

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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Poetry.
A SEA-SIDE CALM.
The morning air was pure and cool—
Asleep the silver bay,
Each object on the shining sands
In shade reflected lay.
The giant cliffs in long array
Were drawn up by the sea;
Their heads thrown back with lofty pride
In musing majesty.
The sea pathos did wroth the earth
In low fond hopes of love—
The silent sky hung stooping o'er,
And listened from above!
The herds of clouds were lying down—
The hunting winds were gone;
Their angry bark was heard no more,
The weary chase was done.
A calm, ambrosial consciousness
Did Nature's bosom steep,
A stillness, not so stern as death,
And more profound than sleep!
'Twas music mute, and voiceless speech,
A quiet, creeping spell—
Repose without forgetfulness—
And silence audible.

Philadelphia. FANNY BELL.

European Correspondence.

Partick, near Glasgow, Scotland, July 20th, 1855.

My dear Brother,—I have not had an opportunity as yet of hearing any of the very distinguished preachers on this side the Atlantic. On the first Sabbath after my arrival, I heard Professor Falding of Rotherham, who was preaching on the occasion of the induction of the Rev. Mr. Raleigh, as successor to Dr. Wardlaw. The matter of his discourse was certainly good, but it was spoiled as to all effect, by the manner of delivery. He was very indistinctly heard, as he read in a very low voice and with little or no animation. I gave desperate attention, and was, in consequence, successful in hearing about three-fourths of the discourse. My wife, at an early period in the exercises, abandoned all hope of hearing, and so gave herself up to her own meditations.

In the afternoon of the same day, I listened to a discourse preached by my only surviving brother, who is one of the pastors of the Old Independent Church in this city. And although uneducated, in the sense of not having received a collegiate education, or of having been systematically trained for the ministry, I was certainly much more edified by his simple, earnest, scriptural, common sense discourse, than with the learned, elaborate, and coldly delivered sermon of the morning. His text was—"It was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints. He divided the subject thus:

1. What are we to understand by the faith once delivered unto the saints?
2. What are the radical or fundamental errors which must be unflinchingly opposed in earnestly contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints?
3. In what spirit is it enjoined that we should earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints?

It will at once be perceived that these divisions are natural, and that they open up a wide field for illustration and practical remark. But, not only was the discourse naturally divided; it was well thought out, and had the attraction of—*mutuum in parvo*—*brevis*. It was the first time I had heard my brother preach; and while listening to his service, I could not but rejoice in the grace that had made him, without the aid and advantages of a collegiate and systematical theological education, so promising a minister of the New Testament.

In the evening of the same day I attended again at West George Street Chapel—late Dr. Wardlaw's—to hear the Rev. Mr. Frazier of West Nile Street Congregational Church, the Church over which the eminently holy and venerated Greville Ewing so long and so successfully presided. Mr. Frazier's text was—"This is the love of God that we keep his commandments." The subject was treated in an earnest and evangelical manner; but neither the matter of the sermon nor the manner of the preacher appeared to me to be much, if anything above mediocrity. On last Sabbath, however, I had what hundreds, no doubt, considered a treat. For I had the opportunity of hearing the young and already celebrated Baptist preacher of London, THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON. He is just twenty-one years of age, and of a very boyish appearance. Little, thick-set, oval-faced, with a low forehead, you do not expect when you look at him that you will have anything else than a very poor exhibition of an attempt at preaching. But the moment he begins to pray your attention is secured. There is a wonderful compass of voice and distinctness of enunciation; there is an originality in his expressions and a familiarity in his utterances that sometimes startle you. You scarcely know whether to find fault or to be pleased, to condemn or to praise. After prayer, he reads a chapter and comments upon it as he proceeds. It is evident now by some remarks which he makes that he is of the hyper-calvinistic school. There is, however, originality and point and power in what he says. You may not agree with him; but, no matter, he has secured and keeps hold of your attention. The chapter being read through, he gives out a hymn and sits down. At the conclusion of the hymn he rises and announces his text, prefaced with a request, that, considering his youth and inexperience, and the responsibility resting upon him, in consequence of the multitudes that come to hear him, the Christians present will put up a prayer to Heaven on his behalf.

After this he reads his text—"And sitting down, they watched him there." "That is," he continues, "the enemies of Jesus sitting down at his cross watched him there. It is not difficult to understand their motives in so doing, they were two-fold—cruelty and anxiety. Cruelty made them sit down and watch Jesus. They wished to gloat themselves on his sufferings. And anxiety made them watch him—*anxiety* lest he should escape, anxiety to see the end. I want you all to come and do what the enemies of Jesus did, but with very different motives. I want you all to come and sit down at Christ's cross and watch him there.

1. That your judgments may be informed.
2. That your emotions may be excited.
3. That your characters may be improved.

I want you to sit down at Christ's cross and watch him there. 1. That your judgments may be informed on three points. 1. As to the heinousness of sin; 2, as to the almightiness of love; 3, as to the inflexibility of Divine justice. 2. I want you to sit down at Christ's cross that your emotions may be excited. 1. The emotion of sorrow; 2, the emotion of love; 3, the emotion of joy. (I think he might have here added one particular more, viz: the emotion of gratitude.) 3. I want you to sit down at the cross of Christ and watch him there that your characters may be improved. 1. At the cross we learn to get quit of bigotry, and that improves the character; 2, at the cross we learn to be benevolent, and that improves the character; 3, at the cross we see the beauty and learn the importance of becoming increasingly holy, and that improves the character.

These divisions, which are simple, and natural, and beautiful, were illustrated in a novel and striking manner. I could not help thinking, however, that the preacher by his obvious design to execute an occasional smile and laugh, said things, several times in the course of his sermon far beneath the dignity of the pulpit, and the sacredness of the ministerial character and office. He is, however, intensely earnest, and evidently deeply solicitous to win souls.

In the afternoon I preached myself to a Baptist Church temporarily worshipping in the Trades' Hall of this city. Strange that my first sermon in Scotland should not have been preached to a church of my own denomination, but to a Baptist Church. In the evening I again heard the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. We had a whole hour to wait in a crowded chapel before the preacher made his appearance. I liked the manner in which he illustrated his subject in the evening better than in the morning. There was less of what I would call clap-trap, and more of solid and dignified speaking. His text was Rev. xix. chap. 1, 2, 3 verses—"And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Zion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps; and they sung as it were a new song before the throne and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth." His divisions were these:

1. The object of worship in heaven.
2. The number of the worshippers.
3. The manner of their worship.
4. The nature of their song.

C. MACKAY.

Written for the Christian Visitor by a traveller.

CHICAGO, May 14.

Mr. Editor—In my last letter I noticed that many were opposed to the Bible Union, because they love their *old Bible*, cannot bear the thought of a *new one*, as they call it—think the time for revision not come, that these are not the men to perform the work—and that the society is denominational. In my present, I shall notice that others object to it, because they say, it supports Campbellism, but really I cannot see how this is. If it supports the views of Dr. Campbell, just because he is one of the revisors, on the same principle it gives support to the views of the various pseudo-baptists that are engaged in the work. But if this is not the case, if it professes not to support the particular opinions of any engaged in the work, whether Baptists or Pseudo-Baptist, which is really the truth,—but only to give a correct translation of the Bible—then Dr. Campbell stands on the same level with the others. And to select one man from among a number who are all engaged in a work, where their integrity, and honour are at stake, as is evidently the case here, according to the *rules of revision*, and mark him as one who will be likely to tug his own sentiments, until it has proved to be the case, is everything but fair or honorable. Others object to it, because it receives aid from *pro-slavery men*. Their objection amounts to this, slavery is a *wicked thing*, and therefore it is wrong for Christians to accept the property of those who sanction it, for the purpose of giving a Holy Bible to the world. Now, if this principle is correct, it is wrong for Christians to make use of the cotton, sugar, molasses, &c., that come from the plantation of the slaveholders, to receive money from wicked men to circulate the Bible or the truths of the Bible, both at home and in a foreign land, or for any purpose connected with the cause of religion—and if we come to this, we will find our efforts for doing good very much crippled, for that same devil who offered the Saviour "all the kingdoms of the world," appears yet, to retain in his unlawful

possession, the greater portion of the riches of the earth. And in my estimation, we are fully justified in using just as much of this property for the advancement of the great cause of truth, as we can lawfully get within our power, for our Bible tells us, that in reality, "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof" and that the "gold and silver" are his. But will it not divide the Baptist body? In answer to this, if the Baptist's, who have been "everywhere spoken against," because of their attachment to the truths of the Bible, and who have heretofore occupied a position, which enabled them "fearlessly to court investigation" are united at the present time by a bond of affection, so weak and heartless that a lawful, righteous effort to give the *pure word of God to all people*, and thereby carry out the same principles by which they profess to have been characterized during all their past, is going to break up their harmony, and divide their interests, it does not matter much how soon it is effected. But we anticipate no such result, storms are necessary to purify the atmosphere.

But their Bible will not be read! Yes we think it will, and in all probability, there will be more Bible reading in one year, immediately after the publication of the revised version, than there has been in the same time during the last twenty years, and will not that be an advantage to the Christian world? And if it should not be the case, if society at large are so prejudiced against it, that they will scorn to open its pages, recollect that the obligation is no less binding upon Christians to "write the version and make it plain" and to scatter broadcast over the whole world, a Bible that will just "tell the truth as it is in Jesus" and speak out plainly, the mind of Jehovah, "whether men hear or whether they forbear." I feel some interest in this subject, Mr. Editor, I well know, however that there are many in our province, who differ widely from me, respecting these things, many of whom I esteem as my best friends, but I cannot help that, "let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." I have nothing to say against those who take the other side of the subject, only it does appear strange to me, that the man who knows that God has given a *pure revelation to our world*—that there are many inaccuracies, to say the least, in the version of that revelation, which is used in almost all parts of Christendom—that the circumstances under which that version was made, were calculated to produce those inaccuracies, or in other words, not to prevent them—that much light has been thrown on Hebrew philosophy since the production of our English scriptures—that men who hail with delight the discoveries of modern times, such as those of Lalande, just because they cast light upon the Bible—who claim to themselves the right of translating, and revising in the pulpit, almost every Sabbath—and who well know that the English language will ultimately be the language of the world—I say it appears strange to me, that men under these circumstances, can oppose the operations of a society that writes its sublime motto in the plain, unmistakable characters of "pure versions for the world." Tell it not in Gath—publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

PROGRESS.

St. George, July 31, 1855.

DEAR BRO. BILL,—Having accidentally or I should rather say providentially met the enclosed in the New York "Chronicle" of the 7th April last, and knowing that comparatively few in the Province take that Paper, it occurred to me that it would be worthy of a place in the "Christian Visitor." Its being the product of an inhabitant of our Province, but more especially on account of its own intrinsic merit I have no doubt its insertion will please and profit many of your readers as it has already done your humble servant.

THOMAS MAGER.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Chronicle.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Please send me the back numbers of the "Chronicle" from March 3rd. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of reading it—I am much pleased with its enlargement, and matter generally, particularly on account of its being the organ of Bible Revision.

This is in my opinion the most important enterprise of the age. The fact that it has been delayed from King James' day to this time, will in less than ten years, I doubt not, be the wonder of an enlightened world. We live in an age when men claim to think for themselves, though it should not be as our respected ancestors thought before us. Revision is the great want of the age, our enemies themselves being judges. Twenty years ago the only Greek scholar in this new world settled place—the Episcopal clergyman of the State Church—when I quoted a passage from the common version, his reply was, "I perceive you are not aware that there are many passages in our English Bible which do not convey the true sense of the sacred originals." This was a poser, and my only defence was to doubt his assertion, adding: "If our English version is not correct, why not correct it?"

This was the first objection of the kind, which I have ever heard, and I reasoned with myself thus: If there is the least error in the translation, there is not a Christian scholar in the kingdom acquainted with the fact, who would not come out against it with a voice that would shake the world. After further inquiry, I found the above statement notoriously true, and that the following apology was offered for our venerable translators: "King James was the head of the Church, and had forbidden them to translate any of the ecclesiastical words," &c. The Pope is also head of the Church. May we not therefore offer the same apology for the errors of the Dowry Bible?

Alas! for ninety-nine hundredths of the Christian world that they should be required to receive their articles of faith from such heads of the Church!

But as the present revision movement happens not to be under the government of King James who claims no control over the consciences of the revisors, and as they are composed of eminent scholars from almost all of the Christian denominations, the lovers of pure versions have nothing to fear. We sometimes have the painful pleasure of listening to pulpits revision which darkens counsel without knowledge and that, too, from men who oppose the present movement to correct the English scriptures, and whom in the absence of charity, we might judge to be averse to the enlightenment of the people through any other medium than their own torch. If this is not their motive, what is? Do they desire to keep in advance of their hearers? If so let them attain that position among hearers who have the pure oracles of God, as once delivered to the saints, in their own language. I am not for keeping the people back, for the sake of giving their leaders an advanced position.

I am proud to learn that Baptists in general are favorable to revision. Acknowledging, as they do no other authority in matters of faith, but God's Word, it seems to me strange that there should be a dissenting voice.

It may be that blindness in part has happened to Israel, to contract, the disposition, in some, to treat revision as sectarian. Others are disposed to be wise above what is written, and are afraid of the consequences. It is feared that the common people will lose their veneration for King James' version? Be that as it may, the command is to write the vision and make it plain. Obedience is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams. What meaneth then this bleating of sheep and howling of oxen? 1st Sam. xv. 14.

Respectfully yours, E. SEELYE.

St. George, April 7, 1855.

For the Christian Visitor.

Scepticism.

No. 2.

There are two phases of Scepticism that are particularly endeavouring to assume a measure of superiority in the present age.—First.—There is that unbelief which is founded on entire or partial ignorance of the doctrines which it disavows, and Second.—That which arises from inability to comprehend the object presented.

The former of these manifestations is intimately connected with dishonesty, the latter with stupidity. On the agency of the both, many objections have been originated against the Christian Revelation. None are more apt to charge their opponent with narrowness of views, or bigotry, than the clamorous declaimers against Scriptural authority, and yet few are more liable than themselves to that very accusation. No man who lives not amid the clouds and vapours of Infidelity, can read the works of Paine or Hume, without perceiving their woful ignorance of the Christianity which they assail. Indeed, Hume, by far the ablest champion of modern Scepticism, acknowledged to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham, that he had never read the New Testament with attention. (Alas! I fear it is too much the case at the present day.) Is it then to charge him with dishonesty, nay, are we not warranted in charging all despisers of the Word with the possession of a similar disposition? Who can study the profound disquisitions on moral science, and the sublime reasons afforded for man's accountability, which the writings of the Apostles furnish, without being irresistibly led to the conclusion, that they spake not of themselves, but as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Produce one instance, ye disbelievers, of any other book exhibiting as thorough a knowledge of man's nature and capabilities, and then your honesty may appear without stain. But it is urged by some that we are unable to believe what we cannot comprehend. If the non-comprehension of an object, implies this belief, then Scepticism ought to be the ruling principle of life. To how many thousands, yea, millions of facts, do we yield an instant assent, without being able to explain or illustrate any of them. Can the wisest disbeliever of the Bible explain the structure of the meanest insect, or reveal the unsearchable mysteries contained in the formation of a single blade of grass? Can he disclose the nature of that law which hangs the earth upon nothing, and sustains it throughout thousands of mighty revolutions? Or can he understand the substance of that vital principle in the agency of which he breathes, lives, and moves. There is something in the very nature of these plans or principles that baffles his acutest skill. How then can he expect to comprehend the depth and breadth of what is made known regarding the nature and mode of the divine existence? While incapacitated by the weakness of his powers, to understand earthly things, it cannot be matter of wonder that heavenly things are still more inscrutable, by reason of their remoteness and sublimity. To adopt an expression similar to that used by a celebrated author, he should while demanding in regard to natural objects, "What seest thou?" rest contented with the answer, "I see." In no case has this utter disregard to proof been more fully evinced, than in the treatment which the Christian system has experienced at the hands of such men. The profundity of its precepts constitutes the first stumbling block. They next meet with many truths that they brand as unreasonable, because, forsooth, their puny minds cannot reconcile the counsels of the God head. Homo.

St. John, N. B., July 20, 1855.

The last Prayer Meeting.

In the month of July, 1843, the *Pegasus* steam-ship sailed from Leith for Hull, with nearly forty passengers on board. About the middle of the night, when moving rapidly in smooth water, she struck upon a rock. The captain immediately ordered the engines to be reversed, and she was forced back into deep water. But a fatal injury had been done. The waves rushed in, and in a few minutes extinguished the fires, and stopped the engines. Every passenger hastened to the deck. All hope fled. Quickly and fearfully the ship was descending to the bottom. The seaman, generally the last to yield, shook hands with each other in stern silence. Some screamed in wild terror, others clung to their children, and to one another, in bitter despair. Timid women reached the highest pinnacle of the masts, hoping there to be safe, and multitudes rushed to the boats, which being overcast, hastened their destruction. The whole formed a scene impossible to be described; but as one of the few survivors, who had determined to attempt self-preservation by swimming, was waiting to spring into the deep at the last safe moment, he turned round and saw on the highest part of the fast sinking deck, a circle of people in vehement prayer. In the midst of that circle knelt a minister of the gospel, well known to the writer of these lines as a man of great knowledge, and of a calm and prayerful heart. He had probably proposed to offer, at the mercy-seat of his God, the last supplications of his fellow-sufferers, but so intense were their feelings that they could not wait for another's words: although his voice was heard distinctly above the rest, every one was loudly calling for mercy. In a few moments, the vessel, as if with a sudden spring, shot to the bottom, and after a short season of heart-rending screams and struggles, silence prevailed over the face of the deep.

There is reason to believe that some of that number were previously prepared to meet their God: but so affecting a spectacle makes one look forward to another prayer-meeting, which, we are told, shall be held in circumstances, if possible, still more solemn.

It will be attended by greater numbers than that just described, and yet by persons not altogether dissimilar. It is not to be composed of the heathen who never heard of a Saviour; those who forsake the house of God, and cast open contempt upon his Sabbath; those who are so engaged in the world, that they have no time to attend to the things of God; every one shall have come from the company of those who pay respect to religious services, who mingle with the godly, who take upon themselves the name of Christian, and cherish hopes of eternal life.

We might expect, therefore that the prayer they shall offer will be of the right description; and, indeed, it is very remarkable, that there are in that prayer—for we are told what it shall be—some very excellent and commendable features, although it is one which shall be spurned and rejected, even by Christ himself.

One favourable point in it, is that it will be directed to the right person. The prayer will be directed to Him "who doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth."

A second favourable mark of it will be, that it will seek for a proper blessing. How often do men "ask amiss!" Sometimes their hearts are set upon a worldly advantage, which, if granted, would ruin their souls. But should you suppose that they would be wrong in asking permission to enter into the glory of the Lord, and to sit down at the "marriage supper of the Lamb"? Certainly not. Yet that is the blessing besought in this remarkable prayer.

Still a third excellency in it, is that it will be offered with great earnestness. If we could hear, as some of us may hereafter hear, the cries of this meeting, we should have before us an example of real fervency. Every heart would be seen moving, glowing, burning with anxiety,—every word giving utterance to a mighty emotion which seemed determined to surmount all obstacles. Never shall there have been a prayer so free from formality,—never a people so full of earnestness.

Now, however, approval must end. The sky darkens. The next feature betrays danger. It will be a prayer, unaccompanied by repentance. Shall a prayer be rejected because it is filled with terror? No; for then the prayer of the Philippian jailer (Acts xvi.) had not been heard. Shall a prayer be rejected because it springs from a desire to acquire some personal advantage? No; for then the prayer of the prodigal son (Luke xv.) had not been commended to us. But there is demanded for effectual prayer something beyond these. That is no prayer which is unaccompanied by hatred of sin, and deep penitence before God for having committed it. But this prayer will contain nothing more than terror, nothing else but anxiety for deliverance, no confession of past neglect, no concern for the divine honour, no symptom of renewal of mind. But you may say, "Perhaps the circumstances will be like to those of the prayer-meeting which was held in the sinking vessel; and there danger was too pressing, time was too short, the mind was too troubled, to exercise such feelings." Yes, truly. But why was danger so little prepared for? Why was time so short for the work requiring to be done? Why was the mind distracted and disabled by too great effort? Alas, days, and weeks, and years, roll away, leaving sinners in comparative ease? God waits, and warns, and entreats, and promises, but all, apparently, in vain. Sleep sooths their eyes, and slumber their eyelids, until at a moment too far on in the day, too near "the night, in

which no man can work," they start up, and find that they can only hasten into God's presence as they are!

The last and fatal circumstance connected with this prayer is, that it will be offered after the time of God's mercy has expired. The Son of man shall have come "in the clouds of heaven." Those who had watched for Him, and had their hearts filled with his grace, shall have been taken into his abode of glory; and those who, though well acquainted with the fact of his approach, were found unprepared to meet Him, shall have had the "door shut" upon them.

Then all these, in dreadful horror, shall assemble together, and with one voice offer up this extraordinary prayer. Extraordinary it is, as showing the fearfulness of that doom which awaits the impenitent,—a doom to which they cannot reconcile themselves, but which, to the last moment, yea, and beyond that moment, makes them to linger and cry about the boundaries of their lost glory;—extraordinary it is, as revealing the power of that self-deception which had kept them careless for so long a time. They stand astonished! They cannot believe that they are of the number of the damned! Oh, no! They think of their religious privileges, of their pious friends, of their serious impressions, of their zealous labours, and with strange, but too natural forgetfulness, lose sight of their destitution of love to God, of their innumerable sins, of their long procrastination. They cry, and cry again—for this, this is their prayer,—

"LORD, LORD, OPEN TO US!" But no entrance is given. Into the ear of Him, who while time lasted, never turned aside from the needy, never shut up his bowels of compassion from the wretched, never spurned from his feet a repentant sinner, again and again they pour the piercing petition,—"LORD, LORD, OPEN TO US!" But in vain. The day of patience is over. The sun of forgiveness has gone down. The night of eternal death prevails,—"THAT DARK, DARK NIGHT THAT HATH NO MORN BEYOND IT."

Why, dear reader, is this solemn meeting brought under your attention? Because you are personally concerned in it. Perhaps you shall be among those who will then assemble. Are you sure that you shall not? If there is the faintest doubt of your security, oh, be wiser than to sleep, no cries frighten you; all is calm and favorable for reflection. Your mind is vigorous, undisturbed, and collected. At this season, then, give your attention to the "things which belong to your peace." "Be ye reconciled to God." "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." "He that hath the Son hath life." Seize his salvation, and you will be prepared for all evils, and have peace in the midst of all dangers. See with what composure that beloved minister of Christ resigned himself to the opening wave!

Perhaps you say there is no need of alarm in your case. You are not neglectful of religious duties; you have been acquainted with the bible from your youth; you have ever been in the habit of attending God's house; you have much more serious views than multitudes. It may be so. But in so solemn a question as this, the deepest searching of heart is not misplaced. Did you not observe how many good qualities there were in the prayer just spoken of,—how like it was to the prayer of a child of God,—how many traces it bore of past knowledge, and impressions, and hopes? Yet it availed nothing. Oh, fellow-sinners, let us be sure of our acceptance! Let us see that we have more than forms, more than gifts to rest upon. Lord! is my soul "born from above?" Am I "renewed in the spirit of my mind?" Is "the life I now live in the flesh a life of faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me?"

It may be that some one, on laying down this tract, will say within himself, "This subject is very important, and, ere long, I will give my serious attention to it." Permit, dear reader, an enquiry before we part. Do you think any one of that anxious and weeping circle brought under your attention, would have been satisfied with such a resolution? While on the brink of eternity would they have said, "Ere long we will give our attention to it?" Oh, no. But your danger may be as real, though not so visible; you may now be living your last day,—spending, perhaps, your last hour! The present moment is the only one truly yours. Even now, then, be urged to conclude this great subject. Let the end of these lines be the beginning, through divine grace, of your new life. If practicable, seek at once retirement and solitude; if engaged in outward duties, still let them not hinder you; lift up your heart to God; take refuge in the sacrifice of Christ; yield to the influence of the gracious Spirit, and enter into life!

THE DIFFERENCE.—As a gentleman was walking in the street, he saw at some distance ahead, half a dozen men proceeding at a slow and measured step to their day's work. In a minute or two he overtook them, and soon looked back upon them far in the distance. "What makes the difference?" said he to himself. "I was the son of a poor labouring man. Why am I not like these men, now plodding on in the same condition of poverty and toil?" Evidently for the same reason that I have left them far behind me. From my earliest childhood, whenever I have had anything to do, I have done it with my might, whether working by the day or by the job. These men are working for others,—I sup-