

Nobody would be so unprincipled as to think of such a thing as having their

THE LORD'S SUPPER, BY REV. ALBERT N. science to perish in your sins.

God-fearing people-"walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless:" but that is no great recommendation to a world gaping for sensation and calling for something stimulating. This When men get alone, if in their loneliworthy couple never read anything but the Bible, The Missionary Herald, and The Christian Mirror-never went any where except in the round of daily business. He owned a fishing smack, in which he labored after the Apostolic fashion, and she washed and ironed and scrubbed and brewed and baked in her contented round, week in and out. The only recreation they ever enjoyed was the going once a week in good weather to a prayer-meeting in a life's tragedy which makes an untaught and little old brown school-house, about a mile primitive people gather to a funeral—a from their dwelling, and making a weekly excursion every Sunday in their fishing craft to the church opposite on Harpswell

solitary in that wild see girt 'island, that one would have as soon expected the seawaves to rise and walk in, as so many

broken lives, had been to the lonely graveyard, and had come back again-each footstep lighter and more unconstrained

On this sunny day, Bonnie little burnie g by the way Thou'rt like to fifty fair things, Thou'rt like to fifty rare things, Spring of gladness flowing Grass and terns among. Singing all the noontime Thine incessant song ; Like a pleasant reason, Like a word in season Like a friendly greeting, Like a happy meeting, Like a happy meeting, Like the voice of comfort In the hour of pain,

Or sweet sleep long van Coming back again. "Like the heart's romances Like a poets fancies, Like a lover's vision Of his bliss to be; Like a little maiden Crowned with summers three,

Crowned with summers three, Romping in the sunshine Beautiful to see; Like my true love's accents When alone we stray, Happy with each other Through the meads of May Or sit down together In the wintry weather, By the cheery fire, Gathering in that circle All this world's desire, Hope, and love and friendship, And music of the lyre.

"Bonnie little burnie, Winding through the grass, Time shall never. waste thee, Or drain thy sparkling glass; And were I not to taste thee, Amd bless thee as I pass, Twould be a scorn of beauty, "Twould be neglect of pleasure-So come, thou little treasure ! I'll kiss thee while I may, And while I sip thy coolness, On this sunny day, I'll bless thy gracious Giver, Thou little baby river, Gushing by the way." Bonnie little burnie.



THE GOSPEL MINISTRY : A SERMON PREACH ED BEFORE THE PHILADELPHIA BAPTIST Association, Oct. 2, 1860, BY REV. JOHN'H. MCKEAN, A. M.

This is an able and appropriate exposition of the nature and design of the minis-terial work, and of the scriptural qualifica-tions of those appointed by God to discharge its solemn functions.

THE SABBATH & MORAL AND POSITIVE IN-STITUTION, BY REV. W. H. HUMPHREY. PASTOR, OF THE GRANVILLE ST. BAPTIST CHURCH, HALIFAX.

In this day of departure from the "old paths" which patriarchs, prophets, apostler and martyrs trod, it is refreshing to see men of piety and talent taking their stan boldly upon the towers of Zion, and with earnestness and faith fearlessly defending the truth as it is in Jesus. Mr. Humphrey has rendered valuable service to the ghteousness by this timely and un-trable vindication of the sanctities of ely Sabbath as a positive institute of lessed God, and as such adapted to but the highest and best interests of promote the bighest and as such adapted to promote the bighest and best interests of humanity. The pamphlet was published at the "Christian Messenger" office, and is exceedingly chaste is style and appear ance. We bespeak for it a wide circu

THE LIPE OF TRUST : BEING & NARRATIV ULLER WRITTEN BY HI AND CONDENSED BY REV. H. WAYLAND, OF WORCESTER MARS

ARNOLD. D. D.

vinces.

Such is the title of a neat little work ness the thought of death forces itself updesigned to instruct its readers in matters on them, they boast no more of goodness. appertaining to the scriptural commemora- It is not easy for a man to lie on his bed tion of the sacrifice of the cross. It is an seeing the naked face of death, not at a able vindication of the position "that none distance, but feeling that his breath is should be admitted to the Lord's Supper breathing upon the skeleton, and that he but those who avow themselves to be dis- must soon pass through the iron gates of ciples of Christ, who have professed their death—it is not easy for a man to plead faith in Him by baptism, who are members his self-righteousness then. The bony of some visible church, and who walk in an fingers thrust themselves like daggers into his proud flesh. "Ah !" saith grim Death, in tones which cannot be heard by mortal orderly manner according to the precepts of the Gospel."

ear, but which are listened to by the mor-THE ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE NEWTON tal heart,-" Where now are all thy glo-THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION is received. We ries?" He looks upon the man, and the perceive, the names of Charles H. Corey wreath of laurel that was upon his brow and Henry Vaughan of N. B., and of Rofades and falls to the earth like blasted bert D. Porter, Alfred D. Chipman and flowers. He touches his breast, and the Edward M. Saunders of N. S., are on the star of honour which he wore moulders students page. We trust their studies at and is quenched into darkness. He looks Newton will tend to qualify them for in-creasing usefulness in their native Proat him yet again-that breast-plate of self-righteonsnoss which glittered upon him like golden mail, suddenly dissolves into dust, like the apples of Sodom before

Christ.

ing washed in blood, is all unnecessary.'

them stand forth and claim the promised

reward ; but, if not, let the pit engulph the sinner, let the fiery thunder-bolt be launch-

MEMORIES OF REV. NATHANIEL KENDRICK, D. D., AND SILAS N. KENDRICK BY Rev. the touch of the gatherer, and the man S. W. ADAMS. finds himself to his own surprise naked,

This work describes in a pleasing and instructive manner the life-long labors of one, who, in his day, occupied a prominent position in the extension of Baptist Churches in the neighboring Republic, and in the promotion of every good cause. He was one of the original founders of Hamilton University, and long and successfully labored for its support and advancement. The account given by his biographer of, but in the loneliness of your silent chamhis piety, his ministry, his labors, his per-severance amid manifold discouragement, dread and grim companion, you shall not and his ultimate success in every work to which he gave his heart and life affords a most profitable theme for study and contemplation for all true servants of God.

The biographical sketch of the son is a valuable addition to the work.



"If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall con emn me : if I say, I am perfect, it shall also prove ne perverse."-Job ix. 20. II. But now I pass to the second point,

THE MAN WHO USES THIS PLEA CONDEMNS THE PLEA HIMSELF.

Not only does the plea cut its own throat, but the man himself is aware when ed upon the impenitent offenders. Now, stand forth, sir, and clear thyself? e uses it that it is an evil, and false, and forth, my friend, and claim the reward, bevain refuge. Now this is a matter of concause of the church you endowed, or the ience, and therefore I must deal plainly row of almshouses that you erected. with you; and if I speak not what you have What! what! does your tongue lie dumb felt, then you can say I am mistaken; but if I speak what you must confess to be n your mouth ? Come forward, come forward-you who said you had been a good true, let it be as the very voice of God to citizen, had fed the hungry, and clothed the ou. Men know that they are guilty. naked-come forward now, and claim the reward. What ! what ! is your face turned it is allowed to speak, tells him that he deserves the wrath of God. He may brag to whiteness ? Is there an ashy paleness on your cheek ? Come forward, ye multiblic, but the very loudness of his ing proves that he has an uneasy conpised his blood.

nd therefore he makes a in in order to drown its voice. hear an infidel saying hard things of Jhrist, it reminds me of the men of Moloch, the better light of judgment driven out the darkness of your self-righteousness ? Oh ! who beat the drums that they might not darkness of ye

Neck. To be sure. Zephaniah had read many wide leaves of God's great book of nature, for like most Maine sea-captains, he had been wherever ship can go-to all usual and unusal ports. His hard, shrewdaweatherbeaten visage had been seen looking over the railings of his brig in the port of Genoa-swept round by its splendid crescent of palaces and its snow-crested Appenines. It had looked out in the Lagoons of Veand poor, and miserable, when most he nice-at that wavy floor which in evening needed to be rich, when most he required seems a sea of glass mingled with fire, and to be happy and to be blessed. Ay, sinout of which rise temples and palaces and churches and distant silvery Alps, like so ner, even while this sermon is being uttered, you may seek to refute it to yourmany fabrics of dream-land. He had been self, and say, "Well, I believe I am as through the Skagerrack and Cattegat-into good as others, and that this fuss about a the Balticto Archangel, and there chewed new birth, imputed righteousness, and be- a bit of chip and considered and calculated what bargains it was best to make. He had walked the streets of Calcutta in his shirt-sleeves, with his best Sunday vest. dread and grim companion, you shall not backed with black glazed cambric, which need me to state this, you shall see it six months before came from the hands of clearly enough yourselves; see it with Miss Roxy, and was pronounced by her to eves of horror ; and feel it with a heart be as good as any tailor could make :---and of dismay, and despair, and perish because in all these places he was just Zephaniah thou hast despised the righteousness of Pennel-a chip of old Maine-thrifty, careful, shrewd, honest, God-fearing, and

How abundantly true, however, will carrying an instinctive knowledge of men and things under a face of rustic simplicity. this be at the day of judgment. I think I see that day of fire, that day of wrath. It was once returning from one of his You are gathered as a great multitude voyages he found his wife with a black-eved before the eternal throne. Those who are curly headed little creature, who called him robed in Christ's fine linen, which is the Papa, and climbed on his knee, nestled unrighteousness of the saints, are put up to der his coat, rifled his pockets, and woke him every morning by pulling open his the right hand. And now the trumpet eyes with little fingers and jabbering unsounds ; if there be any that have kept the intellible dialects in his ears. law of God, if there be faultless ones, if there be any that have never sinned, let

Come

"We will call this child Naomi, wife," e said, after consulting his old Bible, "for that means pleasant, and I'm sure I never see anything beat her for pleasantness. never knew as children was so engagin' It was to be remarked that Zephanial after this made shorter and shorter voyages being somehow conscious of a string around his heart which pulled him harder and harder-till one Sunday, when the little Naomi was five years old, he said to his wife.

"I hope I a'nt a-pervertin' Scriptur' nor nuthin, but I can't help thinkin' of one nuthin, but I can't help thinkin' of one passage. "The kingdom of heaven is like a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, and when he hath found one pearl of great price, for joy thereof he goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that pearl." Well, Mary, I've been and sold my brig last week," he said, folding his daughter's

little quiet head under his coat, "'cause eems to me the Lord's given us this pearl of great price, and it's enough for us.

neighbors; but they had come from neighboring points, crossing the glassy sea in old tragedy of death to the common cheertheir little crafts whose white sails looked like miller's wings, or walking miles from distant parts of the island.

Some writer calls funerals one of the amusements of a New England population. Must we call it an amusement to go and see the acted despair of Medea ?--- or the dying agonies of poor Adrienne Lecuvrier ? It is something of the same awful interest in tragedy where there is no acting-and one which each one feels must come at some time to his own dwelling.

Be that as it may, here was a roomful. Not only Aunt Roxy and Aunt Ruey, who by a prescriptive right presided over all births, deaths, and marriages of the neighborhood, but there was Captain Kittridge, a long, dry, weather-beaten, old sea-captain, who sat as if tied in a double bow-knot-with his little fussy old wife, with a great leghorn bonnet and eyes like black glass beads shining through the bows of her horn spectacles, and her hymn-book in her hand ready to lead the psalm. There were aunts, uncles, cousins, and brethren of the deceased; and in the midst stood two coffinswhere the two united in death lay sleeping tenderly as those to whom rest is good .---All was still as death, except a chance whisper from some busy neighbor, or a creak of an old lady's great plack fan, or the buzz of a fly down the window-paneand then a stifled sound of deep-drawn breath and weeping from under a cloud of heavy black crape vails, which were together in the group which country people call the mourners.

A gleam of autumn sunlight streamed through the white curtains and fell on a silver baptismal vase that stood on the mother's coffin as the minister rose and said, "The ordinance of baptism will now be administered." A few moments more, and on a baby brow had fallen a few drops of water, and the little pilgrim of a new life had been called Mara in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost-the minister slowly repeating thereafter those beautiful words of Holy Writ, "A father of the fatherless is God in his holy habitation"-as f the baptism of that bereaved one had been a solemn adoption into the infinite heart of the Lord.

With something of the quaint pathos, which distinguishes that primitive and Biblical people of that lonely shore, the mi-nister read the passage in Ruth from which the name of the little stranger was drawn, and which describes the return of the bereaved Naomi to her native land. His voice trembled, and there were tears in many eyes as he read, "And it came to pass as he came to Bethlehem, all the city was moved about them ; and they said. Is this Naomi? And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi-call me Mara ; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me and the Almighty hath afflicted

Deep, heavy sobs from the mourners were for a few moments the only answer to these sad words, till the minister raised the

as each one went his way from the great ful walks of life. The solemn black clock stood swaying

whith its eternal " tick, tock-tick, tock, in the kitchen of the brown house on Orr's Island. There was there that sense of a stillness that can be felt-such as settles down on a dwelling when any of its inmates have passed through its doors for the last time, to go whence they shall not return. The best room was shut up and darkened. with only so much light as could fall through a little heart-shaped hole in the window-shutter-for except on solemn visits, or prayer-meetings, or weddings, or funerals, that room formed no part of the daily family scenery.

The kitchen was clean and ample, with great open fire-place and wide stone hearth, and oven on one side, and rows of old-fashioned splint-bottomed chairs against the wall. A table scoured to snowy whiteness, and a little work-stand whereon lay the Bible, The Missionary Herald, and The Weekly Christian Mirror, beforenamed, formed the principal furniture. One feature, however, must not be forgotten-a great sea-chest, which had been the companion of Zephaniah though all the countries of the earth. Old and battered and unsightly it looked, yet report said that there was good store within of that which men for the most part respect more than anything else ; and indeed, it proved so often when adeed of grace was to be done -when a woman was suddenly made a widow in a coast gale, or a fishing-smack was run down in the fogs off the Banks. leaving in some neighboring cottage a family of orphans,-in all such cases, the opening of this sea-chest was an event of good omen to the bereaved ; for Zephaniah

had a large heart and a large hand, and was apt to take it out full of silver dollars when once it went in. So the ark of the covenant could not have been looked on with more reverence than the neighbors usually showed to Captain Pennel's seachest. The afternoon sun is shining in a square

of light through the open kitchen door, whence one dreamily disposed might look far out to sea and behold ships coming and going in every variety of shape and size.

But Aunt Rosy and Aunt Roxy, who for the present were sole occupants of the premises, were not people of the dreamy kind, and consequently were not gazing off to sea, but attending to very terrestrial matters that in all cases somebody must attend to. The afternoon was warm and balmy, but a few smoldering sticks were kept in the great chimney, and thirst deep into the embers was a mongrel species of snub-nosed tea-pot, which fumed strongly of catnip tea: a little of which gracious beverage Miss Roxy was preparing in an old-fashioned cracked India China tea-cup, tasting it as she did so with the air of a

Apparently this was for the benefit of mall something in long white clothes, that lay face downward under a little blanket of very blue new flannel, and which something Aunt Roxy, when not otherwise engaged. constantly patted with a gentle tattoo, in tune to the steady trot of her knee. All babies knew Miss Roxy's tattoo on their backs, and never thought of taking it in ill part. On the contrary, it had a vital and meameric effect of sovereign force against colic, and all other disturbers of the nursery, and never was infant known so pressed with those internal troubles which babies cry about, as not speedily to give over and sink to slumber at this sooth-ing appliance, one's breath a little, yet never tails have a sharp crystalization of truth though it were. She was one of t sensible, practical creatures who tear a vail, and lay their fugers on every as pure business-like good-will ; and ahiver at them at times, as at the first pro-of a cold bath, we confuse to an invitant power in them after all.

Your country factotum knows better than anybody else how absurd it would be

" Po give to a part what was meant for mankind."

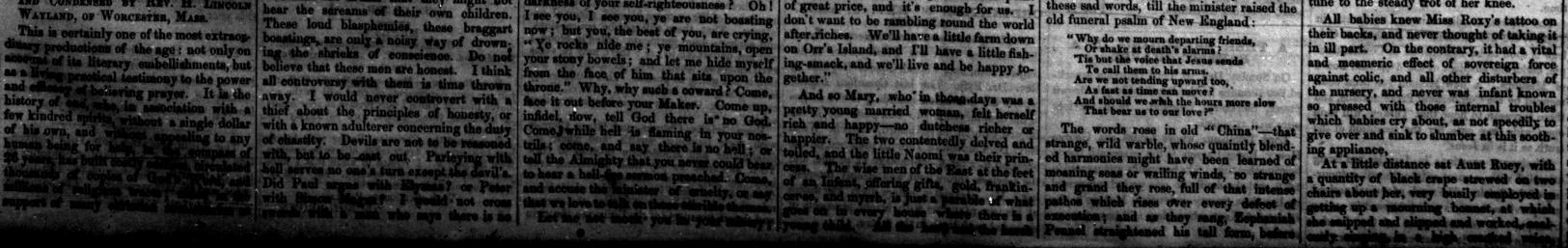
Nobody knew very well the ages of these useful sisters. In that cold, clear, severe climate of the north the roots of human existence are hard to strike ; but, if once people do take to living, they come in time to a place where they seem never to grow any older, but can always be found, like last year's mullen stalks, upright, dry, and seedy, warranted to last for any length of

Miss Roxy Toothacre, who sits trotting the baby, is a tall, thin, angular woman. with sharp black eyer, and hair once black, but now well streaked with gray. These ravages of time, thewever, were concealed by an ample mohair frisette of glossy blackness woven on each side into a heap of stiff little curls, which pushed up her cap border in rather a bristling and decisive way.

In all her movements and personal habits, even to her tone of voice and manner of speaking, Miss Roxy was vigorous, spicy, and decided. Her mind on all subjects was made up, and she spoke generally as one having authority-and who should, if she should not? Was she not a sort of priestess and sybil in all the most awful straits and mysteries of life? How many births and weddings and deaths had come and gone under her jurisdiction ? And amid weeping or rejoicing, was not Miss Roxy still the master spirit-consulted, referred to by all ?---was not her word law and precedent? Her younger sister, Miss Ruey, a pliant, cosy, easy-to-be-entreated personage, plump and cushiony, revolved around her as a humble satellite. Miss Roxy looked on Miss Ruey as quite a frisky young thing, though under her ample frisette of carrotty hair her head might be seen white with the same snow that had powdered that of her sister. Aunt Ruey had a face much resembling the kind of one you may see, reader, by looking at yourself in the convex side of a silver milkpitcher. If you try the experiment, this description will need no further amplification.

The two almost always went together for the variety of talent comprised in their stock, could always find employment in the varying wants of a family. While one nursed the sick, the other made clothes for the well: and thus they were always chippering and chittering to each other, like a pair of antiquated house-sparrows, retailing over harmless gossips, and moralizing in that gentle jog-trot which befits serious old women. In fact they had talked over everything in nature, and said everything they could think of to each other so often, that the opinions of one were as like those of the other as two sides of a pea-pod. But as often happens in cases of the sort, this was not because the two were in all respects exactly alike, but because the stronger one had mesmerized the weaker into

Miss Roxy was the master spirit of the two, and, like the great coining machine of a mint, came down with her own a heavy stamp on every opinion her in put out. She was matter-of-fact, post and declarative to the highest degree, her sister was naturally inclined to the elegiac and the nathetic included a



of those who rejected Christ, and des-

Come now, and say, " All the command

hents have I kept from my youth up." What! are you seized with horror ? Has