

The Religious Anticipation.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.]

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. X.—No. 31.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1863.

Whole No. 502

The Anticipation.

JABEZ: HIS LIFE AND PRAYER.

And Jabez was more honorable than his brethren: and his mother called his name Jabez, saying, because I bare him with sorrow. And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, Oh that thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thou wouldest keep me from evil, that I may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested. 1 Chron. iv. 10.

There was a Hebrew mother, to whom a child was born in a season of special sadness and sorrow. We do not know what was her name; and we do not know the place or the time in which she lived; save that the time was many hundred years ago, and that the place was somewhere in the promised land of Canaan. We do not know what was the cause of the special sorrow that was in that poor mother's heart when her child was sent to her; though we may perhaps suppose, from what we are told as to the mother being the only one to decide what should be her boy's name, that her husband was dead; and so that the little one, half-orphaned from his birth, could never be met by a father's care. The sorrow of that Hebrew mother is all over now; and indeed we have reason to think that it was turned into gladness, if she was spared in this world before many years passed on. But at that time, it had quite crushed her down; it had so overwhelmed her, that she seemed for the time to have lost even the power of hoping for better days. It seems as if she had thought that no good nor happiness could ever come of that little child that was the memorial of so sad a season; and so she gave him a name that told of her present grief and her fears for the future. His mother called him Jabez; that is, Sorrowful. And he went through life bearing that name; and his memory has come down to us through all these centuries, linked with that name; Jabez, Sorrowful.

It is not much we know of Jabez; we have his entire biography in those two verses which you have read. But I think, my friend, that in this recorded history of so solemn warning, and of so blessed consolation, as you will find within the range of God's holy book. We know nothing of his childhood or his youth; nothing of the first steps which he showed how little his name befitted him; nothing of the pride and delight, mingled with self-accusing for her lack of faith in a kind God, which would spring up in the mother's heart, if she was spared to see what her son became at last. We are only told that Jabez, Sorrowful, grew up to be a man; and rose to honor—to special and superlative honor. And we have preserved a prayer which Jabez offered, and which God granted, which shows us that Jabez was as good and wise and energetic and devout as he was honored and renowned. That prayer we shall often think of hereafter; it might be a pattern for ours; and every petition in it may serve to remind us of great religious truths, which we ought never to forget. But meanwhile, let us fix on this; the prominent honor to which he rose, who came into this world at so gloomy a season, and bore a name expressive of so gloomy foreboding for the days to come. "Jabez" was told, "was more honorable than his brethren." You have nothing told you of the other members of that family, who perhaps came in happier days, and who perhaps received more hopeful names. We may well believe, the way in which the story is told, that they were good and worthy too; but still, in fame, in holiness, in wisdom, in goodness, it was Jabez who was always first. And how strange a contrast it must have been between the sorrowful name, and the honored and happy man who bore it; how strange a contrast to the life of honor and usefulness must have seemed, upon the mother's faithfullest forebodings, and her needless fears! Yes, it must have been curious to hear that name that sounded so sadly, mentioned by all men with such pleasant looks, and linked with so many deeds of kindness and wisdom and true heroism. For God, we are told, granted him the things he asked in that most comprehensive prayer; and oh, how good and wise and brave a man he must have been, to whom that prayer and all it asked was granted! And we say it must have sounded strange to hear it asked, who was it that did that kind and noble deed? And to hear it answered, oh, it was Jabez! Who was it that went out so valiantly against the enemies of his God, and "enlarged his coast" his portion of the promised land, by those rich fields and woods? Oh, it was Jabez! Who was it that comforted that despairing heart—who cheered that house of sorrow—who guided that poor wanderer back? Still, it was he whose name promised such different things; still, it was Jabez! Yes, it was Sorrowful who carried out to man a desolate home; it was Sorrowful who made the dim eye grow bright again with hope; it was Sorrowful whose name was on the lips of multitudes of men, as their very ideal of all that was pure and good and true and happy. He rose above his fellow-men. He was "more honorable than his brethren"; and the words seemed to imply that they, too, were honorable—were good men, and happy men; but oh, there was none like Jabez! None like Sorrowful for worldly success, and for spiritual wealth, wisdom and happiness.

My friend, let us fix on this point in the history of Jabez to think of first; and tell me, is the lesson of all this far to seek? You see, it was to her best and worthiest son that the mother of Jabez gave the name, that implied how little she thought of future happiness with him or through him remained in her weary, despairing heart. We can think of a contrasted picture; you remember the proud and hopeful name which the mother of our race gave to her first-born son; you know how much of confident hope was embodied in the name of Cain. Possession, she called him—a great thing gained from God—who was yet so sorely toiling for her heart. For even thus rain are human anticipations, whether of good or ill; the first murderer welcomed with the hopeful name of Cain; while this wise and good and true and happy man was to bear the despairing name of Jabez. But without dwelling upon the vanity of all human calculations—of all human hopes and fears—not now remember how often we all call by hard names, dispensations of God's providence which in reality are to prove great blessings. Probably in many cases those events in our history, those calamities of God with us, which we should call sorrowful at the time, stand in more real and steady, and do us more real good, than the brightest and happiest that ever come in our way. Even here and now we can understand that that earthly trial

or loss is not rightly called Jabez, Sorrowful, which works out spiritual good; which leads us with simpler and humbler faith to that blessed Saviour who is our only satisfying portion; and which weans our heart somewhat from those things of time and sense to which it so naturally cleaves. And do you not all know, how sometimes we can afterwards see, that even looking no farther than this world, it was good for us that we were afflicted—good for us that we were disappointed, that we were tried, that we were bereaved? That turning you wished to take in life, you can now see was the wrong one; though it was a sad trial at the time when God hedged up your way, and bade you walk along a track so different from that which you would have chosen for yourself. Yes, even worldly success and advantage have come, because of dispensations and disappointments and sorrows at the time they happened; and who does not know what precious spiritual blessing has often come out of dealings which when they came were Jabez: who does not know what blessed graces, what purity, heavenly-mindedness, sympathy, kindness, faith and hope, have been out in modest loneliness, in the soul which had been through the sore discipline of sanctified sorrow, of disappointment, rightly met and rightly used? If we so truly united to Christ, we may be sure of this, that nothing can befall us, which may not be turned to good, by God's sanctifying Spirit. Sickness, care, even bereavement; all may be like Jabez; dark and unpromising at the beginning, but brightened into glory and beauty in their result; and the believer, as he looks back on his past history, may be constrained to say—God has been very good to me; he has sent me many blessings; but oh, never the blessing that was so good and precious, as when he sent me that trial which I felt as crushing, when he sent the brightened hopes so fondly cherished, or sent the bereavement which almost broke my rebellious heart.—The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson.

THE FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD.

Our place is at the cross. In all our teaching this is where we would ever be. No spot so precious to the Christian—no spot so necessary to the unrepentant. Earth's waters are bitter, but we have a sovereign cure for them all. It was the Lord who showed to Moses the tree which was to sweeten the brackish waters, and it is the Lord alone who can enable us to discern the healing power of the cross of Christ. Ah! how men try to make sweetening of their own. "Surely God will make life sweet," says one. "Let me only get into high places," thinks another, "and then I could dig a well that would yield sweetest streams." A third says, "Let a few years pass by, and I shall have dug wells of most refreshing water. Leave it to time. By-and-by my plans will be matured, my profession remunerative, my children grown up, my affairs settled. The waters of Bethlehem were not so sweet to David as my streams of joy will be to me a few years hence." Peter and Paul speak of wells without water. What shall we say of the broken cisterns of the world? Dear reader, if you are digging wells of comfort away from the cross of Christ, know certainly that you will be disappointed. You remember how we read that all the wells which Abraham's servants digged were filled in by enemies—filled in with earth. So it is with all the wells of comfort men try to dig for themselves: they surely will be filled in with earth; earth will surely spoil them all; and in the end, many besides David must lift up their eyes in hell as they come to a drop of water to cool their tongue.

Now hath God a fountain for sin and for uncleanness? And it is our joy to know that we may call the well "Rehoboth," because of its efficacy. We have no need to strive, no need to quarrel, about this blessed fountain. It is not as Bethesda's pool, of use to only one day. We find this lesson in Genesis xxvi. 19—22: "And Isaac's servants digged in the valley, and found there a well of springing water. And the herdmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying, The water is ours; and he called the name of the well Esek (i. e., contention). And they digged another well, and he called the name of it Sitnah (i. e., hatred). And he removed from thence, and digged another well; and for that they strove not, and he called the name of it Rehoboth (i. e., room enough). And may not Rehoboth be written upon the cross of our dear Saviour? Tell me, ye true pilgrims of Zion, is not the finished work of Christ just the fountain you all need? And is it not as Rehoboth? Surely it is not exhausted. Let us therefore write Rehoboth on the cross; and write Rehoboth on the portals of the heavenly Jerusalem.

And the fountain open on Calvary is one which cannot be filled in by the enemy. Satan has tried to fill it up with earth; but, no, it still springs up with healing, and life, and peace; nor can all the sins and all the uncleanness which have been buried there exhaust its fulness. We can boast of its antiquity and glorious associations ten thousand times more than the woman of Sychar did of Jacob's well. We can tell of Abel coming to this fountain, and Enoch, and Noah, and Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Joseph, and other of the patriarchs; of Moses and Samuel, and other of the prophets; of David and Hezekiah, and Antipas, and thousands of other martyrs; of John and Paul, and other apostles. We can tell of the holy women of every age who have come to this fountain—Sarah, and Hannah, and Ruth, and Esther, and Elizabeth, and the Marys, and Priscillas, and thousands more. Then may we not call it "Rehoboth," for the precious blood.

"Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more."

Dear reader, let us closely encircle the cross. Let us derive from the open fountain not only the consciousness of sin forgiven, but, by the help of God's Spirit, desire courage and strength to live to Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. Would we see what Jesus has made of us poor creatures of Adam? Let us look at the Church triumphant; let us look at the saved thief; the saved murderer; the saved adulterer; the saved publican; Paul, the saved persecutor; the saved Mary Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils; those saved members of the Corinthian Church, who were told had been fornicators, idolaters, adulterers, thieves, covetous, drunkards, revilers, extortioners. This is the way to leave the efficacy of Christ's atonement. We see that, though He was crucified through mockery, that believers

"shall live with him by the power of God" (2 Cor. xiii. 4). Blessing and glory and thanksgiving be unto God for the words of life—Salvation's work is finished. The reign, the iron reign, of sin and Satan, of death and hell, is broken in pieces by the stone cut out of the mountain without hands (Dan. ii. 34). Life and immortality, pardon, mercy, and peace, are brought to light and secured to the faithful by the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.

DO ALL FOR CHRIST.

BY REV. T. L. CUTLER.

The celebrated Charles Simeon of Cambridge kept a portrait of Henry Martyn hanging over his fireplace. It was always in sight. Looking up at it he used to say, "There; see that blessed man! What an expression of countenance! No one looks at me as he does. He seems always to be saying, *Be serious; be earnest; don't trifle.*" Then smiling and bowing toward the sweet, thoughtful face, Simeon would add, "And I won't—I won't trifle."

So, fellow-Christian, there is hung up, by the divine Spirit, a picture before our eyes. It is the heavenly countenance of our blessed Saviour. The traces of the sorrow in the garden, of the agony on the cross, are yet written on that visage, "marked more than any of the sons of men." The serene patience sits on that face; and it yearns with a love stronger than death. Holiness dwells there, which cannot look upon sin save with abhorrence.

And that face of Jesus seems ever to be saying to us "Live for me. Whatever ye do, do it unto me." When we sit alone and dejected, the countenance comes up near to us, and says, "Let not your heart be troubled. Lo! I am with you always." When we are tempted to sin, the face rebukes us with the words, "Would I were not in the house of my friends." And when we have come back ashamed and disgraced from a cowardly desertion of his cause in the hour of trial, oh! how that look upbraids us as he seems to say, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Sometimes a poor, needy servant of God comes to us for a word or deed of sympathy, or for a gift to his necessities. Selfishness begins to mutter about interruptions, and the "many calls," and the "no end of cases of charity." But the down-looking Jesus says, "Do it unto me. He is one of my poor children; give him for my sake." There is not a struggling church that knocks at our door, or a hungry beggar that knocks at our door for relief; there is not a lone widow who asks a pittance to warm her shivering form, or a neglected child running in rags and recklessness through the broken Sabbath, but ever the same voice says to us, Help them for my sake; inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.

An incident of John Falk's German Charity-School illustrates this idea beautifully. When one of the boys at table had said the pious grace, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest and bless the food thou hast provided," a little fellow looked up and said, "Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes?" "Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure he will come, for he always hears our invitations." "I shall set a chair for him, then," said the little fellow; and he did so. Presently there was a knock at the door. A poor frozen apprentice entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome to the empty seat the boy had set. The little fellow was thinking hard for some time. "Ah," chirped he, "Jesus could not come to-night, and so he sent this poor man in his place; is that it?" "Yes, child, that is just it. Every cup of water or piece of bread that we give to the poor or hungry, for Jesus' sake; we give to him; inasmuch as ye do it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto Christ."

What a sacredness this imparts to every work of Christian love! What a glory it throws around the humblest object of Christian charity! And then, too, what a stupendous crime against Christ is any wrong done to those whom he makes his representatives! When the great Whittier read the narrative of a sale of human beings in New Orleans, and that the auctioneer had recommended a fair-complexioned bondswoman on the stand as a "good Christian," the indignant Quaker exclaimed—

"A Christian! going—gone!
Who bids for God's own image? for his grace
Who bids for this poor victim of the market place
Halt in her suffering woe?"

My God! can such things be?
Hast thou not said that whoso'er is done
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Of cruel pitying love, I see Thee stand
Our more the just word of a mocking hand—
Bound, sold, and scourged again."

The poet was right. Christ's own words warranted his righteous outburst of indignation. Jesus and his members are one. A cup of cold water given to them in his name is not of its reward. A wrong done to them is an insult to the Lord of glory.

In the light of this truth we are contemplating, the work of every pastor, every Sunday-school teacher, every philanthropist, catches a new beauty and lustre. As I sit in this study this morning, I seem to see a face of divine love looking down on me from the walls, and saying—Write all these truths for me. Feed my lambs. Save those souls committed to thee by my gospel and for my glory. As the Sabbath-school teacher lays down this paper and hurries off to his class, he will meet the blessed Saviour beside his seat, and hear him say, Whosoever ye do for the least of these immortal souls, ye do for me. When a Christian leaves the sanctuary or the communion-table, and goes to his counting-room, shall he be less a Christian there than he was in the house of God or at the family altar? No! For there is an invisible Saviour beside him there, saying, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." Let not your good be evil spoken of; you are my representative. Do they always so keep their ledgers that they would be willing to have their Master audit the accounts? When a church member wrings out the last penny from an unfortunate debtor, does he do it for Christ? When he rents his property for haunts of vice—when he drives a sharp bargain with misfortune or inexperience, does he do it for the honor or for the shame of his Sabbath professions? Ah! my friends, it is not only from the study-walls of pastors, but from the walls of every shop, every counting-room, and every hall of justice and legislation, that the countenance of the all-holy Jesus is looking down and saying, *Do all for me.*

Whether ye eat or drink, whether ye buy or sell, whether ye labour or pray, whether ye rejoice or sorrow, do all for my glory.

FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME.

It is a great and good thing to be withheld from sin by whatsoever motive; it is a fine point from which to start in the pursuit of that holiness with which, we are told, no man shall see the Lord. Let me beseech you again and again carefully to remember—I care not for repeating, if I can but make you remember—that the alone question, which is of real worth to an individual, has to do with his being or his not being a new creature; and this question is to be tried as a question which relates to an effect rather than to a question which relates to a cause. It is not, "What has changed me?" but, "Am I changed?" never mind when, or where, or how. Go simply to the fact, "Am I changed?" And so long as you can find evidences of a spiritual change, evidences that "old things are passed away, and all things are becoming new," it cannot affect your safety, it ought not to affect your comfort, whether you began in religion by meditating the exceeding love of God, and feeling the lower softening at the sight of a dying Redeemer, or whether your first sentiment was one of horror at the prospect of hell, and your first impulse that of flying from your Maker as armed for your destruction. Oh, that you might be stirred by a dread of the Almighty! Men, brethren, and fathers, I announce to you the judgment to come; it shall break upon the earth, that day of wonder and of terror, when from the sea and the mountain and the desert shall swarm the buried families of human kind, and the dead, small and great, shall stand before their God; there shall be no shelter for the proud, no mask for the hypocrite, no standing-ground for the presumptuous. Is there one amongst you who trembles at the thought of appearing before God—appearing as a sinner with the burden of his iniquities before a Being who is of purer eyes than to pass by transgression? Let that man listen; we seek to persuade him: God hath "found a ransom," God hath made "Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." There is the sacrifice, there is the Substitute. O sinner, close at once with Christ as a Saviour, and thou shalt have no cause to fear Him as a Judge when he shall come in the clouds of heaven in His own glory, and in His Father's, and of the holy angels.—McNeill.

BIBLE NOTE.

The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty: He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love; He will joy over thee with singing.—Zeph. iii. 17.

Wonderous "thought of God"—God resting in His love—His love not for ungrateful angels, but for fallen, redeemed man! The idea is the joy and satisfaction of one reposing after the completion of some arduous work. God rested at creation—the rejoicing over joy over a new-born world. But this was a feeble type of his complacent rest and rejoicing over the redeemed world. It rises to a beautiful sequence in the verses. It rises to a climax. First, God "saves." Then he "rejoices." Then he "rests" (the contemplative rest of joy). Then, as if this were not enough, he joys over his people with "singing." Like an earthly warrior—first, the victory; then, the shout of joy; then the calm survey of the field of conquest; then the hymn of triumph.

He "rests in his love." Love with God is a disposition. One may, from impulse, perform an act of love. Momentary feeling and emotion, even in the case of a naturally unloving heart, may prompt to some deed of generosity and kindness. But God's nature and his name being love, with him there can be nothing fitful, arbitrary, capricious. His love is no wayward inconstant stream; but a deep, quiet, overflowing, overflowing river. Your best earthly friend, a word, a look may alienate and estrange; the Friend of friends is immutable. Oh, how intense must that love be for the guilty and the lost which is thus spoken of by the lips of divine life love—"Therefore," says Jesus, "doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life for the sheep."

He will joy over thee with singing. "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." (Isa. lvi. 10.) The returning prodigal is met, not only with the tear and the grasp of parental forgiveness; but his festal is kept within these paternal halls: "It is meet that we should make merry and be glad." The gladdest countenance in that scene of joy is not that of the haggard wanderer, but that of the rejoicing father, exulting over his "lost and found." "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;" but it is joy which, though spreading through the concentric ranks, and reaching to the very circumference of glory, is deepest in the centre. It begins at the throne—the key-note of that song is struck by God himself! So also in the parable of the lost sheep. See how Christ speaks, as if he had all the joy to himself that of wanderer's return: "He lays it on his shoulders rejoicing," and says, "Rejoice with me" (Luke xv. 7). The joy of his people is part of his own: "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full" (John xv. 11).

"God is in the midst of thee?" He is mighty;—He will save thee—present God, a mighty God, a Saviour-God! Able to save, willing to save—may more, delighting to save. "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him." "Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee."—From "Thoughts of God," by Rev. J. R. Macduff, D. D.

SUCH A SAVIOUR.

So Holy. "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." (1 Pet. 2: 22.) "Whom else can all this be said? We find some persons who are very amiable. They are charitable and kind in conversation. They are careful to say nothing unjustly of others, and wish to avoid all appearance of deceit. They are open, frank, ingenuous, and we love them. But we cannot say of them what the prophet Isaiah said of Christ.

So meek. "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again." (1 Pet. 2: 23.) Of how many could this be said? How natural is it for us, when unjust and ill things are said to us, to be angry, and speak bitterly in return? So did not the Saviour. Mocked, and without even a complaint, he suffered the scorn and the malice of men. They buffeted him, spat upon him, and smote him with a reed, bowed the knee in mockery, crowned him with thorns, and nailed him to the cross. "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." (Isaiah 53: 7.) Is there any parallel to this?

So patient and forbearing. "When he suffered, he threatened not." (1 Pet. 2: 23.) He might have threatened, and executed his threat, if it had been in his heart to do so. He could have prayed to his Father, who would presently have given "more than twelve legions of angels;" but he did not so pray. He suffered his enemies to do the worst that their evil hearts could devise, or their wicked hands perpetrate, when a word of his power could have dispersed them all, or have laid them prostrate in death. And such patience he now exercises towards us. How often do we sin against him! How multiplied and aggravated have been our sins against this almighty, and patient, and forbearing Saviour! Still he forbears, and yet we live.

the children of wrath in a damned estate. Now all pulpits should agree in this, every minister labouring to bring their people to a sight of their misery by sin; every minister should show his people what cursed creatures they are until they be converted and renewed; every minister should press the evil of sin, and open the wiles of Satan, the guilt of conscience, the spirituality of the law, the necessity of humiliation, and repentance, and amendment of life, that there is no mercy but in Christ, no salvation but by Christ, except people take him to live in their hearts by faith. All ministers should let their people know the terror of the Lord, the strictness of God's judgments, the inseparable connexion of mercy and a godly life, that no profane person can enter into God's kingdom; no hypocrite, no mere civil man; that a form of godliness will not save them, that none but saints shall stand at Christ's right hand at the last day.

All ministers should preach what a narrow path there is to Paradise, and how few there be that find it, that saving grace cannot stand with the reign of the least lust, that people must be pure and holy, whatever the world think of purity, and preciseness, and strictness, yet without this no flesh shall be saved.

All pulpits should with these truths, and all ministers cried these aloud, and would lift up their voices like a trumpet, and not spare, what a hand should we have? The want of unity in this matter, is the cause that wickedness does so much abound; a drunkard, a whore-master, a man of sin, may come to a sermon, and go away with hope that he shall have peace. When ministers make the pulpit a scaffold, in which like masters of defence they play their prizes, blazon their own wits, decant upon their text, as though the scriptures were a rattle for children and fools to sport with, tossing it to and fro, hither and thither, as boys at a tennis; when they go about to amaze their hearers, to mount aloft, to be in their high phrases, and coined words, more like mimics and comedians than ministers; when they search into moth-eaten priors, affect allegories, and make up sermons of Latin and Greek sentences, which a school-boy might do with a Polytechnic; or if they speak plain, they skin the truth of the scriptures, and never dive deep to the edifying of the soul. May be they will preach good moral matter. But a man may go to hell though he does as they teach; people may hear them a thousand times, and no man made to cry out, what have I done? They preach of repentance, but then they open it so slightly, that a man may repent as they say, it and be damned; they preach of faith in Christ, but they say so broad, that thousands have it and sink into the bottomless pit with it: they preach that sin must be forsaken, and a good life must be led, but they handle it in that wise, that their hearers may do as they say, and yet have no more grace than a reprobate, nor so much neither.

Ministers should agree to preach differently, to distinguish between the precious and the vile, the clean and the unclean; as we must not bruise the broken reed, but deal gently with it; so we must not give children's bread unto dogs. Matt. xv. 26. But we must not cast our seed into fallow ground; but we must let the fallow ground before our ploughs be sown; we must not fling pearls before swine, nor bitter arrows against Christ's lamb. This were as if we should call for snow in summer, and rain in harvest. No, no, a whip for the horse, and a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back. Prov. xvi. 3. If people be like mules, that will not understand, we must put a bit in their mouths. If people will have their own ways, our words must be fire, and hammers, and axes, and chisels, and saws, and spears, that their bellies may tremble, and rottenness may enter into their bones.

You will say—why then belike, we must have nothing in our mouths but hell and damnation for the people to despair. Why then let it be: it were well if we had our people there, they must despair before they come to mercy. People must be oppressed with our sermons, we must lay loads and burdens on their consciences, or they will never be fitted for comfort and Christ's undertakings. True, the servants of the Lord must be gentle unto all men. 2 Tim. ii. 24. And suffer the wickedness of all very patiently, praying if at any time the Lord will give them repentance, that the devil may let them go.

Nothing but hell and damnation is not good; we must not be like James and John, that would needs be called for fire to come down from heaven to consume the Samaritans; no, we must be long-suffering, but yet we must not let a wicked man live, but we must give him his death wound, by the stab of the word, lest his blood be required at our hands.

Nothing but hell and damnation is not good; we must not be like James and John, that would needs be called for fire to come down from heaven to consume the Samaritans; no, we must be long-suffering, but yet we must not let a wicked man live, but we must give him his death wound, by the stab of the word, lest his blood be required at our hands.

So Holy. "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." (1 Pet. 2: 22.) "Whom else can all this be said? We find some persons who are very amiable. They are charitable and kind in conversation. They are careful to say nothing unjustly of others, and wish to avoid all appearance of deceit. They are open, frank, ingenuous, and we love them. But we cannot say of them what the prophet Isaiah said of Christ.

So meek. "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again." (1 Pet. 2: 23.) Of how many could this be said? How natural is it for us, when unjust and ill things are said to us, to be angry, and speak bitterly in return? So did not the Saviour. Mocked, and without even a complaint, he suffered the scorn and the malice of men. They buffeted him, spat upon him, and smote him with a reed, bowed the knee in mockery, crowned him with thorns, and nailed him to the cross. "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." (Isaiah 53: 7.) Is there any parallel to this?

So patient and forbearing. "When he suffered, he threatened not." (1 Pet. 2: 23.) He might have threatened, and executed his threat, if it had been in his heart to do so. He could have prayed to his Father, who would presently have given "more than twelve legions of angels;" but he did not so pray. He suffered his enemies to do the worst that their evil hearts could devise, or their wicked hands perpetrate, when a word of his power could have dispersed them all, or have laid them prostrate in death. And such patience he now exercises towards us. How often do we sin against him! How multiplied and aggravated have been our sins against this almighty, and patient, and forbearing Saviour! Still he forbears, and yet we live.

So tender. "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench." (Isaiah 42: 3.) When he discerns even the feeblest purpose of holy living, where he sees the first tear of penitence, and the first look of faith in him, there in tenderness he speaks peace, comfort, and hope. How many have found him a refuge in distress, a very present help in trouble! In the hour of despair he came to their relief.

PEACE LIKE A RIVER.

There is a fullness of meaning in Scripture imagery which discovers itself only to the devout and contemplative heart. One finds in the Word of God an inexhaustible mine of spiritual wealth, and diligent and persevering toil is abundantly repaid. The following extract from an exchange is in point:

"A way among the Alleghanies there is a spring so small that a single ox in a summer day could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks cities, villages and cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats." This I have culled somewhere; I know not where, nor when. Yet with the bubbling fountain in my eye, and roaring waterfall in my ear, I say, "Beautiful representation of a Christian's peace." "Peace as a river!" Like a river in the commencement, trickling from some fissure in the heart, singing its own song as it dropped from leaf to leaf, from ledge to ledge—now gathering itself up in a little pool, saying to its joyous waters "Here we rest!"—anon rushing on again to fulfil its purpose and gain its parent sea.

Like a river in its progress, ever widening and deepening, from the "ankles" to the "knees," from the knees to the "loins," from the loins to "waters to swim in, a river that cannot be passed over!"—receiving "new tributaries on the right, and left, sweeping away as it rolls on its healthful stream the dead and dying remains of past affections and former lusts, and bearing on its bosom a thousand newly launched hopes."

Like a river in its influence—holly, healthy, generating—causing a wide expanse of "living green" to spread out on either side—making even the desert of the soul "rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Like a river in its changes—when the warm sun of righteousness pours his effluent rays on a heart that has experienced the rigors of a spiritual winter, and melts the cold snows and breaks the ice-bound streams—or when the showers of grace fall on the heart's hill-top, then a blessed fullness pervades all its course—through many a "crevasse" it pours its sanctifying streams.

Like a river in its termination—rolling into and mingling with the shores, blessed sea of perfect peace where undulating waves never roll in strife or break in death. Long ere the great sea is reached, the river of peace meets the great "trial wave" as it rolls itself inland, as if to hasten the hour of union, and give the redeemed soul a blessed sense—a foretaste of eternal felicity and future joy.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS NOT DISTINCT.

It has been a mighty mischief that religion has been so often divorced from the other modes and ways of men. Men have looked at it as something distinct and peculiar, having its own sphere and its own powers, and not as the fountain and father of all goodness and truth. The man of God has been separated from the man of science, the man of literature, the man of politics, the man of business. The world has helped the separation, and so has the Church. A weak and ignorant piety, a strong and shrewd impiety have done the same work. The general exercises of the intellect, the common charities of the heart, the familiar proceedings of the life, have been too frequently regarded as provinces into which religion has no right to penetrate, or should only come when invited, and be thankful to be treated as a guest, and not expected to be honoured as a sovereign. Hence literature, art, social life, worldly engagements, have been treated as things apart from godliness, and not things which godliness is to possess, and through which it is to act and be seen. To borrow an expressive illustration, the partnership has been dissolved between religion and other business, and thus it has come to a disastrous bankruptcy. That it is so, is apparent from the fact, that there is a general disposition to regard immoralities connected with money matters in a different light from other immoralities. The same standard is not applied; the same measure is not meted out. There is more genteel treatment of the pecuniary sinner than of any other sinner. "It is only the way of business" covers a multitude of sins. A man, in many circles, had better default his creditors than deny a single article of the popular creed or violate a single conventionalism of respectable society.—A. J. Morris.

Gail Hamilton, one of the Atlantic's best contributors, tells us, in her usual outspoken style, when a man should pray:—

"What's the use of praying when a feller can touch bottom with a pole?" roared the Mississippi boatman, with a blind, instinctive perception of the true relation between faith and works. I do not think God wants us ever to pray for things that we can get ourselves. We are not to ask him to plant. Paul is the one to plant. We are not to ask him to water. That is Apollus' business. But God alone can give the increase. Therefore, having planted and watered, our fervent and unceasing prayers should arise that God should bless our labors with increase."

SHORT SERMON BY A MAN OF GENIES.—Oliver Wendell Holmes thus discourses on a "Thankful Heart": "If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the almost invisible particles by the more power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no particles; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold."

Two things, though oft neglected, demand serious thought: "the sin of our nature," and "the nature of sin."