and crushed, and a large dark spot upon it. “What have you been doing, my dear child?” she said. Polly’s heart softened when she saw her dear mother’s tender looks, and she ran to her, and hid her face in her dress, and said, as well as her sobs would permit, “Oh! mother, I have been so naughty! I have been doing what you told me not to do. I have been using the pen and ink in the drawing-room, and I have inked my clean frock; and I thought you would be angry, and I came up stairs to try to wash it out, but I cannot; it will not come out whatever I do;” and she again cried very much. The kind mother sat down, and took her poor little Polly upon her knee; then she talked very kindly to her, and told her what sorrow she had brought upon herself by not doing as she was bid; and as she saw that Polly was truly sorry for what she had done, she forgave her. Then she took the wet frock off, lest she should take cold, and put another on. “But, dear mother,” said Polly, “what must be done with my frock? It is quite spoiled with that large dark spot.” Her mother smiled at her, and going to a drawer, took out of it a little wooden box, full of a white powder; then she dipped the dark spot in Polly’s frock in hot water, and then she rubbed some of the powder on it with her finger, and the spot grew lighter and lighter, till it was quite pale; and at last there was no spot at all. Then Polly was very glad, and she clapped her hands for joy. Then her mother took her down into the breakfast room, where they found Polly’s father, who wondered what had become of them. He was grieved when he saw his little girl with such red eyes; he was afraid she had been naughty, and he looked very sad and very grave, and he did not take Polly into his arms and kiss her as usual, but he looked at her mother to tell him what had been the matter. So she told him all about it, and how sorry Polly was that she had been so naughty. Then the little girl crept quite close to him, and, with tears in her eyes, said, “Dear father, forgive me.” So he kissed his little girl, wiped away her tears, and, setting her upon his knee, gave her

breakfast. But she could not eat much, for she was both and glad—sorry that she had grieved her kind parents, glad that they had forgiven her. Afterwards her father said to her, “Do you know that in disobeying your mother you did against God; for God has said, ‘Honour thy father and mother.’ You must ask Him to forgive you too. Sin is like the dark ink spot on your frock—it is on your heart; and you could not make your frock clean again, whatever you did, you cannot make your heart clean, however good you try to do. But as there was one thing which would take away the spot out of your frock, so there is one thing, and one only, which will take away your sins, and that is the blood of Christ. The Bible tells us that His blood cleanseth from all unrighteousness, so my dear child must ask God for Christ’s sake to forgive and to wash away her sins in the blood of Jesus.” So Polly went off her father’s knee, and went up stairs and into the nursery, and then she knelt down by her own little bed, and did as her father had told her.

E. F.

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 POETRY.

## THE BLIND CHILD’S REPLY TO HIS MOTHER’S ADDRESS.

- “MOTHER, your cheek is wet again,  
 I know your heart is kind,  
 Then why, dear mother, will you weep  
 Because your boy is blind?  
 I never knew the joys of sight,  
 Nor mourn’d its absence yet,  
 But now my heart is heavy too,  
 Because your cheek is wet.
- “Mother, the God who gave you sight,  
 Gave me to hear and feel;  
 For this I thank him when at night  
 And in the morn I kneel.  
 For, though I see no rising sun,  
 I feel its warming ray;  
 I hear the birds rejoicing too,  
 And I with them am gay.
- “I cannot see the moon, that God  
 To rule the night has given,  
 Nor look upon the stars you say  
 Spangle the vault of heaven;  
 But th’ evening’s breath is sweet to me,  
 As it plays upon my brow:  
 And the gushing voice of the nightingale—  
 Oh, I think I hear it now!



" I know the seasons as they pass,  
The air seems full of flowers,  
And the young lambs bleat upon the grass  
In the merry spring-tide hours.  
And when the summer days are bright,  
And the thrush is on the wing,  
It makes me feel so glad and light  
To hear the blackbird sing.

" In autumn, when the rustling leaves  
Are dropping from the tree,  
I find sweet violets underneath,  
And they are joy to me.  
I lie along the sunny grass,  
And dream of heaven and thee:  
Oh ! in the hours of still delight,  
I do not wish to see.

" And now, though winter, cold and keen,  
Is blowing from above,  
Winter can never chill our hearts,  
For they are warm with love.  
I ask not sight while I can hear  
Your voice, so soft and kind ;  
'Tis only when my mother weeps  
I feel that I am blind."

ANNA, Pupil,  
*Dr. Fletcher's Catechetical Seminary,*  
Dec. 5th.

ALEXANDER AND HIS MOTHER.—Olympia, the mother of Alexander, was of so very unhappy and morose a disposition, that he could not employ her in any of the affairs of government. She, however, narrowly inspected the conduct of others, and made many complaints to her son, which he always bore with patience. Antipater, Alexander's deputy in Europe, once wrote a long letter to him, complaining of her conduct, to whom Alexander returned this answer: " Knowest thou not that one tear of my mother's will blot out a thousand such letters?"

AFFECTION'S CHOICE TREASURES.—Ancient history records that a certain city was besieged, and at length obliged to surrender. In the city there were two brothers who had in some way obliged the conquering general; and, in consequence of this, received permission to leave the city before it was set on fire, taking with them as much of their property as each could carry about his person. Accordingly, the two generous youths appeared at the gates of the city, one of them carrying their father and the other their mother.



## SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY.

### B E E S.

THE name given to the *Bee* in Scripture is striking, descriptive, and characteristic. It is דְּבוּרָה *Deburah*, and the meaning of this Hebrew name is, *to lead orderly*. When we think of the economy of this remarkable insect, which has excited the merited wonder of philosophers of every age, we cannot but admire the suitableness of the name given it by the great Creator in his own inspired word. The management, order, and industry observed by *Bees* in their community, is one of the most perfect description. If the secular, moral, and spiritual concerns of kingdoms were managed with similar accuracy and regularity, *happiness and prosperity* would pervade the world in a degree and to an extent of which we could form no

adequate conception. How just the observation of the poet :

“ So work the honey-bees :  
Creatures that, by a ruling nature, teach  
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.”

#### DESCRIPTION.

APIS, or BEE, in zoology, is a genus of insects belonging to the order of *Insecta hymenoptera*. The mouth is furnished with two jaws. It is provided with a proboscis having a double sheath. With this most curiously wrought instrument, or member, it extracts delicious and wholesome nectar from the bosom of flowers. There this rich substance is deposited by the great Creator, and which, without the proboscis and industry of the bee, could never be collected for the use and comfort of man. The wings are four in number ; when at rest, the two foremost cover the other two. In the tail of the working-bee a sting is concealed, through which a poisonous juice is emitted. The sting is hooked, and is often left in the wound.

#### DIFFERENT KINDS.

There is the *Queen-bee*, or *Queen-mother*. She is larger and redder than the rest. Her province is to deposit eggs in the combs ; and, marvellous to tell, a swarm is produced, amounting to ten and sometimes twenty thousand in one year. The attachment to the *Queen-bee* is surprising. The bees follow her wherever she goes. Her influence over the whole community is irresistible and universal.

There are the *Drones*, which lurk among the combs. They gather no honey. What particular purpose they are intended to serve I cannot say ; but when their number is too great, the excess is driven out, and put to death.

The third class consists of the *Labouring Bees*. They collect wax and honey, and they rear the combs. They

build the beautiful storehouses with the utmost symmetry and perfection, and they fill them with the most delicious treasures.

Linnæus has enumerated fifty-five species of bees. But the most remarkable is the *Apis mellifica*, the domestic honey-bee, the produce of whose industry is sufficient to fill annually a fleet of ships!

A. F.

## SERMON X.

### YOUNG SAINTS TREES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

*"Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."*—Isa. lxi. 3.

THE Church of Christ is compared to an *orchard*. Song iv. 13, 14, "Thy plants are an *orchard* of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard, spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices." This is certainly a beautiful figure of the Church. It is a lovely, glowing picture. May I ask you, Do you not admire it? Let us look for a little at this orchard. What do we see around it? It is a lofty FENCE, which no enemies can break down, which no stormy tempest can injure. Would you wish to know the name of the fence? I will tell you—it is SALVATION. Blessed name! and it is well worthy of the name; for all who are within this fence are for ever *safe* and for ever *saved*. Let us look within this noble lofty fence, and see the trees of which this wonderful orchard consists. Pray what are the trees? They are the saints of God. I see some very old trees, some as old as Adam and Eve; and I see some very young trees, some young saints, but newly planted in this orchard, the Church, by Christ's blessed hand. I see some very lofty trees.

*There never were cedars in Lebanon so lofty as they:*

*I see some very lofty trees in that orchard. Look at Abraham, and Moses, and Job, and Isaiah, and Paul.*

and John. Oh, what lofty trees ! They have reached the height of perfection. I see other trees of low stature. They resemble tender plants. They have only been introduced lately into the orchard ; but they look healthy, and not sickly.

“ Green are their leaves, and fragrant their blossoms.”

Who are they ? They are young converts, dear little children. It is but a few days since Jesus planted them in his orchard. But with what tender care he watches over them ! As the Sun of righteousness, he shines upon them. Do you see the spangling dew-drops resting on every leaf, and sparkling on every blossom ? What *is* this dew ? It is the dew of the influences of the Holy Spirit. The time will come when those tender, lovely plants shall be powerful, lofty, noble “ trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified.” Now, my young friends, who belong to this blessed orchard, come, and let your hearts unite with me in singing the following lines :—

“ We are a garden, wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground ;  
A little spot inclosed by grace,  
Out of the world's wide wilderness.”

Watts, Book II. H. 74.

In a former sermon I gave some description of young believers, under the figure, or picture, of a tree. By divine help, I propose to give in this discourse an additional account of pious children, as **TREES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS** in Christ's orchard.

I. They are *fruitful* trees. Thus we read of the fruitfulness of Christ's orchard, Gen. xlix. 22, “ Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall.” Psalm xcii. 12—14, “ The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree : he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age ; they shall be fat and flourishing.” The Church thus addresses Christ, her Lord, Song iv. 16

“ Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.” And thus Christ speaks of the fruitfulness of his garden, Song v. 1, “ I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse : I have gathered my myrrh with my spice ; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey ; I have drunk my wine with my milk.” What are the fruits produced by the trees of righteousness ? In general, they are the fruits of righteousness. But more particularly, these fruits consist of holy thoughts, holy desires, and purposes, and affections. They consist of holy words and sayings ; such as prayer, praise, reading and preaching the glorious gospel. They consist of holy actions of every description ; and, to crown all, these fruits consist of the exercise of all the graces.

Paul gives the following account of the fruitfulness of the trees of righteousness, Gal. v. 22, 23, “ But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance : against such there is no law.” And on the subject of fruitfulness he gives the following counsels, Col. i. 10, “ Walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being *fruitful* in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.”

May we belong to Christ’s fruitful garden, of which the sacred poet sings :

“ In vineyards planted by his hand,  
Where fruitful trees in order stand ;  
He feeds among the spicy beds,  
Where lilies show their spotless heads.”

WATTS, Book I. H. 76.

Pray, oh pray earnestly, my young friends, for spiritual fruitfulness. Let the youthful desires of your hearts ascend to heaven’s throne in the following lines :

“ Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume ;  
Spirit divine, descend and breathe  
A *gracious* gale on plants beneath.”

WATTS, B. I. H. 74.

“ Lord Jesus, mercifully hear our prayer !”

II. They are *fragrant trees*. The fragrance of trees is the delightful and refreshing perfume which rises from their leaves, their blossoms, and their fruit. By the *fragrance* of the trees of righteousness, we are to understand the *influence* of the fruits of righteousness giving delight and enjoyment both to God and man. Be assured, my beloved young friends, that Jesus takes the very greatest delight in the graces of pious children. To him they send forth the most agreeable fragrance and the most acceptable perfume. Unspeakingly blessed are pious children. Their holy graces, holy expressions, and holy actions, send forth a pleasing perfume; delightful to saints, to angels, and to Christ. Wicked, prayerless, profane children, are Satan's trees. Alas! they send forth from their vile and poisonous clusters of fruit, a perfume which is hateful to saints, to angels, and to God. "Lord Jesus, change their wicked hearts! Oh, make them trees of righteousness!"

Let pious children earnestly pray to the Holy Spirit for an increase of grace, and then there will be an increase of holy fragrance. Say, in the language of inspiration, Song iv. 16, "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

" Make our best spices flow abroad,  
To entertain our Saviour God,  
And faith, and love, and joy appear,  
And every grace be active there."

WATTS, Book I. H. 74.

III. They are *ever-growing trees*. On earth their growth never ceases. Even in old age they are fat and flourishing. Abraham and Moses are blessed examples of this delightful truth; namely, of trees of righteousness continuing their spiritual growth in old age.

What are the means by which pious children grow in grace? The outward means are the ordinances of the gospel. They are to the trees of righteousness

what the air, light, dew, rain and warmth are to the trees of an orchard. There is beside the inward effectual mean of this Divine growth ; and this is the influence, the power, the grace of the Holy Spirit. Let my young friends pray more earnestly and constantly for his divine influence. Be assured you will never pray in vain, for we have most precious promises of the influences of the Spirit. For instance, Hosea xiv. 5 : “ I will be as the dew unto Israel : he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.”

The Thessalonian Christians were trees of righteousness very remarkable for their spiritual growth. Therefore the Apostle speaks of them in the following encouraging language. And, my dear young friends, may your parents, and ministers, and teachers have reason to use the same language respecting you. 2 Thess. i. 3 : “ We are bound to thank God always for you, as is meet, because that your faith *groweth exceedingly*, and the love of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth.” What a blessing ! The trees of righteousness are ever increasing, striking their roots deeper and deeper : spreading their branches wider and wider, and rising up in their height higher and higher, until they are transplanted to the heavenly paradise, for ever to flourish amid the glories of immortality. What reason then have we to take up the words of the sacred song, and sing :

“ There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
Blest with thine influence from above ;  
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,  
Yields such a comely sight as these.”

WATTS, Ps. 92.

IV. They are *strong* and *durable*. In themselves they have a living strength of grace which cannot be *destroyed*. All the power of earth and hell, of wicked men and evil angels, cannot destroy that living grace which is in the trees of righteousness. This is called



*"eternal life,"* Rom. vi. 23 : "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

These trees are strong, for they are well rooted. They are rooted and grounded in Christ, and therefore they cannot be plucked up by the roots. No storms can break their branches, and no tempest can level them with the ground.

These trees are strong and durable, because they are well inclosed and well defended, Song iv. 12 : "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse." It is inclosed by the divine perfections, by divine providences, and by a divine righteousness. These form a wall of defence infinitely more powerful than a wall of brass as high as the heavens. How justly we can say respecting the safety and duration of Christ's trees of righteousness,

"Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In safety sure these trees abide,  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide."

Watts, Ps. 46.

#### CONCLUSION.

Some trees of righteousness are very soon transplanted into heaven. I mention two instances.

1st. A dear, pious child at seven years of age was transplanted from earth to heaven. His mother was loath to part with him. She said, "Thomas, whether would you die and go to Jesus now, or live till you are a man, and then go to Jesus?" Smiling, he said, "Mother, I would rather go to Jesus now." He got his wish, for soon after Jesus took him to himself.

2d. A boy aged fourteen years was transplanted to heaven. When dying, he said, "Glory, glory be to God! Now I am not afraid to die! Jesus died to *save sinners*, and he died to *save me*! Glory be to *God*! What love I feel! I know God loves me: I *feel his love* in my heart. Mother, don't weep for me, *for I am happy, and shall soon be in heaven.*"

Let all of us lift up our eyes to Christ in heaven,  
and pray and sing—

“ Oh that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall,  
To join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.”

A. F.

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## MARTYROLOGY.

### JUSTIN MARTYR.

THIS eminent man and saint of God flourished in the second century of the Christian era. He was born at Neapolis, in Samaria, anciently called Sichem. His father was so struck with his son's natural talents that he gave him a philosophical education. In search of truth he studied in connexion with several sects of philosophers, such as the Stoics, the Peripatetics, the Pythagoreans, and the Platonics. By the providence of God, he was led into conversation with an aged intelligent Christian. He showed him the insufficiency of all human philosophy, and pointed him to the Word of God, to the Gospel of Christ, and to the influences of the Spirit, as the only method by which he could obtain the knowledge of God, salvation from sin, and a title to heaven. This conversation issued in his conversion. He became afterwards a zealous champion for the truth in opposition to every species of error. While at Rome, he was cast into prison by the emperor Marcus, by the instigation of the philosopher Crescens. He and six of his companions were apprehended and brought before Rusticus, the Prefect. Rusticus attempted to persuade him to *worship the gods*. Justin told him that there was only *one God* in whom his religion taught him to believe, and him only to worship and adore. He told him that the religion which taught him such lessons was the Christian, in which alone he had found rest, however fashionable it might be to treat it with scorn. “Wretch!” replies the indignant

magistrate; "art thou captivated with THAT RELIGION?" "I am," says Justin; "I follow the Christians, and their doctrine is right." Then he said, "What is their doctrine?" Justin gave him a striking and comprehensive outline of the Christian faith. After this, the companions of Justin were examined. Rusticus then said to Justin, "If I scourge thee from head to foot, thinkest thou that thou shalt enter heaven?" He replied, "I not only think so, but I know it, and have a certainty of it, which excludes all doubt." Rusticus insisted that they should worship the gods, otherwise he would torment them without mercy. All of them expressed their willingness to suffer torment for Christ's sake. They said, "Despatch quickly your purpose, we are Christians and cannot sacrifice to idols." The sentence was then pronounced, "that those who refused to sacrifice to the gods should first be scourged and then beheaded according to the laws." The martyrs rejoiced and blessed God, and were led back to prison. First they were whipped, and afterwards beheaded. Their bodies were taken by their Christian friends, and decently interred!

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#### NAMES OF CHRIST ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

*(Continued from page 98.)*

##### NAMES BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER C.

JESUS is called a CAPTAIN, Heb. ii. 10: "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the CAPTAIN of their salvation perfect through sufferings."

He is the Captain of an *army*. This army consists of two grand divisions. The first division consists of the angels of heaven. And what astonishing soldiers are they! In one night an angel destroyed more than twenty thousand of the rebellious Israelites!

The second division of the army consists of Christ's

Church on earth. All pious men, women and children are soldiers. We have old soldiers, and some remarkably young. If a child is converted at four years of age he is a young soldier under Christ the Great Captain, and assuredly he shall be more than conqueror through Christ who loved him.

Jesus is *Captain of Salvation*. He became a Captain to obtain salvation. He fought with Satan, with the world, with sin, with death, and with hell. He conquered them all. He obtained salvation by his victory. Let us earnestly pray that Jesus may be the Captain of our salvation.

Jesus is called a CHILD, Luke ii. 43 : "As they returned, the CHILD JESUS tarried behind in Jerusalem." Come and let us look at the Child Jesus.

Look at him in the *manger*. Oh, what a lovely Child ! But how wonderful ! Such a Child lying in a manger instead of a cradle ! Lying on straw, or hay, instead of soft down ! And lying in a stable, instead of a palace ! Oh, how wonderful !

Look at him in the *temple*. His parents took him to the temple when he was eight days old, to present him to the Lord. Aged Simeon met them, took up the lovely Child in his arms. Then he lifted up his eyes in holy ecstasy to heaven, and said, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation !"

Look at him in the wilderness ! Herod wishes to murder the dear, the lovely Child. The parents escape to the deserts of Arabia, to save the Child's precious life.

Look at him in Egypt. There he remained with Joseph and Mary till the royal murderer died.

Look at him in the temple, when only twelve years old. The learned doctors put many questions, he answered them all. How they were amazed at his wisdom ! *Young friends, may your hearts be filled with love to the CHILD JESUS.*

(To be continued.)

## IONA'S ISLE.

*To the Church and Congregation of Finsbury Chapel.*

## BELOVED FRIENDS,

Allow me to begin this pastoral epistle in the affectionate and appropriate language of the Apostle Paul, whose love to the Churches was the most genuine, ardent, and tender: "Grace to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ." This was the loving salutation with which he addressed the saints at Rome. I wish, from the heart, to use the following expressions, which he addressed to the same Church, Rom. i. 11, 12, "For I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established; that is, that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me."

You will be satisfied that I and my fellow-travellers have enjoyed, during our journeys by land and our voyages on the great deep, the constant care, and watchfulness, and goodness of the God of providence and grace. We have been permitted to visit and hold fellowship with the Churches of the far-distant Shetland Isles. There I heard, and there I was permitted to proclaim, the unsearchable riches of Christ. As to temporal things, the inhabitants of those islands are poor; but as to educational and gospel privileges, they are rich, far, far exceeding many portions of England, with all its advantages.

"These British islands are the Lord's,  
There Abraham's God is known,  
While young and old, and rich and poor,  
Submit before his throne."

During our absence from home we have been permitted to visit one of the Western Islands, which holds, in the history of the Church and of the saints of God, a high and honourable place. It is the Island of IONA. Nearly a thousand years ago, the celebrated, the learned, and the holy Columba planted the standard of salvation in that distant solitary island, whose western shores are washed by the waves of the great and often the raging Atlantic. Since the days of the Apostles, I have never read of *one man* who accomplished so much good during the short term of human life as this highly gifted and honoured individual. He instructed hundreds of young men in his little college, which he founded in the solitary isle, who were instrumental in reclaiming thousands and tens of thousands of rude barbarians in Scotland and England, and even in the continent of Europe, from the horrors of Paganism, and introducing them into the fold of Christ. During his life, and after his death, thousands of learned and pious Missionaries came from less

and in all directions, and among many nations, successfully proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ. The ruins of the chapel he first built are still to be seen, and the spot which contains the ashes of this venerable man of God is still pointed out with sacred veneration, in that solitary isle of the ocean. How true in him, "The memory of the just is blessed;" and "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."  
 "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

Your affectionate Pastor,

ALEX. FLETCHER.

PLAGUE OF LONDON—CURIOUS PRESCRIPTION.

1636.

SPIRITUAL MEANS TO PRESERVE HEALTH.

FIRST, fast and pray, and then take a Quart of repentance of Nineveh; and put in two handfulls of Faith in the blood of Christ, with as much Hope and Charity as you can get; and put it into the Vessel of a clean Conscience. Then, boil it on the fire of Love so long, till you see by the eye of Faith the black foam of Love of this world stink in your Stomach. Then, skim it off clean with the spoon of Faithful prayers. When that is done, put in the powder of Patience and take the cloth of Christ's innocence, and strain altogether in his Cup. Then, drink it burning hot, next thine heart: and cover thee warm with as many clothes of amendment of life as God shall strengthen thee to bear, that thou mayest sweat out all the poison of Covetousness, Pride, Uncleaness, Idolatry, Usury, Swearing, Lying, and such-like; and when thou feelest thyself improved, take the powder of Saywell and put it on thy tongue; but drink thrice as much Do-well daily. Then, take the oil of Good Works, and anoint therewith thine Eyes, Ears, Heart and Hands, that they may be ready, and nimble to minister unto the poor Members of Christ.

When that is done, then, in God's name arise from sin willingly, take up Christ's cross boldly, stand into it manfully, bear it patiently, and rest thankfully; and thou shalt live for ever, and come to Heaven safely. To which place, hasten us, Lord, speedily. Amen.

PRINTED FOR M. S. JUNIOR.

"I wrote the above from one of the printed bills or placards, now in the Library of Guildhall, London, and which is an exact copy of what was pasted up in the streets during the plague of 1636."

To the Rev. THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D., LL.D., from ALEXANDER FLETCHER, Minister of Finsbury Chapel, London.  
 March 14, 1843.

## FILIAL AFFECTION.

**THE HAPPY MEETING.**—Some years ago, a pious widow in America, who was reduced to great poverty, had just placed the last smoked herring on her table, to supply her hunger and that of her children, when a rap was heard at the door, and a stranger solicited a lodging and a morsel of food, saying that he had not tasted bread for twenty-four hours. The widow did not hesitate, but offered a share to the stranger, saying, "We shall not be forsaken, or suffer more deeply for an act of charity."

The traveller drew near the table; but when he saw the scanty fare, filled with astonishment, he said, "And is this all your store? And do you offer a share to one you do not know? Then I never saw charity before! But, Madam, do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last portion to a stranger?" "Ah!" said the widow, weeping, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away; and I only act towards you as I would that others should act towards him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel: and how should I this night offend him if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home even as poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away?"

The widow stopped, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms. "God, indeed, has provided just such a home for your wandering son, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress. My mother! Oh my mother!"

It was indeed her long-lost son, returned from India. He had chosen this way to surprise his family, and certainly not very wisely; but never was surprise more complete, or more joyful. He was able to make the family comfortable, which he immediately did; the mother living some years longer in the enjoyment of plenty.

**THE BEST PRESENT.**—The three sons of an Eastern lady were invited to furnish her with an expression of their love, before she went a long journey. One brought a marble tablet, with the inscription of her name; another presented her with a rich garland of fragrant flowers; the third entered her presence, and thus accosted her: "Mother, I have neither marble tablet, nor fragrant nosegay; but I have a heart. Here your name is engraved, here your memory is precious; and this heart, full of affection, will follow you wherever you travel, and remain with you wherever you repose."

Happy the child who can say, "Jesus! thy name is engraven on my heart!"

EXTRACT FROM THE LATE QUEEN ADELAIDE'S  
LAST WILL.

(From the London Gazette.)

" I DIE in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God ; and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be moved to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible.

" I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight ; no procession ; the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel.

" All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who wish to attend, may do so. My nephew, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lords Howe and Denbigh, the Hon. William Ashley, Mr. Wood, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Sir D. Davies, with my dressers, and those of my ladies who may wish to attend.

" I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and the pomp of this world.

" I request not to be dissected, nor embalmed ; and desire to give as little trouble as possible.

" Nov. 1841.

" ADELAIDE R."

A LITTLE HYMN FOR A LITTLE BOY.

MASTER H. O. W. OF BRISTOL.

" I'm but a very little boy,

And yet to me is given

A soul that must for ever dwell

Either in hell or heaven.

" Oh what a wretched place is that

Where wicked people go !

They groan, and cry, and weep, and wail

In everlasting woe.

" Lord, keep my heart, my hands, my tongue,

That I may not rebel ;

Oh, may I always shun that path

Which leads the soul to hell.

" Into thy arms oh take me up,

Thou blessed Son of God ;

Pardon my sins, and wash my soul

In thy atoning blood.



“ Oh, let me with my parents pray,  
 And praise and love thy Word !  
 That I at last may meet with them  
 At thy right hand, O Lord.

“ Then with my heart, and harp, and voice,  
 I'll praise and bless thy name ;  
 With saints and angels ever sing  
 That song, ‘ Worthy the Lamb ! ’ ”

*Cowentry.*

JOHN SHREVE.

LINES OCCASIONED BY VISITING THE GRAVE OF  
 AN AMIABLE YOUNG LADY.

*Grave-stone Inscription*—“ Not lost, but gone before.”

O’ER Jordan’s black and muddy stream,  
 When loud her yawning waves did roar,  
 I saw her bark pass like a dream—  
 But ’tis not lost, though gone before.

Her pilot was the Prince of Life,  
 An angel swiftly plied each oar ;  
 How lovely such angelic strife  
 For those not lost, but gone before !

Now landed safe on Canaan’s coast,  
 No swelling surge will dash or roar ;  
 Through Him who conquer’d death we’ll boast,  
 She is not lost, but gone before.

O, happy sp’rit, redeem’d from sin,  
 And freed from sorrow evermore,  
 With joy-redeeming songs begin,  
 With those not lost, but gone before.

Then wipe the tear from sorrow’s cheek,  
 Nor be with bitter anguish tore,  
 As with the hopeless, who now weep  
 For those not lost, but gone before.

May we at last the blessed join ;  
 With joy they’ll hail us to their home,  
 To taste the joys of love Divine,  
 With those not lost, but gone before.



## SACRED BOTANY.

### BAY TREE.\*

have the name of the *Bay-tree* associated in  
 ure with the wicked man : Psal. xxxvii. 35 :  
 ve seen the wicked in great power, and spread-  
 himself like a green bay-tree." And how do  
 l men resemble the *Bay-tree* ? This is a wide-  
 ing tree ; and the influence of the wicked is  
 xtensive. There is something very noble in the  
 ance of the Bay-tree ; and the victories, honour,  
 osperity of the wicked, have often made, in the  
 f men, an imposing and glorious appearance.  
 ripture name of the *Bay-tree* is אֲשֵׁרָא, *Aserach*,  
 above cut is only a specimen of a branch of the Bay-

and signifies, *to spring up, or shoot forth*. This has evidently a reference to the wide-spreading branches and very luxuriant appearance of the *Bay-tree*.

It is considered that the *Bay-tree* and the Laurel are the same. The *Laurus*, or *Bay-tree*, is a genus of the *monogyntia* order. There are no less than thirty-two species belonging to this family, or genus. The most noted are the following: the *Nobilis*, or Evergreen *Bay-tree*; the *Indica*, or Indian *Bay-tree*, and the *Camphora*, or *Camphor-tree*.

The *Nobilis*, or Evergreen *Bay-tree*, is a native of Italy; it has an upright trunk, branching on every side, from the bottom to the top. The leaves are three inches long, two broad, shaped like spears, stiff, and evergreen. The flowers are small, of a yellow colour, and in autumn and winter succeeded by red berries.

The *Indica*, or Indian *Bay-tree*, rises with an upright, straight trunk, branching regularly twenty or thirty feet high. It is adorned with very large evergreen leaves, and long bunches of flowers on red foot-stalks. These are succeeded by large blue berries in red cups. This species is peculiarly elegant. The appearance must be delightful in those Indian groves, where they grow spontaneously and abundantly, in all their native luxuriance.

The *Camphora*, is another noted species of the *Bay-tree*. Its roots smell stronger of camphor than any other part of the tree, and yield it in greater plenty. The flowers are produced upon the top of foot-stalks. These are slender, branched at the top, and each supporting a single flower.

The ancient heathen made a superstitious use of the leaves of the *Bay-tree*, or laurel. The competitors who were successful in their public games, were crowned with garlands formed of laurel-leaves. To this the apostle evidently refers, when he thus wrote to the Corinthian church; 1 Cor. ix. 25: "And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."

A. F.

## SERMON XI.

## THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

*"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty."*—Isa. xxxiii. 17.

MY young friends, the King spoken of in our text is Jesus. I wish to present him before you in his beauty. Do you ask me, "Why?" It is, that by the blessing of the Spirit, you may see him and love him. I wish your young hearts may be captivated with his loveliness. I wish that you may love him with all your hearts. When this fire of love to Jesus is kindled in your bosom, by the breath of the influences of the Holy Spirit, be assured, your souls are saved. Be assured, you are on the way to heaven. Be assured, you shall at last reach the heavenly mansions. Be assured, you shall dwell for ever in the palace of the beautiful King. There never was so beautiful a palace; there never was, there never was so beautiful a King! Jesus is called the King of kings. He is infinitely above all kings. No kings can reign without his permission. Prov. viii. 15, 16. He says himself, and of himself, "By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth." He is King of kings, for all kings must give an account to him at the last, the judgment day. They must answer to him, how they have reigned, and for what they have done. When wicked kings shall appear before the judgment seat of the King of kings, their horror and misery will exceed all description. Those wicked kings who refused to show mercy on earth, shall find no mercy at the judgment day. That sentence will be pronounced upon them, and no sooner pronounced than executed, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." Then the wicked "shall go into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Matt. xxv. 46.

*Jesus is infinitely above all kings, in glory and beauty. The greatest beauty that can adorn a king, is*

wisdom, holiness, justice, and mercy. Kings who have the most of these, are the best, and the loveliest. Compared with these, robes wrought with gold, and sparkling with diamonds, are not worthy to be spoken of. King John of England wore the loveliest garments, and the most valuable apparel. But underneath these beautiful garments were concealed the most hateful vices, and the most cruel passions, which rendered him a royal monster, and the very perfection of one of Satan's most faithful servants. King Jesus has every excellence. He is beautiful beyond all conception in the possession of every perfection.

By the assistance of the Divine Spirit, I will now endeavour to show in what Christ's beauty appears.

I. The beauty of King Jesus is seen in his *wisdom*. The wisdom of Christ is a depth which cannot be fathomed. Hear how St. Paul speaks, when he thinks of the depths of Christ's wisdom. Rom. xi. 33, 34: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor?" Jesus is so wise, that he knows all creatures, and all things. He knows every angel, and he knows every child. He knows every beast of the earth, and every fish which swims in the sea. He knows every creeping thing, and every winged insect that flutters in the sunbeam.

Jesus is so wise, that all the wisdom of the wise comes from him. He gives wisdom to seraphs, and wisdom to saints. He is not only the Lord of angels, but the Teacher of angels. He gives wisdom to ministers; and condescends to give wisdom to pious children. Amazing is the extent of the ocean: but compared with the greatness of Christ's wisdom, it is less than a drop. Therefore it is said, Col. ii. 3, "In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Jesus is so wise, that he does every thing in the best manner, and to the best end. This he did in creat-

this he does in providence, and this he does most wonderfully in redemption. Let me beseech you, my young friends, to place yourselves under Jesus, as a wise Teacher. He will teach you the most blessed lessons, which by his Spirit will make you wise unto salvation ; yes, and these lessons too, will prepare you for heaven, to take your place among holy saints and spotless angels. There are no children happy but those who are the scholars of Christ.

“Oh, happy is the child who hears,  
Instruction’s warning voice,  
And who celestial wisdom makes,  
His only, early choice !”

II. The beauty of King Jesus is seen in his *power*. We can see no loveliness in power, unless we see power in the service of wisdom, or holiness, or mercy. Power connected with one, or all of these, is infinitely more beautiful than we can conceive. Look to the sun, moon, and stars. Behold their beauty, admire their glory. There you see the beauty of Christ’s power. Look to the conversion of a little child. See the beautiful graces which make the soul of that child lovely. When you see this, you see the beauty of Christ’s power. For it was the power of Christ’s Spirit which produced this great, this lovely change.

So powerful is Jesus, that he is called, Isa. ix. 6, “The mighty God.” Let us adore King Jesus in the beauty of his power, and sing :—

“By his own power were all things made,  
By him supported all things stand,  
He is the whole creation’s head,  
And angels fly at his command.”

III. The beauty of King Jesus is seen in his *holiness*. The angels of heaven sing sweetly of the holiness of Christ. Rev. iv. 8 : “And they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.” Christ as God, is glorious in holiness. Christ as man, is spotless in holiness.

What is the holiness of Christ? There are various excellences which form the holiness of Christ. As various lovely colours form the beautiful rainbow, various lovely excellences form the beauty of Christ's holiness. His wisdom, knowledge, justice, love, mercy, and truth chiefly form the holiness of Christ. And these are all found in Jesus in an infinite degree. Look to Christ's ten commandments, and you see the lovely picture of the beauty of his holiness. Look to his gospel, and there you see the bright beams of his holiness. Look to his life when he dwelt on earth, and you see his holiness shine in every word which fell from his lips, in every action, and in every miracle he performed. What was his example for thirty-three years, from his birth to his death, from the manger to the cross? It was the glorious rainbow of his holiness. May we love him for his holiness as well as for his love! Dear child, thou art on the way to heaven, and shalt most certainly reach heaven, if you have the two following marks. First mark: Do you love Christ for his holiness? Second mark: Do you really desire to be holy, as Christ is holy? These two are sure marks of an interest in Christ, and of a title to heaven. May our hearts feel the force of the following lines:—

“Holy and reverend is the name  
Of Jesus our eternal King.  
Thrice holy Lord! the angels say;  
Thrice holy, let us ever sing!”

IV. The beauty of King Jesus is seen in his *Mercy*. Psal. ciii. 8: “The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.” What is mercy? It is kindness to the miserable and unworthy. If there were no sin in our world, there would be no misery. And if there were no misery, there would be no mercy, because there would be no need of mercy, there would be no call for mercy. Jesus is full of mercy. Therefore he is called merciful. Little children could never have been saved, unless Jesus had

me down from heaven to earth to save. If he had not been merciful, he would have never come on such an errand. But he did come, because he is merciful. Unless he had died on a cross to satisfy offended justice, the children could never have been saved. Because he is merciful, he died upon a cross to save. What wonderful mercy is this ! Many merciful persons will do much, and give much to relieve the miserable. But how few are to be found who will die for the miserable ! Very, very few indeed ! Rom. v. 7 : “ For scarcely for a righteous man will one die.” You cannot find one among ten hundred thousand willing to lay down his life for the best man on earth. What does Jesus do ? He lays down his life, not for *righteous* men but for *sinners*. He lays it down for the chief of sinners. Rom. v. 6, 8 : “ In due time Christ died for the ungodly. While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” This was indeed a wonderful display of mercy. Search the universe, and there is not to be found such another. So great, so wonderful is this mercy, that its equal shall never be found through the endless ages of eternity. John, the beloved disciple, when in the Isle of Patmos, saw a glorious vision of Christ in heaven. How did he appear ? We have this question answered in Rev. iv. 3, &c. John saw the Saviour on a glorious throne. And he saw a rainbow round about the throne, and like unto an emerald. Emerald is a lovely green, a colour peculiarly delightful and pleasing for the eye to look upon. This emerald rainbow we may consider as an emblem of divine mercy. And this throne is wholly surrounded by the emerald rainbow. It is not a mere rainbow above it, and on each side of it ; but it is around it, showing the glorious and prevailing abundance of divine mercy.

Is Jesus so merciful ? Then what encouragement does he give to little children to flee to Jesus for mercy. He has merciful arms with which he is willing to embrace little children. Never were mother's arms so merciful as his. He has a bosom of mercy, in which



to lay little children. Never was mother's bosom so merciful as his. Flee, children, flee to the Saviour's arms of mercy! Flee, children, flee to the Saviour's bosom of mercy! When you flee to these merciful arms, and to that merciful bosom, you will take up the following joyful song and sing:—

“Oh, bless the Lord my soul;  
Nor let his mercies lie,  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die!

“’Tis he forgives thy sins,  
’Tis he relieves thy pain,  
’Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.”

#### CONCLUSION.

Dear young friends, allow me to ask, is this lovely Saviour, is Jesus, the beautiful King, your Saviour, your Jesus, your King? If he is not, and if you die as you now are, you must perish for ever. Oh, dreadful thought! Oh, heart-rending thought! But if he is your Saviour, your Jesus, and your King, how blessed are ye! When you die, you shall die to live. When you die, your souls shall rise to the glories of heaven. You shall for ever see the King in his beauty, in the land which is afar off! A. F.

#### CHOICE SAYINGS.

1. A COTTAGE, A PALACE.—The most insignificant cottage of a believer may be called a palace, since it is the king's presence which constitutes a court.

2. HAPPINESS.—To endeavour to make our fellow-creatures happy, is the way to render ourselves happy.

3. MEANS OF COMFORT TO THE AFFLICTED.—A kind word, nay, even a kind look, often affords comfort to the afflicted.

4. FLOWER OF YOUTH, WHEN LOVELIEST.—The flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends towards the Sun of Righteousness.

O Thou from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to Thee;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Dear Lord, remember me!

## JOHN BUNYAN IN PRISON.

It was a wonderful day in England's history, the 30th of January, 1649. On this day King Charles the First was beheaded, and the three kingdoms became a republic. Cromwell was chosen Lord Protector, and continued so till the 3d of September, 1658, when he died. During the Commonwealth the principles of religious and civil liberty made rapid progress; and all parties enjoyed great happiness. At once these enjoyments are cut off, and a dark cloud hangs over the religious community. On the 29th of May, 1660, Charles the Second ascended the throne of his father, and so restored the monarchial form of government. Although he made many promises in favour of the dissenters when in exile, yet he seemed to forget them all, and the former days of persecution returned in all their vigour. In the second year of his reign, was passed the Act of Uniformity, to compel all to use the Book of Common Prayer and to read the Book of Sports for the Sabbath-day. More than 2,000 good ministers would not do it, and on that account were ejected from their pulpits, and, with their families, from their happy homes. These godly men would not stop preaching, and the people were as anxious as ever to hear them, even on the hill-side, in dens, or caves of the earth. To stop this, in 1664 the Conventicle Act was passed, by which all preaching in the open air was prohibited. In this age was Bunyan's lot cast: as he went through the country, whenever he found a few people together, he was willing to tell the gospel story. He was not allowed to do so long, for he became prisoner for nearly thirteen years, in the cold damp gaol of Bedford. Here the good man worked all day at tagged thread laces, that he might assist, at least, in the support of his beloved wife and four children. One of his dear children was blind. She was allowed to remain with him during the day, and thus was a great

comfort to his heart, and a companion in his work. In this dreary dungeon was written "The Pilgrim's Progress"—a book, which, has for ages interested the youthful mind, instructed the anxious inquirer, comforted the aged pilgrim, and made him sing in his wanderings to the celestial city,

"There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home.  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come."

Let us enter his little cell. He is sitting at his table, to finish by sun-light, the day's work for the livelihood of his dear family. On a little stool his poor blind child sits by him, and with that expression of cheerful resignation, with which God seals the countenance when he takes away the light, the daughter turns her face up to her father, as if she could see the affectionate expression with which he looks upon her, and prattles to her. On the table and in the grated window there are three books, the Bible, the Concordance, and an old copy of the Book of Martyrs. And now the day is waning, and his dear blind child must go home with the laces he has finished, to her mother. And now Bunyan opens his Bible, and reads aloud a portion of Scripture to his little one, and then encircling her in his arms, and clasping her small hands in his, he kneels down on the cold stone floor, and pours out his soul in prayer to God for the salvation of those so dear to him, and for whom he has been all day working. So daily he prays for them and for her, and daily he prays WITH HER, and teaches his blind child to pray. This done, with a parting kiss, he dismisses her to her mother, by the rough hands of the gaoler.

And now it is evening. A rude lamp glimmers darkly on the table, the tagged laces are laid aside, and Bunyan, alone, is busy with his Bible, the Concordance, and his pen, ink, and paper. He writes as

ugh joy did make him write. His pale worn  
 ntenance is lighted up with a fire, as if reflected  
 n the radiant jasper walls of the celestial city. He  
 tes, and smiles, and clasps his hands, and looks  
 vards, and blesses God for his goodness, and then  
 in turns to his writing, and then becomes so  
 ranced with a passage of Scripture, the glory of  
 ch the Holy Spirit lets in upon his soul, that he is  
 ed, as it were, to lay aside all his labours, and give  
 self to the sweet work of his closing evening's  
 otions. The last you see of him for the night, he  
 alone, kneeling on the floor of his prison. He is  
 re with God. J. W. A.

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 P O E T R Y.

## GOD THE COMFORTER.

In trouble and in grief, O God !  
 Thy smile hath cheer'd my way ;  
 And joy hath budded from each thorn  
 That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good  
 Which prosperous days refused,  
 As herbs, though scentless when entire,  
 Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs  
 By furious blasts are driven ;  
 So life's vicissitudes the more  
 Have fix'd my heart on heaven.

All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot  
 In other times may be,  
 I'll welcome still the heaviest grief  
 That brings me nearer Thee.

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THE following beautiful lines, on the Miracle performed at the  
 riage in Cana of Galilee, are attributed to Dryden.—J. T.

*"The modest water, awed by power divine,  
 Confess'd the God,—and blush'd itself to wine."*

## WARNING TO THE YOUNG TO AVOID FAIRS.

*Originally delivered to Teachers and Elder Scholars in Bocking,  
Essex.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—We have invited you to meet us, your friends and teachers, here this evening, that we may pray for you and with you, that you may pray with us, and unite in supplication to the God of grace, that he would watch over you and preserve you amidst the temptations of the coming week, in consequence of the fair which is to be held in the adjoining town.

It is always a time of great danger to young persons of your age. Some of you have reached the age at which you are denominated, and are, *young women*, and many more are just approaching that period of your existence. A large public fair, like the one about to be held, is always a scene of great profligacy and demoralization. There is generally much to attract young persons of your age and station in life. Much is exhibited from which it is difficult to turn away the eye, or avert the attention. A great many of those who assemble, and especially in the evening, are men of debased and immoral character, persons of impure minds and unprincipled habits. And it seldom occurs that you can pass through the throng without having your ears assailed with profligate and indecent expressions, as, also, most horrid, profane, and blasphemous oaths; so that it is next to impossible to frequent those haunts of evil without the mind of the virtuous and innocent being more or less violated or injured.

The object we have in view is to endeavour to dissuade you from attending this fair, where to you no good can accrue, but much evil may be sustained. Some of your friends thought the meeting would not be exactly what they wished, or quite in accordance with their intention, unless a short address was delivered to you, as well as prayer offered to God on your behalf. I shall not detain you many minutes with what I have to say, defective I know it will be, yet, feeling myself surrounded by personal friends, both as regards teachers and scholars, I trust to your kindness and charity to pardon all errors; and although there are others who could address you much better, none can do it more sincerely, or with a more earnest desire for your spiritual welfare.

By some, and those not few, childhood is called the happiest portion of our mortal span; its innocent gaiety, its confiding sweetness, its buoyant and affectionate playfulness, its gush of tears, its glow of returning joys, throw around it an indescribable charm. Where is the individual who does not

enjoy the sight of children at play, and feel himself enlisted imperceptibly in their schemes of pleasure? But childhood has its cares and its sorrows. What care is often observed contracting the brow, clouds coming over the cheerful countenance and showers of tears rolling down the lovely face! Every stage of our mortal journey has its hopes, and disappointments, its cares, and its alleviations, its joys and its sorrows. How often have you raised expectations of anticipated pleasure, and circumstances which could not have been controlled by previous foresight have rendered the disappointment, if I may so express myself, doubly vexatious. From the cradle to the grave, it is with all of us a chequered scene: the sunshine of pleasure to-day may be, and often is, followed on the morrow by trials and troubles greater than we feel to have fortitude to bear. Perhaps youth is the happiest portion of the earthly existence of those upon whom the sanctifying influence of religion has never come. Such do not look beyond the present passing scene; all beyond is dark, unknown. I would not drop one ingredient of misery into your cup, or extinguish one generous thought, or curb one rational anticipation. I know not a scene more cheering, animating, and delightful, than a company of young persons enjoying themselves in social and rational amusement. Still are there not many who can scarcely speak of their youth but with tears, and who shudder as they think of the vortex from which they are rescued? May you so pass through the dangerous period of youth as that no tear may dim your eye, and on looking back may your recollections of this evening be those of joy and not of sorrow. "Remember not against me," says one who had entered the vale of years, "the sins of my youth." Who cannot echo the prayer, and enter into the spirit of the sentiment? The fairest specimen of uncorrupted youth will not bear to be examined by one test, or measured by one unbending rule. Let the peculiar circumstances of each be taken into the account, and every one judge for herself by the one only unerring rule that man possesses—the Word of God.

There are dangers to which you are exposed, and they are not the less real because the apprehension of them disturbs not your bosom. The greatest perils are often concealed, and lie hidden from our view, and often a long period elapses before we are able to comprehend the danger by which we are beset. Youth is alive to every impression, and throws open her arms, with unsuspecting confidence, to every plausible companion. Often the very confidence of youth becomes the occasion of ruin to many. The insidious foe knows how to accommodate the young mind, and graduates the degrees of temptation so that you may almost imperceptibly pass from that line of conduct which is right and proper to that which is wrong. From pleasures which may be termed innocent to those which are deeply criminal

there is an approximation which is not the less fatal because it is gradual and unperceived. There is a sort of shading off in this criminal process of seduction that keeps the mind inattentive to its progress from innocence to guilt. That, which if presented in the early stages of your career, would startle your young minds with horror, finds, after aggravated temptations have gradually weakened your moral powers, an unresisted entrance to your hearts. The steps of your downward progress you may not discern; but the extremes will often strike the soul like the knell of departed happiness. It does not often occur that young persons abandon themselves at once to sinful pleasures; it is generally a gradual and slow process, as I before observed; and if you do, there will sometimes flash upon you the recollection of former rectitude.

The young wish to see and know for themselves. Confident of their own power to resist temptation, they venture upon the brink; and, alas! they too often find that curiosity is the gateway to desire, and that self-confidence is a broken reed, inadequate to their support. I can point out to you but one effectual defence against doing wrong—the *fear of God*. The servant of God declared this to be his security, his preventive from doing wrong. “So did not I, because of the fear of God.” Neh. v. 15.

From this immoral band I warn you, if you feel them drawing you aside. May I not say to you, my young friends, “Come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united?” Gen. xlix. 6. Plant your feet on this side their sensual domains, and die rather than be seduced by their machinations, as you value your peace in this world, and as you value salvation beyond the tomb. I beseech you to proclaim eternal warfare with the principles and habits of sinful pleasure.

In drawing these remarks to a close, you will perceive that in depicting the dangers and temptations to which the young are exposed, it is because I have so often to witness the wreck of youthful character. You are young, your character is yet susceptible of a change that would render you an ornament to the community and a candidate for a brighter world. I present these remarks as the pledge of my interest in your welfare. “Life is a vapour which appeareth but a little while, and then vanisheth away.” As you anticipate the prospects and pleasures of life, may you learn to moderate your expectations from earth, and seek a better and more enduring substance in heaven!

RAYNE LODGE, ESSEX.

R. B.

## REVIEWS.

*Publications of the Weekly Tract Society, 8, St. Ann's Lane, St. Martin's-le-Grand. London.*

THIS Society was formed in December 1847, and has now, by the kind providence of God, been upheld in active operation, for three years. The formation of the great "London Tract Society," was truly the commencement of a most propitious ERA in the history of the Church of Christ. It has reached a majestic height, and its operations are gigantic. It was the precursor of, and gave rise to the "British and Foreign Bible Society." It shall be held in everlasting remembrance!

THE WEEKLY TRACT SOCIETY has originated in the same spirit of Christian Benevolence, and is animated by the same motive, "the salvation of souls." We have read many of the Tracts with peculiar delight, and can, from an experience of the rich truths which they contain, recommend them to Ministers, as suggestive of materials most useful for appropriate pulpit addresses. Great wisdom and ingenuity are manifested in the TITLES of the Tracts, of which the following furnish a specimen: "The Death of Cranmer," "The Blind Traveller," "The Falling Leaf," "Death-bed Repentance," "She's gone, She's gone," "The Loss of the Soul," "Balm in Gilead," "My Father's House," "The Rock," "Too Late," "None but Jesus," &c. &c.

We believe that the encouragement of this Society will be acceptable to God, and beneficial to man.

*Scripture Natural History.* By the Rev. J. YOUNG, M.A.

THIS elegant little book, consisting of 158 pages, contains twenty-six subjects, taken from the Sacred Oracles, and is tastefully enriched by pictorial illustrations. We strongly recommend this work to our young friends, as calculated both to excite their interest, and promote their improvement. The reader is furnished by numerous well selected anecdotes, which greatly enliven the narrative, and which tend to impress the different subjects on the youthful remembrance. We give the following as a specimen.

"THE EAGLE.

"A singular providence happened to a native of the Isle of Skye. When an infant, he was left by his mother in a field, not far from the houses. An eagle came and carried him away in its talons as far as the south-side of the Loch, (or Lake,) and there laid him down on the ground. Some people perceiving it, ran immediately to the rescue of the *dear babe*, and carried him home to his mother!

"A child, a year old, was seized by an eagle in one of the *Orkney Islands*, which carried it to its eyrie, or nest, about four miles distant. The mother, who was aware of the situation of



her beloved child, pursued the bird to its eyrie. She most providentially found it unhurt in the nest, and took it home."

*Voices from the Garden; or, The Christian Language of Flowers.* London: Partridge & Oakey, Paternoster Row.

The design of this beautiful little manual, consisting of thirty-eight pages, is to convey useful and sacred instruction to the youthful mind, by means of flowers, and plants, and weeds, and shrubs, and trees. The ingenious and anonymous author has shown great judgment in the execution of his design. The specimens he has taken from the Vegetable Kingdom are thirty-two. Each specimen is a moral figure, and most appropriate in its application.

The Sunflower, represents the love of truth; the Convolvulus, weakness; the Lily, purity; the Vine, fruitfulness; the Strawberry, humility; the Almond, early decision; the Nettle, peevishness; the Mignonette, sweetness without ostentation; the Camomile, wholesome bitterness; and the Sensitive Plant, tenderness of conscience.

We give the Author's illustration of the Sensitive Plant, to prove how happy and successful he is, in making the objects of nature subservient to the best interests of the soul.

"THE SENSITIVE PLANT. TENDERNESS OF CONSCIENCE.

*Men whose hearts God had touched.* 1 Sam. x. 26.

"How sensitively thou dost shrink, my gentle friend,  
From ev'n the tenderest touch! How delicate,  
How subtle and refined thy nerves must be,  
That the most careful finger jars thy frame  
With such a thrilling shock! Alas, alas!  
Why is not conscience thus? why not alive  
With an increased vitality, a sense  
All tremulous to holiness and sin,  
And vibrating with godly tenderness?  
Oh Thou who gav'st the conscience, keep it still  
Keenly alive to duty and to truth,  
And sensitive to evil; let it not,  
Trampled by sin, become the devil's road,  
And sear'd to good impressions; make it soft,  
The yielding wax to thy thrice-holy seal,  
The plastic clay in thy thrice-holy hand.  
From every sin let me abhorrent shrink,  
To every good still bend a ready ear;  
Till all my nature be attuned to Heaven,  
And every pulse throb to my Father's praise!"

We warmly request our youthful friends to give this lively instructor a place in their juvenile library. As a present or gift to the young, it is most suitable and judicious.

A. F.



## SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY.

### BIRDS' NESTS.

THERE are few things so pleasing to the eye as a *bird's nest*. Even children of very tender age look upon it with delight. The Bible is full of the most beautiful, striking, and glowing figures, employed in the illustration of divine truth. The nests, the habitations of birds, form a part of this rich assemblage of sacred figures. Take the following examples: Ps. civ. 12, "By them," that is, on trees *beside* the flowing streams, "shall the fowls of the heaven have their *habitation*, which sing among the branches;" ver. 16, 'The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which <sup>he</sup> hath planted;" ver. 17, "Where *he birds make their nests*: as for the stork, the fir-trees are her house." Matt. viii. 20: Here our Saviour *roduces the nests of birds as illustrative of his ex*

traordinary poverty, to which he willingly submitted, that we might inherit the riches of immortality. He says, (and it should draw tears from our eyes!) "The birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

God teaches birds *where* to place their nests. They choose situations the most secure from their enemies, and at a suitable distance from plants the effluvia of which would prove injurious or destructive to their offspring. Who taught them this instinctive wisdom? God!

There is a great difference in the structure of nests, both as to forms and materials; but they are all suited to the nature of the young for whom they are prepared. Some are formed of a few sticks, without any soft covering; while others, in softness and elegance, exceed the beds prepared for infant princes. The ingenuity of some Indian birds is truly astonishing; to secure their eggs from the ravages of apes, monkeys and other beasts of prey, which would fall upon them and devour them, they suspend their nests to branches hanging over flowing streams.

The nest of the Indian swallow is of a very singular composition. The substance of which the nest consists is a spumous matter, which is found on the sea-shore, washed thither by the waves. This is collected by the birds in the breeding season, and with which they build their nests in the rocks. They are of a hemispheric figure, about the size of a goose's egg, and in substance resembling isinglass. These are gathered by the Chinese in immense quantities, and sold, and sent to all the civilized portions of the globe. They dissolve in broths, and make a jelly of a very delicious flavour.

Such is the elegance generally of birds' nests, that human art, with all its ingenuity, is scarcely able, if able at all, to form a structure worthy to be compared with the residence reared by winged tribes. May we be filled with adoring astonishment at the wisdom and power of God, who is the teacher of archangels and the instructor of birds!

## SERMON XII.

## CHRIST THE KING OF GLORY.

—  
 “*He is the King of Glory!*”—Ps. xxiv. 10.

CHILDREN generally consider kings very wonderful things. When they think of their beautiful robes, of the golden crown, sparkling with jewels, which is placed on their head, of the sceptre which is in their right hand, of the thrones on which they sit, of the noble and rich princes by whom they are surrounded, of the palaces in which they dwell, and of the powerful armies which they command, they are ready to say, What wonderful beings must kings be! Oh, how we should like to see them in their glory! I have seen earthly kings; and I have been disappointed in what I saw. They are not the glorious beings whom little children consider them to be. What *are* kings and princes? They must suffer like other men; they must die like other men; they must be laid in the grave, like other men! David himself was a king; and how does he speak of kings? He says, Ps. cxlvi. 3, 4, “Put not our trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.”

Earthly kings, when compared with King Jesus, sink into insignificance. Compared with him, they are less than nothing, and vanity. David and Solomon, Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus, and Alfred the Great and Charlemagne, were wonderful kings. But these kings, in all their glory, and in all their power, are not to be compared with Christ; “He is the chiefest among ten thousand.” Song v. 10.

It is my earnest wish that this sermon may be made useful to my young friends. May the things about to be stated respecting Jesus as the King of Glory, be made effectual, by the influences of the Holy Spirit, in making you the loving and the loyal subjects of King Jesus! It is this I wish; it is for this I pray. How

are you to show your loyalty to Christ? Christ's loyal subjects love him. Oh, may you love him with all your hearts! Christ's loyal subjects serve him. May you serve him by running in the way of his commandments! Christ's loyal subjects pay tribute to him. May you pay to Jesus the tribute of your praise, the tribute of your influence, and the tribute of your substance! Prov. iii. 9: "Honour the Lord with your substance, and with the first-fruits of all your increase." There is a glorious day approaching, when all the kings and princes, and nations of the earth, shall pay their tribute and their homage at the feet of Jesus the King of Peace and King of Glory.

"Behold the islands with their kings,  
And Europe her best tribute brings;  
From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet.

"There Persia, glorious to behold,  
And India, shine in eastern gold;  
And barbarous nations at his word  
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord."

By the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I shall endeavour to show in what respects Jesus is the King of Glory.

1st. In his *Kingdom*. Ps. ciii. 19: "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all." Dan. iv. 34: "And at the end of the days I Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honoured him that liveth for ever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation."

The *Universe* is his kingdom. What is the universe? It is the heavens, and the earth, the sun, the moon, and the stars. What an astonishing kingdom is this! How great! How glorious! The greatest kingdom on earth, compared with this, is no more than a mole-hill.

The *Church* is his kingdom. This kingdom consists of two parts. One is the people of God on earth: the

is called, the "Church militant." The second part consists of God's blessed saints in heaven: this is called, the "Church triumphant." Over this kingdom Jesus reigns. For this kingdom Jesus died. Important question—Do we belong to this kingdom? We have a blessed prospect before us. The time will come when all the nations and kingdoms of the earth shall belong to Christ's kingdom, the Church. "Lord, hasten the blessed day!"

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run,  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

2d. In his *Throne*, Jesus is the King of Glory. Jesus does not fill a throne in the literal sense in which earthly kings fill chairs of royalty, called thrones. What then, you ask, does Christ's *throne* mean? I answer, it signifies his *authority*. His authority as God, and his authority as God-man Mediator.

Isaiah had a wonderful vision of Christ's glorious throne in heaven, Isai. vi. 1. He says, "I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple." John, the beloved disciple, had a similar vision. Rev. iv. 2, 3: "And, behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne. And there was a rainbow round about the throne, like unto an emerald." Ver. 6: "And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal."

Jesus has three thrones he now fills. What are they? The first is the throne of universal dominion. The second is the throne of grace: this is placed in the midst of his Church on earth. The third is his throne of glory: this is placed in the midst of glorified saints in heaven. And there is a fourth throne, called the throne of judgment: he shall sit down on this throne at the last day. When our Saviour was on earth in his humiliation, he thus spake of this throne, *Matt. xxv. 31*: "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory." You and I, my

dear young friends, shall see Jesus seated on that judgment-throne. We shall form a part of the immense, the innumerable multitude. Are we clothed with the righteousness of Christ? Does love to Jesus dwell in our hearts? We are then prepared for that day, that solemn day. God mercifully grant that this may be the case! Affecting thought! to appear before the Judge, without the righteous robe!

Let us think of Jesus, glorious in his throne; and then exclaim in holy, loving adoration,—

“ Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,  
 Thy word of grace shall prove  
 A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,  
 To rule thy saints by love.”

3d. In his *Crown*, Jesus is the King of Glory. We must not imagine that Jesus wears upon his head a crown, as earthly kings. What we said of the throne may also be said of the crown. It is an emblem of authority. We may show what the Bible says of Christ's crown. Ps. cxxxii. 18: “His enemies will I clothe with shame: but upon himself shall his crown flourish.” Two things of a very delightful kind are here intimated. One is, the prosperity of Christ's government. When we look upon an apple-tree covered with blossoms, we have an emblem of the loveliness and prosperity of Christ's government. In the verse we have quoted, the *continuance* of Christ's government is intimated. His crown flourishes, not for a time, but for ever. It is a *constant* flourishing. How emphatic the words, “*shall flourish!*”

John had a glorious vision of Christ in heaven, crowned with glory. Rev. xix. 11, 12: “And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were *many crowns*.” This shows that Jesus reigns over all kingdoms, and nations, and worlds. Are we the children of God? Then, that will be a happy, happy day, when we enter heaven, and see Jesus with his many crowns upon his head, sending forth rays of glory, brighter than ~~any~~

can conceive! Let us then sing with the heart, in ecstasies of adoring joy,—

“ All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all!”

4th. In his *Armies*, Jesus is the King of Glory. Very often in Scripture our Lord is called, the “*Lord of Hosts*,” that is, the Lord of armies. In the verse containing our text, we have a question, and an answer. The question is, “Who is this King of Glory?” The answer is, “The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.”

Saints and angels form the principal part of Christ's army. More especially on earth, saints are the soldiers of Christ. They are engaged in fighting the “good fight of faith.” Their battle is finished at death. Then they exchange their armour for white robes, and golden harps, and palms of victory. Jacob had a glorious vision of angels as a part of Christ's army. Gen. xxxii. 1, 2: “And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim;” that is, two hosts. To see an army on a vast plain must be a solemn and affecting sight. But how wonderful must be the spectacle to see Jesus, the King of Glory, in the heaven of heavens, with his noble army of angels, innumerable like the stars. When we think of Jesus as the King of Glory, let us thus express the adoring wonder of our hearts:—

“ Who is the King of glory? who?  
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

“ Who is the King of glory? who?  
The Lord of boundless power possess;  
The King of saints and angels too;  
God over all, for ever blest.”

5th. In his *Victories*, Jesus is the King of Glory. Observe the names of the enemies with whom he fought, and then see the greatness of his victories *Sin, Satan, the world, death, the grave, and all* &



powers of hell ; these are the enemies he has fought. These are the enemies he has conquered. See then the greatness of his victories. Thus an apostle speaks of the splendour of his great and glorious victories ; Coloss. ii. 15 : " And having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them." Heb. ii. 14 : " Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same ; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil."

Jesus has still great victories to gain. Pagan idolatry must fall before him. Mahometan delusion must fall before him. The superstition and error of corrupted churches must fall before him. Atheism and infidelity must fall before him. Immorality, and vice, and crime must fall before him. " Lord, hasten the glorious day !"

" Gird on thy sword, victorious King,  
Ride with majestic sway ;  
Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,  
And make the world obey."

A. F.

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## BLESSEDNESS OF DEPARTED INFANTS.

BY THE REV. T. CRAIG, OF BOOKING.

THE death of infants reminds us of our relation to the first man. " In Adam all die." " By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin ; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Infants suffer in this life in consequence of Adam's transgression. The second death is denounced in Scripture against those who sin wilfully, and against those also who reject the remedy which divine grace has proposed in the Gospel of Christ ; but infants are neither capable of wilful transgression, nor of rejecting the Saviour. We are, therefore, warranted to regard their death as a proof that they are graciously chosen in Christ unto eternal life—to be partakers of the glorious redemption effected by the Son of God, although incapable of actually believing in him. They die because Adam sinned, they live because Christ died.

The mind is essentially distinct from the body, yet is it mysteriously dependent in a measure on the earthly frame in which it is lodged. The mind of an infant is gradually developed

as to intelligence and power, as the body grows, and the senses, the inlets to the soul, are exercised. But who can tell what instantaneous and immeasurable expansion the power of God can give to the soul of an infant as soon as it is released from its prison of clay—to what inconceivable heights of knowledge it may rise, what ecstatic feelings it may enjoy, and in what elevated employments it may be occupied? They do not live in vain, however brief the span of their existence here.

They do not live in vain in regard to themselves. Did they not live, they could not enter heaven as a portion of the redeemed race of Adam, to possess and enjoy for ever the feelings of the most exalted gratitude for redeeming love, and to join in the anthem of salvation, and glory, and honour, to Him who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb. Their removal is no act of unkindness on the part of God towards them. The Lord of the vineyard transfers these tender plants to a more genial clime, where they are sheltered from the stormy tempests which might have come upon them. Parents naturally indulge the fond expectation that the earthly course of their children will be bright, happy, and useful; but our entire ignorance of the future should be a powerful motive to resignation under such bereavements. We know not from what evils, physical or moral, they have been taken. Perfectly safe, and for ever happy, all our anxieties respecting them have ceased—*anxieties which might have continued through life, and come upon us with overwhelming force on our dying-bed, had they survived us.* It may appear to us mysterious that God should commission death to snatch the sweet babe from the fond embraces of its parents, but he who has given the order makes no mistakes. He does all things according to the counsel of his own will. He has the highest and best reasons for every act of his government. They are founded on infallible wisdom, and never at variance, in the least degree, with his undeviating rectitude and unchanging goodness. If asked—“Is it well with the child?” one answer only can be given—“It is well.”

They do not live in vain in regard to us, nor in their removal has God shown any unkindness towards us. These lovely babes—

“—Are angels sent on errands full of love.

For us they languish, and for us they die.”

Their removal is intended for the trial of our faith and submission—whether we can say with Job—“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!” and with David—“I will bless the Lord *at all times!*” They are not lost. They are part of ourselves gone before to that blessed world to which every Christian is travelling. It ought to be regarded as a great honour that those who were so nearly related to us should form part of the heavenly assembly. They are still related to us by virtue of our union with Him “of whom the whole family of heaven and earth is named.” A tie which bound us to the

is severed, but there is a new attraction to draw our thoughts and affections to heaven. Consider, therefore, whose hand has done this, and what the lessons are which he designs thereby to inculcate. Spiritual benefit derived from afflictions is the most supporting cordial under them. In the light of eternity we shall see that he has done all things well. We ought to honour him by believing this now.

While the child lived, David fasted, and wept, and prayed; but when it died, he arose from his mourning, and addressed himself to the active duties of his station, observing, "Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Did he attempt to console himself with the cold comfort of merely lying down beside the ashes of his son in the unconsciousness of the grave? No; as a pious believer, he looked forward to the period when he should join the redeemed spirits above, and recognise his beloved child amongst them. Let parents, therefore, under such bereavements, comfort one another with these words—"We sorrow not even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."\*

#### REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A WICKED DISCONTENTED BOY. THE STORM.

THERE WAS a wicked boy once who would leave his father's home, and go to sea. His kind father tried to persuade him not to go; but he was not to be kept away from the sea. The reason was, he thought he might be wicked when he got away from his father, and that there would be nobody to reprove him. His weeping father gave him a Bible as he went away, and begged him to read it. The boy went away, and became very wicked, and very profane. But God saw him. There was a great storm upon the ocean. The ship could not stand against it. She struck upon the rocks in the dark night. It was a time of great distress; and for a few moments, there was the noise of the captain giving his orders, the melancholy wailings of the poor sailors and passengers, who expected every moment to be drowned. Then this wicked boy wished himself at home. But he had but a few moments; for a great wave came and lifted the ship up high, and then it fell upon another rock, and was broken in a thousand pieces. Every one on board was drowned, except this same wicked boy. Through the mercy of God, he was washed and carried by the waves upon a great rock, so that he could creep up, though much bruised, and almost dead. In the morning he was seen sitting on a rock, with a book in his hand. It was his

\* Delivered in Bocking Meeting House, Jan. 21st, 1850, on the occasion of the interment of the Editor's infant and only child.

the only thing, except his own life, which had been saved he wreck. He opened it, and there, on the first leaf, was the handwriting of his father. He thought of the goodness of his father, and of his own ingratitude; and he wept. Again he opened the book, and on every page was the handwriting of his father; and again he wept at the remembrance of his father's love for him; and again he wept at the remembrance of his own ingratitude against God. His heart was broken; he was truly penitent; and from that hour to this, he has lived as a Christian. He is now the commander of a large ship, and seems to make it his business to honour Jesus Christ. This was true repentance.

## REVIEWS.

*Important Truths in Simple Verse.* London: Partridge & Oakey, Paternoster Row.

We hail the appearance of every book which is calculated to promote the intellectual, moral and spiritual improvement of the RACE. What a difference betwixt this and former ages in books prepared for juvenile instruction! The present very abounds with seeds all which have gone before, not only in the quantity, but in the quality of those productions which are suited to the culture of the youthful mind. The author of the little volume, the "*libellum*," entitled "IMPORTANT TRUTHS," &c. occupies a noble place among those who employ their talents and talents in training up Christ's lambs for heaven and immortality. We wish him "*God speed!*" We encourage him to go onward and onward, a course which will eminently redound to God's glory, the enlargement of Zion, and the salvation of souls.

The selection of subjects in this elegant volume is most appropriate. We give the following as a specimen. Our readers will see, on the perusal, that they are calculated to arrest the attention, excite the interest, and advance "in winning flowing style" the edification of the youthful mind. We select but a small proportion from the whole, amounting to eighty-two. *—The Captive Bird—God is Love—The Churchyard as you Grow!—Happiness—The Helpless Lamb—The Garden—Cruelty—The Looking-glass—Happy Sunday—Example of Christ—Jonah's Gourd.* The following lines show how well qualified the author is "to the rising race in simple verse."

HOW YOU GROW!

"How you grow!—how you grow!"

Every body tells me so;

Friends and relatives all say

They see me growing day by day.

"'Tis pleasant thus to hear from all

That I am growing stout and tall,

But pleasanter 'twould be to know  
That I am growing better too.

" Does my budding mind improve,  
Knowledge, truth, and goodness love?  
Does my heart enlarged contain  
Greater love to God and man?

" Do I grow in pure delight  
Of what is good, and true, and right?  
Still advance in pious fear,  
And make God's will my reverent care?

" Thus, while friends their praise bestow,  
And cry in wonder, 'How you grow!'  
I'll ask my conscience, as I should,  
Tell me, am I growing good?"

II.—*Rhymes worth Remembering. For the Young.* London:  
Partridge & Oakey, Paternoster Row.

This small, neat, and elegantly printed book, by the author of "Important Truths in Simple Verse," contains all the excellences of its predecessor, which we have just noticed. It will form a valuable addition to a "Child's Library." It has all that animating and refreshing charm to the mind which a lovely nosegay, sparkling with the dew-drops of the morning, has to the senses. Dear young friends, put yourselves in possession of it without delay. We give the following verses as a specimen:—

" THE BUD.

" PRETTY BUD, in you I see  
Much that's very like to me;  
And from your instructive look  
Learn as from a little book.

" I am young, and so are you,  
Life with us is fresh and new;  
Yet fair buds oft wither'd he,  
And the youngest children die.

" Riper flowers may wide expand,  
Win the eye and court the hand;  
But, like you, oh! may I be  
Graced with humble modesty.

" When 'tis evening, dark and chill,  
Close you wrap yourself from ill;  
So may God my heart secure,  
Safe from every thing impure.

" And as, when the sun is up,  
You expand your little cup,  
So, by my Redeemer's grace,  
May my heart his truth embrace!"











