

EFFECTS OF FAITHFUL REPROOF.

In the autumn of 1829, I met with an accident of so serious a nature, that, had not surgical assistance been rendered almost instantaneously, I should not have lived an hour. This happened on a Sabbath morning. When the necessary operation had been performed, and I was able to speak, my first exclamation was, "Doctor, I thought I was off!" which I accompanied with an oath.

The worthy surgeon, who was a very young man, replied, "You were indeed nearly off this world's stage; but may I take the liberty of asking you, were you prepared to meet that great Being whose name you so lightly treated?"

I cannot describe the confusion I felt at this merited reproof, any more than the astonishment it occasioned. I confessed that I feared I was not in a state to meet my Maker in judgment.

"Pardon my observation, Sir," said he, "you may perhaps think that I am stepping out of my province, in interposing in spiritual matters; but, Sir, I should consider myself an unworthy member of the mystical body of our Lord Jesus Christ, if I suffered you, or any one I may be called upon to attend, to imagine that I felt any thing short of deep sorrow, when I hear the name of my Maker irreverently treated."

I apologized for my unbecoming levity, assuring him that I used the expression most unthinkingly, and with no intention of disrespect to my Creator.

"Believe me, my dear Sir," he replied, "I do not accuse you of any intentional disrespect to your Creator, much less to me; but allow me to observe that I should have thought the most natural sentiment of your heart would have been, to have returned your sincere thanks for your preservation; for no man was ever nearer death that did not die. I was merely the instrument of rescuing you from so sudden an end—the success of my endeavours belonged to God; and to him are your praises and thanksgivings due. May I request you to consider seriously the events of the last hour? Think that in that short period of time, you were perfectly well, and on the verge of eternity, and again restored; think what might have been your fate, had it pleased the great Disposer of events to have called you into his presence. I will say no more at present, as I am sure when you reflect on these matters, you will not wonder at my rebuke."

I was left without reply. He took his leave, promising to call on me the following day.—Perhaps at no period of my life did I ever feel more ashamed of myself, or a greater degree of admiration and respect for an utter stranger, for he was not our family surgeon, but was called in as the nearest at hand. In this apparently accidental circumstance I traced the finger of divine providence. Another practitioner might no doubt, have been equally successful in his operation, but I might have used the same observation unnoticed, and have been left equally unthankful to my Maker, as I was at the moment I used the expression. This providential accident afforded me an opportunity of contracting an intimate acquaintance with this pious, humble-minded Christian, who was a man of intelligent mind, and capable of giving instruction in the great truths of Christianity. He first opened my eyes to the real beauties of the gospel, though I thought I knew them perfectly well at the time. He first brought me to understand what was meant by "justification by faith," and the doctrine of the imputed righteousness of Christ. He was born of Socinian parents, and educated in that unfortunate system until he arrived at the age of eighteen, at which period he was walking the hospitals in London, and was the gayest among the gay and thoughtless. His conversion was brought about in rather a singular manner. Having one evening gone out with some licentious object in view, his attention was attracted by the sound of music and singing.

He drew near to the house whence the sound proceeded. There was a number of respectable people singing a hymn. The singing was so good, that instead of setting up a laugh at the "swaddlers," as he termed them, he remained stationary until it was ended, when one of the men, who must have observed him while the hymn was singing, came out and asked him to walk in. He did so, though merely in order to furnish himself with a subject on which to exercise his powers of ridicule. A chair was placed for him and then one of the men read a chapter from Cor-

inthians, which he afterwards commented on, and then followed a sort of conversational disquisition, in which several took a part. "I liked," said he to me, "all that I heard so much, that I felt gratified by being invited to meet the same parties on the following Wednesday." After a very short acquaintance, he made known his sentiments, or rather those in which he had been educated, and which he entirely renounced in less than a month, and from that time became a steady Christian.

As I have already stated, I owe to him, under God, a change of ideas which I sincerely believe will tend to my eternal benefit. I feel their grateful effects at this moment. I know and feel an inward assurance of my Redeemer's love, that enables me to bear misfortunes, at least with resignation—conscious, that "all things will work together for good to them that love God."—*London Ch. Guardian.*

"CHRIST LIVETH IN ME."

Christ liveth in me! But would any one find this out from my daily conduct? Would he learn it by observing my desire of gain, my eager, unremitting, grasping pursuit of wealth. Would he suspect it from my deportment to others,—my censoriousness, harshness, want of meekness and love? Is such the life of Christ?

Would any one guess it from my treatment of my family, the negligent and careless manner in which I perform my duties, my want of interest in the prayer meeting, and my negligent observance of the Sabbath? Finally, there is my reluctance to alms-giving, and the difficulty with which I bestow a small portion of what God has given me to advance the interests of his kingdom. Is this like Christ?

And if none of these things are like him, have I not reason to fear that "the life which I live in the flesh, I do not live by faith on the Son of God;" that he does not live in me, but that my heart is still "Satan's seat?"

There are a great many texts in the Bible which speak of this life of Christ in believers, and of the intimate union between him and them. "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." "Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ." "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." "Know ye not that Christ is in you except ye be reprobrates?" All these and many other similar passages must mean something, and I cannot see what they mean, unless it is that believers have a common life with Christ. And the Saviour himself seems to intimate the same thing when he says, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." But where is the evidence of any such life in me?

If Christ did thus live in me, how much more confidence I should have in asking blessings of God? He would then be my Father indeed, if I were one with his Son, and I need not fear being rejected by Him. I see how it is that some Christians can go to God with so much holy boldness, so much confidence in his promises. They know that as Christ is formed in them, God looks not at them, but at Christ in them; and therefore whatsoever they ask, they know that they have the petitions that they desired of him. What a happy life do such persons lead!

I must inquire into this. I must no longer cherish a hope that I am a Christian, while I do not know whether Christ dwells in me. I must examine whether there are indeed any signs of spiritual life in my soul. If not, I must cease to call myself a Christian. If I find reason to hope that I am united to the Saviour, I will meditate more on what is implied in these precious words, so that I may be able to say with truth, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—*Boston Recorder.*

THE MORNING.

Everybody knows the morning, in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects and on so many occasions. The health, strength and beauty of early years, lead us to call that period "the morning of life." Of a lovely young woman we say she is "bright as the morning," and no one doubts why Lucifer is called "son of the morning."

But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee, and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast. With them morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to

behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first faint streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper colouring into orange and red, till at length "the glorious sun" is seen, regent of day—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

The manifestation of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new every morning," and fresh every moment.

We see as fine risings of the sun as even Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be.

I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it—a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyment and new gratitude.

WORSHIP IN HEAVEN.

Why can we not pierce through this veil of flesh and blood, and by faith behold the humble worship of Heaven? What countless multitudes have gone before us in the path that leads to that kingdom! They were, in their time followers of an unseen Saviour as we are now; but now they see him face to face in all his glory and in all his love; with them are joined the innumerable host of angels.—Angels and saints, however distinguished, are joined in one happiness and in one employment.—Even now they are praising the Lamb that was slain, and casting their crowns at his feet. And perhaps this scene is not so distant as we imagine.—Where is heaven? Is it some millions of leagues from us, far beyond the sun and fixed stars? What have immortal spirits to do with space and place? Who knows but a heaven-born soul, who is freed from the clog of the body, and filled with all the fulness of God, may pass as easily and quickly from one verge of the creation to the other, as our thoughts can change and fly from east to west, from the past to the future! Perhaps even now we live in the midst of this glorious assembly. Heaven is where our God and Saviour displays himself, and do you not feel him nearer to you than any of his visible works? Perhaps there is nothing but this thin partition of flesh and blood between us and those blessed spirits that are before the throne; if our eyes were open we should see the mountains around us covered with chariots and horses of fire; if our ears were unstopped we should hear the praises of our great Immanuel resounding in the air as once the shepherds heard them.—*Newton.*

USEFULNESS OF ONE TRACT.

A few days since, a member of a Presbyterian church called to make some inquiries about Oregon. As he rose to leave, a copy of a new tract was handed to him, which led him to remark that some years since one of our tracts came into his possession, entitled "The Christian's Annual Directory through the whole Bible; with tables for the reading of each day. Designed to induce young persons to adopt the practice of reading the whole Bible annually, and to pursue it through life. By T. Timpson." This tract, No. 127 of the series of the American Baptist Publication Society, led his children to read the entire Bible several times. Who can estimate the results of that little tract sold for one cent? The multiplication of tracts and good books, so far from checking the reading of the Bible itself, directly promotes it. Good books, like good preachers, cause many to "search the Scriptures." This fact should encourage us also to persevere in the gratuitous distribution of tracts, personally and by colporteurs. We may not ascertain the results in this world, but we shall find, at the day of judgment, that the "labor" of those who are "always abounding in the work of the Lord," was "not in vain in the Lord."—*Baptist Record.*

ANECDOTE.

A young man was once led by his companions to a scene of dissipation, where they indulged in festivity and sin. In the midst of their enjoyment, the clock struck one. The

following passage, from "Young's Night Thoughts," rushed on the young man's mind. "The bell strikes one. We take no note of time but from its loss. To give it then a tongue is wise in man. As if an angel spoke, I feel the solemn sound; if heard aright, it is the knell of my departed hours. Where are they? With the years beyond the flood. It is the signal that demands despatch. How much is to be done? My hopes and fears start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge look down—on what? A fathomless abyss, A dread eternity."

The effect of the recollection of this passage was solemn and powerful. He could no longer enjoy the scene around him. He quickly retired, but his soul continued to be troubled; nor did he find rest till he had chosen the Saviour for his portion. Reader, when you hear the clock tell the departure of another hour, will you ask yourself what report it bore to heaven? and how many more hours you are like to have to waste, perhaps in sin?—*Sabbath School Journal.*

PLATO AND THE PSALMIST.

What a wide difference there is between two passages, in the Psalms and in Plato, on the same subject. That which is in Plato, (*De Legibus*, lib. ii.) is as follows:—

"Though you could sink into the deepest caverns of the earth, though you had wings and could fly up to the heights of heaven; whether you continue in this world or remove to hell, or to some place more terrible; the Divine Providence would seize upon you every where."

Thus wrote the great Plato: but how infinitely short does this fall of that passage in the Psalms, (cxxxix), which he seems to have had in view!

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me; and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

If Plato imitated the Psalmist, his copy is unequal to the original. It is like a secondary rainbow, the faint reflection of the first; where though the colours be agreeable, yet they are not so lively, glowing and distinct, as they are at first-hand on that which compasseth the heaven with a glorious circle, and which the hands of the Most High have benedicted.—*Scott.*

THE HEART.

The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has but little charity; the desolation of the mind's sanctuary, and the threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone; even hope, that remains longest, gone; I would fain leave the erring souls of my fellow men with him from whose hand they came.

"GETTING RICH."

Ever since the first setting up of the world, a curious struggle has been going on among men to gather up riches. It is one of the strongest weaknesses of our race, to engross all our energies in trying to lay up treasures in this dirty world. The admonition of the poor philosopher to the rich man, ought to teach the greedy disciple of mammon a salutary lesson. He said, "Poor man! he toiled day and night until he was forty, to gain wealth, and he has been watching it ever since for his victuals and clothes."

GOODNESS.

It is some hope of goodness not to grow worse; it is a part of badness not to grow better. I will take heed of quenching the spark, and strive to kindle a fire. If I have the goodness I should, it is not too much; why should I make it less? If I keep the goodness I have, 'tis not enough; why do I not make it more? He never was so good as he should be, that doth not strive to be better than he is; he never will be better than he is, that doth not fear to be worse than he was.